

Officer Friendly

By Delphi

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Another night, driving the streets of the city. Arresting streetwalkers, dealers, and drug addicts. The occasional drunk driver.

Being a cop was all Tom Peyton had ever wanted to do, and as a father of two young children, he now felt like it was his duty to wipe the shit off the streets so they could grow up in a safer place.

It was annoying.

“Fucking drains on the world,” he muttered.

Dusk had settled into night and Tom was on his way home to his quaint pocket of suburbia. One ride through the park that butted into his backyard, and he could finally go home.

Teenagers used to frequent the park, smoking weed at the end of the dock on the river, getting wasted in the woods or the playground, having sex in the bathrooms or the benches. Then the Peytons moved in.

It was rare now that Tom found anyone there after hours. Rarer that they were doing anything especially lewd or illegal. But he wasn't going to let his patrol on the park slide. Not while his children still lived next to it, not while he and his wife slept only yards away.

His patrol car squeaked as he turned into the little street. Not bothering with the parking lot, he pulled up to the gate and stopped, the headlights flooding the wooded area.

There. A shadow moved just outside the brightest portion of his lights.

“Shit,” someone muttered. “It's the fucking cops.”

Cop. Singular, not plural. Didn't any of these idiots pass elementary school these days?

Tom rolled his eyes and shut off the engine. He got out of the car and stood behind the door. Bored.

Annoyed. "Park's closed. Don't make me come get you. Leave the premises now."

He heard the jingle of a belt buckle and the rustle of clothes. Whispers. Then running, loud across the other end of the wooden deck heading toward the adjacent parking lot.

In the distance, a car started. Tires squealed, consistent with someone peeling out of the parking lot. An engine blared, losing sound as it sped away in the night.

The smell of salt in the river permeated his nose. Water lapped against the riverbanks as a bird cawed high in the trees. Tom pulled out his Maglite and pointed it toward the deck.

Something red on the handrail of the deck caught his eye.

Shutting the door behind him, Tom put his free hand on his gun. Dry leaves crackled under his boots as he carefully made his way from the lot to the steps of the deck. He stopped.

A red tank top clung to the corner of the zig zagging walkway.

He remembered the running footsteps. One person. It had to have been. Looking up, he shone the light over the deck and through the trees it surrounded.

"Anyone out here?" he called.

The only answer he received was the chirping of crickets, each performing their own solo in a rickety song.

Climbing the steps, he moved further down the walkway to examine the tank. Spaghetti straps, a deep neckline, lace fringing the bottom. No rips, no blood.

Tom felt the body of the material. It was still warm.

The exclamation of the kid about the cops. He could've sworn it was male.

His head snapped up. Looking down the empty walkway, he saw nothing but shadows in the amber light.

He glanced at the night behind him, then crept forward.

To his left, the deck disappeared behind a grouping of trees, leading to the other parking lot. The

walkway to his right drew out into a long dock, illuminated by moonlight until it tucked under the shadow of a little roof.

The dock normally had three glowing lights on the beginning, middle, and the end. Not today.

Sweat moistened his palms.

A woman stood under the darkened middle light. Her arms swept around the post behind her head, long hair picking up short gusts of the lonely night. Sweat courted the naked flesh of her upper body, throwing specks of light from her swollen breasts. She faced the river away from him, looking at the little bridge parallel to the dock.

Tom let out a breath. Checked the area around him. Clear.

He straightened and clicked off his flashlight, reminding himself that he was a cop. Trained to deal with any situation, even if the woman looked like she belonged on the helm of a pirate ship.

His footsteps sounded hollow on the wooden walkway until his view of her was unobstructed by the side rails. Tom stopped under the light at the entrance to the dock.

Immediately, his cock hardened.

The woman was fully nude. Her shorts and panties were crumpled in a heap next to sequined flip flops. A black lacy bra lay a few paces in front of him. But her body. High breasts jutting into the night. A smooth, flat stomach. Long, slender legs pulled together to cover the mouth of her pussy.

He adjusted himself.

She'd had to have undressed on the way here, starting with the tank top. The runner must have gone for her breasts first, unable to keep his hands off of the beautiful woman.

Tom probably wouldn't have been able to either. He licked his lips. Took a quick breath. "Miss?"

She rotated her head toward him slowly, a gentle wind tossing her long hair. The moonlight kissed her pouty lips, her upturned nose.

"Are you all right?" he called out.

Her legs moved, turning away from him. But not before he saw the way her inner thighs caught the

moonlight.

The woman was wet.

