

# The Consequence of Texting While Driving

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Felicia pushed one button after the other on her car radio in search of the right song to listen to. It was late. Exhausted after a long day of work, she was relieved to finally be on her way home. Before she had been able to settle on a song, a muffled musical chirp emanated from her purse on the seat beside her, signaling that a text message had just been received by her cell phone. Without taking her eyes off the road she reached into her purse and retrieved her cell. She quickly glanced down at the display and saw that the message was from Bart, a friend whom she had met on the Internet. For the past month or so Felicia and Bart had been sexting each other regularly – sending sexually explicit text messages. Each sext was hotter than the one before and often Felicia found them very distracting. When, as often was the case, the texts arrived while she was working, her co-workers would find her red-faced and preoccupied – off in another world and not concentrating on the task at hand. And the timing of this particular sext was similarly inopportune. Knowing that this text message was probably going to be lengthy and detailed with the erotic descriptions that never ceased to turn her on, Felicia steered her car onto the shoulder of the road, rather than risk an accident. She read Bart's text. Even before she finished reading it, she could feel a warm tingle developing between her legs and a thumping deep inside. By the time she read the entire text, she was completely turned on. She felt dampness between her legs and realized that she had been touching herself unconsciously while reading it – one hand rubbing the crotch of her jeans and the other squeezing her nipples. How long have I been here? She thought anxiously and felt a desperate need to quench the urgency that now consumed her body. I have to get home! Before she maneuvered the car back onto the road, she unzipped her pants and slid her hand into her panties. One-handed she drove down the highway, while her other hand was occupied probing her pussy, touching her most sensitive spots. Her car veered side to side and swerved wide when she turned onto the next cross street. She drove past one red traffic signal and stopped for a while at a green. Almost home! As she continued on, Felicia imagined the sensual scenario that Bart had painted with his words. She steadily rubbed herself aching to be at home where she could better satisfy these carnal urges. BLEEP BLOO BLEEP! Suddenly the young woman's erotic reverie was interrupted by the blaring sound of a police siren. She was blinded by bright flashes of red and white light from the lightbar atop the squad car that

unexpectedly appeared in her rearview mirror. "PULL YOUR CAR TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD IMMEDIATELY!" an amplified voice commanded. Startled by the barked orders, Felicia quickly pulled her hand out of her pants and nervously steered her car onto the gravelly edge of the road. The police car followed closely with its high beams illuminating the interior of her car. As soon as she brought her car to a stop she hurriedly attempted to zip up her jeans. "HANDS ON THE STEERING WHEEL, WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!" the policeman blurted through the loudspeaker. The frightened driver began to raise her hands hesitantly. This is so embar-- "NOW! GET THEM ON THE WHEEL RIGHT NOW!" the officer called out angrily. Felicia sat silently with her hands shaking on the steering wheel. Although her car was bathed in the bright headlights of the patrol car, her legs were cloaked in shadow. She glanced down. Her open pants clearly exposed her panties, but her lap was beyond the reach of the intruding high beams and she hoped that the policeman would not notice. She inhaled deeply when she heard the crunch of gravel signaling his approach. "Good evening, Ma'am," the policeman's voice was less intimidating now that it was unamplified. Felicia turned to face him and was blinded by an intense white light. After a few seconds the light moved away from her face and she saw the torso of the cop in the window opening of her car door. One hand was poised over his holstered gun while the other shone a club-sized flashlight into the car. "Have you been drinking alcohol this evening, Ma'am?" She shook her head and uttered a barely audible, "No." "Ingested any drugs? Prescription or otherwise?" "N-no." The nervous young woman looked up at her interrogator's face as he questioned her. The brim of his police cap was pulled down low on his forehead. Dark wraparound sunglasses concealed his eyes. Smooth chiseled cheekbones, a strong square jaw, and thin pale lips revealed no emotion when he spoke. This guy is taking his job way too serious. And who the hell wears sunglasses at night?! From the corner of her eyes she could see the beam of his flashlight dart around the interior of the car. Then she realized by the position of his wrist that he was shining his light down onto her lap. When he held the flashlight in that position for a while, she could feel the blood rushing to her face. "You know, Ma'am, I followed you for several miles and I observed erratic driving patterns. You appear to have been driving under the influence of a controlled substance. I'm gonna have to conduct a sobriety test and give this vehicle a thorough search." He leaned inside the window and, reaching across Felicia's body, turned off the engine and removed the key. She smelled his cologne as his head passed within inches of her own. A clean musky scent with a hint of sandalwood lingered in the car after he withdrew from it. It was the first indication that he was not merely a Robocop. He smells nice. But he's still a jerk. "Let me see your driver's license and vehicle registration." Afraid to remove her hands from the steering wheel, the young woman nodded toward her open purse on the seat next to her. "They're in my wallet." The no-nonsense policeman reached across Felicia again and picked up her purse. Holding it open he shined the flashlight into it and inspected its contents. After pulling out her wallet, he extracted the documents. He removed his sunglasses and placed them in his shirt pocket. Felicia immediately saw that his clear hazel eyes, bracketed by his long dark eyelashes, were far from threatening, yet she thought that they were disarming in another way. She understood at once that he wore the sunglasses to appear more intimidating. Definitely handsome. But definitely annoying too. He studied her license for a few

