

Mike takes a New Case

By harrylime

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It was one of those new panty girdles that spread the cheeks apart.

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

The Sun came pouring through the windows into the cluttered office that I also called home. I was cleaning my .45 Automatics when I heard the elevator stop outside the door. Since two of the offices were still vacant, and the only other office was occupied by a psychic scammer, I figured there was a fifty-fifty chance I might be getting some business momentarily.

The knock on the door was most welcome as the kitty was empty and rent was due on Friday before noon. I scooped the gun parts into the top drawer and tried to look businesslike as I opened the door.

"Mike Maloney, P.I. At your service. My secretary had to step out for the mail run."

Now, this was an out and out falsehood! My sultry secretary, Veronica had been put on indefinite unpaid leave last week. She laughed when I gave her the news late Friday afternoon.

"Mike, you haven't paid me a red cent for a month anyway! You'll be calling me before the week is out."

I admitted to myself that Veronica was probably right. I was basically lost in the office without her. Never could find anything and I hated dealing with the creditors over the phone. But I had to answer the damn thing because it could be a new client calling with a case.

Just outside the door stood a long, lean redhead with one of those come-hither looks that always spelled Trouble with a capital T. Her tight skirt was molded to her full ass cheeks. She must have

been wearing one of those new panty girdles that lifted the ass cheeks and spread them apart in a most erotic way. The gap between them was an open invitation for a hard cock. My cock got the message and was pointed directly at the target. Almost hidden behind her was an extremely short, younger guy with a build that spelled out "Jockey" to all of us racetrack aficionados.

I smiled my most inviting grimace and invited them into my lair.

The redhead sashayed by me with the scent of mountain flowers and morning dew.

I offered them both a hit on my less than tasty coffee. With a look of disdain at my crude coffee-making equipment, the redhead shook her head in the negatory, without comment. The Jockey fixed himself a cup with no sugar and no milk. Watching his 85lb weight, no doubt.

"Mr. Maloney"

I cut him off. I hate being called Mr.

"Just call me Mike! No formalities needed here. And you are?"

The little guy followed my lead and nodded his head at the seductive redhead.

"That is Candy!" I couldn't agree with him more.

"And I am Marko. We are down from Saratoga for this meet with you. You got my letter?"

I looked at the stack of papers on Veronica's desk and just nodded my head in agreement.

"Listen, Mike, my Candy is in big time trouble. If she is in trouble, it means I am in trouble too. We need you to straighten this mess out. *tout suite* on the QT. I got two yards here to grease your wheels."

The mention of the moola caught my attention and I stopped copping a peek at Candy's ass, which was pointed right at me, sitting sideways on my crummy office furniture.

"You got the two grand in advance?"

"Yeah, yeah, shamus. Here it is."

He handed me an envelope stuffed with fives, tens, and twenties. I could only guess where it came from, and I bet it wasn't his piggy bank. He also handed me a folder with the whole dirty story laid out.

I saw some very interesting photos of Candy's ass up high in the air and the size of the big guy humping her from the rear was definitely not my newclient Marko.

I saw Candy looking at me gawking at her graphic stills with a resigned look about her. It was as if she had convinced herself it was another girl or an evil twin in the pictures doing allthose nasty things. Her calmness was deceptive. I could sense the emotions seething inside her. I just couldn't tell if it was anger, fear, disgust, or the realization of impending doom. I suspected it might be a combination of all of them.

I could see Marko was as jumpy as a Catholic schoolgirl waiting for permission to gopee.

"Mike! You talk it over with Candy and get the details from her. I got to go to Slick Willie's to shoot a couple games. Candy don't like that place. You two work out how you want to handle this. Just make sure she comes out smelling like a rose. My Candy and me are gonna get hitchedin two months and I don't want those high brows at the Country Club to make out she is like some slut or something."

The feisty jock hot-footed it to my door and gave a thumbs up to his intended bride to be. As soon as the door closed, Candy took a flask out of her purse and poured herself a stiff one and offered me a swig. I shuddered as it went down, the little lady was drinking straight vodka and veryhigh proof.

"Mike, don't judge me by those photos. I made some mistakes when I got here fromTopeka. I was dumb, I guess,and got played by a real asshole called "Three Finger Kelly."

