

Mad Monday AU: Fuck the Police

When I became a cop, I can tell you: it wasn't for this.

I knew it wouldn't be like *Die Hard*. Shootouts, terrorists, high-speed car chases. I wasn't expecting every day to be a life-or-death decision or foiling international conspiracies. But I figured I'd be making a difference. I figured I'd be doing, y'know, *some kind* of policework.

Instead of just cruising the suburbs night after night, bored out of my mind.

My partner loved it. He's a people person and had been a cop for almost twenty years. Any time I moaned about how dull a shift was he'd just laugh and tell me that this was the best patrol you could get. The worst you ever saw was a domestic abuse case, or maybe a drunk driver.

I'd been an officer for two months now, and I'd never seen anything more serious than a theft report. All we did was crawl the streets, drive up and down the same streets over and over again, waiting for something to happen. Or, in my partner's case, be happy that nothing was happening.

When my shift started, I was sure it was going to be more of the same. I got in the car, where my partner – O'Neill – was already waiting. I didn't say anything as we pulled out of the parking lot silently, staring out the window at nothing until the radio crackled into life.

"Car Mike Romeo, are you receiving?"

O'Neill leaned forwards with a grunt. He was in pretty good shape, for a man in his forties. "Receiving."

Technically the correct response was 'Car Mike Romeo, receiving,' but my partner was not a stickler. I'd never actually seen him do anything illegal (though I'd heard rumors), just be... sloppy.

I wasn't a hall monitor – I didn't get into policing due to a deep and earnest love of The Law or anything like that. But after dutifully memorizing every rule and procedure for the exams, it grated a little to see him so casually ignore everything I'd had to learn.

"Are you anywhere near Foster Boulevard?"

"Roger that," O'Neill said with a drawl.

"Citizen called in a lurker last night. Brown sedan, four doors, license plate JLC-556. Sarge wants you to have some face time with the locals."

I groaned. As boring as patrolling the streets was, it was at least better than door duty. Our sergeant loved nothing more than having his officers visit every house on a street, reminding everyone that we were there.

It was theater, but somehow even *less* interesting. And more of a waste of time than our usual

shift.

“We’ll start knocking on doors,” O’Neill replied, smiling as he returned the radio to its cradle. Yeah, he loves door duty.

He pulled onto the nearest main road to Foster Boulevard. I looked out the window – six months ago, I’d driven this route imagining myself stopping crimes, protecting people who needed protecting.

Instead, I was going to spend the rest of my shift interrupting people’s evenings, just to remind them that we existed.

The first few houses were uneventful. An older Asian couple who seemed quite concerned to hear about the strange car. A woman in her sixties who had seen it as she came home from yoga – she described exactly what she remembered seeing, in painstaking duty. I dutifully wrote it all down.

“The car was just sitting there on the side of the road, which I thought was unusual, because everyone here has such long driveways. I remember noticing it wasn’t parked properly – the rear was sticking out past the sidewalk. And it didn’t seem like it would belong to anyone here. Everyone here has such nice vehicles, and...”

After half a dozen houses, I found myself praying for an emergency. Anything to pull us away from door-duty. Every second house seemed to have a story about the car. You’d think it had flown in from outer space with how much people remembered about it.

“The windows were tinted. Suspicious, I thought to myself – for a car so old and beat-up. It was so dirty too; even though it just rained two days earlier.”

O’Neill was in his element. With every new house we visited, he got more and more animated.

As we crossed the street to visit house number seven, I glanced over at him and caught him ogling the young Latina across the street. I could’ve sworn she was checking him out too.

“Hey, Mike,” he said when he noticed me looking. “Don’t stare. She might call the police!”

I chuckled, more out of politeness than anything. Like I said, he was really energized by all the house visits. The brown-skinned woman shot us another appreciative glance, then made her way inside.

“Can’t wait to visit her,” O’Neill said with a growl. “She might need a long, hard interrogation.”

“Mm-hmm,” I said. When we were patrolling, he’d often play ‘Spot the hottie’, a game he seemed to have invented to make me uncomfortable.

“Women will do anything for a man in uniform,” he’d told me, many times. “*Anything.*”

I’m no saint. Even in two months, my job had helped me pick up more than a few times. Nothing

serious – just some fun in the backseat, or a quickie in a dark alley. But never while on duty.

The next house looked identical to the others. What’s that song? All the ticky-tacky houses, all in a row. A middle-aged woman greeted us at the door, her face immediately taking on the nervousness most people get when...well, when two police officers show up at your house unannounced.

“Is everything okay?” she asked.

“Of course, ma’am,” O’Neill said reassuringly. “Just making some inquiries about an incident from last night.”

I managed to stop myself from rolling my eyes – now a car stopping in the wrong neighborhood for a few minutes was ‘an incident’. While my partner explained the situation, I glanced past the brown-haired woman.

The house was nice. Family house. Two or more kids, probably a little older. Checked out: the woman standing in front of us had that ‘mom’ look. Probably in her forties. Five-foot-four, give or take an inch. Neither fat nor thin; probably had quite a nice body on her, underneath the unflattering clothes she’d chosen to wear. Light skin, and her hair was cut short to frame her face.

“...anything that would help us with our investigations,” O’Neill finished, and the woman nodded along nervously. Probably the anxious type, or just afraid of cops (if only they knew how little we actually did...).

Or she was hiding something. I stifled a laugh at the thought. This suburban mother, secretly in cahoots with the random sedan that had stopped outside for less than an hour.

“I didn’t see anything,” the woman said quickly. If she’d been in the interrogation room, I probably would’ve found the speed of her response suspicious. Not that I’d actually been in an interrogation room yet.

“Is there anyone else who might have seen something?” O’Neill asked smoothly. The woman bit her lip; a surprisingly endearing gesture, given her otherwise unremarkable appearance.

“My dad-...husband,” she replied. “And daughter. But I know they didn’t see anything.”

From down the hall, I could hear the sound of running. My hand instinctively moved to my holster, hovering over it as a flustered-looking man appeared. He was a few years older than (I assume) his wife, and had a nervous-looking demeanor.

Again, something you quickly get used to as a cop. If you arrested everyone for being fidgety, you’d quickly run out of people to protect.

“What seems to be the problem?” he stammered. I threw him a casual glance, and O’Neill smiled at him, immediately putting him at ease.

Poor guy. He probably assumed we were here to tell him someone had died. Or he was secretly a Walter White, hiding some huge secret he didn't want anyone to find out about.

"I'm handling him," his wife said, but he turned his attention to me.

"Is something wrong?"

"No, sir," I said. "We just, uh..."

And then I saw her.

For a moment, I lost control of the English language. I forgot why I was there. Hell, I forgot my own name.

The blonde I'd seen poking her head around the door was back. And I'm not exaggerating when I say she was the most attractive creature I'd ever seen in my twenty-six years on the planet.

Without even looking, I knew for a fact that O'Neill was staring at her as well. For a moment we stood in shared, stunned silence, our eyes devouring the young woman who had planted her body squarely in the middle of the room.

