

Romance and Guns

By : Nikkibeth

(CANCELLED) Heather Summers is the best FBI agent in Dallas. Even though she has a decent job, she is very lonely. She lets her job take over her life, and her love life. When an advanced drug dealer takes over the city, the FBI has to work with Dallas PD. Cameron Allison is the best police officer and a bachelor. When Cameron and Heather sets eyes on each other and has to work together, romance blooms. Can Heather get out of the work phase of mind to fall in love? Can Cameron get out the bachelorhood? Can they work together to save the city?



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Table of Contents

Romance and Guns Chapter 1

Romance and Guns : Chapter 1

A/N: Hey guys. Just came up with this idea thanks to IceBreaker and her mystery novel. This will have some mystery, but loads of erotica. Well, read on and PLEASE comment cause thats the only way I can update people that wants to be updated and well, it lets me know that you even read! Just comment "KMU" or I liked it!

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Chapter 1

Hiring the Help

"Summers, Williams, get in my office you two!" Captain Harris said and my partner, Brittany, and I walked into his office. When the door closed behind us, he tossed a file to us and I looked at it. It is a drug dealer, piece of cake. I rolled my eyes and tossed it back and laughed. "Can the police get her?" I said and he sighed and stood up.

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"This is no ordinary dealer, Heather. Anya Koreskova is one of the roughest dealers out there. Her father is the godfather of the Russian mafia over in Moscow. She gets everything she wants and for free because of her father. The police and ourselves have been watching her for the past few weeks and there is a lot of fire power. She also has a degree in computer technology from Texas Tech, she knows her technology. We are going to get the police to help us," Harris said and my eyes grew.

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"You mean, a collaborative assignment? Sir, why?" I asked and he walked around us.

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"The PD knows more about her than us. They called me and asked if we can work together. They are sending their top officers and we are going to send our top agents."

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"As in me and Heather?" Brittany said and he nodded and smiled.

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"You two have to be the two toughest females on this team. I am sending more agents, but you and their two top officers are just going to lead them."

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"I don't know how this is going to work out, sir," I said and he gripped my shoulder.

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Romance and Guns

"Heather, you have to work with more than one person, learn how to get along. Now, the other two men are waiting on you two at the Dallas PD office in an hour, so you two better get going," Harris said and we left his office.½ We decided to stop at a little coffee shop since I did not have my coffee this morning and I have a coffee addiction. As we sat down and drank our coffee outside, Brittany started to talk about Dallas PD. "I wonder if my husband will help us," Brittany said and my eyes grew.

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"You're married? I never knew you we're married," I said and she laughed. Her blonde hair is moving in the wind and her blue eyes shine when she smiles.

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"Yeah, his name is Xavier, we've been married for two years now. Our careers don't interfere with anything. I am home around five thirty and he gets home around six. We leave at the same time in the mornings, and I still love him like the day I met him," Brittany said.

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"I don't want to be in a relationship of any kind, I married to my work."

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"But a man will do you some good, Heather."

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"The last man I was with decided the Marines is better than me, so he left." We finished our coffee and we went to the police station. Before I went in, I looked at my short brunette hair and make sure I looked professional. I rarely wear makeup but I do put some eyeliner to make my dark green eyes pop. I think I am pretty, but not attractive. I sighed and Brittany and I walked into the police station and I am very surprised at the station. it's a lot less busier than our FBI station and seems more happier. Everyone is smiling and joking around, but remaining professional. Brittany ran to a man, which I figured out that it's her husband. "Hey baby, I am guessing you're the top FBI agents?" Xavier asked and she nodded.

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"How do you know?" she asked and he smiled.

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"Because my partner and I are the leaders for the police. Cameron, come meet the ladies!" I looked over and I have never seen a sexy man like this man name Cameron. His blonde locks has the messy look and he has baby blue eyes. He has a strong jaw and I can see the outline of his huge muscles in his shirt. I swallowed and closed my eyes. Heather, this is just work, you will do this case and you will never see him again! "Hello ladies, and Mrs. Williams, I am Cameron Allison," Cameron said and he has a strong Texas drawl.

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"I-I'm Heather Summers," I said giving him my hand and he smiled.

Romance and Guns

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"Now Heather, it's not time to get nervous around me," Cameron winked and I snorted. What a ego maniac! Still, I am nervous around his sexiness and I don't want him to know that!

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"I am not nervous thank you very much, I had to clear my throat. Let's get started on this case," I said and everybody nodded. We went to a conference room and we got the case files out.

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"We have been tracking Anya for about two months now and she is very tough cookie. She may be a very sexy woman..." Cameron said and he slid a picture of her to me and she has straight blonde hair, gray eyes and she is indeed beautiful, but dangerous. "But she knows her stuff. Her father lives back in Moscow and he runs the mafia over there. She moved over here and was doing great as a US citizen, but decided to deal drugs and run the Dallas drug lords. She has a bachelors in computers, so we cannot get no data on her at all," Cameron said and I sighed.

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"I don't see why you need the FBI's help, sounds like you just need more time," I said and Cameron leaned back in his chair, showing off his muscles once again.

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"Because Anya is not your normal drug dealer. We just figured out that she is using the federal government for the drugs and the computer system, we do need your help."

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"Well, we are here, so lets crack Anya!" We sat around and talked about the case and Xavier and Brittany began to be cutsie by giggling and she cooed when he done something to her. I looked at the clock and seen that its two o clock already and I stood up and looked at the crowd. "I am going to go ahead and call the meeting to the end. We will meet at Sal's coffee shop tomorrow at nine sharp," I said and rushed out the door. When I got to my car, I threw the case into the back seat and slammed my head against the steering wheel. I cannot stand looking at a couple that is madly in love, it's just...this thing I have since that Marine. I ran my fingers through my hair and turned my car on and drove to my house. I inherited my parent's house when they passed away in a car accident three years ago when I was in law school. I never finished so I went to the FBI begging for a job. I started as a receptionist, answering calls and that is it. They decided that I should train as an agent, and here I am. I solved probably over one hundred cases in three years and I am the top agent. When I opened the door, the silence of my house makes me so depressed. I don't have any pets, I am allergic to both dogs and cats. I have no roommates, so I am very much alone. No body really likes me at the office, I am called "The Bitch of the FBI". I am stuck up and too hard core into my job. I have not been laid in five years no boyfriend in two years. He wanted sex, but I am too into my job to do anything. I went to my stereo and turned on some metal music and went to my liquor cabinet. I grabbed the brandy and the cherry coke and pour me a brandy on coke. I sat down and drank my drink and sighed. My only friend is Brittany and she doesn't like me enough to even tell me that she is married. What if she has kids? I highly doubt she has kids, the whole office would know. Do they even know she is married? What the fuck ever, I am happy the way I am. I have a kick ass job, but a very solitude life. I really do need a man. I need a man like Cameron. Yes, Cameron Allison, he is one sexy man. I bet he can just look at a woman and the woman's pussy gets wet. I sure did get

Romance and Guns

wet, I haven't got wet in a very long time. About an hour later, Brittany called. "Heather, we want to take a day off tomorrow because we want to go party tonight and you are invited and you are going!" Brittany said and I looked at my glass, which is my second one, and sighed.

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"What the hell, I am already drinking a little, meet you at..." I said and Brittany named the place and time to be there. Well, maybe I won't be so alone anymore.

Romance and Guns

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