



NIGHT PATROL

PATRICIA RYAN

Police officers on night patrol have an erotic experience during their patrol when Wendy, Jack's patrol partner, confesses that her husband is lacking in libido. She asks Jack to teach her how to give him a blow job to raise her husband's interest. Jack obliges and finds Wendy a very willing pupil. She quickly becomes an expert, much to the delight of her husband.

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Night Patrol

By

Patricia Ryan

Chapter 1

There were twenty or so uniformed police officers in the conference room, waiting for their briefing prior to going on their nightshift. The room was enveloped in cigarette smoke and a noisy hubbub of chatter. Sergeant Fellini, a tall balding man and the shift sergeant, walked into the conference room with a clipboard under his arm and stood in front of the assembled police officers.

Fellini was nearing his retirement and perhaps holding to much weight around his waistline, the result of years of desk duty. He stood waiting for the assembled officers to cease chatting to their contemporaries. Some of them had not seen each other since they were last on duty three days previous and had lots to say, while others were halfway through their shift and sat quiet, waiting to hear their allotted tasks for the night.

The sergeant consulted his clipboard for the first item on his list. "Right. Quiet!" he called for their attention. "Listen, you lot. Pay attention." He

raised his voice and banged his clipboard against the lectern as he stared round at the officers until, at last, silence fell over the room and a last chair scraped across the hard floor. He glanced at his clipboard again. "Item one, a hit and run. We are looking for a white saloon vehicle, registration is unknown, but it has an R prefix. The driver is alleged to have run down a seventy-six-year-old woman and left the scene. She's in critical condition in the hospital."

A murmur spread across the room as they digested the callousness of the driver.

The sergeant continued. "CID are investigating the incident, meanwhile we must look out for the vehicle which should show considerable collision damage to the front end. Keep your eyes peeled. We need to catch this bastard."

He flipped a page on his clipboard. "Item two. There have been a number of burglaries in Sandy Heights over the last week and the Lieutenant wants us to put a permanent patrol in the area for a few days." He raised his eyes until he found the officers he wanted. "Burton and Johnson take car 135 and patrol the area of Sandy Heights. Stay there until you are recalled or relieved."

There was a chorus of groans from the rest of the men. "Trust them two to get the cushy number," came a stage whisper from the back of the room.

"They always do," someone else replied.

"Alright, alright," Fellini growled with impatience. He found the briefings becoming more and more of a chore and looked forward to his retirement. The constant snipes and comments from the new breed of university degree officers who thought they knew everything got him down. "That's enough moans for now."

"Hey, sarge," queried Ben Carter, a young police officer who was still on probation. "Isn't Sandy Heights where the Chief Constable lives?"

Sergeant Fellini looked over the rim of his glasses. "Yes, it is, Carter." His words hung in the air, defying anyone to challenge his decision to send a patrol car there. "Anymore beefs?" He glared around the briefing room. "Right then. Let's get on with it, shall we? Item three..." So it went until the police officers had all the available intelligence information. The sergeant concluded, "Are there any questions? No? Let's get to work then." He finished, in time-honoured fashion, like he always did at the end of his briefing, "Let's be careful out there." He had been watching too much *Hill Street Blues* on the television.

The nightshift got to their feet, the chairs scraping across the hard floor, and sought out their partners for their duty.

Jack Burton walked up to his partner, Wendy Johnson. "Hi, Wendy. Are you ready for a real

hard shift?"

"Sure." She laughed, her long blonde hair swinging about her face. "It's going to be a real tough one, that's for sure."

Jack grinned to himself for he liked Wendy. She had a pleasant manner and was liked by everyone who worked with her. He knew he was the envy of most of the other shift members because Wendy was his regular partner and the best looking of the dozen or so female officers at the station.

"Anything will be better than last night." He chuckled. They had been tasked the previous nightshift to deal with drunks in the city centre at pub shutting time. They had broke up two drunken fights and made three arrests, and had spent considerable time at the station writing reports.

Jack threw the vehicle keys to her. "You drive."

She was used to Jack tossing the keys to her and caught them without looking. "Sure."

He looked her over carefully like he always did at the start of their shift. She had a pretty model like face, deep blue eyes, a small nose and full sensuous lips, lips she pouted in a sexy way when she was inclined. Just like the sex bomb Bridget Bardot, he thought. Her long blonde hair was often bunched on top of her head and hidden by her uniform cap. Her figure was slim with nice curvy hips filling her uniform skirt to perfection.

Wendy coiled her hair into a bunch, fastened it with a clip and stuffed her cap cheekily on top. They walked to their patrol car and checked the vehicle over to ensure there was no damage left by the previous driver. Wendy checked the fuel and oil levels to make sure they had enough fuel for their shift. He opened the passenger door got in and fastened his seatbelt while Wendy got behind the wheel.

Jack loved Wendy to drive the patrol car so he could watch her. From the passenger seat, he often saw her bra and the under curve of her breast through the gap of her uniform shirt buttons. Over the long period he had worked with her, he had glimpsed her brief and lacy underwear on numerous occasions. Her breasts, although not large, were a perfect size for her slim frame. He thought they would make a great handful. If you saw her walking down the street, mused Jack, the last occupation you would have thought of would be police officer. One would rather think she was a model or a demonstrator for a makeup company or something similar. She smelt rather nice. She wore a perfume he had not noticed before. Jack sniffed. "That perfume you're wearing smells nice, Wendy." He liked to give her a compliment now and then. "What is it?"

Wendy smiled. "Oh, do you like it?" She held her wrist for him to get the full benefit of the

expensive fragrance. "It's the latest from Channel."

The heady aroma assailed his nostrils and he wondered if she spread some over her body when she went to bed. *I'd sure like to be lying next to her while she wore this stuff and nothing else.* Not for the first time he wondered what she would look like when she was naked. "Yes. It's real nice. It suits you."

Her smile told him she was pleased he had noticed her perfume. He guessed it had cost her a small fortune and it would have been a waste if no one had noticed it.

"Thank you, Jack."

They cruised around the area of Sandy Heights. This sought after residential area was for the very rich. Rich and influential like the Chief Constable, mused Jack. *If the CC did not live here, a patrol car would not be on permanent station in the area, no matter how many burglaries they had.* "I bet they would not get a car to themselves if the CC didn't live here."

Wendy glanced at him. "Yeah, I know, but it makes for a nice easy shift and I'm not against that after last night."

They lapsed into a companionable silence. Wendy slowed the vehicle, pulled to a stop under a large tree where they could observe the street. The Chief Constable's house was a few yards up

the road. She switched the engine off and extinguished the headlights. She stared at the house. Lights blazed out of almost every window indicating the CC had not yet retired for the night.

They listened to the background chatter of the radio, patrols reporting in or calling the control on some routine matter or other. It was very quiet in Sandy Heights.

Wendy glanced at her watch. "Oh, God," she moaned. "It's one-thirty. This shift is going to take forever to get through."

Jack grinned at her for he was wide-awake. "It'll pass quick enough if we get some incident to attend to."

"Yeah, I guess so," Wendy agreed. "But I hate this waiting around, it drives me nuts."

Chapter 2

Wendy fidgeted in her seat and looked at her partner. The dim street lighting reflecting into the car outlined his square jaw and masculine good looks. He was tall. Wendy figured he was around six foot two, well built with broad shoulders. He always had a twinkle in his eyes and a permanent smile on his lips. They were very kissable lips Wendy had decided when she had first been appointed his partner.

Jack was very likable and Wendy often wondered what he would be like in bed. These naughty thoughts made her cheeks flush with heat. She put her hand up to her face and hoped Jack wouldn't notice. She envied his wife who no doubt enjoyed his lovemaking on a regular basis. She wondered what his cock was like. Was it a big one or only average like her husband's? The heat in her cheeks deepened a bit more. She took a deep breath. "Jack?" her voice sounded strange in her ears. "Can I ask you something personal?"

Jack looked at her. "Sure. What's up?"

Wendy hesitated, then had second thoughts on what she had intended asking her partner. "Oh, it's nothing. Sorry. Forget it." She sensed Jack looking across the car at her but she avoided looking at him. She was glad he couldn't see her flushed face in the vehicle's dim interior.

"Come on, Wendy. You can't ask a question like that then leave it hanging in the air. What is it? What's the problem? Are you in trouble or something? Not pregnant are you?"

"No, no, it's nothing like that." She was silent for a while as Jack fidgeted in his seat, then asked, "You're married, aren't you?"

"Yes, of course, you know I am."

She took a deep breath, steadying herself. "Well, how many times do you make love to your wife each week?"

Jack coughed. "What?"

Wendy was embarrassed. She had stepped over the line in their professional relationship and now wished she hadn't said anything. She tried to still the little tremor in her stomach. "Sorry, Jack. I shouldn't have asked you that. Let's forget it."

He squirmed in his seat. "No, it's alright, but why do you want to know?"

Wendy sighed and took a deep breath, her breasts pushing forward beneath her shirt and threatening the security of the buttons. "Well, it's

Graham, my husband. He only wants to make love twice a month, if that and he worries me. Am I so unattractive that he can't bear to make love to me?"

"Goddamn it, Wendy, of course you're attractive. You know you could have any guy at the station, if you wanted. They all lust after you and would love to get into your knickers if they had half a chance."

"Really?" She was surprised. She had never realised she was lusted after by her colleagues, if what Jack had said was true. The thought rather pleased her. "Even you, Jack?" She added, wondering what her partner actually thought of her. Was he also one of those who would like to get into her knickers as he had so eloquently put it?

