



Murder Most  
*Gay*

John Simpson

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*Dreamspinner Press*

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# To the one person

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in my life who has always given me the love that I need most, Jack.

To the gay community who suffer violence and death every day in America; may there always be an Officer Patrick St. James who will fight for you and bring those who harm you to justice.

# Murder Most Gay

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## Chapter One

### The Real Thing

FINALLY, the night I had waited for all my life was here. I had just completed fourteen weeks of intensive police training, graduated from the Maryland County Police Academy and was reporting for my first shift. At twenty-three, I was in better physical condition than at any other time in my life. All of the rookies drew lots, and I drew the midnight shift for my first time out of the station house. It was time to walk the dangerous tightrope of being a gay man in the ultra-homophobic world of the police.

“Okay, everyone line up for inspection, NOW!” yelled Sergeant Rob Durkin. Everyone jumped and formed a straight line down the squad room so that the sergeant could walk past each of us, looking up and down, looking for the slightest thing out of order. Uniforms had to be pressed, leather shined, shoes immaculate, and haircut perfect.

“All right, listen up for your assignments. We have the new batch of rookies assigned to us starting tonight, and I want every one of them back in one piece at 0700 hours.”

I waited in anticipation and excitement for my name to be called as the sergeant worked his way

down the list and finally I heard it. “St. James, your Field Training Officer is Corporal Dave Flanders and you both have Adam 5 tonight. Any questions? Okay, let’s hit the street and keep an eye out in the residential areas; we’ve had another rise in B&E’s.”

“St. James, draw a shotgun and meet me at the car ASAP,” Flanders yelled.

“Right away, sir,” I responded, not needing to address a corporal as sir but doing it out of academy habit. As I drew my shotgun from the police armory and checked it to be sure the chamber was clear before loading four shells into the magazine, I gave a quick look in the mirror, appraising myself once more before hitting the street. As the fluorescent light bounced off my nametag, I read “Pvt. Patrick St. James,” and it shone as brightly as my newly issued badge. I had to admit that I looked good in police uniform. I was just over six feet tall, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, black hair, blue eyes, which were set off in a compelling way by the contrast of my blue-grey uniform.

Just then I heard Corporal Flanders yell, “St. James, get your ass out here, we don’t have a night!”

After stowing the shotgun in the self-locking rack on the dashboard, I settled in for what I hoped would be a mistake-free night for my first tour of duty.

“Okay, this is the way it’s going to be, St. James; I talk, you listen. If we hit anything heavy, you do as I tell you, and only that. If you do, you might live to see the sun come up. Now put us in service.”

“Sure, corporal,” I responded.

I picked up the mic, “Adam 5, 10-8, Flanders and St. James on board.”

“10-4, Adam 5, time 2303,” dispatch replied.

As the rest of the units went 10-8 or in service, we drove out of the police parking lot onto the streets of Prince George’s County, Maryland, just outside Washington, D.C. As I listened to the radio, my mind drifted back to my dreams of this day: to become a police officer in spite of being gay. I had been frightened all my life that at the moment of making it, my being gay would be discovered and I would be denied my dream of becoming a cop. After all, I had always been told that gays didn’t make good cops and would never be accepted by the other officers. I had made it through the background checks without any revelation about my sexuality, which would have been the only thing to stop me from making it. Here I was, in a police car, as a police officer – a little scared, but very happy.

“Wake up, rookie! Didn’t you hear our car number called?”

Yanked back into reality, I grabbed the mic and said, “Adam 5, go ahead.”

“Adam 5, Adam 6, take the 13F at Joe’s pool hall at 5<sup>th</sup> and Maple; report of fight involving five adults, no weapons reported”.

“10-4, in route,” I responded along with Adam 6.

“Fuck, what a way to start out the shift, another drunken pool hall fight,” growled Flanders.

The dispatcher crackled again over the radio to us and Adam 6, “Units responding to the pool hall fight, make it priority response, report of two men down and bleeding, fire department notified”.

“10-4,” I answered.

With that, the 360’s and siren went on, and traffic for the most part pulled out of our way as we

now responded at increased speed. My pulse quickened as we rounded a corner near the pool hall, and we cut our siren, as did Adam 6, who was directly behind us.

As we came to a halt, Flanders said, "St. James, stay behind me and cover my ass." He then yelled to Pfc. Delaney from the other unit, "Move up behind us." I could hear the distant sirens of the fire department responding to our location as we entered the pool hall.

As we came through the door into the pool hall, we noticed two men at opposite ends of one pool table, both unconscious and bleeding from head wounds. No one was throwing punches now, but it had obviously been a bad one. Pool cues were broken and scattered around the floor, the cigarette machine was lying on its side, and the floor was alive with the sparkle of broken glass everywhere. As Flanders moved in to examine the two on the floor, I kept an eye on everyone standing around the walls of the pool hall. Pfc. Delaney yelled, "Everyone keep their hands where we can see 'em." Flanders got on the radio and told dispatch that one man was in critical condition and that the other injured man was regaining consciousness. Flanders had turned to the crowd and was asking, "What happened here?" as the paramedics entered the pool hall.

His question was met with silence and blank stares.

"So, no one saw anything, is that right?" he asked.

All we heard in response were mumbles coming from the dozen or so men present.

Delaney went over to the bartender and told him quietly, "Okay, you tell me what happened."

"I didn't see anything – I was in the back getting another keg when the shit hit the fan," I answered.

"Well, that's convenient, isn't it?" Delaney snarled.

The medics started administering first aid to the more seriously injured of the two victims on the floor who was bleeding from his head, and said they would both have to go to the hospital.

"St. James, get everyone's name and address before anyone leaves this place, now, and make them show I.D."

The first guy refused to give me any information.

"I'm not giving you shit, cop, and I don't have to. We live in a free country; this ain't Russia!"

"In that case, I'm gonna haul your ass down to the station house where you can spend the night sitting on a hard bench while we figure out who you are; how's that?"

The guy grew less combative after thinking about the sobering prospect of where he would end up, and produced his identification.

As the injured left and we followed, I kept an eye on the room, never knowing if we would get hit with a bottle on the way out. Since we were the primary car on the call, we got stuck with the report. This meant that we had to follow the ambulance to Prince George's County Hospital in Cheverly.

As we stood around waiting for the doctors to tell us the condition of the man who was unconscious, I looked around the waiting room. It was 0029 hours on a Friday night, and the waiting room was full of people who were drunk, hurt in domestic disputes, and those who had no doctors and used the ER for anything from coughs to gangrene.

