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The Traffic Stop

Old Route 17 between Livingston Manor and Roscoe, New York runs along Catskill Park which is a New York State protected forestry area that is open to visitors all year round. It is a two lane roadway that was initially created by the farmers who travelled to buy seed and sell their crops at the farm markets in either town. Over the years it was upgraded from dirt to gravel to asphalt, but never widened or expanded, so it remained a two lane country road. Exactly half way between the two small country towns is a stretch of road the police and locals call 'The Trap'. The bend in the road and the straight away that followed made it a great spot for police vehicles to sit and clock the cars coming out of the curve. During the day drivers had no problem negotiating the curve, but after dark it became much more treacherous. The younger drivers waited for nightfall to test their driving abilities. Entering the curve at a somewhat reduced rate of speed, but still faster than the posted speed limit as they hit the apex of the curve, flooring the accelerator, and exiting onto the straightaway usually somewhere around sixty to one hundred miles an hour. The posted speed limit entering the curve is thirty-five miles an hour and upon exiting it rises to forty-five miles an hour. Based upon New York Vehicular Law, a driver clocked at seventy miles an hour receiving a speeding ticket is faced a fine of one hundred and fifty dollars and four points on his or her license. Being ticketed for exceeding one hundred miles an hour was loss of license, fine of one thousand dollars, and a doubling of insurance rates for the owner of the vehicle.

The Livingston Manor and Roscoe city councils decided in the early 1960's to combine their small police departments to save money on police cars, insurance, and employees. The city councils also decided to use 'The Trap' to increase their revenues by increasing the number of speeding tickets issued on a weekly basis. The only negative was the number of fatal accidents caused by drunken teenagers trying to drive as if they were in the Daytona 500. The Livingston Manor – Roscoe Police Department, lovingly called LMRPD, consists of a Chief-of-Police, one Sergeant, four patrolmen, a secretary, and a dispatcher. When they needed or required help the New York State Troopers were not far from their patrol area as they covered the new Route 17 which basically replaced Old Route 17 as the main thoroughfare through the area.

Patrolman Mark Johnston preferred to work the four to midnight shifts, but this week due to the department's inability to get a part time patrolman to cover a patrolman's vacation time, he was working the hated midnight to eight graveyard shift. Being the youngest and the only single man in the department, he knew he had no excuse that would pass muster with his superiors. Working midnights meant he could spend some time sitting by 'The Trap' to see if he could increase his quota of issued speeding tickets. Mark knew the best time to sit at 'The Trap' was between midnight and 5:00AM which is closing time for the local taverns. As much as he hated the assholes that drove drunk, they were still game for his pulling them over, giving them multiple citations, and increasing the money in both towns cash-on-hand bank account.

The earlier hours of his shift was broken up by two domestic disputes which didn't take him all that long to settle down. The first couple was known to him and all he had to do was take the drunken husband by the throat and

threaten him that if he didn't calm down he'd have Mark's truncheon shoved up his ass. That usually was enough for the drunk to begin crying and stop harassing his also very drunk wife. The second call involved a younger newlywed couple who were arguing over who had to take the garbage down the lane to put it out for the sanitation truck the next morning. Mike was absolutely taken with the young wife, but couldn't believe the two were arguing about who was going to take the two garbage cans down the lane. He settled the argument by making each of them take a can together to the end of the lane that lead to their cottage. Thankfully each of them listened to him and did not make a fuss over his rather simple solution to their idiotic dispute.

At precisely 2:00AM, Mark parked his Ford Crown Victoria in the little cove that hid the car from the on-coming traffic as it exited 'The Turn', but allowed the rear window mounted radar detector enough room to track the vehicles exiting the curve. The radar gun took a few moments to setup and calibrate. Now all he had to do was sit and wait for the first jerk to come out of the curve exceeding the speed limit. To keep himself awake, he idly scratched his balls and read the newest edition of *Penthouse Letters*. Mark Johnson, at the tender age of 23, was a total sexual pervert. His parents, brothers, and sister knew nothing of his constant need for sexual satisfaction. Luckily for him, he is a tall, good looking, young-adult, who has no problems meeting women, and ending up having his manhood shoved balls deep into their wide open accepting pussies. Sitting alone in his police cruiser did nothing to help him keep his sexual needs under control. He thought about masturbating, but thought better of it because it would be his luck to have one of his bosses walk up just as his cock exploded spurting his usually large amount of spew all over his stomach and chest.

He tried to keep from looking at his watch every three to four minutes so the time wouldn't pass as slow as he thought it was. Just as he looked up from his watch for the umpteenth time, he saw the headlights of a car coming around the curve. Mark kept an eye on the remote led output from the radar gun that was hanging on the outside rear window of his patrol car. As the car rounded the curve, the speed of the oncoming car increased. He watched as the led figures jumped from 50 to 60 to 75 miles an hour. He had his first speeder for the night. Easing the shift into drive, he stepped on the accelerator as he flipped the switches for the roof lights and siren. In a matter of moments he was behind the speeding car using the siren button to make enough noise to get the attention of the driver of the Toyota Camry.

