

Tate

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Tate entered the loft apartment he shared with his bride of two months and locked both deadbolts. He punched in the security code to rearm the system. Being part of an NYPD Special Crimes Unit undercover op targeting a serial rapist who preyed on women out clubbing might have also played into his increased safety concerns.

He moved through the loft in the early morning darkness, shedding clothes as he aimed for their bedroom. He silently chuckled. His actions weren't too dissimilar from what he'd been doing at Lucky's Bar and Strip Club only hours earlier. But there he'd stripped off rip-away clothing and had hundreds of screaming women thrusting money into his metallic blue g-string.

"Fuck," he muttered under his breath. His damn cock was up again. This undercover op would be the death of him—either that or he'd wear off the skin of his dick from all the jerking off. The g-string wasn't large enough to contain his dick; he was always on the brink of costume malfunction.

"Tate?" Didi's husky voice reached him from the entrance to their bedroom. "Baby, you okay?" She stepped into the main living area and her gaze immediately went to his erection.

"Oh, honey, you need me."

"Always." He moved and took her into his arms. She cuddled against him and stroked a path over his budded nipples and then down the midline of his abs to the tip of his cock.

"This undercover job," she placed a kiss on his chest, "um, what exactly are you doing that makes you so horny every morning you come home?"

Tate lifted her face to his and whispered against her lips. "It's not dangerous..." well, some of those horny women had nails and were very grabby, "...it's just sort of..."

“Makes you horny.” Didi licked his lower lip and then took it between her teeth. “And now I get the benefits.” She pushed away from him and then took his hand. “You gonna make love to me on the floor again? Or are we gonna try to make it to the bed this time?”

“Bed.” He rubbed her ass where she had bruises from the previous early morning lovemaking on the hardwood floors; hell, he hadn’t even taken her on the soft Flokati rug to cushion her.

He picked her up and carried her to the bed. He let her body slide down his and then removed her little scrap of a nightie. She never wore panties to bed and was always ready for his love-making. Even though they hadn’t caught their rapist, the op had given him several perks: a good workout dancing, an increased libido, which hadn’t been low to begin with, and lots of sex with his wife.

Didi ran a finger over the crease on his forehead. “Whatever you’re thinking, stop it.” She cupped his balls with one hand and fondled them gently. “So? What’s on the sexual menu for this morning? Kink? Raunchy, piston-driving sex? Doggy style? Blow jobs?”

His dick jerked and he knew his balls had tightened because Didi purred in the way he loved so much and stroked her finger along the seam of his ball sac. “So, my big strong cop wants a blow job. Yummy.”

He kissed her lips and then muttered against them, “Yeah ... yummy.”

She let go of his balls, and he moaned at the loss of her warmth and gentle touch. She dropped to her knees on the thick, soft rug by their bed. Her face was at dick level. He glanced down and groaned. Her expression was a combination of hunger, love, and out-right lust.

God, how had he gotten so lucky to find this special woman? She met all his physical needs, understood his job, and was just fucking there whenever he needed her. He wasn’t sure he

deserved her, but he'd damn well protect and care for her as the precious treasure she was.

Didi stroked her tongue from the root of his cock to the tip, then sat back on her heels. And stared at his dick—nothing else, just stared.

“Didi, don't tease, darlin'. I'm hurting.” He took one step closer and then reached for her face and gently guided her closer to his throbbing dick. “Take me in, baby.”

His beautiful wife, her green eyes glittering like the emerald earrings he'd given her, licked her lush lips and then leaned forward to lick around his cockhead. A shot of precum coated the tip, and she cleaned it off with little licks, humming under her breath as if he were the tastiest thing she'd ever had.

But still she teased him.

Tate needed to take matters into his own hands or she would keep him on the knife-edge of arousal. He held her head still with one hand and took his cock in the other and nudged the tip against her lips. “Open and suck me. Now. Get me off,” he growled the next words, “and I'll return the favor—several times—before you have to get ready for work.”