After twenty-five minutes or so, the doctor came up to us and informed us that the most severely injured man had a concussion but was in stable condition and would be admitted to the hospital. He had lost a lot of blood and they wanted to run more tests in the morning. The other victim was treated and released once a CAT scan showed nothing of concern.

As the victim who was discharged came out into the waiting room heading for the door, I stopped him to continue the investigation.

“Excuse me, sir, but I need your information and details on what happened at the pool hall.”

The victim produced his driver’s license and said, “Things just got out of hand and a little ruckus occurred, that’s all.”

“Yes, sir, but we need to know who hit you and the other guy,” I responded.

“’Fraid I can’t help you, it all happened so quickly – I just don’t know what happened,” I responded lamely.

“You have my information, I have a bad headache and stitches and I would like to go home,” he added, pulling away.

“Fine, sir, the detectives will be in contact with you.”

Since the only thing left to do at that point was to write the report, we left the ER and went back into service. As the rookie, I would have to write the report on the incident, classified as a “crime against persons” report, before the end of the shift.

The rest of the shift was relatively quiet with the occasional traffic stop, so I was able to finish the assault report in the car before the sun came up. As we pulled into the station house at the end of the shift, Flanders said, “Not bad for your first night, kid; check the shotgun back in and you’re done.”

By the time I got home, I was bone tired and seeing the sun come up only served to give me a headache from the anxiety of a first shift. I had no idea how I was supposed to tell my body to sleep. After taking off all my gear and clothes, I sank into the easy chair in my front room. The house was quiet and I could feel the chill of the looming autumn months that were upon us. I sat in that chair going over and over every single thing that had happened during the shift, looking for mistakes, something that I could have done better. Generally I was pleased with the way things had gone but I still felt a certain anxiety. Flanders, well, he was going to take some getting used to. He was a 6’2 210-pound, 38-year-old divorced man with two kids who didn’t seem to have much of a sense of humor. But the word on him among the rookies was that he was a tough cop who knew the job and that I couldn’t have pulled a better Field Training Officer.

Before I knew it, I had fallen asleep in the chair and woke up to the neighbor’s barking dog. As I looked over at the mantle clock, I was surprised to see that it was already 1745 hours, and I was still in the same chair I had sat in when I came home from the job.

I got a shower and was deciding on what to eat for dinner when the phone rang. As I answered it, I recognized the lispy voice of Benton Harker, a casual friend who just had to ask, “Well, butch, how did your first night out go?”

“It was okay, no big deal, no shootouts, nothing like that,” I answered.

“You look so hot in that uniform, Pat; I bet you have all the girls and some of the guys just drooling over you!”



“Yeah, sure Benton; it’s not like that, I assure you. So what’s up?” I asked, trying to move the conversation off my body where his line of conversation always took him.

“Oh, some of us are going out to dinner and wanted to know if you wanted to join us for Chinese?”

As I thought about the prospect of throwing something into the microwave that usually ended up tasting like tin foil, Chinese sounded pretty good.

“Sure, that would be great,” I answered. “Shall we meet at the ‘Wok’ in, say, thirty minutes?”

“Great! See you there, Pat,” Benton purred.

As I arrived at the restaurant, I saw the usual crowd already at the table with one vacant chair. Benton of course, Sandra the lesbian bookstore owner, Dean the bank manager, and Tommie, cashier by day, drag queen by night. I have to admit I was quite attracted to Dean’s smoldering good looks. His blond hair and blue eyes were the ultimate turn on for me in men. The fact that he worked only three times a week only made the package that much more erotic. But Dean was with the same guy for over three years now, and so I suppressed my lust for him and just sat down.

“Hello, all,” I said, and everyone asked me how I liked being a cop now that I was on the street. “I don’t want to talk about that right now. Let’s just eat and talk about other stuff,” I responded, wanting to forget just for a few minutes what I did for a living.

As we waited for our food to arrive, Tommie started telling us about this guy he had met last weekend.

“He saw me in the club and came up to me and asked me if I wanted a drink. Never being one to turn down a free drink, I said yes. He wasn’t a bad looking guy, a little older than my taste usually goes, but as we were talking, in comes my ex, Tim! You would think that since we still live together but have our own love lives, Tim wouldn’t be jealous anymore of guys buying me drinks. Well, he comes over to where we are standing and announces, now get this, he announces that he has crabs and that he must have gotten them from me, since I’m the only one he sleeps with! Well, my jaw hit the floor as the guy I was with bolted out the door! I had a major hissy fit, yelling and screaming at Tim in the middle of the bar, asking him why he did that? ’Course no one could hear us because the music had come back on for the next show, and I was up first. By the time I finished my number and got off the stage, Tim was gone, and wasn’t home when I got there later. I was so pissed that I could have killed him!”

Sandra stopped laughing and asked if it was true: “Did Tim have crabs?”

We all broke out laughing as Tommie turned beet red and replied with much indignity, “No!”

Tim was known to sleep around but not half as much as Tommie did. For a drag queen, Tommie seemed to be able to get almost any man that he wanted and I could only imagine it was because of the way he looked in a tight pair of jeans, instead of a dress.

We finished dinner and I said my goodbyes, promised that on my first night off we would all do something, and headed home to start getting ready for work. I had an entire ritual worked out for the process of “suiting up”.

After shaving and brushing my teeth, I put on a “cool shirt,” an undershirt that went on underneath the bullet resistant vest. The shirt had ridges, which kept the vest up off the body just a tiny bit, enough to allow air to flow underneath so that I didn’t overheat wearing the vest. I’m not

sure it helped much, but any little bit of relief was welcomed. Next came the blue vest with built chest plate, kidney and spine protectors, which I securely fastened around myself. Then came the uniform with badge, nametag, department letters on the collars, and finally the gun belt. Each officer carried a 9 mm Glock semi-automatic with fifteen rounds of hollow point ammo, with an extra two clips attached to the belt. The belt also held a pair of handcuffs, a clip for a set of keys, and a portable radio holder. Finally there was a loop for the nightstick or the PR-24, which was an evolved nightstick with many more uses and capabilities. By the time I placed all this equipment on my body, I weighed an additional fifteen pounds. I looked at the clock and saw that it was 22:14. I left for the station house, not wanting to be late for roll call, an unpardonable sin for a rookie.

As I walked into the roll call room, I sensed that something more than usual was going on and soon saw that it was because the Chief of Police, Derwin Honeycutt, was standing in the middle of a group of lieutenants, sergeants, and a major or two. Flanders whispered over to me to sit down and straighten my clip-on tie.