Susan Constance Smith, thirty-five, married, and a mother of three was the driver of the car Patrolman Johnston had just pulled over. The car was stopped and sat partially on the roadway because there was no space on either side of the road to legally park or stop an automobile. Mark took down the license number of the vehicle and keyed it into the laptop computer. The program he was using would do a search on the license plate number and return the owner's name, make and model, and any wants and warrants against the owner or registration. As he waited for a response from the software he could see the driver running her hands over her long auburn hair. The report came back clean, but he did have her for doing seventy-five in a forty-five mile an hour zone.

Stepping out of his vehicle with his right hand resting on the butt of his Glock 19, Mark Johnston approached the driver's side of the Toyota Camry that was sitting idling on the side of the road. As he approached, he saw the driver lower her window and heard her begin to plead with him not to give her a ticket.

"License, registration, and insurance card please" stated Mark. "Do you have any idea as to why I pulled you over Miss?"

Susan Smith didn't even think to have the documents for him prior to his arrival at the driver's side of her car. She fumbled in her pocketbook for her license and wondered out loud where in the world she would find the registration and insurance card. As she sat there bewildered, she realized that she should look in the glove compartment where she found the two documents in the folder that was there for their safekeeping. Susan retrieved them, turned to hand them to the patrolman when she noticed the smile on his face as he peered into her car.

"Here are my license, registration, and insurance card. Officer, please, I don't know why you pulled me over," she said.

Mark looked at the name on the license and responded, "Ms. Smith, I clocked you coming out of the curve on Old Route 17 at seventy-five miles an hour. That is thirty miles over the speed limit. Are you in a rush to get somewhere?"

Susan Smith put her hands over her face and began to cry. Mark had seen this game performed by many a woman trying to get herself out of a ticket. Calming herself down, she said, "I was just coming from a friend's house and I wanted to get home because I told my husband I would be home before midnight."

Mark noticed she was wearing a thin halter top that did not make it to the top of the very short black leather mini-skirt she was wearing. He also noticed she was not wearing any stockings. The halter top did not make any attempt to hide her voluptuous breasts as he could see down between them. He could feel a stirring in his loins as he gazed upon her breasts, naked flat stomach, and thin legs that emanated from the black mini-skirt. Mark stepped away from the driver's side door and spoke, "Please turn off your car and exit the vehicle."

Susan was astounded, "Why??? I didn't do anything wrong!!!"

Mark with an edge to his voice, responded, "Ms. Smith, please turn off the vehicle and exit the car. Now!!!"

Susan saw the patrolman had placed his right hand back on the butt of his gun. It was still encased in the black holster, but she could see that he was not in any mood for shenanigans. She turned the car off, opened the door, and exited the vehicle. As she stood next to her car with the headlights from the patrol car illuminating the two of them, she gasped to herself at the sight of the young, good looking, patrolman standing in front of her. She looked directly into his eyes and without meaning to she swayed in obvious attraction to him.

Mark watched as she stood there waiting for his next command. In his two short years on the job, it never crossed his mind to use his good looks and his under-the-radar sexual perversion during a traffic stop as a means of empowerment. As she swooned, he felt his cock begin to harden behind his uniform pants. "Ms. Smith, please walk to the back of your car and face the trunk."

Susan looked at him wondering why he was asking her to do that. She said, "Please officer, I need to get home. My husband is going to wonder what happened to me." Susan stood at the back of her car waiting for an answer.

Mark could see she was wearing a pair of black leather sandals with heels that had to be six inches in height. Ms. Susan Smith was dressed like the proverbial slut. He stepped up behind her and gently pushed her forward so her hands were resting on the trunk of her car. "I'm going to search the interior of your car. You are to stay exactly as you are. One move and I will handcuff you and place you in the back seat of my cruiser. Do you understand me?"

Susan was beginning to shake not from fear of any physical abuse, but from the possibility of the patrolman finding the small amount of marijuana and cocaine that was stashed in the center console of her car. "Yes, sir, but please, please, let me go home. If I was speeding I'm sorry and I'll never do it again. Just give me the ticket and let me be on my way."

Mark could see the fear in Susan's eyes as he returned to begin his search of her car. He was hoping to find her panties in her pocketbook, but instead found what she hoped he wouldn't. In the center console of her vehicle he uncovered a nice sized bag of marijuana and a larger than usual vile that contained at least a gram-and-a-half of brown cocaine. Holding the two illegal substances in his left hand he approached the now crying woman.

"Ms. Smith, you are busted. I found marijuana and cocaine in the center console of your car." He lied, "The quantity you're possessing is a Class A felony in this state. You could do at least ten to fifteen years in a women's maximum security prison. Why in God's name are you carrying illegal drugs when you're speeding home? Give me a good reason not to lock your ass up and throw away the key!!!"

