

Chapter 8 - Cole & Daisy - Really Good Bondage

Cole

The number that called me last night had been bounced all over the world. She (I'm almost entirely convinced it's a she now) used an AI voice cloak, and bounced the signal from Turkey, Somalia, Sandwich Islands...and eventually to literal Timbuktu.

I sigh and lean back in my chair looking at the map, and email IT back about getting tracking software and better call recording on my phone, as well as police sanctioned security for my home.

My movements are sluggish and groggy. I'd told Eliza I wouldn't be able to sleep if she didn't let me go to the precinct straight away to track the number. I remember I'd insisted.

She just insisted better.

I close my eyes and pinch the bridge of my nose, thinking of all the other things I would rather be doing with my day than showing around the Captain's bubbly niece. Like catching a serial killer.

Daisy

He's sitting back in his chair, looking all broody as he looks at the little map I left for him. He must be so impressed with me.

But then he pinches his nose in what I think might be confusion, and I realise the poor boy isn't smart enough to have figured it out yet.

I sigh.

You really do have to look after men.

"That's cute. Have you been to all these places?" I say sweetly as I approach him, making a big show of looking over his shoulder at the screen.

Cole

I nearly jump out of my chair when I hear the sing-songy tone of Daisy Rayne walking up behind me. I spin my chair around, looking her up and down for longer than I should.

Another summer dress. It's overcast and muggy today, but she's embracing it only in the pattern as the dress is covered in little happy rain-clouds.

"Uh- what?"

"The map," she points at my computer screen and the little green line bouncing all over the world. "It's cute."

Ah, she thinks I've been to these places. She doesn't know this is serious police business. Thankfully, because she really is too sweet to comprehend that the man she's currently bending over is being stalked by a serial killer.

I struggle to catch back into the flow of conversation as she bends lower, her blonde hair falling in a thick curtain around her face like the finale of a show.

"Cute?"

"Yeah. Did you do it for your girlfriend?" she asks. I had been worried about trying to bring Eliza into the conversation, so I'm glad she brought it up.

"Yes. I have a girlfriend." I say firmly before realising that I'm lying the moment she turns to smile at me. "No, no. I didn't make it for her. I didn't make it at all. It's a phone tracker. It's been bounced all over the world."

Her pouty lips stretch into a bigger smile, showing the most profound dimples I've ever seen. She is beautiful. Even this close.

I cough.

"Why is it cute?" And what does this have to do with Eliza?

She blinks in surprise, like she's winking with both eyes. "It's a love heart."

My throat constricts. "What?"

"It's a love heart. Look." She points a delicate finger at the screen and shows me.

Daisy

"Turkey to Somalia, to the Sandwich Islands, to I don't even know what that's called near Hawaii, to Rhode Island and then to Mali. Zoom out." I inform him in my best aren't I so cute and clever voice. Men need that sometimes.

Cole leans forwards, my hair catching on his shoulder and I can smell his cologne this close to his hair.

Cologne?

Maybe aftershave.

Are they the same thing? Regardless, he smells like leather and justice.

Like a really good bondage session.

His thick brows furrow in concentration as he zooms out to see the green lines travelling around the world in an (almost) perfect love heart.

“See? Cute right?” I beam.

Cole looks as though he’s just realised his Heart Breaker loves him back. Like he’s just opened a door and finally realised that the entire world waits for him on the other side. Its beautiful.

Cole

My stomach twists in knots as I feel like I’ve just swallowed a snake, and it’s not happy about it. I’m going to throw up, right in front of a beautiful girl. I swallow, trying to get the beast to settle.

The Heartbreaker is threatening me with her calling card. I need to double up on my security in the next few days because without it, I’m next.

I stare at the love heart on the screen for too long, and don’t notice Daisy taking interest in the packet on my desk.

“Oh! What’s this?” she asks chirpily, not realising I’m being threatened by a prolific murderer right now. I follow her gaze.

“Just some evidence.” I say and shut the file. The zoomed in picture from the labs on top.

“From the latest crime scene. We should go.” I push my chair back.

“Oh hair! That’s great, right?”

I nod and stand up, feeling the need to take her elbow and guide her away from my desk. She’s far too interested in the stuff on there and it’s really quite gruesome when you look into it.

“Yeah, it is. Looks like the Heartbreaker finally slipped up.”

Daisy

I didn’t slip up.

I just thought he needed a little break.

And seeing the self-satisfied smirk on his adorable, grumpy face, I know I did the right thing.

Don't worry, I'm not an idiot. It's my extension. There's no root to it so no way to match it to DNA if they did ever get smart enough to catch me and any comparison would come up negative to my natural hair, anyway.

But he's so happy right now, it makes me want to throw him some more bones like that in the future.

Ah, Cole. My sweet, precious idiot.

"So, where are we going?" I ask sweetly, linking my arm with his - he likes that.

"I thought I would take you on a bit of a food tour- hope you're hungry?" he looks down on me, those big brown eyes making my knees tremble.

He wants to feed me. He's going to be an amazing husband.

