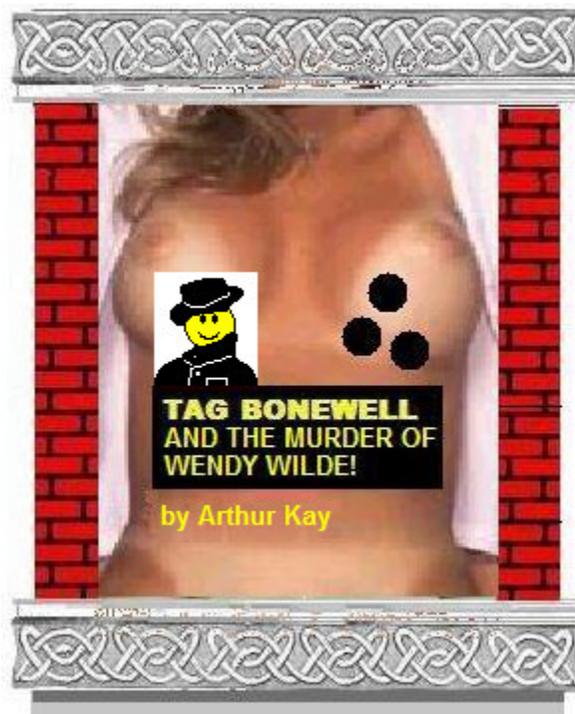


WARNING: This story is an act of fiction that contains graphic sexual descriptions and language. If you are a minor (under 21) or if you are offended by this kind of material then you should stop reading now. Any resemblance between this story and a real event is coincidental. The participants are imaginary; their actions have no negative consequences other than those portrayed in the story. The story is intended for entertainment and should not be emulated in the real world.



ALMOST NO ONE has ever heard of Ms. Jennifer Penelope Deaux-Fontaine, but plenty of folks know her alter ego, her *nom de plume*, her pseudonym, her pen name, Wendy Wilde, the wicked writer of sexually explicit novels and articles. Yeah, *that* Wendy Wilde. The same offbeat writer who had more people hating her than even Adolf Hitler could ever have imagined.

But, as of today, everyone's heard of the woman behind the Wilde mask. Anyone, that is, who bothered to read last night's evening paper. Or even glance at the front page. The two-inch high headline said it all:

AUTHOR WENDY WILDE MURDERED! Story page 2.

And, just in case you've been living in a cave for ten years, a full page photograph below the headline showed Ms. Wilde, or Ms. Deaux-Fontaine, at a nudist camp and as naked as a jaybird. She was sporting a wide shit-eating grin that just screamed out how much she loved being sans clothing under the California sun. There were two other people in the photo, but they had been cropped in such a way no one could tell who they were.

Because the newspaper had thoughtfully airbrushed out her important private parts, the photo made her look ghastly and grotesque. It was obvious the retoucher had had a hard time trying to hide those very large breasts of hers. In the final result, she looked as if she had had a twin mastectomy performed, a bad one at that. Why they simply didn't just show her face is beyond any guess. Of course, nude pictures, even sloppy looking ones, do sell more papers.

The photo caption read: Wendy Wilde, second from left, bared it all in 1962 at the Suncatcher's Nudist Camp, San Francisco, CA. Story page 2.

1962. Yes, a long time ago. Ms. Fontaine was thirty-five years old in the photo, which means she was pushing sixty-five when her body was found.

Her publisher and lifelong friend, Hamilton Worthy, Ham or Hammy to his friends, was also her confidante at the time of her unscheduled demise. He was quoted saying just how much he was going to miss his longtime friend and best-selling author.

For over thirty years, Hammy did his best to keep her real identity a secret. His best was good enough up until a year ago, when some hacker tracked her down through the internet and began e-Mailing her threats.

Who he is isn't yet known, but one thing is; the cat was now out of the old bag. And yesterday, someone had shot the cat. Or the old bag, if you want to get crude about it. And she was shot three times with great and deadly accuracy. In her very own suite at the Wellington Hotel. And with much malice aforethought.

* * * * *

"YOU TAG BONEWELL?" Tag looked up from his desk. A man stood in the doorway. A man in his forties, with brown hair and brown, sad looking eyes. He looked to be around the six foot tall mark. He also looked quite fit, with not a sign of flab on him, if you didn't count the slight belly paunch, that is.

The guy was wearing an inexpensive, off-the-rack, dark gray suit and an equally run-of-the-mill white shirt. His tie was a nothing to rave about solid black. Sensible shiny black patent leather shoes finished the sartorial picture. Tag smelled cop.

Tag said, "That's right, sir. How may I help you?"

"I'm Detective Hunger, Jack Hunger, I'm here about the murder." Murder?

"What murder?" If Tag looked genuinely puzzled, he was. He hadn't read the newspaper yet today.

Detective Hunger fished a small note pad out of an inside suit pocket. He looked down at it. "Guess you haven't heard yet. Well, anyway, the vic is one Jennifer Penelope Deaux-Fontaine, aka Wendy Wilde. One of your room maids, a gal named . . . " He looked down at his notes. "Freda, called it in. About an hour ago."

He approached Tag's desk. "Mind if I sit?" Tag motioned him to take the chair in front of the desk. Freda flashed briefly through Tag's mind. They had only done it twice now, but each time had been fantastic. She had that European . . .

When Detective Hunger was seated, he said, "Ah, that feels good! Been on my tootsies all morning . . . now, I came by your little office place here because I like to work with the house dick when a hotel's involved. I'm savvy to the hotels need to protect their rep, and I find it works out better for all parties concerned, Tag, if I give the house cop a heads up. May I call you Tag?"

Tag nodded. "Good. And why don't you just call me Jack, without the detective up front. OK?" Tag nodded again. He liked Jack. The man had real down-to-earth class.

"Tell me, Tag, you ever read any of Wilde's, uh, stuff?" It was said innocently enough, but Tag could read between the lines. The man was setting his stage up.

"No, can't say I have, Jack. Anyway, I prefer the hands-on approach to sex. It's a quirk of mine." He grinned at the cop.

The detective smirked at him, cocked one eye, and said, "You ever bring your quirk up to suite 912 any time in recent memory?"

"Ha ha! No Jack, I make it a rule not get too quirky with the paying guests." He smiled. He knew lying to a cop was a fool's game, but he felt even if Jack found out about Mergie, or Greta, or both for that matter, it wouldn't mean much. Not to Jack, who was now grinning at him as if to say, yeah, sure, and I'm the king of Prussia!

Tag said, "I was in blue, too, Jack, a few years back. Six years in. Threw it in to do some private gumshoeing, but you know how that goes, feast or famine. Well, I had a feast of the famine, if you get me." He grinned at the detective.

"Yeah, Tag, I know all about it. Heard about you, too. You were a wee bit of a hotdogger, I'd say, and had a mite of trouble following police protocol. From what I've heard, you were downright naughty at times." He grinned at Tag.

"Guilty as charged, Jack. Now, tell me, what is it you need from me?"

"Nothing really, but I thought you might like to come along with me when I enter the Wilde suite," He looked at his notes. "Suite 912, and, who knows? You just might spot something these old, tired eyes of mine miss. Of course you shouldn't . . ."

"Touch anything. Yeah, I know, Jack, but I do keep disposable latex gloves in my desk." He opened the desk's front drawer, took out a box and held it up. "See?"

Hunger stood up. "Good boy! Shall we go? On the way, I'll fill you in on this Wilde woman, and I mean wild in the feral sense of the word. I popped her name into my PC's search engine and, man, she was a pip! C'mon, I'll tell you all about it on the way."

As they passed by Lucy's desk, Tag said, sounding most businesslike, "Miss Fern, hold all my calls, I'll be out a while." Then, to Hunger, he added, "God, I've always wanted to say that!" Hunger said, "And now you have. Come, I'll tell you all about her publisher, one Mr. Hamilton Worthy. A real gent, that one."

Tag sensed there was a Colombo side to DetectiveHunger. He was cagier than he appeared to be. He had made it seem to Tag that he had just arrived on the scene, but now it looked as if he had taken the time to talk to one Hamilton Worthy. And who else?

You're slick, Detective Hunger, Tag thought, real slick . . .

* * * * *

SUITE 912 was unoccupied, if you don't count the corpse of Wendy Wilde. Which had three neat, closely placed holes in its chest. Hunger pegged it as a

.22 calibre job. Tag agreed. They had found the body in a small room that Wilde had used as an office.

She was lying in the center of the room, on her back, totally nude, with a large white towel lying alongside her. Her hair and the towel were damp. Hunger took a quick glance into the bathroom. One look at the wet tub told him she had obviously just come out of the shower, mere minutes before her killer had pumped three into her.

