

I won't say that I've had the best of luck with cops, but... I certainly won't say that I've had the worst. I guess the best of luck would be never having to deal with one in a one-on-one situation, but, as good as you are in school, that never seems to happen. For example: I was never a bad kid, from kindergarten to elementary (though I once had to eat lunch in the principal's office because I wrote cuss words all over a teacher's paper and blamed it on a friend) to middle school to high school (even though my orchestra director once almost caught me and my boyfriend doing it in the practice room), so I thought - okay, I can follow the rules in school, I can follow the rules in life, right?

Well, as it turns out, there's a lot more rules in the real world than you'd think, and because of that, many of them are easily forgotten. Don't park here between *this* time and *that* time, don't park *there* ever, don't do *this* on *that* day, don't do this other thing if you meet this requirement, *do* do this thing if you *don't* meet this requirement... yeah. You know.

I don't know if you know me, but while I *can* drive (technically), I don't exactly *like* to. Because of that, I have two longboards, one working bike, one bike too small for me, a third bike with a broken front wheel that's also too small for me, as well as two roommates to drive me around if I ask nicely. I wanted to go into town one day to get some ice cream when both of my roommates were at work, so I thought, hey, I'll bring my bike and chain it up outside, it'll only take a few minutes. Besides, when I came by this ice cream place the other day but didn't have time to get anything, I saw that they had bubblegum flavor - and, *goddamn*, do I *love* me some bubblegum flavor...

The guy serving me the ice cream, a cute meerkat, was pretty nice: "hey! how are you today?", "will that do it for you today? I'd recommend the cotton candy flavor if you like bubblegum", "do you want extra gum chunks on top?" (which of course I said yes to), and then right when I was about to pay, he put a paw out against mine, smiled, and said "Oh, there's no need for that - the person before you said she'd pay for whoever came after her." So, already my day was off to a good start; I sat in one corner of the shop eating the ice cream and chewing on the rather flavorful gum bits inside, and when I was done, threw the cup away and went back outside to get my bike...

...and saw a police officer, a tall doberman lady, standing nearby with one of those little pads of paper in her paw, scribbling something down.

Shit.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! Hey! What're you-"

As soon as I stepped out of the shop, my exit announced by the cute little twingling of the bell above the door, her ears perked straight up, her little stub-tail gave a flick, and then a moment later she turned to face me. I promptly forgot what I was going to finish that sentence with when I felt the gaze of red - yes, bright crimson - eyes on me, looking me up and down, *judging me*.

Already I could tell that this was one bitch I did not want to fuck with. I mean, that's usually a given for police officers, but even more with this one.

"Is this your bicycle, sir?" she asked me, in a smooth, even tone. Hers was the sort of voice that commanded attention and obedience no matter how calm it was.

I swallowed. "Um... yes, it is."

"Yes?"

Crimson eyes- "Yes, ma'am."

"Are you aware that you're not permitted to park a vehicle in this spot?"

I looked between her and my bike. It was chained to the trunk of a thin tree that some designer though would look good in the middle of the brick sidewalk. "It's... a bike?"

"A bicycle is still considered a vehicle - you can ride it on the road, yes?"

"Yes..."

"Yes?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Mhmm." She tapped her pencil against the pad of paper, standing with her weight on one leg, between me and my bike. I wouldn't have had time to unchain it and ride off even if I tried - and her being a doberman, she could probably chase me down before I could get up to any respectable speed. "What's your name?"

"Lukas."

"Lucas..."

"With a K."

I assume that's what she then wrote down. Afterwards, she flicked those eyes again up to me, though kept her muzzle directed toward the paper. "Last name?"

"Kawika - that's K-A-W-I-K-A... why do you need my name?"

"Writing you a ticket. What do you think?"

"Wait-"

"Hm." I will admit, she *did* look spiffy in a uniform, the same shadow-black as most of her short fur... hers had a tight fit as well, bringing out the curves around her considerably-sized breasts as well as the inward curve from her chest above her hips, and then the shape of her legs too... with those eyes of hers, I almost felt that she'd been sizing me up in much the same way since I first stepped outside. "...If you knew about that law, would you have still parked your bike here?"

'Parked your bike'. Such a silly phrase. "I don't suppose so..."

"You don't suppose so?"

"No."