* * * *

Jack swallowed with a nervous gulp. He wondered how much he could tell her. Would she be offended? He decided to let her know what he thought. "Of course, even me. You're the most attractive police officer I have ever seen. And I am a man after all."

She smiled. "Thanks, Jack. You sure know how to boost a girl's self-esteem. You're sweet to say that."

"You're most welcome."

Jack realised she thought he was being polite, but, like the rest of his colleagues, if he had the chance, he would be into her pants like lightning. However, he was not sure it was wise to have laid his soul bare in such a way. "Now, what was it you were you saying?"

She hesitated again and then went on. "Well, Graham only seems to get an erection and be in the mood for loving after he has talked about me having a threesome with him and a friend of his."

Jack was stunned, didn't know what to say, and being a wise man, or so he thought, he said nothing. Images of her frolicking on a bed with two men floated across his mind, destroying his concentration on what she was saying.

Wendy took her cap off and threw it on the dash shelf. She shook her hair loose and brushed her fingers through it. She gave a shirt-busting sigh. "I'm sorry, Jack." She smiled. "I shouldn't have said anything. It's my problem and I've got to work it out for myself."

"You wanted to talk to me about it so it obviously bothers you." He twisted in his seat so he could study her but she kept her face averted. "So talk to me. I'm your partner, you know you can tell me and I'll help you if I can."

The radio burst into life. "135, this is control over."

Jack grabbed the handset. "135, go ahead, control."

"135, we've had a report of someone wandering about Sandy Heights, in the area of Cambridge Avenue, can you check them out?"

"Damn it," he swore under his breath. Control had to call when their chat was getting interesting. "Roger. Will do."

Wendy started the engine and accelerated away from the kerb. They cruised along Dove Street and turned onto Cambridge Avenue where they saw a young man walking along the street, his collar up around his ears and hands thrust deep into his pockets. Wendy pulled alongside the youth and Jack got out of the car, sliding his baton into his belt. Wendy stayed in the car and informed control what they were doing.

"Hello, sir," Jack remained polite. It did not do to be too aggressive in this area. One could never tell who people were, and some, like the CC, were very influential. "Can you tell me who you are?"

The man stopped. "What's the problem, officers?" His gaze took in the blonde woman in the driver's seat.

"I need to know who you are, sir," Jack didn't move from the man's path.

The man hesitated, but then decided that cooperation was his best course of action. "I am Brian Hamilton-Smyth. I live at number 47

Cambridge Avenue." He pointed to a big house a few doors away. "I'm on my way home from a friend's house."

"Do you have any identification? A driving licence perhaps?" Jack asked him, holding out his hand.

Hamilton-Smyth pulled out his wallet and produced his driving licence, confirming Brian Hamilton-Smyth was indeed his name. Wendy got on the radio and asked for the name of the occupants of number 47 Cambridge Avenue. The answer came back within a few moments. The Hamilton-Smyth's indeed lived at that address.

"Thank you, sir." Jack gave him a lazy salute. "You may proceed. Good night, sir."

Hamilton-Smyth smirked and bade them both good night. Wendy informed the control that the area was clear.

She turned the patrol car onto luxurious and tree lined Brent Road, cruising at a slow pace along the road while she admired the super rich houses. She was envious of those who lived in such luxurious residences and wished she had the money to purchase such a place. She pulled to a stop again.

However, Jack was not interested in the housing. "What were you going to say before the radio interrupted?" he asked intrigued by Wendy's comments and wondering where the

conversation would lead.

"What? Oh, it's nothing." Wendy looked out of the window, without noticing the house opposite. Her heart started beating faster and she wondered what she had started with her rash comments. She hoped Jack would not take offence.

"Now come on, Wendy, you can't start a conversation by saying your husband wants a threesome and then say it's nothing." Jack, pressed her to tell him more.

"Well, alright, I'll tell you. What was it I asked you?" She frowned.

"You asked about me and my wife making love," Jack reminded her.

"Oh yes, that's right. I remember now. I asked you how often you and your wife make love."

Jack considered the question with great care. "I have never actually counted but—but I'd say about three perhaps four times a week. Why do you ask?"

"Graham only seems to be able to make it once a month, twice if I'm lucky. All he talks about is me having another man while he watches."

"Is that going to be a problem?" The image of his partner lying naked on a bed in between two men with raging erections, one of the men being himself of course, was making him hot under the collar.

Wendy raised her eyebrows and looked at her

colleague. "Of course it is. I am quite satisfied with Graham." She lowered her voice almost to a whisper. "I don't need to have another man to get my jollies."

Jack was embarrassed. "That's not quite what I meant. What I meant was, is it a problem to make love only once or twice a month?"

Wendy sighed. "Well, no, I suppose not." She hesitated and then added with feeling. "Hell, who am I kidding, yes it's a damn problem. I like sex as much as the next woman does and every now and then is simply not often enough. I'm beginning to wonder if it's me that's the problem."

"What do you want me to say?" His mind struggled with images of her in sexual positions, in particular of her on her hands and knees as he fucked her delicious butt from behind. He did his best to banish them from his mind and failed.

"Well, how does your wife keep you interested enough to make love to her three or four times a week?"

Jack thought for a minute. "I don't know. I love her, of course, that's why I married her. She's attentive, always pleasant, as you know this job puts quite a strain on a married relationship, or any relationship come to that, but, she is always ready for some loving and has never, ever, said no to me when I've been in the mood." He hesitated and took a deep breath, not sure, how far he could

go with his partner, but he was already aroused enough to be indiscrete. "And," he continued, throwing his better judgement to the winds, "she gives me a great blow job."

Wendy looked at him curiously. "Is that what's important? Is that it? Is that what keeps you interested in sex, a great blow job?" she said frankly, wondering what it would feel like to have Jack's penis in her mouth, whether she would be able to do it. "Don't men just like to just fuck any longer?"

He had never heard her use the coarse kind of language before and he was a little shocked at the change in her. "Well, no, I suppose it's not only that, but I guess it helps. It's all a combination of things. Don't you give Graham a blow job now and then?"

Wendy grimaced and shook her head. "No, I never have. I can't bring myself to do it."

"Why ever not?" he asked. He could not imagine any woman not wanting to give a man the pleasure of a good suck. When his wife did him, and took his cum in her mouth, it really blew his mind. Also, when she swallowed his cum, it made him feel warm and satisfied deep inside his stomach. "The promise of a good blow job is quite an incentive to a man's libido, you know."

Wendy looked across the car but his face was in shadow. "Yes, I suppose so, but there must be

something else I can do to make him take a greater interest in me."

Jack twisted and half-turned towards her with his arm resting on the back of the seat. "He must be a eunuch if he doesn't get turned on by just looking at you," he told her. His heart pounded in his chest and he wondered if he dared to let her know what he really thought of her. How much he wanted to see her naked, how much he desired to fuck her.

"Thanks." She gave a small smile at the compliment. She rubbed her hands over her face. "But what can I do? I'd like it at least once a week."

"Any time you need *it*," he half-joked with a grin. "I'll be only too happy to oblige. You have but to ask."

"Oh, Jack, do be serious," she gave another small smile.

I am damn serious, he thought, but instead shook his head. "It all depends what his interests are. You know what he likes. Perhaps you could act out his fantasies for him, which might keep his sex drive alive."

"Huh!" Wendy declared with contempt. "I told you all he thinks about is having a threesome."

Jack grinned. "Then why don't you just pretend there is someone else around next time. Tell him you imagine it's, oh, I don't know.

Perhaps a friend or someone and tell him how turned on you are being fucked by his friend. Call Graham by his friend's name. Would that be such a problem?"

Before Wendy could answer him, there was a call on the radio directing them to go to a break-in at a small lock up shop. He acknowledged the call while Wendy started the patrol car and they drove away at speed. There were three other patrol cars already on the scene by the time they arrived and there was little for them to do. The senior Scene of Crime Officer dismissed them and then it was time for their shift to end.

Wendy's erotic story had intrigued Jack and he was disappointed that the shift had ended. He was highly charged by her sexual revelations and hoped his wife Marie would be awake when he got home so he could ease some of the sexual tension that had built up inside him.

Chapter 3

Jack enjoyed his break period with his wife and their three-year-old son, but the days of his stand down were slow to pass. They went to the beach and enjoyed the late summer sun, however Jack could not get Wendy's hot revelations out of his mind. What's more, he could not dismiss the erotic images of her indulging in a threesome with some lucky man. His arousal increased and after their son had gone to bed, he put his arm about Marie and whispered in her ear. "I fancy a bit. How about it?"

She was watching a romantic film on the television. "Mmmmmm," she murmured in his ear as she snuggled deeper into his arms and let her hand rest on his trousers. She never took her eyes from the film as she unzipped him, released his cock and started to masturbate him. He had soon grown to a full erection under the manipulations of her gentle hand. He reached around her so his fingers could stoke her tits, but

she wriggled her body out of the way.

"Don't, I want to watch the film. You keep still. I'll do you."

He was happy with that. He laid his head back on the couch, she rested her head on his tummy and took his cock in her mouth, masturbating and sucking him without taking her eyes from the television. His thoughts returned to visions of his patrol partner engaged in threesomes with him and he didn't care who else it was as long as he was one of them. Rapidly the spunk boiled in his balls and sped up the shaft to explode in his wife's mouth.

She sat up, wiping her mouth with a tissue. "God, that didn't take you long."

He grinned at her. "You do a BJ so well, that's why."

She smiled and kissed him and he was glad she could not read his mind. He was anxious to return to work so he could listen to more of Wendy's sexual revelations.

