

“Eileen”

By Dirty Dawg

She had been one of my brother's best friends for as long as I could remember, but I hadn't seen her for almost four years, since she went off to college in California. Both she and my brother had returned home for Christmas, and Eileen came over to talk to my mother and brother.

I had just come off duty, being the low man on the pole at the station. A day spent driving around in a patrol car in this small town was mind-numbing and ass-crushing, and all I wanted to do was take a long, hot shower and then relax in front of the TV and watch some football.

I came in the back door and ran into Eileen. The girl I remembered from four years ago as being all elbows and knees had matured into a very attractive female, and I was caught quite short by the view I was presented with. She was bent over, looking in the icebox for a beer when I walked in. I let my briefcase hit the kitchen table, and she looked over in surprise.

“Oh,” she said casually, “hi, pig.” I slapped her on the ass with my gloves as I walked past. “Better watch it, bitch, or I'll arrest you.”

“Yeah?” she sneered. “For what?”

“Mopery in the first degree.” She was a math major, smart as well as pretty, and she looked like she wanted to ask what mopery was. Thinking better of it, she shrugged and return to the icebox.

“Bottom shelf, behind the egg salad,” I said, going up the stairs. “And get me one, too.”

“Fuck you,” she called cheerfully after me. She'd always been like that, a sixty-pound mouth attached to a one-ounce brain. A major pain in the ass, but lovable all the same only because she'd been around the house in one form or another since she was six. She and my brother had dated briefly a few years ago, but that was over now, and they were just good friends.

I thought about Eileen as I soaped myself up in the shower. She had turned into quite a good-looking woman, a woman I might be interested in asking out. I was 26, in my first year as a policeman in my hometown, and was pretty much just looking for a casual screw. I knew my brother had copped her cherry, and that he considered her a dead fuck. He told me once that she just laid there like a fish. I contributed that more to my brother's apparent lack of skill as a lover than any frigidity on Eileen's part. Maybe all she needed, I chuckled to myself, was a *real* man.

The sudden cool blast of air on my ass drove all thoughts like that from my head, and I turned over my shoulder to see Eileen standing outside the stall, holding the door open with one hand a cold, sweating bottle of beer in the other.

“You want it here, or outside?” she asked, totally unconcerned. I hooked my chin over my shoulder. “Out there. And close the damn door! It's cold in here!”

She checked my back and ass out and then shot me one of her smirks, the same expression that always makes me want to kick her ass. The door closed, and I finished my shower. When I came out, Eileen was sitting on the bed, legs crossed, looking at my gunbelt. I laughingly called it my 'bat utility' belt after the comic strip Batman. It had my Ruger P-85 9mm semiauto duty pistol, two extra fifteen-round magazines, two pairs of handcuffs, a slot for me to stick a portable radio into, and a collapsible metal baton.

“What's it like,” she asked, “carrying a gun all the time?”

“It's a responsibility,” I said, “like driving a car or owning a house, that's all. Only a little more so.”

“Can I see your badge?” she asked.

I tossed my uniform shirt over to her. "It's called a shield," I said. "Not a badge. Firemen wear badges; cops wear shields."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it's supposed to shield me. From what, I have no idea!" Eileen didn't laugh at my admittedly feeble joke, and I didn't push it. She held the shirt close to her face and lightly traced my silver patrolman's shield with one delicate finger. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that her nostrils were flaring, and I realized she was sniffing my shirt!

Deciding to ignore her for the moment, I walked to the bed and retrieved my duty pistol. Clearing it, I put the magazine and extra round on the dresser, and the now-empty pistol on the top shelf in my closet.

"Don't you keep it loaded all the time?" she asked.

I nodded and opened my dresser drawer, returning with another magazine. "The rules say I have to carry hollowpoints on duty. I like these Devastator rounds better, so that's what I carry when I'm off-duty." I reloaded the gun and returned it to the top shelf.

"Can I see your handcuffs?" she asked. I indicated with a nod that she should take them out if she wanted. Eileen reached into one of the cases and took out my black anodized hinge cuffs.

"I thought they had little chains."

"That's so I can speedcuff," I explained.

Her expression indicated that she didn't know what I meant. "Stand up," I said, using my cop-voice. Eileen stood and looked at me with wide doe eyes.

"Turn around, hands behind your back!" I said. She slowly turned and presented me with her wrists. Taking the cuffs from her hand, I speed-cuffed her. (If you don't know how that works, you hold the middle of the cuffs in your hand, closed, and then apply them with a little force to both wrists at the same time. The ratchets release, and the free ends of the cuffs come out, around and back. In this way, you can cuff someone with a single motion.) She was now effectively cuffed. I heard Eileen take a sharp intake of breath, and I turned her around to face me.

"That's speedcuffing," I said.

"Oh." She was breathing deeply now, and I noticed how much her breasts had grown since she was younger. They were round and about the size of a softball. Very pretty breasts that were now jiggling as she inhaled and exhaled.