She was clearly the daughter of the couple standing in front of us; I could immediately recognize elements from each of them. Her father's nose. Her mother's lip bite.

It had been cute on the middle-aged woman. On the young girl, it was...well, it was something else.

She must have been a teenager. Her skin was unblemished, and she clearly had no problems with showing it off. She was wearing a crop top that showed off her midriff, and a pair of denim shorts that were so short, they were almost indecent.

I couldn't help but stare at her legs. Long, toned thighs that disappeared into the short denim shorts. She didn't have the kind of body that suggested she worked out, but she looked young enough that she didn't yet need to. Like her mother, she was neither skinny nor plump.

And if this was a preview of what her mother was hiding under those unflattering clothes, I desperately wanted to see the rest of it.

The teenage girl's stomach was flat, but the real focus of her attire was her chest. She was practically bursting out of the tight, low-cut crop top she wore, displaying the perkier breasts I'd ever seen of that size. It was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra...and at our attention, I noticed her nipples hardening.

She was enjoying showing off to us. The little minx: she was clearly enjoying the attention of two adult men, enjoying two cops staring at her like she was a piece of meat.

It was impossible to look at those tits without imagining your hands on them. How great they'd feel: her nipples against your palms, your fingers grabbing her hard enough to leave a mark. The

young woman in front of us looked like she was built for sex – and she knew it. I could practically smell the lust radiating off her as I imagined her pink lips wrapped around my cock, tearing the small pieces of cloth off her, revealing her nakedness for my eyes to feast on, taking her as my own...

I would have stood and stared at her for the rest of the night, but the polite cough of the man in front of us reminded me what we were doing. What we were here for.

Tearing my eyes away from the busty young girl, I tried to remember what we'd been talking about.

“Someone, uh, reported a strange car hanging around last night,” O’Neill said, diving in to save me when it became clear that I had completely lost the thread. As much as my partner could rattle me at times, it was good to know he always had my back.

I nodded, and he continued. “We’re just checking to see if anyone knows anything.”

“N-no,” the father said, and I narrowed my eyes. Something was going on here. I hadn’t been a cop long enough to properly develop my ‘spidey-sense’, the only way to build it up was to trust my instincts.

Something was lurking beneath the surface here. The wife’s nervousness, her husband’s.

“Andrew. I’m handling this.”

The sharp response from my wife only served to reinforce my hunch. Someone was hiding something.

A slightly puzzled look came across ‘Andrew’s face, and I followed his gaze as he turned his attention back to his daughter.

Part of me immediately wished I hadn’t. And that part was not my cock.

The teenage girl had moved her arms behind her back, pushing her generous bust forward. If I hadn’t noticed her nipples hardening at our attention earlier, I would have called the gesture unintentional, but I was convinced now that she knew exactly what she was doing.

She wanted me – and O’Neill – to stare at her bust. And unprofessional as it may have been, we were both more than happy to oblige.

I’ve seen my fair share of tits in my time. I’ve always been fit, and though I’m not the handsome man in the world, I’m not exactly hideous. But of all the women I’ve slept with, of all the porn I’ve seen, I’ve never encountered a pair of breasts as perfect as the ones being shown off to us.

This girl had tits that could make a monk drool. Each of them were bigger than her head, and something about them just called out for attention. These were boobs that wanted to be handled. Tasted.

Worshipped.

The short cotton shirt she wore pushed them up slightly, which emphasized their roundness even further. I couldn't help but yearn to see what they looked like hanging loose, unrestrained by clothing. To see them bounce as she walked. To feel them against my chest as I thrust into her.

As the three of us (I was certain O'Neill was staring at the little beauty too) ogled her, the teenage girl tucked one leg behind the other, drawing our attention to her long, smoothly-shaved skin. My hands twitched; I wanted to run my hands up and down those legs as I kissed her, as I explored the slut's mouth with my tongue.

My cock had stirred earlier when she'd first entered the room; now, I was hard as a rock. The innocent face, big blue eyes staring up at us as we feasted on her with her eyes, was such an incredible contrast to the girl's curvaceous, wanton body.

Everything about her screamed "take me, defile me, use me for your pleasure". I knew that the moment we left the house, O'Neill would be regaling me with what he'd imagined doing to her.

Not that I had a leg to stand on in that regard. Like I said, I'm no boy scout – I was probably imagining the same, if not worse.

Batting her eyes twice, the teenage girl swayed back and forth slightly, just enough motion to cause her breasts to wobble, returning our attention to her chest.

She was a walking wet dream, and I know that if I'd been alone – even though I was on duty, even though she was at least a decade younger than me – I wouldn't have been able to help myself. I would have made a move.

But I wasn't alone. I was standing in a room with her mother, her father, and my partner.

And I was a cop.

My eyes turned to the girl's parents, a sudden suspicious thought in my mind. Cop brain, they call it: when you spend your time around criminals, you can't help but view everything through that mindset.

So far, I'd spent a fraction of my time around criminals. Not a lot of bank heists in the suburbs.

But before I'd become a cop, I'd completed a diploma in family studies. And that had taught me about abuse cases. Nasty ones, too. Fathers and daughters, husbands and wives. Mostly physical, but – even in two months – a few cases of sexual abuse.

I'd learned the warning signs. A well-hidden bruise, any sudden change in behavior. Distrust of authority figures (beyond the usual fear of cops, I mean).

None of these applied here. But there was one that did – if a child is sexually abused, they start behaving sexually in situations where it's not appropriate.

The girl presenting herself in front of us was far from a child, but in all my weeks of knocking on doors and meeting strangers, no one had ever been so directly sexually provocative. We'd had a few elderly widows flirt with us, but this was on a whole new level.

This wasn't flirting. It was a full-blown seduction.

As soon as I laid my gaze on Andrew and his wife, my suspicions were confirmed. A typical pair of parents would've been shocked by their daughter's display. They would have been embarrassed, uncomfortable, maybe even angry.

But the young girl's mother looked...proud. Like she was happy that her daughter was turning heads. She had the expression of a parent watching her daughter at a recital, or graduating from college – not standing, barely dressed, in front of two strangers, showing off her body for their pleasure.

And the father? Andrew? His expression was one of full-blown lust.

For the second time, my hand hovered over my holster. Weeks of policing, of slowly rolling up and down suburban streets, filling out paperwork, even breaking up the occasional domestic dispute...they'd all been leading me to this, I knew it.

There was something wrong with this family, and I was a cop. It was my job to stop it. To protect this young goddess of a woman.

And maybe if I did, if I protected her from her father, she'd show me exactly how grateful she was...

I shook my head. That wasn't the thought of a cop. That was the thought of a cock.

"Go to bed," Andrew growled. It was obvious that he was trying to act normal, trying to hide his fear and his desire, but the man was completely failing.