Chief Honeycutt addressed the assembled officers after being introduced by Major Hammon.

“Officers, as always it is a pleasure to be with you and to talk for a brief moment. I wanted to welcome once again our newest officers who have just graduated from the Academy and wish you the best of luck in your new careers in law enforcement. Listen to your Field Training Officers, and become skilled at what you can’t learn in books. I and the citizens of P.G. County have every confidence in you and your dedication to duty. Remember, I have an open door policy, and if you need to see me, I will be happy to talk with each of you.”

“Thank you, Chief, I know the men and women of the shift appreciate your taking the time to come here and say a few words,” said the Major.

With that, we were given the night shift BOLO reports, so that we could be on the lookout for wanted individuals, and told to hit the road.

I enjoyed hitting the invigorating night air and climbing once again into the cruiser to encounter the unknown. I put us 10-8 with dispatch, and off we went. We had a section of College Park in our beat where the University of Maryland is located, which meant kids drinking and brawling occasionally along the stretch of Route 1 that contained the college bars and clubs. Because of that we tried to pay close attention to the area to maintain order and keep the noise down so that the neighbors who lived in that area were not disturbed. For the most part, we encountered very few problems. Tonight’s pass through the college zone revealed all quiet and kids behaving themselves.

“So Pat, tell me, you got a girl?” Flanders asked. The question I knew would come at some point had arrived and I knew I had to answer it just right.

“Not really, although I have my eye on someone I like,” I replied as I squirmed a little in my seat. In my head, I was thinking of Dean; in Flanders’s head, he was thinking of some blond chick.

“Oh, come on now Pat, you’re a good looking kid, you’re twenty-two or twenty-three years old, you obviously work out, so how come you don’t have a steady girlfriend?”

“Well, with the Academy and all, I haven’t had much time for a social life,” I replied.

“Now all that’s behind you, we need to get you fixed up so that you can have some fun; get laid once in a while, ya know?”

“Yeah, I know, but I like fixing myself up, never cared for blind dates and all that.” Just then a radio call came in ending the uncomfortable topic, at least for now.

“Adam 5, see the complainant at the Shell gas station at Hollywood and 19<sup>th</sup> St. regarding missing dog”.

Flanders groaned as I acknowledged the call, and said, “Dog calls, my favorite, just short ‘something’s in the attic’ calls from little ol’ ladies.”

That was the only call of the night and for once I was totally bored and drank enough 7-11 coffee to float a boat. As the bright yellow and orange sun started its morning rise, my lids got heavy, and I took everything I had to stay awake. Finally the agony ended, and I was in my car going home.

This time I went directly to bed after removing my uniform and fell asleep almost at once. Surprisingly, being bored all night made it easier to sleep at the end of the shift compared to when the shift had been busy and the night passed quickly.

I woke up about 1800 hours and heard noise coming from the kitchen area. I jumped out of bed, grabbed my off duty weapon that I kept in the nightstand next to the bed, and crept down the steps towards the kitchen. As I got closer, I heard the sound of frying and caught the smell of meat. I eased up a bit, knowing that burglars usually don’t stop to cook dinner before departing. As I swung into the kitchen, gun at the ready, I saw Tommie standing there with a pan of fried potatoes, which were flying straight up into the air as he screamed at the sight of me in my underwear pointing a gun at him. The potatoes went up and came down all over Tommie and he screamed again as he became covered in hot fried potatoes.

I shouted at him, “I could have shot you, you dumb ass!”

“I was only trying to be nice and fix you dinner so that you had a proper meal instead of frozen junk in a microwave!”

As I looked at the kitchen floor, which now had potatoes strewn all over it, along with an upside down frying pan, I slid down against the wall and just started laughing. The more I laughed, the madder Tommie got at me.

“I don’t think it’s one damn bit funny! You scared the hell out of me, pointing a gun at me like that.”

“Well, next time let me know that you’re planning on playing Susie homemaker so I don’t think you’re a thief! Why are you here cooking dinner, and how did you get in?”

Tommie smiled, and said, “I got your emergency key from Benton so that I could surprise you with something hot!” As he said “something hot” he looked down his body to the floor.

“Look, Tommie, you have to understand that now I’m a cop, and I have to live like a cop, and that means if I hear someone in my kitchen who is not supposed to be there, I assume the worst, so please don’t do this again.”

Tommie walked over to me and stared down at my crotch, which was bundled up nicely in my shorts.

“Can I make it up to you somehow?” he asked with a smile. I knew what he meant, and it wasn’t happening.

“No Tommie, just don’t do it again, and please clean up this mess while I get a robe on.” As I left the kitchen, I heard over my shoulder, “You don’t have to do that on my account, Pat.”

Oh yes, I did.

The rest of the workweek was fairly uneventful. I did all the reports on minor incidents that were handled as a matter of routine. I counted a total of nineteen reports for the week, which wasn't all that bad. It was now time to relax and party for the next two days and nights. I wanted to go out to the bars and find a cutie to go home with for the evening. There is an old saying that cops are some of the horniest men around, and it's true. Something about the job makes the male hormones work overtime and many guys make a habit of getting laid on and off duty, including with others who are not their wives, husbands, girlfriends or boyfriends. Cops are whores, to put it bluntly. They will fuck anything that has a pulse. In my own way, I was no different. I just hunted different game than my brothers in blue, and strictly off duty. Getting laid on the job was not worth losing my job.

My first night off, I called Benton and Dean and suggested we all go out to the "Last Stop," one of the bars in the "O" street corridor of Southeast D.C., which was filled with gay bars, bath houses, glory holes and movie theaters. My suggestion was met with universal approval and soon everyone in our little group, including Tommie the drag queen, was planning on who was driving and who wasn't. When I got into the car with Dean, Tommie, and Michael, I asked Dean where Jim his partner was and was told that he didn't feel like going out.

"He can sit home if he wants; I'm tired of not doing anything fun."

So off we went down through the winding streets of Southeast D.C. until we got to the club. Once inside, we found a packed dance floor full of cute men dancing, many with no shirts on, and drinks everywhere.