"God, this feels weird," she said. "Being handcuffed and all."

"Just be glad you're not hogtied!" I laughed. She gave me a confused expression, so I explained how we'd use legchains and then connect the handcuffs to the legchains, and make someone 'hogtied.' Eileen's eyes got very, very wide.

"When would you do that to someone?"

"When they resist arrest, or are violent, or on drugs or something like that. It's for the protection of the officers, and mostly, for the protection of the person. It's not cruel, it's actually a lot safer!"

She nodded. She'd been in the cuffs now for about five minutes. She started twisting her hands in the cuffs. "I can't get away, can I?"

"Not unless you're a magician or something!" I kidded. I went to my gunbelt and got my cuff key. It looked like a miniature PR-24.

"No, don't!" she said, twisting away from me. She took a step away and turned to face the wall. "I like the feeling of being...captive. Of not being in control. If being in...*your* control." That, to say the least, took me a little aback. I'd never experienced anything like this.

"You mean you *like* being cuffed?"

"It's...strange. Comforting. Like I'm safe, protected. Since I'm in your custody, you're responsible for me. I have to do what you say, whatever you say...right?"

I nodded silently, not sure where this was going, but damn eager to find out. "That's right, missy. If you screw with me, you're going to find out *what* trouble really is!" The effect my cop-talk had on her was electric. I watched in amazement as her nipples visibly hardened under her sweatshirt.

"How can you tell if someone is carrying a weapon?" she asked.

"Usually, I search them."

"Oh." The invitation was unspoken but glaring nonetheless. I finally understood what was going on here. Eileen wanted to know what it was like to be arrested; this had taken on the kinky air of some sex game, and I didn't know the rules. But, I was willing to find out. My brother was crashed out in his bedroom, probably sleeping off a long day of delivering flowers. My mother was probably still at her law office. We were, in effect, alone in the house for at least another three hours.

I spun Eileen around and put her head against the wall. "Feet apart...spread 'em!" I snarled, kicking the inside of her left ankle to spread her legs. In that position, all it would take was a light shove to send her tumbling to the carpet of the bedroom.

"Before I start this, do you have any needles or anything in your pockets?" I asked.

"No...sir!" Eileen said. "I'm not a junkie."

"Yeah, that's what all you hookers say!" Instantly understanding where this was going, Eileen fell straight into character. "Search me, pig!"

"You bet I will. Don't move. I don't want to have to kill you." Eileen nodded, rubbing her forehead against the wall. I ran my hands across her shoulders and down her arms, stopping when I hit the cuffs. Next, I ran my hands along the inside of her waistband, looking for concealed "razors" or something. Meeting in front, my hands glanced off her crotch and started down the front of her legs. Reaching her ankles, I ran my hands back up the back of her legs, stopping to check each rear pocket of her jeans.

"Well, you don't have anything *on* you," I said. "But that doesn't mean anything. I've known hookers that put heroin or crack inside a condom and then insert it in a body orifice, like your vagina or anus."

The gasp this time was for real, and I waited for Eileen to order me to stop. She didn't.

"Well, I guess we'll have to wait for the matron," I said.

"The what?"

"You've never been arrested before? An obviously slutty-looking hooker like you? A matron," I explained, "is a female prison officer that will have to conduct the body orifice search. I can't, because you might cry sexual harassment or something. She puts on this rubber glove and sticks a finger inside you...both holes."

"Oh God!" Eileen moaned. "What if I agree to let you do it?"

"Well, if I don't find anything, then I might consider letting you go. Or...I might not. I might want something...more for my consideration." When I said that, I rested the palm of my hand on her taut little ass.

"Do it!" Eileen gasped. "Look inside me! Stick your fingers...inside me!"

"Not so fast, sister. We've got to make this all nice and official." I went to my dresser and returned with a microtape recorder. "Repeat after me. I, " and then I had her say her full name, the time and date, and the fact that she'd consented to a body orifice search by a male officer as a result

of an arrest for solicitation of prostitution, and that the search was *not* being made in return for prosecutorial consideration.

Eileen said everything as I dictated it. I wasn't worried...this was just to keep the excitement...the anticipation. I think that's what aroused Eileen...the not knowing what was coming next, the fact that I could basically do *whatever* I wanted with her firmly handcuffed body.

I got my gun from the closet and carefully, quietly unloaded it and replaced the magazine I removed with an empty one. Stepping back over to Eileen, I tucked the gun into the waistband of my sweatpants. I reached around her front and undid the snap on her jeans, and slowly slid them down her legs.

Imagine that! Eileen wasn't wearing any panties! Her naked ass stared back at me, two incredibly cute dimples marking each cheek. She had a wonderful ass, and the sight of her standing there, hands cuffed behind her back, naked from the waist down with her jeans in a blue denim puddle around her shoes gave me an instant and powerful hardon.

I had some rubber gloves in my closet from when I'd been a paramedic, so I retrieved a pair and loudly snapped them on.