She lifted her eyebrows. "No?"

"No, ma'am."

"...I assume you'd like to have this forgiven, then, as you didn't know?"

"Of course-"

-eyes-

"...yes, ma'am."

"Mhmm. Mister... Kawika..." She looked from the paper, to me, to my bike, back to me. "Have you had any other... *warnings* or *infringements*?"

Well, I would if I'd been caught... "Um... no. Ma'am. No, I don't think so, ma'am."

"Hmm." I still had no idea what her name was, and the light glinted off her badge just right so I couldn't tell from here - though I almost felt like it wouldn't be right, or it'd be rude somehow, for me to ask. I felt like she's have to call on me to speak, like back in elementary school. She flipped through her little pad. "...Oh. Look at that. Says here that you have one count of indecent exposure and one of resisting arrest..."

...okay, the indecent exposure one doesn't surprise me, even though I've never had a run-in with a police officer in this city before - and certainly not this one - but... resisting arrest?

"Ma'am, I - don't think that's-"

"No, no, says right here, 'Lukas'... what's your middle name?"

"Uh-"

“‘Lukas Kawika, June 4th, 2014’. What were you doing that night?”

“I - don’t -”

“Resisting arrest means... well, automatic arrest.”

“Miss, I don’t think-”

She unhooked a pair of handcuffs from her side and started coming towards me. “Don’t make this two counts, Mister Kawika.”

So, of course, I acquiesced. I’m a good boy - who am I to question authority, really, especially when authority has far more power over my own life than I do? Thankfully, a scene wasn’t made and I ended up being handcuffed fairly quickly - if roughly: the officer bent me over so that her heavy breasts weighed down on my shoulders and so I could feel her breath on my ear as she cuffed me - and led off to her cruiser, a little bit down the street. I still didn’t know exactly why I was being arrested, but hey, that’s what lawyers are for, right?

Along the way, she looked back at me through that weird metal mesh-cage-thing separating the front of the cruiser from the back, keeping us wild boys apart from the cops. “What do you have to say for yourself?”

“I have to say: I think you’re a liar, because I’ve never done anything illegal.” Nothing that she’d have heard about, at least. “Hell, I’ve never even fucking-”

“Language.”

“-seen you before. Why would *my* name be in *your*... little... hit book or whatever?...” I huffed a sigh. “... I don’t wanna go to jail.”

“We all have to do things we don’t want to.”

“You sound like my mother. ...Earlier, you mentioned something about... having this forgiven?”

“That’s correct.”

“How would I... go about doing that?”

She didn’t give me an answer, but pulled into a different lane as soon as I’d said that. A little bit later, she’d drive back into a part of the city I’d never been in before, and soon pulled up behind what looked like an empty office building. Jesus - was I about to get beaten?

She glanced back at me in the mirror again. “Get out of the car.”

"I - can't, I-"

But, she knew, and got out herself and came around to let me out. I scrambled to my feet, a little unbalanced due to not being able to use my paws, and stood there with her nearby. She stood about a whole head taller than me, and looked a bit more muscled than I was while still retaining the same lithe form. "So you wanna be forgiven?"

"Yes..."

"Yes?"

I sighed. "Yes, ma'am."

She took hold of the collar of my shirt, easily lifting me with one paw and moving me around so my back was to the car. "Good. 'Cause I want to forgive you."

Here, I finally managed to get a look at her badge. "Ah - Julia-"

"Officer Hartschwanz to you, Mister Kawika."

"Officer - *what*-"

She kept me pressed against the car with the side of her body while fishing a *second* pair of handcuffs off of her other side, which she then attached to my current pair and then the windshield wipers of the car. Sure, I could rip free if I really wanted, but *that* seemed rude. God, I hoped my bike was okay. "I'm giving you a chance, Lukas."

"What the hell- are you-"

A sharp look silenced me and caused my ears to lower. I was seriously starting to have my doubts and suspicions, but I was in no position to complain - and besides, being told so forcefully by a woman what do was... well, it was doing *something* to me. Apparently she had the same thought on her mind, because next thing I knew, her paws were at the front of my pants undoing my fly. "I want to forgive you, Lukas... because... you're an otter, and..." She knelt down, at the same time tugging my pants down. Slight tent in the front of my underwear, boxer briefs, striped orange and olive-green - my favorite pair. I sure hoped she wasn't going to tear them off with her teeth, which I honestly wouldn't put past her. "...and I like otters."

