At Least I Didn't Get a Ticket

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I have this curious predilection about being naked when I shouldn't be. One of my favorite times is when I am driving. This story has to do with one of those times. You see the problem is when I am doing this illegal nudity I get really horny. So I was driving down the highway, with just my shirt on, and to make things more daring I completely removed my pants and put them in the passenger seat. Naturally, this made me really horny so I started jerking off. As I got more and more excited, I kind of lost track of my speed. I saw the police car and took the next exit, not knowing if I was seen. As I started down the exit ramp, I saw the police car, lights flashing coming over the hill. Maybe they didn't see me. Crap, here they came. I continued on as if nothing was wrong, but grabbed my pants anyway. The cop was behind me quickly and I pulled over. Shit, my pants got stuck on something and I couldn't get them loose. As I glanced in the rear view mirror I could see the cop approaching already, so I just laid my pants on my lap covering my now limp dick.

I rolled down the window as the cop arrived. “License and registration.” A female voice – could this get any worse. “Officer,” I said, “I couldn't have been going much over the speed limit.”

“ You were going 63 in a 55,” she responded, “license and registration.” I gingerly leaned over to the glove compartment. “Are you not wearing pants!?” I froze. “I'm going to have to take you in.”

“ Wait,” I cried, “I can explain.”

“ There is no reason you can give me that would explain not wearing pants.”

“ Please,” I moaned, “I can't even afford a speeding ticket, much less this.”

“ You should have thought of that before you started driving around naked.”

“ Nobody could see me,” I explained.

“ I see you. A person in a truck could have seen you – or a school bus.”

“ Please,” I begged, “isn't there something else that can be done. If you have a charity or a project

that needs work – I could work it off. I'd do anything to not have to pay a ticket. I don't have any money – but I can work.”

She paused for a moment. There was hope. “No. I can't do that.”

“ Please, I'd do anything.”

She paused again. “Follow me, I've got a project you can do right now.” And she headed back to her car. At this time of night I wondered what the project could be, but was glad that I would not get a ticket. I put my pants back on while we were driving. She pulled off on a side road and into what appeared to be a driveway. I stopped behind her and put on my shoes as she came back to my car. “Did you put your pants on while you were following me?”

“ Um, yeah.”

“ That would be yes ma'am.”

“ Sorry,” I said, “yes, ma'am.”

“ Well, that would be failure to pay full time and attention – another violation. So, I can't let you off without any punishment. Here is your choice: pay a ticket for speeding, failure to pay full time and attention and indecent exposure, that would be roughly $300; or you can get a spanking from me.”

“ A spanking,” I asked incredulous.

“ That's your choice,” she said, looking at her watch.

I didn't know what to say. “With my pants on?”

“ No, no,” she replied, looking back at her watch. “That's one minute, so another 60.”

“ Whoa, wait a minute, I didn't know there was a timer, I ...”

“ Times wasting. It's not that hard of a decision you either get spanked or get a ticket.”

She wasn't very large and didn't look very strong so I said, “I'll take the spanking.”

The officer looked back at her watch and said “We'll call that 400. Remove you pants and hand them to me.” I hesitated for a moment. “Each time you hesitate it will be another 25.” I undid my pants and

pulled them off. I couldn't help it – I hesitated again. “450,” she announced. I quickly stood up and handed her my pants. “Give me your shirt as well.”

“ My shirt,” I asked.

Her only response was “475.” I ripped my shirt over my head and handed it to her. She looked down at my dick and smiled. “A little excited are we?'' That is when I realized I had gotten semi-hard. “I'll take care of that,” she said and smacked my dick. As she turned toward her cruiser, she said, “bend over the hood of your car. I complied quickly. She opened the trunk of her cruiser and tossed my clothes in.

She started to spank me with her gloved hand, surprisingly hard. At 200 she stopped, and I had done very well at this point. I'd be lying if I said it didn't hurt, but I hadn't made a sound or winced too badly. “You did pretty well,” she said. Then I felt the crack of a paddle on my ass. I winced at that. She gave me a hundred of those and now I was in trouble. I was trying to be tough, but the paddle really hurt and by the time she got to 300, I was jumping with each swat, and had started to make grunting noises. “Only 175 to go and you aren't crying yet – that's pretty good. Do you think you made the right choice?”

