

Undercover Nun

Alexis Alexandra

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Entering Captain Dalton's office, I closed the door behind me and nervously walked across the room. "You wanted to see me, Sir?"

"Please take a seat Officer Paige," he replied, waiting for me to sit on one of the uncomfortable chairs opposite hi before continuing. "No need to look so nervous. You're not in any sort of trouble."

"Oh, thank god! I've been racking my brain all morning trying to figure out what I did wrong and was drawing a blank. So, why am I here then? I'm not being sacked am I?"

"No, no, nothing like that." When he opened the folder in front of him, my heart started to race. "You've been with the force for seven weeks. It says here that you graduated top of your class at Pearl City University and that you wish to become a detective. Is that all true?"

"Yes Sir."

"Tell me, Officer Paige, have you ever considered doing undercover work?"

"I'd love to one day, Sir."

"Good to hear. Are you familiar with Mount Mercy University?"

"The all-girl's Catholic college?"

"One and the same."

"I know where it is, but never been there."

"Why is that exactly? According to your records you spent the first thirteen years at Catholic schools. Are you still a Catholic?"

"Not really, Sir. To be honest I only went to those schools because my parent's forced me to. I stopped believing in god around the age of eight. Besides that, Mount Mercy is way overpriced, full of religious rules I don't care to follow and they're not the ones whom offered me the scholarships that paid for my education. Please forgive my rudeness, but why are you asking about my background and religion, Sir?"

"I'm getting to that. I have a case that calls for someone exactly like you, Officer Paige. And by that – and please don't take any offense to this, I mean an attractive young Catholic woman that could easily pass as an innocent, fresh out of high school college student." *Jesus Christ! If it wouldn't get me fired I'd bend her over my desk, wrap my fingers in her long, braided brown hair and fuck her until I couldn't get it up anymore.* "Even if you no longer believe."

I felt my cheeks flush and the temperature rise about thirty degrees when he called me attractive. "I'll take that as a compliment, Sir." I turned twenty-three five months ago and still got cared at every turn, not to mention all the water-cooler conversations I have overheard when no one thinks I'm within earshot. Though mostly compliments, there were more than a few inappropriate once describing what this officer or that would like to do to me. Not one to stir up trouble, I let them pass but knew which men and women in blue to give a wide birth. "What's this case?"

"A bit of undercover work, actually. At Mount Mercy College. Strings have been pulled and you will be attending the fall semester as a freshman majoring in whatever you like."

"What exactly am I investigating and how long will it take, Sir?"

"You'll be investigating claims of assault, sexual abuse, blackmail and possibly trafficking and it'll take as long as it takes for you to determine the validity of the claims whether it's a week, semester or until you graduate with another degree. Undercover work is not

something you want to rush, Officer Paige. It takes patience, a very keen eye and mental fortitude most people don't even come close to having."

"There are other Catholic women at the station with far more experience with this sort of thing so why me, Sir?"

"I don't want to dwell on it, but first, you are twenty-three years old and don't look a day over eighteen. Second, you have an innocent look about you that masks the true demeanor you so painstakingly try to keep hidden. And third, if the allegations are true then those responsible are more likely to go after an attractive young woman such as yourself over Officers Doyle or Hobson. Not that they are ugly, but they do not fit the profile of previous targets. If you do not think you are up for it then please don't hesitate to say so. The last thing I want is to put you in a dangerous situation you're not prepared to handle."

"I'm sure I can handle a little investigating, Sir. I'm just curious why you chose me for this assignment instead of someone more experienced and now I know. You need my youthful and attractive appearance."

"I'm sorry that it comes off as being sexist, but if you're going to do undercover work you'll need to understand that there are certain roles you'll be much better suited for and unfortunately some of them require looks to pull off believably."

"Where do these allegations come from, Sir?" I asked, not wanting to get into an argument over something I knew he was right about.

"We've received more than a dozen anonymous tips over the last eight months and then a former student came to us last week with allegations of abuse with the welts and bruises to back up her claims. Easy open and shut case, right? Wrong. We can't just go barging in on the word of a single student so the Chief and I came up with this undercover operation with you in mind."

"How far do you want me to go, Sir? I mean, do I just check it out and make my reports, or am I going all the way? Assuming her story checks out, that is."

"You'll go as far as you deem necessary, but bear in mind we will need concrete evidence of what's going on and who's behind it if we're going to make any arrests that'll stick. If that means"

"I understand, Sir."

"Also remember that you will not have your badge or gun. For all intents and purposes you are just another student like all the rest."

"Which begs the question: how did you get me in at the last minute when registration ended weeks ago?"

"No idea. All I know is that Chief Davies said you were in. And don't worry about the cost. On top of your normal pay you will receive enough to pay for tuition, room and board and other expenses for the duration of your investigation."

"I won't be needing room and board, Sir. I have my own home."

"Unfortunately, Mount Mercy has very strict rules pertaining to housing that states all students must reside on campus. But don't worry, we'll make sure your house is taken care of while you're undercover. Assuming that you take the case."

"I don't like how dangerous it sounds. I mean, I could end up sold as a sex slave if they find me out. But I'll do it, Sir. If I'm ever going to do undercover work I need to start somewhere and this is as good a place as any."

"I'm not going to lie, there are a great many things that could go wrong, but the Chief and I both believe you're up to the task or we would not have considered you. We'll get the

necessary paperwork filed out and then you can take the next week off to schedule for classes and all that.”

“No matter what comes of it, thank you for choosing me, Sir. I’ll do my best to find out what’s really going on.”

“I want weekly reports whenever possible. It should go without saying, but I’ll say it anyways. While undercover you are not to use your status as an officer of the law unless absolutely necessary. If you say it at the wrong time you may risk blowing the whole operation so get it out of your head right now. For all intents and purposes you are and eighteen year old attending college for the first time. To that end, you’ll need these,” he said, opening a drawer and then sliding a folder across the desk. It contains all of your new papers. Your name is still Kelly Paige, but as your new driver’s license says you are now eighteen years old. Everything else was taken from your previous ID with the exception of the address which is an apartment downtown where my niece Lindsey lives. There’s also a new birth certificate and social security card. Memorize them and come up with whatever cover story you want. And since you’re going back to college, try to enjoy yourself. Get to know the other students and staff as best you can without drawing too much suspicion to yourself. Undercover work can take months, years even so do not worry about getting results out of the gate.”

“Which is why you suggested I pick another major I’d like to degree in.”

“Exactly. I’m not saying it’ll take you four years to come to a conclusion, but better to be safe than sorry.”

“I understand.”

“Then you have your assignment. Remember to use your new information as the old will send then straight to whom you really are. Also, remember that you are a young freshman out on her own for the first time so the rules governing your job here no longer apply and you’ll be absolved of any misdemeanor crimes you may have to commit in the course of your investigation.”

“I understand, Sir.”

“Then you may go. And good luck, Kelly.”

“Thank you Sir.”

Having just graduated three months ago with a degree in criminal justice, the last thing I wanted was to go back to school, least of all another Catholic one with holier than thou nuns and archaic rules best left in the second century, even if it was being paid for by the tax payers. Sure, I was thrilled at the chance to prove myself capable of handling undercover work, but the thought of being used, abused and potentially sold into slavery sis not sit well and despite the brave exterior, I was a trembling mess on the inside as I left the station.