

Some time back I got myself into a bit of a situation right around here, outside an ice cream shop on 19th street. I can't remember exactly what happened - I'd chained my bike up illegally, or she just didn't like the way I'd looked, or something - but a bitch of a doberman cop handcuffed me and tugged me away for some one-on-one interviewing. Really, it wasn't so bad of an experience; in the end, she ended up not making me pay the ticket, though I *did* have to devote a few extra hours of my time to doing what she wanted from me.

It was a bit of an *inconvenience*, I guess. I stopped going there for ice cream after a while, not because I was frightened of meeting that cop again (even though that was, admittedly, a concern), but simply because I had too much stuff to do afterwards. My semester of classes had ended a little while back, though, and now the summer sun constantly radiated down over everything, so I - like many others, I'm sure - suddenly managed to find the time.

A nice meerkat served me today: I elected to go for my usual, cotton-candy flavored ice cream with little bits of bubblegum on top (of course I asked for extra), and he gave me an extra-sweet smile, as well as I think a free scoop, when I went up to pay. You know how it usually goes on summer days, though: too hot *outside*, and too cold *inside*. So instead of sitting around to eat, I thanked him, wished him a nice day, and stepped outside, to eat my treat while on a walk around the city.

...Though. Perhaps I should clarify. It wasn't the middle of the day, or a bright morning, or even afternoon; in fact, by the time I'd walked into and then out of that ice cream shop, that blazing sun had long since dipped beneath the horizon. Not like that lowered the temperature at all; still it felt like walking into a bathroom where your roommate had just taken an almost-scalding shower.

The tiny little plastic spoon I'd been given couldn't dig quite as deep into the ice cream as I'd have liked it to, even as it quickly started to soften and melt in the heat, occasionally dripping down over my paws - until, soon, I found myself licking at my fingers more often than the spoon itself. Sometimes I regretted getting the little bubblegum bits with my ice cream, because if you start chewing one early on, you've got it in your muzzle from then on - and every time you take another bite of the ice cream, it gets cold and hardens up all over again... but, well, I guess that's all part of the experience.

In a city like this, there's never a time when you won't see someone on the roads. Every now and then, even as I continued walking towards the less-busy areas of the street, a car would still drive by, bathing everything in sickly yellow light, increasing in intensity for a few seconds, and then passing by with a dull *woosh*. When I first moved here that would startle me sometimes: the frequency of the cars, as well as the utter lack of hesitation that some drivers seemed to have when laying into their horn.

But, then, there's some people that *don't* honk their horn, and instead just slow down, pull up to the curb, and slow down until they're going your pace...

I flicked my muzzle over to see if I was about to get mugged - and then felt my heart drop, recognizing the characteristic paintjob of a police cruiser. God - *dammit*, what did I do this time? The window rolled down, and someone who looked to be a wolf or something leaned over to make eye contact.

"Excuse me..." they said - I couldn't tell their gender. Voice was a fine tenor, feminine in tone but with an undeniable bit of grittiness underneath it. "What are you doing out here?"

I slowed to a stop, and then downed another spoonful of my ice cream. Then, with that dinky little plastic spoon, I pointed back down the street to where I'd come from. "Ice cream."

"This late at night? ...You *are* aware this city has a curfew, right?"

Curfew. That's not anything *I'd* ever heard of. Of course, though, I didn't say this; I was already damn nervous enough, and I think that showed in how my ears absolutely *refused* to stay upright, no matter how hard I tried. "Um... no..." ...sir? Ma'am? "Sorry, I just - I'll just go home-"

But before I could even turn on my heel to start back down the street, the other door of the police car opened up and the officer stood to their - *her*; very, *very* female, seeing how her breasts strained against the top of her uniform, almost like something out of a goddamn porno - full height. Which was, to say, more than a bit taller than me. My *want* to go home remained quite strong, but the *will* to do so quickly died - especially as she started around the car, one paw down by the curve of her hip-

Not a wolf. Not a wolf at all. This was a sergal - and she had to have been at *least* six and a half feet tall. Fur that looked deep, brooding black in the half-light of night, probably actually just dark blue - and creamy sand-colored along her arms, neck, and muzzle, with red markings along her neck, lips, and near her eyes. Stitches or tattoos, I couldn't tell in this light. Not like it mattered.

"Besides..." she went on, her voice failing to cover the characteristic jangle of handcuffs. *Fuck*. "You look a little suspicious to me, otter."

