

“Jamie”

By Dirty Dawg

My name is Eddie, and I'm a cop. I'm not your normal cop. I have no definite hours, and I never wear a uniform. I carry a gun, but I rarely use it. My job is listening. I listen to conversations over telephones, and in restraints, and in moving cars. I can listen in on almost any conversation anywhere at any time. I'm assigned to the surveillance unit, and I'm very, very good at my job. So good, in fact, that I'm stuck as a Detective/Second Grade, and any chance I had at promotion vanished the moment the brass found out how good I am at what I do. They gave me a special van filled with the latest in technological goodies. A warrant comes down from one of the high-visibility units like Robbery/Homicide, Narcotics or Major Cases, and I go to work. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week until the case breaks, I'm in the van, earphones clapped over my ears, listening to my mark until he says the one thing I can take into court and convict with.

I've been doing this for eleven years, and I've never lost a case in court. I put on my dress uniform, with my shining gold detective's shield, and all my breast bars, and I sit there and testify about my technique. No can beat me. I'm the best.

Which is why I was so confused when I was informed that I was getting a partner. Last week I was sitting in the squadroom, drinking cold, stale coffee when the Captain walked by my desk and tossed a tear sheet at me. It was a communication from headquarters informing me that a Detective/Third Grade Edwards, J., Shield #104166, formerly assigned to the Mayor's Staff, was being transferred, in grade, to the Surveillance Unit, reporting to me until further notice. I called an old friend of mine, a guy I went through the Academy with, who is now assigned down at HQ in personnel. He informed me that my new partner had a lot of clout with the PC (Police Commissioner,) and Mayor, and that after six years of satisfactory service at City Hall, had asked for and gotten this transfer/promotion as a reward. My friend also told me that my new partner had a great set of legs.

“Excuse me?” I asked, wondering if there was something about my friend that he hadn't told me, something I really didn't want to know.

“Detective Edwards, J. is Jamie Edwards, and she is a stone fucking fox, pal. Word has it that she was pumping her Sergeant for a while, but no one could ever confirm it. She rates at least three inches on my scale, pal.”

Which meant that he'd cut three inches off of his cock to fuck her. And I'd seen him in the shower; he didn't have the inches to spare. Which meant that I was in for a shitty detail until I could figure a way to transfer her. It was my experience, and I'm not saying this is true for *all* female cops, but in my experience, the better looking they are, the worse cops they are.

The next week, she reported in. I was sitting in the turnout room, my feet on the chair in front of me, polishing off the third doughnut of the day when I heard the catcalls. The guys were welcoming her to the sixth district, and using their mouths as weapons. The remarks were crude, adolescent and totally juvenile. In other words, business as usual.

Jamie walked into the turnout room, and I halted, hand halfway to my mouth, powdered sugar falling on my shirt like fresh snow. She was fucking gorgeous. Tall for a woman, almost five ten. Long, curly red hair that came down to mid- back. She was wearing cowboy boots, blue jeans, and a flannel shirt. Under the flannel shirt I could see a leotard top straining to keep her tits in check. (Why is it that redheads are either flat as boards or stacked like a fucking brick shithouse? I've never seen an 'average' redhead!) Her face sported a light dusting of freckles, and a little voice

inside my head calmly announced that she probably had the same light dusting of freckles on her tits. She was wearing an old-style shoulder holster, the Dirty Harry-style that was better for your back than the more modern style preferred by the hot-shot detectives in this squad. The butt of what appeared to be a short-barreled .357 poked out the holster.

"Edwards," she said, offering her hand.

"Eddie," I answered. "Eddie McClintock. I'm your new partner," I offered. She nodded and took the seat next to me, turning it around to sit on it backwards. Something about that motion, the way she sat and the way she held herself, arms crossed across the back of the chair, just screamed out "Dyke!" I hoped to hell that she wasn't one. I didn't need a woman partner trying to prove how much of a man she was.

"So," she said. "What's our gig for today?"

Her voice was light and had a nice melody to it. I began to rethink my position on what it would be like to spend long, hot hours cramped up with this woman in the back of my van.