"Okay Daddy," the young woman said, emphasizing 'Daddy' in a way that even O'Neill must have picked up on. She sashayed her way out of the room, giving me my first view of her ass.

It was just as perfect as the rest of her. Round, firm, slightly jiggly...the kind of ass that you can't help but want to bite.

To fuck.

The girl's father turned back to us, his face as neutral as he could make it. He rolled his eyes.

"Kids, right?"

"Uh huh," O'Neill said with a grunt. He was still staring at the corner that the young woman had disappeared around.

"I'll take care of this," the man's wife said firmly. Andrew stood for a moment, his eyes darting

back and forth nervously, before he disappeared around the same corner as his daughter.

I wanted nothing more than to follow him, to make sure that he wasn't doing anything to the young woman, but I had no warrant. No excuse to follow him.

My training hadn't covered any of this. If I was given permission to use the bathroom, would that give me jurisdiction to march upstairs and catch the pervert in the act?

I didn't know, and I couldn't ask O'Neill. Not in front of the potential suspect. My partner continued chatting to the wife, a smile on his face, while I wracked my brain, trying to think of what I could do.

At best, I reasoned, we could leave. O'Neill and I could discuss options and keep an eye on the place. Maybe try to get a warrant. I knew we'd need something more than "a teenager showed off her body to us while her father was in the room", but there wasn't anything else we could do.

We needed a miracle.

The woman's phone chimed, and she winced at the sound. Adrenaline was pumping through my body; I felt like I was hyper-aware of everything, every movement, every facial expression. She pulled it out of her pocket, and after four attempts, managed to enter her password and unlock her phone. Her eyes widened.

"Is everything okay?" O'Neill asked smoothly, and she looked up at him, biting her lip again.

"Dad— *Andrew!*" she called out, and my partner and I glanced at each other. We'd both heard it that time.

What kind of a woman calls her husband Daddy? An image flashed into my head – the woman in front of us and her daughter, both kneeling in front of the man we'd met earlier. Calling him Daddy as they pulled his cock out, making out in front of it...

I shook my head. What the hell was wrong with me? I was here to protect the family, not fantasize about their disgusting behavior. A few moments later, the woman's husband reappeared, visibly recoiling when he saw that we were still there.

"Um, is something wrong?"

"It's Ben," the woman replied, flustered. "Tonight is the mid-camp performance. Grandpa – I mean, *Dad* – is asking us when we're going to get there."

Andrew cursed, before suddenly remembering we were there. "Sorry. I totally forgot that was tonight."

"Can we miss it?" his wife asked.

Andrew looked like he was waging a silent war in his head, but then he shook his head. "No," he

said reluctantly. “No, we have to go.”

He glanced at the clock. “We’ll have to leave straight away.”

“Should we, um, bring Belle?”

“No!” Andrew said. There it was again. For the second time that evening, a member of the couple answered a question far too fast, far too emphatically. “No,” he repeated, glancing nervously at the ceiling. “She’s, um. She’s busy.”

I couldn’t help myself; I glanced at the man’s crotch. I don’t know what I expected to see – his fly undone, or an erection threatening to burst through his trousers. But there was no smoking gun, and I tried to return my focus to his face before anyone noticed where it had been momentarily drawn.

“Okay,” the woman said, wringing her hands. “Will Belle be okay?”

I suddenly saw my opportunity.

“Don’t worry, ma’am,” I said confidently. “We’ll take care of her for you.”

O’Neill shot me a look, an expression I hadn’t seen him direct towards me for the eight weeks we’d been partners: one of respect. He must have picked up on the same signs that I had, had been wondering how we could get the teenage girl alone to uncover the truth of what was happening. To finally, at long last, do some proper policing.

“Thank you, officers,” the woman said gratefully. For a moment I wondered if I’d completely misinterpreted the situation; if she really was a sexual abuser, why would she so happily be leaving us alone in her house with the young girl?

But the look of panic on her husband’s face immediately assured me that I was right. That my cop gut was starting to come in – mentally, not physically.

“She’s probably asleep already,” he lied feebly. “I think she’ll be okay.”

“Don’t worry about it,” O’Neill said, his voice booming with authority. “We’ll just make sure that no one comes in and hassles her.”

I could see that the nervous father wanted to argue more, but his wife sighed. “Come on,” she said, her sullen tone sounding completely out of place coming from a grown woman’s mouth. “We should go to this stupid recital.”

Andrew shot us one last nervous glance, before slumping his shoulders and following his wife out of the front door. I shot him a triumphant smile as he got in the larger of the two cars and pulled out of the driveway.

“Follow me,” I said as soon as they were out of sight. I couldn’t help but puff my chest at the

impressed whistle that O'Neill gave me.

"Never thought you had it in you," he said in admiration. "This really is our lucky night, eh?"

I wasn't really sure what he meant by that, but I was distracted, already inspecting the house for clues. There was a staircase at the end of the hallway; I remembered that the father had glanced upstairs, so I took the steps two at a time, O'Neill plodding up behind me.

"I think they said her name was Belle," I noted. There was only one closed doorway in the hall; I made my way straight there. If it was locked, I was prepared to put my shoulder to it and brute force my way in.

But it wasn't locked. Opening the door, I prepared for the worst – the teenage goddess shackled naked to the wall, gagged and crying, shooting us a look of gratitude as we rescued her.

What I found instead completely floored me.

Belle was against the wall all right. And she was naked. But she was neither gagged nor crying.

Instead, she was staring at us in shock and lust as she groped her bare breasts, her other hand holding a small bullet vibrator to her pink, clean-shaven pussy.

"Oh, *fuck*," she moaned. I just gaped at her in shock. As if what I was seeing wasn't strange enough, she didn't stop.

O'Neill joined me at the doorway, once more letting out a whistle of appreciation.

"Fuck," the naked teenager repeated. Her hand was moving faster, rubbing her clit with the bulbous end of the small toy. She bit her lip, eyes half-lidded, staring at us with a hunger in her eyes that almost seemed to invite us closer.

Unable to fully process what I was seeing, my eyes drifted down her body. Her tits were everything I'd wanted them to be, and more: two soft, round pillows of flesh, jiggling as she moved, finally unrestrained from clothing.

Her inner thigh muscles flexed as she held the toy against her clit, and I suddenly realized that I could smell her. The entire room was filled with the scent of the teenage girl's arousal, mixed with her sweat. Everything about the situation screamed sex, lust and want and excitement and *need*.

My partner stepped into the room, his eyes running up and down Belle's naked form just as mine had a few moments earlier. She was watching us as she played with herself, her body reacting to our gaze. It was clear that she was getting off on our attention, just as when she'd posed for us in the entrance to her house.

"Good girl," O'Neill said appreciatively. His voice was low and authoritative; Belle responded to it immediately, letting out a small moan of need. I couldn't help but stare at her perfectly-shaven

pussy, glistening with need, thrusting uncontrollably against the bullet.

“Watch me,” she whispered, her words quiet, but filled with longing. “I...I need you to watch me.”