Her wig, a brunette one, was pushed forward and covering her right eye. She reminded Tag of Veronica Lake, a sultry, sexy actress from the 1940's.

Hunger asked Tag if he would go through her desk while he did whatever it was he planned to do. Tag, with his brand spanking new latex gloves on, opened the top middle desk drawer and whistled. "Jack, I've got a .45 here. With a very expensive-looking pearl handle. What you want I should do with it?" Tag looked down at the pearl handle. It looked like a custom job, with a purple capital W embedded into each side.

"Empty the clip, so some kids don't get to it loaded, and just leave it there, would you?" Tag would. He stripped the clip and slid it back into the gun's handle. Then he had a question for Jack.

"Jack, how come this place isn't crawling in blue? You breaking cop protocol?" A little tit for tat.

"Look who's telling me about protocol! Listen, Mr. Pot, this Mr. Kettle *is* going by the book. This is a closed crime scene, of which I am in charge. Now, because I prefer to have an early look-see, before there are two dozen pairs of shiny shoes mucking it up, I tell forensics to wait for my call. They'll be along shortly."

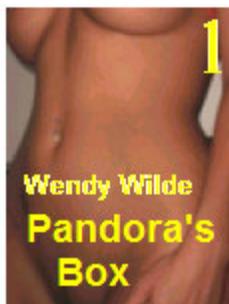
"Yeah, Jack, but you don't even have anyone guarding the . . ."

"Door? He's on his way. I called just before I went into your office. Any more question, nosy?" Tag had none that he could think of. For now, at least.

The two men checked the place very carefully and, besides some of her published books and some paper files, they found nothing to speak of. No weapon, no casings, no perp hiding in a closet.

While Hunger was placing the necessary calls, Tag wandered back into the living room and went over to the large bookcase that housed her published writings and personal reading matter.

The first book of hers he laid his hands on, was titled, *Pandora's Box*. He opened it to somewhere in the middle and began reading.



Wendy Wilde's Pandora novel.

Janet moaned. The large cock inside her making her do so, and making her feel full, packed with him. He pulled halfway out and plunged it back in, all the way to its base. Janet screamed, "Aayyyyyyyyy!" Charlie then . . .

Tag flipped a few pages and read some more.

As Jose's hot, boiling cum hit the back of her throat, some of it actually going down to her stomach, Carla spluttered. The next blast, equally as strong as the first, seemed to fill her mouth up. She swallowed quickly, as if not to do so would make her drown in his . . .

He flipped a few more pages.

The feeling was overtaking her. "Oooh!" Sue screamed out. Then she . . .

Then a voice behind Tag spoke.

"That was her first, *Pandora's Box*. Her best, too, in my opinion." Tag turned and saw the man. Tall, elderly, with jet-black hair that had a white swirl running down the middle. The hair reminded Tag of a skunk. The man himself reminded him of nervousness. He was also impeccably dressed in a tone-downed medium-gray suit and vest. It looked custom-made. The man had the overall look of money, and lots of it.

Tag said, playing real dumb, "She read a lot of this type of, uh, literature then, I take it, sir. Bit steamy reading for a lady of her caliber, don't you think?" That sounded dumb enough to Tag.

"Read? Oh, I see, you don't know, do you? No, I suppose you don't. Ms. Deaux-Fontaine wrote that book and four more just like it under her pen name, Wendy Wilde. You'll find her photograph on the back cover." The man twirled his fingers, a signal to Tag to turn the book over.

Tag turned the book over and saw the same face he had just recently looked at, only this time she looked much happier. Scrawled across the bottom of the picture, and looking as if it was written by her, was XXX Wendy Wilde. He thought: Hot kisses from a corpse, now. Then he realized it could also stand for the triple-X used in the porn trade. Both seemed to fit, and Tag surmised that that was probably the whole idea.

"You must be Hamilton Worthy." Tag said. "Detective Hunger mentioned you to me. Said I'd be bumping into you soon enough."

The man nodded. "Guilty, sir. And you are . . . ?"

"Tag Bonewell, Mr. Worthy, and I'm at your service, sir. I'm the Wellington's house detective." God, he thought, this guy brings out the formal in me. I'll be bowing at the waist any minute now and sticking a dainty pinky out whenever I drink my Scotch.

"Then you're not the police. Where are they? Shouldn't they be here by now?"

Tag thought of the body still lying in the office room. "Well, Detective Hunger is somewhere else in the apartment. I'm surprised you missed him on your way in. But you shouldn't really be here, sir. Crime scene and all. Why don't you say hello to Detective Hunger on your way out? He'd like that, sir."

Worthy got the message and, without even a sweet goodbye, turned and left. Oh, well, Tag thought, that went smoothly. He then heard multiple voices coming from the other room.

The forensics team, it seemed, had arrived . . .

* * * * *

TWO DAYS LATER, and long after the body had been removed and forensics had crawled all over suite 912, taking every thing that wasn't nailed down with them, including her PC, Detective Hunger paid Tag another visit.

After some idle chit-chat, Hunger said, "Tag, you should see the video tapes we took out of Wilde's place! Dozens of 'em, with people doing all kinds of nasty stuff on them. And sweet little Wendy is on every one. Au naturel, to be sure." He laughed as he added, "And they're all labeled, ha ha ha, research!"

Tag chuckled, and then said, "Research, huh? Well, Jack, I guess some writers take their work extra seriously." He laughed.

"So do we cops, Tag. Hell, I've had to force myself to sit through at least, ha ha ha, a half dozen of 'em so far. Taking copious notes, too, mind you." He grinned at Tag.

"I'll just bet! And with a very hard pencil, no doubt!" He chuckled.

"The hardest! Well, at least for the first twenty minutes of note taking. Then I have to drag it into the John to put a new point on it!" They both laughed, heartily, with Tag rapping the edge of his desk with an open hand several times.

Then Hunger said, "Say, Tag, how's about I send you over a handful of 'em? Pardon the pun. That is, if you can find a decent pencil in that mess you call a desk."

"Great, Jack, I'd like that. And, you know, since I became the house dick around here, I haven't had to sharpen my own pencil in a while, so it'll be a nice change of pace. It'll take me back to my roots . . . pun intended." He chuckled.

Hunger grinned, then said, "Yeah, I guess as house dick, it wouldn't surprise me to know you have a pencil sharpener on every floor . . . even the penthouses, eh?" Was Hunger already onto Mergie? Or Greta? Hunger was fishing for information of the prurient kind, but Tag got cagey with him.

"Well, detective, I ain't sayin' anything more without my lawyer present, but as you yourself well know, what the fuck good is a pencil with a dull tip?"

The boys laughed it up a bit before Hunger took his leave, promising the films would be sent tomorrow and, this afternoon, some books and notes Wilde had made.

"Look her books and notes over, Tag, and see what *you* make of 'em. Maybe you'll spot something this harried old copper missed. Never know." He left Tag's office and Tag could hear him stopping by Lucy's desk.

Through the open door, though Tag couldn't see them, he heard Hunger say to Lucy, with a laugh in his voice, "Does that slave driver boss of yours make you sharpen his pencil?" If he only knew, Tag thought. Then again, Hunger *is* a

good detective.

"Huh?" Tag heard Lucy say, then quickly add, "Oh, I getcha! For your information, Detective Hunger, Mr. Boneher-all-the-time needs lotsa pencil sharpening. He's a diligent note taker, don'tcha know?" She giggled. That Luce, thought Tag, smart as a whip.

Hunger said, "I know, Ma'am, and it takes one to know one!" He then went out the front door, laughing loudly on his exit.

"Luce?" Tag hollered out. "Could you come in her a sec? And bring your best sharpener with you, would you, please?"

He heard her yell back, "Be right in, slave driver boss . . . just gonna lock the front door first and turn on the answering machine . . ."

* * * * *

AS LUCY ENTERED, she saw Tag was naked from the waste down, his semi-hard penis in evidence. This signaled he was either in the mood for a blowjob or a quick doggy style. The choice, she knew, was all hers. Tag, that darling, was easy that way.

"Well, Mr. Boneher-in-the-office, is that a pencil in your hand or are you just glad to see me?" She giggled. As she approached him, he said, "Both!"

She reached out and gave his pencil a squeeze. "My, my, my, you've got one big pencil there, sir." She looked at him. "Why don't I just put my sharpener at your disposal and you can stick that big, old pencil right in and get a good tip on it?"

"Mmm," he said. "Sounds like a plan to me." She assumed her familiar position.

