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The Magic Bullet

by Miss Red

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The Magic Bullet

Miss Red

The vibration of my mobile shook me with a start from my daydream. Inwardly I cursed myself for letting my mind wander again when I was supposed to be working. I blame the environment, though – who could concentrate on crime statistic reports when surrounded by all this testosterone. I blamed one policeman in particular for my report being almost a week late. This particular officer had been going out of his way to help me with my work and I was desperate to show him I wasn't as prim and proper as my job role would have him believe.

I read the text message that had brought me back to reality. My stomach flipped when the name of sender flashed up on my phone – it was him. 'I can't stop thinking about you'. Straightaway I felt the warmth spread between my legs and I shifted slightly in my seat as I felt my knickers getting damp. My cheeks felt hot to the touch and I could feel my heartbeat quicken as I read the message over and over again.

'I'm coming down' – his next message had my heart racing and I could feel my nipples getting hard through my crisp white shirt. Oh god, the thought of him touching me almost made me come right there and then. I heard the door click behind me then close gently and I didn't dare turn around. I felt warm hands reach around from behind and play with my nipples slowly. I stood up and felt him kick the chair away from under me. I could feel the stiffness of his cock.

"Don't turn around," he whispered in my ear. I felt his hands reach down, rougher now, he pulled the stiff fabric of my skirt up over my thighs with such a force that pushed me forward over the desk – my papers falling to the floor. He pulled my lacy knickers to one side, ripping them slightly and I felt the cool air rush between my legs. I had shaved my pussy the night before and my lips and clit felt exposed as I yearned for him to part my legs wider and wider.

I could feel the shiny cold steel of his handcuffs digging into my ass as they hung from his uniform. With one hand pushing my now soaking wet knickers to one side I felt him use his other hand to retrieve something from his pocket. All of a sudden I trembled as I felt him reach back around and press something smooth and shiny into my skin. I heard a faint humming noise and realised it was a vibrator.

I felt his hot breath in my ear and realised that although I had yet to touch him, he was just as close to coming as I was – his cock was rock hard pushing into my back forcefully.

"They don't just make bullets for guns you know," he exclaimed mockingly. "I want to make you come over and over," he whispered.

As soon as he touched me with his Magic Bullet I couldn't stop myself from crying out in ecstasy. He teased my clit mercilessly by moving the vibrator round and round in circular motions. He then slowly moved the vibrator down and round so it was humming suggestively right between my ass cheeks.

Oh god, I wanted him to push it deep inside me. While the bullet was teasing my ass he used his other hand to part my lips and slid one finger deep inside my pussy. I was so wet by now it slipped deep inside me and I heard him moan when he realised how turned on I was. "I want your pussy wrapped tight around this vibrator," he purred. "Oh god, yeah," I replied. I couldn't hold back any longer.

Right at that moment he moved his fingers up towards my clit and rubbed me hard while whispering in my ear how much his cock wanted me. At the same time I felt him move the bullet from my ass and plunge it deep inside my pussy, rubbing my clit with his fingers at the same time. "Oh god yeah, right there, don't stop." My whole body went rigid as I came with such force, grabbing his hand and helping him push the bullet harder and deeper inside me. My clit throbbed as I came and I had to finally push his hands away as I became instantly sensitive to his touch.

Panting heavily I let myself drop forward completely onto my desk. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of my paperwork scattered all over the office floor, one of the papers torn under his police boots. I stifled a laugh – hell, it was a boring report, anyway.