

Mad Monday AU: Fuck the Police

Part 2: 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.”