

DOMINATRIX-ONLINE.COM  
MISTRESS BLACKHEART: POLICEMAN'S PREROGATIVE



Licensed and Produced through  
Penumbra Publishing

*www.PenumbraPublishing.com*



All rights reserved

Copyright 2009 by the author Dallas White

Cover Design and Artwork Copyright 2009 by Penumbra Publishing

*Dominatrix-Online.com* is an actual web site owned and operated by the author strictly to promote the novel series. **Mistress Blackheart: Policeman's Prerogative** is the first novel released in this series, and is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, or events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

*“You’ve been very naughty,  
and you must be punished.”*



## **The Dominatrix Rules of Engagement**

1. The woman with the whip is the Dominatrix. The Dominatrix will be obeyed without question at all times.
2. The personal space of the Dominatrix must be respected. Touching or attempting to touch the Dominatrix is strictly forbidden. Violations will be dealt with swiftly and severely.
3. The Dominatrix will dictate one hour in which to make her entrance at the designated area, and will arrive at her leisure.
4. When the Dominatrix arrives, the designated area becomes her realm. The Dominatrix forbids illegal activities or substances in her realm.
5. All subjects 18 years of age or older within the realm of the Dominatrix immediately become her submissives. Anyone under the age of 18, and anyone who does not wish to be a submissive, must be gone from the designated area when the Dominatrix makes her entrance.
6. The Dominatrix demands complete obedience from her submissives. Any hesitation or reticence in obeying will displease the Dominatrix – and it is *never* a good idea to displease the Dominatrix. Those who dare will be punished severely.
7. At the conclusion of her reign within the realm, the Dominatrix accepts cash gratuity.

DOMINATRIX-ONLINE.COM

MISTRESS BLACKHEART:  
POLICEMAN'S PREROGATIVE



*an erotic romance novel*

*by*

**DALLAS WHITE**



## ***Author Acknowledgement and Disclaimer***

This is a work of fiction classified as erotic romance with content rated for adult readers due to explicit language and sexual subject matter.

Details regarding any locations, government or law-enforcement organizations, retail or financial concerns, or other seemingly identifiable information are the author's inventions. No events as described are to be assumed to have taken place. Any errors contained in this book are solely the author's.

Thanks to all who contributed advice regarding the story's content and format, and to friends and family who offered support. Special thanks to Fern, friend and fellow author, whose unceasing encouragement has been a tremendous boost during the completion and distribution phase of this book

Happy reading,

***Dallas White, author***

*DallasWhite450@aol.com*

*<http://www.DallasWhite.com>*

*<http://www.Dominatrix-Online.com>*

DOMINATRIX-ONLINE.COM

MISTRESS BLACKHEART: POLICEMAN'S PREROGATIVE

*PART I*

*Arrested Development*



## **CHAPTER 1**

“Pick up the purple dildo,” I command, slowly dragging the tips of my cat-o-nine-tails up my right thigh. “You know what to do with it.”

In the high-def flat monitor at the center of my dark little night-gig world, the pale and paunchy sixty-ish man wearing nothing but a Lone Ranger mask, hesitates. I smile at this dude I’ve known for the past three months only as ‘the Judge.’ He’s baiting me.

I snap my whip hard against my thigh-high black leather boot. It kind of hurts, but I’m in character, so I can’t wince as I yell, “Mistress Blackheart *must* be obeyed! Now *do* it!”

He picks up the dildo as ordered and bends over, watching me in the camera from his remote site, to make sure I’m watching him. “That’s it,” I say in a drab tone, pretty much bored with this same Friday night routine. But the Judge seems as excited as ever. Instantly his shriveled dick get a lot firmer, and he starts stroking it.

Like I give a rat’s ass. He has nothing I want. And I’m not saying that because I’m not interested in guys. I’m just not interested in him, or any of my other twelve clients. This is a job for me, and nothing else. I get all gussied up in my leather bustier and matching high-cut briefs, crack my whip, shout some obscene orders, and wait for those good ol’ boys to get their rocks off somewhere across cyberspace. Where, exactly, I don’t know and don’t care. They’re there, playing with themselves, and I’m here, safe and sound in this little vacant apartment in Atlanta’s suburb of Norcross, putting on my nightly performance. At the end of the week, my business partners hand over a nifty stack of cool cash. And that’s that.

