

# Mike Takes a New Case (Part 3)

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*She was so much in heat, he could see the raw desire in her eyes*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/mike-takes-a-new-case-part-3.aspx>

*(In part 2, Mike and his pal Big Mike paid a visit to Three Finger Kelly to put the kibosh on a blackmail caper for Marko the Jockey and his fiancée, Candy. Mike had already tasted Candy's sweet cheeks in part 1. Meeting Big Mike in Horn and Hardarts, Mike runs into his movie twist, Trudi, who spills the beans about wanting to lose her virginity at long last. That is put to rest big time at the conclusion of part 2, as Mike scores touchdown after touchdown with Trudi in an all-night session. Mike's dalliance with a shapely older matron on the bus helps take the edge off his libido. The meet just causes more questions about Marko's case and the answers are still forthcoming.)*

I had dozed off again after Trudi left the office.

The thing that roused me next was the smell of Veronica's perfume. At least, it seemed like perfume to me. Maybe it was just the way she smelled all the time. That fresh sweet smell of wild flowers and strawberries ready for picking. It was like an aphrodisiac to me making my cock wake up before I opened my eyes.

I saw her picking up something off the floor.

Kiss my fucking ass!

*It was Trudi's panties!*

A couple sizes bigger than Veronica's petite undies. The soft billowy cushions of Trudi's ass had

bounced all night on my couch. When she left the office just a scant hour prior, she had a sort of funny walk about her, with her knees a little wobbly. It was probably because we had also checked out the tightness of her tight little anal hole just to see if she liked it. She was reluctant at first, but she really got lathered up good on the homestretch. Veronica brought them up to her nostrils with a hint of disdain on her usually smiling face. I could see she wasn't completely turned off by them; so maybe she did swing both ways, just like I suspected.

I made a show of groaning and stretching, to let her know I was rejoining the real world. When I looked up at her, the panties were nowhere in sight and the smile was back in place.

"Morning, Tootz. We get any mail?"

She gave me a studied look. I could see she was dying to ask me how much pussy I got last night, but she only looked at my stiff cock making a tent out of my drawers and said,

"Geez Mike, Can't you give it a rest."

She tapped the head of my cock with her middle finger and I wilted down to a shrunken lump safely tucked away. Veronica used to be a nurse and had all these little tricks of curing acute cockitis. I got dressed real quick and looked at myself in the mirror. It was not too bad considering I had been awake almost all night and had consumed a great deal of bourbon. Then I thought of Trudi's plump ass cheeks and started to rise again.

Veronica looked at my swelling tool and shook her head in disbelief. I couldn't tell if she was in her disapproving mode or her flirtatious mode willing to hold my meat and play with her own clit while she stroked me off. She sometimes did that spontaneously, at random times, just to let me know she liked my sexual attention.

We were both a little afraid to go any further.

She, because she knew I was a real pussy hound, and me, because I knew what a great secretary she was, and didn't want to lose her. I knew she hadn't gotten any since her college professor boy friend, Ronnie, had left for a sabbatical to Egypt. I once caught her rubbing herself on the desk when I came back early from lunch. We never mentioned it to each other.

I knew she was mortified.

I asked Veronica to come with me to Slick Willie's place. He had a pool hall/bar/juke box dance room place just below 23rd Street. His clientèle were a mixed breed of whores, pimps, con artists, gamblers,

and hustlers. It used to be a pretty good place to hang out before Willie took over. When he came in, the numbers, the broads, the bookie action flourished like never before. I suspected a piece of the action filtered backed to the Perry Street Eye-ties and maybe a cut to the Westies to keep the peace. Slick Willie was a shrewd hustler and was never known for taking a risk. He was strictly a sure thing bettor, always looking to cut the odds down.

"Waddaya wan me wid ya, Mike?"

Veronica was perplexed. I told her I needed someone to distract Willie while I checked out his reactions to my questions. She was the best distracter I knew. Fixing her lipstick. Patting her hair. Tugging at her skirt. Bending over to pick something up. She had the ability to turn keen minds to mush. To make jello of the best of intentions. Veronica caught on in a hurry. She was happy. We were going to the field on a case together. I could see her ego kick up a couple of notches.

Slick Willie was counting cash.

He let us in because he figured if I had Veronica with me, I wasn't looking for trouble. That was true. I just wanted the answers to a couple of questions.