“Okay,” O’Neill said simply, taking another step forward. I reached out and put my arm on his arm.

“What are you doing?” I hissed, and he cocked one eyebrow in my direction.

“I’m giving the girl what she wants,” he said. “She wants to be watched. I’m watching.”

“Oh fuck,” Belle repeated, her entire body writhing at my partner’s words. “Yes. Yes, watch me. *Watch me.*”

I’d dated an exhibitionist once. She was a stripper; the perfect job for her, really. She’d loved it when I came to the club and watched her dance, watched her rub up against other men. I’d been uncomfortable with it at first, but it hadn’t taken long before I’d started to get into it.

Not the other men. But the knowledge that while all of them wanted her – enough to pay her for the attention, even – but she’d come home with me. For free.

It didn’t end well. I caught her cheating on me with a bartender who worked with her. I’d learned my lesson from that, and not dated a sex worker since.

She’d liked it when I watched her masturbate. I’d have rather fucked her, but she got off on my eyes on her body while she pleased herself.

Not as much as the teenage girl in front of us, of course. And while my ex had been hot – sort of a required condition for strippers – she couldn’t hold a candle to the naked beauty on the bed. Few women could.

“We can’t do this,” I protested hoarsely. “O’Neill, fuck! We’re on duty!”

His face took on a confused expression. “I’m just doing what you said,” he replied after a pause. “I’m going to take care of her.”

My eyes widened as I realized how he’d interpreted my words. My partner hadn’t seen this as an opportunity to protect a young woman from her abusive parents.

He’d seen it as a way to get his dick wet.

“I’m just a teenager,” Belle panted, drawing both of our attention back to her. “I’m just a teenager, and you’re...oh, *god*. You’re cops. You’re two cops, and I’m just a teenage girl...”

The stripper had liked dirty talk too, though hers had always been less...literal.

I opened my mouth to object, but before I could form any words, it happened. The teenage girl in

front of us began to cum, her entire body tensing up as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. She squealed with need, her fingers digging into the white flesh of her bare breasts, her whole body shaking as she climaxed.

She kept going, moaning and panting like a wounded animal, until finally she collapsed onto the bed, spent.

“Holy shit,” O’Neill muttered, shaking off my hand as he made his way across the room, until he was standing over the exhausted teen. “I’ve never seen anything like that.”

“O’Neill...” I said warningly. “Steve...”

Again, he shot me that look – like I was a nagging wife telling him his cholesterol was too high to order steak. I opened my mouth to continue, but once more was distracted by the movement of the teen girl on the bed in front of us.

“Mmmm,” she sighed, stretching her arms like a cat waking from a nap. “That was a big one.”

She opened her eyes, and almost seemed surprised to see us.

“Oh...” she said, and I could hear the nervousness in her voice.

“Honey,” I said, trying to sound kind but authoritative. It was a tone I’d heard O’Neill hit a thousand times, but it didn’t sound the same coming from my mouth. Another skill I’m sure that I would build over time. “Are you okay?”

“I’m, um, fine,” she said, reaching out and pulling a sheet to cover her nudity. I could see O’Neill’s disappointment as the young woman’s perfect body disappeared from view.

“I’m sure we can make you feel better,” he said, his voice deep and confident.

Her eyes flicked to my partner, standing over her, and I saw her shiver with nervousness...or perhaps lust.

“We’re here to take care of you,” I said firmly, more for O’Neill’s benefit than for the teenage girl’s.

“Yeah we are,” he chuckled, and I clenched my fists.

I’d known O’Neill had a reputation for being crooked, but this...this was too much, even for him. A teenager, a potential abuse victim, a girl who was easily half his age. He could’ve been her father!

Her father. I remembered why we were there – well, why *I* was there – I pressed on. Unsure of how to deal with my partner’s advances, I decided to ignore them.

“Belle,” I said, keeping my distance so she wouldn’t feel pressured. “Is there something you

want to tell us about your father?"

She did her best to hide it, but the look of panic in her eyes confirmed that I was on the right track. "No," she said, her voice light and casual. "What do you mean?"

My question had gotten my partner's attention too; he turned to me, eyes narrowed.

"What are you talking about, Mike?"

I gestured to the girl sitting in front of us on the bed. "You didn't think anything was...unusual? About this?"

A smile slowly spread across my partner's face. "Naw," he chuckled. "I figured she was just a slut."

I couldn't help but notice the shiver of pleasure that went through the teenage girl's body at the word, but I ignored it and continued.

"Steve," I said softly. "Something's up. I know you can see it."

Mike turned to the girl on the bed, who was chewing her lip nervously as we spoke. He squatted down until his eye level matched hers.

"Does your Daddy touch you, Belle?" he asked, and the girl's cheeks went pink.

"No!" she said immediately.

"You can tell us if he does," O'Neill continued, and there it was. The baritone rumble that invited disclosure, projecting trust with each syllable.

The voice of a cop.

"We're here to protect you," I chimed in, immediately irritated at how squeaky my voice sounded by comparison. "You have nothing to be afraid of."

The teenage girl looked me in the eyes, then my partner.

"My father," she said calmly, her voice one of complete calm, "has never interfered sexually with me. He has never been anything but a kind, supportive, and loving parent."

I stared at her for a beat. It's funny – from someone older, I would have thought they were trying to convince us. The words were almost *too* sincere, too genuine.

But coming from a teenage girl? It was hard to imagine even an eighteen-year-old could have mastered that level of artificial earnestness.

Those words, from a teenage girl, almost convinced me.

Almost.

“Then,” I continued slowly, watching as Belle’s eyes swiveled back towards me, “were you... um...”

I trailed off, gesturing vaguely at the sight in front of me. The young woman, sweaty and naked, covered only by a bedsheet.

To my surprise, O’Neill spoke up.

“I can answer that,” he said, drawing the attention of both of us. Belle locked eyes with him, and the two just stared at each other for a few moments, breathing heavily as my focus flicked back and forth between them.

“Go on,” I finally said.

“It’s simple,” my partner said, his eyes never leaving the young woman’s gaze. “She’s a slut.”

Again, a shiver ran through Belle’s body at the word. Her cheeks got slightly pinker, and I don’t think she even noticed herself lowering the sheet an inch or two, moving her bare shoulders into view.

“Isn’t that right?” O’Neill said, standing up and looking down at her.

Belle slowly nodded.

“That’s it,” she replied breathlessly. “I’m...I’m a slut.”

She delivered the last word with a mixture of lust and reverence. The word somehow sounded so taboo, coming from her lips.

“Yes you are,” O’Neill grinned, reaching out and running his thumb over Belle’s mouth.

I expected her to flinch, as a victim of sexual abuse would. As any teenager should, when a strange man reaches out to touch her face.

But she didn’t. Instead, her mouth dropped open, her eyes clouded over slightly, and the sheet dropped further to reveal the top of her collar-bone.

“I’m a slut,” she repeated dreamily, her blush deepening, spreading down her neck and to her exposed chest.