seconds and then smiled, "I see that you live just down the street, Felicia." She sat silently while her mind raced. So now we're on a first name basis. Just give me the damn ticket and let me get home! "Remain with your hands where I can see them," he ordered and then walked over to the passenger side of the car. He pulled open the door, searched under the seats and then sat down beside her. Without explanation he opened the glovebox and poked his finger through its contents. After scanning the front of the car for a moment he turned to her and said, "What's with the open pants? Why are you undone?" The young woman's face flushed and she stammered, "I, uh, I had uh – I had an itch," it was all she could come up with and she knew it sounded ridiculous as soon as the words passed her lips. "An itch? You sure you didn't hide anything there when you saw me following you?" "No. I didn't. I don't have any drugs. I didn't hide any drugs." Please leave me alone! "Well, regardless of what you say, I'm still gonna have to search you." "But, you're not allowed –" she began to protest but stopped as quickly as the patrolman plunged his hand between her legs. His fingers passed lightly over her mound followed by his palm and slid slowly downward, sandwiched between her panties and jeans. The hand curled underneath her until it squeezed between her buttocks and the car seat. Satisfied that there was nothing hidden there, the policeman withdrew his hand as slowly as he had inserted it. As he dragged his hand upward, his middle finger pressed into her flesh and rode the crease of her vulva. "You're a little wet down there," he grinned as he swiped his thumb across his fingertips. "That must have been quite an itch." "I – uh – I –" before she could make up an explanation she felt his hand between her legs again. "Tell me about it. Tell me what was going on when you were scratching your itch ." His voice was softer now and unthreatening. But as soothing as his tone was, she still felt compelled to answer his questions. "I was just – I – uh – was –" she was distracted by the touch of his fingers sliding along the top of her thigh and then moving inside the leg opening of her panties. "I'm listening. Now out with it," he said calmly as his fingertips entered her moist slit. "What were you thinking about when your hand was down here?" "You know," she blushed. Why is he driving me crazy like this?! He knows that I must have been fantasizing about sex. "I do know what was happening here," he smiled and unbuttoned her seatbelt and let it retract into its holder. With his free hand he unbuttoned the top of her shirt. "You were daydreaming about getting laid." His hand slid inside her bra and squeezed her nipple. "Isn't that right?" "Y-yes," she was already transported back to the state of arousal that she had found herself in before she heard his siren. "Tell me about your daydream." She tried to retrieve the memory of the sext in which Bart had described how he would ravish her doggy style and the vivid images that she conjured up about it. But right now the only thoughts that crossed her mind were those of the policeman whose hands were driving her mad. "I was onnn all f-fours," she muttered almost incoherently. "And h-he was f-fuck—fucking me frommmm b-behind." She barely got the words out when her body convulsed and a forceful orgasm swept over her. Her hands left the steering wheel and quickly snatched the cop's and pulled them tighter to her body as she came. He continued to fondle her while she squirmed in ecstasy. When her climax finally passed and her body went limp, the policeman exited the car and opened the driver's door. "I think that we can forget about the sobriety test. But, you are in no condition to drive," he said as he helped her to her feet. "We'll lock up your car and I'll take you home." Without questioning, she allowed him