"We're watching a local wiseguy for the OCB (Organized Crime Bureau) boys. I stuck a wire in the restaurant last night, because we got a tip that he is meeting to pay off the DiCarlo shooter." Buddy "Buddy Weasel" DiCarlo had gotten an acute case of lead poisoning two weeks ago, and since the local mob never used local talent (rule #1 to professional assassination) the wiseguy would pay him, and then the shooter would leave town, to move onto his next assignment. We were going to try and get the wiseguy and shooter at the same time, so no deals could be cut.

"Great," Jamie said. "Just tell me what to do, and I'll do it." I liked her style. We listened to the morning briefing, and then we attended a special OCB briefing. She kept her mouth closed, took a few notes and nodded to the few cops she knew from other assignments or Academy days. And then we were in the van, driving to the restaurant.

"How come you never get made?" she asked as I took the highway downtown.

"Me, or the van?" I asked.

"The van, I guess. I hear you never get out of it." If there was a rebuke in her voice, I couldn't hear it.

"Well, I get it painted after every bust, and the local DMV contact makes sure I get new plates at least once a week. All the plates come back in DMV to local delivery services and things like that. It's all preplanning. Remember the Six P's?" She nodded. Prior Planning Prevents Piss Poor Performance.

We got to the location and setup. I tested the bug fast, and got some background noise. It was Omni-directional, so I'd be able to pick up all the conversation. It was also tunable, so I'd be able to filter out all but what I needed.

I turned the bug off and shrugged out of my jacket, and took my gun out and placed it on the counter next to me. Both walls of the van were covered with electronics of all shapes and descriptions. It looked like the bridge of the *Enterprise*, and I was in my element.

We sat in silence for a while, and then Jamie's portable radio squawked: "David Six Five, David Six, K."

Jamie raised the radio to her mouth. "David Six, K. Proceed Six Five."

"Subject approaching. Thirty seconds, max."

"Get on the scope," I said, pointing to a sniper's spotting scope that was pointing out of a portal lined with one-way glass. Jamie scooted over and bent over, peering through the scope at our target's table. In doing this, I had an impressive view of her jeans tightening across her wonderful ass. She had an incredible body, and I was enjoying every minute.

"Enjoying the view?" Jamie asked, reading my thoughts. I cleared my throat, mumbled an apology, and then turned to my electronics, tuning my antibug detector. The ABD will sense and detect a bug detector that might be used. If one is being used, I can shoot a laser beam from a unit on top of the van to defeat it, so I can use my bug without being detected. It was the latest, state-of-the-art toy, and the mob didn't know we had it. As a matter of fact, the PD didn't know we had it. I'd gotten it from an old Army buddy.

"Is the shooter there yet?" I asked.

"No," Jamie said after a moment. "He's all alone.... wait. There's someone joining him."

"Does he have anything with him?" I asked. "A small black box, perhaps?"

"Yes," she said slowly, after a second. "What is it?"

"A bug detector," I answered, tuning in my countermeasures. Sure enough, there it was, cycling around three kilohertz. I focused the beam and fired it off. I got a return signal, and then activated my bug.

"...you did a nice job, Tony. I like the way you stitched a smile across his body with bullets. Very, very nice."

"Thank you, sir. But you should know that I always do what I promise."

"Yes, Tony, you do. How about some lunch?" And so it went, for the next two hours, as the two Mafioso talked about families (real ones,) and then fake ones, talking about various people in the Organization they both knew.

Jamie was getting impatient. "Why don't they just *get* to it?" she asked.

I shrugged, concentrating on my headsets.

"It's fucking hot in here," Jamie complained, and then started to take off her holster and shit. The tight leotard was stretched to capacity trying to restrain her breasts, and I watched out of the corner of my eye as she bent over to grab her holster off the floor of the van. The low scooped neck of the leotard told me that she wasn't wearing a bra, and I got a good glimpse of her tits.

"Get a good look?" she asked, straightening up. I nodded, a small grin at the corner of my mouth. "It's ok," she said with a laugh. "I'd be more worried if you *didn't* look!" I chuckled at that, and found myself liking the fact that she knew she was good looking, and didn't mind that I found her that way, too.

