

# **Long Arm of the Law**

**By**

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Keep driving. Ignore the lights in your rearview mirror. That's what I told myself when I slid over a patch of the old dirt road, so wash-boarded, it threatened to send me flying through the curve instead of around it. The dust and the change of direction obscured the lights for just a moment. Not long enough. He was getting closer.

I hit the gas when I neared Strawberry Hill, hoping I could gain some ground on the long straightaway. The road filled with deep ruts on the incline, and my car fishtailed as I pulled on the wheel, trying desperately to bring it under control. My clammy hands stuck to the leather covered steering wheel. They were like Velcro when I peeled them away, turning the wheel this way and that until I had my car square on the road.

Bright red and blue flashed in my eyes from the rearview mirror when he hit his lights. I stepped on the gas again, but the car started sliding again. My plan was to keep driving to the highway, but eight miles of rutted gravel road with a cop chasing you is an awful long way. As it was, I thought my brain was going to rattle right out of my head.

He hit his siren and shone his spotlight through my back window. I bit my lower lip, shook my head, and took my foot off the gas. He was right behind me when I pulled over to the side. I jammed the shifter into Park and turned off the car. This was not good, not part of the plan. How can you leave your past behind when they won't even let you leave town?

The bright lights of the patrol car reflected in my side mirror. I held up my hand to block the glare while I waited for him to approach. His flashlight tapped my window. I ignored it. Again, the tap, tap, tap. I looked to the passenger side. Harder this time. Bam! Bam! Bam! I rolled down

the window before he could break it.

“Officer Brady,” I said through my teeth.

“Ma’am, I need you to step out of the car.”

“I just want to go,” I said, hoping he might take pity on me.

“I’m afraid I can’t let you do that. Now please, step out of the car.”

Officer Brady, the pride of the Jefferson County. A fine, strapping man— a lucky catch for any girl, any except me. Tonight, I was his lucky catch. He could kiss my ass. I just wanted out, wanted to escape, but Officer Brady had other plans for me.

When he opened my car door, I sighed and unbuckled my seatbelt. He stepped back, keeping me under the blinding beam of his flashlight as I climbed out of the car.

“Hands where I can see them.”

“Seriously?” I asked.

“Ma’am, you have just engaged a police officer in a high-speed chase. This is very serious.” He closed my car door with his foot and shoved me to the hood.

“High-speed? I don’t think I hit forty-five miles an hour.”

“Hands behind your head!” He was out of breath, all worked up from his ‘chase.’

The radio in his car squawked into the warm night air, momentarily blocking out the sound of crickets and frogs in the surrounding woods. I raised my hands and brought them together behind my head. His knee pressed between my bare legs, forcing me to spread as he holstered his flashlight.

“I’m going to search you. Do you have any needles or sharp objects I might prick myself on?”

“Of course not. How the hell was it a high-speed chase? What is the speed limit here?”

“Ma’am, I’m going to have to ask you to please be quiet.” His hands felt along my ribs, brushing the sides of my breasts.

“Seriously, what’s the charge? There is no way that was a high-speed chase.”

“Ma’am,” he knocked my ankles farther apart with his feet, “I’m not going to tell you again— shut the fuck up!” He worked his way to my midriff. “Right now, I’ve got you on evasion and resisting arrest.” His hands were under my shirt, reaching inside my bra and cupping my breasts. “Anything hidden in here?”

“Yeah, a gun. Did you find it?” My nipples puckered when he squeezed them between his

fingers. “This is hardly resisting arrest,” I pointed out.

He shoved me against the car, pressed my cheek into the hood, grabbed my wrist, and twisted it behind my back. The bulge in his pants pressed against my ass when I felt his breath against my ear. “I told you to shut the fuck up,” he pushed my arm into the small of my back. His other hand still pinched my nipple. “Okay?”

I nodded as tears came to my eyes.

He released my hand and breast, running his hands over my hips, past the hem of my short skirt. Officer Brady traced the outside of my leg, down to my ankles. Did he think I had something in my flip-flops? I stood, bent over the hood, ass in the air, legs like jelly, while he ran his hands up the inside of my legs, along my inner thighs, under my skirt, until my legs ended. His fingers brushed against the crotch of my panties— I creamed them.

Why the hell was this turning me on? I hated him. He foiled my escape, and he was the last person in the world I wanted to face.

“Anything in here I should know about?” he ran his hand under my panties, brushing my pussy with his fingers.

I nodded.

“Yeah? I thought so. Ma’am, I’m going to have to do a full cavity search.” He pushed my panties down my legs and lifted my skirt over my ass. Shivers of excitement raced through my body. The cop’s fingers ran through my lips until he found my clit. I gasped when he glided over, barely touching it. I wanted more and I tried to follow his touch with my crotch.

Smack! He slapped my ass hard. “Don’t move. Understand?” I nodded as electric waves of pleasure spread from the hot spot left by his hand through my entire body. His fingers returned and I heard his zipper. I was so wet and excited, I think my cunt sucked his fingers inside me— don’t think he had to push at all.

“I’m not finding anything, but I know you’ve got something you’re hiding. I need to look deeper.” He removed his fingers and I groaned.

Smack! Smack! Smack on the ass.