O’Neill grinned, like he knew something we didn’t. “You’re a slut,” he said once more, and it wasn’t until he’d lowered his pants that I noticed his hands were even moving.

I wanted to look away. It was hard to imagine a situation where a cop would see his partner’s cock – a urinal, perhaps, or a literal case of pants on fire.

And I'd certainly never expected to see it hard.

Belle gasped as the older man's erection came into view. She was staring at it, hunger in her eyes. Her hands twitched, and it was clear to both of us that she wanted to touch it.

Perhaps O'Neill was right. Maybe this teenager really was just...a slut. Maybe that was why her Dad hadn't wanted us to come find her, because he knew what she'd be doing. What she'd want us to do to her.

What we'd want to do to her.

But that didn't explain the look of lust in his eyes, or the nervousness that he and his wife had been displaying since the moment we entered their house.

The teenage girl didn't move. She just sat there, staring at my partner's erection, her eyes wide, her jaw slack.

Finally, she spoke.

"No," she said with a sad sigh. "No, I...I can't. It wouldn't be right."

"It seems pretty right to me," my partner said, and I recognized the frustration in his voice.

"O'Neill..." I said warningly, but the pair across the room ignored me.

"I can't," Belle said again, wrapping the sheet around her chest and holding it in place with her armpits. The result was a tight contour around her bust, reminding both of us what incredible tits were just outside of our view.

O'Neill's cock twitched, something I could happily have spent my entire police career not witnessing. The teenage girl on the bed bit her lip at the sight of it; her reaction seemed to increase his confidence.

"My partner here thinks that your father is up to something," the older cop said, and I felt myself tense up. I didn't know why he was involving me, and I didn't like it.

"He's not," Belle said, her eyebrows crinkling in confusion. Again, if she'd been older, I wouldn't have been convinced, but I'd never met a suburban teenager capable of such immediate, flawless lies.

"I believe you," O'Neill replied, reaching out to softly stroke the side of Belle's face. Again, she didn't draw back – instead, she leaned into it, like a kitten against her owner's hand. "Of course I do. But my partner here, he's...well, he's tenacious."

You don't need police training to recognize good cop, bad cop – I wasn't comfortable with my role in the conversation, but I had no idea how to change it.

"The only way he's going to be convinced that your Daddy is innocent is if he really, truly

believes you're a slut," O'Neill said glibly, and it was all I could do not to roll my eyes.

I had to stop him, but he'd ignored my warnings so far.

"Otherwise we'll have to come back when your parents return and arrest them," he said, and Belle's eyes widened in shock. "The whole neighborhood will see them being hauled downtown. And if anyone learned what they were being arrested for...well, what would the neighbors think?"

Belle was unable to hide the look of fear in her eyes. If there's one thing I've learned about suburbia, it's that there's nothing anyone cares about more than the opinions of their neighbors.

But I couldn't let this happen. We didn't have nearly enough evidence to arrest Belle's parents, and—

"You don't have nearly enough evidence to arrest my parents," Belle shot back.

"So there *is* evidence?" I countered immediately. I'd been imagining interrogation scenarios since before I'd even applied to the police force, and it wasn't until the words left my mouth that I realized I'd just played perfectly into O'Neill's plan.

"Sounds like we just need to find it," my partner said with a grin. "Maybe we should look around."

"You have a warrant?" Belle responded, throwing him a sassy look...until his cock drew her attention once more, and her gaze went slightly glassy.

"Don't need a warrant if we have reasonable suspicion," O'Neill rumbled. "And honey, you've given us more than enough reason to be suspicious..."

There was a long pause, Belle staring at my partner's cock, me watching them from across the room. I couldn't believe O'Neill was doing this. I'd always known he played a little fast and loose with the rules, but this was...it was coercion, at the very least. He could be stripped of his badge for this. Hell, he could probably be arrested!

My gut sank as I realized – *I* should be arresting him. I was a cop, after all. What he was doing was definitely illegal, and I was a cop.

But I couldn't.

There are two codes when you're a police officer. There's the public code: to serve, to protect, to uphold the law at all costs.

And then there's the real code. Loyalty. Brotherhood.

You swear to protect the public when you become a cop. But you can't do that unless you first protect the blue.

If O'Neill was a murderer, that would be different. If he'd raped the girl, I know I would've done something to stop him.

But as I watched him reach out and take the sheet off the teenage girl's body, it was easy to see that it wasn't the same.

She wanted it. Even if she couldn't admit it out loud, it was screamingly obvious. Every non-verbal signal, every part of her body was making it very clear.

Belle wanted what was about to happen.

O'Neill had been right: she was a slut.

"Good girl," he said, taking the young woman's hand and moving it to his erection. She didn't resist, just kept staring at his cock, her desire obvious. "Good little slut."

None of us said anything as Belle began jerking my partner's cock. I couldn't do anything but stare. My partner, his pants around his ankles, his gun and radio on the floor. The teenage girl, naked in front of him, stroking his cock, flushed with desire.

I wanted to look away, but I couldn't. I had no interest in my partner's hardness, so my eyes ran up and down Belle's perfect body once more. Her huge breasts, her flat stomach. She leaned forward to get closer to O'Neill's cock, her boobs swaying slightly as she did. Her face was a mask of lust, her eyes wide, her lips parted.

She'd just cum – an intense, powerful orgasm – but she already wanted more.

It would have been so easy to just stand there and watch it happen. Or better, to leave – to use the opportunity to slip out and explore the house, see if I *could* find any evidence of her parents' misdeeds.

But I didn't. I couldn't.

"You don't have to do this," I croaked. I don't know what I expected – Belle to realize she was being taken advantage of, perhaps, and to confess what was really happening. Or O'Neill to realize what he was doing, that he was abusing his power.

Instead, they both ignored me. Belle just continued stroking my partner's cock, her hand running up and down its 6-inch length, her breathing getting heavier as she expertly worked the shaft. No teenager should be that good at giving a handjob.

"Just tell us what's going on," I continued. "And we can stop."

Belle shook her head at that.

"No," she said dreamily. "I don't want to stop. This is...this is what I have to do."

“I told you,” O’Neill said, his eyes never leaving the teenager’s. “She’s a slut.”

“I’m a slut,” Belle echoed with a moan. “I’m a...I’m a teenage slut.”

Her body supported her claim. Her skin was flushed with arousal, her nipples swollen and prominent. Her legs were spread wide, her pussy glistening with her juices. Her expression was one of pure bliss, her eyes half-closed, her cheeks pink.

“Where do you want to cum?” she said, her big blue eyes looking up at my partner. “On my face? My tits? Or do you want me to swallow it?”

“Swallow it,” O’Neill grunted, reaching down and grabbing the teenager by the shoulders. “I want to feel you swallowing my cum.”

Belle nodded eagerly, bringing her mouth to his throbbing erection, and I tried not to watch. But I couldn’t help myself.

