

# The Night I Was Seduced By A Cop

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*It was a night I'd definitely remember...*

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The night was late, and the streets were dark and lonely as I was driving home from a friend's house on an average Saturday night. Average, for me at least, was drinking and having a good time with a group of friends and then going home to sleep it off until late the next day. Sunday was my hangover day, of course, and I would lie around all day wishing I hadn't gotten so drunk the night before. This Saturday night, however, I was sober enough to drive myself home. At least that's what I thought. But when I looked in my rear-view mirror and saw the flashing red and blue lights of a police car, I cursed at myself and pulled over reluctantly. Fuck, I thought. What was I going to do? For one, I was a nineteen year old girl, a few years below the drinking age, and I was driving a car under the influence. My parents would shit themselves if they found out about this one. I sat nervously in the driver's seat, trying to pull my somewhat revealing party dress down so I didn't appear to be some drunk slut. I was a rather attractive female, I supposed, with long golden brown hair, perky boobs, and a pretty face. My body was small and petite, but I had curves in the right places and past boyfriends had never complained. I watched as the cop slowly got out of the car, flashing his flashlight all over my car and in my face when he appeared at the window. I rolled it down and immediately began asking what I was being pulled over for. "Ma'am, you were going 60 in a 45 mile zone. Reckless driving. I'm afraid you need to step out of the vehicle." he stated blankly. I groaned, silently kicking myself for putting myself in this situation, and got out of the car. He shined the flashlight in my eyes. "What's your name?" he asked. I squinted from being blinded by the light. "Umm, Maria. I'm sorry, sir. I was just trying to get home." I told him. He was a muscular-looking man, probably in his early thirties, with short dark hair and blue eyes. A husband and a father, perhaps. He had that gentle look to him. But he was certainly not ugly. "Are you under the influence, Maria?" Fuck! I thought again. He knew. He knew I was drunk and I was going to jail for sure. Mom and Dad would never forgive me. I tried to think of many excuses in my head within five seconds, but figured the truth might work out better. "Not that much, sir." I said quietly. "I can smell the liquor on your breath. You don't look 21, ma'am. Do you have registration and ID with you?" he asked. Shit, shit, shit. "Yes, sir. Is it alright if I get it?" He nodded. I turned, opened my car door, and leaned over the seat to open the little compartment on the passenger's side. I looked through numerous papers and other things to find what he asked for so I could hurry up and get arrested already, because I had a feeling it was going to happen. The cop

cleared his throat. "Do you flash every cop with leopard print thongs when they pull you over?" I sat up immediately, briefly hitting my head on the roof of the car. "Fuuuck." I whispered to myself. "No. I'm so sorry." I said to him, hurriedly grabbing the papers I needed and getting out of the car again. "Here you go." He glanced through the stuff and looked back up at me. "Well, Maria, my suspicions were confirmed. You're only nineteen. You do know this is a serious offense because you're no longer a minor, correct?" "Correct, sir." I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes. Bad situations and alcohol just did not mix well together. He sighed. "Get up against the car. I have to pat you down to make sure you don't have anything on you, though I doubt you have much in that little black dress of yours." I leaned against my car, putting my hands on the roof and waiting for the punishment to continue. The man put his hands on my back and quickly pat me down, then reached around to the front. I heard his breathe intake sharply as he touched my C-cup breasts, and he lingered there for a moment. "Nothing there." he said. In a humorous way, I found that kind of offensive. He continued patting me down and was right at the top of my thigh when he cleared his throat again. "Maria, I'm going to have to check your underwear. It's strictly business. We've been having cases lately where young women have been hiding objects in their underwear, such as dangerous weapons or illegal drugs, so it's just a precaution for us to take part in checking." I felt so embarrassed. He basically had the chance to feel me up and now he was going to check my underwear? It was highly ridiculous. But I said alright, even though my face was tomato red and I was freezing my ass off standing there in the cold. "This should only take a few moments." he told me, as he slowly reached under my dress and put his hand inside my thong. I jumped a little at his touch, and to my embarrassment, got a little wet. He felt around a little, briefly rubbing my clit and running his fingers through my slit gently. I exhaled and a slight noise came out of my mouth. "Is this uncomfortable for you, ma'am? I'm almost finished here." I heard him say. I didn't answer, I simply shook my head. He moved his hand around more, reaching further back into my panties and getting rather close to entering my wet hole. I gasped a little, and pushed my ass against his crotch involuntarily. "You sure you're alright? With a reaction like that, I'd think I'm turning you on or something. I'm only doing my job, ma'am. Don't take it personally." he told me, shoving a finger inside me. I moaned. He sure was doing his job. Even if it was very, very wrong. "No, you're not turning me on." I lied. He stuck another finger in me and finger-fucked me real slowly. I could feel his cock hard up against my ass, and I couldn't believe I was standing there in the street getting fingered and seduced by a cop who had pulled me over for speeding and drinking underage. "Are you sure? You're very moist, Maria." I nodded. "I'm sure." "Do you mind turning around for me? I need a better look. I might be missing something in these underwear of yours." he said roughly. I turned around and he pulled my leopard thong off in one swift motion. "Hmm, nothing in there. Spread your legs. Some girls hide things inside their vagina, too." I don't know why, but I did just as he said, despite the fact that I very well knew exactly what was going on and he knew I didn't have anything in my pussy considering his fingers had just been there a minute before. He kneeled down and got so close to my womanhood that I could feel his breath on me. He then leaned forward and planted a kiss right on my clit, then kissed all down my slit until he reached the opening where he inserted his tongue. I cried out in pleasure. It felt too good to hold in. "Don't. You shouldn't." I

managed to say. He looked up at me wickedly. "Don't? You don't like how good my tongue feels?" He licked up and down my slit again, making me even more wet, and flicked his tongue lightly against my clit. "Yes, I mean.. no.. Fuck, yes. I like it." I said. He grinned, continuing to lick and suck my most private parts. I knew it wasn't long till climax with the way he was working his tongue on me. But to my surprise, he abruptly stopped and stood up, unzipping his pants and pulling out a cock that was much larger than the guys I've been with before. It was thick, and long, too. Usually guys were blessed with either one or the other, but not both. As I contemplated this thought in my head, he inserted himself in my wet pussy so fast that I was caught off guard and let out a scream. "Oh, fuck!" I cried. He picked my petite body up in his arms and fucked me so hard I could barely handle it. A long, continuous moan was escaping my mouth and I couldn't stop, at least not while he was making me feel the way I was feeling. My pussy squeezed tightly around his cock, and I knew I would cum soon. He began to thrust deeper and harder, whispering in me ear how good I felt and how badly he wanted me to cum. With those words, I cried out in ecstasy, feeling the contractions of my pussy tightening around his cock as my hips bucked wildly in his arms. He held me there, and then pulled out and set me down. "Get on your knees." he commanded, and I did. He jacked himself off briefly for a second or two and then spurts of white cum came flying out, hitting me on the cheek. I opened my mouth, catching the next few spurts on my tongue and tasting his ever-so-sweet juice. I swallowed, then wiped the rest from my face so I could eat that, too. He watched me in amazement. "That was fantastic. Do you like the taste of cop cum?" he smiled, and winked at me. I smiled back. "Maybe. I guess I've discovered a fantasy I never knew I had." "Good. Well, put your panties on and get your sweet little ass home before I take you to the station for speeding and driving under the influence while being so god damn fucking sexy." He gave me a stern, but sexy look. Somehow, I knew it wasn't the last I would see of him.