

“Hey! This is the police! Stop right there!”

You freeze as the siren blares loudly. Turning to look behind you, you see a police car approaching, slowly swinging into the parking space next to where you’ve stopped on the sidewalk.

This is... odd. You’re just walking down the sidewalk, on your way to your home. It’s late, and you’ve just recently clocked off from the gym, and you’re eager to get home. Except, now you’ve been stopped by a random police car for no apparent reason. You’re not carrying or doing anything suspicious, you think.

Evidently, the police don’t seem to agree with you. As the car comes to a stop, the doors open and three female police officers swiftly stop out of the vehicle, fixing you with three sharp looks. “You stop right there, suspect!” The officer in the driver’s seat yells at you across the roof of the police car, as her partners move toward you.

The three female officers are dressed in what you assume must be some kind of new police uniform. Each one is wearing a pair of jean short-shorts, with their black underwear jutting up and over their hips in a whale tail. Instead of a shirt, each one is wearing a blue bikini top with a metal badge pinned to the right breast. A police cap completes their uniform, and all three of them straighten their caps as they approach.

You quickly hold up your hands to show that you’re not a threat. None of them are carrying guns, but that certainly doesn’t make you feel any safer. Hell, you’re bigger and taller than all three women approaching you, but you still feel rather intimidated at their approach. You’re in no hurry to make enemies with these officers. Not since the law was passed that said police were allowed to swallow and digest anyone who they felt presented a physical danger to themselves or others. The last thing you want is to end up getting jumped by a trigger-happy cop.

“Ooh! Hi there, mister!~” One of the officers, a blonde with fluffy blonde hair and tanned skin, lets out a low whistle of appreciation as she looks you up and down. You’re nearly a full head-height taller than her, so it takes her a moment. “Damn, what a fucking *hunk!*” She says, clearly quite satisfied with her assessment. Turning to the officer who’s coming around from the driver’s side, the blonde officer gives her a thumbs up. “You got a hell of a fucking eye for hot guys, Nessa!”

Nessa, the officer who got out of the driver’s seat, scowls at the blonde officer. “That’s *Officer* Nessa to you while we’re on duty, Ellie!” Her black hair is tied into a ponytail, which hangs down over her shoulders. A pair of aviator glasses conceals her pale face. Stopping in front of you, she folds her arms, a stern look on her face, as if you’ve done something wrong. You can’t help but feel quite intimidated at the woman, who’s almost as tall as you, though nowhere near as big.

“He’s a big lad, that’s for sure!” The last of the three officers, a dark-skinned woman with bushy brown hair and a pair of thick-rimmed glasses, gives you yet another pervy leer. “Looks like he’d leave you limping, yeah?” You can hear a thick English accent in her voice, surprisingly. She winks at you. “Stay where you are... sir.”

“Maybe *you*, Glinda. Unlike you, I got some cushion to push.” Ellie sneers at her fellow officer. It’s true, the blonde woman is built quite a bit thicker than her partners.

You really have no idea what’s going on, to be honest. “Um, can I help you, officers?” You ask carefully, as the officers move to surround you. Nessa stands directly in front of you, while Ellie and Glinda take up positions on your left and right, respectively. Behind you is a brick wall. Unless you’re intending to shove one of the officers aside, you’re a little bit trapped right now. “I don’t think I’ve done anything wrong...”

“Mmm...?” Officer Nessa flinches slightly, as if she was too absorbed in admiring the muscles in your arms. “Oh, right... Hey! We’re asking the questions here, suspect!”

You quickly shut your mouth as the officer snaps at you. As Nessa glares at you, you nod meekly. “S-sorry, officer...” On either side of you, Ellie and Glinda chuckle at you. “Um, can I at least ask why you’re stopping me?”

“Shut it!” Nessa snaps again at you. “Police Code, Section 43; ‘Officers are allowed to stop citizens if they have reason to believe that said citizen is doing something illegal’.”

“Huh?” You’ve never heard of that particular section of the Code. Or, of the Police Code at all, really. But then again, you’re not a police officer, are you? “W-what have I done that’s illegal?”

Reaching down to her breasts, the pale-skinned officer adjusts the badge on her bikini top. “You don’t know anything about the law, do you, suspect?” Nessa asks carefully. When you shamefully nod, she grins savagely. “Section 43A; ‘Officers have no obligation to reveal the reason for the stop, and repeated requests from the citizen can be interpreted as non-compliance’.”