A clinking noise distracted him. A flash of silver at her wrists.

He inhaled sharply. Handcuffs. Bound by a long chain, they held her naked, wet body to the light pole.

Fuck. Every cop's dream.

Headlights on the bridge caught his eye. He watched until the car passed and its blazing red tail lights disappeared on the other side.

"What's your name?" he asked.

She didn't answer.

Tom glanced down the walkway to his left. Then behind him. Nothing. Turning right, he followed the way down to the dock, stopping just in front of her clothes.

"Why here?" he asked. "You two could've gone anywhere. And not have been caught."

She shut her eyes.

"What's your name?" he asked again.

No answer.

Stooping to her shorts, he felt around the pockets for a wallet. Nothing. Not even a cell phone. His fingers brushed the white thong lying across the crotch of the shorts. Satin.

Without thinking, he held it in his hands. Soft ribbons flowed over his palms from the bows on the sides. The musky scent of her arousal breached his nostrils.

He was hard as a rock.

Shit.

Dropping her panties, he looked up. Directly into her eyes.

“See something you like, officer?” Her voice was soft, feminine, but somehow strong.

He stood. “What’s your name?”

“You’re married,” she said, looking at his hand.

“Yeah, I am, and I want to go home. You’re handcuffed to a dock. Where’s the key? Your boyfriend have it?”

She looked into his eyes for a moment longer before looking away at the river.

He was grateful for the chance to look over her lithe body. Her high, rounded ass and wide hips. That sinful hourglass figure that begged him to impale her on his big hard cock.

Exhaling, he looked down at the small pile of clothes at his feet.

“I’m not the best at this sort of thing,” he said. “But did you come here willingly?”

“Yes, of course, Officer,” she answered in a surprised tone.

Tom met her gaze.

The woman’s head dipped to the side, her thin, sculpted eyebrows knitting together. Watching him. “You really were worried about that.”

“It’s my job.”

“Huh.” A smile played at the corners of her lips. “You hunt down bad guys, clear parks of the riffraff, and save helpless women in your spare time?”

For a bound, naked woman, she had a little too much attitude.

“Something like that. Listen, whoever you are. I’m gonna call someone to pop the lock on your cuffs. A woman, so you don’t have to be...anxious.” Tom turned his back on her, taking a step toward the walkway that led to his car.

“No, wait.” The chains clinked behind him. “Officer? I have the key.”

He froze. Shoes creaking, he about faced. "You have the key?"

"Well, yes."

Walking toward her, he stopped in front of her pretty face. Willed himself to look into her brown eyes instead of her big perky tits. Her red hair caught onto a breeze, brushing his shoulder.

"Why didn't you say so?" he asked.

"Um." She looked around them, biting her lip. "It's not in a place easily accessible."

Tom scanned the empty dock, the water rippling between the slats of wood underneath them, the boats parked on the other side of the river. He glanced behind them again.

"Where?" he asked.

"You're married."

He looked at her again, feeling his heart beat faster. "So?"

"Your wife probably wouldn't want you to find it."

"Where is it?"

"In my pussy," she said in a lowered voice. Her gaze didn't leave his eyes, as if she was waiting for his reaction.

His cock was at full mast, engorged and painful against the zipper and belt of his pants. She was only a foot or two in front of him. He could just reach out, have her spread her legs, and dip his finger into her hot, dripping snatch.

Tom's hands knotted in fists.

Amy, he told himself. Think about your wife.

Amy, with her wavy brown hair. Her tiny body, taut from years of being a gymnast, even after two children. Her flexibility both in bed and out.

This wasn't helping.

He took a step back, trying to clear his head. Looking everywhere but at the beautiful, naked handcuffed woman in front of him.

"Okay." Tom cleared his throat. "I can call someone, a woman, to remove it for you. Or I can call someone to remove the cuffs and you can get the key yourself later. What do you want to do?"

"Why don't you get it?"

Swallowing, he met her eyes again. "It's inappropriate."

"I suppose it is," she murmured.

He nodded. "Yeah."

"Isn't it more inappropriate to leave me here, naked in public for whoever to see, when you can help me?"

Actually, it was. Any of the people in those boats could see her this way. Anyone who crossed the small bridge, walking or driving. In fact, there was a small possibility that the houses in his suburb could see her as well.

Tom licked his lips. Shit.

Just pull out the key. He was a professional, and he could be professional about this. Let her go, then go home and fuck Amy's brains out.

He shook his head and let out a breath. Scanned the area again, seeing no one.

