Traffic Stop—Off Duty

Adam shrugged out of his uniform shirt and draped it on the waiting hanger along with his pants. He wasn’t surprised the outfit still fit. He did his best to keep in shape, despite riding a desk most of the time.

He still needed to return the patrol car he’d commandeered for the tryst with his wife. A smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. He was so glad he’d listened to her. The traffic stop had been well worth the time and effort.

As much as he didn’t want to admit how bad things had gotten, he was glad Kerry had insisted on giving intimacy—them—another chance. He scrubbed the heel of his hand over his face before dragging his fingers through his hair.

Seeing her tonight, flirting with her, pleasuring her in the open air reminded him of all he’d missed over the last several months, hell maybe years. He padded to the shower. Somehow in all the providing he’d done for his family, he’d forgotten to provide for his wife.

A pang of regret stabbed his gut. How long had he neglected her? How long had he been so focused on his career that he’d lost sight of the woman he pledged to love and cherish for the rest of his days?

With a flick of his wrist he turned on the shower. Tonight had been more than he’d expected. She’d worn a low-cut slinky number he hadn’t seen before. Had she bought it just for the traffic stop? The dress had clung to her ample curves and all he’d wanted to do was sink into all that lusciousness.

He stepped into the shower and allowed the warm spray to cascade over his head and shoulders. They would get more time together. He would make more time for them, and if he had to borrow a police vehicle and wear his uniform from time to time, he would do that to keep her happy, to keep their marriage alive.

Adam grabbed a washcloth, the bar of soap and then worked up a lather. Now all he could think about was what he was going to do to her when she knocked on the hotel door. His cock twitched in anticipation.

He’d left a package for her to wear. A small price for tonight’s festivities. He rinsed the soap from his body then shut off the water. They had the rest of the night, and the weekend, to rediscover their love and mutual attraction.

Ten minutes later, dressed in dark gray slacks and a white dress shirt left unbuttoned, Adam paced the living area of the suite. A quick glance around the room assured him everything was in place. Soft candles flickered in clear, short votive holders. Pink and yellow rose petals were scattered on the bed, if they made it that far, while a bottle of champagne chilled in a silver holder next to the table set for two. He’d had dinner delivered to the room.

Adam glanced at his watch and frowned. She was late. A wicked smile curved his lips. He knew exactly what to do about her tardiness.

He crossed to the counter and fingered each of the items laid out. Handcuffs, a couple of different toys, a bottle of edible lubricant, and a satin mask lay sedately on the surface. Tonight he wanted her thoughts on him and nothing else.

A tentative knock broke through his thoughts. He snagged the mask and cuffs and slipped them in his pocket as he headed to the door. He was willing to relearn any and every thing about her body. He hoped she wore the outfit he’d laid out for her.

He twisted the knob and jerked open the door. Kerry stood on the threshold her fist raised to knock again. She lowered her hand to her side. He studied her a moment. A faint blush adorned her butterscotch skin. Whether it was due to the walk from the elevator or anticipation of things to come, he couldn’t be sure.

Her long black hair floated in loose waves about her shoulders. Her heart-shaped face was devoid of make-up, just the way he liked. She was beautiful regardless, but he preferred her without the blush and eye shadow.

The navy trench coat she wore accentuated her ample bosom and voluptuous hips. Lust simmered in his veins and pooled in his groin. He couldn’t wait to see if she wore the outfit underneath.

She shifted her weight from side to side and plucked at the knotted belt. Every now and then, her soft hazel eyes met his then dropped away. A slow grin creased his lips. Even after their all too brief rendezvous behind the school, she was nervous? Maybe because she dressed in his surprise.

“You’re late.” He stood on the threshold.

Her hair slid over her shoulders as she nodded. He followed the pink tip of her tongue as she licked her lips. For a moment he could imagine what it would feel like to have her mouth wrapped around his dick, sucking and licking at her leisure. He stifled a groan and shifted his erection to a more comfortable position.

“Uh yeah. There was an accident on the freeway.”

“I see. Open your coat.”

She glanced over her shoulder. He stepped forward and peered into the corridor. Though the room was on the end, anyone passing would be able to see what they were doing. That wasn’t good enough reason for her to hesitate, and he didn’t like watching her squirm.

“Look at me.”

The pulse in her throat jumped, while her eyes widened at his quiet command. She focused on him and he could see the flare of heat in her irises. Something in her eyes caught his attention.

She wasn’t afraid. His mind raced as he sought the right word. She was . . . Confident. That what it was. Excited and confident. Her fingers were still and sure as she slowly untied the belt, her gaze never wavering from his. A flash of mischief filled her gaze and he was certain she was enjoying this. Now was the moment he’d waited for. He allowed her to see just how aroused he was by running a hand over the bulge in his slacks.

A tiny gasp was audible in the silence, but she continued to work each button from its mooring then eased the garment from her shoulders. It seemed like an eternity before she held the coat open for his inspection.

She tossed her hair from her face and fixed a seductive smile on her lips. “Will I pass?”

