

“Nichole”  
by Dirty Dawg

The stench of stale coffee, urine, vomit and sweat hung in the air as I made my way through the squadroom to the interrogation area. I'd just caught a 187 squeal, and the uniform boys had picked up a witness at the scene. She'd seen the whole thing, but was denying it, claiming she'd been in Philadelphia at the time or some such shit. In a city with eleven million citizens, each with a story, it was my turn to listen to hers. After six years with homicide, I'd heard most of them at least twice.

Stopping outside the interrogation room door, I opened the casefile and took a quick glance. Nichole St. Clair, age 29, single. Lived at a fancy uptown address. Single, no kids. Worked as...a 'personal facilitator,' whatever the *fuck* that was. She'd been inside a limo outside the restaurant when Johnny “No Neck” DeBargo had gotten his comeuppance from sixteen 9mm rounds fired by some kid on a motorcycle. The motorcycle killer had used a Tec-9, and had sprayed the entire area with hot lead while Miss St. Clair watched from the limo.

Only she hadn't seen anything. Says her.

Pushing through the door, I caught a whiff of the smoke from her cig, and frowned at her. “Smoking is not allowed in here, miss.” I hadn't even gotten a look at her yet, just sat down at the table across from her, setting my machine-generated Styrofoam cup of coffee down next to it.

“What are you going to do, Detective? Arrest me for smoking?” I smiled at her, getting in on the joke, and then took a good, hard look at her. She was familiar, in the same way that each year's new supermodel was familiar. Same strong facial structure, arrogant cheekbones, aristocratic nose. She looked and smelled like old money. Dressed for a night on the town. Slinky blouse, tight black skirt, dark stockings, heels. The perfume wafting across the table at me cut some of the smoke, but not much. It was musky and somehow fit her; it smelled like a jungle cat might, hungry and on the prowl. She was a blonde, as someone once said, a blonde that would make a bishop kick in a stained-glass window. The breasts pushing at her blouse with hard-nippled urgency weren't the result of some plastic surgeons' magic; the natural gentle sag and heft of them told me that much.

The legs were long and lean and seemed to go on for miles. Hours at the gym spent on some new-wave torture machine had seen to their firmness and muscularity. Suddenly, I wanted to be a gym machine. I felt an animal, pheromonal attraction to this woman. Something hormonal, in my sack, grumbling to let me dump a load inside this haughty bitch. Just the way she was sitting told me this interview was going to be a huge pain in the ass.

“Miss St. Clair,” I said, opening my notebook and clicking my eight-nine cent ballpoint. I started to write the time and date and case number on a blank page, but the pen chose that moment to fail. I patted my pockets, finding my shield, my own cigs, a couple of crumpled pink telephone message notes, and thirty-six cents in change.

“Uh, I'll be right back,” I said, moving to stand. I looked up and saw the cool bitch holding out a gold men at me. A Mont-Blanc, judging by the look of it. I took it, amazed at how much it weighed. “Thank you,” I said.

“Now, you were in the limousine outside Torturro's at the time of the...incident?”

“The murder? Yes. I already told that to three policeman already.”

“I know, Miss St. Clair. But I just have a few questions for you. Formality, really, since you didn't see anything...” I let the question hang in the air, challenging her to correct her statement.

“That's right,” she affirmed. “I didn't see anything. My face was turned away, and the windows were dark, tinted glass. I didn't see anything.”

“And you were there to meet...?” I asked.

I watched as her jaw worked, sucking her tongue between her teeth, trying to keep her temper. “Is that really necessary, officer?”

“Detective,” I automatically corrected her.

“Detective...?”

“Stone. Dan Stone.”

“Well, Detective Stone, is that really necessary?”

“I’m afraid so. We need to talk to him, too. For all we know, you were there for Johnny “No Neck”, and set him up!” I said it as a joke, and then watched the color drain from her face. An alarm bell started ringing in the back of my head, and it wasn’t because I could see the sweat trickling down this broad’s neck, heading for the deep, creamy valley between her tits. *Spectacular* tits.

“This could be a problem,” she said. “You see, the man I was there to meet was...is....married.” Ah. Things were beginning to make a little sense now.

“And his name was?”

Sighing, the lady reached for her purse and retrieved a small DayTimer. Opening it, she flipped to today and ran her finger down the page. “Kelly. Walter Kelly.”

“Phone?” She read me all his information, and I copied it down with the heavy gold pen. The words flew out of the tip and across the page. Done for the moment, I lifted the pen. “How much does one of these go for, anyway?”

“About four hundred dollars.” I looked at her, saw she was serious, and gave a low, surprised whistle.

