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Aaron's
arrest

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CHEATERS: AARON'S ARREST

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Cheaters: Aaron's Arrest
by
Thom Jaymes

I was pushing the Jaguar for all it had. I raced past the car beside me and swerved around the one ahead. The woman driving—a wretched old thing—flipped me off and honked her horn furiously. I waved, a gesture that I had intended to be apologetic, but one I'm sure she interpreted as rudeness.

I glanced at my wristwatch. "Damn it! I'm *twenty* fucking minutes late already!"

Traffic had been horrible ever since I had gotten onto the highway. Now it was finally moving along. Slowly.

This would be the third time I would be late this month. The first two times had gone unnoticed, but I had a feeling I wouldn't get away with this one. The company I work for—Lang Software—was starting to crack down on people that were constantly tardy.

I looked in the rearview mirror and opened my mouth wide, checking my teeth. No foreign objects hanging around there. Good. Running my hand over my short brown hair, I found a few little twigs sticking out here and there, but nothing to ruin the overall style. My brown eyes were dotted with twisting red lines—I *really* needed to get more sleep at night. Or maybe it was all the stress from work finally catching up with me. Or, even more likely, it could have something to do with my failing marriage.

It was my fault really. Margaret, my wife, and I had married right out of college. She was pregnant at the time.

But I was still confused about life. Didn't really know what I wanted. Who I wanted...

Our marriage was a mistake that turned out to be a miracle. She gave me the greatest gift I had ever received, my son, Trevor. Unfortunately, he was the only good thing about our marriage. There was no time to enjoy the matrimonial bliss, between all the fighting and reconciling.

So, here I am now, six years later. Trapped. Well, not trapped. I mean, there's

always divorce, but I am not going to put my son through that. What would my family—and Margaret's family—think? I don't want Trevor to know that his father can't stop thinking about big, fat cocks long enough to function in society.

I shook the thoughts from my head. *Relax, Aaron. You just have to make it to work right now. You can deal with life later.*

My exit—much to my happiness—quickly approached. I hit the turn signal, made another evasive maneuver, and glided down the exit away from the congested highway.

I glanced at the mirror, again. My light skinned face was flushed with excitement. Just as I was about to turn my attention back to the road, something in the reflection caught my eye. Red and blue flashing lights.

"Great!" I shouted. "Please don't pull me over." I repeated my plea over and over, even as the squad car whipped behind my vehicle and the cop motioned at me.

"Damn it!" I slammed my hand on the dash. "This is bullshit! Now, I'm really going to be late!" I slowed my car and edged off the road. Up ahead, I could see my office building. "Damn, I'm so close."

The cop drove past before pulling over. Blocking me in, I guess. He got out of his car and started toward me.

* * * *

"License and registration," the cop said once I had rolled down my window.

I pulled my wallet out of my back pocket. Not an easy thing to do when sitting. The registration was in my dash. I grabbed it and handed the material to the officer, smiling all the while. "What seems to be the problem, officer?"

The cop—Burberry, his badge said—studied the material. "Marshfield, eh?" His voice had a hint of southern twang.

"Yes, sir. You can call me Aaron." I looked the guy up and down. The black uniform was tight, leaving little to the imagination. Not that there was anything *little*

about him. His shoulders were massive. His chest thick, toned. Beautiful. His head was completely bald, a look that suited his build nicely. His eyes were hidden from me with black sunglasses.

He was a very good looking man. As usual, I had a fantasy flash through my mind—the officer shoving me down on the hood of his squad car, ripping my clothes off and pounding my ass. My pants grew tight as my dick hardened.

“Well, Aaron. Why were you going so fast back there on the interstate?” He looked down at me, pulling his sunglasses off his face with his free hand, revealing shockingly bright, green eyes. “In a hurry, eh?”

“I’m late for work,” I admitted, unable to pull my gaze away from his eyes.

“If you’re already late, speeding won’t make it any better.” The cop leaned against my car and lowered his face to mine. “All that does it create more problems. What if you had caused an accident?”

“Officer...” I stammered. “I...”

“Burberry. Officer Burberry is my name, bud.”