However, Jack was disappointed. He had forgotten that Wendy was on holiday for a week and had to make do with a new partner. His shifts took a long time to pass with few incidents to liven the boredom. He did not get on very well with the station probationer, Ben Carter, his temporary partner, and wished his shift pattern to end, which it eventually did. His subsequent stand

down passed in high anticipation of Wendy's return to work. This made his wife ask him what was bothering him. He passed his offhand manner as being pressures at work. Then, at last, his work shift started again and he welcomed Wendy back from her holiday.

Jack drove the patrol car, anxious to get away from the station. He negotiated a roundabout, and asked, "Have good holiday?" Although his mind was far from details of her holiday.

"Yes, it was fine, thanks." She nodded. Her hair came loose and dropped across her shoulders. She bunched it and refastened the clip.

"Are things any better with you and Graham now?"

Wendy shook her head. "No, not really. He's still the same old *once a month* Graham."

"Have you tried giving him a blow job yet?"

Wendy shook her head. "No."

"Why not?" He thought she had realised that was what she needed to do to get Graham on her side. "It's not that hard."

"How do you know?" Wendy was defensive. "Have you given anyone a blow job before?"

"Well, no," Jack spluttered. "Don't be silly of course I haven't."

"Then how do you know it is not hard to do?" she looked at him with a direct stare, twin spots of colour glowing on her cheeks.

"Well, I don't really."

"Then you cannot imagine how it must feel for a woman to have a man's cock in her mouth and him pushing, trying to get it down her throat."

"That may be how you think it would be, but I'm sure that not all blow jobs are like that." He became cautious, thinking what to say next, not wanting to antagonise her. "It depends on the sensitivity of the man. Anyway, you have never done it so how would you know it would be like that?"

"Of course I don't actually know, but I read lots of books."

Jack warmed to his theme. "It's one of the greatest things a woman can do for her man, you know. To give Graham a good blow job would have him grovelling at your feet."

"Really? Do you think so?" she asked curiously.

"I know so." He was confident Graham would be overjoyed to receive a BJ from her.

"That's interesting. Does your wife suck you?"

Jack nodded. "Yes, you know she does. I told you before you went on holiday. In addition, as I said, she does a very good job. She's the absolute best. There's nothing finer than relaxing and have your cock sucked by someone who knows what they are doing."

"I can imagine that would be so from a man's point of view." Wendy was quiet for a few

moments. Then she added thoughtfully. "Does she let you come in her mouth?"

"Yes." He remembered the first time that Marie had done so, how excited he had felt. They had been in a shopping mall when she had told him that she wanted to suck him and have him cum in her mouth. He had to hide an erection during the rest of the shopping trip. His ejaculation had seemed to be more copious than ever when, that night, she had sucked it from him. Her apparent expertise had made him wonder where she had gained the experience to be as good as she was.

"Oh, yuck. Does she swallow it, you know, I mean your cum?"

"Yes, sometimes she does. Sometimes she lets me see it in her mouth before she swallows it. That's a real turn on for a man."

Wendy grimaced and licked her lips trying to imagine the taste of a man. "How can she do that? It must be awful."

Jack looked thoughtful. "I don't know. She didn't like to do it at first, but she did it to please me. Once she started she began to enjoy it and now, it seems, she can't get enough of my cream."

"Why is it such a turn on for a man to see his cum in a woman's mouth?"

"God, I don't know," he said in a low voice. "I've never thought about it. It just is I guess, at least, it is for me."

"But I couldn't suck a man's cock. I wouldn't know what to do or how to do it. I'd be frightened of making an utter fool of myself."

"You wouldn't make a fool of yourself, believe me, I know."

"I still don't know how to do it. What if Graham doesn't like the way I do it, or worse, what if he just doesn't like a blow job?" She stopped with a look of horror on her face. "Oh God. What if he's gay?"

"You have got to be kidding. Every man likes a blow job. Even gay men like one. Anyway, I very much doubt that he's gay or he wouldn't have married you in the first place."

"Well, I suppose so," she sounded unhappy.

He was full of confidence when he told her. "Don't worry. You would manage, and I can assure you he *will* like it. All you have to do stick your mouth over his cock and take it from there. You would learn as you go along," he added crudely, his increasing arousal making him disregard normal conventions when with a work colleague.

Jack pulled up outside a street hotdog vendor who was about to pack up for the evening. "Want a hotdog before he shuts up for the night?"

"Yes please, and can you get me a coke or something."

Jack got out of the car. "Two hot dogs and two

cokes please, Gary," he ordered from the vendor. Gary handed them over and Jack held out a five-pound note.

"On the house, officer," the vendor told him.

"Now, now, Gary." Jack grinned. "You know that's against the rules."

Gary shrugged. "Rules, rules," he growled "You never bend 'em do yuh."

Jacks grin broadened. "No, I don't. And you would do well to remember that, Gary, my lad. Thanks." He pocketed his change and picked up their snack. He and the hotdog man had the same exchange every time they purchased food from him. It was almost an expected ritual. Although, some of the patrols took advantage of the man's good nature and accepted his offer of free snacks.

Jack handed Wendy her hot dog and got back behind the wheel. He placed his own on the dashboard and took a mouth full of coke. "Now what was it we were we talking about?" He was very well aware what it was she had been saying.

"Blow jobs." Wendy put her mouth over the end of the hotdog which Jack thought presented a very erotic image. She pursed her lips about the sausage until he imagined her doing it to Graham's cock, or even better, to his.

"Oh yes, so it was." He was enjoying their sexy conversation and wondered what else she had to say.

"Jack, I've decided that I'm going to try and do it for Graham. You know, give him a blow job."

"That's good. He's going to like that."

"Yes, I'm sure he will. Well, I'd like you to teach me how to do it," she said conversationally.

Jack coughed, spraying coke over the dashboard. "What? What did you say?" He spluttered, not believing his ears but praying it would be true. He would like nothing better than to give her a few lessons, to teach her with his own cock, to feel her sweet lips wrapped about him.

Before she could respond, control directed them to a local nightclub where there was some kind of disturbance. He accelerated away and negotiated the streets until they pulled up outside the club. A group of youths standing outside the club were in an aggressive mood with the club bouncers nearby.

Wendy got out of the patrol car. Jack followed and slid his baton into his belt. "What's going on here then, lads?" he asked one of the bouncers.

"These guys insist on coming in here and I think they are under age," he told Jack.

Jack turned towards the youths, and studied them. He picked the oldest looking boy. "What's your name, lad?"

"Alan Smith."

The youth was sullen and Jack thought he was trouble with a capital T. "How old are you, Alan?"

"Eighteen." He had his head down, staring at a spot on the ground.

Jack raised his voice. "Look at me when I am talking to you." The youth lifted his head and stared at the officer with defiance in his eyes. "Can you prove you are eighteen," Jack added. "Have you got your driver's licence?"

The youth got out his wallet and produced his driving license. He handed it to Jack who studied it and copied the details into his notebook. "You are very obviously the oldest one here. Why do you think you can get these other youngsters into a place like this? Why do you even bother trying?" The youth shrugged. Jack went on. "Didn't you think the bouncers would have more sense than to believe you are all of age?" The youth made no reply and his friends stood watching with the same sullen expressions. Jack continued in a stern voice. "I suggest you all go home and come back next year when you are *all* old enough." The three youths seemed reluctant to move on. "I can of course give you a lift home and see what your parents have to say about it, heh? I'm sure they will be pleased to see you."

The last thing Jack wanted right now was to be involved in an arrest. He was more interested in continuing his erotic talk with Wendy. "So I suggest you all get on your way and don't come back here until you're old enough." The youths,

swore under their breath and left the area of the club. "I can assure you that you will all be arrested if you do come back," Jack called after them. One of them turned and held two fingers up. Jack shook his head at their sorry display of defiance.

"Thank you officers," said one of the bouncers as they turned to return to the club.

"You're welcome," Jack said. "Anytime we can be of help." But not tonight, he thought, I have better things to do. He was anxious to hear more of what Wendy had to say for he was feeling aroused at their erotic talk.

They got back in the patrol car and cruised up the street observing the youths ensuring they continued on their way home.

Jack turned the car into a trading estate and stopped in the shade of a large factory building where the street lighting did not quite reach.

"What were you saying?" his voice almost stuck in his throat and his heart pounded in his breast.

"I'd like you to teach me how to perform a blow job," Wendy told him as though she was asking him to teach her algebra.

"I told you. You'll learn. It all come with practice, believe me." Jack was hoping she would not believe him and still need some lessons and plenty of them.

He was relieved when Wendy shook her head.

"No, Jack, I want the first time I do it for him to be perfect. I want him to have the best blowjob of his life. I want it to be so perfect that it will put some life back into him to make him want to make love to me more often."

"But we're both married," Jack protested. However, the thought of Wendy's lovely lips wrapped around his cock had him hardening in his pants.

Wendy shifted in her seat, twisting round to face him, and placed her hand on his thigh. "Please, Jack," she whispered softly. It was evident she was trying to persuade him, not that he needed much persuasion. "Please help me. It'll be a teaching session so there'd be nothing in it. Just a lesson is all it would be."

He was very aware of her hand burning his leg through his pants, so near to his cock. "Well..." His brain told him he shouldn't get involved, but his hardening cock and desire for her to give him a BJ was overriding his common sense.

"Please, *please*, Jack. Just tell me what I have to do—show me how."

"Well, all right, if you insist." Jack glanced around the surrounding area, his eyes searching the shadows, to ensure they were unobserved. He slid his seat back a little. "First you need to slide my zipper down and get my cock out."

Wendy reached across and obeyed his

instructions. She put her hand into his pants and grasped his cock in her hot hand, manipulating him until his manhood stuck out in proud splendour, but then he was half-hard before she touched him.

