

# CUFFED

**RAINA JAMES**

**Copyright © 2009**

Pam flipped the turn signal and guided her reliable blue four-door sedan from the highway onto the two-lane road. Immediately, the piercing afternoon sun launched a full-frontal attack on the windshield. Squinting, she slapped the visor down and rummaged one-handed in the purse on the passenger seat. Coming up with a pair of white, big-framed starlet glasses, she slid them over her nose. Even without the sun blinding her, it was hard to make out the mile marker standing stiff as a soldier in the undisciplined ranks of tall grass and weeds bordering the narrow, little-used road. Her eyes went to the dashboard clock.

“Fudge!” She pressed down on the accelerator. The car gamely picked up speed until the tires purred over the pavement, following the curve of the road into a stretch of lush green forest until the highway was lost from view. Mentally, she ran down all the tasks she still had to do today.

A loud bah-WHOOP jerked her eyes to the rearview mirror. The strobing blue light penetrated even the dark lenses of her sunglasses. *Where did he come from?* The intimidating grill loomed large in the mirror and she could see the dark silhouette of a man in a Stetson behind the wheel as the white SUV rode her bumper. She saw his hand lift and he made an unmistakable gesture for her to pull over.

Pam felt her cheeks flush in reaction. She slowed the car and eased it onto the unpaved shoulder, crunching to a stop on the gravel surface. Throwing the engine into park, she kept her hands on the wheel in textbook ten-two formation. Her teeth worried her bottom lip as the driver’s-side door of the SUV swung open. A long, lean man unfolded himself from behind the wheel. Adjusting the brim of his hat, he slammed the door and covered the distance between them with long, easy strides. Pam’s head didn’t move, but her eyes tracked his

approach in the side-view mirror. He wore a tan button-up shirt tucked into a pair of dark blue trousers. A wide black utility belt studded with interesting pouches wrapped his hips, and he rested one long-fingered hand on the largest pouch.

Pam shot her eyes straight ahead when he stopped at her window. A knuckle rapped sharply on the glass. Startled, she hurriedly pressed the button to roll the window down. He leaned down until all she could see was his face. It was hard to make out his features, distracted as she was by the mirrored sunglasses he wore under the Stetson. She could see her own double reflection, wide-eyed, staring back at her.

“Please turn off your car, ma’am,” he said in a husky drawl that made her pulse flutter.

“Oh, right,” she gasped. Twisting the engine off, she left the keys swaying in the ignition as her hands twined with nervous energy in her lap. “Um, what seems to be the problem, officer?”

He shifted, and a ray of sunshine turned the faint stubble on his sharply honed cheeks into gold dust. Pam caught her breath.

“You seemed to be in a little bit of a hurry.” He waited a beat, then added, “License and registration, please, ma’am.”

“Yes, of course. I have them right here.” Pam fumbled for her purse and pulled out her wallet. She flipped it open and a folded note fluttered free. She thought briefly about retrieving it from the floorboards, but the leanly muscled presence waiting with perceptible impatience at her window discouraged her. Pam thumbed through the credit cards, gas cards, stray receipts and family photos until she found what he’d asked for. He took a long notepad from his pocket and began to write out her information. He stopped and tilted her driver’s license away from the shadow of his hat until the sun shone full on it. Carefully, he set his pad and her cards on the roof of her car and stepped back, hand ominously on his belt. “Ma’am, could you please step out of your vehicle.” His drawl made the last word sound like three. Vee. Hick. Cull.

“But I—”

“Now, ma’am.”

“Right.” Pam unfastened her seatbelt with trembling fingers. He stepped away just enough to let her ease open the door and get out of the car. Pam surreptitiously wiped damp palms on the skirt of her bright-yellow sundress and looked at him questioningly.

He stepped back and nudged his chin to signal her to follow. "If you'll just step over here, ma'am."

The high-pitched buzzing of cicadas in the tall grass and the scrape-scuff of Pam's strappy, low-heeled sandals on the blacktop were the only sounds. Not even a breeze rustled through the trees, and the highway full of traffic might have been a million miles away. Haltingly, Pam walked toward the rear of her car. He moved with her, staying out of reach, sunlight striking sparks off the platinum-bright badge clipped to his breast pocket. His eyes were hidden behind the sunglasses, but she felt the heat of his gaze sear her bare legs.

While it had looked impossibly close in her rearview mirror, the SUV was actually parked about four feet away from her bumper.

He kept one hand on his belt as he gestured for her to step between the vehicles. "Turn around and face the car, ma'am."

