

MARA LAUE

COTTON

FBI

THE KUMO CARTELL



BASTEI ENTERTAINMENT 

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What is COTTON FBI?

Your name is Jeremiah Cotton. You are a small-time cop in the NYPD, a rookie that no one takes seriously. But you want more. You have a score to settle with the world. And anyone who calls you “Jerry” will be sorry.

A new time. A new hero. A new mission. Experience the birth of a digital cult-series: Cotton FBI is the remake of JERRY COTTON, the most successful series of German novels with more than one billion copies sold, and it tells an entirely new story in e-book form.

Cotton FBI is published twice a month, with each episode a self-contained story.

The Author

Mara Laue began writing at the age of twelve. Her first publications were short stories and poetry. Since 2005, she has been writing full-time, mainly working with crime/thriller, science fiction, dark romance, fantasy, as well as poetry and plays. She was co-author of the science fiction series "Sternenfaust" and launched two of her own online mystery series: "Succubus" (*Sukkubus*), which will continue as a book series in 2013, and "Shadow Wolf" (*Schattenwolf*). She also teaches creative writing in workshops and correspondence courses, and ghostwrites biographies and company histories. When she can afford the time from her writing, she also works as an artist and photographer.



The Kumo Cartel

Mara Laue

Translated by Sharmila Cohen

BASTEI ENTERTAINMENT 

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John Saito had imagined Kumiko differently. More ... Japanese. After all, she had a Japanese name, and he had explicitly ordered a Japanese woman from the escort service. Upon closer inspection, Kumiko's almost Caucasian appearance was probably because she, like so many Japanese women, had undergone plastic surgery to make her eyes look bigger and more "western." Although her black hair only fell to her ears, it was styled traditionally, and her eyes were such a dark brown that they almost seemed black.

Those eyes sent a pleasant shiver down Saito's spine.

Kumiko bowed in perfect Japanese fashion with her hands flat on her thighs. "*Konban wa, Saito-san. Kumiko desu. O genki desu ka?*"

Perfect Japanese, better than his own, Saito had to admit. Okay, she was Japanese. Without a doubt.

"Good evening, Kumiko. Let's speak English, please. Sit down. Would you like a drink?"

She smiled. "If you'd like."

John Saito filled two glasses with whiskey and handed her one before taking a seat on the chair beside her. He was nervous, and not only because he was sitting next to an exceptionally beautiful woman. He cleared his throat.

"You're familiar with the tea ceremony?" He wanted to make sure.

The woman nodded and leaned slightly towards him, as if presenting her neck to him to kiss — or bite. The single earring she was wearing, a massive gold piece in the shape of a palm-sized star, slid forward until it was resting on her cheek. She looked good enough to eat.

"So desu. That's right. Do you want the traditional ceremony? I brought everything necessary." The woman pointed to the sports bag that she had set down beside the chair and looked John over from head to toe. "Even a kimono for you."

Her English was just as perfect and accent-free as her Japanese.

Saito cleared his throat again. "Your agency informed me that I could book certain ... um, extras. I'd just have to arrange everything with you personally."

She nodded again in that inimitable way that — along with the look in her bottomless eyes — was driving him mad. He got an erection. He hoped that she didn't notice, but who could be a cold fish around such a woman?

"Yes, I can offer you extras. But of course, we are only having the tea ceremony." She winked at him.

"Of course." Saito smiled in relief. "And how do we do that? Do I pay you before or after?"

"Before, please. Then we can really focus on the tea ceremony."

He nodded. "Is five hundred dollars reasonable?"

She gave him a look that seemed concerned, smiled, and remained silent.

"Well, a thousand dollars. Because I want something special."

She nodded gracefully. "I promise you an unforgettable experience, Saito-san."

Her voice was like a caress. John Saito smiled. He took the money from the safe in his office, shoved it into an envelope, and handed it to the woman. She put it into her purse without counting the bills and stood up.

"I'll prepare everything, Saito-san."

"The bathroom is over there," he said, pointing to a door. "And the dressing room is there."

The woman took her sports bag and disappeared into the dressing room. Ten minutes later, she returned, dressed

in a kimono under which she was clearly naked. Saito would have loved to pounce on her on the spot. But Kumiko had promised him something special, and he wanted to savor it.

“Where would you like to hold the tea ceremony, Saito-san?”

He pointed to a low Japanese table where the tea could be set out. The woman handed him a folded kimono.

“Would you like to change?”

Would he ever! He took the kimono and went into the dressing room. When he emerged, the woman had put a kettle on the stove in the corner and laid out the teacups, bamboo brush, and teapot. She knelt beside the small stove in a position that was pure seduction. God, how did she do it? And the look she gave him ...

Saito swallowed and awkwardly complied with her invitation to sit by her. When he tried to take her hand, she pushed his arm back with a touch that was as light as a feather.

“Allow me to pamper you with all the methods of my art, Saito-san.”

“Please,” he said in a breathy voice. The anticipation of sex with this tantalizing woman was enjoyable but almost unbearable.

In fact, the show she presented him with was beyond compare. Like a geisha, she played a *shakuhachi*, the Japanese eight-tone flute, danced, sang, and perfectly performed the tea ceremony. She even composed a haiku, a short poem consisting of three lines of five, seven, and five syllables, although he did find the subject a little strange and inappropriate for the occasion.

*The flower blooming
One last time with all its might.
Then death will follow.*