

“Holly”

By Dirty Dawg

Holly and I had a good gig going. We'd been partners for four years, working Narco buy-and-busts as a pair of dirtball-biker wannabes. Holly wore her trashy best, with the torn jeans and midriff t-shirts, high heels and snapping bubblegum. I had my hair long, in a ponytail, wearing the leather vest and usual biker garbage. The huge old Harley the department bought us for the gig carried us to and from work. We'd racked up an impressive list of arrests, and were looking forward to several more years of busting bad guys.

One of Holly's biggest assets as a cop was the fact that no one in their right mind would ever guess that the petite dirty-blond was on the Job. She carried herself like a cokehead biker bitch, but I knew the real Holly. Sweet and soft on the inside, hard as nails on the outside. We'd been in some hairy situations over the years, and more than our share of firefights. The small Colt Commander .45 she carried in her purse worked well for my little partner, and she was a fucking dead-on shot when the heat was on. I couldn't even think of ever having another partner, or another best friend. Working that closely with someone, undercover for extended periods of time tended to bond you to one another. I knew all of Holly's secrets, and she knew all of mine...but one.

Somewhere along the line, sometime in the last six months, I'd fallen quietly, desperately in love with my partner. When I realized it, I started working even harder to hide my feelings from her. The last thing either of us needed was personal romantic feelings fouling up our professional relationship. And most of all, I didn't want to risk our friendship. Holly was the most special, most beautiful woman I'd ever known, and I fancied her my little sister. She was so small and quiet at times, it was hard to imagine the little firebrand she could become when it was time to take down a scumbag.

Then we got made as Narcs, and we had to be transferred from Narco to somewhere else. At least the brass upstairs understood that Holly and I were great together and didn't split us up. What they did do to prove that they had their heads up their asses was transfer us to Vice. Hooker details and bookmaking busts. Not nearly enough excitement to make up for getting transferred out of Narco after six successful years.

And the first thing they did after transferring us to Vice was give us the shittiest assignment on the books. One that had been waiting for us, they said. Tailor made for a team like us. This one was going to make our careers, they told us. Front page of the newspaper. All the talk shows. They'd probably make a television show out of this one, they told us. A lot of ego stroking took place before they revealed what the damn job was.

Word on the street was that a strip bar called “Hooters” was dealing drugs out of the back, and that some of the girls were available for more than lap dances for a certain amount of money. They wanted us to go undercover, Holly as a stripper, me as a bouncer, and 'make the case,' as we were told.

Holly and I had spent a lot of time in and out of strip bars when we were undercover for Narco. We knew what the lifestyle was like, what the women went through. It was a hard, rough life, and I wasn't sure Holly wanted to go undercover as a fucking stripper, taking her clothes off for a room full of men every night. And that's what undercover meant to her and I: We went under, completely under. We became new people. Shields and guns left at home, new names, new identities. The Intelligence boys provided good paper and backgrounds that would pass almost any investigation.

Holly and I talked about it in one of the interrogation rooms.

"You know," I said. "We don't have to take this one. We can do hooker detail. Get you dressed up in a short skirt and high heels, and let old men talk dirty to you. At least no one..." I trailed off.

"Has to see me naked, right?" Holly's smile was rueful, and I knew what she was thinking. "Ben," she started, "you know what it's like for a woman on this job. We have to do it better, cleaner than any of the men. If I turn this down, word will get around that I'm getting soft, and no one will offer me any of the good jobs anymore. Hell, they might put me back in uniform, writing traffic tickets or some nonsense like that."

"Holly," I said. "No one will think any less of you if you don't want to take your clothes off for this job. No one can make you do this."

Holly sighed, looking at me with her deep blue eyes. "Don't you see, Ben? They can make me. Just by offering me this undercover, they are making me do it. If I don't... after we left Narco...we'll never get anything ever again worth doing. Hell, they might split us up, partner!" Her open palm came across the rickety wooden table, and I took it, feeling her warmth. Truth be told, I didn't want Holly up there, taking her clothes off, getting pawed by men...but for a completely different reason, a reason that I couldn't tell her. It was completely her call.

We held hands for ten minutes, and then she nodded silently at me. "Let's do it."