Didi smiled and opened her mouth. He slid the head of his cock inside and with small thrusts gave her more and more of him. The sounds she made in the back of her throat had him spurting even more precum. She began to stroke his cock with her tongue as he withdrew. He moaned, and soon the rhythm of sensations and sounds tipped him over the edge.

“God, I'm coming, baby. In or out?” he asked on a groan.

Didi answered the abbreviated question by grabbing his hips and holding him to her mouth. The bold action had him shouting to the ceiling as he came forcefully into the back of her throat. His hand around the base of his cock kept him from going too deeply and choking her. Sucking him off, swallowing, were okay with his lovely and talented wife, but deep-throating

was something she was working on. He would never force her to do it until she was comfortable.

As he softened to a semi-erect state, Didi licked him like a momma cat cleaning up a kitten. She even made noises like a happy cat. He smiled and stroked her hair as she tended to his cock which would soon recover to take her sweet pussy. But first, he had several orgasms to give her.

He gently tugged her hair and pulled her face away from his cock. He helped her to her feet and then picked her up and laid her gently on the bed. “Open your legs for me, baby. I have a pre-breakfast appetizer to eat.”

His wife’s lips curved into a siren-like smile. She cupped her breasts and played with her sweet little buds.

“Uh-unh, my lovely temptress, I’ll take care of those later.” He crawled onto the bed and nudged her legs open. “Show me your pussy. Show me how wet you already are for me.”

She trailed a hand down to her glistening lips. After one circle around her clit, already peeking out from her dusky pink folds, she inserted one, then two fingers into her opening and pulled them out. She held them up. Smiling, he leaned over and took both fingers into his mouth and cleaned them off with his tongue just as she’d sucked his cock only minutes ago.

“Tasty. Sweet. Just like you.” He took her hand and placed it above her head and then did the same with her other. “Hold on to the bedframe. Or do you need me to restrain you?”

She closed her eyes and moaned. When she opened them, she looked straight at him and whispered, “Restrain me ... please.” A slight smile quirked the edges of her rosy red mouth, swollen from sucking his cock. Her lips still glistened from his cum.

“My pleasure.” He leaned over and kissed her, licking the taste of himself from her mouth. Then he pulled the fur-lined leather cuffs that were always attached to the bed frame and

locked first one wrist, then the other, into the restraints. He checked them for tightness and then loosened one so as not to cut off her circulation. After making sure she was secured, he kissed the palm of each hand. “Love you, kitten.”

“God, Tate. Hurry. I need you.” She arched off the bed and moaned. “I ache. I’ve been thinking about you taking me since the last time.” Which had been yesterday morning.

His little wife, the oh-so-proper interior designer to the wealthy of NYC, got off on his dominant attitude in bed. He liked being in charge in the bedroom, but in the long run, it was all about mutual pleasure. The little bit of D/s just added to their love-making.

“Patience. I’ve got a few orgasms to give you first. Remember? I promised.” She mewled and pouted, but it was all a part of their game.

Before he could ram his even-now hardening cock into her, he needed to get her highly aroused, more so than she was already. Once he was in her tight channel, it would be all over; he wouldn’t be able to help himself. He was that crazy about her. And pile-driving thrusts alone weren’t the way to get Didi off—that took his dominant attitude and several warm up orgasms for her.

He knee-walked between her legs and leaned over, bracing himself on one forearm as he took her lips in a tongue-thrusting kiss. He ground the heel of his other hand over her pussy, massaging the wet lips and hard little clit in rhythmic circles. As his tongue entered her mouth, he applied pressure to her labia and clit. When he withdrew his tongue, he eased off the pressure on her sex. It didn’t take long for his hot little wife to gasp her way through a small orgasm. She thrust her hips to meet his hand in a demand for more pressure. When she didn’t get it, she whimpered through the light orgasm he’d given her.

Afterward, she sank back onto the bed.

He released her mouth. “Don’t get greedy, kitten. That was just a warm up.”