Bent over the desk, as she was, Lucy got playful from the getgo. Right after Tag had pushed his throbbing cock into her just an inch or so, letting it soak, she said, "Rrrrrrrrrrr! Rrrrrrrrrrr! Rrrrrrrrrrr!" It was her imitation of a pencil sharpener. It sounded a mite hoarse and guttural, raspy even. Tag played right back at her.

"Sounds like it needs a little oil, Luce!" He chuckled.

"Just you wait, Mr. Boneher-from-behind, it'll soon be awash in oil and purring like a kitten!" She giggled girlishly. Then she rotated her hips a bit.

"I hope so!" Tag said. "Wouldn't want the tip chewed up now, would we?" He plunged to the base into her, pulled back and did it a few more times. Then he heard her say:

"Purrrrrrrr! Purrrrrrrr! Purrrrrrrr!" She rotated her ass with each purrrrrrrr, making small and sensuous, clockwise circles.

"Oooh!" Tag said as he plunged to the hilt once more. "That's one fine fucking pencil sharpener you have there, lady!" He moaned hoarsely. Then he plunged deeply in and out a dozen more times or so, her pencil sharpener rotating all the while.

With a firm grip on both her hips, he jackhammer fucked her. Small

groans, deliberately toned down in decibels, came out of her. Although a room separated them from the outer front door, they both knew it was best not to take the chance of being heard. Then Tag slowed it down and finally stopped altogether, his cock half in and half out.

He watched, fascinated, as her pussy lips chewed their way along the cock shaft toward its base. It reminded him of a hairy mouth. She moved herself back and forth this way for a few hearty nibbles and, sensing he wasn't moving at all, said, "Just like a man, a fucking man at that, let mamma do all the heavy work!"

"Ha ha!" he said as he helped mamma out by pushing it all the way in, his groin slapping into her fleshy buttocks, and then all the way out. Poppa was back to work.

"Ooh, daddy, I'm glad I woke you!" Lucy spit out breathlessly. They continued this way for a dozen or more eight hunka-dunka-inch-deep plunges by him.

As Tag signaled with a low, male-like groan, that he was about to cum, Lucy said, "Purrrrrrr! Purrrrrrr!" Then, "Rrrrrrrrrrr! Rrrrrrrrrrr! Oh, oh, Mr. Boneher-fiercely, she's cummin' up dry! More oil! Use your squirt can on her!" Tag obliged. Suppressing the urge to laugh, he squirted and came. And squirted some more.

Lucy said, "Purrrrrrr! Purrrrrrr! Purrrrrrr!" He then collapsed onto her back, his head near hers, and placed kisses all over the nape of her neck. Lucy twisted her head around and kissed him on the lips. A long, wet, tongue-flashing kiss.

As they broke from the kiss, Tag whispered into her right ear, "I love you, Lucy Fern!" He kissed her neck again. And once more.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, you always say that right after your pencil's outta lead!"

Was she being funny or was she being sarcastic? Either way, Tag stood up and said softly "Turn around, sweetheart." She complied, standing and facing him. He looked into her eyes. "You're right, Luce, sorry." He took her into his arms and kissed her again. This kiss seemed for real, just like the ones longtime lovers always use.

After a seemingly long interval, they broke from the kiss, her hands still around his neck, his hands resting lightly on her hips. She looked at him, a small grin on her face.

"Geez, Taggie, don't go gettin' all mushy on me. OK? I was just funnin' ya."

"All the same, I think it'd be nice having a little upfront, foreplay mushy. And, for some strange, unexplainable reason, way beyond the comprehension of most mere mortals, I like saying the words to you, Luce. Love ya, love ya, love ya. So there!"

She kissed him quickly on the lips, pressed a hand to the left side of his chest and said, "Holy shit, Mr. Boneher-oh-so-mushy, I do believe your heart's plumb stopped!"

He shammed a scowl at her. "Get your ass out of here, crazy woman, and scream out any appointments I have for this afternoon. OK?"

She saluted him. "You got it, slave driver boss. And zip up, wouldya? Your pencil's hangin' out . . . again!" She briskly headed toward the door. Without turning, she added, "And it's oozing lead . . . again!"

He looked down. Sure enough, it was slightly tip-soaked. He took a tissue and wiped it off. As he headed toward his private bathroom to give it a proper wash up, he yelled out to her, "Thanks, Luce, I might have scared my next appointment!"

Lucy mumbled something that he didn't quite catch, but it had a snide and sarcastic tone to it . . .

* * * * *

DETECTIVE HUNGER walked right into Tag's inner office. It was late afternoon. Tag looked up at him. The detective had four large, manila envelopes clutched in his hands.

"You're unguarded, Tag, your gal Friday is AWOL." He sounded disappointed.

"Lucy's at the hotel salon getting her nails done or something. What's up?"

"Brought you all of Wilde's printed books and some of her random notes . . . as promised." Tag nodded as Hunger dropped the envelopes onto the desk.

"Tag, old bean, these'll really teach you a few new wrinkles. They did me!"

"Hot stuff, huh?"

"Hot? Shit, pardon my French, Tag, but she could prove to Satan that he didn't know squat one about the heat thing! Wear asbestos gloves, OK?"

"Geez, Jack, you're scaring me!" He threw his hands up and shammed a scared look.

"For your own good, son. Now, Tag, I gotta be off, but tell me something, if you don't mind, that is, is your gal Friday seeing anybody special?" Ho ho, thought Tag.

"Oops, I forgot to introduce you two the other day. Sorry. Her name is Lucy, Lucy Fern. And, far as I know, she's not hooked up with any one . . . special. If you're interested, and I assume you are, she loves Italian food and French. Food, that is!" He laughed.

"Then you wouldn't mind if I asked her out? I thought you and . . ."

"Nah, we're strictly business, the two of us. Go for it, Jack." Tag felt like a matchmaker, but he also felt he had no right not to give Lucy the opportunity to say yes or no to a guy. He didn't own her, after all. And he had shared her on more than one occasion in the recent past, could still be sharing right now, for all he knew.

"Thanks, Tag. Well, enjoy your reading." He turned and headed toward the door. As he passed Lucy's desk, Tag heard him yell out, "And don't forget the gloves!"

At the front door, Hunger yelled out again, "They're for handling the paper, Tag, not your pecker!" Tag heard Hunger laugh as he went through the door.

Tag looked at the pile of manila envelopes before him. He started to open the top one when he remembered. He was taking Lucy to dinner and then home to his bed.

Shit, he thought, these can wait for tomorrow . . .

* * * * *

TAG AND LUCY was sharing a bed. Tag's queen-size bed. They had just finished going at it like two hippos in heat and were watching Leno on the tube. They had the sound set down low, just in case either one had something to chat about. To them, the TV was just audible wallpaper. Both were sitting up, nude as babies, with piles of large, fluffy pillows behind their backs.

Tag looked over at her and said, "Hey, Luce! How's about I fix us a couple of our usual nightcaps?" Lucy, not taking her eyes from the TV screen, nodded. They had done this particular scenario many times in their relationship.

As Tag headed toward the door, Lucy turned the TV's sound up a notch. Leno was delivering a joke during his monologue:

"A doctor has come up with a new diet based on masturbation. He came up with the idea *all by himself!*" Leno paused to let the audience laugh. "I believe he calls it Weight Whackers!" The studio audience laughed again. Lucy giggled. She liked watching old Leno. His large chin reminded her of an adequate landing spot for pussy. An idea she had once shared with Tag, who whole-heartedly agreed with her.

Tag returned, carrying the drinks on a wooden tray. Lucy turned the sound back down. She told him the Leno funny and he chuckled a bit. He liked Leno, too, but maybe not as much. And the chin didn't do much for him, either.

He handed Lucy her drink, cleared his side of the bed of all the pillows and set down the wooden tray in their place. He pulled a side chair up to the bed, turned it to face the TV, and plopped his still naked ass down in it. All was comfy now. Just like married folk.

He grabbed his Scotch and soda from the tray, lifted it, and said, almost in a whisper, "Cheers, baby!" Lucy threw back, "My bottom's up!" Tag chuckled. They sipped.

Tag broke the short silence that followed. "Out of curiosity, Luce, you still tagging that Oliver guy? The one you said had the hairiest balls you'd ever laid eyes on?"

"Nah, he's history. I got me a new steady fuck. A real good one!" She smiled at him, looking very Cheshire cat-like.

"W-Who is he, Luce?" Shit, he thought, that came out a tad hoarse, nervous, and edgy. Just like a cuckold who's wife has just told him she's been

doing one of his twenty pals.

"He lives in my building, on the same floor. You know him, you even met him a few times. Horace Viking. Ring a bell?" It rang a bell all right.

"Him? That guy? Christ, Luce, he's an outright dweeb! A Dweeb Hall of Famer!" Horace sure was, if any one was, but Tag now felt he had been a tad jealous sounding.