"Oh, God!!!" she cried. "I'm so busted. I'm not coming from a girl friend's house. I'm coming from my lover's where I just spent the night cheating on my husband. Look at the way I'm dressed!!! I wanted to get home and change before my husband could see me. Please, officer, I'll do anything, ANYTHING, just don't arrest me!!!"

Mark put the contraband items on the lid of trunk of Susan's car. He stepped behind her and placed his left hand on her shoulder and gently pushed her forward. Using his right foot he forced her legs apart. While keeping his

left hand on her back he lowered the zipper to his uniform pants. As he was thinking about what he was going to do, he realized that she could be standing in front of him filled with the cum of her lover and he was not into sloppy seconds. Susan Smith felt something going on behind her and then she sensed it suddenly coming to a stop.

Susan realized that the patrolman was planning on fucking her but she felt that if she let him she'd never be able to get him to stop using her for his carnal pleasure. If she tried to stop him, she knew he'd simply step back and handcuff her. She'd have to call her husband and tell him she'd been arrested for possession of illegal drugs. She thought that the best resolution to her problem was to see if she could get away with a minimal sexual encounter. A hand job or a blow job should satisfy the patrolman's need to use her in response to her saying she'd do anything to keep from being arrested.

Susan spoke in a whiney voice before Mark could say anything, "Officer, listen to me. Please!!! I told you I'd do anything you want and I mean it, but I don't think you want to put your bare cock into a pussy that is filled with another man's cum. Just let me turn around and give you a great hand job."

Mark laughed and replied, "A fuckin' hand job for a Class A felony!!! You got to be kiddin' me lady. You're correct when you say I'm not into sloppy seconds. So I'm going to step back and you're going to turn around. You're going to get on your knees, fish my cock out of my pants, and suck me liked you've never sucked a cock before. Failure to provide what I need now will only force me to arrest you. And, don't think that a blow job is going to settle your account with me. You, dear slut, were bringing a cunt full of cum back to your husband to either eat or feel around what you consider his useless cock as he fucks you and you tell him about how many times your lover deposited his essence in your whore hole. Don't even fuckin' try to deny it, lady!"

Susan Smith turned around to see Mark standing about a foot-and-a-half away from the rear of her car. She could see the zipper to his blue uniform pants was open. He stood with his legs slightly apart, his right hand on the butt of his gun, and with his other he pointed in front of him. Susan looked into his eyes and could see he wasn't one to trifle with. She stepped forward, knelt down on the hard asphalt surface, and reached into the patrolman's pants with her right hand. She found the opening to his boxer shorts and felt the base of what she thought was going to be a rather large cock. Susan moved her hand deeper in between the officer's legs and found what she was searching for. She put her hand around it and pulled what appeared to be a ten inch cock from between the officer's legs.

"Oh, my. I didn't think you were packing such a wonderfully large male appendage," chortled Susan. Her eyes moved from the cock that was now hanging out of the officer's pants to his and back again. She made a point of obnoxiously licking her lips in anticipation of taking his mammoth cock into her mouth. Then she realized that if another car came around the curve and down the road the driver and/or the passenger would get an eyeful of her sucking the officer's cock. She thought to herself that may not be a bad thing but she felt herself getting quite wet thinking about how nice it would be to have that thick piece of man meat pounding her thirty-five year old pussy.

Mark saw her hesitation and wondered if he was too big for her. "So, lady, never seen a cock that big before?"

Susan looked up at him, her eyes twinkling, chuckled, and said, "You are bigger than my present lover, but I've had bigger cocks. What is bothering me concerns a car coming up on us as I'm kneeling with your manhood sliding in and out of my mouth. I don't know how a driver would react to seeing a rather imposing officer-of-the-law pumping his rampant cock into some poor woman's mouth on the side of this rather narrow roadway. Why don't we go someplace where we can both be comfortable? Then I can fellate you with the confidence that we won't get caught and you'll enjoy the mouth of a woman who just loves to give head."

Mark realized that she was right in her assumption. Without putting his cock back into his uniform pants, he moved to the passenger side of his vehicle and opened the door. He pointed and said, "Get in. Try any shenanigans and I'll make sure you'll spend a good long time as a carpet muncher to some overweight convict in a woman's prison." Susan rose from her kneeling position, taking a second to wipe off the gravel that was on her knees, and made her way into the rear seat of the police cruiser. Mark got in next to her. He reached for the back of her head and pushed it down to his flaccid cock. "Suck me," was all he said.