"Okay. Fine."

"You'll do it?"

"Yeah."

Staring at the water, he tried to imagine anything unsexy. His mother in law. The Golden Girls. Nancy Pelosi. The tranny hooker he'd arrested earlier.

“Officer?”

Shit, he was still hard as a rock.

“Sir? Please don’t make me wait any longer. I need you.”

Tom’s dick spasmed. Fuck. She couldn’t have said that in a hotter way.

The long chain between her handcuffs tinkled as she moved her arms higher on the light pole and leaned back. Spreading her legs before him, she exposed her bare, dripping cunt.

Before he knew it, he’d stepped forward again, right in her face, and was reaching for her pussy.

“Wait,” she whispered.

His outstretched hand stopped mid-air.

“Lick your fingers first.”

Breathing heavily, he swallowed. Knew he shouldn’t ask. “Why?”

“It will make it feel better when you put them inside me.” Her dark eyes betrayed some kind of hidden challenge.

The world around them lost its importance. Looking into her deep brown eyes, he was nothing but a man. One with a thick, pant stretching pole, begging to bury itself in this woman’s soaking cunt.

“You want it to feel good?” he asked.

Her lips curled slightly at the sides. Breasts heaving with every inhale, she simply looked at him. Said nothing.

Tom glanced down at his hand, feeling the blaze of her eyes on him. Meeting her gaze once again, he held up his index finger. “If you want it, you have to earn it. Do you understand me?”

“Yes.” Her brown eyes widened just perceptively, her small grin breaking open to expose her straight teeth.

Oh fuck, what was he doing?

“Good,” he said. “Lean down and suck my finger like you’d suck my cock. If you’re good, I’ll use those fingers to get that key out of your slutty little pussy.”

She moved her bound wrists down the light pole and leaned forward, arms stretched out straight behind her. Without hesitation, she opened her mouth and took his digit down.

He felt the heat of her breath first, followed her wet, hot tongue and the grasp of her soft lips around the base of his finger. Her eyes trained on his as her tongue massaged his finger. He offered a second one, which she devoured immediately. Licking up and down, her tongue paused only in the crevice between the two.

Tom pulled his hand away. “Good girl.”

The woman straightened and licked her lips. She moved her arms back over her head, the handcuffs clinking with every inch. Her breasts followed, until the tips of her nipples lifted up toward the night's stars.

Stepping toward her, one last question loomed in his mind. “Why there?”

“What?” she breathed.

He reached out between her legs, hooking his middle finger until he found her clit. Brushed gently against it. “Why did he put the key here?”

“Oh,” she moaned, her eyelids drooping. “He didn’t. I did.”

Tom put more pressure on her clit, enjoying the way she ground against his hand. “You did? Why?”

“It was a game,” she whispered, her voice breaking as she faced the sky. “He...he was going to pull it out with his tongue. His teeth.”

Oh fuck. This was one of the hottest bitches he’d ever met. All he wanted to do was scoop her up in his arms, lean her against the pole she was handcuffed to, and shove his cock inside her.

“Did he get close?” he whispered, tracing his fingers around her slippery opening.

The woman tried to catch her breath. “No. He’d just cuffed me when you came up.”

Perfect. Untainted. At least, for tonight.

That was about to change.

Tom smiled. Grasping her hips, he pushed her back into the post behind her, his face inches from hers. "Is that something you want? My face at your slutty little cunt?"

She gasped and squirmed against him. "Oh, God. Please."

"Hmm." Tom straightened, trailing his hand along the curve of her hips and up her torso until he reached the underside of her perky breasts, letting his fingertips linger there. "I'll think about it."

Her breasts heaved, her breathing erratic. She leaned forward, pushing her tits into his hands. "Please. I need it. I need you."

"What about what I need?" he asked, seizing her fleshy globes and teasing her nipples to a hard point.

She moaned. "Whatever you want, Officer."

"Remember you said that, whore."

Kicking her legs apart, he dropped to his knees. Leaned forward. He parted her pussy lips, put his head between her legs, and opened his mouth. Poking his tongue out, he licked the little nub of her clit. Tasted the sweet tang his fingers had missed.

Her hips writhed with every flick of his tongue. She trembled, her feet dancing where she stood.

"Stop moving," Tom growled as he tasted her sweet twat.

"I... can't." She seemed to struggle to breathe.

This wouldn't do. Her pussy, her clit. They were all over the place.

His hands came up underneath her, squeezing the plush orbs of her ass. Muscles flexing, he lifted her up off her feet.