"Sorry, dearie," I said. "Seems we're all out of lubrication. Hope this doesn't burn *too* much."

"Unngn!" Eileen moaned from between clenched teeth. Carefully, I spread the cheeks of her ass and ran my rubber--coated finger down the cleft, tapping softly on her little pink asshole. "Hold on, here it comes!" I slowly forced my finger up her little bung, feeling her sphincter muscle clamp around my invading digit. Eileen pushed back against my finger.

God, she was loving this! I wormed my finger around inside her, searching for a drug-filled condom or some other 'contraband.' Finding none, I removed my finger and switched hands. (As fun as this was, I didn't need to give her an infection by sticking a possibly shit-coated finger inside her tender twat.) My hand reached underneath and lightly traced her mound. I was less than surprised to find her cunt lips were slick with arousal.

"Hmmm, seems like our little slut is enjoying this!" I said softly. Eileen wiggled against my touch. I spread the lips of her pussy and slowly worked a finger inside, stroking the incredibly soft, warm walls of her vagina, again looking for 'contraband.' Of course, there was none. Pulling my finger out, I noisily snapped the gloves off and casually tossed them into the garbage can.

"Well, you've got nothing stuck up you, so that's good. At least you won't get a possession or intent charge added to your prostitution charge."

"Please officer," Eileen whined. "I'll do ANYTHING you want... please don't arrest me. Don't take me to jail!"

"Anything?" I asked.

"Anything!" she affirmed. Guiding her by the shoulders, I made Eileen kneel before me. The tent of my erection inside my sweatpants was obvious.

"Just pretend I just gave you a \$20 bill," I said, thrusting my crotch at her face. Eileen started to nip at my cock through the cotton of my sweatpants.

"You can do better than that, slut!" I said. Pulling my pistol out of my waist, I pointed it at her forehead. "And you'd better, if you know what's good for you!"

Eileen's eyes opened almost as wide as her mouth did as she covered the cloth over my dick with her hot, slaving mouth. I softly thrust my cock into her mouth for a few moments before removing my sweatpants and presenting her with my erect, throbbing cock. Gratefully, greedily, Eileen lowered her face over my cock and started to Hoover my meat.

Her head worked up and down the length of my massive cock and I watched in fascination as she gave me the wettest, hottest, no-hands blowjob I'd ever seen. The suction of her mouth felt like a thousand wet, velvety fingers gripping my cock.

I held her head in my hands, guiding her up and down my meaty stick, getting closer and closer to orgasm. Her long black curly hair stroked my thighs as she worked me closer and closer to dumping my load.

"I'm gonna cum!" I said, trying to pull her face off my cock.

"Mmmph!" she said, forcing her face harder against me. Oh well! Eileen started sucking me harder and harder, until her cheeks were hollowed with the effort of taking my load across her tongue.

With a huge grunt, I blew my load into her face, thrilling to the feeling of my seed shooting across her lapping tongue, feeling my cock feed her shot after shot of my cream as she greedily sucked it down, bobbing her head and sucking harder for more.

After I emptied myself inside her, I fell back on the bed with a gasp. My cock popped out of her mouth with a moist, nasty "slurp!" sound. Eileen looked at me from her kneeled position, licking the last of my jizz from her lips.

"God, I need to cum!" she said. "Please fuck me!"

"I don't fuck sluts!" I snarled. "Unless they beg for me!"

"Oh god! Please fuck me! Please, I'll do anything! I'll be your personal whore, your slut, to do with whatever you please! God, Dan, please screw my hot cunt!" As if to show me what I was missing, she pulled legs out from under her and laid back, her cuffed hands digging painfully into her back as she wantonly spread her legs, giving me a bird's eye view of her lewd, spread-open cunt. Eileen was so aroused that her entire crotch was swampy, the fat, greasy lips of her cunt were spread open in obscene invitation. I wanted nothing more than to drop between her spread open, welcoming legs and slam my cock into her for the rest of the night.

With a growl, I dropped down twixt her legs and slid into her with one stroke. The warm elastic walls of her pussy snapped closed across the surface of my cock and I had to think about something else so as not to cum right away. Eileen started bucking her hips up into me, trying to get some friction, some contact on her clit.

"Oh, god! Fuck me...pound me! Fuck my horny cunt!" she moaned, levering her hips up against me again and again. Her legs crossed behind my back, her heels digging into my own bare ass as she urged me breathlessly to fuck her harder and harder.

At the end, I was grasping her sweating, heaving asscheeks as I pounded into her, slamming her pussy again and again, my pubic bone rubbing against her clit on every stroke, bringing her closer and closer to orgasm.

We came together, our muscles locked. The feeling of my cum painting her womb sent Eileen over the edge and every muscled in her body locked as her cunt milked my prick of every drop. We collapsed against each other, and I gently unlocked the cuffs. Her arms came around my neck and she kissed me deeply.

"Thank you!" she said softly. "Thank you so much!"

"Don't mention it."