

Undercover Desire

When Love and Intrigue Collide in Politics

by

Isabella

Lexi was finally going to enjoy her first day off in weeks, and she planned on doing just that. She drove down the highway, her mind buzzing with anticipation for what awaited her at home. She'd just left the sex shop with a little black bag filled with toys that she couldn't wait to try out. The thought made her blush and grin in equal measure.

The sound of a siren pierced the afternoon, and Lexi's heart jumped into her throat. Panic washed over her as she glanced in the rearview mirror, only to see the flashing red and blue lights of a patrol car behind her. Her palms went clammy on the steering wheel as she tried to remember the last time she'd been pulled over.

"Get it together, Lexi," she muttered under her breath, scanning the road for a safe place to pull over. As she maneuvered her car toward the shoulder, her thoughts raced with the potential consequences of this unexpected encounter. She'd always prided herself on being calm and collected, but tonight was different—she felt vulnerable and exposed, a sensation she loathed.

As Lexi came to a stop, she took several deep breaths, attempting to steady her nerves as she eyed the cruiser in the rearview mirror. It wasn't until the officer emerged from the vehicle that Lexi realized just how nervous she truly was.

The officer approached her car with a sense of purpose, her expression serious and professional. The crisp lines of her uniform accentuated her athletic build, and her short hair framed her face in a way that seemed both practical and stylish. Lexi couldn't help but notice the confident way she carried herself, her every movement measured and precise. She pulled her sunglasses off and tucked an end into her chest pocket. That's when Lexi noticed her name, Church.

Fuck my life, Lexi thought as she remembered their brief encounter at the coffee shop.

The officer's stern voice cut through the tension. Lexi felt her anxiety spike. "License, registration, and proof of insurance, please," she demanded, her hand outstretched. Lexi instantly recognized the smooth, low tone.

"Y-yes, of course," Lexi stammered, her hands trembling as she rummaged through the glove compartment for her registration and insurance card. She could feel the heat of Officer Church's gaze on her, a formidable presence that seemed to seep into her very skin. Her heart pounded heavily in her chest as she realized, with growing dread, that her license was missing.

"Officer, I-I must've left my license at...uh, the store I just visited," Lexi confessed, feeling her face flush with embarrassment. She didn't dare divulge the nature of the boutique, which seemed inappropriate, given the circumstances. She handed the officer her insurance and registration.

"Ma'am, you should always carry your license while driving," Officer Church reprimanded, her voice firm and authoritative. Her eyes bore into Lexi, seeming to pierce her very soul. She looked at the cards Lexi had handed her.

"I know, I'm so sorry. I promise it won't happen again," Lexi said, desperate to defuse the situation. She tried to swallow the lump forming in her throat but found it nearly impossible. "I was just on my way home to enjoy a much-deserved day off..." Lexi hesitated, debating whether to continue or not. "I was just excited to get home safely and probably overcompensated."

“Excitement is no excuse for negligence, ma’am,” Officer Church responded, her tone unwavering. Lexi winced inwardly at the officer’s words, knowing they were true yet wishing she could somehow escape this predicament unscathed.

“Please let me explain.” Lexi knew she was grasping at straws, but she was desperate to curtail any further embarrassment in front of the gorgeous Officer Church. “I didn’t realize I was driving too slow.” She bit her lip, hoping her honesty might elicit some sympathy.

“Slow driving can be just as dangerous as speeding, ma’am,” Officer Church said, her expression softening ever so slightly. “However, I appreciate your candor.”

Lexi noticed Officer Church’s eyes narrow as she studied her more closely, her gaze flicking from the woman’s trembling hands to the beads of sweat forming on her forehead. Did she recognize Lexi from the coffee shop? “Ma’am, are you feeling all right? Your pupils seem rather dilated.”

“Um, I’m okay,” Lexi stammered, her heart rate quickening under the officer’s scrutiny. She couldn’t believe this was happening. All she wanted was to enjoy her day off in peace! “Too much coffee, I’m sure.” Lexi hoped that the officer understood the reference.

“Are you sure?” Officer Church questioned, her tone laced with suspicion. “You seem...off.” Her keen observation skills were evident as she scanned Lexi’s appearance for any signs of impairment.

“Really, I’m fine,” Lexi insisted, though her voice quivered slightly. “I guess I’m just nervous because I can’t remember the last time I was pulled over.”

“Regardless, I need you to step out of the car, if you don’t mind,” Officer Church commanded, making it clear that Lexi actually had zero choice in the matter.

Lexi’s stomach dropped like a stone, and panic clawed at her insides at the thought of the officer searching her car and discovering the black bag and its contents.

“Of course,” Lexi replied, her voice barely above a whisper. She knew better than to argue with a police officer, especially one as formidable as Church. As she opened the car door and stepped onto the pavement, her legs felt like jelly beneath her.

“Place your hands on your head, please,” Church instructed, watching Lexi closely.

Swallowing hard, Lexi complied, her palms sweaty and her heart thudding wildly in her chest. She felt like a criminal even though she hadn’t done anything wrong. And yet, the embarrassment she felt at the prospect of being caught with the items in her black bag made her feel as though she had something to hide.

“Spread your legs shoulder-width apart,” Officer Church said, and Lexi obeyed, struggling to keep her balance on shaky limbs.