Chapter 4

“Oh my God.” She stared at Jack’s splendid cock in awe. “Somehow I knew you would have a big one,” she praised. Her heart pounded in her breast and tremors of nervous anticipation rumbled across her stomach. However, she had made up her mind she would do her best for her marriage, and, if that included learning how to do a blow job, then so be it, she would learn.

She eyed the size of him, wondering how it would fit in her mouth. It was at least nine inches long and very fat. She traced her finger over the huge knob at the end, her hand trembling. “Okay,” she murmured with a tremor in her voice. “Now what do I do?”

“Are you sure you want to go through with this?”

“Yes, I’m sure.” She nodded, her voice sticking in her throat. She continued rubbing her hands over his cock, beginning to enjoy the heavy silky feel. “Very sure, so tell me, what do I do next?”

"Fondle it for a few minutes. No, not too hard. Do it gently. Slowly. Let your fingers tease, tickle and fondle but with an occasional squeeze, firm, but not hard."

Wendy complied.

Jack sighed. "Yes. That's it. God, your hand feels good. Now let your fingers go up and down the length. Oh my. Oh yes." He closed his eyes.

Wendy gasped. "It's so hard – and so big," the wonder evident in her voice.

"Don't you do this to Graham?" He groaned in delight, although what she did for Graham was not what was uppermost in his mind.

"Not very often. He's not as big as you. Yours is *big*, and it is so hot and it's throbbing. Okay, now what do I do?" she added eagerly, warming to the idea.

"Well, if you're sure you want to go through with it, if you really do want to suck it, take the knob in your mouth and let it slide between your lips."

Wendy hesitated. Her body trembled and a sick feeling churned across her stomach. Did she want to suck his cock? Was the pretence of taking lessons just an excuse to feel Jack's cock in her mouth? Sure, she had fancied him since she had met him but was this going too far? She had made up her mind that whatever the reason was, she wanted to do it. Taking a deep breath, she leaned

across the seat and laid her head in his lap. "Like this?" She placed her lips about him and sucked hard.

Jack winced in pain. "Hey, steady on."

She lifted her head. "Oh, golly, I'm sorry." Her eyes crossed, trying to focus on the head of the cock a few inches in front of her face to see if she had damaged him. "Did that hurt?"

"Yes, it did a bit."

"Gosh, I'm Sorry." She gave the tip a sweet kiss.

"Do it gently, sensuously, lovingly. That will get it going rather than a hearty suck." Wendy did as he told her and he groaned in delight. "That is much better. Keep on doing it like that. It works for me."

Chapter 5

Jack was in seventh heaven. His spunk bubbled away in his balls. Her hands were cool in contrast to the heat in her mouth and this added to the sensations making him so hard. To Jack, Wendy seemed to be very shy when she took him into her mouth. It was though she was a virgin on her first date. Was it an act? Was she so naive she didn't know how to BJ? He couldn't tell. But he sincerely hoped it was the latter. He found her apparent shyness, pretended or otherwise, an aphrodisiac and didn't think he would last very long before he exploded.

He enjoyed the sensations for a few minutes then instructed her. "Lick down the shaft to my balls. Yes, yes. Oh my God, Wendy, yes, that's it. Now," his voice became husky with emotion. "Now lick back up to the top. You've got it. Now wriggle the tip of your tongue into the hole at the tip. Oh my goodness, that's nice. Oh yes." He groaned in exquisite agony. "That's so damn

good."

Jack found Wendy a very willing pupil and a quick learner so he again wondered if it was pretence on her part. Perhaps she was an experienced cock sucker after all. However, he didn't care if she was pretending or not, she was sucking his cock and he was not going to last long before he cum.

He pulled his now very hard cock from her mouth and gave it a squeeze until a drop of pre-cum glistened on the tip. "See that? That's called pre-cum. Go on, taste it." He shivered in anticipation as Wendy put the tip of her finger to the drop of shiny fluid and spread it around the head of his cock.

"Hmm," she murmured, "it's very slippery." She lifted her finger away and a string of pre-cum stretched from her finger to his cock.

"Go on," he urged, excitement coursing through him. "Taste it. Put your finger in your mouth."

She raised her finger to her mouth, her gaze studying the shiny stuff. She stuck out her tongue and touched it to her finger.

"Hmm," she licked her lips. "It doesn't taste awful at all, not a bit like I thought it would."

With his heart pounding in his chest, he said thickly, his arousal clouding his speech. "I told you so. Give it a squeeze and a few rubs and you'll

get some more." She did as he directed and grinned in obvious delight as more of his pre-cum appeared at the tip of his cock. She spread it over the head with her finger and then lowered her mouth and licked it clean.

Jack pulled his cock away from her mouth. "See that bit?" He pointed to the glans beneath the helmet. "Now that's a really sensitive spot—keep it moist and concentrate on it right there and you'll soon have Graham shooting his load." And me, he thought.

"Like this?" Wendy licked the spot with the tip of her tongue.

"Oh, yes, that's exactly right," moaned Jack feeling his spunk bubbling away beneath the surface. His balls were aching for release. "Just like that." He realised he would not be able to last much longer and yet he wanted it to last forever, for it to never stop, for the pleasure to keep going. He wriggled his hips in delight. "Now purse your lips as though you are sucking an ice lolly and put them against the sensitive spot and suck gently. Tickle it with the tip of your tongue." Wendy did so causing his cock to jerk in her mouth.

Jack closed his eyes. His cock throbbed and the spunk started rising up his shaft. "Oh my God. Oh, yes. Yes, yes, that's it. You've got it. That's right on the spot." He grunted, surrendering himself to the sensation of Wendy's lips on his

rampant cock.

She giggled around his thick shaft, lifted her head. "It's a damn sight hotter than an ice lolly," she mumbled throatily. She pushed her head down over his knob again. His cock throbbed again and he sensed he was about to cum. She felt the heat in his cock rise and lifted her head. "Are you going to cum?"

"Oh, God, yes, I am, any second now," he moaned in apparent anguish. She lowered her head again and pushed her lips around his throbbing cock once more.

"Quick, give me a tissue."

Without taking her mouth from his cock, she shook her head sending delightful sensations racing through him. "No. Iwthfant ty in ewth cummimuthfe."

He groaned for his cum was now very near. He couldn't hold on much longer. "What?"

She lifted her head from his cock long enough to say. "I want you to cum in my mouth. I need to know what it's like." She pushed her mouth over him and placed her hands around the shaft, masturbating him, pulling him deeper and deeper into her mouth.

Jack lost what hold he had and exploded, his ejaculation spurted from the tip of his cock into her mouth. She gagged, but then bravely swallowed, her throat bobbing as she did so. She

milked his cock of its fluids keeping her mouth tight around him until he had softened and slipped from between her lips, a string of spunk dripped from her chin and landed on her uniform shirt.

He lay back against the seat and watched her wipe her mouth with a tissue. She scrubbed at her shirt to remove the wet patch. "Whew!" He growled, his heart still pounding. "That was fantastic. Are you sure you haven't had lots of experience?"

She looked delighted and had a huge smile on her face. She was very pretty he decided and in the aftermath of a great blowjob, she looked very beautiful. "Really? You truly liked it? It was all right? You're not just saying that to please me?"

"All right? Phew, I'll say it was all right. It was the absolute best. You do it like that for Graham and you'll have him fucking you five nights a week."

She clapped her hands together in delight. "Oh, do you think so?"

"Yes, I do. I know I would, wouldn't be able to keep my hands off you."

She looked at him from under lowered eyelids and she asked curiously. "Did I suck you as good as your wife does?"

Jack thought for a moment and then nodded. "Yes." He realised he was being a little bit disloyal

towards his wife, but right then he didn't care. "You were every bit as good and she has had a lot of experience." He added thinking about all the times she had sucked him to completion and swallowed his cum.

Wendy leant across the car and kissed him on his cheek, her lips barely making contact. He could smell the faint musky smell of his spunk on her breath. "Thank you. It wasn't as bad as I thought it was going to be." She licked her lips, her tongue tracing the outline. "No, it wasn't anywhere near as bad. I think I am going to like doing it after all."

Their shift ended and they parted for their off duty period. Jack surprised Marie by wanting to make love several times during the first afternoon. He even had her suck him while they were out in their car. The kid was at school and they had gone grocery shopping. He had pulled over and stopped under a tree. He had unzipped his pants and pulled out his hardening cock. "What the hell has come over you?" she had asked, somewhat surprised at his increased ardour.

"Come on," he'd told her brashly. "Suck me off." He imagined Wendy with her head in his lap and shot his load into Marie's throat within a few seconds of her taking him in her mouth.

She started to get suspicious, but he passed off his horniness by telling her he found her

particularly attractive. Lucky for him she had been to the hairdressers, had changed her hairstyle, and was also trying out a new perfume. She was satisfied with his explanation and was pleased her new look had such an effect on him and put up with him wanting her over and over.

However, he could not wait to get back to work to start the next nightshift and quiz Wendy about her sex life.

Chapter 6

“Did you try out your new skills on Graham?” Jack asked as Wendy pulled out of the police car park and sped out to their patrol area.

She seemed subdued. “Well, no, not exactly.” She was almost inaudible, not her usual self and he wondered if she was sickening for something. “What do you mean not exactly?”

“Well...it’s...it’s what I did, we did, last stand down.” She stopped and was quiet for some time.

Unable to contain his patience Jack almost shouted. “What happened?”

Wendy hesitated again. She seemed reluctant to say anything.