"What?" I said through another mouthful of ice cream. Today I wore the only shoes I owned, a pair of somewhat-tattered tight black jeans, a shirt bearing the logo of one of my favorite bands, which may or may not have looked like an angry curse at the gods... okay. So maybe I *did* look like a bit of a delinquent. What kind of lawbreaker goes out so late at night to get cotton candy ice cream with bubblegum on top? "*Seriously?*"

"Yes, *seriously*. Put that down and come over here."

Seeing nowhere else to put my ice cream, and feeling that it would just piss her off if I wolfed the rest of it down, I rested it on the edge of the back trunk of the police cruiser and stepped forward. Just like last time with that doberman bitch, *she* took it from there, seizing one of my shoulders and pulling me, with ease, down over the trunk of the car, which ended up just knocking my ice cream over onto the ground.

"Hey! I was gonna eat that! What are you-"

"Stop mouthing off. Unless you want to make this worse for yourself, that is." She leaned over me from behind, squeezing me between the warm surface of the car and - and the even warmer *bulge* in the front of her uniform pants, right beneath the buckle of her belt, as she (*she?*) pulled my arms roughly back and clicked the handcuffs over my wrists, a little tight. Then, that done, she just continued to lean forward - until I could feel her breath tickle through my whiskers. Whatever it was she had between the fly of her pants, she certainly showed no shyness in

grinding it up underneath the base of my rudder, keeping my tail curved away at an angle.
“Well? How about it?”

“-What?” I managed, trying to wriggle into a more comfortable position. Squeezed between a hard place, a pair of breasts, and a warm crotch - and I’m *complaining*. “What do you want me to say? ‘Yes, ma’am’?”

Suddenly her weight lifted from my body, and she tugged me upright with a paw around the short chain of the cuffs. Already my wrists hurt from the metal chafing through my fur. “Well...” she said, pushing me along in front of her. She kept her arms down but paw tight on my cuffs, keeping my body pressed against hers - and, just like over the car, keeping her bulge against me, though now with the warmth seeping against my lower back due to our height difference. I *hated* to admit that being bent over like that had ignited some desire in me, so that now the fit of my own pants were a bit tighter. “That certainly wouldn’t hurt.”

It took me a few seconds to recognize that she was pulling me *away* from where she’d parked her car, and actually towards a space between two closed shops. Struggling against the handcuffs did nothing: her other paw squeezed tightly around one of my wrists. Warm pads, but - *sharp* claws, digging into my skin... “Wait - where are you taking me?”

“Well, I’ve gotta pat you down, don’t I? Don’t wanna throw you in the back of the cruiser only to have you knife me from behind. Though, looking at your body type...” She leaned over my shoulder again, steering me into the alley. “You’re probably fairly unused to packing too much, huh?”

My ears flattened down again, and a little fire burning in my chest made me try to yank myself away from her... but, of course, she just squeezed my wrist even tighter and then pushed me roughly against the brick wall of one of the buildings, scraping my cheek across the rough surface. A grunt forced its way out of my throat, just as this sergal started tracing up my side with her large paw.

“Ready for that pat-down?” she cooed into my ear, sharp claws slicing small lines through my fur beneath my shirt and making me shiver. She certainly wasted no time before getting down to business: her paw had already made its way halfway up my chest under my shirt before she had finished her question.

“H-hey,” I stammered. She had started to work me up - in more ways than one. “What the hell are you doing? Are you - are you even an actual cop?”

At this, though, her touch suddenly became heavier, and her claws in the sensitive skin of my belly turned from a pleasant tingle to a biting pain. Again she pressed up against my back, though now I could feel the cold touch of the metal of her belt buckle in the fur of my lower back, shirt lifted by her paw. Her teeth grazed across my ear as she growled: “*What* did I tell you about mouthing off? Hmm?”

“Gah - I’m -” -*Sorry*, I tried to say, but the word couldn’t quite come out. The sergal officer continued after a moment, running her paw up the center of my chest, over my sternum, claws prickling and grazing over my collarbone, my nipple... and, then, she set those teeth of hers more firmly against my ear, not enough to draw blood but still making me gasp and grunt again.

There was nothing I could really do other than strain against the rough brick wall as she ran her paws all over me, down from my chest towards my belly, up my back, along my arms - "wow," she said at one point, "not only are you damn skinny, but you're squishy at the same time, too" - and then, that paw that tickled and pressed at my belly slid underneath the waistband of my pants, making me freeze up.