Sure enough, about fifteen minutes later it all went down. The wiseguy handed an envelope over to the shooter, and thanked him for "Removing that DiCarlo problem," and shook his hand. I nodded to Jamie.

"David Six to all units...GO! GO! GO!" And then the restaurant was swarming with plainclothes and uniform cops. I started the van and Jamie and I drove away, back to the squadroom to write our reports and book the tapes into evidence.

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And for the next six months, that's how it went. Jamie and I spent a great deal of time together, sometimes days at a stretch. And as any cop can tell you, when you're on a stakeout, you get very, very close to your partner. You can't break cover to get out and go to the bathroom, so you have to make do. I'd been using an old mustard jar, dumping it out when I needed to. When Jamie first asked what to do about taking a piss, I showed her the jar and shrugged my shoulders.

She turned it over in her hands and smiled ruefully. "Well, we'll have to get one with a bigger mouth. I can't direct it as well as you can!" The very next day I brought in an old Mayo jar that had a huge, wide mouth. Jamie noticed it and patted me on the back. Six hours later, she had to take a piss.

“Don't look,” she warned, and I laughed. There was no way I could avoid it, but I pretended not to notice as she wriggled her tight jeans down her legs and squatted over the jar. A second later I heard her steaming piss hit the glass jar, and I felt a lurch in my pants. I cast a quick glance over and caught Jamie looking right back at me, over her shoulder, a little grin on her face. My eyes, operating on automatic pilot, dropped, and I saw the back of her furry little snatch, little red hairs peeking back at me. I could see the dark line of her slot, and I wondered what it tasted like.

“Get a good look, Eddie. You're going to be seeing a *lot* of it!” I grinned and turned my attention back to the tape deck.

We went on and on like this for about eight more months. Jamie wore loose, revealing clothing during the summer months, mostly tank-tops and shorts. I never, ever saw the girl wear a bra, and it really turned me on. After about three months of working together, we started talking about our private lives. She asked me if I had a girlfriend, and I snorted in derision.

“Who,” I asked, “would want to go out with me? I'm a nerd, and... well, there's other reasons, too.”

“Eddie,” Jamie said softly, “there are a *lot* of women who would count themselves lucky to have you as a lover.”

I snorted again. Jamie, with all her well-meaning, just didn't understand. First off, there were my looks. I stand about six two, and weight in at almost three hundred pounds, none of it muscle. I have a beer-and-Twinkie gut, aggravated by the fact that I sit on my fat ass all day listening to other people's conversations. I never get any exercise. She didn't know what it was like to be invisible, like I did.

I tried explaining it to her. “I walk into a bar, or a place like that, right? And the women who are there to scope look around the room, and when I come into their line of sight, it's like I'm...furniture, or something! They don't even *see* me! Their mental computer just disregards the input as garbage, and continues through the acceptance loop! I talk to them, buy them drinks...and then as soon as a better looking guy comes along, poof! They're gone.”

Jamie listened and shrugged. “You're obviously looking for the wrong kind of woman, in the wrong kind of place. You need to meet some *nice* women. Women that will like you for you.”

I gave her the acid test. “Ok, Jamie. Time to put your money where your smart-ass mouth is. I'm going to ask you a question, and you're going to answer. Don't try to lie, because I'll know immediately. Are you ready?”

“Yes, Eddie, I'd go out with you,” she said softly.

“That wasn't it, smart-ass. You are saying that because you know me, and you want to be nice. Now, the real question is: Would you introduce me to any of your single girlfriends as a potential boyfriend?” There was the slightest of pauses, and then Jamie said, “Of course, Eddie.”

“Sorry, you fail, sweetie. I thank you for your kind wishes, but I can hear it in your voice. You say that now, but you don't really, truly mean it. And if you did...you'd only introduce me to the friends that you think couldn't do any better.”

“Jesus!” Jamie spat. “You're such an asshole, Eddie! I meant what I said! I'd introduce you to any of my girlfriends as a potential lover! Let me tell you something, asshole. When my girlfriends and I get together and talk about men, we usually talk about men that we've never slept with, but know. And we always wonder what they'd be like in bed. You, I might add, have come up more than once or twice.”

That was new. “Oh, really? And what was your interpretation of what I'd be like between the sheets?”