Sort of like the teasing dances he did in the audience after his stage performance were a warm up for the hot sex he knew he’d get at home. Yeah, dancing at Lucky’s made him horny, but only one woman was allowed to relieve that ache. And she was lying under him.

“Tate...” She breathed his name in the husky tone she always got after an orgasm, but he wanted her moans, groans, gasps, and the guttural sounds she only made for him.

With a stroke of his finger over her mouth, she grew silent. Now only her expressive eyes pled with him.

He kissed his way down her body. He cupped first one breast and teathed and suckled the tasty little bud. As he did so, he thrust two fingers into her sheath and began to loosen her up for later when he took her fully. After making the one nipple red and tightly puckered, he switched to the other breast, giving it the same treatment. Then he licked his way to her belly button, which he nuzzled and nipped.

Didi moaned and arched her back, moving into the thrusts of his now three fingers. When he pressed his thumb onto her clit, she shrieked and came again. “God ... Tate ... please ... more ... harder.”

Still too coherent. He wanted her mindless with pleasure. He backed off his thumb and pulled his fingers from her. Her whine of disappointment had him chuckling. Several women at the club whined just that way, but not as cutely, when he’d danced out of their reach. Greedy little creatures, women were, when it came to pleasure, but then he was much the same way, so he couldn’t really blame them.

“I’m going to eat you up, kitten.” Didi sighed and smiled. He brushed his cheek against one supple thigh and she moaned. “I’m going to make you come. All I want to hear from you are

screams and noise. No words. If I hear words, I'll have to start all over again—and you'll be very late to work. Understand?"

Didi looked at him and nodded, already playing their no-word game.

Tate smiled and petted her hip, and then got down to work, work he enjoyed almost as much as fucking her. He nuzzled her mound and took a quick lick of her puffy labia. Her taste and scent hit all the libido centers of his brain.

Hunger and the need to drive her to a screaming orgasm took over. His cock, even harder than it had been earlier, drove him to take her up quick and hard then make it last until she could only make breathless screams. He licked her clit and then suckled it, then licked and teathed it. By now, his little love glistened with sweat as she strained for completion.

Then he stopped, pulled back, and spanked her clit a few times, adding a slight pain to the pleasure. Didi arched into the slaps. As the sounds from her grew higher in tone, he leaned down and licked the clit, now totally exposed from its protective hood, with strong strokes.

Didi screamed and pulled at her bindings. Tate struggled to hold her down as he took her clit into his mouth and pulled on it with strong suckling motions. When she was gasping and grunting, he reared up and plunged his aching cock into her and shot her over the top once more.

Now she was all animal. Sweating, straining, grunting—wrenching every bit of pleasure for herself as she met his deep, brutal thrusts.

Then, all too soon, he was there. He held her hips to him, threw back his head, and roared his pleasure; his hips pummeled her and she milked his cock with her inner muscles for all she was worth.

God, he loved this woman.

Spent, he collapsed onto her and panted against her neck. She rubbed her cheek over his

hair and whispered in a voice so raspy it was almost a croak, “I love you, Tate.”

Didi entered the open-concept living area. The smells of bacon, eggs, and pancakes held court. Her Tate was not only the dominant lover of her dreams, but also a fantastic cook.

“Hey, kitten.” Tate smiled at her from the other side of the kitchen island. “You okay? I was a little rough this morning.”

She smiled and then frowned. He looked so tired; this assignment was rough on him, then he came home and made love to her.

“I’m fine. But you need more sleep.” Didi walked around the island and hugged him around the waist, laying her head on his bare chest. She inhaled his musky scent and something else she couldn’t quite place. She turned her face into his skin and sniffed—skin oil of some type.

She leaned back and looked him in the eye. “What exactly is this undercover job? And why would you wear some kind of body oil?”

Tate grimaced, and she knew he would give her the “I can’t talk about an ongoing op” speech. She wasn’t having it.

“Just give me broad parameters. I don’t need to know details.” She really hoped he wasn’t soliciting prostitutes, but she knew some of the Special Crimes Unit cases involved sex trafficking.