Cole

I lead her out of the precinct, feeling very awkward that she's linking her arm in mine. Especially because we have to go past Eliza's department.

But we make our way out of the building without so much as a questioning glance.

"Ooh!" she squeals as soon as we walk into the open air, bouncing on the balls of her feet. "Do I get to ride in the cop car?"

I have to smile at her eagerness. Adults are usually better at concealing their excitement for that. Daisy's childish enthusiasm is something that I never thought I'd like in a person, but... it's infectious in a way.

Daisy

And there it is, the smile. The one I've been waiting for since I met him. The smile that stretches across his entire face. All teeth. The eye-crinkles prominently next to his usually stern eyes.

It makes my heart flutter.

My pussy flutters, too.

I have to stifle a horny groan because if his smile gets me this wet, God only knows what his tongue could do to me.

Cole

Daisy gives a little shiver in the breeze and I shrug off my jacket and drape it around her shoulders. She looks up at me and I swear her pupils are bigger than I've ever seen in another human being.

"Better?" but she just nods. "Is walking ok? The truck's about ten minutes away."

She just nods again, which is suspicious because I've never heard her speechless. We walk through the city, the buzz of car engines filling the air as we traverse the busy streets. Occasionally we have to go single file past coffee stands and outdoor seating spots adorned with optimistic diners hoping to catch a glimpse of the sun.

"So..." I search for a conversation as we walk, which is going to bring back bubbly bouncy Daisy. Perhaps I should have just put her in the cop car and turned on the siren. "How are the dogs?"

It's the magic word. She pulls my coat around her and beams up at me.

"They're good! I was going to bring them, but Uncle M told me not to. They're a bit.... Messed up." She giggles and I smile at the tinkling noise she makes- she's quite cute, really.

I've never gone for cute before.

Daisy

The scent of him, that bondage-ey leathery spice, is all tangled up around me as I wrap myself in his coat.

I tell him all about my pack, my mouth running away from me as my brain just spins around and around and around the coat and the cuddle he's giving me with it.

Cole

"They definitely sound messed up. But..." I add, looking for the best way to say what I want to say as we round the corner towards the hot dog truck. "...in an adorable way." I finish weakly, but she beams up at me again, dimples burying themselves in her cheeks.

"Ugly cute! I know!" she says, and bounces on the balls of her feet like a child who's struggling to keep up.

I slow down my pace, but she's still doing the bouncing skippy thing and so I have to conclude that that's... just Daisy.

"I hope you like hot dogs?" I ask as we approach the truck. She nods and I order us a hot dog to share. "Hope you don't mind sharing, but I want to show this other truck around the corner."

Daisy

Of course I don't mind. When we're married, we're never going to eat off separate plates. Ever. So this is just practice.

"Not at all. Little bites of a lot, it's my favourite."

I've noticed that's how he eats, munching on bits and pieces of a lot of varieties. The only time he eats one meal is when he's with Eliza. I wonder if that's why he asked. Does she not like to share?

"How did you meet your girlfriend?" I ask softly as the biggest and most absurdly piled plate of hot dog lands in front of us on the metal table.

Cole

Inexplicable guilt slams into me as she asks that question. I'm not doing anything wrong. This isn't a date. This is a favour to the Cap. I'm not interested in her. I just gave Eliza a key.

So why does this woman make me feel like I'm cheating on her?

"We worked Vice together," I say simply and cut up the hot dog with a plastic knife and fork.

For some reason, this makes Daisy squeal in laughter.

"What are you doing!?"

The fork and knife pause mid cut as I look up at her. "What?"

"Are you cutting up a hot dog?"

"Yes..." I look down at the hot dog. Did I ruin it? It's there, her half cut from mine, and mine cut into small bite-size pieces. "Why?"

"No-one cuts up hot dogs, Cole!" she puts a hand on my shoulder as she laughs in delight.

"You just put it in your mouth."

I raise an eyebrow at her, letting my mouth curve up in a small smile to show her I'm not all serious.

"I don't."

"Watch. This is how it's supposed to be done."

And with that, she picks up her half of the hot dog and wraps her lips around it.

Daisy

Oh yeah. He wants me.

Cole

I cough and distract myself with the odious task of cutting bread with plant-plastic cutlery. Sawing into the meat and bread desperately.

“If I did that, I’d drop mustard down my shirt and have to change.”

Daisy chokes suddenly, coughing as she furiously tries to chew through her mouthful while her eyes water. I reach over the table to rub and pat her back.

Daisy

Not helping. It’s not helping.

I’m going to need my vibrator when I get home.

Cole

“You okay there?” I ask as I continue to rub her back. She nods and looks up at me as she swallows with watery eyes.

“Thanks.” Her voice is weak, choked and soft.

And somehow... more real than I’ve ever seen from her. It makes me want to unpack whatever else she’s hiding.

Daisy

Oh, God.

Is he going to kiss me?

His eyes linger on mine like they’re stuck as my own drifts to his lips.

I think he’s thinking about it.

Cole

I pull back. Just in time. Because rounding the corner we just came passed - is Eliza.