“Wendy, for God’s sake.” Jack was beside himself at her hesitance. “What the hell happened?”

Wendy took a deep breath, steeling herself for what she was about to say. “I did it.” She kept her head averted from him. “I did it at last. I did what

Graham wanted."

"You did what?" Jack growled, although he realized what she talking about and already his cock twitched in anticipation.

"I sucked Graham and had a threesome...well it was a foursome actually," she told him.

"Oh my God, you did it, you really did it, and had another man, err, men, as well." Jack was excited. "That's awesome. Tell me how it happened." She frowned and looked at him. He quickly added, "Only if you want to, that is."

"Sure, I'll tell you, I don't mind. I guess it happened quite by accident."

"Yes, yes, go on," he insisted, anxious to hear all the sexy details.

"Well, Graham, and his friends, Peter, Jerry and Brian, were going to get together for a game of poker. It was a regular thing. They get together for a game every couple of weeks or so. I was going to go to Brian's house for a girly chat with his wife Brenda something I always did when they played cards. Anyway she called up at the last minute to say their baby was sick and Brian, the only married guy, apart from Graham of course, wouldn't be coming over after all and asked would I mind not going to her house." Wendy turned the patrol car into Carr Avenue. "Well, that left Graham, Peter and Jerry without a fourth for poker and me all dressed up and nowhere to go."

"What were you wearing?" Jack said, trying to build an erotic picture of her of her in his mind.

She thought for a few moments. "I had a nice silky blouse and a short skirt—well it was two or three inches above my knees. Not really short by today's standards, I guess, but it was short for me."

"What were you wearing underneath?" Jack asked, even though he knew her underwear would be flimsy and sexy.

Wendy looked at him curiously. "Why?"

Jack shrugged as though unconcerned. "Oh, I'm just interested, that's all, trying to get an overall picture of the scene," he lied.

"Oh okay. Well, I had on a very pretty lacy bra and panties set, oh and hold-up stockings. I hate tights."

He hated tights on a woman, too, but Marie wore them all the time even though he had hinted enough times for her to wear stockings. "I hate tights as well," he told her.

"Yes they are quite ugly and I really love pretty underwear."

I knew it, thought a delighted Jack. "Yes, we know you do," he interrupted before he could stop himself.

"What do you mean, we know?"

"What? Oh, nothing," he tried to pass it off.

But she was not to be put off and persisted,

"Jack, what do you mean, *we* know?"

Jack groaned, now he had let the cat out of the bag. "At the station, we all know how you love pretty underwear," he blustered, wishing he had kept his damn mouth shut and not interrupted.

"But how do you know?" A note of annoyance crept into her voice.

Jack realised she wouldn't let it go until he told her. He indicated the gap between her buttons through which he could see the swell of her breast covered by the delicate lace of her bra. "That's how we know," he said lamely, his face flushing red in embarrassment.

Wendy looked down at her shirt and grinned, her anger abating. "Oh is that all. At least it gives everyone something to talk about when I'm not there. I always wondered why I was always the driver."

"Anyway," he tried to get her back on track. "Wasn't this outfit a bit, well, you know, a bit sexy for a simple visit to a friend's house?"

Wendy didn't answer. She negotiated a roundabout before she answered. "I suppose it was, but I didn't think of it at the time because I liked it." She turned into Wilson Avenue and pulled to a stop under a tree with branches spread almost to the other side of the road. She switched off the engine and lights and sat silent for a few moments.

Jack could hear the engine ticking as it cooled. "Then what happened?"

"Don't be so impatient. I'm telling you what happened."

"Sorry," he said contritely, determined to stop interrupting her.

"As I said Graham and his pals were without a fourth for poker and me with nowhere to go. Then Peter said I could sit in, make up the fourth hand. Graham told them that I would be hopeless at poker. I rose to the challenge, of course, and told them that I'd beat the pants off them. So, with reluctance they let me join the poker group."

Jack did not say anything and Wendy carried on absently. To Jack it seemed as though she was talking about someone else. "We played for pennies for a while and I drank some white wine. The guys drank beer. Eventually I lost my money. I asked Graham for some from his pile of winnings, but he told me it was bad luck to have your own money playing against you. However, I thought I had a good hand so I protested that I needed something to bet with. Then Jerry declared, *she could bet her bra*. I know he said it for a joke because he laughed, but I believed my hand would win, so I didn't think I'd lose my bra, it wasn't really under threat. At least I didn't think so at the time. *It's a bet* I told them in fine gambling style." She stopped for a few seconds,

thinking.

Before he could say anything, the radio directed them to a house on the next street. A prowler had been seen in the back garden. Without switching on the siren, Wendy drove round to the house and pulled to a stop outside. Jack leapt out and rang the doorbell. This was the last thing he wanted. He was about to hear all about his partners foursome and now he had to deal with a suspected prowler.

The occupant opened the door and led them through the house to the rear garden. It was big, about an acre in extent and was covered in shrubs. Jack groaned under his breath, unhappy. We'll never find the prowler in this lot, he thought, too many hiding places. Wendy's revelations were getting further away by the minute. However, they crept cautiously through the shrubbery, bush after bush and tree after tree. Then they found the prowler hiding in the summerhouse. When the man realised he was in danger of imminent arrest he tried to run for it. Jack gave chase and brought the man down with a rugby tackle. Wendy slapped the handcuffs on him.

Back at the station, he handed the prisoner over to the duty CID officer along with a duffle bag that seemed to contain a number of silver items. Must be the results of his burglaries, Jack thought. He and Wendy compiled their reports and by the time they had finished their shift was over.

Jack had been very aroused at Wendy's erotic tale and could not get his over active mind off her losing her bra. The following nightshift Jack drove, in a hurry to get away from the station. "Carry on with your tale." He shook with excitement when he had parked the vehicle in the trading estate

"Okay. Where was I? How far had I got."

"You were about to bet your bra on a good hand."

"Oh yes, so I was. Yes, I remember. Jerry had told me I could bet my bra on the hand."

"Well, did you take it off then?" He was impatient and stared across the car at his partner. However, her blonde hair hung down hiding her face, and he couldn't see her expression.

Wendy shook her head. "No, not at first. I sat there expecting to be able to keep playing, but they told me I had to put my bet in the pot. Anyway, I managed to unclip it, wriggled it off, and pulled it out of my sleeve. I felt naked without it on. My boobs jiggled and my nipples got hard. If it had been easy to put it back on, I would have."

"Why didn't you?" asked Jack, imagining her boobs jiggling in front of him. He'd not be able to play cards under those circumstances. "After all, you didn't have to go through with it, did you? It was only a game of cards. You could have gone and read a book or something."

"Yes, I know that. I don't know why I kept going, but I did."

"Go on." Jack started to feel aroused, as his cock tented his pants. He prayed that they wouldn't get a call to attend an incident. It would be embarrassing to stand, checking someone or making an arrest, with a boner for all to see.

Wendy continued with her tale. "Well, I didn't back out. I took a deep breath and decided after all, it was only a pair of boobs and all the guys had seen boobs before, you know, on the beach, although they had not seen mine, of course. I felt a bit funny in my stomach and rather naughty when I dangled it from my fingers. I flaunted it, like I was a stripper. I almost swung it round my head but stopped myself just in time. I had never done anything like that before and I was very conscious of the guys looking at my nipples, which had become very erect and poking forward under my blouse. However, a bet was a bet and I placed my bra on the table with a flourish to hide my embarrassment, but it didn't work. My face was all hot and I thought I was having a flush. My heart thumped so loud in my ears I couldn't hear what they were saying."

"I bet. Were you drunk?"

"I'd had several glasses of wine and, yes, I was tipsy but not drunk." She paused.

"Go on, go on."

"I'm getting there, Jack. Hold your horses. Naturally the hand wasn't as good as I'd thought and I lost." She stopped and sat silent for so long Jack thought she had gone to sleep.

"What happened next?" he prompted.

She took a deep breath, and started talking again, "Well, every time I moved I could feel my boobs jiggling about beneath my blouse and I could feel the fabric rubbing against my nipples keeping them hard. I was ashamed that I began to enjoy the boys looking at them every time I reached for the cards. I won a couple of hands then which gave me a confidence boost. Several hands and several more glasses of wine later, I thought I had another perfect hand. I had run out of money again so I told them that I'd bet my knickers, stupid of me, I know, but that's what I said. Nobody spoke when I reached under my skirt and slid them off and put them on the pot in the middle of the table." She stopped and was quiet for a few moments.

Jack remained silent, biting his tongue, not wanting to break into the erotic tension that filled the patrol car. The radio had also been kind and quiet and he hoped it would stay that way for a while longer.

Then she went on, "I hadn't noticed before how very flimsy my knickers were, not until they guys were looking at them. The gusset was quite wet,

very wet, and I could smell myself on them so I was sure they could, too. I wished I hadn't been so rash after all. However, it was too late they were there, on the table, for them all to see. As you might have guessed, I lost the hand again. I think Peter won. He raked the pot towards him and placed my knickers on the top of his winnings, watched by the others. I could see the wet patch on them I was sure everyone else could, too. I started to feel ashamed that I could have been so wet, so aroused and I wondered if Peter could smell them."

Jack swallowed hard. "Were you aroused then?" The thought of his partner being aroused and wetting her pussy drove him mad, making his cock stiffen even more.

Wendy thought for a minute and then nodded. "I suppose I was. I'm not sure whether it was fear or not, anyway a tremble went over my whole body and I had a pain in my stomach so I guess I must have been aroused. It's a long time since I have had a feeling that intense."

