

Speeding Ticket

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Sean gripped the steering wheel, his breath deep and panting. While this wasn't the first time he'd been pulled over for speeding (and it certainly wasn't the last) it was always unsettling and annoying to see those flashing lights on his tail. He sighed and fumbled through the glove compartment for his registration papers, tossing out various used maps, receipts and notes as he hunted around. "Damn alarm clock, shoulda left hours ago...Now I gotta...Fucking speeding ticket..." Suddenly there was a sharp rap on his window, and Sean jumped, his cheetah tail going straight and fuzzy in surprise. At the window was a large draft horse clad in the usual wide-brimmed hat and dark glasses of a highway policeman. While the horse smiled non-threateningly down at Sean, the horse's size and obvious authority was more than a little intimidating. Still, Sean rolled down the window and did his best to neither be scared or annoyed. "What seems to be the problem officer?"

The horse grinned and gently leaned over the window, doing his best to be friendly. Still, he was very businesslike, despite his obvious "good cop" nature. "The problem is that you were exceeding the speed limit by a good thirty miles an hour back there. I know this is a remote, backwoods road, but you could really hurt someone driving like that. License and registration?" Sean fumbled some more, then handed over the documents. The big horse cop gave them only a cursory glance before pulling out his clip board and beginning to write up a ticket. "So you rock out huh?" said the cop.

Sean looked down, and then realized he was wearing his "I'M A ROCKER/I ROCK OUT" T-shirt today. He grinned sheepishly up at the cop. "Yeah, I'm a roadie and stage manager for a small band. That's why I was speeding; I'm late to help them set up."

"I used to be in a garage band, and I know how important it is for you to be on time. Still, you should have left earlier." Sean looked down at the steering wheel, now more frustrated and angry than scared. He was mad at the club for demanding such an early start up time, at his alarm for not working, at himself for speeding, and at this cop for doing his job. It was annoying and frustrating, especially as he was unsure if he could pay off the ticket any time soon. Especially if it was a large fee. He sighed heavily as the cop tore off the ticket and began to hand it over. "One more question..."

"Yes?" asked Sean. He hoped it wasn't something else that could get him fined, but this was a country road and he knew how tickets were handed out like Halloween candy in this part of the country.

"Are you gay?" Sean was shocked at the question. How could the cop know? And more relevant, why did the cop care? Sean began to get nervous again. A homophobic cop could do a lot of damage to him out here, and it would be very hard to fight back or seek help.

"Here, lemme show you something." The horse set down his ticket and clip board on the hood of Sean's car and began to roll up one of his sleeves, until the entire shoulder was exposed. On it was a large rainbow triangle with the word "PRIDE" inscribed underneath. "You've got nothing to be afraid of, but seein' as you're wearing seriously tight pants and have lube, condoms and dildos lying around in your back seat, I was thinking maybe we could come to an alternative arrangement concerning your speedin' ticket."

Sean was startled. Not that gay cops were unusual in this day and age, but the apparent offer to get out of a speeding ticket by fucking was new. And agreeable. This cop was certainly not a mean guy, and his large, toned body could probably fuck him good. Plus the way the cop seemed to grin and leer over Sean's body, he wasn't entirely sure that "no" was an option now. The cop backed up a bit, moving away from the door. "C'mon, step out and I'll introduce you to my partner."

As Sean shut the car door and walked towards the parked cruiser, he noticed that there was a lightly built young German shepherd sitting idly on the hood of the cruiser. Although dressed in the same uniform as the horse, his short stature and lightly built frame made him look decidedly twinkish. The horse walked over to him and gave the sheppie a big kiss on the lips before turning to face Sean. "Don't tell me this cutie wants to get out of paying his speeding ticket?" said the dog.

"Oh he's not gonna get out of it, he's just gonna learn his lesson the hard way." By now the horse was aggressively groping his partner, who was clearly a partner to the horse in more than just police work. "By the way, his name is Sean. And Sean, you can call me Jim and my personal K-9 unit here Jeremy. No need for official names here, we're all friends." Jeremy and Jim exchanged another big smooch, and then began to head off into the woods, beckoning for Sean to follow.

Before long, Sean found himself down on his knees, rubbing Jim's startlingly large member while licking and slurping on Jeremy's much smaller one. Both officers had done away with their pants and gun belts, and they were hanging on nearby tree branches, out of the way but still at hand should they need to go back to their duty. Jeremy groaned as Sean took another big slurp on the dog's cock, licking and lapping at its thick black length. Once Jim started to get good and hard, he started to alternate between the two, licking and sucking on each one in turn. He was pleased to see that neither one of the two cops was all that small, nor were they unmanageably large. Jim, though, was not small by any means and Sean shivered at the thought of having such a large, wide member jammed up inside him.