Softly, Jamie said, “Gentle. Very, very gentle.”

“You mean disappointing,” I said under my breath. She still didn't know the BIG secret.

“What did you say?”

I threw my arms up. “Jesus, ok. Finally, you will get to learn the big secret. The REAL reason why I'm not dating.”

“What- You're gay or something?”

“No. Although there's nothing wrong with that. No, I'm hopelessly straight. The problem is that...well, I'm not exactly well-endowed.”

There was a short pause. “You know, it's true. Size doesn't matter.”

“When you know and love someone, no, it doesn't. But when you're trying to impress a new partner with your virility, and you pull your pants down, and she points at your fucking dick and fucking LAUGHS..!” I sobbed for a second, and then composed myself. The memory of that afternoon in the Bonaventure Hotel was still fresh in my mind, and still vividly painful and degrading. “She laughed, Jamie. She pointed at my cock and said that not only would I never be able to satisfy *her*, but there wasn't a woman over the age of twelve that I would be able to satisfy...and then she got dressed and left, laughing the entire time.”

Jamie was finally, suddenly quiet. “I hope I meet that fucking cunt,” she said after a minute. Her hand wrapped around the butt of her .357. “I'd like to tell her one or two things.” She released her grip. “Eddie...That was one woman, a long time ago. What you have is a confidence problem, more than anything else. That translates to a lack of experience. And that translates to even lower confidence. ...it's a never-ending, vicious circle. You need someone to love and care for you, someone to show you that you can be a man...that you are a man, all man.” And with that, Jamie brought her face to my stunned one and kissed me softly on the lips.

“When this stakeout is over, I'm going to show you what loving someone is all about.”

“B-b-b-but,” I stuttered. “We're partners! It wouldn't be right!”

“If you can't do what's right, lover, do what's necessary. And there is something else I haven't told you, pal.”

“What?”

“Remember when you sensed that I was lying about introducing you to my girlfriends?” I nodded. “Well, that's because I don't *want* to introduce you to them, and not for the reason you think. I don't want to introduce you to them because I've fallen hopelessly, carelessly, head-over heels in love with you.”

And you know what? She wasn't lying this time.

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That stakeout seemed to take a fucking week to end, although it was only two or three days. We ended at around nine-thirty on a Friday night, and Jamie and I had four days off before we were scheduled to start a recon down by the docks.

The last thing Jamie said to me before vanishing into the locker room was, “My place...midnight.” And then she was gone. I looked around to see if anyone had noticed, and quickly made my way to the men's locker room.

I showered and dressed, then went down to O'Mally's to kill the two hours until I was due at Jamie's place. I was shaking by the time I knocked on her apartment door. She opened it, dressed in a silk kimono and not much else. Her long red hair was draped over her shoulders, a burning stroke of fire-red paint that had me painfully erect in seconds.

“Come in,” she whispered, reaching out to grab my tie. She led me into the living room and pushed me onto the couch. I was still too stunned to move. She turned to go to the bar and make me

a drink, and I watched her tight ass under the silk dressing down, and her long, impossibly slim legs vanishing underneath, only hinting at the treasures they connected with.

She returned, handing me my drink, Scotch, neat. She sat down beside me and rested her head on my shoulder, her hand toying with the buttons on my shirt.

"I've been thinking about this night for a long time, Eddie. Have you? Thought about me, I mean?"

I gulped my drink and nodded stiffly. "Yeah. I've thought about it. I'd have to be dead not to think about it!"

She laughed, low in her throat, a delightfully throaty, husky sound that made my puny little cock lurch in my pants. To my eternal shame and humiliation, no one could tell that I had a monumental erection. All of a sudden, I had The Feeling.

That's what I called it. I liked being a recon cop, away from the action and women. I liked the fact that I didn't have to interact with anyone, that I was never depended upon to be the hero. I'd gotten used to the idea that I'd be alone for the rest of my life. But that never stopped The Feeling. One of the reasons I transferred to Survail was because when I was a beat cop, I ended up watching a lot of TV on my off hours. And since I was on rotating shifts, three weeks out of every month I got to watch soap operas. Watching the handsome men and lovely women kiss and make love on the screen tore me apart. Just watching two people kiss made me get this painful, heavy tugging in the middle of my chest. Then, as I watched the handsome, dashing leading man gently lower his conquest of the moment to the bed in preparation for ravishing her body, I was washed with waves of self-loathing so deep that once or twice I actually considered swallowing my service revolver.