Before I knew it, Dean had handed me a Stolzy Screwdriver, saying, "I want to dance with you tonight if you don't mind," to which I replied "sure" and smiled. A few songs later, an old time gay favorite came on, "It's Raining Men" by the Weather Girls, and off to the dance floor with Dean I went. It was stifling hot in the club and I pulled off my tight t-shirt to make me feel cooler, but also to put me in that groove that combines music, dancing, alcohol and sex. I became one with a hundred men dancing with gleaming pecs, ripe with sweat. As I looked around, I saw a guy cruising me hard from the bar area. His eyes followed every move of my body, and I felt them burn into me like laser beams. Dean saw me notice the guy and went out of his way to bring my attention back to him on the dance floor. When the song was over, he wanted to remain and dance to the next one, but I begged off and returned to our table to take a long gulp of my drink. Before I could put my glass down, the guy who was cruising me from the bar came over to me and said, "You looked damn hot out there on the dance floor. You know how to move."

I don't think it was the Screwdrivers, the heat or the pounding music, but this man standing in front of me looked like he had been sent from heaven. He introduced himself as Bill, and stood about 5'11", 165 pounds, blond hair, blue eyes, and a very large noticeable bulge in his jeans. Feeling slightly dizzy, I decided to sit down. I invited Bill to join us at the table. My friends were open jawed at how hot this visitor was and the fact that he was hitting on me.

"So, how come you're not on the dance floor showing off your stuff?" I asked.

"Do you think I have anything to show off?" he asked with a smile.

All I could say was, "Oh yeah, no question," while looking directly into his eyes and then involuntarily dropping them to his crotch.

Dean got up and abruptly left the table, walking over to the bar, but I didn't pay any attention. The very handsome sexual stranger who had introduced himself captivated me.

“Well, if you’re quite recovered from the last dance, would you care to dance with me?” I asked. I didn’t reply, I just got up and we moved to the dance floor. Another oldie, “Celebrate” was playing and we cranked up our dancing, as it got hotter on the dance floor. Finally Bill took off his shirt as we danced, and I fell totally in lust with what I was seeing. There before me twisting and writhing in ecstasy was the body of Michelangelo’s David. His chest looked as if it had been chiseled out of marble with bulging biceps and a V shaped torso. I was captivated and even lost my rhythm while dancing. His body now glistened with sweat and the drops fell off his nose and chin onto the floor. My eyes fell to the treasure that was hidden with promise beneath the jeans that screamed at the stress put on them by what they contained. My eyes followed his legs down to his feet, which were black cowboy boots. He truly was a vision of male sexuality and perfection.

I felt dizzy again, not from intoxication caused by the liquor this time but from the intoxication of Bill’s body. He saw me appraising him and smiled, took my hand and walked me off the dance floor in between the gyrating bodies of the other dancers. Instead of going back to my table, he took me to the other side of the bar. There we stood naked from the waist up, two stallions staring into each other’s eyes, assessing what lay beneath in the heart of the other. Finally I grabbed him, and kissed him full on the mouth. Bill not only did not pull back, but he forced my mouth open and inserted his tongue and tried to signal that he was the dominant one in this tryst. As he kissed deeper and harder, he grabbed his ass with both hands and found solid granite beneath the jeans. His ass was incredible and I fantasized about all the things I would do with it if given the chance. I felt myself start to grow my own jeans, which became uncomfortable with everything so confined. I released my hold on Bill’s ass and he broke off the kiss that was draining me of every ounce of energy.

He looked down, seeing obvious interest and said, “Would you like to make love with me?” While it was a bit old fashioned, I usually never slept with a guy I had just met. But for every rule there was an exception.

“Yeah, Bill, I’d very much like that,” and then remembered my friends who I had come in with to D.C. with that night. “But I can’t tonight. I rode in with friends and we have a rule that if we come together, we go home together.”

Bill looked at me and said, “No problem, I’ll ride home with you, and then we can go to your place. Does that work?”

Before I could even think about it, I said, “Yes.”

“In the morning, I’ll take the Metro back into the city to get my car, as I live on Capitol Hill.”

I smiled and said it sounded great. We walked over to my table and Dean asked me if I was ready to go.

I told him yes, and then said, “By the way, Bill is coming with us if no one minds.” Everyone smiled except Dean who gave me and Bill an icy stare and said, “Let’s go.”

We left the bar and all piled into Tommie’s old Cadillac with Bill sitting on my lap since there were not enough seats for everyone. I certainly didn’t mind, and I figured out pretty quickly that neither did Bill, but there was almost absolute silence in the car, with only Michael making lame comments about the scenery as we went by various landmarks. I didn’t understand the tension in the air, and felt it was a little awkward for Bill. While we rode along, every once in a while Bill wiggled just a little, knowing he was sitting on top of my dick and feeling how much I was liking it. Finally he turned his head to me, and we kissed again. His lips were soft and gentle and wet with desire. I could not wait to get my hands on his naked flesh.

Finally, we arrived at my house, and Bill and I got out. I bent down to the window to say good night to everyone and asked Dean if he was all right. He replied yes, that it was nothing. As I watched them pull away, Bill grabbed my hand and pulled me towards the house. I unlocked the door, barely getting it closed and locked before Bill started kissing my neck, rubbing my ass, and pushing his tongue deep into my ear. I turned and we kissed passionately as we returned to removing each other's shirts. I told him to wait, and we moved upstairs to the bedroom where my king-sized bed waited for the punishment I knew it was going to get.

Bill practically ripped off my shoes and socks, slowly unzipping my jeans and pulling them down in one swift motion. My underwear came down with the jeans as they were tight, and my dick sprung out from the confines. There I stood in all my glory, a large hard dick hanging over two hairy balls.

Bill whimpered and went down on me immediately, taking my entire shaft into his mouth and down his throat. It was done with such force that I thought I would explode before I could enjoy it. I pushed him off my dick and pulled him to his feet, unzipping his jeans and gently pulling them down and off. A huge hard-on pushed his shorts out from his body, and I released his beast by pulling them off. There staring me in the face was a nine inch cut dick begging for attention. I returned the favor by immediately going down on this beauty, but found I could not take the entire shaft as he was too thick.

He pushed me back on the bed and began to cover me with hot kisses on every part of my body. As I lay there and groaned in pure joy, he worked his tongue over my shaft and balls and back up my chest where he concentrated on my nipples. I never wanted it to end. Finally he reached my mouth and we kissed long and deep for an unknown amount of time until I had to have him.

I shoved him onto his back and slowly worked my way down his rock hard body, gradually licking, nibbling and sucking each inch of skin on the way to the prize. As my tongue felt the coarseness of his pubic hair, I breathed in his sweaty manly scent. I worked my tongue around the base of his shaft and onto his balls where I took one ball in my mouth at a time. Bringing my tongue back to the base of his shaft, I worked it up his incredible nine inches until I reached the top of his dick and found his large mushroom shaped head. Slowly, I enveloped his dick working my way down on it, expanding my mouth as I went, desperately trying to take all of this man into my mouth and throat. I gradually cut off my airway by taking so much of him so deep into my throat.