Lucy shammed huffy. "Horace is not a dweeb, Taggie! Nerdy, I'll give you, but he's no dweeb when it comes to fucking away! He's hung like a horse and he knows how to use it, too. So there, nosy ass!" She sniffed and took a sip of her gin and tonic.

"Lives up to his last name, eh?" She nodded, grinning. He added, "Minus the horned helmet, I hope!"

She nodded again, and then said, "Well, he's sure horny, in *both* heads, but neither one wears a helmet. Then again, his cock head is sorta shaped like one. The kind the firemen wear. Ha ha!"

Tag's curiosity took a prurient turn. "How big is the horse part of horny Horace, your Viking man?" She held up an arm. Tag said, "Your fist, wrist, or forearm?" He chuckled.

"Wrist, silly, although I wouldn't complain if his cock's head was either of the other two. But it's also long. Soooooo long! It goes from here," she pointed to her wrist, "to here!" She pointed to the crook in her elbow. She now chuckled. Tag wasn't done exploring the sex path just yet.

"Geez, Luce, that's about a foot long and two fucking inches wide! Horace sure is a fucking Viking, a superman fucking Viking, at that!" He exhaled loudly. Lucy started getting into the spirit of it all.

"He knows how to use it, too. Makes me cum oodles. In puddles. He's also very gentle and loving, just the way you *pretend* to be now and again." She shot him a quick scowly glance. "And he lets me do my slow, sensual suck and finger, too. Just like you," she paused for effect, "always do." Tag shammed a grimace.

"Geezy peezy, sweetheart, I'm getting envious of your Viking."

"Relax, schmucko, you're both great, but in different ways. You're very manly compared to Horace, shit, way more virile, too. And I love that. But he's more needy than you are, that's needy, not nerdy, and I like that because he makes me feel like an adored queen. And, as I said, he let's me do my suck and finger routine on him, and he really appreciates it, if you can picture that?" Oh, Tag could picture it, all right.

Tag knew what she meant by her slow, sensual suck and finger routine. Lucy didn't just suck a cock, she made love to it. Slow and easy. Moaning throughout. As if she was worshipping the dick. In love with it. While she masturbated herself. Suck and finger.

Tag would lay back, his hands behind his head, and watch her, totally rapt and mesmerized. Her delicate right hand would be wrapped around his cock shaft's base, her palm pressing into and cupping his balls. Her other hand would be somewhere down in her nether regions, fingering away.

With the cock head in her mouth, she'd go up and down on it, slowly, so sensuously, so deliberately, so deliciously feeling. Her tongue would slowly, and oh, so sensuously, trace out his cock's underside. Exploring him, tasting him, enjoying him. While constantly moaning.

Here and there, as the mood struck her, she would deep-throat him. Staying down on it for a minute or so, her nose and lips buried in his pubic hairs, she would moan constantly, a low moaning, the kind of moaning that only comes from one receiving great pleasure. And Tag would moan, softly, right along with her.

Tag always felt as if he was the recipient of one of the world's great and secret gifts. If a noise from the real world should happen to intrude, a car horn, a loud voice, he would always think: Millions of guys are out there getting blown right now, but not one of them has ever had anything like this. Or ever will.

Sometimes, Tag would be super tired, or all fucked out from a recent fuck session with her, so he would just lie there, his hands resting lightly on her shoulders, or behind his head, and let her do her suck and finger thing.

He knew that if he should lose his erection, or even fall asleep, she would still be gently sucking on him, enjoying herself. He liked that idea. It removed all performance pressure and made it all the more uncomplicated. Uncompetitive, even.

And Lucy had taught him something, too. He no longer just ate pussy, he made love to it. With his tongue, his lips, his chin, even his nose. And he let himself go with the flow, moaning the way she did, enjoying it, falling into it, being hypnotized by it. It made their sixty-nining unbelievably unselfish and trance-like. Even their moans were in sync, rhythmic even.

Many times, he would awaken to find her sucking on his flaccid cock, in the 69 position, her legs spread wide on each side of his shoulders. Her sleep-warm pussy just inches from his face, the muskiness of it filling his nostrils. He would put his arms around her waist and draw her down to him, his lower face finding her heat, entering, getting soaked and awash with her juices. And they would suck away. And rhythmically moan.

On these occasions, half awake, half horny, when he came, it was different from his usually hard-jetting way of cumming. It would seep, very slowly, out of him, as if being drawn out by an invisible force with no rush in mind. And, whether sleepiness had a role in it or not, it would seem to last longer than usual.

Lucy took a sip, held the glass in place, and peered at him over the rim. "And Horace the Viking cums a ton, too! Much more than you do, Mr. Boneher-and-piddle-a-liddle! Ha ha!" She was enjoying herself. Tag, knowing he usually came a full tablespoon, sometimes more, was curious. But not competitive. If a guy was better than him in some way, any way, fuck it was *his* mantra.

"You've told me, Luce, that you sometimes have to swallow two times with me. You saying he makes you swallow more than *that*?" He felt his dick stir.

"Yes, Mr. Nosypants . . . usually three times and, if my Viking man hasn't had an orgasm in a week or so . . . four times! And his cum is thick and lumpy . . . just like Dannon yogurt!"

"No fruit on the bottom though, I assume!" She giggled and sipped.

"No, but it does taste sweet. He says eating bananas does that. Yours is more acrid, more pungent like."

Tag said, matter-of-factly, "You saying I don't eat enough bananas?" He took a sip. His dick was still trying to say something to him. It just hadn't found its full voice yet. Then Lucy got its full attention.

"Bananas shmananas! All this cock and cum talk has me boiling hot. How about some suck and finger? OK?" Sometimes, old Tag doesn't have to be asked twice . . .

* * * * *

SUCK AND FINGER followed its usual pleasant route, the not-of-this-earth route.

After Tag had cum, with her swallowing it all, and swallowing just once he figured, because his rest period hadn't been that long, she crawled up and kissed him full on the lips, the taste of his own cum mingling with their saliva. They broke from the kiss and she snuggled up into his right arm's space. Lucy broke the silence first.

"You *were* a little on the pungent side, Taggie, but anyway, how's your Wendy Wilde murder case coming along?"

"It didn't taste pungent to me, Luce, but as far as the murder goes, it's not *my* murder case, it's Detective Hunger's. I just fart around the edges and try not to stink things up too much for him." He squeezed her to him.

"Guys can't tell their own cum taste, Taggie Waggy, just like they can't tell when they have bad breath, but anyhow, how's Hunger's murder case going then?" She snuggled into him.

Tag chose to leave the cum trail for now. "Don't know. He hasn't arrested me yet, or anyone else for that matter, so I assume he's still hot and heavy on it. Oh, he told me he has some films of the Wilde woman in action and he's sending them over to me. I should have them first thing tomorrow. Wanna watch them together?" He felt her head nod vigorously. Lucy just loved hot flicks . . .

* * * * *

THE NEXT DAY found Tag up to his ears in hotel business. For a change.

A domestic squabble in suite 233. Another squabble in 411. He worked them both out to every one's satisfaction. Then some woman, a Ms. Cavendish, called to say she was missing a little jewelry. He said he'd be right up. On the way out of his office, he ran into Hunger. Hunger said hello.

"Can't chat now, Jack, small jewel robbery on the tenth floor. Anything overly important?"

"No, Tag, run along. Besides, I'm not here to see you. Oh, you won't get the films until tomorrow. Some of the boys want to watch them again. For clues!" He grinned.

Tag grinned back. "I see! Well, good luck, old man."

Hunger nodded as Tag took off in the direction of the elevators . . .

* * * * *

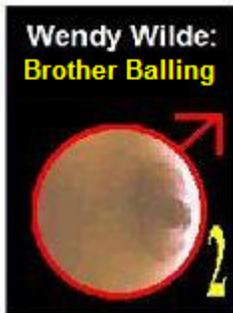
IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON by the time Tag got around again to the Wilde envelopes. He opened them all first, then dumped their contents onto his desk. There were five printed books, a cover layout for a new one, and a printed galley of another book's front and back covers. There were also some neatly typed sheets of paper. And one sheet with handwriting on it, in blue ballpoint pen ink. It was a list of sex categories. He placed it, for no real reason, on the bottom of the pile.

He started with the finished books first. Although he had seen all of them neatly lined up in suite 912, he just now noticed that, except for *Pandora's Box*, they were in numerical order. A large, tall number had been printed in the lower right hand corner of each cover. Two through five. He organized the five printed book that way, with *Pandora's Box* sitting on top of the pile.

