The Witch House

Midnight…a thick fog rolling in off the river. In their patrol car—Legs Benedict and her partner, Sweet Dick Willie, were staking out the infamous Witch House. All about the job, Legs was laser-focused on the house, infamous for its Voodoo Ceremonies. Though that was a long time ago, you can’t argue with three kids having disappeared inside it in the last couple of weeks.

Horny, as always, Sweet Dick could use a little action: “So your boyfriend gets you pregnant, then takes off with his new girlfriend—that’s tough.”

“There’s something wrong with that house, partner—seriously wrong.”

“But hey, as long as you’re knocked up anyway—know what I mean?”

“Those shadows, you can almost hear them talking.”

 The next second, Legs was giving him a lapdance. In nothing but a pair of boy-style black panties, really going to town, working his love muscle like a baker kneading the dough for a fresh baguette. Gritting his teeth, Sweet Dick was about to come.

 Snapping out of the daze he’d fallen into, he whipped his eyes about the cruiser. Sitting next to him, eyes on that house like a Rottweiler on a bloody steak, Legs was still in uniform.

Pissed, Sweet Dick said: “I got no idea why you took me into that fantasy, but if that’s your game, you’re damn well gonna finish it.”

That got a raised eyebrow: “Partner, I don’t fuck the dead.”

What the hell? Only, on lifting his hand, Sweet Dick couldn’t help but note how he was now holding his service automatic. At least one shot had been fired. As for his uniform, under the blood pouring out his mouth, it was a sticky mess.

He shook his head. Chicks, they’ll use any excuse not to put out.