The red silk bodice of the baby doll nightie clung to the ripe swell of her breasts, while the sheer lace billowed out, just brushing the curve of her hips. Her nipples pointed and strained against the material. He traced the top of her breast above the lace. Her smooth skin was petal soft. He couldn’t wait to show her what all he had in mind.

“I may be willing to forgive you being late.” In one fluid motion, he hooked an arm around her waist, drew her against the solid wall of his chest, and pulled her inside. The door whispered closed behind them as her coat slid to the floor.

Her palms were warm and a little damp when she pressed them to his bare chest. She tilted her head back, her lips parting in soft invitation. “What would I need to do to make your forgiveness a certainty, so I never have to face another ticket?”

He lowered his head until his mouth was a breath from hers and slid the blindfold over her head. She let out a little squeal while raising her hands to the mask. He grabbed her wrist, spun her around and quickly cuffed her. She went still against him and for a moment he wasn’t sure if he’d gone too far. This was something they’d never done, at least not with his cuffs.

“Ad—Sarge, I—we...” She swallowed the protest and gulped several deep breaths, her body trembling in his arms. “I-I’m okay.”

He held her close, stroking her hair. “Are you sure? I can take them off, if you’re uncomfortable.”

She shook her head. “No. Don’t do that. You stepped outside your comfort zone for me. I can do the same for you.” She stood a little straighter, her breasts almost spilling over the top. “I want to do the same for you.”

His heart squeezed at her admission. Indeed, even when they experimented with scarves, she was always a little skittish. Knowing she wanted to please him left him breathless.

“I promise this will be a night you’ll never forget.” He cradled her face between his palms and dropped a kiss on her upturned mouth. He wanted her to know how much she meant to him. How special she was and that she was truly loved. Tonight, he’d indulge in a fantasy, and in turn, learned what turned her on. He stepped away and she stumbled backward. With a hand at her waist, he steadied her.

A tender smile curved her kiss swollen lips. “You haven’t kissed me like that in a long time.” Her voice held a note of awe. “What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to beg,” he whispered in her ear.

She gasped and stepped back. The counter halted her retreat.

He surged forward, trapping her between his body and the furniture. “There’s no sense in running.” He picked up a hairbrush and one of the small vibrators, which he slipped into his pocket. “You have nowhere to go.”

When he ran the smooth end of the brush up and down her arm, she flinched. “I’d forgotten what we were like together.” Her lips parted on a sigh as he skimmed the head of the brush over her breasts and circled each taut nipple.

He glanced around, dismissing the low ottoman for the next phase of his plan. He knew what he wanted. He flipped to the bristled side and she arched toward him. “Like that?”

“Yes.”

Adam dug in his pocket and pulled out a key. He set the hairbrush down long enough to reach around her and release one wrist.

“You’re letting me go?” A slight pout teased her lower lip.

Unable to resist, he lowered his head and sucked the fullness of her bottom lip into his mouth, then kissed her long and hard. “Not a chance.” He brought her hands to the front and locked the bracelets in place. “Follow me.”

He scooped up the rest of his toys and carefully led her into the bedroom. Once there, he sat on the padded settee and dragged her face down over his lap.

She squirmed, her feet slipping as she tried to find a toehold on the carpeting. “Sarge. Let me up. Please.” She pressed her palms to the floor.

“Not a chance.” He admired her curvy rear. The string of the lacy thong settled just so. “I like you just like this.”

He smoothed a palm over one golden globe. She stilled before pushing against his hand. His pulse quickened. Was it possible that she liked this?

Leaning to one side he dug the small vibe from his pocket. This should be a very interesting night. He continued stroking her derriere, pausing long enough to trail a finger along the crotch of her soaked panties. She was enjoying herself. He stroked those swollen folds until her hips bucked against his hand.

He pulled the damp material aside and used the little vibe. She moaned and thrust against him. A smirk teased his lips as he flicked on the toy and pulled her panties back in place. The silk would keep the toy where he wanted it.

“No. Oh. Mmm,” she muttered as the muted buzzing filled the air.

The tingling vibrations traveled up his leg and throbbed in his heavy erection. In a bit he’d find relief, but now he wanted to keep her guessing.

He circled the smooth globe of her ass and she pushed against his hand. He retrieved the brush then dragged the bristles over her flesh. She sighed. Encouraged, he flipped the brush over then brought it down on one cheek. He paused, gauging her reaction. Her hips thrust up and down as if to ask for more. Again he spanked her, her bottom growing a lovely shade of red. He dragged the bristles over her heated flesh and her body undulated.

She let out a whimper. “Sarge, I-I’m going to come.”

“Are you now?” He reached beneath her and pulled the toy from her dripping pussy.

“No!” she wailed. She twisted on his lap. He placed a forearm across her shoulder blades to hold her in place.

“What’s your hurry, love?” He trailed his fingertips up and down her spine. “Did you forget what I said?” Adam lifted her and set her beside him. A frown adored her pretty face. He chuckled. “I see that you did. I want you to beg.”

He stood, shed his clothes and faced her. “Scoot over just a bit.”