"Are you even an actual cop?!"

"Of course I am. You act like you've never met a dog in heat..."

...Oh. That made sense. "So - you're just-"

“Quiet.”

I shut up. Meanwhile, she ran her nose up along the outline of my (steadily growing) erection in my underwear. I couldn't move my paws, due to being handcuffed to this fucking *car*, so all I could do was watch and wiggle as she did this, keeping her eyes forward and her nose focused on that one area. My heart skipped a beat when, suddenly, those red eyes were on my face again, and she leaned forward, took the waistband of my underwear between her teeth - of course - and tugged them down...

“Mm.” Goddammit. I was pretty fully hard thanks to all of this. She nuzzled up the underside of my length, sniffing it as she went and letting out hot exhalations over me. “Uncut, too. My favorite.”

“I’ve - been uncut all my life-”

“I said be quiet.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Julia resumed pressing her nose against my length, paying a bit of extra attention to the end, where my foreskin came just short of hanging over while hard. Cold nose, but a warm tongue soon took its place, poking and prodding and swirling around, causing the handcuffs to jingle with my wiggling against the car; she kept one paw firmly on my hip and the other at the base of my length as she played with me, wiggling her tongue under my foreskin or dragging it along the side or underside, nosing into my sack, tugging on it or some other part of my skin with her lips or gentle teeth, and - always watching my face with bright crimson eyes, the crimson of a burning hot stove, of the tongue of a cool flame.

All I could do was wiggle and grunt and breathe out hot little breaths. I didn't even notice when she reached down, undid her belt and pants, and started fingering herself - I only thought to look when I heard a few moans that probably weren't inspired only from her teasing this poor immobile otter with a raging boner. I *did* sorta want her to, y'know, go down on me, but... I didn't know what to expect. I mean, I couldn't *ask* - I felt like, if she had one, she'd have gagged me by now...

She sorta did, closing her lips around the head of my cock and slipping her tongue again against my head under my foreskin, which weakened my legs and almost seriously caused me to fall over. She nipped with her fangs, very, very softly, each time sending a little shiver up my back; she tugged with her lips, she suckled gently, she started to slowly, slowly dive down on me, but then always came back up right as I inadvertently began to thrust forward into her descending maw...

God, I was so damn *worked up*, each flick of her tongue or extra pressure of her lips making me arch my back and suck in another gasp, every little movement earning a forward buck (and probably another dribble of pre) from me. And - hell, my arms started to hurt-

Without warning, Julia straightened up, leaned over to undo the handcuffs - and bit my neck in the process, a bit harder than I'd expected (probably to assert her dominance or whatever), and then took a step back. "Get on the hood of the car."

I didn't question it. I didn't say anything. I reached back and pulled myself up onto the hood, then remained sitting there for further instruction.

"On your back."

I lay down, though had to wiggle and shift around a bit to find a comfortable position where I wasn't in immediate danger of sliding off. Of course, as soon as I stopped moving, she leaned back over to redo the cuffs, this time with one on each wrist with the other end again around the base of the windshield wipers, positioned so I couldn't just slide them off. I turned my head to one side to see what she was doing: she was fiddling with her own pants, a nice pair of what looked like a fine, tough black-dyed fabric. But - there was a lot more to admire than the material of her *pants*. After kicking those off, revealing a pair of smart blue panties she reached up to unbutton the top of her uniform... which also revealed a bra of the same juicy blue, but that didn't remain on for long.

I wanted to ask why she was stripping - for my viewing pleasure? I didn't get it - but held my tongue, and soon found out anyway: she deftly hopped up onto the hood of the car, causing the whole thing to lurch down underneath the force and weight, and clambered up over me so that her feet stood on either side of my head and those blue panties and what they hid hovered a few inches from my upward-facing muzzle. Her panties bore the fresh moisture of arousal, and from here, I could just barely pick up on her scent - which just made me even harder...

A sharp-clawed finger came down, lifted the front of her panties, pulled them to the side. Then, her voice from above me: "Kiss."