I went under first. I didn't want Holly in there without backup. I'm a big guy, about 250, 6'3, so I had no problem doing what it took to get the bouncer's job. Which was basically taking out the existing one.

I went into Hooter's one Friday night, and started throwing Department money around like it was going out of style. I had three dancers working my table, shaking their silicone in my face, grinning emptily at me as I tucked twenties into their garters. I waited until the bouncer was looking directly at me before I cupped the nearest dancer's left breast in one huge hand.

He was over in a heartbeat. I felt a hand close around my shoulder, fingers digging in painfully. I turned slowly, giving him time to back off. I knew he wouldn't; he was too dumb.

"Take your hand off me." My voice was quiet, almost too quiet to be heard over the pounding rock music.

"Can't touch the girls," the guy said, like it'd taken him three weeks to memorize that single phrase. "Gotta leave, pal. Can't touch the girls."

Slowly, I stood, turning in his grip. I was the same height, and he had about twenty pounds of chemically-enhanced muscles on me. But I had my .45 Colt Officer's Model in my waistband quick-draw holster. And I knew how to use it.

"I'm not leaving, asshole."

He smiled and turned away from me. Anyone could see the haymaker coming. The pistol was in my hand, the hammer almost cocking itself, the motion was so automatic, and the barrel was against his temple before he finished turning.

"Move...and die. Your choice." Eyes as big as dinner plates, he slowly relaxed and took a step back.

"Is there a problem here?" I turned and saw a slimy little dude standing behind me, a thousand-dollar suit not going very far towards hiding the rodent that inhabited it.

"No problem, boss," the bouncer said, his voice shaking.

"You realize, of course, that I have to protect my girls," the rodent said.

I laughed. "With him? He couldn't protect a schoolbus full of nuns."

“Big man with the gun,” the bouncer said, finding a little backbone somewhere inside. I smiled my darkest, most evil smile and slowly pulled the gun away from his head. My thumb hit the magazine release and it slid out of the well and clattered to the floor. For good measure, I worked the slide, ejecting the one lonely round from the chamber. It bounced and clattered on the table, and slowly rolled off the edge to the carpeted floor. The music had stopped, and everyone in the place was looking at the three of us. I placed my pistol on the table.

“No gun, asshole. Now it's just you and me.” I saw him thinking, the little wheels in what passed for his brain turning. He had the weight on me, but I knew something he didn't: Fifteen years of Aikido training.

His arm came around, the big ham of his fist heading for my face. I caught the fist with one of my hands, stepped into it, locking his elbow with my free arm, and levered the arm over mine. The snap of bone was loud in the quiet club, and the bouncer folded like a wet suit.

I had the job.

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It took me two weeks to find out that they were indeed selling drugs out of the club. The waitresses were carrying the small packets in the hands that held the tray. If you knew what to order, you could get whatever you wanted: smack, crack, blow, uppers, downers and inside-outers.

But I couldn't find out if the girls were hooking. I just couldn't ask, and my only job was to make sure that the drunk businessmen didn't paw the girls. Holly had to come in.

I was there the day she came in to 'interview.' She was wearing a denim miniskirt, a pink midriff shirt that hung away from her skin under the pressing weight of her breasts. Her long blonde hair was tied in a bouncy ponytail, and she was snapping a wad of gum big enough to choke a horse.

“Wherz the manager?” she asked me, bouncing on one hip. I smiled at her and jerked a thumb at the door marked “PRIVATE.” She went in, and closed the door behind her. Thirty minutes later the door opened, and the manager, Tony, walked out, smiling. I looked over and caught a glance of Holly, putting her shirt back on. I saw the material of her skirt crossing the line of her nipples, and then nothing. That small view of her tits sent blood lurching to my cock. She was so incredibly hot, and I wanted to kill Tony for making her undress for him.

She came out, smiled at me, and left.

“Some cunt, huh?” Tony asked me, watching me watch Holly. I turned back to him with murder in my soul, ready to snap his neck with my bare hands. “Yeah,” I said. “Some cunt.”

“Name's Holly. She'll be dancing as Sugar starting next week. Man, oh man, if she plays her cards right, she'll make a fucking fortune!” An alarm bell triggered in the back of my mind, but I didn't say a word. Not yet.

