

Cuffed and Stuffed

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Sandy takes control

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At fifty, I decided that it was time to retire from my part-time law enforcement career. My biggest concern was keeping my certification from going to inactive status. Fortunately I had made friends with the director of the local police academy, who clued me in to the fact that instructors at the academy were granted active status on their certification from the state. While I wasn't able to instruct at the regular academy due to my day job, I had my nights and weekends free so took a position as an instructor at the part-time academy. Unlike the full-time day academy, the part-time trainees went at night for four hours Monday through Friday, and every other Saturday; for a total of twenty weeks. Similar to the full-time academy was the fact that the trainees were almost all still full of the young idealism that rookies possess. Thus, while the instructors tried to bring a sense of levity to the classes and encouraged after-class fraternization at the local cop bar, most of the trainees were way too serious to reciprocate. I say most, because the sixth session that I was involved in contained a trainee who was quite different: Sandy. Sandy was a an attractive twenty-seven year old woman who from the start seemed to be have a more realistic view of the job than her younger classmates. She seemed to also appreciate the cop humor we tried to interject, and was always up for an after-hours mission with the staff at the bar. It was during those soirees that I got to know Sandy better, and learned that she was coming to the academy for a different reason than most. Unlike her fellow trainees, Sandy had actually worked in law enforcement, and was certified in another state. But, because Florida didn't "recognize" her home state's certification process, and unable to get a department to sponsor her, she was using her own money to put herself through the part-time academy hoping that she would be a better candidate for a full-time job already certified. She soon became a favorite of the instructors. Of course, while her attitude and knowledge were obvious plusses, her 36B breasts, tight waist, and perfectly shaped ass were certainly considerations; at least as far as the men were concerned. We all hit on her; we all went down in flames. "It's not you, it's me" was the common reply, and something told me that it was true. Well, one late Friday night, when there would be no class the next morning, she and I "closed down" the bar. As I walked her to her car, she stumbled several times, but was able to recover on her own. Then she stumbled once more, and I had to catch her. We were suddenly arm in arm and face to face. I leaned in for a kiss, and our lips met. But as I attempted to part her lips to insert my tongue, she suddenly pushed me back, violently.

We both fell on our asses. I got up quickly, but Sandy just sat there, sobbing. Concerned that she was hurt, I got down next to her and tried to see what was wrong. Holding me at arm's length, she insisted that she was okay. Still crying, she apologized for her reaction. I tried to take the blame, but she insisted that it was all her fault; but explained that she had a good reason. "Oh god," I said, "Are you married?" "Oh no, that's not it. It's just that the last guy who tried to kiss me tried to assault me. I guess I still haven't gotten over it." "Well, do you want to talk about it?" "What?" she replied. "Here? Now?" "Sure. We're too drunk to drive, anyway; and I've got nowhere to go. Maybe talking about what happened here tonight might help." So we sat in the cab of my pick-up and talked. I learned that before Sandy had moved to Florida the department she was working at was all-male, except her. From the very beginning, most of the men considered her nothing more than a sex object. Their antics were mostly juvenile, but one night her own partner handcuffed her to the bars of a cell and tried to assault her. Fortunately, the Chief walked in. Her partner insisted that it was consensual; she swore otherwise. It was finally "agreed" that both would "resign for personal reasons", and the City paid her enough severance that she was able to relocate here and support herself until she could find work. And the worst part, she said, was that she might have gone to bed with him had they been on a date. But being forced was so wrong. "Did you think I was trying to force you into anything tonight?" "No, that's no it. My shrink tells me that it is a reaction to a perceived situational loss of control. I'm good if I initiate things, and better if I have total control. But my mind melts down when someone else initiates. And it's not just sex; it's major parts of my life. I'm getting better. I need to in order to pass any pre-employment psych test." "So if you don't mind me asking, when was the last time you had 'control sex'?" "I haven't had any kind of sex with someone else since before the attack. That was two years ago. Please, don't tell anyone else about this. Okay?" "Absolutely," I said. After that night, I tried to be more conscious of Sandy's predicament. We became a lot closer; I guess unburdening helped a lot. Once over drinks she told me that she was making real progress with her treatment, and kidded that I would be her "first" when she was cured. I joked back that I was honored, but that after two years, might she consider someone younger with more stamina due to all of her pent-up desire. She laughed and said that even "old farts" have their uses. Then one night we were demonstrating the pat-down search that an officer conducts on a suspect. After discussing the proper method for a pat-down, the lead instructor then displayed a collection of weapons that had been hidden by suspects. "Who can tell me what all of these weapons have in common?" I asked. "Anyone?" Sandy raised her hand. "They went undiscovered despite the pat-down," she stated with confidence, and an officer got hurt." "Correct. That is why this is so important. Now, our instructors have hidden on their persons various weapons. I want each of you to search each instructor and without letting on what you find, mark in your notebook what you think you have found and where. Each trainee will pat down each instructor, regardless of the sex of the recruit or the instructor. Keep in mind, however, that there is a fine line between a legal pat-down and getting to third base." This last line elicited some chuckles. "Oh, some of the instructors may not be concealing any weapons at all. Others may have hidden more than one weapon. Okay, let's begin." With that the instructors (including me) took "the position" against the wall and were patted down for the next twenty minutes. When it was Sandy's turn to pat