He moaned in pleasure and forced his hips up, making me take him all the way down to the base of his penis. I held him there for a moment before gradually letting his shaft slide from my mouth. At the point I could once again draw breath. I repeated the motion again and again, each time hearing him moan louder, and feeling his muscles jerk under my body. I could sense that he was working towards climax, so I pulled off his dick and let it slap loudly against his belly. I looked up into his face as he stared down at me, and smiled.

I whispered, "You're incredible, Bill, and you have a beautiful dick."

Bill chuckled and said, "Believe it or not, I have been told that before, Einstein!" I rolled him quickly onto his side and took aim at his granite-like ass, giving it a hard slap.

"Smart ass." But when I released his body, instead of rolling back as he was, he rolled all the way over exposing a breathtaking, well-muscled ass for my pleasure. I lowered my lips, kissing and caressing each cheek, drawing my tongue over the two firm mounds of flesh, and sending good vibrations up Bill's back. With each lick, he arched his back and sighed, and with each kiss, he shoved

his ass into my lips. I ran my tongue from the crack of his ass up his spine to the base of his neck where I kissed his ears and whispered, "Bill, I wanna take your ass. Can I?"

"Go for it! You better fuck me good and hard," he replied with a low guttural lusty tone in his voice.

Permission granted, I reached over into my nightstand and retrieved the lube and a rubber, and gently massaged the entrance to his tunnel of pleasure with a healthy dose of KY. When he started moaning just from my finger, I gently pulled his ass up and placed a pillow underneath his crotch so that he was elevated and easier to penetrate.

As I started to enter him, I resisted the passionate urge to ram the entire way in. Not wanting to hurt this man, I entered gradually until I heard, "Okay, fuck me like you mean it!"

With that urging, I slowly started to slide in and out, building up a steady pace, enjoying the incredible feel of a silky smooth, hot softness that enveloped my dick like a glove, urging me on and begging me to enjoy the feeling, making it the center of the universe for a moment.

"Bill, you're so fucking hot, and such a great ass!" was all I could say while in the deep sexual ecstasy of lovemaking. As I felt myself getting ready to cum, I slowed down, but Bill said, "No, give it to me, hard!"

I fucked his hot ass with long swift strokes until I felt my balls explode and empty a torrent of hot cum deep into Bill's ass. I came for what seemed like an hour, until I collapsed in spent passion and sweat.

As I lay on top of Bill, kissing his neck and saying, "Thank you, thank you," I felt myself slowly withdrawing from deep within him.

As I rolled off, I said, "Now it's your turn" and watched as he turned over and I saw that the pillow was wet and sticky. Bill had climaxed just from being fucked. I didn't know whether to be pleased or sad that I was not going to be able to suck him off and give him the pleasure he deserved.

All he said was, "I'm sorry, I've made a mess of your pillow."

I fell back laughing, adding, "Don't even worry about it, you could have come on my ceiling, you're so hot!"

I got up, went into the bathroom, got a wet face cloth and towel, and went back into the bedroom. I sat down on the bed and gently wiped Bill's gleaming body clean and dried him with the towel.

"That was nice of you, Pat," he said.

"Are you kidding? After that incredible sex, it's the least you deserve," I replied.

I removed the wet pillow, replaced it with another from the guest room, and said, "Well, I need to get to sleep. I've had a long day at work, and a hard night of fun."

"What do you do for a living, Pat?" he asked.

I took my police credentials off the dresser and tossed them to him, and said, "Look for yourself."

His jaw dropped open and he asked, "You're a cop? Holy shit, a cop just fucked me!" and we both broke out laughing.

Falling into bed with him, I said, “We can talk in the morning, let’s get some sleep now.” With that, ~~we fell asleep in each other’s arms, not stirring until the call of nature woke us in the morning.~~

I drove Bill into town the next morning after some coffee and orange juice and answered the usual questions about what it was like to be a cop. Bill was still in shock over the fact that I was a cop and I could see him becoming horny all over again just talking about it. For many in the gay community, dating a cop is a big thing. I didn’t completely understand it, but whatever the reason, I wasn’t complaining.

## ◆ Chapter Two

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### Just Another Saturday Night

IT had been almost two months since I first hit the streets with Flanders and I was learning a lot that wasn’t taught in the Academy. Judging people and their potential actions was one very important skill a rookie had to learn in order to go home at the end of the shift. Up to this point, we had run most routine calls, nothing that placed my life in any real danger. Every day a cop goes on the street his life is to some degree up for grabs by the seamier elements of society. Just putting on the badge makes a cop a target.

We had been on the street for only an hour when the topic of my social life came up once again.



“So Pat, when are we going to meet this girl you have an eye on?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” I said. “She lives in New Jersey, and I usually go up there to visit her,” replied, trying to think two steps ahead of Flanders.

“New Jersey! Why in the hell do you have a girl in New Jersey instead of here in Maryland? Who are you going to bring to the squad parties and other social stuff like the FOP lodge?”

“I can’t help who I’m attracted to, now can I?” I responded, trying not to let anything slip while covering my ass.

“Pat, you’re coming to the squad party next Tuesday night when we get off swing shift. It’s going to be at the Cheverly community pool, and we have a key to get in without any hassle. The town cops know all about it and will make sure we don’t get disturbed. You have to start partying with these guys so they know you are one of them.”

“Sure, okay, I’ll be there, no problem.”

Once again, my private life was becoming an issue with the job. No one knew or thought I was gay, but social life did create a problem when it came to parties. I wasn’t even bi-sexual so that I couldn’t fake it. I was a stone cold, gimme-a-hot-guy queer only. I had no ability to bluff my way through with a girl when the lights went down, and they always went down at cop parties.

Before I could worry about it much more, a solid high pitched tone came over the radio, which was a signal to all units that a high priority call was going out to someone.

“Adam 5, Adam 6, and Adam 9, Signal 13, officer in trouble, Rt. 1 at the beltway. Report of Maryland State trooper on the ground with two suspects, units acknowledge.”

“Adam 5, 10-4.”

As we sped off towards the location, we heard both assigned and unassigned units acknowledge, as well that they too were responding. An officer in trouble call was one of those calls that everything got dropped for, and you responded until told otherwise. These calls were particularly dangerous because that adrenaline flowed freely in all officers responding, and they used maximum speed. This was where traffic skills became important. Not only did we have to watch out for other civilian cars in our way, but also for other responding units that were driving just as fast as we were.