“I’m sorry.”

Burberry looked beyond me, into my car. “What’s that on the floor?”

“What?” I asked. I turned to look. There, among the empty Coke bottles and Snickers wrappers, was a paper bracelet from a bar I had gone to a few nights ago. A gay bar. “Oh, it’s...a...”

“A bar bracelet.” Burberry said simply. “From Bananas on the corner of Third Street and Ninth Avenue?”

“Yeah,” I admitted. *How the hell did he know what bar?*

“Look here, Mr. Marshfield, I’m going to need you to get out of the car.” He slipped my license and registration into his chest pocket.

“Why?” I demanded. “Can’t you just write a ticket and let me get out of here?”

“Out of the car, Mr. Marshfield.”

“Officer, please...”

“Now!” Burberry shouted. He grabbed the handle and ripped open the door.

"Out."

I hesitated. *Why on earth do I have to get out of the car? Why doesn't he just go to his car and write me a ticket?*

"Out," Burberry demanded.

I sighed. "Okay." I unbuckled my seatbelt and slowly got out. I stood before the officer, praying he would look down and see my erection.

"Turn around, bud," he ordered. "Put your hands up on the roof."

I did as I was told, grateful to have the chance to conceal my hard on from the cop.

"You got anything in your pockets you want to tell me about before I go searching around?"

"What?" I asked, glancing over my shoulder. "Why do you have to search me?"

"Standard procedure, Mr. Marshfield." Burberry placed his hands on my shoulders, moving them slowly down my sides. "Anything you want to tell me about before I find it?"

How about my raging hard on? "No, officer."

"Alright, bud." He continued his search, moving his hands up and down my legs, patting my pockets. He slipped his hands around my chest, pressing his body against mine as he searched. Now my erection was at full mast. He slid his hands down, stopping at my waist. "Sure there's nothing on you?"

"Yes, sir."

Suddenly, his hands went lower, gliding over my cock. He jerked his hands away quickly. "Oh, bud!"

"I'm sorry!"

"I asked if you had anything on you, Aaron." His mouth was at my ear, his breath warm on my skin. "Why didn't you tell me about the concealed weapon?"

"What?" I asked, confused.

"I'm afraid I'll have to take you *downtown*, Mr. Marshfield."

"Officer Burberry, I have to get to work. Please just write me a ticket and let me

get out of here."

"Nope," Burberry whispered. I heard metal on metal and sudden my left hand was cuffed.

"Why do I have to be arrested?" I asked as Burberry slipped the cuff over my right hand.

"You're not being arrested, Aaron. I'm just taking you downtown."

* * * *

Officer Burberry put me in the backseat of his squad car, locked my car for me, and put the keys in my pocket. I didn't fight him. I was always told to obey police officers. It wasn't until he drove out of the city that I started to get worried.

I was annoyed, terrified, and excited all at once. *Why in the hell was he taking me out into the woods? Was he one of those dirty cops? How was I going to explain this to my boss?*

"Sorry you have to miss work for this, Aaron," Burberry said. "Don't be scared or anything, okay? We're just going to do something real quick."

"Why are you doing this?" I asked. "Are you going to hurt me?"

"Lord, no." He glanced back at me, his face slightly distorted by the plate of glass that separated us. "This just has to be our little secret, okay?"

"Okay," I said, not knowing what I was agreeing to.

Burberry pulled off of the main road. The road suddenly turned from asphalt to gravel. "I promise you'll have fun."

"Fun?" "What are you talking about?"

Burberry didn't answer. Instead he parked the car in a wooded area. It was the perfect place to dump a body and not have anyone find it until months later, when it's mostly decomposed and hard to identify.

"Dude, I have a kid. You can't do this to me."

"Aaron, I'm not going to hurt you." Burberry looked back at me. "I'm going to have to take care of that weapon for you. Need to make sure he's not got any ammo

left.”

“What?”

He smiled and got out of the car. He paused before opening my door. “Can I trust you, Aaron?” he asked through the slightly open window.

“Yes.” I didn’t know what else to say.

