

Dating the Cop

Inspired by a Captioned Image
By Maryanne Peters

The problem was that my sister Nell had a photo of me all made up. She had been doing a portfolio for her beauty school exercise where guys were being made up to look like girls, and she paid me to do model for her. That was the photo she showed the arresting officer. It was a photo of me in a wig with make up on.



Two things conspired against Bob this weekend while his parents were away. One he was arrested for a DUI and his sister picked him up and got the charges dropped by flirting with the officer, and promising him a date. Two...she was a cosmetician by trade, and for her silence in keeping this matter out of the ears of their parents, Bob 'agreed' to be the cop's date! Unfortunately the cop got a bit too feely and found Jason's secret...leaving Jason blackmailed into being the cop's date once a week!

“I can get you on a date with this girl,” she said to him. The girl was me, and the guy who arrested me never even noticed. Nell is that good with makeup and stuff.

“You got yourself into this shit,” she said. “I’m not going out with the guy – you are.”

And Nell gets a full time hair and makeup model. Somebody to give the full treatment to. The ultimate “before and after”. A scrawny little teenage drunk transformed into the girl you see today with the assistance of body waxing, hair extensions, breast forms and that makeup work.

His name is Jake. That is the name of my policeman. It was just supposed to be a couple of dates. The first date he took me to dinner at a glorified diner. I basically said nothing. I was worried that he would pick up that my voice was not right, so I only whispered. But he didn’t notice. He just talked sport all the time. He talked and talked. If I had been a girl, I would have been bored shitless. But I’m not, and he clearly knows his sport. I told him so.

I sneaked away from that but the second date we went to the movies with other couples – guys he worked with and their partners. A movie theatre full of cops and one reluctant tranny. I was barefoot in a field of broken glass.

Anyway, halfway through the movie Jake starts groping me. He feels my gel tits through my lacy bra and I guess I let him. I couldn’t feel anything, and I guess I thought he could go for it. But I now know that if a girl lets a guy get to first base like that, he is going to try to steal second. So, his hand goes down to my crotch and – Oh fuck!

Well, what is he going to do? He pulls his hand away and goes tense. But he is not going to shout out in the middle of all of his workmates that his date has a dick between her legs. And me, I just sort of shrink up and pray that I will live through this.

Then he whispers in my ear: “Well, you are a special kind of girl, aren’t you?”

I look across and see his face in the flickering of the movie screen. He is looking at me greedily. Not the look I am expecting. But I just nod.

When the lights come up one of his friends suggest we go for a drink, but Jake says: "Jasmine and I are heading home to my place."

I am thinking about what fate I might suffer when we get there, but there is nothing I can do. So, he has me by the hand and where he leads, I follow. Into the cab and out again, through his front door, up the stairs, down the hall and into his bedroom.

"Take off your clothes, slowly," he directs. What am I going to do? Do what he says, that's what.

He looks at me disappointedly. He says: "You're going to need tits. I don't like a sissy without tits." Then as I continue, he says: "And I don't like a sissy with balls either."

I just whimpered: "I'm sorry. My sister put me up to it."

Then suddenly he realizes. He says: "I know who you are. Well, well. How is it possible that you could now be the prettiest girl in the group tonight? All the guys told me how jealous of me they were. I got the pretty one. But not so pretty with her panties off."

What can a guy say? I mean, what? I am standing naked in the bedroom of the policeman who could see me in jail, from the neck up I look like a supermodel, but with the dress and the underwear and the fake tits on the floor I am just a quivering man-child below the neck.

"I'll do whatever you want." That is what I said. Do you have a better idea?

The End

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Author's Note:

Just a short cap, 91 words, so how is it possible to get two different names for the same guy?! The victim is Bob or Jason? So, I have read Jason as Jasmine – Bob becomes Jasmine.