Pam's pulse leapt and she licked her lips. "But why—"

"Ma'am, do as I say. Turn around. Face the car."

Quickly nodding to show her compliance, Pam faced the trunk. A draft of heat rose from under the car to play beneath the hem of her dress, tickling her thighs.

"Place your hands on the trunk." His voice rasped over the nape of her neck and she shivered, her nipples pebbling beneath the simple bodice of her dress.

A sultry extended summer had a tenacious grip on the area, and the metal of the trunk was almost uncomfortably hot on her palms. "Farther," he said, and she slid her hands another foot up the trunk until she was bent over it, cotton-covered breasts lightly scouring the dusty surface.

He leaned over to grab her wrist and she breathed in a mouth-watering blend of cologne and man. He drew her hand to the small of her back and she felt cool metal circle her wrist, heard the ratcheting click. "This is for your safety and mine," he said. His hips pressed against her up-tilted ass and the long, hard length of his cock nudged the folds of her dress.

Pam turned her face to the side, pressing her cheek against the trunk. All she could see was golden grass and green forest. She noticed the tendons in his tanned hand were strong and well-defined as he reached for her other wrist, drawing it back to secure it in the cuffs at the small of her back. With nothing else to support her, Pam's

torso settled fully against the trunk, the round curve of its edge pressing against her hips.

She couldn't see him, but she felt him standing there, watching her. She twisted her wrists in the cuffs, testing them. The metal links between the rings chimed softly.

"Please," Pam said. "Can't you tell me what I've done? Is something wrong with my license?"

"It's almost expired," he said.

"I've got a few days to get it renewed."

"Like living on the edge, do you?"

"Oh, no. Not at all. I'm very boring, actually," she said. "Nothing exciting about me."

"No?"

Pam heard the rustle of fabric and tried not to squirm. "I, I just like to take care of my family. Can't we clear this up so I can get back home? My husband will be back from work in a few hours, and he'll be wondering where his dinner is."

"Hmm." His musing tone was accompanied by a soft clink that she couldn't identify, followed by a metallic rasp that she *could*. "I suppose I could get you off ... Pardon, I meant *let* you off, just this once. If you promise to be a good girl."

And then he moved close, and Pam felt the sizzling length of him touch her upturned hands. Instinctively, she closed her fists, holding his cock trapped between her cuffed hands. Moisture trickled from the rounded tip, wetting her palms. Pam squeezed and he uttered a soft groan. He flexed his hips and his cock slid through her grip and back again. He thrust forward, pulling back slowly. Planting his hands on the trunk on either side of her head, he fucked her hands with single-minded intensity.

The cloth of his trousers rasped her inner thighs as he moved, back and forth, his thrusts steady. His weight pushed her into the trunk, gently rocking the car with each move of their bodies. His breath ruffled loose brunette curls around her face and she bit her lower lip. He seemed to swell in her hands, growing thicker, longer. More pre-cum dribbled out, further slickening her palms and he thrust faster. The cicadas were drowned out by the wet sounds of his cock, the steady clink of the cuffs and their ragged breaths.

Then he stopped. He lay over her, cock a rod of steel in her hands. His breathing began to calm. Pam moved just her thumbs, rolling

them over the round tip, teasing the slit there. He inhaled sharply and shoved himself up from the car, away from her. "Ma'am, you want to be doing what I tell you right now." Despite the harsh words, hunger wound through his tone.

"I'm sorry, officer," she said, striving for an extra note of contrition. "I'm ready to be completely co-operative."

Without warning, he grabbed a fistful of her skirt and shoved it up. Pam gasped as the sunlight kissed her buttocks. He froze, as if stunned by the sight of her pale flesh, bare of so much as the ribbon of a G-string. Pam imagined what she must look like, ass tilted up, legs spread, the dark hairs of her pussy glistening with the desire that had built as he'd moved over her. She shifted from one foot to the other, the motion teasing the hard little nub of her clit as her thighs rubbed together and her mound strained against the trunk.

He drew her skirt up higher, tucking the gathered fabric under her bound hands. "You know, I think it's illegal in this state to go around without panties," he said, trailing one finger down the dip between her ass cheeks.

Pam tried to think as that finger continued into her damp curls and brushed along her slit. "Is it?"

That long, tantalizing male finger touched the hard, throbbing pearl, and Pam bit off a sob. "Fucked if I know," he said. Then his finger was gone and he crowded against her, using his hand to rub his cock between her thighs. Pam gasped and tried to thrust back against him, but couldn't. Without her hands for balance, she was forced to let him do what he wanted, at his own pace.

