Faulty Handcuffs

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A wife gets into trouble with the law when her handcuffs become faulty

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Megan’s heart skipped a beat as the police car pulled up a few yards in front of her. She continued her walk glancing at it nervously. He heart skipped a beat as the officer stepped out but when she recognised him her feelings suddenly changed to that of acute embarrassment. “Everything okay after the weekend?” he asked her as he walked around the car to the kerbside.

“Y….y…yes its fine” she responded with her face flushed.

“It’s okay,” he told her, “Nothing to get embarrassed about.”

“Can’t have got many call-outs like that one though?” She responded with a nervous smile.

He returned her smile. “You would be surprised at some of the things we get called out for!” He responded.

She felt a little more relaxed now but people were looking at her as she stood talking him. She could imagine the sort of things running through their minds. The officer though was doing his best to dispel their suspicions as he relaxed leaning against his vehicle while talking to her and displaying an air of informality.

“Better getting a call-out for a pair of faulty handcuffs than a serious accident or something far worse!” He told her.

The whole thing had been so embarrassing. Denny, her husband had bought some handcuffs as part of her thirtieth birthday treat so that they could try out a bondage fantasy but the key didn’t fit. The trouble was that they were already attached to Megan’s wrists before they discovered it. Her hands were firmly secured behind her back and they couldn’t get her free. He tried to snap through the metal

with pliers but to no avail. They were left with no option but to call out the emergency services and a police patrol car close by answered the call and came to their aid. She felt a fool standing there with her hands cuffed behind her back. The officer though had been very understanding about it all and within minutes he had freed her.

“There’s no need to be embarrassed about it,” he said to her again. “Lots of people indulge.”

“I suppose they do.” She responded, still unable to look him fully in the eye.

“Obviously you haven’t been doing it very long!”

She shook her head, “First time!” She added.

He smiled. “Sod’s Law hey!”

He stood up and leant forward to speak quietly to her. “Well if you ever need a bit of guidance I am always available!”

His proposition took her by surprise.

“I could pop round one afternoon this week, if you like. I finish my shift at 2:00pm for the next couple of weeks”

“I don’t think we shall be trying that again.” She told him.

“I could bring my own,” he suggested, ignoring what she had said. “Just to show you how they work and give you some guidance!”

“I….I….I don’t know.” She responded. “My husband will be at work anyway.”

“All the better,” he told her. “I will be very discrete!” He added with a smile.

She was even more shocked but she was also tempted. She liked men in uniform and they didn’t come any better than policemen! Doing this sort of thing, however, with a man other than her husband was not something she had ever thought seriously about.

“How about tomorrow afternoon?” He asked noticing her hesitancy

She became flustered. “I…..I…”

“I will see you tomorrow then.” He said as he moved away from her.

Moments later he was gone and she was left standing there bemused. It took her a few minutes to realize just exactly what she had done; she wanted to cancel it. She didn’t want him coming round: she didn’t want another man to play these kinds of games with her, but it was too late. He was gone; she didn’t even know his name or which station he was from, she had no way of getting in touch with him.

Megan hardly slept that night. She tossed and turned as she contemplated his visit. She wished she had been firmer at the time and said ‘no’. She loved Denny and didn’t want another man but she also knew that deep down inside there was an excitement stirring, and it was this urge that she was battling with. By the time morning came however she had decided that she would put him off by telling him that she had to go out and that she would see him another time.

Her resolve stayed strong all that day until his knock on her door that afternoon. She opened her mouth to give him a well rehearsed statement but when she saw him she crumbled and silently stepped aside for him. She led him into the lounge; the same room that he had found her in on that night, and sat down next to him on the settee. He introduced himself as Alan as they chatted for a few moments before he took his handcuffs from the case attached to his belt. “These are the type we use.” He told her.

She looked on as he demonstrated them. “And this is the key!” He said with a smile, before placing it down on the coffee table in front of them.

She looked on nervously.

“Turn around please”

Megan found herself twisting around and allowing him to fasten the cuffs to her wrists. “How does it feel?” He asked her as he sat back.

“Okay” she responded.

“So it’s the feeling of vulnerability that does it for you then?” He asked her.

Megan nodded.

His hand suddenly alighted on her knee. “Of course,” he told her, “you’re not really in a position to do

anything when you are restrained.”

She said nothing as his hand moved backwards slightly, pushing the hem of her skirt back. She knew that if he wanted to he could push her skirt right back past the tops of her stockings.

“They aren’t too tight are they?”

She shook her head.

“So what was your husband’s intention then once you were cuffed?” He asked her.

She glanced down at his hand still resting on her thigh. She said nothing. What could she say to him?

“I expect he intended to take advantage of you didn’t he?” He said as he moved his hand backwards again.

She sighed as her skirt rose another few inches. She could feel the sexual tension now and it excited her.

“That would be my intention anyway.” He said quietly.

“Would it?” she said.

“Having an attractive woman like you in this situation is very tempting!” He replied.

Megan said nothing but was flattered by his remark.

“That’s why male police officers are never allowed to be in this situation with a female prisoner unless a female officer is present. Or unless the circumstances are exceptional” He told her as he slid his hand back another couple of inches.

She said nothing. She new that he was testing her; testing to see how far he could go; testing to see where her boundaries lay. She knew that she could stay ‘stop’ and he would stop but she did not know if she wanted to stop him. She was very sexually excited and the hem of her skirt had reached her stocking tops, increasing the sexual tension between them.

“Of course there are some unscrupulous officers in the force!” He told her.

She looked down at his hand in silence.

“I have known some officers to take advantage and body search a female prisoner, and that is strictly not allowed!” He said as he suddenly stood up and helped her to her feet.