Oh, shit! You had no idea about that particular law. Good thing she told you now, before you accidentally did something illegal. “I... I haven’t done anything wrong, officers!” You plead, looking around at their sneering expressions. “Please, I’m happy to comply with anything you need, okay?”

“As you should!” Officer Ellie claps her hands, making you flinch. “Oh geez Louise, mister. We’re just gonna ask you a few questions, so calm the hell down.” Taking a deep breath, you nod at the tanned woman. She grins excitedly as she launches into her interrogation. “First, name and age!”

Obediently, you tell Ellie your name and age, and pull out your ID to prove it when she gestures for you to. Taking the small piece of plastic, the blonde officer scans it slowly, and then nods. "Ooh, you look hot in your photo, too!~" You hold out your hand to take the ID back, but Ellie instead stuffs it in between her breasts with a sneer. "You can get it back when we're done, *mister*."

"You've got some *nice* muscles, sir..." You tense as you feel Glinda's hands touch your upper right arm. She squeezes your bicep for a moment, and lets out a squeal of delight as to how hard the muscle feels. "My goodness. You must work out a *lot*, don't you, sir?"

"I... I do..." You admit nervously. The gym's a familiar place to you, to be sure. You've been going four times a week since you were in middle school, and you're quite heavily defined in terms of muscle. The bicep that Glinda's enjoying is a result of many years of hard work. "Actually, I just came from the gym..." You explain, and the dark-skinned girl lets out a whistle of appreciation.

You feel a tap on your left shoulder, and you turn to see the blonde officer licking her lips. "So... you got a girlfriend, handsome... I mean, suspect?"

What? How is *that* relevant? You want to ask, but just complying feels easier. "I, uh... Yeah, I do." You admit, feeling oddly sheepish about doing so.

Around you, there's a chorus of disappointment as the officers hear your answer. "Oh, *boo!*~" Glinda complains, still feeling up your right bicep.

Nessa snorts derisively. "You look like a cheater. You ever cheated on your girlfriend, suspect?"

"N-no!" You say quickly.

The pale officer snorts again. "What a shame." Before you can ask what she means by that, Nessa continues. "Have you ever offered or been offered a bribe? Specifically a sexual favor as a bribe?"

You're rather taken aback by the question. "No! Of course not!" You plead, scandalized.

"How big's your tonker, sir?" Glinda asks, gesturing toward your groin.

You blink for a second, a little confused. "My... what?" Surely, she can't mean what you think she means.

In front of you, Nessa sighs in irritation. "Officer Glinda, fucking speak English please. This suspect is clearly a himbo, so use real words, not your fake British noises." She turns back to you with a smirk. "She means your *dick*, suspect. Length and width, please."

Why on Earth would these officers need to know how big your genitals are? You're pretty sure you don't actually have to answer that particular question, but... well, it's just easier and faster to comply. The last thing you want to do is give them an excuse to say that you're being resistant to the law. "It's..." You blush a little as you speak, to the delight of the three officers surrounding you. "It's about eight inches, I think?"

The three officers look between each other, apparently quite impressed judging by the looks on their faces. Officer Nessa seems particularly excited, and she adjusts her shorts as the other two let out groans of delight. Taking a step toward you, Nessa lowers her sunglasses, and her green eyes narrow at yours. "Tell me you're *not* joking, suspect. You'd best not be getting my hopes up for nothing."

"It is, I swear!" You exclaim, feeling a little threatened at Nessa's sudden proximity. Honestly, she's smaller than you enough that you could probably pick up the policewoman and throw her a good distance, but there's no way you'd be crazy enough to do something like that to a *cop*. "I mean... it could be nine inches now..." You're not sure when the last time you measured it had been, honestly. It could have grown or something.

"Only one way to find out!" The blonde officer to your left stretches out her hands, cracking her knuckles in excited anticipation. "Officer Nessa, may I conduct a quick full-body search?"

Nessa nods quickly. "You certainly may, Officer Ellie-"

"Hold on!" You interrupt, and the grinning blonde officer halts mid-step toward you. "Don't... don't you guys need a warrant or something for that?" You think that's right... probably.