It’s just that ... well ... this particular Friday happens to be my twenty-fifth birthday, and by nine o’clock in the evening I realize it ain’t gonna get any better than this. That sobering thought sort of dampens my

enthusiasm for this temporary gig I hope will earn me the extra cash I need to get my sorry-ass life back on track.

Before the Judge can stick the dildo where it usually goes, the apartment door flies open with a loud wham. “What the hell?” I hear myself squawk as several black-clad men charge into the room. I stagger back, tripping over one of the three Internet-feed cameras positioned around my makeshift performance stage. My ass hits the drab brown carpeted floor with a hard thump, and I get the wind knocked out of me. Before I can catch my breath, two guys are pulling me up by my arms and setting me back on my unsteady feet teetering on the three-inch spike heels attached to my oh-so-sleazy fuck-me boots.

About the time I recognize the significance of the uniforms, one of the dudes barks, “You’re under arrest. You have the right to remain silent...”

*Arrest? Holy shit!*

\* \* \* \* \*

“Dominique Olivia Milhaus,” says the stubby, balding, fifty-ish, plain-clothes cop wearing a really ugly plaid shirt, polyester tan jacket, and brown pants. He’s reading my name from a file folder. He calls himself Detective Dorff. I decide his name should really be Detective Dork, although I am careful not to share that observation with him.

Having a real problem with authority, I confess I was tempted, when asked for my permanent address, to tell Detective Dork I’m originally from Minnesota. Although I’ve become acclimated to the South, having lived here longer than in the North, I still refuse to speak with a drawl or say ‘y’all.’ It just goes against my grain, like twangy country music. But, using my better judgment, I decide that announcing I’m still a damned Yankee and proud of it will not endear my arresting officer to my plight as a wrongfully accused damsel in distress.

“Come with me,” Detective Dork orders, unlocking the handcuffs pinning my hands behind me. As I rub my freed wrists, I eye the cold and shiny handcuffs with envy. I have a couple pairs of my own that I use for props. One set’s rubber, and another’s lined with red fake fur, but these babies are the real thing. Despite the salacious nature of my nighttime gig,

I don't own a real pair. I make it a point never to let anyone restrain me. Tonight I don't have a choice in the matter.

My current situation is obviously the result of some kind of bad karma, a cosmic joke, but I'm not laughing. If my daytime coworker LaKeisha Boudreaux were here, she'd tell me I'm being punished for repeating my mantra, "I hate this job," one too many times. Evidently cursing one's despised day job can turn around and bite one on the proverbial ass. I'm only now acknowledging this irrefutable advice as I admit silently, *Okay, Universe, there are worse things in life than working at a KopyKwik store.* Getting arrested ranks up there at the top of the list, but I resolve not to let it faze me as I follow cod-faced, toothpick-chewing Detective Dork away from the glum room cluttered with police-officer desks.

Detective Dork leads me down a tan hallway with no windows, no pictures, and nothing else of consequence except grotesque institutional plastic molding glued around the bottom of the walls. As the spike heels of my over-the-knee black leather boots clack loudly on the linoleum tile floor with beige swirls on an off-white background, I wonder what's so hideous underneath, that anyone would think crappy plastic trim is an improvement. Taking lessons from my mom, I give the surroundings a last casual once-over and roll my eyes. *Call it in – we've got another interior design disaster.*

Detective Dork ushers me into what I assume Georgia's finest, the Gwinnett County Police, quaintly term their 'booking room.' I glance at the dingy white walls whispering a hint of mint green and cringe. *Could I get some Pepto Bismol please?*

The human fireplug leaves me in the big, strong, capable hands of a uniform towering behind the counter of sea-green Formica. Surely this is someone's cruel joke of a decorating scheme. But the uniform isn't laughing, and I understand why. He has to work in it.

In a gruff monotone, the uniform orders me to stand against the far wall marked with height stripes. He scribbles something on an erasable plaque about the size of a car license plate and hands it to me. With a quick gesture, he indicates I'm to hold it up in front of my very exposed cleavage. Good thing I'm fluent in body language. It's a plus in my night job, as are my voluptuous puppies, which I try to keep exposed to the

extreme edge of decency whenever possible and marginally appropriate. Never know when that vertical grin will come in handy – except it doesn't seem to be working to my advantage now. Big Bad Uniform doesn't even notice me, so intent he is on doing his job.