Veronica went over to the pool table and bent over to rack up the balls. Her ass up high like that held both of our attentions. Then, we got back to the business at hand.

"I was told by our mutual friend, ThreeFinger, that you got a sweet deal with Marko theJockey."

I saw Willie mulling this over. He knew deniability was not an option.

"Yeah, he lays down a couple a Gs a week with me. Sometimes more, like if it is a stakes race."

I was beginning to wonder if the blackmail wasn't a different story entirely.

"You got any business with Candy, the bride to be."

Willie looked a little confused and now, just a little bit worried.

"She was one of Three Fingers gals. A real hot twist. I think she still works for him. She is the one that steered Marko to me."

I was beginning to get it now. Marko was in deep and it was him being blackmailed not Candy. If he got caught betting on his own races, his career was finished. Candy's dirty linen was just that. Dirty

but not a danger. It was Marko with the real problem. He was hoping I would remove Three Finger from the Program. A permanent Scratch for all eternity. I hadn't fell for it but it was real close. Much too close for comfort.

Willie and I were talking about baseball now. He was a real encyclopedia of facts. I was amazed at his depth of knowledge about little known facts.

A big broad with the tightest skirt I have ever seen came in from the bar area and slid up behind Veronica immersed in lining up a shot. She missed her shot and must have let loose with a real nasty comment. The tall blond laughed and put her hand on Veronica's shoulder.

"Ah, honey. You got to squeeze the stick. Get it between your fingers and let it slide like a wet cock real soft."

Veronica looked over her shoulder and blushed a little. She looked so cute, I wanted to run up and tell her I wanted her ass so bad I could taste it in my mouth.

"I am not that good at this. I have a hard time getting the balls lined up."

The blond pushed in close behind Veronica and held her hands over the cue stick. She rocked into her in a steady beat telling her to keep her head down low and her ass up high when she addressed the ball. I could see Veronica's ass being held between the tall girl's legs like a girl being mounted doggy style on a desk. The stick moved forward, the cue ball hit the striped ball on an angle and it bounced into the side pocket as if by magic. Veronica laughed and jumped a little in her pleasure at sinking the difficult shot. Her ass wiggled up into the tall girl's pussy mound. I could tell she was excited and it wasn't just from playing pool.

Willie smiled at me.

"Looks like your girlfriend likes a little split tail with hersoup. Ya doing her?"

I nodded my head in the affirmative. It was a lie, but I was protecting Veronica's heterosexual status. Beside, it was ridiculous that we hadn't done the full nasty deed as yet. It was the kind of question any self-respecting P.I. would be forced to lie about.

Veronica came back over to me.

I could tell she was all excited. Her breasts were all jittery and her nipples were sticking out like tiny gumdrops in a box of candy. She keep tugging at her skirt as if to make it longer and cover up the

luscious skin just below her ass cheeks. I imagined the drops of liquid oozing through her panties when she walked. Veronica was so much in heat, her eyes betrayed her state of sexual desire. I wanted to hide her away so no one else could see her raw need to be fucked.

I grabbed her elbow.

We left Slick Willies in a hurry. I was determined to take her with me to the office as quick as I could. The couch was waiting for us. Veronica's panties would be joining Trudi's as soon as we got there.

She looked up at me and saw I really meant business. Now she was hurrying just as much as me. We both wanted to get there and merge into one solid piece of human flesh. Soft curves and hard shafts blending together in a pool of timeless desire. We walked real fast, didn't take the elevator because it was too slow. I locked the door, turned off the telephone and had Veronica's panties on the floor in a heartbeat.

She was so wet and ready for me that I slid right inside with no hesitation at all. The feel of my cock inside her made Veronica tremble and then convulse in an instant orgasm. She had waited so long for my cock, her orgasms continued non stop and I feared she would burn herself up in a frenzy of pent-up emotions. I slowed her down, and fucked her long, hard, and deep. The sound of our bodies was music in my ears. Her words made no sense. I could not even form any words. Finally, I could hold it no longer. My torrents of creamy cum spurted again and again deep inside her clutching vagina. Long after I finished, we throbbed and pulsated against each other.

We held on to each other, driven mute by the power of our passion. I am not sure if she held on to me or if I held on to her. I felt I could never let her go ever again.

Soon, we fell off into a restless sleep. Our juices slowly seeped out and soaked my couch with the gift of our special love.

(Part 4 will be the conclusion of this story as Mike ties up the Case of Marko the Jockey.)