

Mad Monday AU: Fuck the Police

Part 1:

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 detail. 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 tacky-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 rankle 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.