He goes back to the counter where there's a camera hooked to a computer. *Oh, great. My mug shot.* After the blinding flash, I see multicolored spots. I take consolation in the fact that my normally unruly, down-to-my-waist, curly black hair is surprisingly well-behaved tonight, and I'm wearing my semi-theatrical working makeup. In black leather and fishnet stockings, I know I look like a high-dollar Goth vamp – or maybe low-dollar. *Whatever.*

When the uniform motions me toward his counter, I give him a quick once-over, then pat my hair, glad I let LaKeisha talk me into splurging on that bottle of Super Anti-Frizz – or Antifreeze. *Whatever.* Sounds like stuff to pour in a car radiator, but LaKeisha swears it works miracles for African-American hair. I'm not black, but hey, what do I care, as long as it makes my curls tight and bouncy. In my line of work, the tighter and bouncier everything is, the better.

I smile at that, even though I know there's nothing to be amused about. This is definitely not my idea of a good time on a Friday night. I didn't expect to spend my twenty-fifth birthday working. I was hoping for a fun night out with some friends. Then I remind myself that the few oddball characters I call friends would definitely not go for dancing and drinking and howling-bad karaoke. Anyway, I know most of them only via the Internet. Okay, so I'd settle for just some cake – a cupcake, even. No candles required. Instead, I get Nightmare on Cop Street.

And why do I deserve this? I've become such a workaholic with two jobs, I have no social life. *Yeah, me, a workaholic. Hard to imagine.* Okay, so I do get a lot of social contact in my evening pursuit, but not the kind I can brag about to anyone – confidential customer base and all that. And no, I'm not talking about the *oh-yeah-baby* stuff I'd like to be enjoying with a steady boyfriend, assuming for half a millisecond that I could actually keep a guy long enough to call him my boyfriend. I mean, how can I even find a guy, much less keep him, when I spend nearly every weeknight and Saturdays too, in a studio apartment video conferencing via the Internet with weirdo geezers wearing *hi-ho-Silver* masks and nothing

else? Definitely not the social contact I dream of.

But apparently that kind of social contact is exactly why I'm standing here under glaring fluorescent lights, savoring the cheap thrill of Officer Jumbo Hunk o' Burnin' Love doing his inkpad thing, grabbing me with his big, strong hands to smash and roll my fingers back and forth across the squares on his booking sheet, or whatever the hell it's called.

My numb smile slinks away. *Geez*. I'm going to have an arrest record. I'm going to be classified as a criminal. And I haven't even done anything bad. Well, not *really* bad, and not exactly illegal – just naughty. I try not to think about it. What can I do at this point, except get flattened by the runaway steamroller we call our legal system? One teensy mistake, and I'm screwed – and I don't even get to lie back and enjoy a cigarette afterward. Not that I've ever smoked or ever wanted to. It's the principle that matters.

To distract myself from my rambling thoughts, I give Mr. Hunky Police Officer a more thorough going-over, starting with his hands. Did I mention how big and strong, yet surprisingly smooth they were? I don't see a wedding band. Of course, lots of married guys don't wear their ring at work. Lots of married guys don't wear a ring at all. Nevertheless, I almost convince myself he's not married, like it really matters. If a guy is going to cheat on his significant other, no marriage certificate or little band of metal will stand in his way.

Wait a minute. Who am I to think this guy would be interested in me anyway? Like I should even care. He's not my type. I mean, he's okay – quite fine, in fact – but I don't usually go for shaved heads. His do is worse than a military-style crew cut and does absolutely nothing for him except make his cute little perfect ears and his big brown bedroom eyes surrounded by dark lashes stand out more. And he has a nice tan, what I can see of it beyond the cuffs and buttoned-up collar of his black cop uniform.

I decide he's too tall and beefy for my taste, but who am I to complain? I have to wear high heels to reach five-four, and I could stand to lose about ten pounds. Okay, fifteen, but who's counting?

On closer inspection, I realize that extra meat on Officer Hunk is all muscle. *Mmmm*. I start imagining what kind of 'punishment' he would like, then stop. I'm already in enough trouble as it is.