“Now then,” I continued, “The purpose of your meeting with Mr. Kelly?”

Just then I saw the small green light go on above and behind her. Someone was in the hallway between the interrogation rooms, watching through the two-way glass, and wanted my attention. I excused myself and made my way there.

Capetti, from Vice, was standing there, holding a thick file in his hands.

“Yeah?”

“Listen, Stone. Figured I’d help you out. The lady you got is-”

“St. Clair, I know. What’s the deal? Got some pull in the department? Gonna try and wriggle her way out of making a statement?”

Capetti looked at me for a long, hard moment, his jaw working in annoyance. I held my hands up in surrender, asking, “Sorry. What do you got for me?”

“Lady’s name is *not* St. Clair. It’s Jill Meadows. And she’s a hooker.”

Two things struck me at once. The first was the confirmation of my original feeling. I did know her. Or at least, I had known her, a long time ago. High school, to be exact. And Jill had been the love of my life. She’d been brunette, then. Long, soft, wavy brown hair she always wore around her shoulders, covering that exquisite neck of hers. How many times had I kissed that neck? I suddenly realized that I’d had my hands on those tits before, and the memory of that afternoon blew across my brain at light speed.

“Jesus, Jill...” I said.

“You know this ho?” Capetti asked, and I suddenly wanted to kick his ass across the squadroom.

“Is Interrogation Room Three in use?” I asked. It was the only one without two-way glass. Capetti nodded, and then walked away. I knew what he was thinking, and I hated him for it. Many

a cop over the years had taken a lady of the evening into Room Three and worked out an...exchange, of sorts.

Fuck him.

I re-entered the room and asked Jill/Nichole to follow me. She looked relieved, like she was getting out of here or something. She followed me into three, and then turned on me, anger written all over her face like subway graffiti.

"What is the meaning of this?" I explained about the glass, and wanting some privacy, and she bought it. She took a chair, and I mine, and I faced her, wondering what the fuck I was going to say.

"Nichole..." I started, and then decided, screw it. I knew. The sooner she knew I knew, we could get this over with. "Jill. Jill Meadows." Jill's face fell, and she buried her head in her hands. Long, wracking sobs came from between her arms, and I let her cry. Didn't want to touch her yet, but God, how I wanted to take her in my arms.

After a good five minutes, Jill pulled herself together. She dried her eyes, extracted a compact from the purse, and fixed her makeup. Looking across the table at me, she gave me a rueful smile.

"So," she said. "You know."

I just nodded. "How long?"

"'Bout five years. If it makes any difference, Danny, I never forgot you."

"I'm sure you didn't, Jill." My voice was hard, my face harder still. I knew her game, knew it like the back of my own hand. She knew that I still wanted her, even if she was a hooker, and was going to try and seduce me, promise me the world between her legs, if only I would let her go. See, it's bad for business for a high-class whore like this to get nailed by the police. Especially if she had been there to set Johnny "No Neck" up.

"So tell me Jill, just between us old friends, were you there to set him up?"

"No. He wasn't the target."

"Who was?"

"Tony. Tony Amaratto. He was in the limo with me. He was the real target."

"How do you know?" She told me about the meeting she'd overheard, about the conversations' she'd eavesdropped on. Tony had a thing for my little Jill, got off on paying her to do nasty things to him. Things you don't ask the girl you brought home to meet Momma to do, but things you can pay a nice looking piece of street meat like Nichole/Jill to do.

"How much?" I asked.

"Thousand bucks an hour, Danny."

"And how much is he into you for?"

"About three quarters of a mil." I caught my breath. Seven hundred and fifty hours! Tony liked to p-a-r-t-y.

I was still staring at her when she popped the question. "Danny. Can we keep my name out of this? I'll... make it worth your while."

There it was. Out in the open. I sat back and looked at her. Her face was a mask of self-hatred and hope. Hating herself to offer herself to me like a cheap whore, but needing to, having to, to keep it going. Keep the ride going.

"You into drugs, Jill?"

She shook her head, and seeing my look of skepticism, raised her sleeves, showing me her arms. They were clean. "Knees," I said, and she stood, turning to show me the ass that had turned more than one of the Brother's heads at St. Augustus fifteen years ago.

Her knees were clean.

“Toes,” I said.

Jill sat back down and started to take her shoes off. “That’s enough,” I said. “If you say you’re clean, I’ll believe you.” I thought about it long and hard. I owed her nothing, and the idea of having her owe me was pretty good. Prime pussy, on the string. But I couldn’t do that to her, not to Jill. Maybe to Nichole, but not to Jill.

