

# **I.N.E.T.**

**International Narcotics  
Enforcement & Tracking**

**Book 1**

**Brenda Cothern**

By Brenda Cothorn © 2016  
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ISBN-13: 978-1-943949-05-2  
ISBN-10: 1-943949-05-0

First Printing February 2016

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Wench Publishing, Inc.  
136 E. 145<sup>th</sup> Avenue  
Tampa, Florida, 33613 USA

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## **Dedication**

To my husband who gave me help coming up with what the T could stand for!

## **Acknowledgements**

As always, special thanks The Body Shop in Tampa for letting me treat their bars like my personal office and to Chris, the bartender who has learned to ignore me when I am talking to myself!

My leather brother Topher, you've told me "semantics matter" so often, it finally made it into a book!

Of course, I have to once again thank my beta team, both those who have been with me for several books and all of the new members who have joined me for this one.

Jen W., Karen, Lora, Lori, Mark, Nessa, Shirley, & last but not least, Sparkles. Without you, my writing wouldn't be nearly as clean and the story would suffer.



**Detective** Michael Knight was having a shit day. Shit than usual for a Friday. It had nothing to do with the scorching Florida heat or the humidity that had his T-shirt sticking to him like a second skin and it had nothing to do with him being covered in alley filth. If only that were what had him livid and ready to kill. And so help him, if any of his co-workers made another Knight Rider crack when he entered the squad room, he was going to beat the ever living fuck out of them. The consequences be damned.

He could take a joke as well as the next guy, but the harassment over his name was getting out of hand. Pictures of 'K.I.T.T.', some of which were admittedly cool, plastered around his work station were easily dealt with via a trash can. Knight Rider ringtones and 'K.I.T.T.' message notifications were annoying, but could be tuned out. However today, his fellow cops had gone too fucking far.

They messed with his baby. The only thing he really gave a fuck about outside of the job. They messed with his truck. The David Hasselhoff bobblehead stuck to his dash pissed him off to no end. Especially, since it took him a good twenty-five minutes to scrub the sticky shit off after he snapped the fucker in half. The bobblehead wasn't in his truck the night before and his red and blue flashing police lights were fine when he

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used them three days ago. Someone at the station must have messed with his truck last night.

Everyone knew he had been staking out his current arrest for the last two days. However, the icing on the fucking cake that was his fury wasn't revealed until he made his current bust. The red and blue flashing lights installed in the grill of his truck had been switched out to a red pulsing line that moved steadily from left to right and back again. Just like in the grill of 'K.I.T.T.'

It was bad enough that he was covered in sweat, grit, and grime from the alley, but it wasn't until he turned his arrest around and saw the new light bar that he saw red, and it had nothing to do with the color of the lights behind his grill. His suspect must have sensed something which had more to do with Knight being filthy from tackling him, because the man tensed. Wisely, the low-life kept his trap shut about the truck lights. Either he was smarter than he looked, which was highly doubtful, or he was way too young to recognize the reference to the 80's TV show.

Knight stomped into booking, roughly dragging the two-bit drug dealer behind him and leaving dirty boot prints on the white linoleum floor. He didn't care about the floor and had tuned out the guy's whining about 'police brutality' after the first time the man bitched about being tossed, unceremoniously, into the back of his truck. Knight pushed his repeat offender, the little fuck who refused to give up his supplier, roughly down onto the bench in booking. His shove was so hard that the man yelped when his cuffed wrists slammed into the wall.

"Jesus, Knight," O'Conner huffed while watching the suspect slouch down on the bench to give his hands more room between his back and the wall.

“Jeremy Mills, a.k.a. J-Man,” Knight tried not to growl and ignored O’Conner’s disapproving frown at his treatment of the dealer. O’Conner was one of his few co-workers who didn’t give him shit about his name and he didn’t deserve to be the target of Knight’s wrath over his truck. “Two one ounce bags of weed and a .38. I’ll get you my report by the end of the day.”

Knight didn’t wait for O’Conner to reply before he turned around and stormed out of booking. He briefly considered returning to his truck, just saying ‘fuck it’ for the rest of the day, and going to have a beer. That would be the smart thing to do so he could calm down before entering the squad room, but just thinking of his baby made his fury rise even higher. Now, he was too pissed off to do the smart thing and didn’t hesitate to jog up to the third floor where his squad room was located. God save anyone if they got in his way on his way to talk to his boss.

Rationally, he knew the name calling and pranks were just meant to get under his skin. He joined in on pulling his own share at his co-workers expense in the past, but there usually was a reason for the ribbing. Like when Officer Thornton dodged a pedestrian while trying to stop an unregistered vehicle and his squad car careened into a hot dog vendor. They had dished out playful abuse by calling Thornton ‘Oscar’ or filling his desk with ketchup and mustard packets. However, after a week, everyone was over it and they sure as shit never took the ball busting too far.

For almost two months now, Knight was the target of his co-workers’ jibes and the jokes, as well as the name calling, and the pranks were no longer funny. There wasn’t a damned thing fucking funny about

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messing with his truck. That was the last straw. If the lieutenant wouldn't do something, and Knight was surprised he hadn't already, Knight was more than willing to take matters into his own hands.

The first few bars of the theme song to Knight Rider started by the time Knight was half a dozen feet into the squad room. He ignored the music because if he allowed himself to determine whose cell phone played the annoying tune, he would be joining J-Man down in booking without a doubt. The robotic sounding voice of 'K.I.T.T.' saying "Michael, we seem to have a problem" joined the music while he crossed the bullpen. He ignored that as well and didn't pause when he reached his lieutenant's door. Instead, he barged right in.

Lieutenant Daniels stopped mid-sentence and glared at Knight. Knight glared back. Daniels was in his mid-fifties, overweight, and had a shitty personality. From day one, Knight knew the man didn't like him, but Knight could care less. He wasn't on the force to make friends or win popularity contests. He just wanted to do his job; a job he was damned good at.

"This shit has gone too far, Lieutenant," Knight spat out and didn't bother to lower his voice.

Lieutenant Daniels frowned. "I have no idea what you are talking about Detective Knight, but I am busy at the moment. Come back after four-thirty and we can discuss whatever you think is a problem."

*Yeah, sure. After four-thirty cause your ass is always gone by four-fifteen.* "No idea, my ass," Knight yelled instead of voicing his thought. "I can take a fucking joke, but messing with my truck is over the line!"

"Control yourself *detective*. I am sure you are overreacting." Knight knew the guy was an asshole, but

even knowing that did not prepare him for his superior's next words. "Why don't you take the rest of the day off. Maybe your *boyfriend* can help you calm down." The look of disgust on Daniels' face when he said 'boyfriend' was plain as day.

*Boyfriend? What the fuck?*

Knight wasn't out at work, but he didn't hide who he was on his off time, either. Suddenly, all the shit thrown his way over the last two months made sense. Someone had found out he was gay. Since they couldn't harass him about his sexual orientation, because of discrimination laws, they found another way to make his life miserable. Like it was anyone's business who he was sleeping with. Or not as his recent dry spell could attest to. The red hot anger Knight felt turned into calm white rage.

"I'll take forms for harassment, an I.A. investigation request, and I'll report the felony vandalism to my truck downstairs." Knight told Daniels quietly, but his tone conveyed murderous intent. When his lieutenant didn't move, Knight amended his request. "You know what? Don't bother. I'll stop by Internal Affairs on my way out. I am sure they will have all the harassment forms I need, and you'll have my transfer request in your email by the end of the day."

Knight spun on his heel and stormed out the door. He slammed his superior's door behind him so hard that it was a miracle the glass didn't shatter. He wished it had.



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