Done with me, he hands me an industrial brown paper towel and nods toward the string of identical green plastic chairs behind me, lined up against the wall as if facing a firing squad. I sympathize with their plight until I sit down on the middle chair and find it's stone hard, the worst ever to abuse my bottom. These chairs deserve to be lime green – and shot.

I look around. All the other chairs beside me are empty. I kind of expect to see more action in here on a Friday night. I mean, restaurants are always packed, and shopping centers are swarming with people. Even I see most of my hottest action on Fridays and Saturdays, so I figure it's gotta be a busy time for just about everybody. Maybe the night is still young for the good ol' Gwinnett Police Force. Yeah, that must be it.

I heave a big sigh. Getting arrested for trumped-up charges I don't think I'm guilty of puts a real damper on things, and trying to lighten my mood with snide mental commentary just isn't working. While I rub the paper towel furiously over my fingers to remove the blue/black ink, I let out another big fat sigh. I get a glance from Officer Hunk doing his job behind the counter, and decide he's gotta be bored. Any distraction, no matter how sleazy, has to be more interesting than filling out arrest paperwork. But he doesn't let his gaze linger on me any longer than necessary to shoot me a stern look.

The heat kicks on – or is it air-conditioning? In Atlanta in April, it's hard to tell. Feeling a draft around my thighs where the fishnet stockings stop and the high-cut black leather briefs begin, I pull my black leather jacket down, trying to tent it over my knees. Suddenly I realize how bad my fish-belly white skin needs to see the ultraviolet rays of a tanning bed. At least I don't have cottage-cheese thighs. Thank goodness for small favors.

My jacket's too tight to cover anything below my waist, so I quit fidgeting and glance up just in time to see Officer Hunk giving me the once-over. He doesn't bat an eye when I catch him shopping. Slow and cool, he looks back down at his paperwork. Okay, so he's not the mindless automaton I assumed he was.

I examine my fingers, realizing it's useless trying to get the ink off without some kind of solvent. If it won't come off on the darn paper towel after that much rubbing, it's not coming off on anything else. *Hey, Officer Hunk, how about a Wet-Wipe or something?* I sigh and wad up the paper

towel, then toss it at the trashcan next to the counter where the nice big officer conducts his prisoner-processing routine. But I miss, way off, and the towel lands in the middle of the floor, a foot short of the target. So sue me. I never was good at sports, and I definitely throw like a girl. I mean, come on. I *am* a girl.

When I get up to retrieve it, the uniform shoots me a glare. *Whoa! Be cool, Mr. Police Officer.* I slump back on the chair of agony, and he looks down again. When I cross my legs, my leather boots rub together, making that yummy back-in-the-saddle sound. Officer Hunk lets his eyes travel down the length of my legs, then focuses again on the file spread open in front of him. He's just too cool for words, like nothing fazes him. I hate that in a guy.

I stifle a frown, then watch Officer Hunk put his pen down and walk out from behind the counter. He bends over to pick up my discarded paper towel, and I feel my jaw go slack. *Nice ass, dude!*

As he walks back to his post, he tosses the paper towel in the can. Perfect shot. Well, of course, he's standing right by it. How can he miss? And how embarrassing would it be for his way-too-cool demeanor if he did? The idea makes me smile again.

Just then I realize in all the glitz and glamour of getting booked for solicitation and illegal interstate trafficking – or whatever charges they drummed up to haul my fanny in here – I neglected to check out the nice policeman's name tag. I look up and see his is not a clip-on like the one I have to wear for my day job at KopyKwik, but is sewed on the upper edge of his breast pocket. I lean forward and squint, trying to make out his name. Carl ... Lyle. Oh. *Carlyle*. No first name. *Hmm*. Well, who needs names? Ships passing in the night, and all that.

Wait. Who do I think I'm kidding? This romance is destined for a fast fizzle before it ever starts. I mean, what would a cop and a jailbird arrested for Internet porn, cybersex, whatever, have in common anyway? I let another smile creep across my mouth. Who cares, as long as the parts fit together? And if they don't, there are mechanical aids to fix just about any problem, if you go to the right store.

The door opens, and Attila the Hun's sister, looking exceptionally frumpy in her police uniform, marches in to get me. I guess I'm about to be fitted for a set of fashionable orange county lockup coveralls. As she

grabs my arm and drags me away, I turn and give a little fingertip wave to Officer Hunk still standing behind the counter. *Be still, my heart!* He smiles.