Ellie hesitates for a moment, and then looks to Nessa, who then looks at Glinda. The dark-skinned officer thinks for a moment, and then clicks her fingers. "Good thinking, sir. We *do* need a warrant, of course... but only if the citizen doesn't consent!"

"Exactly." Nessa turns back to you, grinning smugly. "And we already know you're a good little boy... or *big* boy, apparently. Don't we?" Her grin fades slightly, and you catch a glimpse of her teeth for just a flash. "Or, are you saying you *don't* consent?"

Oh god, your heart almost stopped for a second there. Feeling quite intimidated, you quickly nod. "N-no, I consent! I consent to be searched!" When you think about it, you've got nothing to be afraid of the officers finding. You have nothing to hide, after all.

Ellie lets out a whoop of joy, and begins patting your body down. You obediently raise your arms as she taps your biceps, and the blonde officer steps behind you, running her hands down your muscular sides. Glinda takes a step back, moving to join Nessa in watching you get felt up. Both of them are clearly enjoying the view.

The officer's search moves to your chest, and you flinch in surprise as Ellie's hands slip under your shirt and begin to massage your abs. "Oh, *god*... Officers, I'm reporting an *eight*-pack under here!" Behind you, the officer presses herself against you, and you feel her breasts squished against your lower back. "You've got one *lucky*-ass girlfriend, mister. Geez, this body is just... fucking boyfriend *goals* for me..."

"Officer, I hate to interrupt before you can cream in your uniform, but we need a report on the situation down south." Nessa, alongside Glinda, is practically drooling as well. Oh, she's asking Ellie to...

"Roger that!" You brace yourself as you feel Ellie's hands drop to your groin. Gently, but firmly, the officer grabs your genitals with both hands, massaging your cock through your pants. You shudder, feeling a little violated, but you can't help but feel a little stimulated too. "Ooh!~" You can feel Ellie's face press against your lower back, and the officer sounds like she's about to orgasm somehow. "I think he was hiding an inch or two from us! God in Heaven, this thing is *big*!"

Nessa clicks her tongue and points at you threateningly. "Lying to us, is that it, suspect?" She bites her lip, and you're a little worried about what she's thinking right now.

"N-no!" You protest feebly. "I... I was telling the truth!"

The pale officer opens her mouth to speak, but Glinda taps her on the shoulder. As the dark-skinned officer leans in to whisper into her ear, Nessa's smile widens. Turning back to you, she says; "Well then. You'll have to prove it, then, won't you?"

"Prove it? How?" You ask, a little dumbly.

Behind you, Ellie finally lets go of you, moving around your side to stand next to her partners. "You'll just have to show us directly, won't you, mister?" She winks at Glinda, who winks back at her.

"Are... are you serious?" Dropping your pants in the middle of the street is the *last* thing you'd expected to have to do on your way home today. "Is this... Is this the last thing you need?" You ask hopefully.

Officer Nessa thinks for a moment, and then nods. "Yes, suspect. Show us proof that you weren't lying, and that'll be the end of our investigation."

Well, that's a relief. You don't particularly want to show these officers your private parts, but if it's the final thing that lets you off the hook, you're willing to part with your dignity. It's not like you've got anything to be ashamed of downstairs.

You unzip your pants, and hook your thumbs into your belt, pulling your pants down to your lower thighs. There's a sensation of cold on your now exposed cock and balls, which swing slightly as you stand up straight again. Pulling up your shirt with a blush, you make sure to give the three officers a good view.

"Holy..." Nessa lowers her glasses, her eyes wide with shock. "That's... the biggest fucking dick I've ever *seen!*"

Glinda lets out a whistle of appreciation. "That ain't a dick, that's a flipping *hose!*"

"*Look* at that fucking *meat!*" A trail of drool is dripping out of Ellie's mouth as she stares at your cock. "I need that in my mouth, ASAP!" She takes a step toward you, and you flinch in surprise, but Nessa grabs her by the shoulder.

"Hey now, *partner.*" The pale officer pulls Ellie back, the blonde officer letting out a whine of annoyance. "I saw him first, didn't I?"

"Oh, *boo!*" Glinda complains at Nessa, and Ellie quickly choruses along with her.

Nessa just smirks as she walks toward you. "Finders keepers, losers!"

