

Highway to Heaven

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This cop had a friendly style of giving traffic citations.

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It was Christmas Eve, an hour past sunset, and snow had begun to fall half an hour ago, making visibility a little bit less than optimum, so I slowed to the speed limit as I drove westward on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. I was going home for the holidays, and had hoped to make some time, but the weather, it seemed, was against me. Half a mile after I had slowed, I passed a State Trooper on the side of the road, and as I passed him, he pulled onto the roadway and accelerated, easily catching up to me. He tailed me for just long enough to gauge my speed, which had dropped another 5 MPH when I saw him pull away from the roadside, and then he turned on his flashing lights.

"May I see your driver's license, registration, and proof of insurance, please?" he requested in a professional tone of voice.

I acknowledged his request and leaned over to the glove box to retrieve the registration and insurance card. When I straightened up again, I looked at the open window, and where the officer's face had been was now an open zipper and a semi-hard cock. Now, I've seen open invitations, before, but this was obvious. Obviously, he saw a sports car, figured my face would be about the right distance from the ground, hoped for whomever stopped to be anxious enough or hungry enough to oblige his passion. Well, whichever, he was in luck, that night.

I hadn't had a cock in my mouth for a number of years, and was desperate to see if I still knew how to blow one. I opened my mouth, closed my lips around the rim of his cock-head and started licking it. Memories from my past flooded into my mind: the soft, spongy texture of the cock-head against my lips and tongue; the smell of a hard cock beneath my nose; the taste of cock flesh. As I remembered the many nights of passion from my high school days, he reached his left hand through the window, cradled my head with it and started to fuck my face gently.

I wrapped my tongue against the underside of his cock, pressing its head against my palate, and tasted his pre-cum which was deposited along my tongue as he withdrew, from time to time, milked from his cock by that pressure. It didn't take long, with that technique, for his cock to start spasming, and for him to start warning me, "Here it comes..." and then the flood of warm, thick cum filled my

throat, and he stopped fucking halfway through his out-stroke.

He grasped my hair so I wouldn't move, and he didn't move except to pump more and more cum onto my tongue, which I swallowed. The swallowing action of my tongue against his cock was sufficient to coax even more cum from him, and I could tell he was struggling to keep from moving, or yelling out in the exquisite agony that was his orgasm.

Eventually, when his struggle subsided, he took my documents from my hand, and without removing his cock from my mouth, wrote a ticket. When he was finished writing it, he put away his cock, handed me the ticket, explained to me, "This is a Courtesy Ticket, sir. Your driving was exemplary, and we like to reward safe driving when we see it. You can mail this ticket in for a cash bonus when you get to your destination. Merry Christmas."

Besides the ticket, good for a \$25 bonus, he had given me quite a warm feeling that would have me thinking warm thoughts all the way home. As an added bonus, he had alerted his friends on the force to be on the lookout for my car. I was stopped a total of 10 times before I got to Ohio, that night. Some people would think policemen have nothing better to do!

BTW, this is purely a work of fiction, but, OH, how I wish it had happened.