Then he put book number six's printed galley of its two covers together with book number seven's rough cover layout. He backed these up with the typed out sheets and the handwritten page. He now had two neat piles. He decided to start with the finished, printed book pile. He grabbed *Pandora's Box*, looked at the cover, wondered if it was Wilde herself, then turned it over to read the back cover blurb.

Besides the usual sales puffery, he came away knowing she had written it from her real-life experiences with a swinger's group. The group, called *The Stroker's Club*, knew Wilde as simply, Pandora. There were usually thirty couples in the group. Most of them married. Wilde, using a male friend as an escort, had been a member of the group for one year, meeting every Saturday evening. Simple math told Tag she had swung with the Stroker's exactly fifty-two times. Averaging, he thought, four men a meeting, that's . . .

He grabbed the next book, *Brother Balling* and, after glancing at the cover, turned it over to find the sales blurb. This one said it was, once more, from her real-life experiences. At aged 12, with her brother, Hal Fontaine. Hal was 15 at the time. They did everything imaginable up until she turned 16.



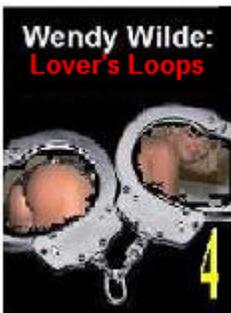
Tag took book three from the pile, *Doggy Doing!*

Again, it was from her real-life experiences. This time with a well-hung St. Bernard. And three other breeds. A dog trainer named Faith was also mentioned. Wilde had experimented with poochy love for a full year, getting it doggy style once a week.



He took the next book, *Lover's Loops*.

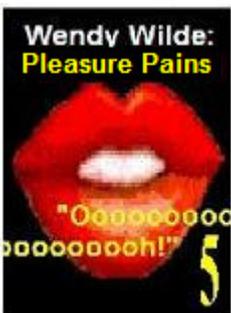
This covered her, you got it, real-life experiences with a sex slave master named The Big Whipper. For a year, twice a month. Seems old Whip had a bevy of willing sex slaves at his beck and call. Even had his own newsletter: *The Whipper Says!* And a Web site.



Tag went for the next book, *Pleasure Pains*.

Real-life again. With another so-called master named El Sade (He pronounced it ell sod). Wilde put up with El Sod's pain and humiliation of her for another one of those full years. Four times a month.

It seemed to Tag that Wilde did everything by the year. A year doing this, one doing that. Of course, he realized, it could all just be hype, something to snag more sales. Or, could be, a mix of truth and lies.



He was down to pile two. He picked up the *Stiffing Stiffs!* sheet, which showed both covers printed.

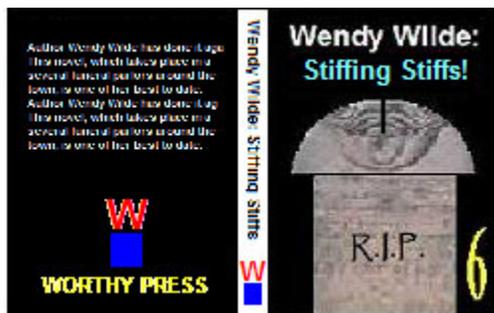
Tag read the back cover blurb. It mentioned necrophilia, corpse fucking. He surmised the book was finished, but had yet to be published, other than these two covers.

It was, unlike all the previous, not from her real-life experience, but was

from interviews with one Mr. Michael Elver Dodwright Halvers, a convicted mortician. His cosmetician, Julie Havens, caught him, flagrante delicto as it were, with the very dead blond wife of the Mayor, no less.

She testified in court that she had seen Mr. Halver's ass bugging, her words, the dead woman. For some unknown reason, Tag turned the covers over. There, on the back, was a sheet of paper, neatly typed, and Scotch taped in place.

It fleshed out the bye-bye paragraph. The last paragraph in the book. The one geared to sell her next, upcoming book, *Kissing Kiddies*, which she said was a scathing diatribe on pedophilia, blah, blah, blah. There was some other stuff about publishers and books and such, blah, blah, blah, but Tag felt too tired to read the whole long thing now.

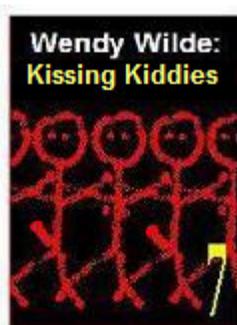


Covers printed on Hi-Gloss stock.

He reached out and picked up the cover design board, with the artist's rough layout for book seven, *Kissing Kiddies*. Tag yawned. Lordy, he thought, Lucy just had to wake me in the middle of the night, didn't she?

It was a mock up on illustration board. Tag flipped it over and saw a handwritten note attached. He read, his eyes tiring, the blue ink swimming around.

Cov. design approved by me, but plot and dialogue in very rough outline form. Notify Marty: Will have finished, polished ms. to him no later than Mon, the 5th of next month. Should be 22 chapters, one ch. more than last.



Artist's rendering on illustration board.

Tag yawned and grabbed one of the typed pages. At the top of the sheet, Wilde had typed: Future novel ideas, book 8 and beyond. Inform Marty of my next project.

Tag noticed what looked like a possible title for each novel, typed in all caps. As he read, he could almost picture the covers the artist would eventually dream up.

8: LOVE LIPS: Lesbianism. To be worked out with Marcy M. and Tricia H.

There were to be interviews with two other unnamed women from a Northeast swinger's group. Wilde, it seemed, had completed only rough outline notes.

9: PEE PALS: Water Sports.

She had only some basic research completed. She planned to contact a guy, who advertised on the Web for a woman, any woman, to swallow his piss. She wouldn't? Thought Tag. Then again . . .

There was more, but Tag had had it. It would wait . . .

* * * * *

THE NEXT DAY, Tag found six video films on his desk. Lucy had brought them in. There were three large manila envelopes, with two films in each. She had placed a pink Post-It note on top of the pile. In her scrawly handwriting, it said, These came by messenger, Mr. Boneher-well-and-hearty -- I'll bring the popcorn! But not tonight -- I'll be eating French! Among other things!

He hollered out. "Hey, secretary, anything important on my calendar for the next four hours?"

"No, why?" She knew why. He was turned on by the thought of the tapes and by her upcoming evening with Jack. To Lucy, Tag was way, way predictable at times.

He came out of his office and approached her desk. "These sex tapes are hotel work, Lucy, part of my . . . uh . . . job, you could say. How about we take them to my place and you can help me . . . uh . . . analyze them. For clues. OK?"

Sometimes, Lucy didn't have to be asked twice . . .

* * * * *

LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION! ROLL 'EM! QUIET ON THE SET! The first of the six Wilde films started playing. The lights in Tag's Porno Theatre were down low. A large bowl of popcorn stood at the ready. The audience of two, unlike most audiences, was naked and sitting up against a sea of fluffy pillows. A wooden tray, placed between them on the bed, held two drinks. As the blackness on the screen turned into people, Lucy placed a hand on his limp cock. She gave it a playful squeeze.

Then there she was, the Wilde woman, looking much younger than Tag had seen her looking lately. But just as naked. In a room full of naked people. She was down on her knees sucking on a large dick, a very large dick. And obviously enjoying herself.

"She was very pretty, Tag."

"Yeah, she was, wasn't she?" He thought of her in suite 912. Still pretty, but in an elderly and wrinkly sort of way.

Then the guy on the screen walked off, camera left. Another guy soon appeared, camera right, and, without a word, put his cock, an average sized one,

into her mouth.

She sucked for a while and the scenario repeated itself. Guy leaves. Guy comes in. Tag lost count around guy seven, or maybe eight. One thing was for sure; Wendy Wilde was sucking a lot of different cocks. And she kept on sucking, just as fast as the guys would appear and place it in her.

"Jesus, Tag, I've counted eighteen different dicks so far! Unless, that is, some guys made pigs of themselves and came back for seconds. Two dicks looked as if I had seen them earlier. You?" She squeezed his penis gently as if asking it at the same time.

"Yeah, some dicks did look like repeaters, but shit, who cares? She's got some mouth on her, it never tires! Look at her, she's still going strong!" And she was.

"Christ, Tag, my jaw would be numb by now! They could pull all my teeth out and I wouldn't feel a thing!" He laughed and hugged her to him.

Tag said, "Dentists should hear about this!" She giggled, her body shaking.

She said, "Now, Mrs. Frangapani, open wide for all twenty of them and it won't hurt a bit!"

"Spit and rinse after each, please!" They both laughed a good one, both shaking all over. And the Wilde gal was still going at it. Both Lucy and Tag had totally lost count by now.

Then, amazingly, three more men in a row took center stage, one after the other. In the background, all this while, many naked couples could be seen doing lord knows what. A thought struck Lucy.