“Baby, go sit, and let’s eat. I’ll tell you what I can.”

Once he sat next to her, and they’d both taken several bites of food, she turned toward him and said, “Talk.”

“We’re after a serial rapist who’s been preying on women at nightclubs.” He scowled and

Didi could tell he was tired and frustrated.

“Does he attack them outside the clubs?” she asked. Not that she went to many clubs without Tate by her side, but she wanted to warn her co-workers who did. “Which neighborhoods are you talking about?”

Tate turned and cupped her face, massaging her cheek with his thumb. “This has happened over a wide area. Nowhere your friends would normally go.” Her man knew her well. “We’re sure he slips something into their drinks and then either takes them out of the club in the guise of being a helpful friend or nabs them if they go to the restroom and then takes them out the back.”

“Where are they found? Does he do more than...” she gulped, “...rape them?”

Her husband leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the lips. “He rapes them away from the clubs, then he drops them off in a public place where they’ll be found. The guy’s smart enough to know about security cameras, so we’ve only caught glimpses of him as he dumps them. The women remember nothing.”

“Jesus, that’s almost as bad as remembering.” She shook her head and moved her pancakes around on the plate. Suddenly she wasn’t hungry anymore. “How did you figure out where they were taken from?”

“Lots of talking to lots of the victims’ friends. Back-tracking from where their memories left off. Club security cameras. The club I’m undercover in now...” He took a bite of his eggs and chewed. Several seconds of silence ensued; he was deciding about how much to tell her. “We’ve spent the week clearing the employees. Odds are the guy will hit this weekend, but I can’t tell you how or why we suspect that.”

She touched his arm. “Tate, you don’t have to tell me more. The department has kept this

quiet so as not to scare him off, yes?” Tate nodded. “I’ll warn my friends. They’re all city girls like me, and we know the precautions to take.”

“Baby, these women thought the same thing, and he still got to them.” He pulled her toward him and kissed her deeply, then whispered over her lips, “I have to get this guy. It could’ve been you or anyone we know. He’s not getting away on my watch.”

She kissed him back and massaged the tense muscles at the base of his neck. “You’ll get him. I know you will. Now, you need to eat and go to bed, so you’ll be rested and alert to do whatever in the hell it is you’ve been doing to find him.” She kissed his chin and then nipped it with her teeth. “But afterward?”

He raised a brow. “Yes?”

“You’ll fess up about the body oil.” She frowned to show she was serious.

Tate laughed. “It’s totally innocent, kitten. You’re the only woman I let touch my body.”

Didi observed him closely. She knew his tells when he was hedging the truth for her sake, and he wasn’t lying to her, but he wasn’t being totally honest either. Yeah, Tate Harrison was definitely going to be explaining himself one way or the other. She might be submissive in the bedroom, but she was no pushover out of it.

“What are your plans for the day?” Tate smiled. “After you wow the new client and get the account, that is.”

He’d turned back to his food, so she couldn’t tell if he was making small talk or if he was worried about her being out alone.

“We’re taking Stefan out for his birthday. We hired a limo, and the driver will take us to Butter,” her partner Stefan’s favorite place to eat, “and then he’ll take us all home, to our doors.”

At her words, Didi could see the relief settle over Tate. He’d been worried.

“Good.” Tate turned and smiled. “Tell Stefan happy birthday from me.”

Tate had on his tear-away black leather pants under which he wore a silver-studded black g-string. Over his bare chest, he wore a criss-crossed leather harness. He wore several clip-on silver rings in his ears.

The other undercover cops working the op were Alicia, who worked as a waitress, and Javier, who worked security.

Mikal, Lucky’s head of security, looked him over. “Has the old bastard tried to convince you to work for him on a regular basis yet?”

Tate laughed, and Alicia and Javier snickered. “Several times. I almost had to take off his arm at his shoulder when he wanted to check to see if my g-string was stuffed or if it was all me.”