After doing away with his pants and his shirt, Sean got down to all fours, eagerly straightening up his tail and wiggling his butt, inviting a pounding. Behind him he could hear the sound of a condom wrapper being opened and the latex being stretched tight over Jim's massive piece of equipment. He slurped a bit more on Jeremy's dick,

then stopped, peering over his shoulder at Jim as the big horse dropped to his knees and began to place himself. Jeremy didn't like this though, and grabbed Sean's head, pressing the cheetah down firmly on his dick. Sean's submissive nature was intrigued and aroused by this, and he started sucking even more enthusiastically than before, much to Jeremy's delight.

"Looks like we got ourselves a subby little bitch here, Jim," said the dog. "Why don't we give him a little light police brutality? I think he'd like that..." Sean was nervous at first, but both of the cops had a reassuring (if demanding) approach to all this. Jim waved his baton in front of Sean's face, wagging it around and smiling.

"Guess where this goes!" said Jim, as he began to slick it up with a small bottle of lube. Jim went down to his knees, holding the baton firmly in his hand. Sean felt Jim splay his massive condomed dick out across the cheetah's back before slowly and surely shoving the baton's long end up the cheetah's ass. Long, thin and very hard, Sean could feel the big piece of rubber and metal slide in and out of him, probing him roughly as Jim grasped the handle, roughly sliding it in and out of the Cheetah's welcoming hole. All the while Jeremy pushed and shoved on Sean's face, giving Sean a hard and fast muzzle fucking.

Eventually Jim got tired of just working with the baton, and he tossed it aside. Sean felt the warm weight of the dick lying across his back leave, but soon it was replaced by a decided forcing push right on his tailhole. He groaned hard into Jeremy's dick as Jim pushed it in deep. Jim's dick felt even bigger than it looked, and it was all that Sean could do to take it up his ass. It was a good, firm, deep fit, and although Sean groaned with the effort it had a tremendous feel to it. Jim knew how to work it too, firm and insistent but not pushing to the point of breaking. Sean reached back to rub himself, surprised at exactly how hard he was and how much he was preing. It wouldn't be long before he was shooting big white wads all over the forest floor. For random pick-up sex, this stuff was pretty damn hot.

Jeremy groaned, pulling his cock back out of Sean's mouth and rubbing it aggressively. Sean found himself pulled up and back by Jim's massive hands and arms, being lifted up and back by his shoulders even as the big horse continued to slide in and out of his ass. Grunting, Jeremy rubbed himself furiously until his cock exploded with bolt after bolt of white sticky, coating Sean's chest with the stuff. Sean groaned and whimpered, feeling the big horse ram his ass hard with several short, deep thrusts. He could feel the horse's dick pulsing as it filled up the tip of the condom with spunk.

Sean looked down to see Jim gently rubbing and thumbing Sean's dick, which by now was almost painfully hard. He let out several gasps and then a deep moan, relaxing massively as his cock shot several big white globs high into the air. They each came splashing down on the forest floor, which thankfully kept both Jim and Jeremy's

uniforms free from embarrassing stains. Jim tilted Sean's head back and gave the cheetah a big kiss, before breaking it and letting Jeremy do the same. Jim grunted and slowly pulled out of Sean's cock and stood up, idly retrieving the lower half of his uniform.

"So, have you learned your lesson about speeding?" asked Jim as he began to dress himself.

"I dunno officer, after a fucking like that I might be tempted to speed again," Said Sean, being playful. Jeremy snorted.

"You realize we did thus cus we liked yer look and we hoped you'd know better in the future," said the dog. Sean stuck out his tongue and began to retrieve his clothes as well.

"Okay okay I was joking. Sorry. Jeez I thought you guys were more laid back than that."

"Just cus we fucked ya the nice way doesn't mean we won't fuck ya the mean way next time we get outta line," said Jim. "We've got a job to do, after all, and part of that job is keepin' people drivin' safe on these roads."

"Yeah yeah yeah..." said Sean. "Well, thanks for letting me off with a warning, I guess. I'll just have to explain to the band about why I was late, and I promise that I won't include this little..."

"This little traffic stop. No one needs to know, cutie." Said Jeremy. Both cops were walking back to their cruiser now, although Jim stopped to retrieve his clip board and leave Sean's license and registration on the dash. Sean chuckled to himself as he dressed up. He would be later than ever now, but at least now he had no reason to complain about it.