“Alright.” Burberry opened the door and motioned for me to get out. “Can I take your cuffs off?”

I nodded. I wanted them off. They were very uncomfortable.

He removed the handcuffs and tossed them onto the backseat. He placed his hands on my shoulders and forced me down to the ground before him. “You’re never going to tell are you?”

I was on my knees. “Officer Burberry, what are you doing?”

“Promise me you’ll never tell, bud.”

“I promise.”

Burberry unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants. “Tell me you want this cock, boy.”

I pulled back. “What are you doing?”

Burberry let his pants fall, leaving just his boxers. His cock pressed against the fabric, threatening to burst free at any moment. “Tell me.”

“I...I want your cock.” Truth was, I more than wanted it. I *needed* it. Deep inside me. Fucking the hell out of me.

“You want to suck on it?” He grabbed his boxers by the waistband and tugged them down, his dick bouncing up at me, nearly hitting me in the face. The tip was bright red.

I didn’t answer. Forgetting all about work, I opened my mouth, letting his cock slip in. I ran my tongue over the head.

“Fuck, yeah.” Burberry whispered. “Suck that cock, bud.”

I lifted my hand, cupping Burberry’s nuts in my hand, rubbing them gently. All the while, I continued to work his cock in and out of my mouth, his flesh sliding over

my tongue and down my throat, almost gagging me.

"Damn! Choke on that dick, bud. Take it all." He thrust forward, forcing his cock even deeper.

I did as I was told until I could no longer stand the feeling of his swelling dick in my throat. I pulled back, coughing.

"You like this cock, boy?" Burberry grabbed his thick rod, using my saliva as lubrication and began to jack it. "Tell me."

I stopped coughing and nodded slowly. "Yeah..."

"Good." Burberry put one hand on the back of my head and pulled me forward. He used his other hand to slap me in the face with his cock a few times. "C'mon. Suck on this cock, bud."

I savored his dick, letting my tongue caress it softly, slowly. I allowed it to enter my throat, again. This time I was better prepared. It slid gracefully down my throat, filling my airway.

"Damn, you're good at sucking cock, bud."

I've had a lot of practice, I thought. I pulled back, letting his rod slip out of my mouth. "You like this?" I asked, grabbing his cock in my hand and pumping it quickly.

"Yeah, bud." Burberry threw his head back, groaning.

I leaned in, running my tongue across the sensitive skin of his nuts, all the while jacking his dick with my hand.

"Stand up, boy," Burberry demanded. He shoved his strong hands up under my arms and hauled me to my feet. "Take off your clothes."

I did as I was told. I removed my polo, exposing my pale, scarcely toned chest. Next, I removed my belt, kicked off my shoes, and slipped out of my khakis. My clothing ended up in a pile on the trunk of the squad car. I stood there, wearing only my underwear and argyles. Burberry had watched the entire time, jacking his cock with both hands.

"Take off your socks."

I slipped them off, tossing them on the clothing pile.

"The underwear. Lose them."

I looked around the area Burberry has chosen for this little encounter. "I don't..."

"Lose them."

What the hell, I thought. I took them off.

"Nice." Burberry smiled, removing his sunglasses, revealing those beautiful eyes. He stepped out of his shoes, kicking them aside. Quickly, he removed his socks and pants. He undid the buttons on his shirt, took the top off, and sat it on the trunk beside my things. The tight white tank top left nothing to the imagination. His chest, rippling with muscle from the physical training he must have had to endure as a cop, sent shivers down my spine. "You're a very handsome man, Aaron."

"I was just thinking the same thing about you." I was trying not to look awkward. It was impossible. I had the body of a lazy business man; Burberry was absolutely *beautiful*.

Burberry smiled, again. He slipped the tank top off and tossed it aside, carelessly. He grabbed me and pulled me into his arms. "Come here, boy."

Our lips met inelegantly. Burberry quickly fixed the situation, tilting his head, and shoving his tongue deep into my mouth. Hungrily, we kissed. Savoring each other. Exploring with our tongues, hands, and fingers.

"I'm going to fuck you raw," Burberry whispered in my ear, his breath hot on my skin.