"Oh, God," she said.

He chuckled darkly. She didn't care, because he had finally angled his cock until the tip nudged her entrance. He shallowly thrust against her, just enough to breach her, and pulled away. He did it again. Then a third time.

Pam hissed in frustration. "Damn it!"

He laughed again. "Enough playing," she said. "Just fuck me!"

"All right, ma'am." Without further prompting, he drove into her with a single, hard thrust that made them both cry out.

He reached for her knee and unceremoniously hooked it over his elbow, drawing her leg up. She felt wide open, exposed in more than the sense that she was getting fucked against the back of her car and, deserted as the side road was, anyone could drive by. He set his own

knee on the bumper and drove up, hips pistoning his cock into her dripping cleft, and she stopped thinking of anything except him.

The zipper of his opened pants nipped at her sensitive flesh every time he sank into her, and her body made wet, sucking sounds as he pulled out and pushed in. The car rocked almost violently with the force of his thrusts, heavy springs squeaking along with their groans and cries.

Pam caught a glimpse of herself reflected in the rear window, hair stuck to her cheeks, mouth open, eyes heavy-lidded. He was a dark shadow, face hidden by the lip of his Stetson, teeth a glint of white as he bared them. His head ducked down, and she felt those teeth bite kisses into the curve of her neck and shoulder. His breathing was a bellows in her ear, a rumbling baritone to her more feminine cries.

He pressed his face into the tumble of her hair, knocking the hat off his head. "Ah, fuck," he moaned. His other hand fumbled under her hips and burrowed between her thighs to tug and tease at her clit and the tiny erect nub. Without his hands holding most of his weight off her, her cuffed hands were trapped between their bodies. Any other time, it would have hurt. Now, she reveled in the feel of his muscled belly flexing with each desperate thrust of his hips.

"Fuck, baby, you gotta come. Come now, come now, come now," he chanted. He angled her trapped knee a fraction of an inch higher, opened her a little bit wider, pressed his thumb in that perfect, exquisite, magical spot — and she exploded. Pam arched her neck back and screamed. He shouted hoarsely against her neck and shuddered as his cock throbbed and jumped, sending a gush of cum shooting into her.

Pam's sandal slid in the gravel, but he held her up by the simple expedient of collapsing on top of her. His cock twitched with aftershocks, and he mouthed kisses along the curve of her face with sated slowness.

Pam's body tingled with delightful aftershocks. She opened her eyes and stared at blue paint. Her forehead ached a bit where it was pressed against the hard metal of the trunk. She must have banged it without realizing it.

He nipped her ear. "What's for dinner, honey?"

Pam snorted a laugh and turned her head to the side so she could meet her husband's warm chocolate eyes. "I don't know, but it'll have

to be quick. We need to be at the school for the parent-teacher conference at six.”

He thrust his hips lazily against hers. “I don’t mind quick.”

She smiled conspiratorially. “I know, you dog. Now let me up. Don’t you have to get back to the office?”

He leaned back and brought her up with him. His cock slid from her, and a thin drip of liquid trailed down her thigh. Pam thought of the napkins in the glove box.

“I told my assistant I was taking an extended lunch,” he said, freeing her wrists from the gag cuffs. He slid them casually in his front pants pocket and helped her smooth the skirt of her sundress down. Tucking his softening cock back into his pants, he zipped up, looking at her with a raised eyebrow. “Just how often do you go shopping without panties?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know.” She attempted to straighten the wrinkles out of the dress shirt he’d worn to work that morning, but it was beyond saving. He shrugged and stuffed the shirttails into his pants. “I’ll change into my spare at the office.”

Her eyes caught on his waist. “Isn’t that Alex’s Luke Skywalker utility belt?”

He grinned boyishly. “Like it? I thought the blaster would be a bit much, so I left it in the SUV.”

She looked at the stubby blue party light on the dashboard of his SUV. “You’d better get that back in Ginny’s room before she accuses Alex of stealing it.”

He held her door open and she slid behind the wheel. Leaning down, he gave her a lingering, tongue-tangling kiss before closing her door with a soft thud. “Drive safe, honey. See you later.”

She couldn’t resist watching in the side-view mirror as he walked, whistling, back to the SUV. He paused to bend down and pick up the fallen Stetson. The man had the ass of a god. Smiling to herself, she started the car. She didn’t know how other women felt, but she loved meeting her husband for lunch.