

# Encounter -- Legal Beagle: The Interrogation Room

## Cynthia Sax

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### The Interrogation Room

*The bastard.* I curse Wright as I struggle to free myself. I'm tied to a chair, my wrists cuffed behind my back, and my ankles tied to the chair legs, and I can't see a thing because I'm blindfolded. I'm fuckin' blindfolded.

My police officer brute of a lover restrained me an hour ago, and he hasn't yet returned. I'm starting to suspect he won't.

He was pissed, more pissed than I've ever seen him. Yes, I might have risked my life, but risking my life to put criminals behind bars is part of my job.

He should understand that, being a cop.

The door creaks, and I still. Male voices sling cuss words back and forth. Oh God. None of the voices are familiar. I rock the chair, trying to escape.

"Well, well, well... what have we here?" a deep voice asks.

"This has been a mistake, Officer," I plea, hoping he doesn't recognize me. That's all I need to have my private kinks made public.

"It always is." The men laugh, and judging by the thud of police boots on tile floor, there are three, maybe four of them. I wiggle, but all my movements do is hike up my already short skirt higher, until I feel the cool air on the inside of my thighs.

“Pretty little thing.” Leather-clad fingers skim my cheek, and I jerk my face away. He smells of citrus, and wood.

“Let me go.” I’m embarrassed by how desperate I sound.

A tongue clucks. “Someone has gone to a lot of trouble restraining you, and it would be irresponsible for us to let you go.” The officer’s voice is sinfully deep, and my body reacts, my nipples tightening. “At least without first...” A police baton slides up my leg, the rounded end nudging against my silk-clad pussy.

I grit my teeth, unable to close my thighs.

“... searching you,” the first man finishes. Gloved fingers close around my shirt lapels, the leather soft against my skin, and there is a loud renting sound as the fabric is torn. “Ah, what do we have here?” My bra is pulled down, and my breasts are cupped. “What does this look like, officer?”

“That is definitely a concealed weapon.” His buddy laughs, and my face heats as my tits are fondled, my nipples pinched and pulled on by strangers. I protest their rough treatment but they ignore me, slapping my breasts, and abusing my flesh with their gloved hands.

God. Who are they?

And where the hell is Wright?

My skirt is yanked up. “Jackpot,” deep voice crows. “And another cache is uncovered.” He rubs my red silk panties with the length of his baton. “It is a wet one.”

I \$am wet, the friction of his rubbing sending shivers of shameful sensation over my body. “Please don’t.” My objection is weak, even to my own ears, and the men chuckle.

“Show us that snatch.” My left nipple is given a hard tweak, and I cry out. My hips burn as my panties are torn off. “Fuck. Look at how pink and juicy she is, all spread open for us. Bet she could take us all.”

“No,” I whisper, both horrified and turned on by the idea.

“She can’t take me.” There is the rasping sound of a zipper. “No woman can handle this.”

"Let's see," deep voice murmurs. The end of the police baton pushes between my pussy lips, and I tilt my hips as the hard rubber is fed into me deeper and deeper and deeper, until I whimper, and he finally stops. "She's good." He leaves the baton inside me, my inner muscles clenching the foreign object. "We've got ourselves a seasoned pro, boys."

"With a cock sucking mouth." My cheeks are squeezed. "I'm coming here first." Legs straddled mine. The man, smelling of citrus and wood, is taller than Wright.

"No," I whisper again, but I know it is no use. Heat rises off his big body, and I feel the arousal in the air. All of these officers will have me, and I'm helpless to do anything about it.

He grabs a handful of my hair, holding me still, and a large cock slides along my cheek, leaving a trail of precum. It feels like Wright's cock, except there's no hair at his base, the balls he's grinding against my jaw bare. "Think she can take me all?"

"If she can't, there's no hope of her taking this monster."

"Or this one."

God. My pussy convulses around the police baton. They all have their big dicks out, ready to plunge them in me.

Soft skin prods at my lips. "Open wide, perp. Don't make this hard for you 'cause I am hard enough." A mocking chuckle rolls over me. I don't have a choice, so I open, and a broad cockhead immediately fills my mouth. "Fuck. You're hot and wet." His fingers spread over my skull, as he pushes deeper and deeper, forcing me to take him.

He tastes like Wright, and his shaft is that familiar size and slant, but when my lips press against his smooth base, I know I'm sucking another man's cock. He pulls out, and slams back into me, his tip tapping the back of my throat. Some other man is fucking my face, while two more strangers watch, waiting for their turn.

It is so wrong. I love Wright. I squeeze my eyes closed to capture the tears. But fuck, this is my every secret fantasy come true.

The officer rides my mouth hard, ramming into me again and again, pulling my head forward, and yanking at my hair, his balls slapping against my chin. His grunts grow louder and harsher, and his shaft hardens every more in my mouth. "Suck me," he instructs.

I do, and he thrusts deep, roaring as a stream of hot cum shoots down my throat. I swallow again and again but it is flowing so hard and so fast, liquid escapes my lips to drip down my chin.

The taste of his cum is as familiar as my own flavor. "I love you," I murmur.

"I love you too." Officer Wright chuckles, and pulls down my blindfold. The room is empty, an audio player set on the small table before me. "You're a dirty little dog, Sadie." He yanks the voice modifier off his handsome face.

"You're the one in heels, Officer Wright." I grin down at his platform boots.

"And you're still restrained." The world goes dark once more as he refastens my blindfold. "And unrepentant." He slides the police baton out of my juicy pussy. "I'll have to interrogate you some more."

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