to walk her to the patrol car – with one hand she kept her unfastened pants from falling while she used the other to keep her shirt closed. Her legs were shaking and her head spinning. It all felt like a dream. An awkward silence passed between them while she sat up front with the policeman during the ride home. Only several minutes ago he had frightened, repulsed and annoyed her. But now she only wanted to attack him. In a good way. She smiled. In less time than it took for Felicia to button up, the squad car arrived in front of her house. Even though she felt fully recovered from that muscle wrenching orgasm that her friendly highway patrolman had brought on, she let him assist her to the front door with his arm around her waist. Should I invite him in? She contemplated for a brief moment as she unlocked the door. The issue quickly resolved itself when he stepped passed her into the house. He stopped in the center of the living room and turned to face her. By force of habit she had flipped the wall switch when she entered the house, then froze in her tracks and admired the visage of the tall lawman. Broad shoulders, slim waist, tight police-issue shirt and trousers, military posture, gentle eyes. They stared at each other from across the room. Neither had spoken a word since they had left her car on the side of the road. The patrolman clutched the rim of his hat, removed it and tossed it like a Frisbee onto the sofa. Without taking his eyes off the captivated young woman, he unbuckled his gunbelt which held not only his service revolver but also the flashlight, hand-held radio, long black night stick, and handcuffs. He carefully lowered the cumbersome belt to the floor. Balancing on one leg, he lifted his foot, unlaced his boot, pulled it off, and tossed it toward the corner of the room. Before dropping the foot, he jerked his sock off and flipped it aside. As soon as his bare foot touched the deep soft pile of the carpet, he performed the same ritual with his other foot. Standing upright once more, he unbuttoned his shirt, and pulled its tails out of his pants. He stood motionless holding his shirt open and glared at Felicia with a devious smile on his lips. She knew that he was waiting for her and she responded without hesitation. Having kicked off her shoes, she quickly unbuttoned the shirt that she had just managed to close up only minutes ago. Now she waited for his response. The cop's grin broadened as he watched the young woman comply with his unspoken command. Peeling the shoulder of his open shirt down his arm, he removed it, and threw it to the floor. After lifting his tight white tee-shirt over his head, he stood bare-chested and paused licking his lips. Felicia gaped at the man's body. Well tanned, muscular arms and chest. Her smile mirrored his and she took off her shirt as he had done. Now I'll give him something to look at, she thought, reaching behind her chest with both hands, and unhooked the clasp of her bra. The straps slid off her shoulders when she pulled the bra forward and her breasts fell free. The policeman's eyes widened with excitement and his tongue swiped across his upper lip while he witnessed Felicia reveal her ample bosom. He jerked his belt open, unsnapped his pants, slid the zipper down, and let his pants drop to the floor. Without taking his eyes off her body he stepped out of the fallen trousers and kicked them to the side. He waited once more. Her eyes were locked on his body. While she opened her own pants and slid them down, she stared at his silk boxers. She could not help but take notice of his bulge which seemed to be getting bigger by the second. Hmmm. After stepping out of her jeans she waited anxiously for his next move. His thumbs were hooked into the elastic of his boxers. His erection was by now undeniable. It pushed the fabric of his underwear taunt in an almost comical