"Are you?" I asked.

"Try and stop me." Burberry laughed in his deep, sexy way. He ran his tongue down my neck, my chest, stopping at my nipple to bite it lightly. He laughed, again, at my surprised reaction. "Like that?"

"Yeah."

"Then you're going to love this." He spun me around and forced me down on the ground. I was on all fours, like an animal. "You ready?"

Before I could answer, he spread my ass open and pushed his tongue inside the pining hole. "Oh, God!"

Burberry laughed again, but didn't stop. He attacked my ass with his mouth, diving in even deeper, investigating with his tongue.

I shut my eyes, enjoying the experience.

He stopped suddenly. "God, man, you have a great ass."

"You like it?"

"Hell yeah, boy." Burberry smacked my ass, then cupped it with his hand. "Damn, I want to fuck that ass."

"What's stopping you?" I asked.

"That's what I like to hear, boy."

* * * *

Burberry got a condom from his glove compartment. I watched as he slid it over the head of his throbbing beast, rolling it along the shaft for complete coverage. Thankfully, he also had a bottle of lube in the glove compartment. He squeezed a large amount into his hand, grabbed his cock, and gave it a few quick jerks.

He came up behind me, wrapping his arms around my chest, and pressing his forehead into the back of my neck. "You going be a able to do this?"

"Yes," I said. "Fuck me."

"Alright, bud."

I braced myself against the squad car. I bent down, biting my forearm to keep from screaming as he slid his cock deep into my ass. Pain, which was quickly replaced by extreme pleasure, shot through my body. "Oh, God..."

"Does it hurt?" Burberry asked, although it was obvious that he didn't really care if it did or not. He was already pumping. Fucking me.

"No," I managed. "It feels, oh, it feels..."

"Yeah," Burberry grunted. "I know." He pumped faster. "Damn, boy, you have a tight ass!"

I bent lower, pressing myself against the car. "Fuck me harder!"

Burberry practically growled at my request. He pounded relentlessly, repeatedly slamming me into car.

I grabbed my cock, stroking it a few times. It screamed at my touch, threatening to explode. "Fuck, yeah!"

Suddenly, Burberry pulled his cock out of my ass. "Lay back on the car."

I hopped up on the hood, laying on my back and spreading my legs as wide as I could manage. Burberry grabbed my ankles and hauled me to the edge of the car. He slammed his cock in my ass, again.

"Damn, man, I'm not going to last much longer!"

"Me either," I admitted. I grabbed my aching cock and jacked hard.

"God, I love your ass, bud."

"Take it, it's all yours."

Burberry grunted. He thrust his cock a few more times and then pulled out quickly. He removed the condom and grabbed his dick. He gave it a few jerks, and the first burst of semen shot out. It slapped against my balls. I watched in amazement as several more blasts erupted from his cock, each landing on my cock and balls, then dripping down to my tender ass.

Feeling his semen on my body made my own load blow. It sprayed up on my stomach.

Burberry smiled. He ran his finger across my stomach, brought it to his mouth, and tasted my semen. "Damn, you're just good all around, huh?"

"I guess," I said, breathless.

Burberry laughed. He pulled me to a sitting position. "We may have to do this again one day."

"I'm up for it," I said, smiling.

"Good." Burberry pressed his lips against mine.

I opened my mouth, accepting his kiss.

* * * *

Burberry dropped me off at my car after we cleaned ourselves up and got dressed. He gave me my license and registration back, as well.

I watched Burberry drive away. He got back on the interstate, his taillights disappearing into the flood of cars.

I drove to my office and parked in my reserved spot. On the seat beside me was a business card — Burberry's card. It contained everything I needed to reach him. Just in case I need a little *weapon disarming*, as he had put it.

The clock said I was over two hours late for work now.

And I didn't give a damn.

Thom Jaymes

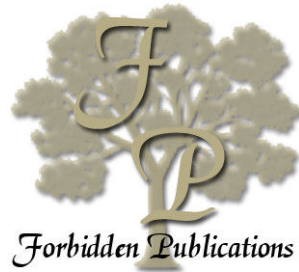
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