Susan Smith did not complain or comment about how the officer pushed her head down to his exposed but flaccid cock. She reached with her right hand to lift the cock she was about to suck to a position so she could place her ruby red lips around its circumcised head. She could feel the shaft thicken in anticipation of her mouth beginning to caress the perfectly shaped helmet that formed the head of Mark's cock. Being the slut she was, Susan opened her mouth and greedily sucked the officer's cock into her mouth. Not needing to prepare herself for the length and width of Mark's manhood, she slipped his cock to the back of her mouth as she began to stroke the length of the shaft that was not inside her oral cavity. Her only disappointment came when she unconsciously went to massage his balls only to be stopped by the cotton fabric of his uniform pants. She had totally forgotten that his cock was only presented to her through the zipper opening.

Mark felt the woman's lips slid over the sensitive head of his cock and in response he moved ever so slightly forward giving her easier access to his hardening penis. He totally forgot he was on duty as he began to press Susan's head to get her to take more of his ten inches into her mouth and throat. Susan didn't fight the pressure on her head. She just relaxed her throat and allowed Mark's thick cock to slide down her oral pussy. Once he felt his cock slide past her gag point and into her throat, Mark knew he had a winner, so he took control of her head and began to use it to masturbate his cock. Susan didn't resist his taking control of her act of fellatio. She was used to having men force their cocks down her throat. Her only worry was if her nose was going to get an abrasion on it from hitting the metal zipper of his uniform pants.

Mark knew he didn't have the luxury of time so he took Susan by her head and held it as he raised and lowered his hips as if he was fucking her vaginally. He could feel the smooth slick mucous lining of her throat surround his hard cock. He loved that she didn't fight his use of her mouth as a fuck tool. He started to thrust and knew that he was going to blast off in a few more strokes. Susan could feel the shaft of the cock that was sliding into and out of her throat begin to thicken against her tongue. When he slid the head out of her throat and forced it back down she knew from its feel he was going to spew his ejaculate directly into her stomach.

Mark pushed one last time. Susan's face was against his crotch. He exploded. Susan felt his cock pulse four times before he released her head and allowed her to slide his still hard and pulsating cock from deep within her throat. She couldn't believe how much cum he was shooting. As she held his cock in the cavity of her mouth, four more voluminous ropes of cum filled it. She swallowed trying to keep up with his load, but she failed and some of his cum dribbled out of her mouth and onto his pants. When he finished shooting off into Susan's mouth Mark pulled his cock out and retrieved his handkerchief from his left rear pocket, which he used to wipe her saliva and the remaining cum from his cock. Susan sat up and used the back of her hand to wipe the saliva and cum from her chin. To make a point to Mark, she licked the back of her hand clean showing him just what a total slut she really was and will continue to be in the future.

"First, I have to commend you on your cock sucking abilities. Second, you're not off the hook. Third, I'll tell you when you're free of my intention to arrest you. I will make a point of checking up on you as much as possible. The evidence I have will not disappear and I will protect the fact that your fingerprints are all over the baggy and vial. I intend to get that pussy when it is not full of another man's cum. And don't think I'm not going to slide this ten inch monster into your sweet ass. Susan Constance Smith, you are indebted to me for as long as I deem for not arresting you tonight."

Susan looked at him, shivered, and responded, "I can see from your name plate your surname is Johnston. I just let you fuck my mouth with what I consider to be a very nice male appendage. I am willing to let you fuck me anytime you want. My three orifices are yours for the taking. Please, don't hold the amount of illegal drugs you uncovered in my vehicle over my head. I'd gladly give you what you want anytime you want. Just give me enough advance notice."

Mark thought for a moment and replied, "I'm willing to release you from your potential arrest when I've had you enough times that you're just begging me to fuck you. I also want to become the man that fucks you in front of your husband, because I think you just like to fuck around behind his back. If you want to be a slut, then be honest with him and let him see what he isn't giving you. Deal or no deal?"

Susan replied, "If I say no deal?"

Mark smiled and said, "I'll just handcuff you now and take you to jail. It will be my word against yours about what just happened in the backseat of this vehicle."

Susan groaned. She could see that he was not going to release her even if she complied. Her crying when she was pulled over did not work either. She felt her goose was cooked. She never fucked another man in front of her husband. She knew he had an idea that she was fucking other men better endowed than he was, but she never rubbed his face in it. She sighed and agreed to become his slut.

"Now, Susan, exit my vehicle, get into yours, buckle up, and drive home safely. I know where you live and I'll be in touch."

Susan Smith did not look back. She quickly walked to her car, opened the driver side door, entered the vehicle, started it, and drove away thankful that she wasn't handcuffed and on her way to jail. Mark Johnston returned to the front seat of his vehicle and found his little black book where he entered entirely from memory Susan's full name, address, and telephone number which had appeared on his laptop screen when he acquired the automobile's registration data. He started his patrol car, performed a U-turn, and returned to the cove where hopefully another speeder would break up his time on the graveyard shift.