“Ok, here’s the deal. I cut you loose, you get gone. Atlanta, Dallas, Denver, LA. I don’t care where. But get gone, and fast. A prime piece like you can command that much money anywhere in the world. Fuck, try Japan. They love blondes like you.”

“What’s the catch?”

“No catch. Send me a postcard from somewhere, Jill.” I stood to leave and the way she said my name stopped me dead in my tracks.

“Dan.”

I turned back.

“Don’t you want to know...why?”

I put my back against the door, crossing my arms at my waist.

“Ok. Why?”

She stood, one hand on the rickety wooden table, moving towards me slowly. “Remember how we used to neck in the back seat of your father’s car?” I nodded, my mouth suddenly too dry to speak. “Remember how you used to touch my breasts, with those sweaty, shaking hands?” As she talked, Jill mimicked my actions. Cupping her breasts through the blouse, Jill took another step towards me.

I just stared at her, feeling the hot hardness of my cock punching through my pants.

“Remember the time I let you touch my naked tits? What were we fifteen? Sixteen?”

“Sixteen,” I managed to choke out. Another step.

“Well, remember when I made you stop? I didn’t want you to stop, Danny. I wanted you to touch my tits all afternoon. And then I wanted you to kiss and suck them, and lick my little nipples. And then I wanted you to do something truly nasty, I wanted you to kiss me between my legs and make me go. That’s what I called it back then, when I touched myself in the shower. Going. I liked to go a lot, Danny, and I wanted you to be the first boy to make me go. But I couldn’t...nice girls didn’t do that, did they?” Her voice had dropped a couple of registers, and she was stroking her own neck with long, slender fingers, fingers I’d dreamed of having wrapped around my own cock.

“But...even though I didn’t let you touch me for very long, and I didn’t let you kiss me between my legs, I let someone else do it to me that summer. I met him in the park, Danny. He was older, rode a motorcycle. Black leather, chin-stubble, the whole bad-boy deal. He liked me, and I liked him...for what he was. I saw the bulge in his pants, that nasty lump, and I knew that I was gonna let him do it to me. He took me into the woods, you know the place, and took off my panties. He lifted that little stupid skirt they made us wear, and he did it to me, Danny. He put his thing inside me and made me go.

“And you know what?” She was about two feet away now, moving like a snake. “I went that first time, Danny. He made me go. Hard and fast. And then I started going and going again, climaxing one after the other, drenching us both. I found out something that warm summer afternoon in the park. I found that I liked to fuck, that I was good at it, and that nearly every man that met me, looked at me, saw me walking down the street was thinking that he wanted to fuck me. And when that boy stood over me, zipping up his pants, tucking that delicious cock away in his underwear, he stared down at me, and smiled, and took out his wallet. He threw three twenties on the ground and told me that he wouldn’t mind paying for what I had any day of the week.

“And that turned me on like you wouldn’t believe, Danny.” Her face was six inches from mine; I could feel the hot breath on my face. The blood was pounding behind my eardrums, and between my legs. “I loved being dirty and nasty and slutty for him. Before that summer was out, I’d had two dozen other guys, and had about a grand in the bank. They just loved me, Danny, because I love it so much.

“I just *love* to fuck and be nasty.” Her mouth was scant inches from mine now. I could see her red, plush lips. “Do it with me, Danny. Be nasty with me.” I snapped.

She was in my arms, my hands grasping her ass, drawing her to me, crushing her against my body. She was soft in all the right places, and hard in all the right places. I felt her breasts flatten against my chest, and I knew that I was going to fuck this board, screw the shit out of her right here in the interrogation room.

Jill pulled away from me and walked over to the table. Spinning on one heel, she started unbuttoning the blouse, letting me see her in the bright light. I was in the shadows, watching her, another nameless cock wanting entrance to her gates of heaven. Buttons undone, Jill let the blouse fall off of her, showing me the wispy bra that held her pale, perfect breasts. Her nipples pushed urgently at the cups, two beacons of pleasure drawing me closer. I went to the table, pushing her on to it, burying my face between those tits, smelling her clean, earthy scent.

Jill’s hands went to my tie, working it from around my neck and from under the collar of my shirt. She tossed it over her shoulder, practiced fingers moving to the buttons on *my* shirt, opening them quickly and expertly. She buried her face against my chest, licking my hairy nipples, biting my lightly as she dragged those bright-red talons she called fingernails down my stomach. Her hand grasped me through my pants.

“All for me, Danny? Fuck me, big boy. Fuck me like you always wanted to. Make it hurt.”