That was The Feeling...and I was getting it again. The taste of bile rose in my throat, and I had to fight not to cough or cry. I was moments from bursting into tears, because I knew as soon as Jamie got my pants undone she would see my little cock and all her good intentions and sexual desires would flood out of her, and she would do what they all will eventually do...point and laugh.

Her hands were on my zipper, working it down, and I moved to stop her, my voice catching. "Don't. Please. Please don't." I said. She persisted, and soon my zipper was down. She fished in, and brought my little three-inch wonder out into the world.

Her hand was gently stroking it, sending hot, electric thrills up and down my spine. It felt much better than when I touched myself.

"Have you ever been with a woman?" she asked. "I hope that's not an offensive question, I'm just curious."

"Once," I said softly. "A hooker, when I was 18. She smirked the entire time, making all this noise like I was splitting her in two. What a joke!"

"So...technically, you're still a virgin, right?"

"Yeah..I suppose. The only 34-year old virgin in the world! Aside from priests and nuns, I mean." I laughed at my own joke, and stared at her hand still slowly working my tiny penis.

"What do you know about female anatomy?" Jamie asked.

"Not much."

"Did you know that the first four inches of the vagina contain the majority of the nerve endings? That anything after that is basically dead, empty space?"

I shook my head. "And did you also know that the average depth of a vagina is only five inches? Lots of big, huge men that have tried to fuck me have ended up with several inches still outside. So, dear Eddie... dear, sweet Eddie..when we make love later tonight..and we will, I will be able to take all of you inside me. I've never done that before, you know. I'll be able to take every single inch inside my hot little twat!"

That dirty, nasty word coming out of her mouth turned me on. "And another thing, Eddie. My mother always said, 'It's not how long it is, as long as it scrapes the sides!' And you are wonderfully thick!" With that, Jamie leaned down and kissed the tip of my cock wetly. A shiver ran up my spine again, and I had to fight not to cum.

"How long has it been since you had an orgasm?" Jamie asked.

"About three weeks. I jerked off."

"Mmmmm," she said. "Then we'd better get this first one out of the way!" Her hands increased their motion on my cock, tightening her grip. Her other hand reached into my pants and fondled my nuts. That's all it took. I was shooting my load, three weeks of accumulated slime poured out of my cock in a thick, sludgy pile that covered Jamie's hand. I expected her to be grossed out and disgusted, but she just smiled and kept on stroking, cooing in my ear the entire time.

"That's right...cum for me, baby. Empty your nuts so you can fuck me long and hard later. That's right..all of it. I want all of it." After eight or nine bone-crunching spasms, I stopped heaving, and my nuts settled down. Jamie locked her eyes with mine and slowly raised her cum-covered, dripping hand to her mouth and *licked* every bit of my jizz off of her palm and fingers. I watched in open-mouthed amazement as she slurped my spend off of her hand and then smacked her lips like it was the tastiest ice cream she'd ever had.

"You taste wonderful," she breathed. "Salty and bitter. God, I love that taste."

I wanted to ask her at that moment how many men she'd tasted, but thought better of it.

"Do you want to taste me?" she asked. Stiffly, I nodded. I'd heard about eating pussy, and had always wanted to try it. "C'mon," Jamie said, taking my hand and leading me into her bedroom. A huge waterbed dominated the room, and she fell back on it, spreading her legs. Her red-furred cunt was visible, and I got onto the bed, on my knees, and started knee-walking towards her.

"Uh-uh," she said. "Get naked first, big guy." An electric jolt of fear shot through me. She'd already seen my cock, but what would she say when she saw my body? I have these stretch marks along the sides of my abdomen, just like a woman has after giving birth. I have huge tits for a man, and I wondered what Jamie was going to think when she saw my dumpy, doughy body. Well, now or never, I thought, and quickly divested myself of my clothes.