I leaned up, put my lips against hers - yeah, ha ha, funny - and pressed in, feeling the slick moisture of her arousal and getting a hint of her taste on my tongue. God, I wanted to dig my tongue in, wanted to - to *please* her, but-

As soon as I'd flicked my tongue out against her once, her paw was in the middle of my chest pushing me back down while she, too, slid down my body until she squeezed my hips between her knees. "You're a good, obedient otter, you know that?"

I nodded. She rubbed the underside of my cock against her lips, gently rocking her hips up and down, up and down - God - it felt like a pair of wonderful warm tongues, ever-smoother...

"So, I feel the need to come clean. I have no record of you ever breaking the law."

"That's-" I gritted my teeth. "-what I thought-"

Now she used her paw to keep me in one place while she teased me, sliding down a half-inch and then coming back up, sinking down just enough onto me to send an electric shock rippling through my body, ripe with the anticipation of wanting more, more, more, but not receiving it. "I just thought you were cute... and, hey, I got a whole lot more than a cute otter. Just my luck, he does *everything* he's told to. Isn't that right?"

"Yes..."

One paw still on my chest, she lowered herself about halfway onto me in one swift dive, causing me to buck upwards and suck in a shuddering gasp. "Yes?"

"Yes - ma'am..."

"Mhmm..." Slowly she slid down the rest of the way, teasing me as she went by coming up a little bit after working her way down a little further, and then grinding her hips on me when she'd hilted me in her. I'd never had a bitch before - not one that wasn't feral, at least, but that was a different story - but still I could tell that Julia was in heat, just by the... *copious* moisture that surrounded and squeezed my length, the slick heat and flesh, deliciously tight, deliciously wet. Thank God my legs weren't bound, too, so I could still hump upwards into her, even though she dug her claws into my chest a little more firmly each time I did so. "Lie back down."

"I'm not-"

"Lie down!"

...I think she just wanted an excuse to get over me, to put both paws beside my head and position her muzzle above mine. I could only look up into her eyes, bright and fierce, as she began to work her way up and down, up and down my length, staying deep down on me at first and gradually coming up; as before, she watched my face and reactions and tested, tried different things to get different responses out of me. Like a goddamn fox. Here I was, swallowing back curses and throbbing and twitching, and the only evidence of her arousal was her determination in teasing me and her slightly elevated breath... eventually, though, after probably just wasting enough time, she moved one paw to my shoulder and started fucking herself on me in a steady rhythm, not too fast but definitely with a bit of lusty force behind her movements.

The car started to bounce and creak underneath us, and - the pleasure forced me to close my eyes halfway though; when I opened them, she, too, had her eyes closed, and was moving in a mixture of up-and-down and forward-and-back, rolling her hips on me every time she came up or pressed back down. I found myself to start reciprocating her motions, thrusting up into her

and lowering back out, faster and harder as she, too, moved with more energy, more want-then, her other paw closed around my shoulder, she leaned over me and started panting into my whiskers; she dug her claws into my shoulders, she shuddered and tensed all over once, she clenched around me, a moment later she did it again with a moan rippling through her as well-

and on the third, I, too, came, wriggling with my arms still chained above me, trying to get a good foothold on the hood of the car to allow me to thrust deep and hard upwards into her to unload without slipping off of the car itself.

Both of us shaking and panting, it took a moment before either could do anything. She was the first to regain her strength, tugging herself up off of me and then sliding back to the ground to get her pants. I watched as she got them back on, redid her belt, put her bra back on, did her buttons back up... and then started to walk towards the other side of the building.

"H...hey! Where are you going?"

"Hm?" Julia looked back at me, a mischievous glimmer in her eye. "Oh. I thought I would just go get a bite to eat... I got you off before I was done with you. Might as well wait until you're ready to go at it again, you know?... Oh, fine." She came back over and let me out of the handcuffs. "Stay or go, whatever you want. Just know that if I see you or that bike on the street again, I might not be so forgiving."

I rubbed my wrists before tugging my own pants back up. God, I was tired... "So, uh... I don't have anything against me?"

"You never did in the first place. That was a bullshit ticket; I just wanted to fuck."

Oh. Okay. I was... oddly alright with that. "S...so you don't care if I go?"

"I'd like you to stay, Lukas, but I can't tell you what to do. You're your own man."

*Can't tell me what to do.* Ha. I stood there in thought for a moment, licked my lips, and sat back down on the hood of the car, watching as she went off around the corner.