"Officer?" she yelped.

“Shut up.”

He plopped her down on the edge of the dock railing, pulling her arms over her head until they were in front of her. Then he eased her torso back, her cuffs clinking as the angle of her body pulled the long chain taut. Looking up at her face, he smiled at her wide eyes as she hung over the water.

“Glad you got those handcuffs now?” he asked.

She offered him the hint of a smile.

Tom crouched, holding fast to her legs. He prised open her labia with his thumbs and pushed his tongue inside her.

The girl gasped.

Her cunt was slick, tight, hot. He could feel the tiny handcuff key peeking out of her pussy lips. Burying his face into her soaking pelvis, nose crushed against her clit, he tried to grab the hilt of the key with his teeth, nipping her gently as she thrashed in his hands.

His teeth scraped against the metal. Clamping down on the key, he eased it out of her slit. He retreated and stood, cock throbbing in his pants. Reaching between her legs, he ran his fingers along her slick folds once before penetrating her.

“Oh, God,” she moaned, her glassy eyes widening.

Fuck, everything about this girl begged for a good shafting. From the grip of her wet snatch around his fingers to the way her head lolled back over and over as she wrestled for control of her body.

Heart pounding, dick hard as steel, the urge to drive his meat deep inside her was overwhelming.

“Want your key?” he muttered through gritted teeth.

Tom cupped the back of her neck and pulled her to him, sealing his lips against hers. Inching the key into her mouth, he felt the clench of her acceptance and released it to her.

Saying nothing, she closed her lips around it.

Fuck, she was tasting it. Tasting herself.

“What a dirty whore you are.”

Tom unzipped his pants, letting them hang at his hips as he freed himself. He stepped toward her, stroking his swollen cock. Fitting his thick head between her soaking entrance, he pushed his length inside her, spearing through the clutches of her clenching tunnel.

Something between a moan and a scream ripped through the air as her body contorted backward.

He grunted. “Fuck. You’re so tight.”

“Oh my god,” she moaned.

Sweeping up her flailing legs and letting them hang over his forearms, he latched on to her thighs. Tom thrust deep inside her, the juice of her cunt soaking his dick.

“Uncuff me,” she gasped.

“Why?” He retreated only to impale her again, enjoying the view of her bouncing breasts, her swaying hair over the water.

“You’re. Married,” she whispered between thrusts, her eyes on his as if her life depended on it.

“Shouldn’t you want me to suck you off? I should... take advantage of you, so you don’t feel guilty later.”

Amy.

Her sweet face was a fleeting thought as he stroked into the nameless girl on the dock. He faltered in his slow screw.

“Uncuff me,” the girl said again, the ghost of a smile playing on her beautiful face.

He gritted his teeth, reasserting himself inside her with a deep probe of his cock, tapping her cervix.

“Open your mouth.”

The girl grunted. Handcuffed to a light pole with her back dangling over the water and her legs hanging from his arms, she parted her lips. The key rested on the tip of her wide tongue.

Tom thrust into her hard, his simmering balls resting against her warm ass, and he leaned over her. His uniform brushed her naked body as he picked the key from her hot tongue.

Her eyes crinkled at the sides, a smile of sorts. As if she'd won something.

Curling the key between his ring and pinky, he forced the other two down her throat until she gagged, her eyes wide. He retreated, pulling the slimy key with him.

"You'll have to work on that gag reflex if you want my big cock in your mouth." Slipping the key in his shirt pocket, he shook his head. "I'll uncuff you when I'm ready to uncuff you, whore."

Tom pulled his dick out of her sucking twat and yanked her off the wooden side rail. Planting her stumbling feet on the dock, he turned her around, twisting the chains of her handcuffs. Leaning over her body, his slick cock rubbed her slit.

"The cuffs. They're so tight," she complained huskily even as her lewd hips pushed back on him, trying to catch his dick.

"Like you." His cock head pushed between her pussy lips until it popped inside her drenched opening. "Listen up, whore. You will get fucked any way I want to fuck you. And you'll fucking love it."

Who the fuck am I? he wondered as he stared at his dick in her sodden twat. Her little asshole caught his gaze, coated with the juice of her cunt.

One night. That's all this would be. How many other men cheated on their wives? He'd never cheat on Amy again. Just this once. Just this one girl. And he'd make it fucking count.

He sank inside the beautiful woman, easing forward until his testicles tapped her flesh. Fucking her slowly, enjoying the warmth of her soft, snug cunt around his cock.

