

# Encounter: Badge Bunny: Speeding Violations

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### Speeding Violations

I'm barreling down the country road, seeing how fast my rental car can go, a cloud of dust billowing behind me. I don't hear the sirens. I'm singing my fool head off, my music blasting. I do see the flashing lights however.

I pull to the side of the road, tiny pebbles peppering the undercarriage of my car. The cop car rolls up behind me. The biggest, baddest officer I have ever seen in my bunny shifting life gets out, and that is saying something because, having spent some time in the clink, I've seen more than my fair share of cops.

I watch him in the driver's side mirror as he swaggers toward me. The mirror has a warning label stating that objects may be larger than they seem. I thoroughly examine the huge bulge in the officer's tight police pants. This warning has to hold true. Anything else is not humanly possible.

I roll down my window. He bends over. I see my face reflected in his mirrored sunglasses. My hair is a mess. I fluff it back into place.

"Good morning officer." I give him my flirtiest smile.

The officer's square jaw grinds. "Do you know how fast you were going, ma'am?"

“The speed limit?” I answer hopefully. Is there a speed limit on this gravel road? If there is, I had definitely exceeded it, unless that speed limit was warp ten. I not-so-casually loosen the top button of my blouse.

Immune to the power of magnificent breasts, the officer opens my door. “Please step out of the vehicle, ma’am.”

“Yes, officer.” Oh, shit. I’m in big, big trouble. I swing my legs around, flashing the officer. My skirt is too short for panties. It barely covers my ass. I brush against something hard as I stand. It could have been the police baton in his belt. I suspect it is that other deadly weapon he has concealed on his muscular person.

“Put your hands on your vehicle,” the officer barks as he snaps on a pair of black leather gloves. I do as he orders because, like I mentioned before, he’s a bad ass. “Spread ‘em.” He kicks my feet apart.

I’ve been stopped for speeding a few times before. Okay, more than a few times. I may be on first name basis with half the traffic cops in my home city. I have never been searched for a speeding violation.

This is what is happening though. The officer threads his gloved fingers through my long hair. He feels my skull. He forces my mouth open, sticking his index finger inside. The leather is salty. I suck on his finger, aroused despite myself. There’s a popping sound as he pulls his finger out.

He pats down my neck and shoulders. My breasts get a thorough examination. He circles them. He lifts them. He squeezes. My nipples are caught between his fingers. They tighten. I arch into his hands. This is so wrong yet feels so good. The officer breathes heavily in my ear, his chest pressing against my back. His body heat surrounds me seductively.

He moves his hands down my round tummy, over my hips. Cool air hits my bare ass as my skirt is pulled up. I’m exposed to him and to any onlookers that may drive by. This excites me even more. I wiggle.

Leather-clad fingers caress my ass cheeks, exploring the crevice between them. My tight puckered butt hole is probed. I push onto his finger, encouraging him. He

rejects my blatant offer, sliding his hand under my body, brushing my wet pussy lips. My legs shake.

I don't know what the officer is searching for but he has succeeded in finding my clit. He circles it once, twice, three times. I moan. I pant. He fans my folds teasingly. Inside, I want to scream, search inside. He doesn't. He follows the stream of moisture dripping from my pussy down my left leg. The tender skin behind my knee is pinched. My calf is massaged. My toes are tickled.

The officer switches to my left leg, moving upward at an agonizingly slow pace. By the time he reaches my overheated pussy, I am gritting my teeth, trying not to scream for him to fuck me already. Yes, I want to fuck this officer at the side of the road. I consider myself a good girl but even good girls have our limits.

He plays with my clit, driving me absolutely crazy. "Please," I plead. I tilt my ass to give him better access.

"Silence," he orders but he gives me what I want. I squeak as one large, leather-covered index finger is rammed straight up my pussy. Yes! This is what I need. He pumps me. I grip the roof of my rental car, my fingernails digging into the metallic paint. Although I whined at the rental office about the additional cost, I'm now glad I paid for the comprehensive damage insurance.

The officer demanded silence but I am unable to give it to him. He adds another finger, filling me even more. I cry out "Yes, yes, yes!" as he works me over, plunging into me again and again. I am so close. My entire body vibrates.

"This requires further investigation." His tone is flat and robotic.

Further investigation? He has two fingers deep inside me. I can't be further investigated. And I have no idea what he expects to find hidden in my pussy, other than a mind-blowing orgasm. It is not like I can hide a cache of weapons up my hoohah.

He withdraws and I whimper. Damn it. If he stops, I'm going to file a complaint. Leaving a woman in this unsatisfied state has to be the worst kind of police brutality. I hear the rasp of a zipper and my toes curl in anticipation. His broad cockhead presses

against me. I spread my legs wider to accommodate him. His big shaft slides in slowly and steadily, filling every inch of my pussy. I moan. He is so large, so hot, so hard.

His leather-clad hands clasp my hips, raising me up into him as he rides me relentlessly. My large breasts smack against the car, the impact of smooth steel on my sensitive nipples adding delicious pain to my pleasure. It is fortunate that we are in the middle of nowhere because I scream my happiness with every surge forward of his cock. If this is the punishment for speeding, I'll have to buy a faster car.

The tension in my body builds and builds until I can't contain it. A final scream escapes me as my world explodes. I frantically clench and release his cock with my pussy, pushing him over the edge. He bellows, his hips thrusting forward. Hot cum fills my womb. He pulses inside me.

The officer collapses on top of me, flattening my body against the vehicle, his badge digging into my shoulder blade. Mere seconds elapse before he straightens. He pulls down my skirt. I hang onto the car for dear life, my legs shaking. The sound of his zipper brings me back to reality and the realization of what I've done.

Oh, shit. I had a quickie with an officer at the side of the road. And the crazy thing is... I would do it again, in a heartbeat. The sex was that good.

"That will be all, ma'am." The officer opens my door. He is immaculately dressed, with not a wrinkle on his blue shirt, not a smudge on his mirrored sunglasses. Only his face is flushed. I sit down, behind the wheel. Cum drips down my legs. I smell of sex and him. "I'll let you go with a warning this time but don't let it happen again." He closes the door.

A warning? That was a warning? In a daze, I stare out the windshield.

There's a rap on the car roof. "Oh, and ma'am?"

"Yes, Drake."

"Officer," Drake corrects, grinning at my slip. "You should always wear your seatbelt." He draws the seatbelt over my breasts, leather-covered fingertips sweeping along bare flesh. I shiver with the sensation. "They save lives." He snaps it into place and chuckles as he walks away, extra swagger in his cocky walk.

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