As we raced down Rt. 1 through College Park, we slowed just a bit due to all of the college kids in the area, just in case one of them might be drunk and decide to walk out into the street. No one did, and we picked up speed after passing through the bar section. I could hear distant sirens even over our own as we sped towards the State cop who was in trouble.

“Adam 5 and responding units, a caller reports shots have been fired at the scene of the Signal 13, no further.”

“Adam 5, 10-4”

I glanced over at Flanders to see his reaction to the additional information that we had just received. Nothing showed on his face but concentration. Off in the distance I could see the roof rack of the State Police car flashing in the night.

“When we get there, if there are still suspects on the scene, stay behind the car door in case more shots are fired!” he yelled over the siren. Finally, he cut the siren off as we rapidly approached the scene and saw no one around but a Maryland State Trooper who was lying face down in the street.

As we jumped out of the car, I yelled into my radio mic, "Officer down, paramedics needed ASAP." With guns drawn, we approached cautiously, looking for anyone else on the scene. We noticed that the Trooper's gun was missing and that he was bleeding badly from a bullet wound to the head.

As we looked into the car, other units screeched to a halt behind us and in front of us. We didn't find any suspects at the scene, and Adam 6 notified dispatch that suspects were GOA, gone on arrival as Flanders and I tried to help the wounded Trooper. He had taken a round to the head but it appeared to have run along the right side of his skull, just above his ear. Part of his scalp was clearly missing and blood was streaming out. We applied a pressure bandage to staunch the flow of blood while awaiting the arrival of medics. No sooner had we done this when we heard a helicopter coming, loud and low. As I looked up, I saw it was a State Police Medi-vac helicopter team and they signaled the ground units to secure a landing site.

After landing, the State Police medics rushed to the aid of the fallen trooper, and started first aid while preparing the officer for transport to P.G.H. shock Trauma Unit. As that was going on, Flanders and I searched the immediate area for any clues as to what had happened.

The State Police cruiser was parked in such a way as to clearly indicate to us that he had made a traffic stop at this location. We asked dispatch to contact State Police and see if the Trooper had radioed in any information regarding such a stop. The answer came back negative. They had heard nothing from the trooper until he called out his location and that he needed emergency backup.

I got into the driver's seat of the trooper's car as other State Police started to arrive along with Adam 10, the shift Sergeant's unit. As I sat there, I noticed the trooper's notepad, which held various items used during a normal police shift, including blank paper in which to write down calls and information. Here I found various notes on traffic accidents that the trooper had written during investigations on the beltway, but one thing stood out, a single license plate number set-off by itself, seemingly disconnected from the other group of notes. The plate number read: JGI-4798 and a notation of "MD" written after the number. The MD notation meant that it was a Maryland issued tag. I brought this to the attention of Flanders and the State Police on scene and they ran a check with their dispatch and found that the tag number did not belong to any accident or incident that the Trooper was involved with that shift.

The plate was run to determine the owner. It came back registered to Toby Kline with a residence of 6004 East Wellington St. in New Carrollton, MD. We ran a check on Kline to determine if he had a record or any open warrants.

We were going on the theory at this point that the Trooper had made a traffic stop and for whatever reason did not call the tag number in to his dispatch as procedure dictated. Other officers who had been checking the crowd for any witnesses failed to find anyone that would admit to seeing what had happened. While we waited for the warrants check to come back, I radioed our dispatch and asked who had called in the signal 13 in the first place.

"Adam 5, be advised the caller was anonymous."

That figured; someone didn't want to testify at a criminal trial involving an assault on a police officer. At least they called it in, I thought to myself. The bottom line was that we had no eyewitnesses to the shooting.

Sgt. Anderson, MSP came over to us and said, "Kline came back wanted for armed robbery of a liquor store in Baltimore that occurred two weeks ago, and apparently that was who Trooper Donahue

stopped tonight.”

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Sgt. Durkin was standing behind us and said, “Flanders, get that plate and vehicle description out on the radio now, I’m going on tact-two and requesting SWAT meet us at the suspect’s residence.”

“You got it, Sarge,” replied Flanders as we both got back into our cruiser. After I put out the broadcast for the suspect, Adam 10 came over the radio requesting us and Adam 6 follow him.

Flanders yelled out, “Damn right, we’re going after that son of a bitch!” I must admit I was pretty excited to be going after not only an armed robbery suspect, but a cop shooter as well. Nothing excited a cop more than the thought of taking down a cop killer or someone who had shot a cop. As we followed the Sergeant, we heard him request Baker 10 meet us at the Giant supermarket on Landover Rd. Baker 10 was the shift Sergeant for the sector where the suspect lived and the pending operation needed coordination with him and the Baker units.

As we pulled into the parking lot of the Giant, we saw a swarm of other police units pulling in at the same time. We all got out of our cars and met with the patrol units of Baker sector pending arrival of SWAT. The two Sergeants made assignments to each of the units assembled to block off traffic in a four-block area around the suspect’s house, and to quietly evacuate as many people as we could from surrounding houses that bordered the suspect’s location. Flanders and I drew a position directly across the street from the suspect’s.

SWAT finally arrived in several cars and met their van on scene. The men were briefed on the situation, location, and danger involved. By the time the SWAT members finished suiting up, they looked like something that had climbed out of an alien spacecraft. They reminded us of the need for extreme quiet and stealth on the assumption that the suspect would be watching for police. Flanders and I were told to contact the one and only neighbor of the suspect’s who could not be reached by telephone and who was located directly across from the suspect’s house. We re-entered our vehicles and drove to within two blocks of the suspect’s house as other units blocked off area traffic and a helicopter was placed on stand-by in the vicinity in case a chase ensued. A SWAT officer was assigned to Flanders and me so that we had an automatic weapon with us in case we came under fire. We knew that neighborhood dogs would be our biggest enemy in sneaking quietly into the backyards of people’s homes.

As we cut through yards and climbed over fences, inching our way towards the back door of the house, we sensed other members of the SWAT team moving parallel to us towards the target house which was directly in front of us and across the street. Finally we reached the back door of the house and I tried to knock softly to alert the occupants. There was no response. I tried the door handle and it was locked.

“Okay, leave it go St. James, they’re probably asleep in bed if they’re home at all,” whispered Flanders.

As we crouched and moved our way around the corner of the house, we bumped into a parked vehicle in the driveway, which gave us perfect cover and enabled us to observe the suspect’s house for signs of movement. We all had earpieces in and could hear the commands being issued as all officers moved into position. The suspect’s house was dark, but the vehicle was in the driveway. We stayed hidden in our position waiting further orders from the SWAT commander and patrol Sergeants.