Time passed slowly for Mark. Except for Susan's speeding no one passed his spot exceeding the speed limit that is until a red Corvette Z06 passed him doing well over one hundred at 4:00AM. He took off after the Corvette with lights and sirens. The driver of the Corvette did not stop until Mark pulled alongside of him and gently made a move to push the car off the road. When they came to a stop the Corvette was half on the pavement and half on the gravel while Mark's cruiser was caddy corner across the front to the Corvette blocking the possibility of a forward escape.

Mark jumped out of his vehicle, un-holstered his Glock, pointed it at the driver of the Corvette, and yelled, "Let me see your hands!!! Don't try anything silly!!! Turn off the car, toss the keys out the window, and let me see your hands."

The driver of the Corvette almost pissed his pants when he saw the working end of a Glock 19 pointed at him. His passenger began to wail and cry as she raised her hands against the roof of the Corvette. The driver screamed, "Officer, I have to put the car in reverse before I turn it off or it won't start without someone from Chevrolet coming out here or it being towed to the dealership. Please, holster your gun. I'm going to listen to you. Please!!!"

Mark didn't holster his weapon he screamed back, "Do what you need to do quickly. I want to see the keys fly out the window in less than ten seconds or you're going to be ripped out of that vehicle. Now do it!!!"

The driver fumbled to get the gear shift lever into reverse and when he did he turned off the ignition and tossed the keys out of the driver's side window. Meanwhile, his female passenger continued to have a panic attack as she kept her hands on the interior roof of the Corvette. The driver placed his hands outside the window and reached for the door handle to open the door. He pushed the door open and exited the vehicle. Mark kept the working end of his Glock 19 pointed at the driver. He was not going to give an inch to this crazy bastard who he clocked coming out of the curve at one hundred and six miles an hour.

"Keep your hands where I can see them and move to the back of the vehicle. Then put your hands palms down on the rear deck. Do it now!!!" yelled Mark. He watched as the driver made it to the rear of the Corvette and assumed the position he was told to. Mark then turned his attention to the passenger. He pointed his weapon at the passenger side of the front windshield and yelled, "Passenger, open the door and get out of the vehicle."

The passenger continued to cry and gasp for breath. She didn't respond to Mark's commands. He had to make a decision before the female did something stupid or collapsed from the panic attack that was consuming her. He holstered his weapon and walked around to the passenger side of the Corvette and opened the door. He looked at the driver and thanked him with his eyes that he was smart enough to unlock both doors before he exited the vehicle. When he looked inside the Corvette he saw the still frightened girl keeping her hands on the interior roof of the car. Mark reached in and gently touched what appeared to be an eighteen to twenty year old female. The girl screamed even louder when she felt Mark's hand on her shoulder. He turned to the driver and asked, "What is her name?"

The driver responded, "Yvette Montrose."

Mark said to the driver, "You move one inch from where you are and I promise you'll have a 9mm between your eyes quicker than you can say Jackie Robinson." Mark didn't wait for a response. He knelt down and quietly spoke to the still crazed passenger. "Yvette. It's ok now. You can put your hands down. Take a deep breath and hold it. Just try to relax. Yvette, look at me. I'm not going to hurt you."

Yvette Montrose, eighteen, a high school senior, never had the occasion or reason to have a gun pointed at her. She heard the officer speaking to her and turned to look at him. She saw him looking back at her not in anger but with what could only be considered a look of concern. Yvette put her hands down and using all of her inner might got herself under control. She turned and began to exit the Corvette. Mark offered her his hand and she took it. Her long, thin fingers felt his strong manly fingers take a grip and gently help her exit the vehicle. Mark stood and was immediately taken with the small extremely thin teenager that stood before him. He didn't release her hand but guided her to the rear passenger side of the Corvette where he told her to stand but not next to the driver.

"So, Michael Schumacher, where were you headed at one hundred plus at 4:00 in the morning?" Mark hadn't even asked for his license, registration, and insurance card. He stepped behind the driver took his right hand and placed it behind his back. Mark handcuffed the driver without any fight from him. "I'm going to search you. Are there any needles, knives, or sharp objects I need to worry about in your pockets?"

Allen Wilson, twenty-one, a RPI college senior home on the weekend to have a prearranged date with his younger sister's best friend, stood shaking in his shoes. He was doing everything possible to keep himself from pissing in his pants. He answered the patrolman, "No, Sir. There is nothing in my pockets except for some change and my wallet in my back pocket."

Mark patted down the frightened man making it plainly obvious that he was not happy with him. He removed thirty-three cents from his right front pocket and his wallet from his right rear pocket. He opened the wallet to retrieve his driver's license. Mark noticed there was a large amount of bills in the paper money compartment and estimated it had to be close to five hundred dollars. He wondered to himself why a twenty-one year old would have that much cash with him. He looked over at the girl who was now as quiet as a mouse and saw she was just as frightened as the driver.

"Where is the registration and insurance card for this vehicle?" asked Mark.

Allen responded, "In the glove compartment, but you're going to need the keys to open it."