Sharp claws pricking in through tight underwear, along the sensitive skin of my shaft- I struggled, and wriggled, and grunted, and-

"Oh." The sergal leaned over a little, long tongue tickling at the bare fur of my neck. She hadn't pulled me fully into the alley yet; if I turned my head to the side, I could see a bit of the road - and of a car that drove lazily by, headlights bright. "No squishiness here, huh? Let's see, what have you got in these pants of yours?"

Her paw came back up, only to lift the waistband of my underwear beneath with her claws and then dive back under, into the warmth surrounding my cock. Soft fingerpads touching, pressing, squeezing - running up along the underside of my cock, tracing down to my hanging sack, coming back up, finding the little bit of overhang of my foreskin, squeezing that, rolling it between her forefinger and thumb. I had to swallow and bite my lip to keep from making a noise.

But, apparently, I failed; this sergal had half-bent over to make it easier to feel me up, so now, that bulge at her front again pressed up beneath my tail. I may or may not have started pushing back against it. "What was that *noise* you just made, little otter?" she purred, that paw of hers briefly coming back out of my pants - only to start undoing the button and zipper of my fly.

"I - didn't-"

"No, no, I know what I heard." She tugged my pants and underwear about halfway down my thighs, bringing my hard cock out into the warm evening air; then, she again wrapped her paw around it, squeezing at the base and rolling my skin gently forward and back, just enough to make me want to thrust forward. Because I didn't have use of my arms and paws due to these damn handcuffs, I had to brace myself against the wall with my upper chest and cheek... which, needless to say, was a bit uncomfortable. "Not quite a - *mewl*, no, but certainly not a grunt or moan... a *huff*, maybe? Yeah, that seems right... let me see if I can-"

And she jerked her hips forward, pressing herself up underneath my tail and making me throb in her paw. A tight breath pushed its way out through my lips.

"Yes. There it is. And how about if I..."

Here, she moved her other paw, the one that had originally kept hold of my handcuffs, back down towards her own front. I heard the noise of a belt being undone, then a button, then a zipper - and rustling of fabric - and a very warm, very plump sheath and point of canid flesh, pierced, pressed up against my tailhole.

By now, my cheeks had started burning with a blush, and I ground my forehead against the brick wall so that she couldn't see my muzzle... but, of course, she just leaned down and set her sharp teeth against my neck. A glance to my side brought us to make eye contact, my blue to her green, before she thrust upward again.

Another gasp worked its way through my lips, and on instinct, I spread my legs apart. "There we go..." the sergal purred, shifting her other paw back to my hip to hold me in place; she kept the lips of her sheath against my tailhole so that, as she stiffened up, her cock steadily sunk deeper and deeper into me, slow enough that the slickness of her arousal provided enough lube. The first entry was always the least comfortable: the tapered tip of her cock easily slid up past the rim of my tailhole, but then the fast swell outward made me lift up and press myself against the wall again.

Not like she cared, or even noticed: she continued lifting up into me, the contours of her cock stretching me a bit as she sunk up into me. Every now and then she'd stop and move down to get a better angle, or remain where she was to gnaw on my shoulder and make me squirm, make me accidentally press further back down onto her. That piercing of hers, through the tip and coming out at one point along the underside, I could only feel when it tugged along the rim of my tailhole - and when it did, it, too, made me squirm. Pleasant feeling, despite everything else.

"How are your handcuffs?" she hissed at one point, slowing the speed of her thrusts. Whether it was to allow me to get accustomed to her girth, or just because she felt she wouldn't be able to get a coherent answer out of me otherwise, I don't know - but I was grateful for the break. I adjusted my stance again, flicked my tongue out over my lips, and swallowed; still she kept her paw at the base of my length, gripping tightly so that any movement of mine caused me to either thrust forward or tug back. A shiver shot through my body upon feeling the tickle of a bead of pre drip down the underside of my cock...

I swallowed again. "-Tight," I managed; my wrists had only gotten sorer. "D'you think that, maybe-"

"Good! Good. Don't want you going anywhere, after all. Starting to think that maybe I should've brought along a muzzle, too..." and she picked up right where she left off in pressing up into me, the slight bulge along the middle of her cock just starting to sink into me. "You seem to enjoy saying unnecessary things, otter."

"I don't-"

"See? There you go again. Now shut your damn mouth and - let me work..."

Her paw squeezing around my cock also pulled me back against her, providing resistance as she pushed into me. From there it didn't take long at all for her knot to soon kiss against my slickened tailhole, and there she pushed a little further, a little painfully - before starting to draw back. Not *all* the way, though: the sergal started a slow, steady rhythm deep in me, pressing her hips forward against my rump, pressing her lower belly against the underside of my tail, and gradually starting to pull out further and sink back in with more force, more energy.