Just as everyone got into position, shots shattered the stillness of the night as the suspect in the house fired on us. Almost immediately, all officers returned fire in a deafening roar of automatic weapons, leaving a heavy stench of sulfur hanging in the air. The order to cease fire was given and a

weapons went silent. The window from where the shots had come from was completely shattered ~~was the window frame and wall surrounding it.~~

“All units remain in place,” came the order over the radio. As we looked around, we noticed two bullet holes through the windshield of the car we were using as concealment. They were actually aiming at us! I felt a queasy feeling develop in my stomach at that realization.

“This is the police. Come out with your hands raised one at a time, and no one will get hurt,” commanded the voice of the on-scene commander through the police PA system. Nothing moved, and we heard no response from the house.

“This is your last warning to come out of the house or we will have to remove you,” came the warning.

When there was no reaction, the SWAT team shot tear gas through three of the front windows of the house and the tension mounted as we waited for the suspects to either burst through the door firing their weapons or to surrender without any further violence. After another minute when there still was no reaction, three more tear gas shells were sent hurtling through different windows on both floors. The concentration of gas had to be unbearable to anyone inside trying to breathe. SWAT officers started to move into position to take the house, and we were ordered to stand-by to provide any cover fire needed. After five minutes of quiet, the order was given to hit the house. Officers went through the front and rear doors simultaneously with overpowering numbers, automatic weapons at the ready, each wearing a gas mask. We waited for what seemed like an hour for sounds of shots or yelling, but nothing happened. More officers entered the residence as we waited for a report from officers inside the house.

Finally over the police radio, we heard the SWAT commander notify police communication that two suspects were down and requested paramedics. The commander also requested that the Coroner and homicide respond to the scene. It was then that we all knew the suspects would be DOA.

As it turned out, both suspects were hit and killed after the first volleys of shots were fired in response to our being fired upon. The suspects had assumed the walls of the room that they fired from would protect them from police gunfire. They were wrong, as we later learned that 187 rounds had been fired into the house from all units.

When the tension started to ease along with the adrenalin, Flanders and I got back into our cruiser and headed to the station for debriefing, something that was required every time an officer fired his weapon. We had all fired in response to being fired upon and departmental regulations now required follow-up.

That morning, I didn't get out of the station until two hours after the end of the normal shift. By the time I got home, all I could do was to fall into bed and relive the moments of the night that had just passed.

I got out of bed at 1800 hours, not rested and feeling edgy. The full impact of what had happened last night was finally setting in and I realized that either Flanders or I could have been killed by the two shots that came through the car windshield. I would have welcomed Tommie in the kitchen tonight cooking as I could not get up enough energy to make anything myself. I threw on some jeans and a shirt, grabbed my off-duty weapon and went out to get some dinner at a local restaurant, the small silver kind that were prominent in the 1950's. There I ordered the comfort food that was the “blue plate special,” meatloaf and mashed potatoes and a chocolate milkshake.

When I got home, I found Dean waiting in my driveway.

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“Hi, Pat, you look like hell!” he exclaimed.

“Thanks a lot, Dean, last night was hairy and I didn’t sleep well today. What are you doing here anyway?”

“Jim and I had a fight and I had to get out of the house before I broke something over his head.

“You two don’t seem to be getting along very well lately. You guys having problems?”

“You could say that, we’ve talked about breaking up. I know he’s fooling around on me, I just don’t know with whom.”

“Come on in and let’s sit down and talk. I have an hour before I need to get ready for work.”

As I took off my gun and shirt and sat down on the sofa, Dean came over to me and said, “Look, why don’t I give you a back rub before work? Maybe it will make you feel a little better.” I had to admit the offer was very tempting as I really felt lousy from not getting any rest.

“Sure, thanks, but if I fall asleep, make sure I wake up in an hour. I can’t be late for work.” Dean smiled and we went upstairs to the bedroom where I took off my undershirt and unbuttoned my jeans and lay down on the bed. Dean got onto the bed and straddled my back and began working my muscles with his powerful hands.

“Damn, your back is tight!” he observed.

“Hmm, that feels great, keep at it.” Dean gradually worked his way up and down my back and then started to massage my ass. I didn’t stop him because it felt so good. He quickly pulled my jeans down before I had a chance to object, and began working the ass muscles just as hard as he did the back muscles. It felt so good I didn’t have the urge to stop him. As I started to drift off to sleep, I felt my shorts being pulled down and his hands in direct contact with my ass.

“Ahh, Dean, I’m not so sure we should be doing this.”

“Oh, relax; I’m doing a favor for a good friend. You like it, don’t you?” he asked with a sarcastic tone in his voice. “Then shut up and enjoy it, cop!” Dean always called me cop when he wanted to be playful. He began working his hands all the way up to my neck and then back down to my ass muscles. I could feel my entire body relax like a heap of Jell-O. Dean knew what he was doing.

As he continued, he tried to roll me over on my back saying, “Let me do your chest for ya.” I had forgotten my shorts were pulled down and as I rolled over, there I was exposed to his gaze. Luau glittered immediately in his eyes.

I smiled up at him and said, “No, Dean, you have a lover and you’re here bitching about him cheating on you.”

“I know, and that’s why I’m going to do this!” Before I could stop him, he had thrown his body back off my center and attached his mouth to my cock.

“Dean, stop,” I said, trying to pull away, but he had me fully aroused and I had no willpower once that happened. He knew what he was doing, sucking my cock first slowly, then fast, while cupping my balls in his right hand. He made little noises of contentment and lust as he worked my dick over. As I lay there, enjoying the immense physical pleasure Dean was giving me, I thought about our friendship and wondered if this would change our relationship. Sex always changed people.

one way or another. I started to moan as I felt my balls tighten up, signaling that I was getting ready to climax, and Dean deep throated me until I exploded into his mouth and down his throat. He drained every drop of cum out of my rock hard dick, sucking until I became flaccid. Only then did he let me flop out of his mouth as he looked into my eyes and smiled.

“Thank you, Pat, I’ve wanted to do that since I first met you. I hope you enjoyed it.”

As I raised myself up on both elbows, I said to Dean, “Oh, I enjoyed it all right, but what I’m worried about is that we’re friends and now our relationship has changed. How am I going to be able to look Jimmy in the eyes now when I see him?”

“Don’t worry about Jimmy; for all intents and purposes, we’re finished as a couple. Pat, I’d like to come over once in a while and give you a ‘back rub’,” he said with a grin.