As the officer began her inspection, Lexi’s thoughts raced, a chaotic whirlwind of fear and humiliation. She couldn’t help but wonder what would happen when Officer Church discovered the black bag. Would she be arrested? Fined? Or worse? It was absolutely ridiculous, of course, because there was nothing illegal about her purchase, but the thoughts just would not stop.

“Keep still, Miss Anders,” Officer Church admonished gently as Lexi trembled. “I’m just doing my job.”

“I know,” Lexi whispered, shutting her eyes tightly against the tears threatening to spill over. “It’s just...I’ve never been in this kind of situation before.”

“Try to relax,” Officer Church advised, her voice softer now. “If you have nothing to hide, there’s no reason to be afraid.”

But Lexi couldn’t shake the feeling that she was about to be exposed—in more ways than one—and the shame that came with it was nearly unbearable. As her mind continued to race with questions and anxieties, a glimmer of hope emerged. Perhaps Officer Church held some hidden empathy, buried beneath her hardened exterior. And maybe, just maybe, that empathy could be her saving grace.

“Do you mind if I search your car?”

“Um, sure. I guess.” Lexi fidgeted and sighed. “Is this really necessary?”

“Well, your driving gave me suspicion to pull you over. I could call out a canine. If you prefer.” Church stared hard at Lexi.

“No, that’s fine. Do what you need to do.” Now she just wanted the situation to be over.

“Stay where you are, Miss Anders,” Officer Church ordered, her gaze never leaving Lexi as she approached the passenger’s door. With a gloved hand, she opened it slowly, carefully, and then stepped back to allow Lexi a clear view of her actions.

Lexi couldn’t tear her eyes away from the scene unfolding before her. Her heart pounded in her chest, each beat a painful reminder of the increasing humiliation that lay just beyond her control. She watched as Officer Church began her methodical search, her fingers deftly moving through the contents of her glove box, then the center console, and finally coming to rest on the black bag that sat innocently on the passenger seat.

“Is this yours, Miss Anders?” she asked, lifting the bag with an air of detached curiosity. Lexi swallowed hard, nodding her head in affirmation. “May I look inside?”

“Uh, yes, of course,” Lexi stammered, struggling to maintain her composure. “Go ahead.”

Officer Church’s fingers worked efficiently at the drawstring, and Lexi braced herself for the wave of embarrassment that would inevitably follow. The officer pulled out one item after another, placing them delicately on the trunk of Lexi’s car as if they were fragile pieces of evidence in some kind of twisted crime scene. Each piece seemed to taunt her, mocking her very existence.

“Interesting,” Officer Church murmured, her expression unreadable as she examined each object. Lexi felt the heat rise in her cheeks, her ears burning with shame. She willed herself to remain calm, but her thoughts spiraled into chaos, a cacophony of doubts and fears assaulting her psyche.

“Is there a problem, Officer?” Lexi ventured hesitantly, her voice barely audible above the sound of her own heartbeat.

“Miss Anders,” Officer Church began, her tone measured and controlled. “It is not my place to judge the personal preferences of others, but I must remind you that it is crucial to keep your full attention on the road while driving. Your slow driving aroused my suspicion, and I am obligated to investigate any potential dangers.”

The corners of Officer Church's mouth twitched upward ever so slightly as she gazed upon the array of toys displayed on Lexi's trunk. Even in her most dire moments, Lexi couldn't help but notice how this subtle hint of amusement softened the otherwise stern officer's features.

Putting the items back in the bag, Officer Church asked, "Do you have any identification on you?"

Lexi remembered her campaign badge tucked in her shirt. Pulling it free, she flashed it at Officer Church. "Will this work?"

Inspecting it closer, Officer Church asked, "You work for Congresswoman Marsh?"

"I do."

"Hmm, well I'll let you off with a warning this time. But watch your speed and try to stay with the flow of traffic."

Lexi could feel the heat rising in her cheeks as she stammered out an apology. "Y-Yes, Officer. I'm sorry for my slow driving. It won't happen again."

"See that it doesn't," the officer replied, her tone firm yet not unkind. She began to gather the items from atop the trunk, placing them one by one back into the black bag with a deliberate slowness that made Lexi squirm. Once everything was securely inside, she handed the bag to Lexi, who took it with trembling hands. Their eyes met, and for a moment Lexi couldn't breathe. She held Church's steely stare with an intense gaze of her own and felt a wave of arousal like a lightning bolt had struck the air around her, electricity buzzing everywhere.

Officer Church blinked, and it was like her eyes came back into sharp focus. She blinked again, then broke eye contact.

"Drive safely, Miss Anders." With those final words, Officer Church returned to her patrol car, leaving Lexi standing there, her heart pounding and her mind a whirlwind of emotions. Relief washed over her like cool water, but confusion gnawed at her thoughts. Why had she been let off without even a citation?

Climbing back into her car, Lexi set the bag down on the passenger seat and started the engine. As she pulled away from the roadside, her mind raced with questions about Officer Church's actions. It wasn't just the fact that she'd been let go without a ticket. Something about the way the officer had looked at her stirred an excitement that had nothing at all to do with fear.

Pre-order now



Watch for more previews coming soon.