His cock moved into her soft, wet lips, and Belle moaned around it. The handjob transformed seamlessly into a blowjob as she licked and sucked him, bobbing up and down, getting used to the size of him, and O’Neill groaned.

“Oh, yeah,” he said. “I’m gonna fill you up. I’m gonna fill your stomach with my cum.”

Belle’s eyes fluttered closed, and she looked incredibly happy. Her lips were stretched around his cock, and again I found the thought returning – no teenager should be this good at giving head. She was sucking cock like a professional, like someone with a decade of experience.

What kind of life had she lead that made her so good at this?

“That’s it, baby,” O’Neill grunted, reaching down and grabbing her hair, pulling her head back. “Take it all. Take every drop.”

Belle obeyed, sucking harder on his cock. My partner groaned louder, his hips moving up and down, pushing himself deeper into her throat, fucking her mouth.

“Fuck!” he shouted suddenly, and I jumped, startled. “I’m cumming, baby! Here it comes!”

Belle pulled back, and O’Neill came hard, his semen shooting into her open mouth in thick ropes. Belle gulped it down eagerly, not missing a drop. I couldn’t tear my eyes away, watching as the teenage girl acted like a porn star, her lips smacking as she swallowed his load, letting a small amount dribble out the side of her mouth and fall onto her tits.

When he finished, Belle released his shaft and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

“Mmm,” she said, bringing her tit up to her mouth and licking the cum off it. I honestly don’t think I’ve ever seen a hotter sight in my life. The teenager could have put half the porn industry out of business.

“Good slut,” O’Neill groaned, letting go of her hair. “You’re a good slut.”

Belle smiled at him, licking her lips as she sucked his cock clean. She was still blushing, her cheeks turning pink, but despite the fact she hadn’t cum, she looked so incredibly contented.

“Come on,” I said, the huge smile on my partner’s face rankling me for reasons I didn’t completely understand. “We should go.”

Belle blinked twice. “Where are my parents?”

“Ben’s recital,” my partner replied instantly, and a look of sadness appeared on the teenage girl’s face. “We said we’d stay and keep an eye on you.”

“Well,” she said, giving my partner’s soft, glistening cock an appreciative glance. “Thank you very much, but I think I’ll be all right from here.”

I expected my partner to nod, pull his pants up, and accompany me downstairs. We still had half the street to canvas – and despite what he’d just done to the teenage girl, I still wanted O’Neill’s opinion on whatever was going on with this family.

But, once more, I he surprised me with his response.

“I don’t know about that...” he said, his eyes travelling up and down the young woman’s body. She’d done nothing to cover her nudity, and her big tits and smooth skin were still on full display. “We promised your parents we’d take care of you...and I just don’t feel like you’re taken care of.”

“I’m taken care of,” Belle replied firmly, her huge lashes fluttering at the older man’s attention. “I promise.”

O’Neill held up one hand, and Belle fell silent immediately, a shiver running through her body as she did. “Young lady,” he drawled, “I am an officer of the law. I will be the one to decide when you’re taken care of; I wouldn’t be doing my duty if I didn’t make sure to...explore every nook and cranny.”

Belle bit her lip, her eyes shining with lust at my partner’s confident tone of voice.

“I assure you,” she began, but she trailed off as O’Neill slowly lowered himself to his knees. He placed a hand on each of the young woman’s milky-white thighs and spread them firmly, exposing her cunt to his hungry eyes. “You don’t have to...you really don’t...oh!”

The teenage girl’s objections died in her throat as my partner leaned forward, softly blowing on her wet slit.

“Noooo,” she whined, reminding me of her mother’s earlier objection. “Please. Please. I don’t want you to...I don’t want...”

Her eyes rolled back in her head as O’Neill leaned forward, clamping his mouth over her clit. I

couldn't see exactly what was happening, but Belle moaned loudly at whatever he was doing, closing her eyes as she tilted her head back.

"Oh, God," she whispered. "Oh, fuck! Oh, god! Yes!"

O'Neill gave her pussy a few more licks, then pulled back. "What were you saying, babe?"

"N-nothing," she said, her voice a needy tremble. "Please don't stop. Please don't stop. Please..."

"Well," O'Neill said, licking his lips. "If you insist."

He leaned forward once more, and Belle wrapped her legs around his neck, blocking my view. As he gleefully ate her out, her hands moved to her breasts, roughly squeezing her nipples between thumb and forefinger, pinching them lightly until the girl's nipples grew even harder than before.

"God," she sighed. "I'm a slut. I'm a slut. My daughter is – oh! – such a slut..."

Her last statement caused my forehead to crease, but before I could think too hard about it, my partner's fingers slipped under her ass, and he lifted her up.

Considering how much time we spent sitting in a car (and, yes, eating donuts – some stereotypes are sadly true) O'Neill was in surprisingly good shape. Using a strength I didn't know he had, he repositioned the teenage girl so that he was laying flat on his back on her bed while she ground her pussy on his face.

It was quite a sight. Belle's back was arched, her huge tits bouncing as she rode my partner's mouth, her long blonde hair fanning out behind her, her thighs twitching and quivering with pleasure. Her eyes were shut tight, her mouth open, moaning loudly as my partner sucked her pussy.

She continued her dirty-talk all the while: moaning, begging him to keep going, to finger her, to fuck her, to cum on her.

"I want to be your slut," she mewled. "I want to cum on your face. I'm just a teenager. Just a teenager, being eaten out – oh, god! – by a cop."

I couldn't see my partner's face as he continued his work between her legs, making her moan and shudder with every stroke. But I could see his cock, growing back to its full hardness. With one hand, he reached up and grabbed Belle's hand, moving it to his erection. As she began eagerly stroking him once more, he moved his hand up, grabbing her tit roughly.

"I'm gonna cum," she gasped. "Oh, fuck! Fuck, I'm gonna cum!"

Just as it looked like the teenager's peak was about to hit, O'Neill surprised both of us, grabbing her hips and lifting her off his face.

“Noooo,” she whined. “No no no no no no...”

He ignored her protests, instead placing her on her front on the bed, her legs splayed wide. Her big tits were squashed against her mattress, and her wet, pink pussy was visible between her spread legs.

“What are you doing?” she moaned. “Please. Please. Just wanna cum. Just wanna...make Belle cum. Make your good girl cum. Please, Daddy...”

My eyebrows shot up. I glanced at O’Neill, to see his reaction to the girl’s outburst.

It immediately became clear that my partner wasn’t thinking like a cop. At least, not the kind of cop I wanted to be.

He moved his cock to her pink slit and began slowly running it up and down the young girl’s glistening pussy-lips.

“Do you want Daddy to fuck you?” he asked, his voice thick with lust. “Want me to fuck you? Do you want Daddy’s big cock inside your teen pussy?”

Belle moaned loudly, her eyes closed again, her fingers digging into her pillow. She seemed to be lost in desire, her head resting on her crossed arms.

“Shouldn’t...” she panted. “Shouldn’t be...”