"None of the men have cum yet! You notice that?" He had, but before he could say word one about it, a guy on the screen contradicted Lucy.

Wendy Wilde was seated on the carpeted floor, her head tilted slightly back, with her mouth wide open. Her tongue stuck out, its edges folded in, forming a tongue cup. A guy was jerking off; his cock's head less than an inch from the tongue cup. He moved forward, toward the tongue, still beating himself, and shot his load, a large one, right into the cup's bowl, filling it to overflowing.

Tag and Lucy watch, mesmerized, as Wilde's tongue took its huge cum load into her mouth. She then made a swallowing motion with her throat.

"Mmmm, *he's* a cummer" Lucy said. Tag just watched as another guy replaced the guy who had just filled up the cup. This new guy followed the jerk it off trail. In less than a minute, he dropped a load, slightly smaller, into Wilde's wet tongue cup.

This jerk it off, cum in cup, swallow routine went on for four more guys before Lucy said, "That's six! I'm counting this time!"

"That's seven!" she said.

"Eight!" she said.

"Nine and counting!" she said.

"Ten!" said Tag.

"Eleven!" said Lucy. They were now taking turns in the cumathon event, which went on and on and on. Finally, it ended. Whew! With Tag saying the last number.

"Twenty fucking seven!" If he seemed shell-shocked, it's because he was.

Lucy said, excitedly, "Let's see, shall we, Tag? If each guy dropped only a teaspoon, averaging it out, that's twenty-seven of them. And, since there are three teaspoons to a tablespoon . . . that's nine tablespoons! Wow! That's a full cup of cum with a tablespoon on the side. Holy shit!" She sat up and looked at him. "Holy fucking shit! And it could be more! Most of them looked as if they hadn't cum in days, maybe weeks!"

Tag laughed, then said, "But it could be less, too. Some of those cumming cocks looked familiar again. Repeaters, maybe, eh?"

"Don't matter. Either way, she swallowed a lot of cum. Oooh, I envy the bitch!"

"You'd like swallowing that many guys?"

"Hell, yeah! Repeaters or not! It looked cummy yummy to me!"

"Want me to get a bunch of guys, who don't know you, naturally, from my old precinct? I was friendly with a lot of cops there, young and old. Never knew one to refuse an offer from me. Not when it came from the heart."

"God, that sounds tempting. But I don't make decisions when I'm in heat. And I'm in heat right now. Let me think on it, all right? Now, shall we fuck . . . ?

* * * * *

THEY FUCKED, and then watched another film. The first half hour had Wilde getting doubled by pairs of guys, one pair after another, a cock in one end of her, and a cock in the other. It was a repetition of the first film, in essence, but with a different motif, the pairing.

Then a third guy got added to the scene. He took the only open orifice he could find, her anus, and things went on this way for another dozen scenes or so, the guys changing, as conditions demanded of them.

Another film. Wilde was seen sucking off a big St. Bernard dog. The dog was very well endowed, with at least 7 inches on him. Then the dog fucked her. Lucy wasn't too keen on this particular film, so she suggested they load in number four.

Number four was girl on girl. This, too, didn't sit too well with Lucy. Although with Tag . . .

Five had Wilde getting gangbanged by six, strong looking black men. All except one of them was over eight inches in length. The runt, at around seven inches, made up for his shortcomings by being an extra wide model.

Tag said, "You ever do black, Luce?"

"Not so far, but I'm still young!" She giggled.

They watched Wilde first give all six guys cum-swallowing blowjobs. Each time, showing her cum soaked mouth, opened wide, to the camera. Then she took them, one guy at a time, with the others standing by and watching, onto the bed and fucked the lucky stiff. The screams coming out of Wilde as she fucked each man, left no doubt she loved it, and loved it immensely. The five guys around the bed were playing with themselves, getting ready for their turn at the Wilde woman.

Film six showed Wilde lying on a bed, masturbating with a large, pink vibrator. She was moaning and groaning, but could hardly be heard over the vibrator's loud motor. Tag wasn't into this that much, so he fast-forwarded, hoping for action of a different nature. There was none.

"Whew!" said Lucy. "That lady isn't shy! I've gotta read some of her books. If she writes half as well as she fucks, I'll certainly be a new and devoted fan of hers."

A question popped into Tag's head.

"Tell me, hon, and you can lie if you want, has the sweet detective man asked you out?" He waited, and for some reason, his dick stirred.

"You mean Jack?" She let it just hang there, its meaning quite clear.

"Jack is it? I guess he has asked you out then. You accept?" Dickie stir some more. Go down, you shit, he thought, I'm way too tired.

"Yeah, for a French restaurant date. And I know you're not jealous, because he, quite gentlemanly, told me he had your *permission* to ask me out. You farming me out now, Taggie Poo? A little free-lance on the side?"

"Of course not, I just felt I had no right to . . ."

"Right, schmight! We're always honest with each other, chummy. I said yes because I think he'd be a good fuck! He's older than you, but shit, when I first met you, Tag, at 23, I thought you were ancient and probably had a shriveled up old cock with gray pubic hairs. I fucked you that first time, Taggy Waggy, simply out of curiosity!"

"Gee, thanks, Lucy. We seniors need all the ass we can get our feeble hands on. Now, girl, tell me more about your impressions of detective Hunger." Curiosity speaks.

"Well, where should I begin? Oh, his cock is average in length, but it's extremely wide, with an oversized head on it and . . ."

"Wait! How the fuck you know that? He whip it out? Right at your desk? Or did you two take a quickie afternoon delight?"

"None of the above, Mr. Boneher-all-the-time. He tried to hide it, really tried, but I couldn't miss that big bulge in his suit pants. And, it being a very thin summer suit, I could see the entire outline of his cock, including the flanged ridge. It was wide, baby, really wide." She squeezed up against him. "Yummy wide!"

"God, Luce, I wish I could fuck you again right now, but . . . "

* * * * *

THE NEXT DAY, Lucy was at her desk when Tag rolled in. They had left his apartment together, but he had a bank deposit to make. Lucy greeted him with a warm smile.

Tag opened with, "You look happy, kitten, your date with Jack work out or was he from Hunger?"

"Cute, boss, but trite and stale, too. He took me to Chez Pierre's. Great food and all. Then we went to my place. And, for your inquiring mind that just has to know, yes, we fucked. He's a good fuck, too, very loving and attentive to my womanly needs. But . . . "

"But? He tell you he was gay, or bi-sexual? Into smelling toilets?"

"Hush, child. None of those. He's pure hetero, unlike some guys I know. Hee hee! But . . . he's looking for a serious relationship. One of those let's-settle-down-and-raise-babies kind of relationships. He's sweet and lonely. Misses that thing called marriage. Still in love with his ex-wife, I believe. So I told him my views on the matter. I said to him, let's just be *fucking* pals, OK? With an emphasis on the word fucking."

"That sit okay with him?"

"Seemed to. Time will tell." She seemed slightly saddened to Tag. He made an attempt to cheer her up a bit.

"Well, darling, you now have, heh heh, a house dick, a Viking dick, and a cop dick. You sure as shit won't have any long, lonely winter evening regretting missed chances at the whoopee ring."

"You're right. Three cockies! A first time for me, Tag. But funny, it doesn't seem like three!" She looked as if she was thinking real hard.

"Well, beginner, you've only done two of us in one day. Wait'll you do all three of us in one day, then you'll get the full import of it. I want dibs on the evening, OK? I do my best fucking work after five." He laughed.

"Mmmm, I'm picturing something. What if I had you all . . . "

"At the same time? I'm game, but I'm not sure the Viking has the stomach for it, or the cop, the heart. Should we send them an e-Mail form to fill out?" He chuckled.

"No, you're right about the cop. He's not of your liberal-minded ilk. And, as flatfoot-brained as he seems to me, he'd probably lose respect for me. Better to keep him in the dark, happy and sweet."

"Fine by me, honey, mum's the word, but if you ever want to try your first threesome, I know two old boys who'll . . . "

* * * * *

TAG WAS AT HIS DESK, the Wilde stuff just sitting there, nagging at him. Ah, well, he thought, time's a wasting. He sighed, picked up a sheet and found where

he had left off.

10: GANG GROPE: Gangbangs. Consensual. There were no notes at all.

11: GLORY HOLE GALS: Glory Holes. And glory hole parties. Again, no notes.

12. CUCKOLDING: Cuckolders are men who enjoy watching helplessly while their wives or girlfriends have sex with strange men. Contact JayF12 @Yahoo.com. He has films and is willing to let me observe.

What fun, thought Tag. I never get the good invites!

He picked up the handwritten page. It was written in blue ballpoint ink, in what looked to be from a woman's delicate hand. He could see what Wilde had probably known very well: The Welle wouldn't run dry for ages.