I knewThree Finger Kelly by reputation not personally. He was a nasty piece of work by any standard. After a nickel up the river at Sing Sing, he came back to Gotham and made his living off the shattered lives of very young girls snatched up as they got off the train in Penn station. He personally trained each girl to perform the most perverted acts with skill and a smile on their face. Candy must have been one of his victims.

Candy was close to me now. I could smell her scent. She was all woman and the ripeness of her body made me want to pick her fruit and gobble it down like a starving man in a gourmet restaurant.

She leaned into me, giving me a good view of her ample titties. I could see part of one nipple peeking out looking for attention. Her hip was rubbing on my leg making my cock as hard as a rock. Her hand was stroking my bare arm feeling the outline of my muscles like a trainer checking out a new stallion for possible service as a stud.

She whispered softly in my ear,

"Mike, I been with Marko almost eight months now. I think I love him, but he won't do it with me until we are married. He believes in waiting for the honeymoon. We got about 10 weeks to go. I can't stand it. I got to have it right now. Mike, I need your cock in me or I will just die of sheer frustration. It's just too long, Mike, we can do it standing up if you want or I can bend over the couch. Please do it to me now. I want you inside me and shoot it hard and long and fill me up."

This amazing statement was backed up by Candy pulling up her skirt and bending over the couch that I often used as a bed. I didn't take but a few seconds to yank her panty girdle down, push her black panties to the side and slide my inflamed cock deep into her wet, waiting pussy. It was really intense to watch her reaction to her impalement. She moaned, she humped back against my driving cock. Her wet cunt was so slippery, I fell out once or twice, when I reinserted myself inside her, she jumped and cried out anew in a frenzied dance of sexual release that culminated in her sudden convulsions of utter orgasmic pleasure so delicious that I marveled at her total submission to my shooting load filling her thirsty vagina.

I pulled out quickly. I did not want Marko to see our "working out the details" action. It was best kept strictly between us. Candy was panting from exhaustion. I tried to calm her down and soon she was back to normal.

"Oh, Mike. Thank you so much! I had to have it. I was aching for it. You are a real friend and filled my need. Please don't tell Marko. I really love the little guy. It was just too hard for me to wait any longer."

I took the opportunity to call Veronica. I knew I needed her back and we had money now to get this case started. Just as Veronica picked up, I felt Candy release my cock from my trousers and she sucked me into her mouth so quickly that her tongue was stroking my shaft as my conversation with Veronica began.

"Hello, baby! I got us some dough. Come on in tomorrow morning. *Oh God! Right there. yeesss.*" The last little bit was for Candy as she licked my balls with her soft wet tongue.

"Mike, are you getting what I think you are getting, you pervert!"

"No, baby. I just got some pizza delivered for lunch. Pepperoni my favorite. You know how I just love pepperoni."

"I know how you love pussy, Mike! I bet you got one between your legs right now."

Veronica know me too well for me to play around.

" Ok, you win. But promise you will be in tomorrow."

Veronica laughed and told me to have some coffee brewing and be sure to clean the cups.

At that very moment, I had no other choice than to shoot a full load into Candy's delicious mouth. Her lips squeezed out my last drops of cum and she licked them clean as she rearranged herself to look presentable for Marko's return.

We both told Marko that the case would be started first thing in the morning and he would have a progress report within 48 hours. The sight of Marko's head being not much higher than Candy's pussy put the thought in my head that he could eat her out without actually going down on her. The thought of that and counting Marko's money put a smile on my face that was still there the next morning when Veronica came through the door.

"Is that actually coffee I smell?"

I had followed Veronica's instructions to the letter. She had brought in some fresh milk for herself because she knew I could never remember such niceties. I saw her reading the folder and looking at Candy's pictures. Her one raised eyebrow told me she surmised right away that this was the pussy I was playing with yesterday.

"Thats a nice looking broad, Mike. Is her pussy tight?"

I had to smile. Veronica never pulled any punches. She always went for the meat of any issue.

" I got to go see our old friend, Three Finger Kelly. He is blackmailing the happy couple."

Veronica gave me a studied look. I could see the wheels spinning round and round.

"Mike, I think you need to take this slow and easy. Three Finger is a real prick and a sadistic bastard."

I tended to agree with my well stacked secretary but the lure of the cash was too much to disregard. I gave her \$350 for the rent and \$150 for her back pay. The rest she put in the safe for emergencies.

We were in business again.

(This is part 1, I will continue with parts 2,3,and 4 if thereis sufficient interest.)