"Huh?" You say, halfway though pulling up your pants as Nessa walks around you. "What are you-" You feel her grab your hands, and something hard wraps around your wrists... handcuffs! "Hey! What's going on?! What are you...?"

"I'm placing you under arrest, citizen!" The pale officer leans around your side, and winks at you playfully. "Possession of a deadly weapon is illegal, didn't you know?" As you splutter your protests, the other two officers appear at your sides. "Come on, you're coming back to the station with us!" You feel Nessa push you toward the car.

As you're forced toward the car, Ellie runs ahead and pulls open the door, holding it wide for you to enter. As you reach the car, you feel Nessa tap you on the back between your shoulder blades, a sign for you to lower your head to enter. "But, I haven't *done* anything!" You protest.

"You can explain yourself down at the station, stallion... I mean, suspect!" Nessa's voice is sharp, and you wince a little as it sounds in your ears. "You drive, Glinda." She says, and you see a pair of car keys tossed to the dark-skinned officer. "Come on, get in, suspect!"

You hesitate for a moment. In all honesty, you're pretty sure you're innocent, and that you could break free and run away if you wanted. But, that would be a big hassle if you did. They'd probably chase you down, and then you'd have a *real* charge against your name for resisting arrest. No, better just to comply and explain yourself down at the station. There'd be someone there who'd be more willing to listen to you, surely. You'll clear everything up.

You lower your head, and climb into the car, your wrists still bound behind you. The inside of the car is rather cramped, considering your larger-than-average size, and it's hard for you to sit comfortably in the back seat with your hands stuck behind your back.

Beside you, Officer Nessa climbs in and sits down beside you to your right. "Alright, take us to the station, Officer Glinda." The dark-skinned officer gives her a thumbs up from the driver's seat, as Ellie opens the other door and sits down in the passenger's seat next to Glinda.

A few moments later, you're cruising down the street, loud music blaring from the police car's radio. Ellie and Glinda are singing long to the music, almost managing to stay on key at certain points. You've never been inside a police car, so you never knew it could be quite this... *loud*.

Beside you, Officer Nessa pulls out a small box from under the driver's side seat, and opens it up. "Okay... let's do this!" She reaches in, and pulls out a syringe full of reddish liquid. "Okay, hold still, convict..."

Instinctively, you lean away from the needle, especially as Nessa's clearly turning it toward you. "W-what... what is *that*?" You splutter, as the needle's tip flashes.

"An aphrodisiac, obviously." Nessa pulls off her sunglasses and tosses them carelessly behind her. She gives a vaguely impatient look. "I'm gonna inject you with this, so I can administer your punishment on the way to the station." Her eyes narrow. "Any *objections*, convict?!"

"N-no, sorry!" You stammer. As Nessa leans toward you, you wince as the needle enters your arm. The pale officer pushes down on the injector, and you feel a chill in your veins as about half of the red liquid is squirted into your bloodstream. Pulling the half-empty syringe out of your arm, Nessa then turns it toward her own arm. Injecting herself with the remaining aphrodisiac, she shivers and moans in pleasure. "Oh, *fuck yes*..."

Rolling down the window behind her, Nessa tosses the empty syringe out onto the street, and then rolls it back up again. Turning back to you, you see that her face is already becoming flushed. "Alright... let's do this, you fucking *hunk*!" Nessa moans, her breathing already becoming a little ragged.

You can already feel your cock beginning to strain against the confines of your pants, the aphrodisiac already pulsing through your veins. "Do *what*?" You ask, like an idiot.

"Sex, you fucking *dipshit*!" Nessa roars at you, sounding more than a little irritated. "Are you fucking *slow* or something?" She reaches behind her back, and undoes her bikini top, letting it fall away without a single second thought. Her bare breasts are pale and round, a sight you'd probably enjoy more in any other situation.

“Huh?” You shift uncomfortably, feeling heat spreading across your body. Despite your fear, you’re already half-erect, and you know nothing’s going to stop your dick from reaching full-mast now. The drugs in your system can’t be resisted. “No, I can’t...”

“Oh, *come on!*” The pale officer complains, and grabs your growing erection. You flinch at the touch, especially as she begins to unzip your pants. “Look, just comply, would you? I promise we’ll go easy on you back at the station if you *behave...*”

Oh god. But what choice do you have? Nessa’s clearly not going to take ‘no’ for an answer, and your erection is already clouding your brain. There’s nothing to stop the officer from simply taking what she wants. Might as well accept her offer, and keep what’s left of your dignity. “F-fine...” You say.