Mikal snorted. “Yeah, that’s the old lech. He swings both ways in case you hadn’t caught on yet.”

“He sure as hell does,” Alicia said. “He patted my ass.”

Javier chuckled. “The second time he did it, she put him on the floor in a headlock.”

“He stopped patting my ass after that.” Alicia grinned, and the security guy roared with laughter.

“So, now that you’ve cleared the staff, I gave them a short update. All the employees will be on the lookout for anyone doctoring drinks or trying to walk out with someone they didn’t come in with.” The security man shrugged. “Pickups don’t happen often here between men and women so that should be easy to spot. More gay pickups than anything else.”

“Just remember the guy taking these women is smooth. He could come in with a group of

gay men and then slip away with a woman.” Tate was sure that was how it happened. Straight women would never think a gay man would slip them a drug and then rape them.

“I’ll be monitoring the cameras myself along with one of your men.” Mikal scowled. “We’ll get the bastard tonight. Lucky’s having conniptions that this predator has been using his club as a hunting ground for the past three and a half weeks.”

“If we don’t get him tonight, he’ll move on to another club after tomorrow.” The pattern had been a club a month. One woman a week, usually on a Friday or Saturday. They’d only caught on to the pattern recently. They’d then set up the op, vetted Lucky’s staff, and now were ready for prime time. The last few nights had been practice at the team blending in and announcing Tate as a new dancer.

“Hey, Tate. We’re up for the opening number.” Seamus, one of the dancers in the opener, called to him. “Shake a leg, handsome.”

Alicia patted Tate on the butt. “Break a leg. Javier and I will go and mingle.”

Tate nodded, took a deep breath, and joined Seamus at stage left. The beginning notes of “It’s Raining Men” boomed around the crowded club. It was showtime.

As he followed Seamus onto the stage and then turned to face the audience, he caught sight of a group of women and men entering the club and sitting in a VIP booth.

Dammit! Of all the places to take Stefan after his birthday dinner, why had they picked this club?

He waited until he had his back to the audience and then sub-vocally spoke into the mike taped under his leather chest harness. “Javier. Alicia. My wife is here with a group of friends. Keep an eye on them, would you?”

“*Jesus, Maria, y José,*” Javier swore.

“Got it, Tate.” That was Alicia. “Just shake that cute tush.”

When Tate turned around, he spotted Alicia approaching Didi’s table as if to take an order. He caught a glimpse of his wife’s face. She looked straight at him, threw up her hands, and mouthed “not my choice.” Then she gave him a thumb’s up.

This was his worst nightmare.

Seamus elbowed him when he turned the wrong way. “What the fuck, Tate? You did better than this on your first night.”

Tate turned and followed Seamus toward stage right as the beginning number ended. “My wife’s out there with some friends celebrating a co-worker’s birthday. I’m worried.”

Seamus slapped him on the back. “She’ll be okay. Mikal will keep an eye on them.”

Tate sure as hell hoped so. He hurried toward the shared dressing room to pull on a different outfit for his solo dance and to be rewired.

God, it was gonna be a long night. At least now, Didi knew why he’d worn body oil. His dick hardened at the thought of lap dancing for her as she was tied to a chair and couldn’t touch him, but he could touch her all he wanted. He’d make sure he took a costume home—for later.

Mind back on business, Harrison.

Stefan leaned over and half-whispered, half-shouted to Didi. “Dearest, you never told me Tate could dance. And darling girl, you are so lucky ... unless he padded that g-string.”

Didi laughed. “No, that was all him. And Stefan, we need to keep quiet about Tate. We don’t know who the rapist is. He could be anybody.” She looked left at the VIP booth closest to the stage. All women. But the one on her right was filled with gay males. Or so they seemed. One guy kept looking at the crowd more so than the hunky man doing a very athletic dance to

the song “Holding Out for a Hero.”

“Stefan,” Didi leaned into him, “check out the gay guys in the next booth. Any of them seem not quite right to you?”