me down, I noted that she obviously had some hands-on experience from her prior job. While she was good at hiding her reactions, I could tell that she found two of the three weapons I had secreted on myself. I smiled; no one in all of the classes I had taught ever found my “pubic gun”, a small derringer in an underwear holster that sat right at the top of the base of my penis. When the pat-downs were over, each trainee had to announce how many weapons they thought they detected on each instructor. No one found everything on the others except Sandy. And, as I said, not even Sandy found my third weapon, and I did not reveal where it was hidden. I could tell that Sandy was a little miffed. The class ended soon thereafter. As everyone else filed out, Sandy hung back, looking like she wanted to talk. I gave the high sign to the lead instructor, and when everyone was gone and we were alone, I asked Sandy what was on her mind. With a wicked grin, she asked, “Where is the third gun?” “I’m not telling.” “C’mon, where is it?” “Nope, can’t tell you.” “Can I search you again?” “Sure, but you won’t find it,” I teased. Facing the wall, I leaned forward and assumed the position. “Wanna bet?” Suddenly, I felt Sandy pull my right arm back behind me and slap on one half of a pair of handcuffs. As I started to lose my balance, she grabbed the other arm, pulled it back, and completed the job. She then spun me around, and looking me straight in the eye, exclaimed “Okay Old Fart, its strip search time!” She then grabbed my pants and yanked them down, revealing the small handgun attached to the outside of my underwear. “Well, what have we here,” she laughed, as she removed the pistol from the holster. “Very clever. I can see why no one has ever found this. Makes me wonder what else you’re hiding.” Before I knew it, she was fondling my “package” through my briefs, searching every nook and cranny she could through the thin material. “Well, I feel something here,” she cooed. “Maybe it’s a weapon, maybe not. Only one way to be safe.” She dropped to her knees, down came my shorts, and out sprang my erect cock. “Oh, my! This definitely looks lethal,” she giggled, as she stroked its eight inch length. “What caliber is this?” With that, she engulfed the head with her soft, wet mouth; then slowly took in about half the shaft before coming back up for air. As the head popped out from between her lips, she looked up and said, “Not bad, I wonder what it would feel like to be ‘shot’ with this.” And then she took the head and length back into her mouth; one hand controlling her depth as the other took a grip on my balls. She slowly started a combination of hand, lips and mouth moving up and down my erection in a steady rhythm; her tongue swirling at the top of each stroke, slurping and suction being applied the rest of the time. At one point she took it out entirely so that she could tongue my piss-slit, catching the pre-cum oozing out and using it to paint my purple head. Instinctively, I started to thrust forward. Sandy abruptly stopped and pulled off. “Hey, I’m in charge here!” she yelled, “don’t you move.” Seeing the look in her eye, it suddenly occurred to me what she needed. She needed to be in control. “Okay,” I replied, “you’re in charge officer. I’m at your mercy.” Calmer, she smiled and said, “That’s better.” She resumed the blow job, and my dick was clearly fine with that as attested to by the ropes of sperm that I shot down her throat a few minutes later. Swallowing my load, she got up grinning and said, “Okay, fess up; hiding anything else?” as she felt beneath my shirt, running her fingers over my chest and pinching my nipples to hardness. “No,” I replied. “Gee, I wish I could believe you. But you’re tricky. You leave me no choice but to do a body cavity search.” Spinning me around again, she bent me over the desk at the front of the room. “Stay

