

Melissa Opens Up

Crimson Rose

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I was with the new station all of five minutes when I was summoned to my Captain's office. Having no idea what I could have possibly done to warrant disciplinary action already, I assumed he just wanted to meet his new detective. Had I known then what would come of the meeting I would have walked away and never turned back, but hindsight and all that, right? Inhaling and exhaling slowly, I gave his door three rapid knocks.

"Enter," I heard a gruff male voice call out from within.

Opening the door, I stepped inside to see a rather handsome man in his mid-forties and thought he was sitting behind a desk, it did nothing to hide the fact that he kept himself in remarkable shape. "You wanted to see me, Sir?"

"Detective Melissa Corwin, I presume?"

"Yes Sir."

"Please, come in and take a seat. I've got a case I'd like to discuss with you."

A case after five minutes? Maybe my reputation for getting the job done preceded me, I thought as I walked across the office and took a seat in one of the very uncomfortable looking chairs opposite my new boss. "A case already, Sir?"

"From what I've read in your file this one is right up your alley, Detective Corwin. Your former Captain tells me you thrived with deep undercover work and did whatever it took to get the job done. Is that still the case?"

"Yes Sir."

"I chose you for three very specific reasons, Detective Corwin. First, you're new in town. No one knows your face and better yet no one knows you're a detective which should make going undercover here a whole lot easier for you. Second, and I do not mean this in a sexist way, nor am I trying to hit on you, but you're an incredibly attractive woman. The case calls for a woman and your looks are an added bonus. And third, I understand you grew up on a farm. Is that correct?"

"Yes Sir. My parents own a dairy farm in Ohio. I lived there until going to college when I was eighteen. Are you telling me the case involves me going undercover at a farm?"

"As oddly as it sounds, that is exactly what I'm saying, Detective. Shadybrook Farms to be exact. We believe they're a front for illegal activities the least of which is human trafficking, but so far we've come up empty handed on all attempts at getting something on them."

"Are you sure they're Dirty, Sir? Maybe they're exactly what they appear to be and they have nothing to hide."

"They're cleaner than clean, Detective. And that's the problem. Every time we pay them a visit you can just feel the tension in the air, but searches tell us nothing. In fact, it's almost as if they know when we're coming and go to great lengths to hide whatever it is they're really doing."

"Do you think you've got a mole, Sir?"

"As much as I hate to admit it, that's the only reasonable explanation."

"I have to ask, Sir, why are you so convinced they're dirty?"

"Sixteen women, including my daughter Tracy, have gone missing in the last five years and the only thing they all have in common is they worked for Shadybrook Farms. One or two? Perhaps. Maybe they got sick of the farm life and moved away. But sixteen? That's no coincidence, Detective. And I know my daughter. She worked at that place for seven months before she disappeared and during that time her whole demeanor changed. I couldn't put my

finger on it and she wouldn't say anything negative about them, but I knew she was different. And then one day she was just gone. They claim they fired her the week before and showed me a copy of the termination letter, but I don't buy it. And no one knows where she went. She hasn't used credit, bank cards or her cell phone since she went missing either. I'm telling you, Detective Corwin, those bastards are up to no good and I need you to find out what that something is."

"And if I can't find anything?"

"Then you're not doing your damn job! I'm sorry. I shouldn't have yelled at you like that, but my baby has been missing for nine months now. I know deep down she's probably dead, but not knowing for sure is tearing me apart. I need you to use your farming expertise to get a job there and find out exactly what they're doing. Can you do that, Detective?"

"I can try, but there's no guarantee they'll even hire me."

"Oh, they'll hire you. I have no doubts about that. I hate to bring your looks up twice in our first conversation, but you fit the profile of all the missing women save two who were African American. That being said, you won't be going in unprotected. And by that I mean you'll be implanted with a state of the art microchip I got courtesy of a friend at the FBI. According to him it cannot be detected using any known methods on the market. It also contains a microphone and receiver so we'll hear everything said around you. While it's activated."

"And what about when I'm at home? How does this new chip not break a dozen different privacy laws?"

"It can be deactivated with a command phrase and also placed in standby mode which turns off the recorder and microphone, but keeps the tracking feature enabled. I know it's invasive, but we cannot risk losing another woman to those people so if you're not willing to get the implant then I'll have to find someone else who is."