It got a *lot* easier after I'd had time to adjust to her thickness, more than I was used to but still not my thickest. *She* seemed to know what she was doing, too, even if she didn't watch my muzzle and pay attention to the various noises I made, from mild discomfort to sweet pleasure. It was in how she churned her hips, how she kept her thumb stretched up along my length to tease at the slick rim of my foreskin, how she pressed her teeth into the skin of my shoulder to add a sharp pain to everything else - and, God; as *inconvenienced* as I was by tonight's little detour, I couldn't help but want more.

Not like I'd *tell* her that. I'd let her figure it out on her own, as she pressed me against the wall and steadily pounded into my rump, thrusts still picking up in speed and force. God - this would be the *second* time that a police officer pulled me off somewhere, only to clamp me in handcuffs and then bend me over like a bitch in heat... not counting all those times with Officer Beau, of course.

"You've gone quiet," the sergal cooed into my ear. I could feel the warm pressure of her breasts against my back as she repeatedly thrust into me, the action made easier by the slickness of her cock and my tailhole stretched around her thickness. "Why's that? Not having any fun anymore?"

Remembering how she usually responded to me mouthing off, I elected to just hold my tongue... which resulted in her tugging my hips back and slamming more heavily into me, making me moan out.

"Speak when spoken to. Don't you know how to *act* around authority?"

She continued pounding into me while she spoke, making me lurch forward against the wall and press into her paw - which had started working along my shaft, in turn causing *me* to churn my hips forward and back as well. Breasts weighing down on my upper back, muzzle against my shoulder, *her* larger and heavier sack swinging forward against my own, her hips slapping against my rump as she thrust into me again and again and again... my head was being grinded sideways against the rough brick, and by now, a bit of condensation had started to gather on that brick from my repeated hot exhalations.

Each of the sergal's thrusts into me sent an electric pulse of pleasure through my body, causing me to clench around her cock and throb in her paw. I didn't even care that the road was *right there*, and that the voices of people walking by at this time of night could be heard back in this alley; I didn't care that my paws were still bound behind my back and probably a third of the fur on my cheek pulled out because of this rough brick; I didn't even care that the officer had returned her teeth to my shoulder and now dug in harder than before - until the *crunch* of her fangs piercing skin, as well as the following flare of pain, caught my attention. *Then* I cared, and started squirming and wriggling...

...but, she held me in place, her thrusts becoming feverish and urgent. Even with that pain pulsing over everything else - as well as the pain from the wide bulge of her knot repeatedly slamming against my tailhole, stretched tight around her shaft as she threatened to press deeper and deeper into me - I could still feel the bright pleasure of an approaching orgasm, aided by her paw moving swiftly along my cock. Were I able to look down in front of myself, I wouldn't be surprised to see long strands of pre dripping down the brick wall.

Within a few more thrusts - one, two, *three* - those strands of pre would have been joined by a few thick, fast spurts of cum, each one punctuated by a short "*ah-*" from between my parted lips. The sergal officer squeezed her paw around my cock, rolled my foreskin all the way forward, caught some of my cum inside, and then tugged it back to let the slippery slickness ooze down the underside of my cock and along her fingers. My chest rose and fell, rose and fell against the rough surface of the bricks in front of me, and I briefly struggled to get into a more comfortable position - but, of course, this sergal wouldn't let me.

Before I could really do anything else, though, a shudder rippled through her body, and she bit down even harder onto my shoulder - which made me yelp out - and pressed deep into me, not hard enough to pop her knot into me (thank God) but still so that I could feel each of her throbs in the rim of my tailhole as she emptied that heavy sack of hers into me. The angle, the pressure, the weight - again I squirmed and moaned, her own unloading into me causing me to drool out the last of my cum in a few lazy pulses, even after my orgasm had finished. Her claws dug into the skin of my hip, just as her fangs dug into the flesh of my shoulder - I could feel warm, sticky wetness dripping down through the fabric of my shirt, but couldn't move my head to see if it was saliva or blood.

The sergal remained buried deep under my tail for a while longer, gently lifting her muzzle from my shoulder - which also hurt - and then taking a few moments to catch her breath. Now, instead of the heavy throbs of thick cum being unloaded into me, I could just barely feel the pulses of her heartbeat through her cock, the little twitches of her lasting erection. Maybe she was making sure she'd emptied as much of her seed into me as she could; maybe she just enjoyed the warmth, the tightness of having a *little otter* like me pressing back against her knot.