Mark looked at him and nodded. He walked to where the keys lay between the vehicles and picked them up. He walked over to the passenger side, leaned in, opened the glove compartment, and retrieved the registration and insurance card. Standing next to the Corvette he knew he had to run the plate number and he couldn't just leave the two of them standing behind the vehicle while he keyed in the information on the driver. And, he didn't want them talking to one another, so he motioned to Yvette to follow him over to his cruiser. He opened the driver's side rear door and told her to get into the rear of his cruiser. She looked at her date and began to cry anew as she complied with his order. Allen Wilson just stood frozen behind his Corvette wishing he wasn't such an asshole when he was behind the wheel of his graduation present.

"Yvette, you're not under arrest. I just want to separate the two of you. Now calm down and let me do what I have to so I can be assured that your friend did not steal that car."

Yvette did as he asked and continued to sniffle and quietly moan in the back seat as Mark keyed in the information from Allen Wilson's license. The car was registered and insured to his father, Reginald Wilson. It didn't take long for the computers to respond with no wants or warrants on the driver or the car. Mark didn't ask for any information from Yvette as he felt she was not responsible for the way her date was driving. It did cross his mind that Allen may have been speeding because he was way past Yvette's curfew. Mark turned and spoke to the girl through the metal screen that separated the front of the vehicle from the back, "So, Yvette, do you have an explanation as to why Allen was going over one hundred miles an hour through one of the most dangerous curves in the area?"

"Please officer, I was just with him on a first date. My best friend is his younger sister. We went to a movie and then we..." Yvette hesitated.

Mark's attention immediately got keener when he heard her hesitate. "What's wrong Yvette? Did he do something inappropriate with or to you?"

"No, No!!! He's been a total gentleman." Yvette took a deep breath and let out what she was holding inside her, "Do you know where the overlook is in the park?" She didn't wait for a response, "We were parked there, talking about all sorts of things, listening to music, and when I made a move to invite him to kiss me. He refused. I thought he didn't like me or something, but he confided in me something that no one in his family knows. He flat out told me he's gay. I was stunned. I just looked at him and we talked about it for hours. It was like he wanted to get a great weight off his shoulders. His sister has been bugging him for months to take me out and well, just look at him. He's a very good looking guy, but he explained to me all this gay sex stuff like I was interested, but I couldn't stop him. He explained to me he prefers the feminine role when he is with another guy. Something he called a bottom. He told me he loves to suck cock, swallow, and take it up his ass. Ugh!!! I wonder what his parents and sister will say when they find out. His dad is a deacon in the church and his mom teaches Sunday school."

Mark sat in the front seat getting an erection. Not because he was interested in her date; he was interested in her, an eighteen year old, angelic, thin, and so sweet looking waif of a girl. He shifted his position so he could move into a more comfortable position as cock grew just looking at her even with her tear streaked face. He thought for a moment more and decided to see if she was going to submit to his advances. He opened the driver's side door, stepped out, and opened the driver's side rear door. He stood next to the open door and simply decided to pull his cock out of his pants. Did he ever cross the line again that night!!! He knew his threats could not get him thrown off the force but as with his earlier sexual advance it would be his word against an eighteen year olds.

"Yvette, is this something you'd be interested in?" Mark said as his cock hung from the front of his uniform pants.

Yvette's eyes widened and she screamed as she placed her right hand over her mouth in amazement. "I've never seen one that big."

"Well, Yvette, you're in a rather difficult situation." Mark blatantly lied to the teenage girl, "You are a passenger in a car that was exceeding one hundred miles an hour. I can arrest you for aiding and abetting. You can go to jail with him and you'll have to call your parents. Now, you don't want to have to call them from the police station, now do you?"

As if she was cued by a director, Yvette began to cry. "Please, officer... I'm in so much trouble because it is so past my curfew. I'll do anything to not have to go to jail."

Mark smiled when he heard the *'I'll do anything!!!'* and decided he wanted to have some fun with the two of them. He put his cock back into his pants and told Yvette to exit the vehicle. Taking her by her right arm he guided her to where Allen stood handcuffed behind his Corvette. Mark whispered to Yvette to make sure she followed his lead and if she didn't, she'd end up handcuffed like her date and be carted off to jail. Yvette looked up at the taller man and just nodded her acceptance.

Mark guided Yvette over to the side of the road where Allen was standing. He kept her by his side as he began to speak to Allen. "So, young man, were you in a rush to get somewhere? You were doing over one hundred miles an hour. Do you know you're going to lose your license? You dad's insurance is going to double."

Allen just stood there looking at the ground until he felt Mark's right hand slap him on the side of his head. He didn't cry out from the slap. He looked up at Mark and replied, "No sir. I did not know I could lose my license and that my dad's insurance could double."

"Well, what do you think I should do about you and Yvette? You know she's in this pile of shit as deep as you are."

Allen, as Yvette did in the back seat of the cruiser, opened his eyes in wonderment. "What do you mean she is in trouble? I was driving the car, not her!!!"