"But what on earth were you playing at? After all you had said an emphatic no to a threesome, yet here you were playing erotic games with your husband and two other guys." He was amazed at what she told him.

"I don't know. It was like a compulsion, I felt powerless to stop. Something kept me going

forward with no chance of going back. Anyway, Graham was very quiet. The pain in my stomach got worse. I kept trembling so much I thought I would throw up. I think I found it very exciting, or perhaps I was just frightened, I don't know, sitting there knowing, it was only my short skirt that covered my pussy. I lost another hand, run out of money again and had to bet my blouse." She licked her lips. "Oh, I knew I should have called a halt to it all right there and then, but I felt incapable of stopping. The ache in my gut got worse and I had trouble controlling my heartbeat which went so fast I almost fainted. I put the blouse on the table then lost it and then I was stupid because I bet my skirt, and lost." She stopped for a second, a faraway look in her eyes. "I did wonder if they were cheating me somehow, but I couldn't see how they could. Anyway, there I was, naked, except for my stockings." She stopped and took a deep breath.

"Please, go on," said Jack urgently while easing his pants against his growing erection.

"Okay. Well anyway, Graham asked me to get them some more beer. I know it was a kind of a dare from him, another challenge. While seated, the table covered me from the waist down, but once I stood, I'd be on display to them all. He didn't think I would do it, but I showed him. I took him up on his dare and got up. The guys

stared at me like they'd never seen a naked woman before when I went to the fridge for their beer. I was very conscious of the fact they could see my naked pussy and tits. The air was cool on the juices coating my pussy lips. I was sure the liquid ran down my thighs, but I didn't dare look. God, I'd never been so wet before, ever. I opened the beer and passed them out, walking round the table to put their drinks alongside each of them."

"You are such a horny little tease." Jack admired her nerve and wondered if his wife would be brave enough to do the same thing. "I'm proud of you."

"It wasn't intentional," her voice was throaty.

He wondered if she was getting as aroused as he was.

"I would never do that. Well, perhaps it was a little bit intentional, but I'm not usually like that. Anyway, I blame the wine."

"No, of course you're not, but you were getting into it, though, weren't you? God, I would have loved to have seen that."

"I suppose I was really. I must admit I was beginning to find it very exciting. There I was, little me, giving three men an erection. I could see the bulges in their pants. Something I never dreamed possible the day before. Three men finding me so sexually exciting was a strong kind of buzz and I imagined I could do anything. The

guys had stopped playing with their money started betting with their own clothes. I won the next two hands and grew confident when I won my knickers back. I was incredibly naughty and so very daring and very, very, excited, when I left them on the table instead of putting them back on."

"Do you mean you were getting horny?" Jack's cock hurt, but he wanted her to tell him how aroused she was.

"Of course I did, silly. What do you think? Yes, Jack, I was excited by this time. I'd never been that hot before and would have done anything by then. I felt so weak and had the trembles again. In fact, I could hardly hold the cards. Anyway, to go on, I had a good hand again, or so I thought. I pushed my blouse and panties into the pot and the bets got higher. I bet my stockings next and then I had nothing left to bet. I still thought they were tricking me, but by now, I didn't care. It was far too exciting. Graham told me to bet something or fold. It was like it was someone else talking from a distance when I heard myself say, *alright, alright, keep your shirt on. I'll bet one blowjob on this hand.* Well, there was a silence you could have cut with a knife, I can tell you."

"Wow." Jack was amazed and delighted by his partner's daring. "You actually said that? You offered a blow job against your cards?" His cock

had stiffened to a full-blown erection and he wondered how he could ease his pants without making it obvious to his partner.

Wendy nodded. "Yes, stupid of me I know. I could have bitten my tongue off I can tell you, but it was too late. I'd bet it. There was silence round the table, and I was almost in a trance when I stood and got some paper and a pen. My pussy was so wet by then that my juices did run down my thighs."

"Hell," Jack's voice cracked, thick with arousal. "That would have been something to see."

She looked at him from under lowered lashes. "Why?"

He coughed and spluttered. "A man likes to see a woman aroused and leaking. It's a big turn on. An aroused woman smells so good, too."

"Do you like to see it then?"

"Oh yeah, you bet I do," he croaked.

"Does your wife get wet when she gets aroused?"

"Yes, but not as wet as you seem to get."

"God, it is so embarrassing." She rubbed her hands over her face.

"There is no need to feel embarrassed. It's quite natural, you know." He licked his lips. "And don't forget, you are turning men on so you are doing your bit to keep us men interested in women."

"Yes, I suppose so," she said, "but I can't help

it. I'm not used to it."

"You're going to get used to it from now on, I guess." Jack imagined her getting it from Graham every night now that her libido had been released.

"Oh yes, I suppose so." She thought for a second. "Now, where was I?"

"You were betting a blow job on a good hand," Jack reminded her.

"So I was. With very, very shaky hands I wrote, I owe you one blowjob on the paper and put it in the pot. Well, you might have guessed by now, I lost. Peter won the hand. He looked very shy when he told me I didn't have to honour the bet. Graham interrupted and said that I should always pay my gambling debts. I guess it was another dare from him because I'm sure he didn't think I would have the nerve to do it. I'll show you I thought to myself then I was rather naughty and with my head up I stared at him and, said I always paid my gambling debts. I think it was at that point I knew for sure I was about to be fucked by all three of them before the evening was over."

Wendy took a deep breath before continuing. Jack squirmed in his seat until Wendy looked at him with a frown. "What's the matter with you, Jack? You're fidgeting like a cat on a hot tin roof."

"Nothing's the matter," he lied. "Please go on."

"I should have backed out and I could have. I'm sure they wouldn't have blamed me, except

Graham of course. I'd never have ever heard the end of it from him if I had reneged at that stage. However, I was gone by that time and in a strange way, I was looking forward to the experience. I'm ashamed to say I took the lead, grabbed Peter's hand and led him to the sofa. By then I had become so excited at the thought of having their three cocks inside me, fucking me. Peter had on a pair of boxers, which I dragged down to his ankles. His cock was very hard and it was huge, much larger than when I saw him in the shower the other night."

Jack spluttered. "What? What do you mean you saw him in the shower?"

"Peter has stayed in our guest room several times and, once when he was in the shower, he'd left the door open a little and I'd peeked in. I'm not into voyeurism, but I was curious and couldn't help looking."

"Did you like what you saw?" Jack could imagine her peeping at her houseguest, perhaps fingering herself while she watched and he wondered if seeing him naked had aroused her. His cock was uncomfortable against the harsh confines of his pants. His arousal increased even more by Wendy's story until he didn't think his cock could get any harder. He shifted in his seat trying to ease the pressure against it.

"It was nice." She sounded like she talked

about a pleasant summer's day.

"Nice?" Jack was astonished. "I've not heard of a girl peeping at a naked man and calling it *nice* before. Did you watch him for long?" he asked, wishing it were him she had been watching in the shower. He would have wanked for her. He wished he could wank now to ease the pressure on his balls.

"Just for a few minutes. I don't remember." She seemed somewhat embarrassed at telling Jack she had a sneaky look at a man in the shower.

"Did it turn you on? Did you finger yourself while you watched him?"

"No." Her hair had fallen across her face and she brushed it back. "I was only curious. And, no, Jack, sorry to disappoint you, I didn't finger myself."

Damn, Jack thought, he would have liked her to have been aroused enough to touch herself. That would have turned him on even more. "Please go on with your story."

"I will if you stop interrupting me," she purred in her throat. "Now, what was I saying?"

"You were about to give Peter a blow job." Jack thought if he didn't do something about his erection soon he would explode. He was close to cumming and wondered if he would cum without touching himself. How embarrassing would that be, he thought.

"Oh yes, so I was." She smiled at him. "There I was on my knees in front of a man with an enormous erection. It was right in front of my eyes and my husband and his friend were watching us."

"Was that turning you on?" Jack was unable to keep his mouth shut. "You know, them watching you."

"Yes, it was." She frowned. "Will you be quiet and let me tell you what happened?"

"Yes, sorry," he grunted easing his pants and giving his cock a surreptitious squeeze. The spunk churned in his balls making them ache like crazy.

"Anyway, I put both my hands round his cock and there was still room for another one. There was loads of pre-cum oozing from the tip and running down the sides of it. I was apprehensive and perhaps there was just a little, no, a lot, of excitement at what I was about to do. I'd never dreamt of entertaining another man, let alone doing it in front of my husband and a third man. It was like I was in a dream and watching someone else doing it from a distance. I placed my hands around his cock. God he was big." Wendy licked her lips.

Perhaps she's remembering the taste, Jack thought.

"Well, I took a deep breath and put my mouth down to Peter's cock and put my lips around the

tip. I had difficulty getting the head of it all in my mouth. Graham and Jerry were watching. I moved my hands up and down and wanked Peter into my mouth. I have to thank you for your expert tuition, because I did it just like you taught me and straight away, Peter pushed his hips forward and exploded into my mouth."

Jack waved his hand in dismissal. "It was nothing," his voice was husky with his arousal. "I'm glad to have been of help."

"It was over so fast. Do men always cum so quickly?" Wendy asked looking at him with raised eyebrows.

Jack gulped, thinking he would have cum quickly himself if he had been in the same position as Peter. "No, not always, sometimes they last for ages, it depends on the circumstances. Please don't stop now, go on with your story."