I got off work at nine that night and met Holly at one of our favorite bars, O'Mally's. She was waiting for me when I got there, sitting in our booth, staring into her beer as I slid into the seat opposite her.

“How did it go?” I asked. Holly just shrugged.

“Ok, I guess. He made me-”

“I saw.” We sat in silence for a few seconds. I poured myself a beer.

“He wanted...to see my body. To make sure that I could take my clothes off in front of strange men.” Her voice was...sad. That was the only word I could use...sad. Instantly, my desire to snap Tony's neck returned.

“Bastard!” I hissed.

“Hey, hey,” Holly said, covering one of my hands with both of hers. “Take it easy, Ben. It's Ok. He just looked. He didn't touch. It was just my body, Ben. Not my heart. Not my soul. It was like....oh, hell, I don't know. Like going to the doctor's office or something. I just took off my clothes, and spun around. He looked at my body and told me I could make a ton of money if I played my cards right.”

Hoping against hope, I asked, “Did he mention anything about...?”

Shaking her head sadly, Holly said, “No. Not a thing. Any progress on the drug thing?”

“All the waitresses are in on it, but I still can't figure out who's supplying them. And that's who we want.” Holly nodded, and we went back to drinking. Four hours later, we were both buzzed. We jumped on my bike and I took her home.

As was my habit, I walked Holly to her apartment door. She lived on the second floor of some converted warehouse space, in a wonderfully decorated loft that had a wonderful view of the harbor. Riding up in the elevator, Holly was leaning against me, her arm around my waist, head against my chest. Her free hand was rubbing my chest. Holly had always been a touchy-feely kind of person, and before I'd fallen in love with her, it hadn't bothered me at all. Now, however, it was having a different effect on me. My cock was as hard as steel, and I wanted nothing more than to turn her head up to mine and kiss those lips. Those sweet, soft lips.

We walked to her door, and I unlocked it with my keys. “Goodnight, partner,” I said, turning to leave.

“Hey.” Her arm caught mine, and she turned me around. Standing in the pool of light outside her door, her face was unreadable. “I know... how you feel about me, Ben.”

My heart stopped. I could feel the sweat on my brow.

“When...?” I asked.

“About a week ago. I just...knew.”

Sighing, I looked at the floor. “Now what?”

“That depends, Ben.” I looked at her face. Still unreadable.

“On what?”

She looked away for a second, and then back at my face. “On how well you can separate your personal life from your professional life, Ben.” Stepping next to me, close enough for me to feel the pressure of her breasts against my chest, she looked up at me, directly into my eyes, and said, “Because the thing of it is, Ben, I find myself wondering what it would be like to...be with you.” Her hand came up and captured my cheek, her fingernails teasing the hair at my temples. “I find myself thinking about you and I... together...all the time. But not on this gig, Ben. This is just too close to what I want to do with you...to you...and I can't have you thinking with your cock and your heart. I need your brains and your badge on this one, big guy. Can you understand that?”

I couldn't speak. Every dream, every fantasy, I'd had for the last six months, was about to come true. I nodded, looking at her face, at her eyes and nose and lips, loving the gentle curl of her ears, the soft cupid's-bow of her lips, her long, thick eyelashes.

“Yeah,” I managed to grunt, looking directly into the most beautiful face I'd ever known. “I can understand that.”

“Good,” Holly whispered, standing on tip toes, “because as soon as this case is over, I'll race you to the nearest motel.” And then her lips were on mine, soft, gentle pressure exerting against

me. Something happened to me then. My toes started tingling, and my fingers went numb. My heart lurched, and then started cranking along. A short, eager, hungry moan came from inside Holly's throat, and she pressed even closer for a second, and then she was gone, and I was blinking in the light outside her apartment as I heard the click of the door lock.

Wow.

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Holly and I didn't speak about what I'd started to call The Kiss the entire next week. The day when Holly would make her dancing debut marched relentlessly towards us, and I was trying to focus on the case, not on what was possibly the single most erotic moment of my entire adult life.

