

Please officer, I'll do anything. (Part 2)

By zibster

Published on Lush Stories on 17 Jan 2011



And the clock strikes, six.

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I sat back in my seat as the clock turned to six. My eyes were staring down the front door as I saw his shadow walking around inside the house. My mind swirled, and my tongue wet my lips as best they could. I was really nervous, and found my knees bouncing up and down. I was terrified. What had I got myself in to? I did know for sure though, that I was never going to drink and get in a car with a drunk driver again. "Here goes nothing," I breathed, my eyes turning towards the car door, opening it, pulling my jacket closer, and shutting the door once more. With a finger to the button, I heard the car doors lock and heard my heels click on the ground as I walked up the front walk, and to the porch. I lifted a hand and carefully knocked on the door. When he opened it, he was still wearing his uniform, though the hat had been hung up on the rack next to the door. A small smile formed on his lips as he looked over my outfit, and placed his gun down on the table next to the door. "Come in," he muttered, smiling to himself. I didn't see anything too slutty with my outfit. A pair of jeans and a tube top? Not too bad. Maybe he saw something off about the heels. And when it made sense to me to step in the front door, I did so. "Thanks," I mused and gave him a small smile, sliding off my jacket and hanging it up as well. I watched him as he watched me moving away from the door. He smiled at me and slowly took my hand, and I followed him casually to the couch. I was about to sit down when he pulled me onto his lap, so I straddled him, facing his smirking face. It was just then that he pulled me in and kissed my lips. That smirk was still on his face and I kissed him back with one hand sliding into his hair. He bit my lower lip and I moaned into his mouth as my fingers slid down his chest just slightly. But when I pulled back my eyes met him for a moment or so. "What are we doing today officer?" I whispered softly, sitting back enough to reach behind myself and toss off my shoes. "You're going to finish thanking me for not giving you a ticket," he muttered as he kissed down my neck. He gripped the edge of my shirt just slightly, pushing it up enough to feel the soft skin of my stomach as he watched my fingers start to unbutton his top. When it was opened the whole way I lowered myself down to quietly kiss his chest, even nibbled a bit as I did, hearing him moan a smirk formed on my lips. "What is going to thank you?" I questioned, looking up at him with eyes wide. "First, you're going to suck me," he muttered with a smirk on his lips. "Then you're going to fuck me. Sound good?" He questioned, as if I had a choice. But honestly looking at him, shirt unbuttoned, hair already tousled from teasing, chest rising and falling. To be honest, it was great. Extremely attractive even. "Yes sir," I

responded as I slowly slid back down his body, kissing as I went, before undoing his belt and sliding it out, doing the same with his button and then zipper, pushing it down. I kissed softly at the exposed skin before pushing down both his boxers and his pants, quietly licking the tip of him and sucking it into my mouth. When I heard him moan I quietly sucked a bit faster, up and down, feeling him begin to harden more in my mouth. This was so hot, but right now I didn't want to admit it. "Faster!" He barked as an order, putting his hand on the back of my head and pushing my head down on him. I sucked, up and down and felt him hit the back of my throat, even swallowing enough to get my throat to close around him a little bit, gripping on the shaft as I bobbed, sucking and stroking, working down on his sacks. I listened even as I was moving, to his moaning. "Get up!" He muttered as he pulled me up to him, quietly sliding off my shirt and nearly ripping my bra off. "Take your pants off!" He demanded and I did just that as he pushed closer and sucked on my nipples. I moaned and slid off my pants and panties, thinking it best. As soon as they hit the ground, he pulled me to him, and over him, and without warning he slid into me, causing the both of us to moan out and grip hard on each other. His hands on my waist, and my hands on his shoulders. It took me a moment or so to realize what was going on but as soon as I was done I arched up and down, riding his hard cock, and slowly sucking on his neck in the process. I smiled, and bit his earlobe a little and arched up and down, whimpering against his skin. Every throb he made caused me to moan out and it was not long before I felt him reaching his limits. This made me moan out, and as he came inside of me, I started to release as well, though I had to do the rest of the work, working my hips up and down. But when I was finished I looked him in the eye and finally saw that smirk again. "I guess that's thanks enough," he muttered with a shrug. "I don't think so. I think I need to finish thanking you tomorrow," I mused as I stood up and dressed myself. "Oh really?" He asked, tilting his head. "Yep," I mused, and shrugged as I put my jacket on and quietly pulled out my phone to check the time, it hadn't been long. "See you tomorrow." And I left it, with a kiss.