Rape scenarios, hypnosis themes, vampire love, snuff films, blackmail scenarios, black magic sex, witches, mind control, Tantric love, Chinese love baskets, drink/drug stories, coercion, gay, hermaphrodites, cross dressers, trans-genders, sluts of all stripes, enema lovers, pregnant sex, cream pies, lactating lasses, fisting, safe sex, masturbation techniques, interracial, sex toys,

Wilde had ended the long list with a comma, as if there was surely more out there to come. Tag tried to think. Nope, if there's anything else, I sure as shit can't think of it! Then he thought of one: Space alien fucking! Why not? He mused, they probably have three-headed cocks! That are two feet long! With all three heads the size of cantaloupes! Ha ha, I'd buy *that* book!

Then he thought of one more: Midget sex. Nah, he thought, who'd ever believe midgets have sex. Dwarfs, I can buy. Hey! Fairy tale sex! He was on a roll now, feeling stupid, but inspired. But enough was enough. He went back to work.

Tag didn't think Wilde would make a book out of each and every one of the categories. She'd probably combine some here and there, or use them over a few times, but even so, she had enough sexual fodder to keep her busy all the way right up to her death of natural causes in her old age. Some fucker, Tag thought, didn't want to wait for those natural causes to naturally kick in.

Tag rubbed his eyes. He'd had it. He stood up, tossed the handwritten page onto the pile and headed for the door. Anything else could wait for later.

"Luce, I'm bushed. If you need me for any emergency, my sleeping body can be found in suite 912. All right?" He yawned, stifling it with a tired hand.

"No prob, Tag, go get your beauty nap. But, say, isn't that the murder suite? And you know what they say about murderers, don'tcha? They always return to . . ."

"Yeah, yeah, well fuck him, or her, I don't give a rat's ass as long as they're quiet."

"Oh, I get you, boss, you want a considerate murderer!"

"Why not? Now, if you'll . . ."

"Get outta here, Taggy Waggy, I can hold down the fort and . . ."

He didn't wait to hear the rest. He was out the door . . .

* * * * *

IN SUITE 912, Tag had no trouble finding the bed. Someone had thoughtfully left it in the very room it belonged in. He removed his suit jacket, hung it carefully over the back of a chair, and fell backwards onto the bed. His shoulder holster was still in place. With the Glock snuggled nicely inside it. He was asleep in less than a minute. But he didn't sleep peacefully.

A fucking yellow gnome with purple eyes kept taunting him. The ugly creature looked hundreds of years old, if he was a day. Its face looked vaguely familiar, but Tag couldn't place it. Then the little beast did a magic trick.

He went from raggedy old clothes to brand new duds. High-class duds. With spats and a top hat. He started dancing all around, just like Fred Astaire, only better.

Tag went after the gnome, not knowing why. It just seemed like the thing to do. But the wily shit was too quick for him. It was always just out of his reach. Then it did another magic trick. It turned a tree stump into a ten-year-old boy. A naked ten-year-old boy.

Then the gnome waved a hand in the air and another tree stump appeared. Right in front of the boy. Then the gnome spoke. His voice sounded high-pitched and very snotty.

"Wiggy Woggy, now bend right over and let me take you in this clover!"

After that was said, the boy bent over the tree stump, his little naked butt up in the air. Tag tried to yell at him, but no words came out. He also tried to move, but couldn't. He watched, helplessly, as the slimy gnome mounted the boy from behind and inserted his long, thin, yellow penis into the boy's rectum. The boy seemed to be screaming something, but Tag couldn't hear him.

"Uggy Muggy, this is such glee, but before I cum I gotta pee!" With that, the nasty bastard started pissing in the boy's rectum. It flowed out around the gnomes yellow dick and glistened up the meadow's grass floor. Tag felt sick inside. And helpless.

As the gnome started ramming in and out of the poor kid's rectum, Tag, in his sleep, closed his eyes. But it was no use. He could still see. Right through his eyelids. Then the gnome seemed as if he was finished, for he stood up and came over to where Tag was standing. He danced around a bit before settling down right in front of Tag, less than three feet away.

Winking his left purple eye at Tag, he said, "Willa Nilla, a dollar, a diller, I've just toldya who's the killer!" Tag felt confused, bewildered, at sea. What had the beastly beast meant? What killer? What killer? What killer? What . . .

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IT WAS A NOISE that woke Tag up. And, at the same time as he opened his eyes, he knew what the nasty gnome was trying to tell him. He now knew who killed Wendy Wilde. And he even knew why. And he knew where the noise had come from. The room Wilde had used as an office. The room she had died in.

And he knew who had caused that noise. The killer himself.

He slipped out of bed, the mattress creaking loudly, and sought out the Glock. He was a tad too late. There stood the killer, at the doorway, a gun in his hand and it was pointed right at him.

Tag said, "Hello, Hammy, fancy meeting you here." Tag looked at the gun in Worthy's hand. It was a .45 caliber, the kind with a big punch attached.

Worthy said, "Tag, Tag, Tag, caught you sleeping on the job. In more ways than one. Now, you just be a nice boy and toss that big old gun of yours onto the bed. By your fingertips only, please." Tag complied.

"Now," Worthy said. "Why don't you come into the room the old bat used an office and you can watch me hunt for my missing thingie. OK?"

"Sure, Ham, I like watching a man sweat while he works." Tag grinned at the man. Worthy grinned right back.

"Oh, I won't be sweating, Tag. I'm too refined for that nonsense. Come now, move it along, Tagman. And no funnies." The gun moved in a small circle, a circle aimed right at Tag's chest.

In Wilde's small office, Worthy ordered Tag to take a seat. "You just sit nicely for me while I figure out where it is. OK?" Tag nodded, but he had a question.

"Tell me, Ham, even if you find what I think you're looking for, don't you think the cops have a copy of it? Shit, I think I've read it all ready, so I'm sure they have."

Worthy immediately knew what Tag was referring to. "Oh, *that* little thing! Pish, Tag. That only shows I had a good motive to off the old bitch. It doesn't prove I killed her. It would be embarrassing, yes, but without the gun, which I assure you is long gone, I can stand having a red face." Worthy moved a few paces to his right and looked down at the carpet.

Then he said, as if sharing news with a confidante, "Haven't you figured out by now what it is I'm looking for, Mr. Clever House Dick?" It came to Tag.

"Well, the only thing I can see you sweating out this much is a shell casing. You find out you forgot to take them all with you?" Tag thought: How the fuck did the cops miss *that*? Worthy seemed to read his mind.

"Oh, yes, Tag, I truly sweated it out, I'll say. But when I wasn't arrested, I figured the cops had missed it somehow. I had to wait, of course, which, let me tell you, took ten years off my hide, but here we are."

Tag said, "Here were are, indeed."

"Now, Tag, you know about these things. The gun was a right ejector. I was standing approximately right there," he pointed to a spot on the carpet, "so, where do you think the little devil has gotten itself to?" Tag was all help.

"Well, if I were you, I'd try the top of that large, gold picture frame way over there." He pointed at a framed picture, a good ten feet from them. "Look along the top edge."

"My, my, you are a clever one, aren't you? Thanks." Without removing his eyes from Tag, Worthy made his way to the frame and reached a hand up and felt along the top. A second later he said, "Voila! Lookie here!" He held up the lost casing. He had a truly gleeful look on his face. It reminded Tag of the top hatted yellow gnome. Now he knew why the gnome looked familiar.

Tag said, "Well, goody goody for you, Hammy, and now that you've found your missing friend, can I go? I promised Lucy I'd read her a bedtime story. And, while I'm gathering my fairy tale books, why don't you just take that little trinket to Detective Hunger and tell him what a naughty boy you've been. He's a very understanding cop. Cries at weepy movies, from what I understand." Tag stood up and started moving toward the bedroom door. He was a good six feet closer to it than Worthy.

Worthy said, "Stop moving, Tag, or . . ." Tag ignore him and kept moving, slowly, but surely.

"Ham, I'll just go and get my Glock so the cleaning woman doesn't think it's an oddball's idea of a tip of some kind, OK?" He kept going. At the doorway he heard what he expected to hear.

Click . . . click . . . click. Tag turned, smiled at Worthy, and started back toward him. The poor man's mouth was agape. Tag reached behind himself and brought forth a pair of regulation handcuffs.

"I recognized your pearl handled gun, Ham, as Wilde's. I personally emptied the clip, on the day I met you, in fact. Now, old chum, you have two choices. One, you stick your arms out and let me slip these on you," he jingled the cuffs, "or two, you decide it's better if I beat the living shit out of you first. Choose a number, pal, from one to two."