My history with women was spotted at best; I tend to obsess over women that I can't have. I built intense, erotic, complicated fantasies around them, finally working up the courage to ask them out. Inevitably, I get turned down, and my world comes crashing down around my ears. Holly... I'd always considered Holly way, way out of my league, and kept my love to myself. Until now. Now she knew, and it was quite possible that she was beginning to feel the same way about me.

Tuesday was the day. I went on-shift at seven. Holly was due at eight, and she would dance until two. I got off at three. She breezed past me without a sideways glance, always the consummate professional when she was undercover. When eight o'clock came around, I listened for it.

"Annnnnnnnnnd noooooooooow, " the announcer said through the over-amplified PA system, "Dancing one stage one, we have Spice...and dancing on stage two, we have SUGAR!" The music started, and I watched in slack jawed, dry-mouthed amazement as the love of my life pranced out onto the stage. She was wearing thigh-high black leather boots, a black microskirt, a black leather bra and a white leather vest over it all.

She looked hot.

She looked sexy.

She looked slutty and nasty.

She looked wonderful.

She was a natural. Def Leppard was booming through the speakers as Joe Elliot demanded that someone pour some sugar on him. Holly moved to the music as if she'd been born to strip, showing the men her legs and butt and tits, wiggling inside her leather getup. The vest was off by the end of the first song, and the bra came off at the beginning of the second. Holly worked the crowd, her face a twisted mask of professional passion, making kissing motions with her lips, palming her own breasts and tugging at the nipples.

The second song ended and Holly worked the bar-rail crowd, getting dollar bills jammed into her garters. My eyes were like lasers, making sure that no one touched her where they weren't supposed to. No one did, and I relaxed.

A little.

Holly danced six times that night, the outfits and her routines getting hotter and hotter. I also noticed something else about my love: She was enjoying herself. Immensely. The smile on her face was genuine, and the heavy-lidded look she gave the men who tipped her sent blood rushing to more than one cock in that place.

During her last dance, Holly was making love to a long brass pole at one end of the long runway, and her eyes locked with mine in the mirrors that surrounded the place. She grabbed her tits, tweaked her nipples and blew me a kiss.

I almost shot in my pants. She looked so hot, so deliciously nasty, showing her naked charms to the men in that place, shaking her boobs and her ass, loving every eye on her, every mouth open and practically drooling as they took in my partner's naked form.

When she got off, Holly left by the back way. We'd agreed to meet at her place after I got off, and I couldn't wait to get over there. I don't know why, I just couldn't wait to see her and get her impression of this first night.

I got over there in record time, tapping my foot impatiently as the elevator creaked its way to her floor. I used my key and found Holly sitting on the couch, a cup of tea in her hand, wearing a bathrobe. She'd just gotten out of the shower when I arrived.

I sat on the chair across from her, conscious of the fact that she probably didn't want anyone near her right now, including me.

"So," she said brightly, sipping her tea. "What did you think?"

"About what?" I stalled.

"About the price of tea in China. Christ, Ben! What do you think I mean? About...me. About my dancing." Her voice dropped a notch. "About my body."

I stood and shed my jacket, stopping to unclip the .45 Colt Officer from my belt and lay it on the mantle. Stepping around the coffee table, I joined her on the couch and wrapped her up in my arms.

"I think that you are the sexiest woman I have ever known, and I can't fucking wait for this case to be over."

"Why?" she asked. "I mean, is it just so...we can... be together? Or is it because you don't like other men looking at me, Ben?"

I didn't even hesitate. "Both," I said. "I've been thinking about being with you for so long, Holly. And I hate the way they look at you. Drooling and gasping and stroking their cocks under the bar."

She sat up in my arms and turned to face me. "Really? They were touching themselves?"

I nodded, realizing that she couldn't have seen that from the stage. "You...like it, don't you?"

Settling back against me, one palm on my chest, Holly didn't say anything for a long time. "Yes," she finally admitted. "I think I did. I know that none of those men wanted to get to know me. They just wanted to...fuck me. In the true sense of that word. I wasn't a person to them, just a body, a set of tits, an ass...a cunt. I was nothing but an object to them, something to be lusted after, to be chased and caught and fucked."