In the passenger seat, Ellie turns to watch the two of you. As Nessa pulls off your pants, the blonde officer lets out a cheer of encouragement for her partner. “Yeah, get that dick, girl!”

Freed from its confines, your erection springs out, slapping against your abs for a moment. There’s a sense of relief as it’s finally free, and you can feel just how hard you are right now. It’s the hardest you’ve ever been in your whole life. When Nessa reaches out to grab your shaft, you feel your cock twitch at the stimulation of her touch.

“That thing’s gotta be nine inches or more...” Nessa runs her tongue around her lips. Then, she leans in, cracking her jaw for a moment. “Okay, gonna lube this beast up... if it even *fits...*”

Before you can ask what she means, you feel hot wetness engulf the head of your penis. Ah, that answers your question. Hunched over your lap, Nessa struggles to swallow down your length. As you shudder from the stimulation, your dick twitches inside her mouth.

“Fuck, you *go*, girl!” From the passenger seat, Ellie gives you a sleazy wink. “You enjoying this, mister?”

To tell the truth, it’s hard not to feel pleasure from what’s happening. A blowjob is hardly the most unpleasant thing in the world, you know from substantial experience. Nessa’s clearly not unskilled at giving one either. And your dick is almost painfully hard from the aphrodisiac, it’s so nice to have *some* relief. If you’d chosen to be here, you’d probably be over the moon right now.

Nessa can barely manage to get half of your length into her mouth before she begins to gag. You can feel her throat convulsing slightly as she struggles to swallow even deeper. No, she’s not choking, you realize. You can feel saliva cascading down your shaft, as the pale officer spits up liquid to coat your dick.

Finally, Nessa surfaces for air, pulling her throat off your dick with a disturbingly loud and wet popping sound. Your dick glistens from the moisture, and it feels rather cold now.



That feeling doesn't last for long, though. As soon as Nessa leans back, she starts fighting with the zip on her tiny shorts. You can see that her groin is already soaked through, so she's clearly quite eager to move on to the next part. With a sigh of relief, Nessa wrenches off her shorts and underwear in one quick move, tossing them onto the floor

With astounding speed, the now-naked officer wastes no time in clambering onto your lap, sitting down on your lap facing you. Your cock is now pressed against her vagina, which you can feel is *radiating* heat. You can feel that her thighs are slick as well. Nessa leans in, pressing her body up against yours, and reaching behind your back with both arms. You can feel her hands on your handcuffs, and then you feel a click.

"Oh, you're...?" You say in surprise, as the pale officer leans back, holding the handcuffs that had been painfully binding your wrists behind you.

"Shut your fucking *mouth*, convict!" Nessa hisses, and tosses the handcuffs away. She reaches down and grasps your thighs. "Grab my fucking thighs!"

Obediently, you reach out and grab the officer's thighs. Now supported, she's able to swing her legs around and squat in your lap, her vagina now above the point of your cock.

Nessa is clearly not in need of any foreplay right now. From this angle, you can see that her pussy is shockingly wet. Wasting not a second more, the officer grabs your dick, and guides it into her slit as she descends. "Oh fuck..." Nessa's eyes widen as the tip of your penis is suddenly engulfed in wetness and heat. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, it feels even bigger than it looks!"

"You got this!" Glinda calls out from the driver's seat. "Don't let him win!"

Beside her, Ellie is fanning herself with her police cap, her face flushed from watching the two of you starting to have sex. "No way in hell you're conquering that whole thing, Nessa!"

"Oh *fuck*..." Nessa moans as her pussy slowly envelops your erection. The wet heat slides down your length, in an almost painfully pleasurable sensation. "Oh fuck, I might cum just from... *Shit! Shit!*"

You feel the officer's muscles suddenly tightening around you, and her whole body begins to shudder. As her eyes roll back into her head, a small amount of saliva dribbles from Nessa's mouth, landing on your abs. The pale officer lets out an almost primitive grunt as she orgasms on your cock.

"What a flipping lightweight..." Glinda sneers into the rear view mirror. "You're barely halfway down his dick, Nessa!"