“Tell Daddy to fuck you,” O’Neill said. This time it was an order, not a question. “Tell Daddy to fuck you like the little slut you are.”

“Can’t!” Belle replied, her hips bucking helplessly. “Not allowed. Can’t...mustn’t...”

My partner reached out to grab her hair, pulling her head back.

“Then tell me what you want, baby girl,” he said, his voice dangerously low. “You know you can’t say no to Daddy.”

A shiver ran through Belle’s body, but she didn’t reply, her eyes still tightly shut.

“She said no,” I gasped, as if I had a leg to stand on. As if my voice had any weight in this situation. I’d watched as O’Neill had cum in a teenage girl’s mouth. I’d watched as he’d forced his head between her legs, as he’d thrown her around her bed like a ragdoll.

I was armed. Not just with my gun, but with non-lethal ways of stopping people as well. I could have stopped what was happening at any point.

But I hadn’t. And I think O’Neill knew what I wasn’t even able to admit to myself: that I wasn’t going to do anything.

That I was just going to stand there and watch as he fucked the teenage girl, regardless of what

she said.

“Tell me,” O’Neill ordered. “You know you’re a bad girl. Tell Daddy what you want. And I’ll give it to you.”

He pushed two fingers into Belle’s tight, soaking hole, eliciting another loud moan from the teenager.

“I don’t want...” she whimpered. Belle was breathing hard now, her entire body flushed. Her body was quivering; it almost looked as though she was crying, but I knew she wasn’t.

She was shaking with want. The young woman’s body was non-verbally screaming to be fucked, even if she couldn’t admit it.

“Daddy’s going to fuck you,” my partner warned, his fingers sawing in and out of her. She was trembling with every movement, her whole body tense. “He’s going to fuck you ‘til you beg for it.”

Belle’s breath came out in short gasps. She was moaning louder and louder.

“Say it,” O’Neill barked. “Say it.”

When she spoke, the teenager’s words came out in a jumble: “Daddy’s gonna fuck me. Daddy’s going to use his little girl. Daddy’s going to – oh! Daddy’s going to fuck Belle...”

Those words – or perhaps the lustful tone with which they were delivered – were apparently enough for my partner. He withdrew his fingers, Belle moaning in need as he did, and positioned himself between her legs. As Belle lay prone, my partner slowly began sliding his thick cock into her. She gasped as he entered her, her eyes opening wide with shock.

“Daddy’s gonna fuck you,” he rumbled, giving her a rough squeeze.

“Fuck,” Belle moaned. “Fuck Daddy.”

As he thrust forward, filling her tight pussy, my partner started talking dirty again.

“Your pussy is so fucking tight, baby girl,” he growled. “So nice and wet. And your teen pussy is perfect for Daddy’s big cock.”

“Teen pussy,” Belle replied, her eyes rolling back in her head. “Teen pussy for Daddy.”

“You want Daddy’s big cock deep inside your teen cunt?” he demanded, his grip tightening on her hair. “You want Daddy to fill your pussy full of his warm cum? You want Daddy to fuck you and fuck you and fuck you until you can’t think straight anymore?”

I’d known my partner had a dirty mind and a big mouth, but I’d never expected anything like this to come out of his mouth. I wanted to be disturbed by it, but the sight in front of me was so hot, the entire situation so unrelentingly erotic; his words only served to magnify it, to somehow

make it even hotter.

“You want Daddy to fuck your teen pussy?” he repeated. “Tell me!”

Belle shook her head, looking like she wanted to protest. To deny his words.

But she couldn't. Not when he was fucking her. Not when he was driving his dick into her so deep and fast, so forcefully.

At last, she admitted what we all knew was true. She voiced the dirty thoughts we all knew she was having.

“Yes,” she grunted. “Fuck me. Fill me up, Daddy. Fuck my teen pussy. Fuck me. Fuck me! Use me, Daddy! Use your little girl. Use me for Daddy's pleasure.”

O'Neill began working his dick in and out of her faster, thrusting deeply into her pussy as his balls slapped against her ass. His pace was relentless, so strong that I feared he might hurt her. But Belle moaned each time he buried himself inside her, her eyes squeezed shut as she made noises like a porn star, her voice rising and falling as she begged him to fuck her.

I'd been told that I was good in bed, but this...this was something else. I almost felt like I should be taking notes. I knew that I'd never fuck the same way again.

All of a sudden, O'Neill pulled out. I couldn't help but look at his cock as it hit the light, glistening with Belle's juices. She let out a long, loud moan of need.

Grabbing her hips, my partner pulled the girl up until she was on all fours. He positioned himself behind her, pushing her legs open with his knees. Without a word, he slid his cock back into her pussy, filling her up with one long stroke.

I couldn't help myself. As I watched the sight in front of me, I undid my belt. I unbuttoned my pants and lowered them, pulling out my erection.

I'd never seen anything so hot in my life. Belle on her knees, her tits swaying back and forth with every thrust, O'Neill's pubic hair slamming against her ass. The look on her face: ecstasy. Pure, uninhibited bliss.

“Fuck me,” she moaned. “Daddy's gonna fuck Belle. Fuck me good.”

My cock was rock hard as I wrapped my hand around it, stroking myself as I watched the cop fuck the teenager. It was so hot watching him pull her hair, slapping her ass so hard that I thought he might bruise her.

“Harder,” she mewled, whimpering as he slammed her pussy full force. “Daddy fuck Belle. Daddy fuck Belle so hard. So hard Daddy. So hard...”

He did as she asked, starting to fuck her harder than I'd ever imagined anyone would be able to fuck. Belle's tits bounced wildly with every thrust, and her eyes went glassy with pleasure as he

took her. He was still wearing the upper half of his police uniform, his badge reflecting the light with every thrust.

And then, without warning, O'Neill's hips bucked, and he groaned loudly.

"I'm cumming," he panted, grabbing Belle's breasts roughly. "Cumming in your teen pussy."

I saw the moment when Belle realized what was happening. Her eyes widened in shock, and then she arched her back, her eyes closing as she screamed.

She was cumming. He was cumming. And, despite the fact that I'd only just started touching myself, I was cumming too.

The sight of the two of them, O'Neill's hips moving in and out of her, Belle's gorgeous body wracked with pleasure, was more than enough to trigger my own orgasm. It was sudden and intense, almost violent. I cried out, my body shuddering as I came hard, spurting cum onto the teenage girl's floor.

Belle was screaming so loudly that I worried that the neighbors would hear. Her eyes were closed as her body shook, her mouth open as she cried out in pleasure.

Then, all of a sudden, the noise stopped. She stopped screaming, and I could barely hear her as she whispered her final words.

"Yes. Yes, Daddy. Cum in me. Fill me up. Fill me up with Daddy's cum."

With that, she collapsed, her whole body going limp.

I stood there in shock, my hand still wrapped around my cock. I couldn't believe it. My partner had just fucked a teenage girl. He'd come inside her. My partner, a cop of twenty years, had just filled a teenage girl with his seed, fucking her so hard that she'd been unable to move.