“ Yes ma'am,” I said hearing a bit of a break in my voice.

After a short break, I felt her rubbing my burning butt and was sure she no longer had a glove on. I was relieve to think that she was done with the paddle and back to the hand – I was going to make it after all. THWAK! I jumped and yelped as her strap crossed my ass. At 25 with the strap I was grunting with each stroke. On the 50 th with the strap I actually squealed – I thought I heard her laugh. At 75 tears were welling up in my eyes. I was actually crying as she finished. Finally, she stopped at 100 with the strap. “Still think you made the right decision?”

I tried to muster my strength so as not to sound like I was crying and replied “Yes.” But my voice quavered and I know she laughed this time. “You know if you had just followed orders from the beginning, you'd be done by now.” I waited. “Don't you have anything to say?”

“ No ma'am,” again my voice quavered.

With no warning, I felt the lash of a thinner strap that hurt even more than the other. She had me crying again quickly. By 25 I was crying like a little girl; with 25 left I felt like I would start sobbing – I was by the time she finished. I started to get up, but she pushed me back down. “I'll give you a little reward for being so brave,” she laughed and grabbed my dick which was actually half-erect. “What's this,” she exclaimed, “Did that excite you? Does that mean you want more?”

“ No ma'am, please, no more. I just get excited when I'm nude outside.”

“ I don't know,” she said, “I'm not sure that was punishment enough.”

“ Please, no more,” I begged.

“ Well,” she said, “just stay right where you are, and we'll see what we can do.”

“ Please,” I begged, “I can't take any more.”

“ Alright,” she said, “but stay there and I'll give you a reward.”

I stayed bent over the hood of my car, tears on my face, my ass absolutely on fire, my legs shaking. I could hear her doing something, but I was afraid to look. When she returned she began to stroke my dick once more and shortly I was erect. “It's not very big,” she said. “No ma'am,” I replied, after all it was only a bit over 5 inches. As she stroked she began kissing my burning ass and rubbing oil on it. She then pushed an oily finger into my asshole and I jumped. “Ma'am,” I asked.

“ Relax,” she said, “or we'll have to go back to spanking.” So I let her do what she wanted. A second finger invaded my virgin hole, then a third. All the while she stroked my throbbing erection. She removed her fingers then I felt it – what I knew right away was a strap-on dildo. It felt big even before she pushed it against my asshole. “You'd better relax or this is really going to hurt.” I tried as much as I could to relax, and thought I did a pretty good job, but it still hurt. She kept stroking me as she moved the big dildo in and out of my ass slowly, pushing a little more of its length into me each time until I felt her body pressed up against my ass. She started pumping me short and hard, always finishing with the dildo all the way in my ass. Amazingly, I came shortly – and hard, with that big dildo lodged in my ass. I squealed and moaned like a little girl who just lost her virginity. The officer seemed to like this and started pumping me harder. I squealed like a girl and she pushed her fingers into my mouth – her cum covered fingers.

She went back to stroking me again as she continued to pound my asshole. I was hoping she would stop soon, because I felt I was getting a hard-on again and didn't want her to know. Hell, I didn't want to know. Why was I getting a hard-on with this woman fucking me in the ass. I mean she was pretty hot, but I couldn't even see her. She felt it. “Oh, you are so my bitch now,” she shouted at me. “Say it,” she commanded, spanking my ass for good measure. She started spanking me as she pumped harder. “Say it, or I'll get out the crop.”

“ I'm your bitch,” I moaned/squeaked as she drove into me hard.

She laughed. “Oh, this is going to make me cum,” she shouted. And she did, not too long after – and what an orgasm it was. She pulled out and leaned against the back of her car. “Oh, god,” she crooned, “that was nice. Turn around.” I pulled myself up off the hood of my car and turned toward her, my little dick bobbing erect in the air. I saw the big dildo hanging off her belt – it had to be at least 8 inches and thick. “Jerk off for me,” she ordered. I didn't hesitate and came quickly. She threw my clothes at me and told me to get home. When I sat in my car I could feel the pain of her whipping and a deep soreness in my asshole. She came over to my window and grabbed my left nipple, twisting it painfully. “You better not get caught again tonight,” she said, “the other officers aren't as nice as me.”