“S-shut up...” As Nessa’s orgasm subsides, the pale officer breathes heavily into your face. “If you could feel this fucking *monster* inside you, you wouldn’t be able to resist either...” To your amazement, despite having just orgasmed, Nessa resumes her descent on your cock. Her vagina is almost painfully tight around you, like a vice around your dick.

“Okay, lightweight.” Ellie snickers at her partner. “Try not to cream before you get to the base.”

It takes what feels like a small eternity, but Nessa finally succeeds in taking your entire cock into herself. When her pussy lips are pressed against your groin, the pale officer stops to catch her breath for a moment. “Jesus...” She moans, shifting around slowly with your dick inside her. “This is the biggest fucking... this is the biggest fucking dick I’ve ever taken...”

“You sure?” The blonde officer teases from the passenger seat. “I’ve *seen* your dildo collection.”

“Shut your fucking... ngh, *hole*, Ellie!” Sweat is pouring down Nessa’s pale face, as she slowly begins to rise. You moan involuntarily as the moving tightness stimulates your dick. It’s been a *long* time since a girl’s been able to take *all* of you, and you’re honestly a little impressed that Nessa’s managed to do it.

“Fuck! Fuck!” You can’t help but swear out loud as Nessa begins to slowly fuck you, moving up and down with an almost pained look on her face.

For a few minutes, there’s nothing but the feeling of Nessa. All thought is driven from your brain, save for the intense feeling of her innards crushing your dick in a way that is horrifically pleasurable. You can feel liquid pouring down your shaft each time the pale officer rises, and all you can see are her breasts bouncing in front of your eyes.

Nessa’s breathing is ragged as she forces your dick inside herself, wincing each time the head of your cock crashes into her deepest parts. “Oh god... it’s fucking *destroying me!*” She leans forward, pressing her body into yours, her breasts squishing softly against your face.

“Yeah, get it, girl!” Ellie cheers, and then leans out from her seat, her arm outstretched. With a mischievous grin, the blonde officer reaches out and slaps Nessa jiggling butt, making a loud slapping noise that rings in your ears for a moment.

You feel Nessa’s innards tighten sharply as the pale officer gasps in shock, and then turns around. For a moment, you expect Nessa to yell angrily at her partner. And she does, but not in the way you expect.

“Do that again!” Nessa demands, to Ellie’s shock.

“Huh?” The blonde officer seems rather taken aback at the demand. “Sorry, Nessa, I just got carried awa-”

“Do it again!” The pale officer roars, a mix of angry and aroused. “Fucking do it again, Ellie, or I swear to God...!”

“Okay, okay!” As Nessa turns back to you, resuming her pace of bouncing up and down on your dick, Ellie nervously reaches out again and slaps her partner’s ass. She’s rewarded with a half-scream from her partner, who arches her back in pleasure at the feeling. “Nessa, this feels pretty fucking *gay*, just saying!”

Nessa doesn’t slow down, and you can sense that she’s chasing another orgasm. “I don’t fucking *care*, Ellie, just keep going!” The blonde officer obliges eagerly.

Oh fuck... you’re not going to last much longer. Each time Ellie slaps Nessa’s butt, you feel another pulse of tightness around your dick. You’re no lightweight when it comes to cumming, but this onslaught of stimulation is beyond anything you’ve ever felt before. “Shit, I’m gonna cum soon!” You warn the officer on top of you. “Ah, stop! I’m gonna cum inside you if you don’t stop!”

“So fucking *what*, convict?!” Nessa screams at you, her eyes closed and face flushed. Her pace doesn’t slow down after your warning, and she instead begins to speed *up*. “You think I’m gonna miss this chance to have my innards painted white by a hunk?!” Slamming down onto your dick over and over again, Nessa flinches each time Ellie slaps her ass. “Come on, fucking cum inside me, you fucking *stallion*!”

And then, it becomes too much for you. Your dick reaches its limit and explodes with pleasure, your nerve endings boiling with flame that spreads from your crotch into every part of your body. Raw, absolute pleasure surges through you, sending all your muscles into involuntary convulsions. As it reaches your brain, your mind is wiped from everything except whiteness.

Inside Nessa, your dick twitches violently, and you can feel cum pulsing up along the length of your shaft. As it reaches the tip, your cock wastes no time in *blasting* your sperm into the waiting warm wetness. Another twitch sends another load into Nessa’s hungry pussy, followed by another and then another.