He rested his hands on her shoulders for a few moments before flicking her long auburn hair back. He ran his hands down her arms as if in the process of search, smiling momentarily as he looked her in the eye. His hands then alighted on her breasts. She sighed as he gently squeezed them before running his hands down her sides. Then he squatted down and proceeded to run his hands down the outside of her legs. She thought he would stop there but it came as no real surprise when his hands alighted on her left ankle and began to slowly move up her leg. His touch was tantalising as his hands moved upwards. When his fingers touched the naked flesh above stocking top they both sighed and he looked upwards into her eyes. His fingers rose to the top of her leg to the elastic edge of her panties. For a moment he rested there and then he withdrew his hands to her right ankle. He followed the same procedure but this time when his fingers reached the top of her legs they also stretched across and briefly touched her mound. Her sigh was quite audible.

Standing up he looked her in the eye again. “I have also know some officers to take advantage and strip search a female prisoner!”

Megan sighed again as his fingers began to pop the buttons of her blouse. There was no doubt in her mind now what his intentions were. It had been over ten years since another man had seen her naked, and he had had to wait a good three months before he was allowed that privilege. The man stripping her now had known her a matter of minutes and he was now kneeling at her feet lifting her feet from her skirt. Moments later her panties were around her ankles.

“I suppose you can guess what’s coming next can’t you?” He said as he stood up and began to unbuckle his belt.

“You’re going to make me suck your cock?” She responded.

He grinned as he pushed his trousers and briefs down his thighs, before resting his hands on her shoulders again. She was already starting to sink to her knees before he pressed down. Her wrists were still bound; her blouse on but open, and her bra pulled up over her breasts, so it was a little uncomfortable; but she rested on her knees and opened her mouth wide to receive his manhood. He was bigger and thicker than her husband but far less aggressive in making her suck him. Denny was rough and would make her gag but Alan held her head and moved her backwards and forwards gently without forcing her receive the whole of his cock. Denny though remained silent throughout it all, even when he came. Not Alan, he was very verbal. “Ooooh you suck so good baby!” he kept saying to her.

“Come on baby. I’m gonna give your pussy some special attention when you finish.” He told her as her neared the end.

Megan felt his cock twitch and jerk and he cried out as his cock erupted in her mouth. Alan was better for cum volume as well, it was too much for her to swallow and much of it ended up over her face and breasts.

“Mmmmmmm that was good!” He told her a few minutes later as he stepped out of his pants.

Guiding her back to the settee, he sat her down, and knelt on the floor between her open thighs. Slipping his hands under her thighs he pulled her closer to the edge. “Hmmm I love shaved pussy!” He told her as he proceeded to kiss between her thighs.

His soft lips excited her. She loved being kissed on the soft white flesh of her inner thighs above her stocking tops. It was so sensuous. Denny used to do it regularly in the early days of their relationship but it had been such a long time since he had done it. She moaned softly as he showered kisses on her before using his tongue. “Oooooh that is soooooo goooood.” She told him.

As he taunted and teased her she pulled on her restraints a few times. It added to the sexual excitement. She would never have stopped him from pleasuring her but the feeling of being unable to stop him added to the ecstasy and when his tongue finally invaded her most intimate parts she was already on the verge of coming.

With his hands pushing her knees wide apart, he used his tongue like an instrument. He probed at her pussy lips before opening up the folds of pussy flesh. He used it leisurely and tauntingly. From time to time his tongue flickered over her hood and then lifted it back to send waves of pleasure through her body as it touched her clitty. Afterwards he would plunge it deep inside her entrance releasing floods of juices. Her calls for him to fuck her were quiet and dignified at first but they soon turned to loud demands. When he continued in his pleasure and ignored her she was left resorting to begging. Megan had never begged a man for sex before but now she was a quivering wreck pleading with him to fuck her. What made it worse was that she was unable to use her hands to reach for him and pull him into her.

When he finally stopped he looked up at and smiled. “You want fucking?”

“Pleeeeeeaaaase!” She called out.

He stood up and helped her to her feet. She thought that he would undo the handcuffs but all he did

was guide her to the side of the settee and push her gently forward so that she lay across the arm. With hands gripping her hips tightly he pulled her against him and his hardness slid easily into her. She cried out as his fullness filled her.

While his foreplay had been antagonisingly leisurely his fucking of her was fast and furious; and while receiving oral sex from her he had been gentle, his fucking was also brutal. Gripping her arms tightly he pulled and pushed her against him, using her pussy for his pleasure. From time to time he slapped her bottom hard and told her to move faster. He also kept telling her she was a whore. If Denny had treated her this way she would have objected, even pushed him away, but Alan excited her. No one had ever fucked her like this before. With a final tug of her hair and a hard slap to her bottom she screamed out in ecstasy as she climaxed, feeling his seed filling her deep inside at the same time.

It was a while when they had recovered enough for the cuffs to be removed and they could compose themselves. “So do you have many unscrupulous officers at your station?” She asked jokingly, as she cuddled up to him on the settee.

“Hmmm that would be telling!” He replied, “But you will never know until the next visit!” He added as he kissed her.

She responded to his kiss by reaching down and stroking his erection.

“So there will be another visit?” She asked him.

“Most certainly,” he told her. “I have reason to believe that there is a lot of criminal activity going on here!”

She smiled. “I take it I can expect the same treatment then?” She said, as his cock started to stiffen again.

He kissed her. “You can count on it!”

She smiled as she lowered to head to take his manhood in her mouth again. ‘And all this because of a pair of faulty handcuffs!’ she said quietly to herself.