there!" she commanded, as she fetched a tube of hand lotion from her purse. She then stood behind me, and inpracticed kicks swept my feet apart so that my rectum was in full view, genitals dangling beneath. Squeezing a dollop of lotion onto the opening, she leaned forward and whispered into my ear, "Relax, honey, this won't hurt a bit." Then she slowly began to push her index finger up my dark passage; first one knuckle, then two, until her digit was buried. "Well, I don't feel anything yet," she remarked, "but I'm just getting warmed up." She then began to slide her finger in and out, each insertion angled just slightly different as if she were searching for something. While it started out feeling a bit odd, the sensuousness soon overtook and I actually started to moan. Taking that as a hint, she added more lotion and a second finger; and this time found what I assumed she was looking for, my prostate. Now while I'd heard rumors that prostate massage was erotic, my only close experience with the subject was at my annual physical. Nothing sexy there. But this was something else. Between the in and out of the anal penetration, the friction with my inner tract, and the soft nudging of the internal organ, my erection had returned in full force, and event that I realized was planned and which did not go unnoticed. Using her other hand, she began stroking me as she continued to manipulate my anal area. Then, pulling her fingers from my ass, she spun me around yet a third time. "Well," she said, looking lustily at my hardness, "I see we're locked, loaded, and ready to shoot again." With that, she pulled the academy polo shirt that she was wearing off over her head, kicked off her black patent leather shoes, and dropped the khaki uniform pants that covered her lower half. Not having any undergarments on, she was now standing before me totally naked except for her socks. Man was she sexy looking; her pert breasts standing firm, capped by rose colored areolas and nipples so hard that they looked like valve stems. Her pubic mound was covered by a bush of fine, light brown hair, trimmed so that her labia, now swollen with desire, were clearly visible. And when she turned to bend over and remove her socks, her taut and well defined ass-cheeks came into view. I was wishing that I had the use of my hands. My cock seemed to become harder, longer, and thicker as it contemplated what might happen next. It didn't have to wait long. Sandy pushed me onto the desk on my back, my hands still cuffed behind me. She climbed up on the desk, straddled me at the waist, and grabbed my dick. "Looks like this needs to be unloaded again," she said. "Don't want something like this to go off half-cocked." Holding my shaft straight up, she lowered herself down until the head was just between her labia, then slowly slid it back and forth in her slit as she called forth the slick juices that would enable penetration; each pass going deeper between her lips until I was at the steaming entrance to her fully lubed hole. Looking me straight in the eye, she lowered herself with amoan until she was fully impaled; her clit in contact with the hairs covering my pubic bone. She was hot and tight, really tight. She put a finger to my lips. "I know what you're thinking," she said. "Don't even think about saying anything." Sensing that the earlier tension had now faded, I asked if I was allowed to at least moan if it felt good. "Yes, of course," she came back. And then she rocked her hips. And I moaned. It was incredible. Sandy may have not have had sex for a couple of years, but she certainly remembered how it was done. She humped, she rotated, she rocked back and forth; all the time squeezing her breasts and pinching her nipples in an eyes-shut private ecstasy. Pinned beneath her, hands cuffed behind me in a position where even the slightest thrusting back on my part

was both difficult and painful, all I could do was lay there and enjoy the ride, her ride, as she bought herself pleasure and two thrashing orgasms. It was only after the second subsided, the vaginal contractions lessening as she lay on my chest breathing heavily, that she seemed to recall I was there. "I'm sorry," she sighed, "but I really needed that." "The sex, or the control?" "Both, actually; but it became pretty obvious to my therapist that I couldn't have one without the other. She asked me if there was anyone that I felt would trust me enough to let me be totally in control, and the only person I could think of was maybe you, but I wasn't sure. I figured that if there was some way that I could get you handcuffed, you wouldn't object to the results. Tonight was the first opportunity to see if you would be the one. I went for it." She sat up, still astride my hips with my erection firmly in place. "You're still hard. Can I assume that means that you haven't come yet?" "Yes." "Well, I've always heard in training that it's dangerous to put away a loaded weapon." Once again she began rocking, but this time for me. She shifted positions, and suddenly the head of my dick was being rubbed against something inside her pussy that got us both over the edge. Once again I began to "shoot", this time into that warm, wet cunt as her inner walls rippled in time with my pulsations. She waited until we could both feel our comingled juices run out her vagina and onto my scrotum before she lifted herself off. As she brought her leg over, I got my first glimpse of her now well-fucked tunnel shiny with sperm; her pussy lips all thick and reddened, her clit protruding from beneath its protective hood. My tongue flicked out, serpent-like, as if by instinct. Maybe next time, I thought to myself. Maybe next time. As long as she is in control.