



DANGER ZONE ONE

— PLEASURE ZONE III —

“It’s an orgy!” Sera shouted, adjusting her glasses. The sight of Belanie, Madison, and Reena entwined around each other in bed was the *last* thing she had expected to witness in the doctor’s office.

“Th-this, uh...this *isn’t* what it looks like!” Reena said, visibly flustered and cheeks bright red.

“She’s right,” Belanie added, voice on edge and hands flailing, “I was just conducting a physical exam and—”

“That must’ve been *some* physical exam!” Sera blurted out, less than convinced. “And were they giving *you* one too?” She pointed at the soaked sheets, eyes lighting up in excitement. “And why’s the bed all wet, huh?”

“We...had a little accident,” Belanie replied, trying her best to be persuasive. “Um, are you here for an appointment?”

“Ah, see—” Sera aimed a scolding finger towards the doctor, “—you *forgot* about my physical!” She took a step back, allowing a mischievous smirk to form on her face. “No wonder you three got all hot and heavy in here.”

“Look,” Madison said firmly, grabbing the bed sheet and using it to partially cover her body, “why don’t you come back in ten minutes? Belanie will be ready for you then.”

“N-no way!” Sera gasped. “This is the juiciest thing to ever happen in the department—you can’t leave me out of this!”

“Juiciest—?” Madison grit her teeth.

“L-leave you out of this?” Reena repeated. “What are you talking about?”

“Sera,” Belanie shook her head, “nothing happened here, I swear.”

“No sense trying to cover it up,” the redhead responded with a pleased grin. “I’m not clueless, I’ll have you know! It’s perfectly clear what kind of kinky, steamy, salacious activities...” she was nearly drooling with the passing of each word, “...were going on behind closed doors. Who’d believe that the infamous Ice Queen of the PCPD, her innocent yet *nubile* rookie partner, and the department’s resident

doctor, would be engaged in a threesome?!”

“Exactly,” Madison snapped, “*nobody* would believe it!”

“I don't know,” Sera held a finger to the side of her cheek, “it seems almost preposterous but, then again, a bunch of hot, hard-bodied young ladies getting it on isn't *entirely* outside the realm of possibility...”

“N-no one can find out about this,” Reena pleaded.

Belanie nodded, offering Sera a friendly smile. “Of course, no one here is going to spread a word about this, right? We're all mature, understanding adults, after all...”

Sera sprung forward, hands clasped together. “You have to let me join in!”

“Join in?!” Madison barked.

“I promise, you can trust me,” Sera said, head bobbing up and down. “If I can join—I *swear*—I'll guard your secret with my life!”

“Uh, give us a second,” Belanie replied, “okay?”

“Sure!” Sera agreed, watching as the three women huddled together on the bed. She tilted an ear in their direction, but couldn't make out a word they said.

Madison turned to Reena and Belanie, lowering her voice. “I don't know about this...”

“Well, it sure seems like it would mean *a lot* to her,” Reena said, also whispering. “What's the harm in it? And Sera's really nice, so—”

“She's nice, but...” Belanie's hushed voice drifted off.

“*But...?*” Reena pressed.

“Sera has a habit of, how should I put this—” Belanie paused a moment, “—spreading *gossip*.”

“In other words,” Madison added, “she can't keep her mouth shut.”

Belanie leaned in closer to Reena's ear. “Some people have a name for her—the Goddess of Gossip!”

“R-really?” Reena muttered, surprised.

“I don't think she necessarily means to stir up trouble,” Belanie shrugged, “but she's definitely not the best person to keep a secret.”

“But, maybe if we include her...” Reena protested, “...she'll try her best not to say anything.”

“We're screwed either way,” Madison groaned. “Of *all* the people to walk in here! We would've had less problems if Gripps strolled in—and *that's* saying something!”

“I say we let her join,” Belanie relented, “and take it from there.”

“I agree,” Reena said, nodding.

Madison rolled her eyes. “Fine. Not like we have many options here.”

Belanie turned to Sera's direction and forced out a wide smile. “Sure, Sera—you can join us.”

“Whoa, really?!” Sera leapt with excitement. “That's wonderful! But we shouldn't do it here...”

“Why not?” Madison raised an eyebrow.

“It's not exactly the most secure place,” Sera replied, “I mean, look how easily *I* got in.”

“We can lock the door,” Belanie said.