I was breathing a little heavy now, getting just a little aroused listening to her talk that way. "Don't get me wrong, Ben," she continued. "I...think I'm falling in love with you, and I couldn't be happier. And I want to be with you, Ben. I think I want to be with you forever. But, dancing like that, up there, in front of all those men, was...well, exciting. Liberating. It was freedom for me, Ben. Freedom from every image I've ever held of myself...everything I thought I was."

"Up there, on that stage, with my body on display, I got some kind of...validation that I didn't expect. I mean, I know that I'm attractive, and that I have a good body. But I've known that only from the feedback of the men in my life. My father, my brothers, a boyfriend here and there. My view of my own sexuality has always been a mirror of what they thought of me. And deep in my heart, I always felt that...that..."

"They had to say those things because they loved you, right?" I finished. I was beginning to understand...a little.

"Yeah," Holly confirmed. "I guess. But when a man finds you attractive...sexy... desirable, and you show him everything, bare your soul, as it were, and you know that he wants you...it's an interesting feeling, Ben. And it...turned me on. It made me really, really hot."

"It made you feel...nasty, didn't it?"

She snuggled tighter against me, burrowing her head into my chest. "Is that wrong?"

I was stroking her hair, letting the clean, washed smell waft into my nostrils. "Not necessarily. There's a time and a place for...that, and a time and place for love."

Turning in my arms, Holly looked at me. "And what this time and place for, Ben? What do you feel like doing now?"

"You said...I thought..."

Smiling, Holly kissed me, and stood, offering me her hand. The robe had parted slightly, and I could see the swell of her breasts pushing at the material. That was somehow sexier than her nakedness, which I'd already seen.

"The dancing made me...hot, Ben. Very, very hot. I.. .took matters into my own hands, as it were, in the shower, but it wasn't enough. I need you, Ben. Tonight. Here. Now."

I took her hand and stood, following her into the bedroom. Holly and I stood next to her bed, not saying anything, just staring into each other's eyes. Slowly, our faces inched closer together, and then we were kissing, a true, honest, passionate kiss that about blew my socks off.

Holly unbuttoned my shirt and pulled it down my shoulders, kissing my chest and slowly licking my nipples. Her breath was hot on my skin, and my cock was threatening to punch out of my pants. Shirt off, I stepped closer, sliding my hand inside her robe, across her stomach, feeling her warmth as I kissed her face and neck and shoulder. Slowly, gently, I kissed her, turning her on as best I knew how. My hand arched up, filling itself with one pale, perfect breast.

Holly gasped at that first intimate touch, and then we were in a frenzy of shedding clothes and sweaty, grasping hands. Together, we fell to the bed, naked, rolling around and laughing. I worked my way down between her satiny thighs and stared at her lightly furred mons. It was leaking eager, wet lubrication, and I bent to taste her for the first time. It was like drinking from the fountain of youth, friends and neighbors. At that moment I knew there wasn't anything I wouldn't do for my Holly.

Slowly, gently, I worked her closer and closer to our first orgasm together. My mind played tricks on me, playing mental movies of our time together, in shootouts, bar fights, dropping suspects together...watching her dance, shaking her tits and ass for the drooling idiots in the bar. ...it all came together in a mental collage that had me bursting with excitement.

Holly dissolved into her first orgasm, a pink flush spreading across her chest, her hard nipples begging to be sucked, her legs clamping across my head as I rode her cunt.

Gasping, she pushed me away and flat onto my back, climbing between my legs, staring at my pounding, throbbing cock with hungry, cat-like eyes. She started licking at me, using little nips and bites, coating my throbbing meat with saliva. When all six inches had been covered, she slowly started working me into her mouth, taking an inch at a time and enjoying it before moving on to the next inch. She took all of me, happily and eagerly, down her throat, and then started bobbing her head, setting up an intense suction that sent my world spinning.

Too soon, I emptied myself inside her throat, and lovely Holly drank every drop. She came to me, kissing me, and I tasted myself in her mouth. We shared a long, intimate kiss, hands still

grasping, bodies moving wetly together. I didn't loose a single bit of my erection, and I rolled over to finally be one with Holly.

“Make love to me, Ben! Please?!”