Jamie was still smiling at me, but she was fingering her slot now, her knees flexing and relaxing in rhythm to her fingering. "C'mon, hurry. Please hurry, Eddie. I need it so bad. I need *you* so bad!" Naked now, I made my way towards her again.

"Ever done this before?" she asked. I shook my head, kissing the inside of her right knee. Her skin was soft and sweaty, and I loved the taste. "Ok, then I'll teach you to do it *right*. Just work your way up to my twat, Eddie. Do whatever you think is best." She didn't say 'be gentle', but then I remembered that she expected it from me. Slowly, softly, I kissed and licked my way up her legs, tasting every square inch of skin I could reach. Her odor, the scent of arousal, grew stronger and stronger as I approached her pleasure center.

"Oh God..." Jamie moaned. "Please, kiss me there, Eddie. Kiss my hot twat!" I plastered my mouth against her hole and sucked and blew at the same time. She shuddered and hunched her hips up at me, rubbing her cunt all over my face. I lost myself in her moist center, licking and sucking at her with absolutely no finesse, but with a hell of a lot of enthusiasm!

"Lick my clitty!" Jamie moaned, directing my head until I was lashing her pearl with my tongue. Her legs closed around my head, and for a moment I was cut off from sounds and sights as Jamie thundered through her orgasm. A full thirty seconds later her thighs fell apart and she fell back, gasping, a wide smile on her face.

“That was wonderful,” she moaned, running her hands along the inside of her thighs, smiling at me. “You really made me cum, Eddie!” That made me proud as a peacock, and I didn’t know what to do next. My cock was painfully erect, throbbing and bobbing with arousal. I mean, I *knew* what to do next, I just wasn’t *sure* how to go *about* it.

“C’mere,” Jamie said, holding her arms out for me. I looked at her skeptically, wondering if she wanted my entire weight pressing down on her. “Are you sure?” I asked.

Nodding, she waved me in with her hands. “All of it Eddie, I want all of you inside me and on top of me.” Shrugging my shoulders, I did as I asked, gently settling my considerable bulk onto her lithe frame. She shifted once or twice, trying to get comfortable, and finally we were together, naked bodies pressed against each other.

“Now, fuck me!” Jamie said. “Put your cock in and fuck me!”

I reached down and tried to work my hand underneath. Finally, I had to lift myself a little, find my tiny little cock and align myself with Jamie’s slick hole. The head of my dick found her entrance, and I slowly slid in, an inch at a time. The feeling was incredible; the slick, hot walls of her cunt clung to me like warm, gooey honey, and I never wanted to leave. My stubby little cock was buried to the hilt inside her warm, clutching vagina, and I knew that I had found heaven.

“Jesus,” Jamie moaned. “That feels wonderful!” Jamie’s eyes were heavy-lidded with passion, and I felt a newfound pride as I slowly started to stroke in and out of her. Because of my short length, I wasn’t able to give her the bone-pounding strokes I saw in the porno movies I rented, but then I discovered something else in the process: The fact that my considerable girth was on top of Jamie provided her with a lot of direct clitoral stimulation, and judging by her reactions, she enjoyed it a lot! Her hips were swiveling against me, rubbing her crotch against mine with every short stroke. She started cumming again and again, barely finishing one monumental orgasm before dissolving into another.

The walls of her snatch gripped and sucked at me, drawing me in deeper (if that as at all possible,) and I was clenching my teeth, concentrating on baseball scores and multiplication tables in an effort to prevent my own impending orgasm. Moments later it was too late, and I emptied myself into her for the first time that night. Even after Jamie had jerked me off, I still had a full load to give her (forced celibacy will do that to a person...) and she wanted all of it.

Her legs had closed around my waist, and she was pulling at my ass to get me in deeper. I could feel the sharp prick of her fingernails on the cheeks of my ass, and that little bit of pain made the pleasure much more sublime.

Finally spent, I started to roll off of Jamie to give her a break, but she stopped me, spreading her legs wide again. “Please don’t,” she asked. “I like feeling you on top of me; I like your weight on me.” Always wanting to do what a lady asks, I settled in and held her head in my hands, staring deep into her bright green eyes.

“Thank you,” I said sincerely. “That was wonderful. The best.”

“You said it!” Jamie enthused.

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