

Sequel to Undercover Tail

Rollercoaster

By Dillon Watson

I awoke to the sound of gunfire. Years of living with my gangster ex-girlfriend, Gina had me trained. Grabbing the glock from under my pillow, I silently lowered myself to the floor. My heart was pounding, fueled by the rush of adrenaline. This was the closest Gina had ever gotten and I took a moment to wish her in hell. Not for myself, but for the innocents who had probably died trying to protect me. Me, who wasn't so innocent.

“Ma’am, are you hurt?”

Even at a whisper, Special Agent Washington’s voice sent a tingle down my spine. “I’m fine. What’s the plan?” I asked, reaching for the clothes I’d taken off a couple of hours ago.

“Wait here.” She crossed the room, put her ear to the door, and listened. The silence was almost louder than my pounding heart. “Prepare to move out,” she said five minutes later.

As quietly as possible we gathered our meager belongings. When we left the bedroom, wearing bullet proof vests, I made no attempt to hide my gun. I didn’t know about her, but I was ready to shoot anything that moved. I regretted that Gina wouldn’t be out there to look me in the eye. No, she was somewhere safe, in plain view of the watchers. It made for a good alibi.

“Stay behind me. If we get separated, go up to the fifth floor.” She handed me a room card. “Nobody at the bureau knows about the room. You’ll be safe there, ma’am.”

I liked the way she thought. We should have done this sooner. “You don’t trust anybody, do you?”

She shook her head, her expression grim. “Because of the previous problems, only a handful of agents who knew we were here. Remember to stay with me, and to stay low.”

I nodded, thinking, didn’t she know sticking to her was no a hardship for me. Agent Washington was the kind of leader who instilled respect by her actions, not by threats. Yet another reason I found her so damn sexy. I wasted a second wishing we had met at another time in another place before clearing my head of everything but the need to survive.

As we crept out of the suite without a shot fired, I figured somebody downstairs was still on our side. She led us on a seemingly circuitous path, involving stairwells and hallways. Obviously she’d been casing out the place on her daily runs. She would have been a damn fine boy scout.

Once we arrived at the new suite, she immediately checked for bugs. I loved the precision of her movements when she worked. Despite what I'd just been through or maybe because of what I'd been through, she still made my pulse race dangerously. She turned and caught my lustful stare. For the first time, I thought I saw a flickering interest in her luminous brown eyes. But it was probably just my imagination, my desire.

"All clear, ma'am. We'll stay for a few hours, then move out. You should try to get some shut eye. I'm not sure when we'll have a chance to rest again."

I nodded and made my way to the bedroom, knowing I was too jazzed to sleep. Gina's goons had gotten real close. She must be desperate, now that there was only a week left before I took the stand and aired her dirty laundry. And take the stand I would. She'd destroyed something of mine, and now I had a chance to return the favor. I just had to stay alive until then.

Deciding I should rest, I got partially undressed and fell across the queen sized bed. Closing my eyes, I took deep breaths, trying to force my mind to shut down. To get out of our current crisis, I needed to be at my best, and utilize the skills I'd picked up from ten years of living with Gina and her operation.

Ten fucking years and it all came down to this. I still couldn't believe she'd shot Kendra, the closest thing I'd ever had to a sister, thinking it would keep me in line. Thinking it would make me forget the doubts I'd been having about staying with Gina. Thinking I would overlook the monster she'd become. She'd been wrong. And now she knew it.

I exhaled, almost overwhelmed by the desire to be on the stand, look in her face and reveal her secrets. Secrets she didn't even know I had. She would glare at me with those icy blue eyes, daring me to speak. Speak I would. From the rafters if I had to. Gina also didn't know I had some back up insurance, just in case her goons were cleverer than I thought. The stupid bitch didn't realize I would get her from my grave. And although it wouldn't bring back Kendra, I could take some satisfaction with my last breath.

Too restless to stay still, I climbed off the bed and began pacing around the room, looking at everything, but seeing nothing. I could feel the nervous energy building in my stomach, soon to seep through my veins. It was time for...something. I almost jump when a knock sounded at the door.

"Excuse me, ma'am. I heard you moving around and wondered if everything was okay?"

And here was something. I almost purred as I crossed the room and pulled the door open, mindful of my state of undress. Agent Washington had changed into a tank top and boxers, and I could tell by the straining of her nipples against her top she wasn't wearing a bra. All thoughts of Gina and our troubles flew out of my head.

She was magnificent. There was no other way to describe the combination of beauty and strength she possessed. I let my eyes rake her body, then licked my dry lips and raised my eyes to meet hers. This time, I was sure there was something in her expression I hadn't seen before. Suddenly I was glad I'd gotten into the habit of wearing a push up bra and matching wisps of panties. "Sorry. I can't sleep." I stepped back, silently asking her to enter. "I'm afraid I won't get to testify."

She looked from me to the bed and back. "I'll do my best to get you there, ma'am. That's a promise."

I smiled at her earnest tone. Here we were, barely dressed and she was still so formal. But I'd always liked a challenge. "I'm sure you will, Agent Washington."

"Hopefully you can rest now. I'd like to move no later than five."

"I don't suppose there's any warm milk to help me relax?" I asked, knowing there wasn't. When she shook her head regretfully, I put a hand on her arm, not ready for her to leave. Her brown skin was warm and smooth. I wanted to touch her everywhere. And I was desperate for her to touch me everywhere. "Too bad. Gun fire always gets me razzed." I looked at the bed, then back at her. "I guess there's nothing you can do, huh?"

"That would be highly irregular, ma'am," she said, obviously catching my drift. "Have you tried deep breathing exercises?"

"I'd like to try them with you." I slid my hand up her arm to her shoulder. When she didn't stop me, I traced a path across her cheeks to her full lips. "I think we can help each other relax."

The feel of her pursed lips against my finger brought me hope. Maybe after nine months, I was finally getting to her. Breaking down that iron control she surrounded herself with. Then she smiled and the sweetness of it went straight to my heart.

"I'm sorry, ma'am. A relationship between us would be a dereliction of my duty." She kissed my finger once more and stepped back. The intensity in her eyes nearly burned a hole through me.

The true regret in her expression saved me from making a fool out of myself. I felt like I was one hill shy of the greatest rollercoaster ride of my life. "I understand," I managed to get out before turning away from her and the damn feelings she brought out in me. "I really do."

I didn't flop onto the bed until I heard the door close. *Damn!* Even sexy underwear couldn't sway that woman. The poor mattress bore the brunt of my frustration, and helped me calm down to some semblance of rationality.

As much as I didn't want to, I had to admire her strength and conviction. Proving once again she was the woman to get me to court on time. And while a part of me was grateful, there was that

part that was resentful as hell. The part that craved her, wanted her, needed her. That part would have to wait a week. A week that felt more like an eternity.