"Jesus Christ!" I heard myself say. My voice sounded far away, as though someone else were speaking. O'Neill had a dopey look on his face.

"Damn," he said with a chuckle, reaching down and giving Belle another firm smack on the ass. She wriggled slightly in response, like someone who didn't want to be woken up from a nap.

"What the hell was that?" I snapped, and O'Neill threw me a half-smile.

"You're one to talk," he said, pointing at the trail of cum in front of me.

"*Fuck*," I said.

O'Neill pulled out of the girl's wetness with a grunt; she let out another moan of need. He responded by once more slapping her ass, and she countered with another wiggle.

"You want a turn?" he asked, cocking his head at the naked girl in front of him on the bed. My

eyebrows shot up.

“No!” I hissed.

“Your loss,” he shrugged, getting off the bed and making his way to his pants.

“O’Neil,” I said, pulling my own pants up. “You have to admit; there’s something fucked up going on here.”

“I agree,” he said, looking me in the eyes. “What kind of a man has the opportunity to tap *that* and turns it down?”

“The parents,” I continued, ignoring him. “They were acting weird.”

“People act weird around cops,” he shrugged. He glanced back at Belle once more and grinned. “Sometimes in a good way.”

“And the whole ‘Daddy’ thing?”

O’Neill lumbered across the room to me, as though he’d expended all his energy on the teenage girl. He slapped a hand on my shoulder, and I almost buckled under the weight.

“My boy, that was not the first woman who wanted to call me Daddy, and it certainly won’t be the last.”

I shook his hand off. “There’s something more going on here,” I insisted. “You have to see it.”

“The only strange thing going on here,” he said with a sad sigh, “is that you’d rather cum by your hand than the hot piece of teenage ass in front of us.”

I shook my head stubbornly. “You’re wrong,” I insisted. “There’s something going on here. I’m going to find out what it is, and...”

“No, you won’t.”

O’Neill and I both snapped our heads around, like puppets controlled by the same piece of string. Belle was back up, sitting on the edge of the bed. She was buck-naked, but had a strange confidence to her, one that I’d never seen in someone so young.

“Here’s what’s going to happen,” she said, standing up and walking towards us. Her breasts bobbed with each step, but I couldn’t look away from her eyes. It took me a minute to work out what she reminded me of – she wasn’t acting like a teenage girl, even a particularly precocious one.

She was acting like a middle-aged woman insisting on a refund. And if she didn’t get one, by gum, she was going to talk to the manager.

“You’re going to leave my parents alone,” she said, standing between us. As she looked at my

partner, I couldn't help myself, my eyes darting down to her body. Her huge, firm tits. Her perfect ass.

"You're going to give up on whatever wild theory you've concocted. You're going to leave this house and never return. You're never going to bother us again."

"Oh yes?" O'Neill asked, one eyebrow raised in bemusement. "And if we don't?"

"As soon as you leave," the teenage girl continued, "I'm going to head downtown. I'm going to find a police station – one outside your jurisdiction – and I'm going to ask for a rape kit."

Once more, I saw something that I'd never seen before. Something that I never thought I'd see.

My partner, speechless.

"You both know how it works," Belle continued coolly. "They'll find bruising. Signs of forced entry. Indications that I was fucked. *Hard*. And inside me..."

It was the strangest thing I'd ever seen. A teenager, speaking like a Karen, confidently assuring us what was going to happen next...reaching between her legs, coating one finger in my partners juices (mixed with her own) and bringing it to her mouth, where she slowly slid it into her mouth.

Hot as hell, while also terrifying. I didn't know what to think.

"...they'll find more than enough DNA to work out who did this to me." She gestured to the floor in front of me, stained with my semen. "Not to mention..."

Cocking one hip, the teen girl looked back and forth between us.

"Any questions?"

O'Neill shook his head. He was staring at her, slack-jawed.

A smug smile came across Belle's face.

"Good," she said breezily, before turning away and slowly beginning to walk back to her bed. She was still completely naked, and my eyes were drawn to her perfect ass: round, smooth, pale, pert. So firm. So fuckable.

O'Neill glanced at me, and in a moment I could tell exactly what he was thinking.

If he were to kill someone, I knew I'd intervene. I'd arrest him. I'd have to. Especially a defenseless teenage girl.

Especially the hottest piece of ass I'd ever seen.

I couldn't let him get away with it. Not murder. Not even when we were being blackmailed. Not

even when the victim-to-be could destroy our careers.

Our lives.

I'd stop him before things got that far. I'd have to.

Right?

"Oh," Belle said, as soon as she reached the bed. "And in case you were thinking of cutting off any loose trails before I get a chance..."

She pulled up her phone, and my eyes widened as I saw the photo she'd taken. Me and O'Neill, in her bedroom. Me, pantless; O'Neill, barely dressed. It was clear in the picture who we were. It was clear *where* we were.

"What did you...—" O'Neill began, but the teenage girl held up a hand, and he fell silent.

"It's on the cloud now," she explained simply. "You could kill me, destroy my phone, try to delete all the local copies...but if I disappear, you better believe my parents will find that picture on the cloud."

Again, O'Neill looked at me. Again, I knew exactly what he was trying to say, without him saying a word.

He had no idea how the cloud worked, and neither did I. But we couldn't risk it.

"We leave your parents alone," O'Neill said in a low rumble, after a long pause. I knew he'd been weighing up all the possible options – I had, and I couldn't find an alternative.

We had to do what the young girl said.

"...and those pictures never see the light of day," Belle continued.

Crap. PictureS? Plural?

There was a long look between the two of them, and eventually O'Neill held out his hand.

"Deal," he said, with a curt nod.

"There's nothing else you want?" I asked, unable to stop myself. My partner shot me a dirty look, but Belle turned on her smile, and – not for the first time that night – I couldn't help but admire her beauty.

Even if she'd been fully clothed. Even if I'd not just watched her give an incredible handjob, blowjob, and have hotter sex than the best porn star in the world.

"One more thing," she said softly. My heart racing in my chest as she looked back and forth between us. "My parents will still be another hour or two. While they're gone, you could..."

The teenage girl slowly spread her legs, and my gaze was drawn to the pink glistening slit between her legs.

“...take care of me?” she finished, biting her lip coquettishly.

O’Neill glanced at me with a patriarchal grin.

“I’m spent,” he said with a half-shrug. “You’re going to have to be the one...taking care of her.”

I was torn. On one hand, this was a potential rape victim. A teenage girl, almost a decade younger than me. I was a police officer, sworn to uphold the law, to protect citizens. I’d never taken advantage of my position before, and I had no interest in starting now.

On the other hand...

I reached up, and began unbuttoning my shirt.

“Young lady,” I said, taking a step towards her. Her eyes lit up with desire at my approach, at the authoritative tone in my voice. “I’m going to do everything I can to protect you. And god help me...I’m probably going to enjoy it.”