

Chapter 1

The police vehicles screeched to a halt blocking the only escape route from the warehouse. Zane opened his door and climbed out staying low and using the car door as cover. He drew his firearm and aimed it at the getaway car about fifty meters away. The driver revved the engine as he considered his chances of getting through the blockade at the warehouse doors. The driver knew what lay ahead of him if he surrendered and he didn't relish the idea of going to prison. If he could make it through the blockade he might just escape.

Zane's colleague Brian, crouched behind the cruiser's door on the opposite side. His firearm was trained on the getaway car too. He pressed the button on the loudhailer in his other hand and spoke calmly and clearly.

"There is no way out. Turn off the engine, throw your weapons out of the car and get out slowly with your hands in the air."

They waited patiently and glanced over to their colleagues on the other side who were also in position and ready to open fire if they had to.

Zane silently prayed the driver wouldn't do anything stupid. They were trapped. It was the end of the road for the criminals. As they waited, they heard the roar of the engine reduce, and then finally the driver turned it off. Guns were thrown from the windows and clattered to the floor of the warehouse coming to a stop some distance from the car. The front doors opened simultaneously and the driver and his passenger climbed out slowly making sure to keep their hands up and in plain sight.

"Now get on the ground with your hands behind your backs," Brian commanded with the loudhailer. The criminals hesitated briefly and then lay down on the ground. Zane and his men waited for a few moments before leaving their cover and entering the warehouse. Zane's two colleagues watched the walkways above them for any sign of danger. They saw none and proceeded to the office in the back of the warehouse while Zane and Brian handcuffed the driver of the car and the passenger.

Zane was surprised when he saw the passenger was a woman. They read them their rights and lifted them onto their feet after searching them for anything they could use as weapons.

"I thought you'd never get here," the woman said sarcastically.

Zane ignored the woman's sass as Brian popped the trunk and stepped around to the back of the car. He opened the trunk he let out a slow whistle.

"Whatcha got?" Zane asked as he peered over at the trunk.

Brian did not answer but let Zane make his inspection. Zane pulled the criminals along with him as he stepped back to get a better view of the contents of the trunk.

"Holy shit!" Zane when he saw the stash of drugs in the trunk. "What are you planning on doing with all this? You could overdose Hurstville's entire population ten times over with this supply!"

The suspects said nothing.

A cry went up from behind Zane where the other police had been checking the office in the back of the warehouse. Zane looked over his shoulder and saw his two colleagues leading five teenagers out of the office. They were all cuffed and walked single file as instructed. Their faces were sullen but they said nothing as they were marched out of the building and gathered just inside the entrance of the warehouse where they waited for the police van to come and pick them up.

Inside the office, an even bigger stash of drugs was found. The police van arrived with sniffer dogs. The dogs started to cover the warehouse methodically to find any more drugs that might have been stashed away on the premises.

Zane and Brian steered their captives towards their police car. Brian opened the cruiser's rear door on his side and helped the driver of the getaway car get in.

Zane paused before he let the girl get in the car. He studied her. She was beautiful. As he studied her, she turned her ice blue eyes on him as she wondered why she had not been put in the back of the cruiser yet.

She had black hair down past her shoulders, almost halfway down her back. She was in her late twenties or early thirties.

Her eyes were the most stunning blue eyes he had ever seen. She wore a sweater with a t-shirt underneath it and her legs were covered by a pair of tight-fitting black leggings that perfectly accentuated her legs and her ass.

She smirked at his silent appreciation and then winked. "Like what you see?" she asked confidently.

Zane shook his head in disgust, partially at being caught ogling this attractive criminal and partially at her attitude. He had made it far too obvious he was looking at her but he hadn't been

able to help himself. Being a sucker for beautiful women made his job hard enough, but when they knew he found them attractive, it made his job even harder. They played on it when it came to questioning or even bargaining.

This woman showed not the slightest bit of fear for the consequences of being arrested. She didn't seem to care about the fact that she would be tried, sentenced, and imprisoned. Instead, she seemed happy as if this was just a night out. A whole new experience for her.

Zane thought she was extremely attractive but he was disappointed that a woman as beautiful as she, was involved in their biggest drug bust ever in Hurstville. She would be going away for a long time. *What a waste* he thought.

Zane ordered officers Jameson and Terry to wait for another patrol car to arrive to pick up the group of teenagers they had arrested and for the team that would go through the warehouse photographing and documenting every shred of evidence. Then he climbed into the cruiser with Brian and they headed to the station.

At the station, Zane and Brian took the driver and the girl into separate interrogation rooms. Zane took the girl and Brian took the driver of the getaway car. They would swap later and then compare notes.

Brian started by taking his prisoner's basic details so he could open a criminal file.

"Name?"

"Jesus," came the answer.

"JC?" Brian joked trying to indicate that he expected Jesus' last name as well.

"Huh?" Jesus asked not understanding. He was Spanish and his English wasn't good. "Jesus. I said, Jesus."

"Hay soos who?" Brian asked enjoying himself. They had little to laugh about as cops so it didn't hurt to have some fun.

"Oh. Jesus Lareda."

"Gracias," Brian said sarcastically as he wrote it down.

"You speak Espanol?" Jesus asked suddenly excited at the thought that he might be able to speak Spanish with someone since he wasn't fluent in English.

"No. I don't," Brian looked at Jesus sternly. "I'm asking the questions, okay?"

Jesus' face dropped with disappointment as he nodded. "Okay."

Brian continued asking the information required for Jesus' biodata and then finally began his questioning.

"How long have you been working with this crowd?" Brian asked.

"I no work for them. This was a one-time job," Jesus said. "Look man, I been looking for work for a long time. My friend told me this woman needed a driver today and told me the money would be good. I gave her a call and we spoke. She told me to come to the warehouse today and I did."

"And what did you do when you discovered that would be driving a car full of drugs?"

"I wasn't happy man. I wanted to leave but I was afraid. I was sure they would kill me if I tried to leave."

"Where were you driving to?"

Jesus shrugged. "I don't know. The woman was gonna tell me on the way."

"Who's your friend?" Brian asked.

"They're not my friends man. I told you, I was told to turn up today. I never seen them before."

"I meant, who was the friend that tipped you off about the job?"

"Oh. He Jose," Jesus replied and swore under his breath.

"Do you think Jose knew what the job was?"

Jesus shrugged again indicating he wasn't sure but his face said otherwise.

Brian continued his questioning and quickly ascertained that Jesus was an illegal immigrant who had taken this job just to earn some money. Brian did not doubt that he was telling the truth and completed his questioning fairly rapidly.

Jesus was just another poor illegal who had come to America hoping to get a better life. He had been sucked into the criminal world that preyed on people like him and now he would pay the price. He would probably just be deported since it would be less of a financial burden on the legal system to send him back where he came from.

Jesus cooperated fully and told Brian everything he wanted to know.