"Listen son, you going to tell me my job and New York State Vehicular Law? This young lady is in as much trouble as you. So, are you telling me that you're going to let her take part of the rap for your idiotic show of bravado that could have ended up killing the both of you?" Mark watched the young man to see how he would react. He also knew he was lying his ass off because he wanted to humiliate the kid in front of his sister's best friend.

"No, sir," replied Allen. "I just do want to get her into trouble. I was the one driving. I don't know what I can say or do. Please, just arrest me. I'll take my punishment."

"So, you want to spend the night in lock up? You know there will be some pretty nasty guys there and by the looks of you, you'll be just what they'd like..."

Allen moaned, "Please, not that. Please, I'll do anything. Just don't arrest me."

Mark smiled because he knew he had him. "Yvette tells me you confided in her. I think she needs to see and learn what a good faggot does to keep himself out of jail." He looked at Yvette and said, "Now it is your turn Yvette. Unzip my pants and take out what you said was the biggest one you've ever seen." Allen had a quizzical look on his face when he heard what Mark just said.

Yvette felt Mark tighten his grip on her arm and she knew he meant business. Using her left hand, she reached for the zipper of Mark's uniform pants and pulled it down. She reached in and found the shaft of his cock and pulled it out so it was hanging just like she saw it when she was sitting in the back of the patrol car. Yvette didn't say anything and just released Mark's cock and stood next to him with tears rolling down her face.

"Stop crying, Yvette. The more you cry the harder it is going to be. So, fuckin' stop your bawling and tell Allen what you want to see."

"I didn't want to see anything!!!" she cried.

"Oh, yes you did. You told me in the patrol car that you wanted to see what a fag looks like with a cock in his mouth. Don't lie, because you'll only end up in jail." Mark Johnston was setting himself up and if either of them realized he was lying his ass off he'd be in a world of hurt. Going to prison as an accused sex offender and a cop to boot, would only spell a world of hurt on him. "Tell him now, Yvette!!!"

Yvette looked at Allen and you could see she was trying to hold back from doing what Mark was asking her. She felt him tighten his grip on her arm again and that was enough for her to say, "Allen, you confided in me. You told me you're gay, a fag, and a guy who likes to have sex like a little girl. I was worried about what the officer was going to do to us, you know, taking us to jail. So, be nice enough to show me what fags do considering you told me all about gay sex when we were at the overlook. If you're good, I'm sure the officer will send us home with only a speeding ticket. Please Allen, for us."

Allen's eyes teared up and knew the only way he was going to get out of going to jail and getting Yvette off altogether was to sink to his knees and take the officer's cock into his mouth and suck. The idea of doing it in front of his sister's best friend was abhorrent to him, but the more he eyed the monster that was hanging in front of him, the more he wanted it in his mouth. The crazy thing that ran through his mind was hoping the officer would bend him over, because if that monster got as big as he thought it would, he knew it would feel real nice slicing into and out of his ass. He didn't need to look at Yvette again; he just stepped forward and literally fell to his knees in front of Mark.

Mark saw him preparing to try and get his cock into his mouth when he spoke to Yvette, "Time for you to take my cock and hold it up for him, Yvette. Can't you see he's having trouble getting my cock into this mouth with his hands cuffed behind his back? Help your best friends faggot brother."

She knew better than to argue, so she moved slightly and using her right hand she took hold of the largest cock she'd ever seen or touched. Yvette was still a virgin, but she wasn't totally oblivious to what two people could do sexually. To keep her last boyfriend somewhat under control she would give him hand jobs and when that became old hat for him she started giving him blow jobs. Yvette felt the weight of Mark's cock and couldn't resist a comment, "Jesus, what a piece of meat you're packin'!!!" She looked down at Allen who was tearing up but willing to do what was asked of him. She raised the head of Mark's cock and placed it in front of Allen's mouth. He didn't hesitate. He took the head of one of the biggest cocks he'd ever seen into his mouth. He had to open wide to get the corona of the head past his lips and teeth.

As soon as his lips encircled Mark's cock, Yvette let go of the shaft which pissed Mark off. He wanted her to help in any and every way she could while Allen sucked him off. He watched Allen begin to suck his cock and as he hardened in his mouth he told Yvette, "Get your hand around my shaft and behind his head and help him. Stroke my shaft and guide his head as he slides my hardening police truncheon into and out of his mouth. What's the matter Yvette never had your boyfriend take you by the ears and fuck your mouth?"

Yvette moaned when she heard Mark ask her about giving blow jobs. She was beyond saying no to him. Her panties were wet and she was thinking about what it would feel like to have that monster between her legs and inside her virgin pussy. She wanted to save herself for her first night with her future husband, but if Mark wanted her, she was more than willing. She took hold of the shaft again with her right hand and placed her left hand on the back of Allen's head. She began to gently guide his efforts as she watched him begin to take more of Mark's cock into his mouth and down his throat. Yvette was amazed that Allen did not gag or cough as the thick piece of man meat slid deeper into his mouth and down his throat. As the cock went deeper, Yvette realized she could place more pressure on the back of Allen's head and did so.