As your cum scorches her insides, Nessa herself can’t resist reaching orgasm, not that she was trying to in the first place. As you pulse more and more cum into her, you feel the vagina clamp down *hard* on your cock. This does nothing to reduce your orgasm, quite the opposite really. Nessa shudders on top of you, as her pussy eagerly drinks down every last drop that spurts out of your dick.

Finally, you go limp in the back seat of the car, your orgasm slowly fading away as the last dregs of cum are emptied out of your balls. You can feel hot cum running down your thighs, as Nessa’s vagina runs out of space, leaving the remainder to stain the carpet under the car seats. Distantly, you hear Ellie and Glinda cheering for their partner.

Once she's caught her breath, the pale officer grins down nastily at you. "Good work, convict... I knew you were a law-abiding citizen..."

"Oof..." As Nessa rises from your lap, cum streaming down her thighs, Ellie lets out a low whistle of appreciation. The blonde officer runs a finger up Nessa's thigh, lathering it in white cum, which she then sticks in her mouth. "You're gonna regret *that* in nine months, Nessa!"

"Hell no, I ain't gonna. Have you *seen* this stud's body?" The black-haired officer rubs her abdomen as she leans over you, her face flushed with utter satisfaction. "Yeah, I'm not gonna regret mixing *these* genes with mine."

"Naaasty slut!~" Glinda calls out from the driver's seat. "You're really gonna just get pregnant from some guy you picked up off the street? That's flipping *hot!*"

Oh shit, did the officer just get pregnant from you cumming inside her? It wasn't impossible... "Shit, I'm not ready to have a kid..." You say, your voice still ragged from the effort of ejaculating against your will.

"Shoulda thought of that *before* you got arrested, huh, convict?" Ellie seers at you, her tanned cheeks flushed with arousal. "I'm up next, yeah? I wanna get pregnant if you are, Nessa!"

"Fuck off, Ellie! I don't fucking share!" Nessa flashes a middle finger at her partner, not turning away from you. She looks down at you with a hungry look on her face. "Now, convict, it's time for you to go into the holding cell..."

Holding cell? What was she talking about? "Um, what do you me-"

Nessa opens her mouth, and you stare into the black abyss. Her hot breath breezes across your face, and you shiver from the feeling, though you're not sure if it's fear or arousal. Probably both. The officer closes her mouth. "Does that answer your question, convict?" You nod meekly, and she smirks. "Okay, let's do this..."

As she leans forward, opening her mouth again, you flinch back. "H-hey, wait, isn't this dangerous?! I don't wanna get digested!"

An irritated look on her face, Nessa closes her mouth again and leans back. "Of course I'm not gonna *digest* you, you fucking idiot." She sneers at you, as Ellie begins to snicker behind her. "I'm just gonna put you in my stomach to keep you quiet and docile until we get back to the station. It's standard practice!"

Oh, well now you feel rather foolish. It was standard practice to store suspects inside their guts, apparently. "So, you can, like, hold back your digestion or something?" You ask, still a little hesitant.

“Yeah, sure. Whatever.” The officer shrugs, and then leans in again, opening her mouth. This time, she doesn’t stop.

As the mouth closes around your head, you resist the urge to fight back. If you do, you might end up hurting the police officer, and then you’d be in trouble for sure. It’s not like you *want* to be stored inside Nessa’s belly, but you really have no choice, do you? You resign yourself to it, and go limp to let her swallow you. Once she spits you back up in the station, you’ll be able to explain your innocence to someone, surely...

The sensation of being swallowed inside another human being is far from the most pleasant experience you’ve ever had in your life. It’s tight, hot and, above all, *wet*. In mere seconds, you’re drenched in Nessa’s bodily fluids, your hair and clothes absolutely sodden. As her throat chokes you down, you feel the tightness progress down your body, down your arms and to your waist...

A few moments later, there’s a sudden sensation of relief as your head crowns into the officer’s stomach. It’s only a momentary relief though, as a sudden stinging splashes onto your face, and runs down your neck and chest. True to its reputation, the stomach acid is quite painful, and you wince in agony. It’s all you can do to not resist, as more and more of you is forced into the rapidly shrinking stomach cavity.