I pushed him off my legs, jumped out of bed, and said evasively, “I need to take a shower, and you need to get going. I can’t be late for work.”

I heard him say goodbye as I got into the shower stall and then heard the front door close.

While standing in the squad room waiting for roll call to be announced, I saw another rookie that I had met in the Academy, Henry Capstone, staring at me. If I had been in a bar, I would have thought he was cruising me, but not everyone in the world was gay and wanted me! As I went back to reading the crime stats for the past month in our sector, Henry came over to me and said, “Hi, Pat, wanna go together some time for a beer?” I looked up somewhat startled. I hadn’t expected him to come over and start talking to me.

“Sure, when’s a good time for you?” I asked, wondering what dive we would end up in drinking beer talking about women and being bored out of my mind.

“How about Tuesday? We’re off that day,” he replied.

“Sure thing, gimme a call and we’ll set up a time and place to meet.”

“Roll call!” announced the sergeant.

As we got into our cruiser, I looked over to the next car and found Capstone smiling at me. No, I knew that there was something going on, but exactly what I didn’t know. I had no indication that he was gay, so I was curious about the smile.

“Adam 5, Flanders and St. James on board, 10-8.”

“I hope this shift is a quiet one, I have a headache that won’t quit. In fact I would have “called off” except I didn’t want to stick any of my buddies with you for 8 hours.”

“Oh nice, thank you very much, Corporal Flanders,” I said with a sneer and a smile.

“Don’t forget, rookie, Tuesday night is squad party at the pool. Be there.”

As my stomach tightened up just a bit, I said, “Ahhh, I just made plans for Tuesday night to have a beer with one of the guys.”

“Fuck that, your ass is going to be at the squad party, and if that beer is with Capstone, don’t worry about it, he’ll be there too. Besides, Capstone’s a fag and you don’t want to be hanging out with him. The other guys will think you’re a fag, too.” I almost swallowed my tongue on hearing Flanders call Capstone a fag.

“What? How do you know Capstone is gay?”

“His FTO figured it out when he kept talking about his friend this, and his friend that, and never mentioned a girl once.”

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“So that’s all, based on that, you guys figure he is gay?”

“Believe me when I tell you, after we get a few calls at the queer bar, ‘Jump It’, you’ll be able to spot one a mile away.”

“Really, so you can spot any gay guy from that far away?”

“Yep, and you will too, just wait. Tell you what, later we’ll meet Adam 4 for coffee, and you can listen to Capstone talk and see what I mean; he’s a fag.”

As I sat there in the dark, I felt sick to my stomach. I was riding with a homophobic idiot whose judgment on my fitness for solo duty had my career in his hands. All of the FTO’s had to turn in reports on the rookies that rode with them during field training, which contained the recommendations on whether or not the officer was ready for solo duty. If you didn’t get cut loose after two tours of training, you were off the job, so I sat there and kept my mouth shut and knew I had to guard every word carefully with Flanders.

We finally pulled into a car dealership parking lot to watch a traffic light that many people blew through without even slowing down. Complaints had come in on near misses and the sergeant told me to keep an eye on the light for a few days. As we sat there talking about the Redskins training camp that was about to open, a car made a left turn on a red signal. We pulled out and followed the guy for a short distance during which time we saw him cross the centerline as well. We turned on the 360 and the vehicle pulled over.

“This one is all yours. I’m going to stand back and let you handle it.”

“Sure, no problem,” I said.

As I approached the driver’s window, I saw the window slide down as the driver watched me approach in the side view mirror. I had an uneasy feeling for some reason, and so I moved my right hand up to my weapon.

“Good evening, Sir, license, registration and proof of insurance, please,” I requested. As I bent down to have a look in the car, I smelled the strong odor of alcoholic beverages on the man’s breath. “Sir, have you been drinking tonight?”

“No, surrr, I have not been,” came the reply.

“Sir, I’m going to have to ask you to step out of your vehicle, and please keep your hands where I can see them,” I ordered. As I stepped back to allow the door to open, I saw Flanders come up to the rear of the vehicle and stand.

“Show me your hands, sir,” I ordered. But I only saw one hand, because the man only had one arm. I quickly recovered from the slight embarrassment that I felt, and told him to step up onto the sidewalk. As we passed Flanders, I saw him smile a big shit-eating grin.

“Sir, I am going to give you a couple of field sobriety tests to determine if your ability to operate a motor vehicle is impaired.”

“Go right ahead, you will see I’m just fine, Ossifer.” I removed some change I had in my pocket and took a dime, nickel and quarter. I laid all three coins on the ground and told the driver, “Pick up only the nickel, sir.”

“That’s supposed to be hard? Are you fucking with me?” he replied. As he bent over to retrieve the nickel, he continued moving forward and fell flat on his face at my feet. With that and the smell of alcohol, I had probable cause to arrest him on suspicion of drunk driving and take him in for a Breathalyzer.

“Sir, you’re under arrest for DWI.”

The next step would have been to handcuff him in the back, however in this case I could not do that. Remembering my training, I took my handcuffs and hooked his one arm to his belt in the back of his pants. Flanders loved every minute of my discomfort at being unsure of myself in this situation.

“I’m not fucking drunk! You must be drunk!” the driver said as he spritzed my face with saliva. I put him in the rear of the cruiser, which was a ‘cage car’, fastened his seatbelt, and closed the door. As I walked around to the front of the cruiser where Flanders was still standing, he asked, “Okay, what are you going to do about his car?”

“Well, it’s legally parked on a side street, so instead of impounding it and doing all the extra paperwork, I’ll secure it and keep the keys.”

“Perfect, rookie.” Quite a compliment coming from Flanders.

Once back at the station, I processed my prisoner and he took the Breathalyzer and blew a .22 which was three times the legal limit for driving. I charged him and brought him before a District Court Commissioner to determine bond.

As we stood in front of the Commissioner’s window, the driver turned to me and said, “Officer James, you’re a son of a bitch!”

“First, it’s St. James, and why am I a son of a bitch?”

“Cause you should let me go, I have only one arm,” came the response.

“All the more reason for you not to be driving while drunk,” I said, a bit irritated. The commissioner set a \$500 bail, and I took him up the few steps to the station house lockup for the county prison and deposited him there with the corrections department.

It was just after 0200 hours when we went back into service. The radio traffic was slow and no many calls were going out, so we decided to drive through the neighborhoods looking for prowlers. We should have known that it wouldn’t stay quiet.



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