Mark loved watching Yvette control Allen's cock sucking, but he needed to get off before anyone came tooling down the highway. He could feel his body begin to react to the excellent suck job Allen was performing and the idea that this sweet eighteen year old was helping by stroking his shaft when was available to her hand and controlling the faggot's head. If he had stopped just Allen, Mark thought to himself as he was being sucked off, he wouldn't be receiving his second blow job of the night, but Yvette's presence sealed the deal. He started to sway against the movement of Allen's head and knew he'd better take control. He took Allen by the sides of his head and pulled him into his crotch. Yvette moved away wondering why Mark did that and as she watched she saw him begin to fuck Allen's mouth as if it were a cunt. Allen felt Mark begin to use his mouth as he wished he would and moaned in response to having what appeared and felt like a ten inch cock slamming into and out of his oral cavity.

Yvette noticed that Allen had an erection and that as Mark continued to violently fuck his mouth he ejaculated making a giant wet spot on the front of his khaki pants. She was amazed and laughing out loud said, "I can't believe what I just saw. The faggot shot off in his pants because you're fuckin' his mouth."

It didn't take many more strokes for Mark to reach his point of no return. He really wanted to humiliate the asshole that was on his knees suckin' his cock in front of his sister's best friend. Mark decided at the last moment to pull his cock out of Allen's mouth and spray all his cum all over Allen's face. Allen tried to move but Mark had a hold on his head and it only made his face messier as the ropes of cum were laid from his chin to his forehead and from ear-to-ear. Yvette stood with her hands at her mouth not believing the amount of ejaculate that emanated from Mark's cock. As Mark shot his load, Yvette got wetter.

Mark didn't think about asking Yvette to lick his cock clean, but just put it back in his uniform pants and closed his zipper. Allen remained on his knees his face covered in cum. Yvette couldn't decide whether to cry or just continue to laugh her head off at the sight of Allen covered in cum. Mark checked his watch and knew that he had to get a move on it so he pulled Allen up to a standing position. He turned him so he could remove the handcuffs and as he was doing so said to him, "I'm going to remove the cuffs. Don't make any move to remove my cum from your face. You go to your car and wait for me to return. I am going to write you a ticket for disregarding a posted speed limit. No points, no insurance increase, a cost of one hundred and sixty dollars, and you are going to become the only faggot I let suck my cock on a regular basis. You decide you don't want to do it, I will tell every cop in the state to pull you or anyone in your family over and write you up for everything under the sun." Mark unlocked the cuffs and just as he knew Allen would, he made a move to wipe the cum off of his face. Mark slapped him on the back of the head and Allen understood. He walked to the driver's side of his Corvette and waited.

Mark took Yvette by her arm, but was very gentle with her. He walked her over to his cruiser and whispered to her, "You can go home with him or you can stay with me and when I'm off duty we can go to my place and I can slip what you so nicely called the biggest cock you've ever seen into your virgin cunt. I just know you're intact between those eighteen year old legs."

Yvette swooned at the thought of having Mark take her virginity, but she knew she was in a shit load of trouble all ready. She thought for a moment, and replied, "It would be better if you let me go home with Allen and when my dad fuckin' goes crazy, I could tell him to call you. You could help me with my story and then when everything settles down, we can go out. Not to a movie, but to your place so I can give to you what I was saving for my honeymoon night with my future husband. I'm not a slut, but, all of me is yours for the taking. Deal?"

Mark Johnston stood looking at Yvette wondering where she came up with what appeared to be a safe ending for her and an opening to a relationship with him. He replied, "Ok. I'm going to take a minute and write a ticket for Allen and before I do, he reached into his pocket and handed her his business card. My personal cell phone number is on it. I expect a call from you tomorrow at 1:00PM."

Yvette smiled, looked to see what Allen was doing, moved close to Mark, stood on her toes, and gave him a kiss. Nothing more than a peck on his cheek, but it was enough for him to know that Yvette had just committed to giving her virginity to him. Mark wrote the ticket, took it and Yvette back to where Allen was sitting in his Corvette covered in Mark's ejaculate. Mark handed him the ticket, pointed to Yvette, winked, and walked back to his cruiser. He belted himself in, started the car, and began the drive back to his station house.

As he drove back, he reviewed the night and realized that he could have gotten himself charged with felony sexual assault. Working midnights could get him into a lot of trouble; so, he made a command decision that for the rest of the week he was going to keep his cock in his pants and his pen working hard writing speeding tickets. The only thing that tickled his fancy and made his cock jump was the thought that by this time in two weeks or hopefully sooner he'd be between the legs of a sweet eighteen year old taking her virginity.

Life couldn't get any better.