Eventually, you feel Nessa’s lips reach your ankles. With a surprising amount of strength, the officer pulls off your shoes, and then gulps down your feet. With a few more gulps, and a little bit of compliance from you, she finally manages to swallow all of your body into her belly. As you curl into a fetal position inside her, you feel a crushing sensation of tightness, as well as a stinging across your entire body.

“Ah!” You cry out involuntarily, as more stomach acid spurts down your back. “Fuck! There’s so much stomach acid!”

Distantly, you feel Nessa patting her stomach. “Relax, convict! You’ll only get digested if you resist, so stay nice and still...”

Fuck, it’s really hard to resist the desire to fight your way out. The stomach you’re in is really dark, with a heavy tint of reddish-pink. As bad as the acid feels, the *noise* is almost as unpleasant. There’s a horrible groaning every now and again, which each time heralds a new spurt of acid. You can hear the officer’s heartbeat pulsing around you, almost deafening as you stew quietly in her guts.

After a little while, you blink a few times, and feel a little confused. You’ve got your eyes open, so why do you still see so much darkness? And why are your thoughts so... slow... all of a sudden?

It's okay though... They're taking you down to the station, so you just... need to hold on until they get there. It's not like... police officers can just digest people, so there's no reason... to be afraid... They know what they're doing...

Fuck, you... really hope it's not too much longer... This ride feels like it's... lasting forever. If it takes any longer... it might really last forever for you...

...No, the officer said this... was standard procedure... right? So, it was okay if... you closed your eyes for a little while...

You close your eyes, too worn down to realize that it's the last time you'll ever do so...

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"Holy shit... hot guys are so fucking *dumb!*" Nessa moans as she feels you die inside her. "I can't believe he actually fell for 'I'm not gonna digest you, I promise' bullshit!" She's lying down in the back seat of the police car, her gut bulging massively with the shape of your body. "Oh, yeah... digest, you fucking *stud!*"

Ellie eyes the jiggling belly admiringly, rubbing her fluffy blonde hair. "I can't believe he stayed still inside there until he *died.*" She shifts uncomfortably in the passenger seat, her shorts stained wet between her legs. "Or that Glinda's been driving around in circles this whole time."

"See ya, himbo!" Nessa takes off her cap, and places it on her belly, which groans loudly as it begins to churn in earnest. "In a few hours, there won't be anything left of your magnificent body, but fat on my tits!"

"And a massive pile of shit!" The blonde woman adds with a sneer. "Oh man, I'm gonna enjoy watching you shit that guy out soon! I bet at *least* two toilets end up clogged!"

Nessa rolls her eyes. "I'm not fucking dumping this much waste into a toilet. We'd get noticed for sure!" She lays her head down on the back seat, her hands behind her head. "Nah, I'll do it in the driver's seat when we dump the car later." Smirking at the thought, she begins to close her eyes.

"I can't believe he actually thought we're *cops!*" Glinda exclaims, and Ellie begins to laugh in the seat next to her. "I know I hotwired a flipping *cop car* and all, but *how* do guys keep falling for it when we're wearing flipping bikinis and dollar-store police badges?!"

"You underestimate my ability to make shit up, Glin." Nessa says, slowly rubbing her belly with both hands. "Section 43 of the 'Police Code'... what a fucking *moron.* Eating this guy wasn't murder, it's just fucking natural selection..."

“Damn, that’s fucking cold, bitch…” Ellie snorts in amusement. Her eyes still closed, Nessa holds up a fist. The tanned woman grins, and fist-bumps her partner in crime. “Damn, you enjoy melting down that dumbass, I guess.” She turns back to look out the front window of the police car, and licks her lips. “Okay, Glin… let’s go and find some idiots for our own bellies!”

Glinda slaps her belly, the dark skin rippling slightly. “Just remember, we’re ‘police officers’ okay?” Then, all three of them burst into laughter.

A few days later, the actual police discover their stolen car abandoned in an alleyway. The contents of the driver’s seat are omitted from the police report, save that it’s ‘quite a lot of foreign matter’. The police can tell that it must have been a person at some point, but without any leads, they have no ability to link it to you, despite the fact that you’ve been reported missing since around the same time the car was stolen. Part of that may be that your ID was kept as a trophy by the women who conquered you.

Good thing you complied so obediently, right?