“Helping hubby, are we?”

She nodded. He smiled and stared at the men in the other booth. Several ogled him back, but not the second guy from the end.

Stefan did a finger wave at the men admiring him and then turned to her. “Second guy from the far end. He isn’t into his companion, and he isn’t into the glorious bit of manhood on the stage. Tate is so going to have to introduce me to that dancer, because he’s as gay as I am. The guy I pointed out, not so much. He’s hunting, dear one, and not for my kind.”

“I thought so.” She looked to see if she could spot Alicia; the female detective had an eye on their table and came when Didi waved.

“What’s up?” Alicia asked.

“Stefan and I think the guy,” she turned to point him out and gasped, “he’s gone. Stefan, where is he?”

“I’m watching him.” Stefan pulled Alicia close and pointed. “He’s approaching that table of women who are so into the gay hunk on stage they’re not being careful. See?”

Alicia looked where he pointed. “The dark-haired guy in the gray pinstripe suit?”

“That’s the one,” Didi confirmed. “Shit, did you see that? He slipped something into the drink of the blonde woman in the red dress.”

“Got him. Thanks.” Alicia walked toward the man who now headed back toward his booth, probably to wait for the drug to take effect before he made his move. *Jerk.*

Didi relaxed into her seat. Tate’s fellow cops would handle the situation. She patted

Stefan's hand. "Good eyes."

"Thanks." Then Stefan gasped. "Shit, he has your cop friend by the throat."

Didi stood and yelled at the top of her voice just as the song ended. "Tate. Get out here. Now." Then she pulled her pepper spray from her purse and bolted from the booth before any of her friends could stop her.

Tate waited for his cue to go on stage when he heard over his headset that his wife and Stefan had spotted someone doctoring a drink. Alicia signaled she would intercept the guy. Lucky's security people would help the woman whose drink was doctored. The op could be over. He really didn't have to dance, but he wanted to. He wanted Didi as horny as he was and then they would go home and play out his fantasy.

Then he heard his wife yelling. "Tate. Get out here. Now."

He ran onto the stage and glanced at the booth where his wife should've been.

Stefan stood and shouted, "She's going after them. Out the side door."

"Didi!" Tate roared as he ran toward the door indicated by Stefan. It let out into the side alley. He spoke into his mike, "Where are they?"

Over the headset, Mikal rasped out, "They're heading toward the back of the building. There's a car parked in the alley near the rear door. I'm heading that way."

Javier's voice came over the headset. "I'm at the car."

Tate growled. "He's mine."

As Tate rounded a line of garbage containers, he spotted them. The rapist had a knife to Alicia's throat. Blood dripped onto her mostly bared shoulders, but no spurting. He breathed a sigh of relief. Didi stood maybe five feet away from the two. She was talking to the man, trying

to calm him.

Tate moved along the wall, slowly so as not to call attention to himself. Suddenly, Didi took two steps forward and raised her arm. She sprayed the man with the pepper spray Tate made her carry.

The man screamed, dropped the knife, and scrubbed at his eyes. Alicia, even though hit with some of the spray, still took the man to the ground. Didi kicked the knife away.

As Tate ran forward, his wife still had her arm up and finger on the spray can. He ran first to the man and knocked him unconscious. Then Javier was there, and he cuffed the man. Mikal had Alicia under his care, so Tate was free to turn to his wife.

“Kitten, you okay?” He approached cautiously and removed the pepper spray from her clenched fingers.

She shook her head, then nodded, then sobbed and dove into his arms.

“Kitten, you’re fine. You did good.” But he was still gonna spank her sweet ass for running after an armed rapist. “It’s all over.”

She nodded and mumbled against his bare chest.

”What’s that, baby?” He tipped her chin up so he could see her tear-streaked face.

“I said I’m so mad because I wanted to watch you dance and strip. That asshole ruined the whole evening.” She shot the cuffed rapist a nasty look.

Tate chuckled. “Baby, have I got plans for later.”

~The End~

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