She moaned softly and leaned back against his chest. "Is this how you fuck your wife? Nice and slow?"

Tom narrowed his eyes.

This girl was playing games with him. Urging him on. Thinking she knew him now. Knew his marriage.

Lips curling up on either side, he almost laughed. She had no idea.

"You want to know how my wife likes to be fucked?"

Glancing back at him, confusion flickered over her face.

Thrusting harder, he slapped her voluptuous butt, watching it quake around his invading dick. "Think your poor little pussy can take it?"

"Oh, God, that's right. Spank me, Officer," she moaned as he pumped into her. "Punish me and show me how you really fuck her."

He was cock deep in the beautiful handcuffed whore in the park right next to the house he lived in with Amy. It was shameful. He was a terrible person, and this bitch exploiting that fact made him want to give it to her even rougher.

"Fuck me harder than you've ever fucked your wife. Fuck me like you own me," she whispered harshly.

Digging his fingers into her ample hips, he slammed his dick inside her, increasing the pace with each thrust.

"Oh, fuck!" she yelped.

"You think you can measure up to my wife, whore?" The sound of his nuts pounding into her filled the air, drowning out the river below them.

Tom scooped up a handful of her hair and pulled it taut, turning her head to the side and curving her toward him. "Is this what you expected tonight? Being bound in public with a married cop's cock reaming out your little cunt?"

"That's right, Officer. Fuck my little whore cunt..." Expletives jolted out of her mouth, catching in her throat with every thrust.

Driving his dick inside the nameless girl on the dock, Tom was nearly blind with lust. Pounding her harder and harder as she moaned and writhed, pushing back against him.

"Please," the girl said between moans. "Rub my clit."

He let go of her hair, gripping her ass and pulling her body onto his cock as he slammed into her. "That's not what my wife would want, whore. Want to know what she'd ask for?"

Her pussy spasmed around his invading cock. The girl's only answer was a pitching moan.

Tom dragged a finger through a quick swipe of his mouth. Scooping up some of her cream, he nudged it into the tight knot of her asshole.

The woman moaned, almost screaming, as his finger and cock prevailed.

“You like getting both holes fucked, whore?”

“Yes. Oh God yes!”

He knew he wouldn't last long now, frantically hammering into her steaming twat, his finger pumping in and out of her tight rectum. She came over his cock with a wail, her warm juice soaking his balls and his uniform. He pulled her hips up and rammed as hard as he could into her, until he blew his load deep into her tight cunt.

Tom tried to catch his breath, his hands still on her hips as his dick softened inside her.

The woman's body bowed against his with every breath. Her hair swept his shoulder as she turned to look him in the eyes. “Will you uncuff me now?”

Reality hit him hard. Still wearing his uniform, he'd fucked a complete stranger in a public park right next to his house. He'd disgraced his marriage and his job in the span of one hour.

Tom pulled out of her and zipped his pants up, then fished the key out of his shirt pocket to unlock her restraints.

“Thanks,” she said.

He nodded without meeting her eyes. Looking out over the river, he thought of all the secrets he hoped this night would keep.

“I didn't know you had it in you, Officer Tom,” came her teasing tone behind him.

Turning around slowly, he tried to remember when he'd told her his name.

He hadn't.

Tinkling a laugh, she bent over to retrieve her bra. She slid the straps up her arms and adjusted the

front to cup her full tits. “My name is Amanda. Recognize me now? You arrested me a few weeks ago.”

The house party the next street over. Minor stuff, since the patrons all seemed to be over twenty one, but there were a couple of marijuana charges and disturbing the peace.

They had all looked the same. A group of college kids just a couple of years younger than him. Spending mommy and daddy’s money to get wasted.

This girl was one of them?

“Don’t look at me like that. It’s not like you arrested me for murder.”

Sweat seeped out of his pores, his heart rate climbing. He glanced in the direction of his house through the trees, then looked back at her. “You set this up.”

Shrugging, she stepped into her panties, her ass jutting out toward him and wiggling until the thong nestled into her cleft.

“Is this your way of getting even?”

She turned around and grinned. “Don’t be mad. It was much better than I expected.”

He couldn’t reply. Tom could only stand there, his uniform pants drenched in sweat and cum, his wedding ring burning into his finger.

“Quite the alpha male, aren’t you? Your wife is a lucky woman.” She walked toward him and put her hand on his arm, the swell of her tits in that lacy black bra making his cock twitch hard again. “Don’t worry, Tom. You’re still a good person. Now give your filthy little whore a ride home.”