way. As he slid his hands downward along his hips tugging his boxers, the tip of his cock was snagged by the elastic band and the stiff shaft was pulled forward and downward. When his shorts were lowered enough, the policeman's hard cock sprang free and bounced slightly. He lifted his legs up out of his underwear and threw them across the room.. Naked, he waited patiently for her. Felicia gazed at the long thick cock and she hurriedly peeled her panties off. The cop's rich tan ended in a straight line several inches below his navel. The pale skin there that never saw the sun made her think that it looked as if he were wearing a white bikini brief with the center torn out exposing the dark mass of his scrotum, bushy pubic curls, and meaty erection. Looking up at his face she saw his eyes beckoning and she moved toward him. She felt slickness between her legs as she advanced. As soon as she was within reach, he took hold of her breasts and closed his hands around them. He sandwiched her nipples with his fingers and pulled them so firmly that she quickly stepped into him and crushed her body against his. His stiff cock pressed into her belly and he wrapped his arms around her. They kissed for a brief moment then Felicia dropped to her knees. She ran her hands up his muscular legs and kissed the underside of his stiffness. Her chin snuggled into the warm soft furry skin of his ball sack and she began to lick his cock at the base. She tilted her head sideways until she was able to wrap her tongue around the thick shaft, then she slowly worked her mouth upward. He groaned with each swipe of her tongue. When she reached his cap she tasted the slippery juice that had begun to slowly secrete there. As her lips surrounded the tip, he placed his hands at the back of her head and held it steady. Lowering her mouth down onto his cock, Felicia's hands slid up the back of his thighs and settled on his firm butt where she held him and pulled him to her face. When she began to eagerly suck him, he pushed downward on her head. He moaned loudly as the young woman worked her magic. She felt his buttock muscles tighten and his hips thrust upward quicker and quicker and she knew that he was ready to shoot his load into her mouth. Without warning his fist closed securely on Felicia's hair and her head was suddenly jerked up. Her mouth rose off his rigid cock so suddenly that it made a loud wet popping noise. She looked up at him questioningly, as if to say, "What did I do wrong?" The patrolman smiled reassuringly, "Not yet, Honey." He stepped to the side and when her hands fell from his butt he moved behind her. He pushed her shoulders forward until she bent her body at the waist and placed her hands on the carpet. After nudging her legs slightly apart by tapping them with his foot, he knelt down behind her. He waddled two steps on his knees moving closer to her and guided his throbbing hardness into her moist pussy. He plunged it in deep and began immediately pumping it in and out steadily. "This is what you were dreaming about in your car. Wasn't it?" His voice was soft, barely above a whisper, and he spoke casually in an almost matter-of-fact manner. "Oh God, yes!" she replied anxiously as she adjusted to the sudden entry of the huge penis. Repeatedly the cop drove his shaft in and out. He gripped her hips firmly to keep from pushing her across the room with his thrusts. Her breasts dangled below her and jiggled each time his solid body slammed into hers. As he pumped steadily into her, he reached back and brought his hand up between their legs and fondled her clitoris. After stimulating her like this for a while, he withdrew his hand, folded his body onto her back and caressed her breast while never slowing down the deep rhythmic plunges of his cock. Her arms tired and she lowered herself onto her elbows and

enjoyed each shove of the tireless policeman's hard penis. He rode her vigorously, never letting up, holding back his own orgasm, until he felt her body signal that she was about to cum. "Ahhrrrrrrrrrr!" she screamed. She turned her head as her face collapsed onto the carpet and dug her fingernails into the rug. Her body writhed and rocked while the patrolman pumped and pumped into her wet pussy. Then his head jerked backward – it was his turn now. He cried out an animal-like wail and his hips lurched forward freezing his last thrust at its deepest point in her vagina. A fountain of hot semen erupted inside Felicia. The two newly-met lovers convulsed in unison until both their orgasms faded and then they rolled onto their sides and embraced each other. They laid in silence listening to one another's heartbeat. He combed his fingers through her hair and kissed her breasts gently. When the young woman fell asleep in his arms, the patrolman stood and put his uniform back on. She opened her eyes at the sound of his utility belt snapping shut. There he was standing above her. Fully dressed. His hat pulled down low on his forehead. The dark sunglasses hiding his eyes. Just as he had been earlier that evening on the roadside. He opened the front door and looked back down at the naked woman. "Don't forget to drive safely, Ma'am, and have a good evening," he said as he closed the door behind him. She had been not able to see his eyes through his dark sunglasses but she knew that he had winked when he said that.