She complied, moving until she was in the middle of the bench. He studied her a moment. A rosy flush bloomed over her skin. He traced the curve of her lips. When she sucked his finger into her mouth, he moaned, his cock jerking in envy. Well that was easy to remedy.

He knelt on the bench, a powerful thigh on either side of hers. He rubbed the head of his dick over her mouth. She stuck out her tongue and flicked it across the tip. Just that one little lick and his body went rigid.

She rubbed first one cheek and then the other along his shaft, teasing him with kisses each time she switched sides. He watched the enjoyment and rapture on her face.

When she finally parted her lips and sucked him deep, the breath stilled in his throat. He fisted a hand in her hair, nearly dislodging the blindfold. She lifted her hands. Her fingers cradled his balls and he surged forward, relishing the wet tightness of her throat.

He’d forgotten how sexy her mouth could be, how she could swallow him. Pleasure radiated from his cock, down his legs, up his arms then zipped back again. A telltale tingle flashed at the base of his spine and he tugged on her hair.

With deliberate slowness she released him, but not before taking every opportunity to suck and swirl her tongue around his shaft and head. When he finally slipped from her mouth, he wanted to plunge in again.

As if sensing his thoughts, a smirk creased her lips.

“This amuses you?” he asked with a growl.

“Maybe I won’t be the only one begging tonight.”

Adam fondled her breasts, rolling her pert nipples between his forefinger and thumbs. “You think so?”

She gasped and arched her back. He pushed her backward until her shoulders met the bed behind her. Her palms slid over his shaft. He grasped the chain on the cuffs and dragged her arms above her head. He looped the waiting tie around the cuffs, then leaned back to admire his handiwork.

“You are having way too much fun with this.”

“And I’m not done yet.” He dipped his head and closed his lips around a pebbled peak. She writhed beneath him. He drifted a hand down her body and thrust down her thong. He flicked a finger against her clit and her hips rose off the settee. He dragged the bodice of the nightie down, exposing her breasts. Her nipples firmed even more in the cool air. He laved her other tit until she whimpered.

He returned his fingers to her mons, then dipped inside her slick channel. She tried to close her legs, but he knelt between them, keeping her open and exposed. Her cream coated his fingers while his thumb tapped a light staccato on her pearl. He continued fondling her breasts until the only sounds were her moans and the wet stroke of his fingers.

Perspiration beaded above her lip and Kerry thrashed her head back and forth. She was riding his hand, her muscles sucking at his fingers each time he withdrew. If her whimpers were anything to go by, she was getting close. He pinched her nipple and her cream drenched his hand.

“Sarge,” she gasped. “Oh God.”

He slowed his pace, easing from her slick folds.

“No!”

Adam chuckled. “You can end this at any time.” He backed off the bench and knelt on the floor between her thighs. Sarge, then, held her labia open with his thumbs and blew a gentle breath across the damp folds.

A shudder rippled through her body and she wriggled away. He gasped her buttocks and pulled her back. With infinite care he dragged his tongue along her honeyed goodness, not daring to miss a single drop of her sweet bu et. She cried out, her body quivering in his hands while her hips thrust to his mouth.

He sucked at her clit then lapped at the hard bundle of nerves before spearing deep.

Over and over he led her to the brink of ecstasy only to back off and begin his assault anew.

“Please,” she gasped. “Please. I can’t take much more of this.”

Adam stroked the head of his cock at her entrance. Kerry was so hot and wet for him. “Please what?” He pushed until the head disappeared. He closed his eyes wanting to sink to the hilt, but somehow managed to maintain control...barely.

“Please, let me come.”

In one powerful thrust he entered her. She tossed her head back, a strangled sob of pleasure filling the air. He stroked hard and deep as the first ripples of her long-awaited orgasm clenched at his swollen member. He bit back a curse. There was no way he was going to last long.

He dug his fingers into the soft skin of her hips while he pumped in and out. When her vaginal muscles clamped down on his cock and squeezed in rhythmic abandon he allowed her climax to drag him under.

Their shouts of passion mingled, dying off as his thrusts slowed. All that was left were the jolting aftershocks of love done right.

He released her wrists, tugged off her blindfold, and gathered her close. She sprawled across his chest, her ragged breathing feathering the fine hairs on his torso. He cupped her butt and she wiggled against him, igniting another firestorm of tingles.

“Mmm. So utterly delicious,” she said.

Adam nodded, peering into her face. She had the heavy-lidded gaze of a woman who’d been thoroughly ravished. “Exquisite. I think I can forgive the speeding tickets.”

She laughed. “After all that, I think I should drive through a few more school zones.”

He stroked the curve of her spine. “I think that can be arranged.” Adam smoothed damp tendrils from her forehead, then caressed her lips with his. “I’ve missed this. Missed us. And I’m very sorry at how I neglected your needs.”

She pressed a palm to his cheek. “We need to take more time for us.”

Adam cinched his arms tighter. “And we will.” He kissed the top of her head.

He was already planning out their next traffic stop.

~The End~