However, then, she started to pull down out of me - and I heard the noise of her pierced cock slipping free of my tailhole, as well as the soft dripping of thick cum against the paved ground beneath us. A little twitch shot through my when I felt the slick metal of her piercing slide across my tailhole.

Then, her paws ran up my sides again, lifted my shirt a little - and she moved one back, to do what, I didn't know. "God *damn*..." she purred, peering around me. "Just look at that. I'm more virile than *you*, otter, not to say *bigger*, too... and, what's this?" She pressed her upper chest against my back, squeezing me to the wall. "And I've even got *breasts*. How's that make you feel?"

"I w-"

"Wanna go home? Not yet. Now, I'm gonna let you up - but you have to turn around and get on your knees. Okay?"

I licked my lips and swallowed.

"Okay?"

"Yes. Okay."

"Not good enough."

"Yes *ma'am*."

With this, she lifted up away from me - and, being the obedient little otter I am, I did as told and instantly lowered myself to my knees in front of her. When I looked up, I saw that her cock had mostly retreated back into her sheath, the same cream color as her arms and belly - though a bit of glistening black flesh protruded out the end, out of the supple lips of her sheath. Milky cum dripped down along the front of that sheath. And, Jesus - even though she'd pumped into me, her sack still looked heavy and full, like I'd have a hell of a time nuzzling up underneath it.

“Open your mouth.”

Again, I did as told without first thinking what would come next. The warmth of both of our orgasms still rippled through my body, keeping me content and sweetly shivering with pleasure; my own cock hung between my legs, almost grazing against the spot on the ground where her cum had leaked as it softened up. Keep me here on my legs for much longer, and I'd just get hard all over again-

A splash of warm liquid against my muzzle startled me and caused me to jerk back, out of my thoughts. One eye closed against the deluge, I again looked up to this sergal - and saw an arc of light golden piss streaming out of that revealed bit of flesh, coming down and splashing over my muzzle, quickly soaking into the fabric of my shirt and pants, halfway down my legs. Now, I've never swallowed the piss of a sergal - not yet - but its scent quickly hovered up and hit my nose, and sent another shiver down my back.

She moved that stream of hers from the top of my muzzle to my open mouth, bathing my tongue in hot, salty liquid; I closed my eyes and let her fill my muzzle, moving my lips to catch as much as possible before swallowing some down - just a little, trying the taste, the texture... slick, heavily musky, rich and full. I wouldn't be able to swallow to much of it. I let some intentionally run down out of the corners of my mouth, to drip down my chin and chest, to soak me even further while swallowing down a quarter-mouthful at a time.

Meanwhile, she aimed down towards the shoulder where she'd bitten - God, right there, it *stung* - and then down a long my chest, towards my belly and cock, ensuring that every inch of my front dripped with her mark

It took a bit of time - she directed her piss into my pubic fur, mixing her heavier scent with my own - but, eventually, her stream dwindled into a series of small drips, to be strengthened in a few short spurts as she tried to empty the last of her bladder out, and then stopped almost completely. Without being told, I leaned forward, touched my nose to the warmth of her sheath, and then dragged my tongue up along it, catching the last little drops of piss that gathered at the end - as well as getting a lingering taste of her cum.

Satisfied (I believe), the sergal flicked her tongue out over her lips and batted my muzzle away, to start doing up her pants. While she busied herself with that, I shook my fur off as best I could; after all, I'd *walked* to the ice cream shop today. In the fifteen or so minutes it'd take to get *back* home, this stench of piss all over my body would just strengthen and probably get me worked up all over again... but, that really was the least of my problems with smelling of fresh mark.

“There we go,” she purred, fixing her belt. “Well. After taking you back for a close inspection, I've decided to let you go. Please try to remember the curfew, and stay safe, okay?”

And she started back down the alley - but, right as I tried to reach up to wipe the back of a paw across my forehead, I realized the trouble that she'd still left me in. “Wait!” I called after her. “Officer! What about - my-” ...the slam of a car door, the growling of an engine coming to life, and her headlights came on and she drove away.

Which left me kneeling in an alley, my pants half-down, entire body dripping with fresh, warm piss, and my paws cuffed behind my back. The taste of sergal lingered in my mouth, and the scent of her musk and mark clung to my nose.

Well, it's not the *worst* position I've been in.