Worthy's arms went out in front of him, one fist closed, the casing in it. Tag cuffed him and gently pried the closed hand open. He slapped the underside of the hand, forcing the casing into the air. They both watched as it land quietly on the carpet.

Tag said, "I figure your prints must be on it, otherwise you wouldn't have cared if they found it or not. Right?" Worthy nodded. "Careless of you, Ham, real sloppy. You must be new to the game of murder." Then Tag had another question.

"With all your millions, Ham, why didn't you just ignore Wilde? So she called you a few bad names. In public yet. So fucking what? Without real proof, and I'm sure she had no real proof, you might be embarrassed, but shit, you could have moved anywhere you wanted to, started a new life even. Why throw it all away? Why kill her?"

"You can't understand, Tag, I'm a man of high breeding and an impeccable reputation. I just can't run off to an island and live among the hairy natives. And, even if I were to simply retire, and without any trouble at all from Wilde, I would still have had to maintain my status and social standing in the publishing world. Without them, I'm nobody, a nothing, I'm a . . ."

"Oh, I *do* get it, Ham, I may not understand it, but I do get it. Wilde's assertions probably would have made all your froo-froo friends abandon you. And, to you, that would have been a fate worse then death. Am I right?" Worthy nodded.

"I would have had to kill myself, Tag." He had said this in a sober, matter-of-fact tone. Tag had no reason whatsoever not to believe him.

Tag reached behind Worthy and got a strong hold on the man's suit, right around the neck area. He marched him into the bedroom this way; his pushed up grip forcing Worthy to walk on tippy-toes. Then, keeping Worthy at a full arm's length from the bed, Tag reached out with his free hand and retrieved the Glock. He holstered it, giving it a love pat.

"Now, Ham, were off to see the Wizard." He released his hold on the man, led him out of Suite 912, and then straight to the elevator. As the elevator doors opened, Tag said to Worthy, "You believe in gnomes, Ham, of the yellow kind with purple eyes?"

Worthy just stared at Tag . . .

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AT THE GROUND FLOOR, Worthy got off first, with Tag close behind him.

Then, speak of the devil, there to greet them was none other than Detective Jack Hunger. He eyed the cuffs on Worthy, and then he looked at Tag.

Hunger pointed a thumb at Worthy. "I see Lucy finally managed to get a hold of you, and you, Tag, as I can plainly see, got a hold of our Wilde killer. Was he . . . ?"

"Lucy? What are you talking about? I haven't heard from her in hours now."

"Ha ha, well I'll be! I thought she told you how she figured out who the killer was. Old Mr. Worthy here. She called me all upset because you weren't answering the phone in 912 and . . . " Worthy piped in, "I had taken it off the hook." Hunger nodded and went on.

"She wanted to go up to 912, but I told her not to. Just in case. Told her I would do it. She said she figured it out from Wilde's papers. Well, I checked my copy and she was right. Only thing is, as I told her, we had no proof whatsoever. Still don't, I guess. So, unless you can pull a clue rabbit out of the hat, Tag, we'll have to let Mr. Worthy here go free." Worthy perked up a bit by the word free, but quickly perked back down.

Tag made a magician's flourish with his right hand. "Ta da! You'll find the metal-jacketed rabbit, Jack, ha ha, lying on the carpet in 912. With the fingerprints of my Worthy assistant here all over it. Seems the silly thing had been hiding on the top edge of a large picture frame. How your eagle-eyed people missed it is a mystery, but Mr. Worthy here was kind enough to find it for me. Thank Mr. Worthy, Detective Hunger."

"Thank you, Mr. Worthy, that was most considerate of you. But tell me, sir, how did you make the piece disappear?" The magic was still in vogue.

Worthy looked dejected. He sighed and said, "It's in the river, detective. I threw it off the ferry, somewhere in the middle of the crossing." He sighed again.

"Well, no matter. Even if we don't find it, the casing's good enough . . .

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"LUCY, YOU'RE A PIP!" Tag said, smiling at her. "And a regular Sherlock Holmes, Charlie Chan, and Miss Marple all rolled into one." He had just finished telling her about Worthy's arrest, including the shell-casing story.

"I are, ain't I?" She beamed at him. "Well, it was elementary, my dear Mr. Boneher-in-the-ear. Once I read about Wilde's plans to change publishers and put a mention about Worthy in her next book on pedophiles, as a pedophile, I saw he had a strong motive to do her in. I tried to get to you first, but you weren't answering the phone in 912. Then, when I spoke to Jack, he said there wasn't any proof. But I guess you had it figured out way before me . . ."

"Actually, I didn't. You beat me to the punch, Luce. I was totally in the dark until I met the gnome." He let that hang there, in the air.

"What gnome?"

"The yellow gnome."

"What yellow gnome?" Tag's fun hook was out, just looking for a fish.

"The yellow gnome with purple eyes, the one fooling around with the kid."

"What kid?" He had her good now; she was an inch away from the fun hook.

"The kid the yellow gnome made from a tree stump." Tag was enjoying himself.

"Tree stump?" Lucy looked slightly perplexed, but Tag knew the hook was set.

"Yeah, the tree stump. Then he made another tree stump and made the kid bend over it. Then the yellow gnome did it."

"Did what? Tell you that Worthy was the killer?"

"Nah, the yellow gnome was too tricky and devious, not to mention way too clever, to be that direct. He liked to play mind games with me. So he first splashed in the kid's Hershey shoot."

"He did what in what?"

"Pissed in his ass. Got it all over the grass, too, the slob. Then he did his next nasty little trick, the rotten bastard pervert yellow gnome."

"What he do next?" She was all ears now. Her eyes were agog.

"He corn-holed the poor kid."

"What does that mean?" She honestly didn't know.

"He fucked the kid in the ass!"

"Oh! He did?"

"Yeah, with his long, thin, yellow gnome penis."

"Did the yellow gnome cum?" What a question. So Lucy like.

"I assume so. But I couldn't speak, so I couldn't ask him. Besides, even if I could speak, I doubt it would have done any good."

"Why not?"

"The yellow gnome spoke only in rhyme. With a Willa Nilla this and a Wiggy Woggy that and an Uggy Muggy thrown in for good measure." Again, he let it just hang.

"Huh? *That* kind of rhyme? That makes no sense at all, Tag."

"I know, that's why it was so hard to understand him. Of course, when he said, 'Willa Nilla, here's your killer,' or something like that, I woke right up.

"You woke up?" Dear, sweet Lucy. But it looked as if the fish was getting loose.

"Yeah, I do that every time I go to sleep. So far at least."

"And where did the yellow gnome go after you woke up? And what happened to the poor kid?" Sweet Lucy, still on the line.

"I don't know. They might have gotten married. The yellow gnome did look like one of those let's-settle-down-and-raise-babies type of gnomes." It was too much.

"Sounds like Jack!"

"Could be. Does he have a long, thin, yellow penis?" Tag laughed.

"Well, it's long, but it ain't thin, and about the color, I don't really know. The lights were out when we did it!" She giggled. "Next time, I'll surprise him with a flashlight! OK?"

"Ha ha ha! Oh, shit, Luce, I've got tears in my eyes! Flashlight! Ha ha ha!" He knew the fish had gotten free, but it didn't matter any more.

After Tag settled down a bit, Lucy said, "Tag, I know Wendy Wilde had it in real bad for Mr. Worthy, but why? You think they were lovers and he hurt her somehow?"

"Could be, but I don't see that. Worthy tolerated her because she was his cash cow, but his obsession with class and status wouldn't have allowed him to be linked to her romantically. Not with her sexual background. More likely, she either caught him cheating her on royalties or she just plain hated pedophiles. Maybe both. We'll never really know now, will we?" Lucy shook her head, agreeing with him.

"Taggie," Lucy said, sounding very I-want-something-from-you. "You wanna help a poor girl out?" She batted those eyes of hers again.

"Whatcha need, kiddo?"

"Well, right after you left for your beauty rest with your yellow gnome friend, Jack popped in and we had a quickie. Hush! And, since I have a late date with my Viking guy, and you just know I'm gonna fuck him, too, how would you

like to be my middle man?" She smiled at him, looking very much the flirty coquette.

"You saying you wanna hit your first trifecta today?"

"Exactly! Shit, Tag, just thinking about it now is turning my pussy into boiling water. I even left Jack's cum in me, just for the extra excitement of knowing it's there. Wanna add yours to my . . . uh . . . Soufflé à la Fern?" She batted her eyes at him once more.

"Sure, Chef Lucy, and my famous pungency should add a zest to your recipe."

"Well, if you're good, Taggy Waggy, I'll let you taste some right from the oven . . ."

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The End.