I stepped back, kicked off my shoes, and lost my pants. My gun clattered to the ground, sliding out of my holster and spinning into a corner. I didn’t care anymore. I just wanted to be inside her in the next thirty seconds.

Jill spread her legs, showing me her tiny pink panties under her skirt. Pushing the skirt up, I grabbed her panties and ripped them away, throwing them over my shoulder. Her cunt was wet and sparkled with her dew, beckoning me. My cock was pounding, and I dropped my boxers, showing her my arousal.

“Ahhh!” she growled, reaching for me, grasping me with one sweaty, smooth hand, guiding me between her legs. As I felt the moist contact of her mound, my hand reached up and freed her tits from the bra. They bobbed into view, showing me pink little erections for nipples, looking itchy and tasty. I covered one with my mouth and bit lightly as Jill took the first four inches of my cock into her blast- furnace cunt.

“That’s it,” she screamed, “Fuck me, Danny. Give me your fucking cock!” With a quick snap of my hips, I buried the last two inches of myself inside her, feeling the warm, wet walls of her cunt collapse around me as I began to fuck her. My mouth was all over her: tits, neck, ears, face. We kissed and sucked and bit at each other, letting the anger and the hunger take over. Too many denials in my life. My wife, gone, a causality of the Job. My kids, with her, strangers to me, voices on a phone line on birthdays and at Christmas. My son, growing up calling another man, “Daddy,” acting forlorn and hostile when I could find the time to visit. All that bubbled out of me as I began to fuck Jill, grasping her hips in my hands, pulling her to me again and again. She crossed her legs across my back, urging me to plunge harder and deeper. She was the future I once could have had, smiles and promises and meals at home. But we were both different now; I was a cop, with a shield

and a job and a gun, tracking scumbags that killed other people. Jill was a pussy-for-hire, spreading her legs at the drop of a thousand-dollar-bill, grunting and groaning for the customer's pleasure.

We were both whores, I realized, whores to our emotions. Jill liked to fuck, liked being the center of attraction, liked knowing that every man in the place wanted to bury himself inside her. I liked being a cop, being The Law, The Man, watching people's faces when I arrested them for murder.

Pulling out of her, I turned Jill over, putting her face-down on the table. Her ass was open for me, an inviting target. Putting my hand at the base of her neck, I wedged myself back into her cunt and buried my cock with a single stroke. This violence, this...fucking, was turning me on like straight sex never had in the past. I wondered how many cocks she'd taken in this hole. How many men? How many loads of jizz had been emptied inside her?

My cock popped out of her cunt, and I lined myself up with her pink, inviting asshole. I pushed against it, and she gave, gritting her teeth. Her face was turned sideways on the table, eyes closed, grimacing with concentration or pleasure, I couldn't tell. As I hunched my cock into her asshole, Jill moaned and grunted and pushed herself back against me, wanting it, taking it all in her asshole.

"Oh, use me, Danny! Make me feel dirty and nasty and slutty! Make me cum, Danny! Make me cum on your cock!" Jill did a pushup on the table, and I latched my hands onto her swinging tits, twisting and pulling on her nipples, letting Jill shove her ass back against me with every stroke.

I started to feel it, the rumble in my balls. I was going to blow a load in this slut's hole, and love every minute of it. But she sensed that, somehow, and popped me out, getting down on her knees in front of me, grasping my cock with one hand, hungrily licking the top with her tongue.

"Cum on my face, Danny! Make me sleazy and nasty for you! Cover me with your jizz!" I groaned, threw my head back, and then forward, forcing my eyes to open as I watched the slimy white arcs of my jizz erupt from my cock and rain down on her smiling, upturned face. She was licking at the air, trying to get my jizz into her mouth, running my cock all over her face. I splashed once across her forehead, watching my scum splatter her hair and eyebrows, another shot covering almost one entire cheek. She had cum all over her face, and I watched it slide in creamy rivulets down her face, dripping off of her chin, impacting wetly against her pale, perfect breasts.

Jill licked me clean, mewling like a kitten, slurping at my jizz, cleaning my cock and balls. Tucking me back into my pants, Jill stood, grabbed me by the hair at the back of my neck and kissed me, deeply.

"Fucking-A!" she shouted.

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Dressed, we faced each other across the table. "Go, Jill," I said. "Away. Get gone. Hunt a hole and vanish."

She stood, purse slung over a shoulder, one hand on a hip. "Call me sometime, huh?" she asked, and I just nodded. She was halfway out the door when I called to her.

"Jill!" She turned and looked at me, one eyebrow arched. I held the gold Mont-Blanc to her. "You forgot your pen."

"Keep it," she said, and then was gone, the door clicking shut behind her with the finality of a jail cell.