Wendy glanced across at him but went on, "I could not believe myself. Here I was letting Graham's friend empty his balls into my throat while Graham watched. There was cum all over my mouth, running down my chin and dripping on my tits. God, he cum loads and loads. Graham and Jerry had their cocks out and their pants round their ankles. They were masturbating themselves furiously beside me. I felt dizzy and amazed at the power my mouth had had over Peter. I looked into Graham's eyes, opened my

mouth and let him see all Peter's cum there and then I deliberately swallowed it. That was it for Graham because he ejaculated without warning and shot his cum all over my tits. You were right. Letting men see cum in my mouth does turn them on. I couldn't believe it, but Peter was still hard. I put my mouth over him again and he groaned.

"Then I felt a cock pushing into me from behind and looked back, there was Jerry fucking me doggie fashion. He was like a crazy man. It was wonderful. Then Graham grabbed hold of Peters cock, masturbated him and pulled him towards my mouth. Next thing I remember I was lying on my back with Jerry's cock up my ass, Peter's cock in my pussy and Graham's cock in my mouth. He knelt astride my head and I sucked him. Then my own orgasm approached like an express train. That's the only way I can describe it. Every inch of my body tingled. I felt as though I had been electrified, God, what a feeling it was. I had cum and cum and cum. It went on forever and I threshed about like a mad thing the whole time, like a bitch in heat, that's what Graham told me afterwards. Then once-a-month-Graham grunted that he was coming again. That was a first for him. Once he has cum that's it for another month.

"He was about to pull out of my mouth so I put my hands on his bum and pulled him in deeper, holding him there with my arms about him. I

looked up into his eyes and sucked for all my worth. You taught me well for he shot his load into my throat. I held him in my mouth until he had softened and I let it slide from between my lips. Graham stared at all the spunk over my mouth and then bent down and kissed me on the lips, his tongue tasting his own cum and cleaning it from my mouth and face. That was so erotic and I began to get excited all over again.

"Then Jerry crouched in front of me and I sucked him for a while. Peter took a turn fucking me from behind, doggie fashion. That was so wonderful to be filled with a cock as large as Peter's. God, it felt like I was almost being split in two. Graham lay underneath us and licked my clit while Peter's cock pushed into me above his head. My whole body was covered in Goosebumps and each one of those was a pleasure zone. Yet another orgasm went through me. I say another orgasm only to distinguish that particular feeling from all the others that raced through me nonstop, some more intense than others. I found it so erotic the orgasm increased in intensity until I was weak and almost unable to stay on my hands and knees.

"Then Peter ejaculated again. I could feel his cock throbbing inside me and with each throb, I'm sure I could feel a jet of his semen banging against the walls of my cunt until he was done. Then I knelt astride Graham's face and let him lick up all

the spunk running from me, pushing my knees apart so I was opened wide for him and his tongue could go in deeper. I pressed myself down onto his mouth and rubbed my pussy all over his face until he was covered with cum." Wendy stopped and looked across the car. "How many times can a man shoot before he's had enough?"

Jack shrugged. "I guess it depends on the man. Some men can shoot a number of times, one after the other, while others, like me, need at least an hour's rest, sometimes longer, before reloading."

"Really?" She raised her eyebrows in wonder. "How strange."

"Yes, from my point of view," he told her, "it depends how many times I have had sex in the previous few days."

Wendy nodded, satisfied that Jack's explanation had answered her question. "Anyway, when we finished fucking, the boys left after thanking Graham and me for a great game of poker. Huh, Poker, damn game should be renamed poke her. Anyway, I would have called it straight forward fucking. My face was hot and I'm sure a bright red when I faced Graham over breakfast in the morning. I was so embarrassed, but he was excited he couldn't stop talking about it. He was like a little boy who had been given his dream present. Now he wants to do it again, but make a video of the whole scene."

"Now that is one video I'd really like to see," Jack interrupted.

"I'm not sure about the video, I don't know who he'd show it too, but I do feel a bit excited about the prospect of repeating the experience though at the same time little frightened, too. It was fine so long while it was something that happened on impulse like it did that night, but I'm not sure about arranging to do it." Wendy stopped and neither of them spoke for some minutes, even the radio remained silent. Then she stirred and went on, "Anyway, the following night I told Graham how great it had been to have Peter fuck me, how wonderful and big his cock was. When I told him I wished he, Graham, had a cock that was big like Peters, he got so excited he took me right there on the living room floor. I guess he is going to be more interested in me in the future." Wendy leaned across the car and gave Jack a kiss on the cheek. "Thank you, Jack. It's your expert tuition that made it all possible."

"Christ." Jack eased his pants. "That was the most erotic, mind blowing story I have ever heard. You have given me a boner and an ache in my balls you wouldn't believe."

Wendy glanced at his lap and her eyes widened. "Oh, Jack, I'm so sorry. I didn't intend making you horny. It is very inconsiderate of me. I wasn't thinking." She looked at him, her cheeks

bright red with embarrassment. "Can I do anything for you?"

Jack shook his head. "I guess not, Wendy," he told her, his resolve weakening. "After all, we're both married. It would be wrong, wouldn't it?"

"You could teach me a little bit more, give me some practice, and make me better at it so it would help me with Graham, wouldn't it?"

"Well, I imagine so. I guess we could do it after all, but only in the interest of making you good at it, you understand," he sighed. "Now, if you take my cock in your hand and..."

Wendy tugged down Jack's zipper and her cool hands eased his stiff cock from his pants. He sighed when she lowered her head to his lap and parted her soft lips. He realised it would not be many seconds before she had another taste of his hot spunk. It was only in the interests of making her a better fellator for her husband to enjoy, he gave himself the excuse of helping a fellow officer out of a predicament.

Wendy lifted her head from his cock and groaned. "Goddamn it, this brake lever, it's killing me," she moaned rubbing her ribs where the offending article had been digging into her.

"We could get into the rear of the vehicle," Jack prompted her.

"What a good idea, Jack," she cried in delight. "I was going to suggest it, but I didn't want you to

think I was a slut."

Jack gulped. "God, Wendy, I'd never ever think that of you."

They transferred to the rear of the vehicle and Wendy once more bent her head to his still hard cock.

Chapter 7

With great care, Wendy sucked Jack's cock into her mouth and traced her tongue around the head, savouring the slippery feel of his considerable pre-cum oozing from the end. Her own excitement mounted and she wanted him to touch her body, to run his hands over her tits, to pinch her nipples. However, most of all she wanted to feel his big cock inside her hot pussy, to feel him panting over her, to feel his cock throb when he shot his spunk into her. She knew he had plenty to give from when he had cum in her mouth. Her body ached for the feel of his hard cock, driving into her wet cunt, pushing at her innermost depths, driving her insane with uncontrollable lust.

Her sexuality had been woken by her experience with Graham, Peter and Jerry and she wanted more of it, a lot more. She guessed that Jack would be an outstanding lover and her senses were at a fever pitch waiting for him to lose

control and fuck her, to ravage her, to slide his cock into her until she screamed in ecstasy. She had longed for him since they had first become partners. She renewed her attention on his cock, her hands tugging at him, her head driving down upon him. His dick throbbed and she wanted to taste his hot cum once more, to have her mouth full of his juice so she could swallow it—and let him see her swallow it.

“Wendy,” Jack’s voice was husky with arousal.

“Mmmmmm?” she mumbled from around his cock.

“I want to fuck you.” He sounded almost afraid to voice his thoughts, terrified she would be offended and stop her attention to his erection.

She let his cock slip from between her lips and sat up. “At last,” she whispered in his ear. “I didn’t think you would ever ask. Oh, Jack, it will be so nice. No, you stay where you are.” She stopped him when he started to get up. “I’ll go on top. I like it better that way.” She reached under her uniform skirt and pulled down her knickers, lifting her feet so she could slide them off.

Jack reached for her hand, lifted her knickers to his nose and sniffed. “God,” his eyes closed when her aroma assailed his nostrils. “God, you smell wonderful and so—so—female and incredibly sexy.”

“Hush,” she whispered and swung her leg over

him, holding his cock in her hand and guiding him into her. His cock penetrated her, sliding easily on her slippery juices. She lowered herself onto him until he was inserted to his balls. She moved her hips to get the most from his penetration, sliding back and forth, grinding down on him for her utmost satisfaction. Goddamn it, she thought, he is every bit as wonderful as I knew he was going to be.

"Wendy," Jack panted, lifting his hips to meet her downward thrusts.

"What, is it now?" Her body bent over him in delight. She continued to slide her hips back and forth, savouring the depth of feeling produced by his great length.

"I want to see your tits."

She, sat up, her head bent against the roof of the car and undid her shirt, slipping it from her shoulders.

Jack gasped when he saw the delicate piece of lace she called a bra. It left so little to the imagination and barely covered her near perfect breasts. He reached up and cupped them in his hands, enjoying the heavy feel of the firm round globes. He pinched her nipples through the fabric making her gasp. "Sorry, did I hurt you?"

"Oh God, no." She was ecstatic. "It was wonderful. Do it again."

He obliged, eliciting further groans of delight

from her. "Take it off," his voice struggled with the words. He tugged at the bra, anxious to see her tits in their full, unconstrained glory.

Wendy obliged, reaching behind her awkwardly to unclip the strap. Then her tits were free. She slung the bra onto the front seat.

"Oh Jesus Christ," he cried again, his breath catching in his throat. He stared at them in the dim light. "I knew they'd be perfect, and they are."

A smile of contentment spread across her face. "Thank you, Jack."

He trailed his fingers over the round globes and across the hardness of her nipples, sending shivers of delight racing across her skin. He tweaked and pinched them in his fingers. Her desire increased and she moaned. She raised her body, arching her breast toward Jack's mouth, holding one in her hand, squeezing it so the nipple swelled between her fingers, guiding it toward his mouth. He put his mouth on the offered nipple and sucked it between his lips. She raised and lowered herself on him, her movements getting faster, her head banging unheeded against the roof of the patrol vehicle.