“Don’t make me tell you again,” he grunted as his hand glided over my buns.

“But I—”

Again, he spanked me, harder this time. Five, six slaps. My cheeks burned from the sharp contact, but the heat shot straight to my pussy. I could feel his dick sliding along my slit, looking

for its mark. When he found it, he slammed into me, stretching me with one massive cock. My arms flung out, trying to grasp the slick surface of the car. His hands lifted me by my ass and spread my cheeks so he could plunge deeper and harder. So deep inside me, touching places never touched before. My hips crushed against the car each time he rammed me, but I didn't care. I was about to come hard, and I didn't care what he did to me, I couldn't be quiet. My cries echoed around us, bouncing off the trees. The radio squawked again. My orgasm, the flashing lights, the jingle of his belt hitting the ground—it all felt surreal.

He pulled out. Nine, ten slaps in the same spot, then he stroked my pussy, spreading my juices to my ass. First one finger, then two slipped into my tight, back hole. I squirmed under the feel of his twisting fingers and moaned. Soon, he pulled them out, and I heard him spit a couple of times, then, his dick filled the space left by his fingers. The painful pleasure when he pounded into me was more than I could take without a sound.

“Oh, fuck!”

“Oh yeah, I knew I'd find something here,” he said, hammering away at my backside. He reached around, fingering my pussy and rubbing my clit. It seemed like I lifted higher off the ground with every thrust. He grabbed my hair and yanked it, lifting my head away from the hood.

“You like this, don't you bitch?”

What could I say? The power he had over me, the pain, the pleasure, yeah, I liked it a lot. Nothing ever felt so good.

He jerked my hair again. “Don't you!”

“Yes! Yes,” I grunted. “I like it!” I was close to coming again. My eyes lost their focus as the pleasure took me over. Officer Brady came with me, shooting me full of his seed. Our guttural howls echoed off the trees. He released my hair and we both sank to the hood.

After a minute, low in my ear, he said, “Have you had enough? Are you ready to give it up?”

I had, I was sure, but I shook my head. “No,” I challenged him.

He backed away from me and I felt his dick slide out of my ass. Both hands grabbed me around my waist, lifted me away from the car, and spun my body around to face him. He was so handsome—dark brown hair, now cut short for his job, hazel eyes, features and skin, tanned to perfection. Our eyes met and his lips dove for mine, his sweet tongue pressing against my mouth until I gave him access. Something in the way he kissed and held me gave away his

vulnerability, but I ignored it. I wanted him to be in control, to have all the power over me, so I bit his lip, hard, to bring him back to rights.

He pulled away, shocked at the pain and reaching for his mouth. I could see the anger rising in him as his eyes narrowed and his face reddened. One hand grabbed my blouse and ripped it away from my flesh. When it was gone, the other hand yanked my bra up past my breasts and over my head. He grabbed me around the waist and slammed me onto the hood. My head hit hard, leaving a dent, I'm sure. I was thrilled. I was dizzy.

Leaning over me, his lips found my nipple and he drew it into his mouth, sucking it hard enough to make me cry out. His badge dug into my stomach as his mouth mauled me, leaving bite marks in his wake, finally leaving my breasts behind and working his way down, where his fingers were already at work, trying to bring my pussy back to life. I brought my legs up, bending them at the knees and spreading wide for his hungry lips.

He wasn't gentle anymore. Pleasure mixed with jolting twinges as he nipped and licked my labia and clit. It hurt beyond words when he bit the little bud and sucked it between his teeth, followed by a rough lashing with his tongue. Pain fought with blissful enjoyment for control. When his fingers impaled me, crooking to find my g-spot, pleasure won the battle. My back arched away from the hood as his tongue ground into me, digging, it seemed, for buried treasure. Bright flashes of light filled my vision and my hips left the hood, leaving only my shoulders and toes in contact with the car when my orgasm slammed me, harder than any before.

Brady didn't give me time to recover or focus—he pulled me to the edge of my car and buried his cock inside me. I reached for him when he raised my legs into the air and wrapped his arm around my thighs to hold me in place, but I couldn't touch him, couldn't do anything. I'm not even sure I stopped coming. The waves continued to course through my body as he rammed me into oblivion. Together we screamed, shook, and thrust against one another until all that was left was two sweating bodies, melting into one motionless heap on the hood of my car.

Soon, I heard him sobbing. I wrapped my arms around him and held him close.

“Baby, please don't leave me. Tell me if you're unhappy— don't make me chase you down in the middle of the night.”

“I'm sorry,” I whimpered.

His lips found mine and locked me in a passionate kiss. Then, he kissed my tears. “Jessie, I love you, and if this is what you want— spanking, biting, and ass fucking—I'll do it. I'll do

anything you want, just don't ever leave me again.”

I bit my lower lip, hating the fact that I'd hurt him, the only man in the world that could ever make me feel so excited, satisfied, so loved. “I won't Brady, I won't. I love you too.”

He stood up and pulled me into his arms. I don't know how long we stood there, locked together. That he could forgive me, and do things to me that I know made him uneasy, constantly afraid that he might hurt me, showed me just how much he cared for me. Escape was no longer something I longed for. I hoped and prayed he'd never let me go.

### **The End**

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