"I'll do it Sir."

"Perfect. Head on down to the M.E.'s office and talk to Dr. Stephanie Pierce. Due to the sensitive and highly classified nature of the equipment she's the only one authorized to implant the chip. And once you've been implanted I do not want to see you back in this station until you've got something to report. Is that understood? From this point forward you're undercover."

"Understood, sir." Leaving Captain Stint's office, I took the elevator down to the medical examiners and asked for Dr. Pierce. After signing in, I went back to find a leggy blonde washing her hands. Turning to face me, she gave me a smile. She was a pretty woman of maybe thirty with narrow framed glasses and just the slightest hint of makeup. "Dr. Pierce?"

"In the flesh. And you are?"

"Detective Melissa Corwin. I just joined the force here and have already been given my first assignment. I was told by Captain Stint sent me down to be implanted with the new chip."

"Ah, so he's finally found a guinea pig to take on his asinine case, huh? Please take off your shirt and bra and take a seat on the table and I'll be with you in a moment."

"I would hardly call sixteen missing women asinine, doctor."

"All with a history of running away from their problems."

"Does that include the Captain's daughter?"

"Tracy? Between you and me, she couldn't wait to get away from an overbearing father breathing down her neck twenty-four seven, but you didn't hear that from me," Dr. Pierce said as she grabbed a small wooden box from a cabinet over the sink. Holding it in one hand, she opened a drawer and grabbed a few other items before walking over and sitting the box next to me on the table.

Dr. Pierce put on a pair of clean nitrile gloves and then opened an alcohol wipe. And then to my utter surprise, she started cleaning my left nipple and areola with it. “Um, what are you doing? Please tell me you’re not implanting that thing in my breast!”

“No, the chip will go elsewhere, I’m cleaning your nipple for the rings.”

“Excuse me?”

“Captain Stint didn’t tell you? This is new chip comes in four parts. There’s the tracker which will be embedded deep in your abdomen and then there are the transceiver and recorder which come in the form of ten gauge nipple rings. Since pierced nipples are nothing new, they are innocuous enough not to draw attention. I don’t know what they made the things out of but they cannot be detected using normal methods. Anyways, I’ve got to pierce your nipples, Detective Corwin. I mean, I guess I could place them elsewhere, but the nipples are probably going to be the easiest.”

I noticed her eyes drifting down towards my crotch and knew exactly where she was inferring. “No, Captain Stink did not tell me I would be getting my nipples pierced today. Any other surprises? Wait, you said four parts. What’s the fourth?”

“Another ten gauge ring, I’m afraid. And to answer your next question, it’s going in your hood.”

“Jesus Christ! Why in the hell would the FBI invent something so fucked up?”

“Nothing fucked up about pierced nipples and hood. I’ll have you know mine have been pierced for years and I get nothing but compliments about them.”

“Yeah, but did you get them pierced because you wanted them pierced, or because you had to do it for work?”

“Because I wanted to get them done, of course, but...”

“My point exactly. As great as they might look, I really never had any intentions of getting that kind of work done. Ever. Now I ask again, are there anymore damn surprises? Any other holes you plan on putting in me today?”

“Not unless you really want me to,” Dr. Pierce said as she opened one of the new needles and then fished one end of a thick ring into one end. Pinching my left nipple, she pulled it out and then jabbed the needle through. It hurt like hell and I flinched while groaning through tightly clenched teeth. Leaving the ring dangling, she repeated the process with the right and then took two steps back.

“Go ahead and take the rest of your clothes off so I can do the hood piercing and implant the chip. And let me be the first to say how sexy the rings look on you. And you took the piercing very well. Normally I’d never use anything so thick for a first-time piercing, but we don’t have time for the holes to heal and then have you stretch them for larger jewelry.”

“I still don’t understand why I need all these damn piercings when one of the transceivers would suffice,” I said as I stood up and unbuttoned my jeans.

“All I know is all three must be worn at the same time for them to function properly. Director Holbert didn’t elaborate on the details other than to assure me they have been extensively field tested by his best agent. When it was first invented it was a series of implants, but through trial and error they discovered the transceivers worked much better outside of the body as nipple and hood piercings.”