The radio burst into life. "135, where are you?"

But they were so far gone into their desire to hear it.

"The sergeant is making his rounds. 135, where

are you?"

"Oh God, I'm cumming," Wendy breathed and she slid across Jack's body, her hips pushing hard down upon him to extract every inch, every fraction of length he had to give, scooting her hips forward to ensure the base of his cock rasped across her clit. "Yes," she cried. "Yes, yes, right nowwww." She plunged her tongue into his mouth and he sucked on it until he thought she would reach his tonsils with it.

Jack didn't want to cum in her pussy. He wanted it to last longer, much longer and he wanted more. "Quick, let's do a 69, I want to taste your cum."

She swung her body round until her pussy was poised above his mouth. He reached up to her delightful bottom and pulled her down to his waiting tongue. God, he thought when the juices from her pussy dripped onto his face, she's right, her juices do run from her. She was very wet and so sweet. Jack gulped, licked, and swallowed until he thought he was drowning in her nectar. His tongue sought her clit.

"Argh," she cried and pushed her pussy harder against his mouth. "That's it. That's it. Oh God, I'm cumming again already." Then she could say no more. She plunged her head down hard on his cock, driving it almost to her throat. Jack could feel his spunk rising to the surface and, unable to

stop himself, shot his load into her willing mouth. He could feel her sucking every drop from him. She squeezed, pulled and sucked until there was no more cum to be had. She savoured his thick creamy taste until his cock at last softened and slipped from her mouth with a plop, a dribble of cum following. She licked it up.

Jack's mouth was still pressed tight to her pussy, his tongue rasping across her swollen clit. Wendy's orgasm swept through her, forcing a gush of her juices to flood from her and spread across Jack's face until he thought he was in heaven. She thrust her hips back and forth, fucking her cunt across his face, spreading her nectar over him.

Neither of them noticed the lights of the sergeant's car when he pulled alongside them. Nor did they notice the car door slam or his torch illuminating them when he shone it over the patrol officers.

Chapter 8

“Goddamn,” Sergeant Fellini muttered when he gazed in awe at the sight of his female officer on her hands and knees, her uniform skirt about her waist, her sweet and very naked derriere pointing to him through the window of the patrol car. He could see her pussy lips, wet and glistening between her thighs and Jack Burton’s face, his eyes closed and his mouth pressed against the delicious looking slit. “Goddamn, that is the sweetest sight I have seen for a long time. Holy shit, I gota get me some of that ass.”

He pulled down his zipper and pulled out his already stiffening cock. A few strokes with his fist and he rose to almost full hardness. He opened the car door. “Evening all.” The pair in the car jumped and started to untangle themselves. “No, don’t get up for me, stay as you are,” he ordered. He goggled at Wendy’s almost perfect heart shaped ass cheeks, her pretty pussy pouting from between them. “You’ll do fine the way you are.” It was

difficult, but he knelt into the car and pushed his now erect cock into the wet pussy before him, giving a deep sigh when the red-hot heat of her soft flesh enveloped his cock, something he had not had the pleasure of for a long time. He worked his hips back and forth, his breath rasping in his lungs. He wondered if he would be able to cum into this delightful pussy before he collapsed in exhaustion, after all he was not as virile as he once was. He had not had a woman since his wife died three years earlier.

He noticed that Burton's fingers were on Johnson's clitoris and each time he pushed forward, their action rubbed against the length of his cock. A not unpleasant feeling for the added sensation increased his lust. The excitement got too much for him and he started to ejaculate. His cock throbbed and he shot his spunk deep into Wendy's cunt. Yet, still, he worked his cock back and forth, pressing himself against Jack's fingers. He enjoyed the sensation, it was different to what he was used to and found that he longed for Burton to take his cock in his hand and masturbate it, or suck him, although he had never had a gay experience.

He thrust harder with his softening member, each thrust of his hips forcing his cum from Johnson's pussy to coat her lips in his creamy seed. He sighed in satisfaction for it had been a

long time since he had ejaculated so abundantly.

They sat, exhausted together on the rear seat of the patrol vehicle. Wendy between the two men with her legs wide apart, her hand on her cum soaked pussy, fingers stroking her clit, masturbating in front of them. The aftermath of her orgasm still rumbled through her body. Then she knelt up and kissed Jack on the lips. Her mouth was covered in his spunk and he licked at it with greedy abandon, something he had not done before and decided he would continue the practice with his wife. His cock stiffened again. Oh my God, he thought, I have never done it three times in so quick a time.

He watched as Wendy got on her hands and knees and placed her mouth over the sergeant's limp cock. She sucked it deep into her mouth until it hardened again, much to the Fellini's delight judging by the smile Jack could see on his face. Jack watched him lifting his hips to plunge his cock into Wendy's mouth. Then the sergeant placed his hand on the back of her head, holding it still, while he thrust with wild abandon into her mouth. His hips lifted and pushed forward as he drove his cock to her tonsils. Jack reached out and wanked Fellini's cock into Wendy's mouth.

"That's very nice, Burton, keep doing it," Fellini ordered.

The radio called. "Car 135, are you free?"

All three groaned in unison. They did not want to be interrupted, not while events were interesting. The sergeant reached into the front seat and without removing his dribbling cock from Wendy's hot mouth, he grabbed the microphone from its cradle. "Sergeant—Fellini—here," he gasped with some difficulty. Wendy was unable to prevent herself from giggling around the shaft of his cock. Her giggles sent delightful vibrations through him. "What? What is it?" he snapped into the mike.

"Are you all right, sergeant?" the disembodied voice queried. "You sound funny."

"Of course I am all right. What do you want?"

"The inspector wants a lift home. Is car 135 available?" the radio continued.

"Get another car to do it. Burton and Johnson are busy right now. They are engaged on a task for me."

"Yes, sarge," the radio crackled.

The sergeant resumed the fucking of his giggling junior officer's mouth until, with a delighted groan, he ejaculated against her tongue.

Then they were done.

"Get yourselves cleaned up and return to your patrol," the sergeant told them. He climbed from the car doing up his zipper.

"Yes, sergeant," they said in unison.

"And I don't want to hear about this—ever," he

growled.

"No, sergeant."

"And you are to concentrate on your patrol and start catching criminals. You are to stop engaging in this un-police officer like behaviour. Understood?"

"Yes, sergeant."

He got into his patrol car, wound down the window and stuck his head out. "Oh, Burton, just so you know, I am not gay."

"Of course not, sergeant."

"By the way," Fellini added. "The Inspector wants to see you both before you go off shift. I came here to tell you that. He wants to congratulate you on last night's arrest. The man you arrested was a notorious burglar wanted in several counties. He was the burglar responsible for the burglaries in Sandy Heights. Well done, that was a good bust. Don't forget see him before you go of shift."

"No, sergeant," they chorused, relieved that they were not in for a bollocking.

They watched him drive away. Jack turned to his partner. "Whew, I thought we'd had it when old man Fellini turned up."

"Yes," she replied with a glazed look in her eyes.

"That was some session, but I'm whacked right now."

"Me, too." She grinned at him, licking her lips where some spunk still adhered. "It was the most amazing thing I've ever done. It would be hard to top – and even harder to stop. I want to do it again and again."

"So do I," Jack told her, eyeing the spunk drying on her tits. "Shall we do it again now?"

She looked at her watch. "We don't have time. Our shift is almost finished. I wonder what it would be like to have five or six men at the same time," she mused, a faraway look in her eyes.

"You wouldn't dare." He was shocked and amazed at the change in her.

"Don't dare me, Jack." She was a confident woman, quite different from person who had first asked his advice. "Are you daring me?"

"God, no," he retorted with a wide grin. "I want you to myself. I don't want to share you with six other men. Come on, let's get cleaned up." He looked at her. "God, you are a bit of a mess," he told her. Her hair was in a tangle, she had no shirt or bra on and her skirt was about her waist, showing her naked pussy. "But I love it."

"Jack." She straightened her skirt. "I feel liberated. I didn't realise what I had been missing all this time. I wish I had spoken to you earlier."

"So do I."

She looked at him. "I read about something called *deep-throat*. Can you teach me how to do it

tomorrow night?"

"Of course I'll teach you," he replied with relish. Although, he thought, you came damn close to doing a deep throat on me tonight. He picked up her knickers, sniffed the sweet aroma of her on them and put them in his pocket. He grabbed her shirt from the floor of the car and gave it to her. "Get dressed and we'll finish what's left of this shift. Let's go and catch some criminals."

She grinned in delight. "That could be interesting. Handling a reluctant prisoner without having my panties on."

"I like that idea."

She rubbed her pussy. "I think I might leave them off in the future."

"I like that idea even more," he told her while thinking what an erotic sight it would be, a police officer minus her knickers. He had a feeling their shifts were going to become much more interesting.

He threw her the vehicle keys and grinned. "You drive."

About the Author

Patricia left England on a world tour when she met Ben, her husband to be, in Alice Springs in the heart of Australia. They married in Sydney and subsequently returned to England with a baby girl in 1966. Ben joined the Royal Air Force and they both travelled to far flung places such as Hong Kong, Cyprus, Borneo and the wilds of the west coast of Scotland at Machrihanish on the Mull of Kintyre. Patricia accompanied and supported Ben on his world trips. Ben retired after 22 years service and took up photography, operating his own studio undertaking commercial photography for clients such as Warwick Fabrics and local government departments. Patricia took up writing for pleasure and has had some success with several short stories published. They both now enjoy freelance stock photography and travel far and wide looking for *the* picture.