“No—if someone shows up, and finds all four of us here, it'll look way too suspicious,” Sera reasoned.

“She has a point,” Belanie agreed, turning to Madison. “I guess going back to the locker room's feasible.”

“Not a good idea,” Sera quickly replied, “Celia, Mari, Gripps, and Sev will be getting off duty in the next twenty minutes and they all go to the locker room once their shifts end.”

“How do *you* know?” Madison asked, eyes narrowing.

Sera shifted nervously. “Uh, well—I sort of *memorized* all their shifts.”

“You really *do* poke your nose into everyone's business,” Madison folded her arms, “don't you?”

Letting out an uneasy chuckle, Sera adjusted her glasses. “Well, I do happen to know that the armory is currently vacant, due to some renovation work. It should be empty for at least a good two

hours, and I'm almost *certain* no one will bother us there.”

The three women on the bed exchanged glances, then all eyes returned to Sera.

Belanie was the first to speak. “The armory sounds good.”

“At this point,” Madison sighed, “all the women in this department are gonna be having an orgy...”

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The armory was colder than Sera had expected but, more importantly, it was devoid of any officers. *Memorizing everyone's schedule sure had its advantages...*

She watched as Madison, Reena, and Belanie followed her inside the room. All three had redressed themselves, but they hadn't put much effort into it—leaving their clothing disheveled.

Sera walked across the vacant armory. Large tables were set in the center of the room, while the walls were filled with locked cabinets containing firearms, drones, gear, and assorted police equipment. She pulled a NetPhone out of her pocket, tapped the touchscreen, and then propped it up on one of the locked cabinets—making sure the device's camera was pointed towards the middle of the room.

“What the hell are you doing with that?” Madison asked, annoyed. She paused while removing her white shirt, revealing no bra underneath.

“Are you filming us?” Reena asked, already having removed the rest of her clothes.

Belanie's eyes widened, having just taken off her medical scrubs. “Hey, wait a second, we didn't say anything about *recording* this...”

Sera shook her head. “It's fine, trust me—no one will ever see it! I promise!”

“Uh, I don't know...” Reena countered apprehensively.

“No one's going to view this video but me, you have my word!” Sera pleaded.

“Wonderful,” Madison grunted, letting her sarcastic tone flow freely. She removed the last of her clothes and marched up to Sera, grabbing the girl by the shoulders. With one forceful jerk, she brought the redhead's back flat onto the nearest table. Madison pressed her nude body against the girl's PCPD uniform.

“Heh,” Sera laughed nervously, “we can start slow, right? No need to rush it...no one will be coming here for another couple hours and—”

“You want to join in and play?” Madison asked with the slightest of grins. “Then shut up and play.” She worked a hand up the short skirt of Sera's uniform, reaching further up until she came to the girl's entrance. To Madison's surprise, her fingers didn't meet with cloth, but with skin. “You're not wearing panties—*on duty*?”

Sera's cheeks turned as red as her hair. “I, uh...*forgot* them this morning...*heh*.”

Madison craned her neck over to Reena and Belanie. “Help me get her clothes off—let's see what else she *isn't* wearing today.”

Like a tidal wave, all three girls descended on Sera, grasping at her uniform. Her skirt, shirt, necktie, boots, socks, all went flying...

Madison gazed down at Sera's crotch, fingers probing at a small tuft of red pubic hair. “Guess red *is* your natural color.” She stepped back as Reena and Belanie took charge. Their hands eagerly traced the girl's body, sliding up her thighs, hips, stomach, and breasts.

Reena teased Sera's left nipple with her tongue, while Belanie fondled the girl's right tit.

“W-wow,” Sera panted, “th-this is everything I'd imagined it would be—*and more!*”

“Yeah, you imagine this often?” Madison cut in, gently pushing Reena and Belanie aside. The white-haired officer held something behind her back. With her free hand she grabbed Sera by the arm and spun the girl around.

“H-hey, what's going on?” Sera asked, eyes widening.

Madison swung out a pair of handcuffs and slapped them onto Sera's left wrist. She then seized the girl's other arm.

"H-hold on—!" Sera cried out, just as Madison latched the cuff on her other wrist—restraining both arms behind her back. She wiggled her body, helplessly. "I w-wasn't thinking about doing any bondage today!"

Madison ran a finger along her captive's ass. "You have the right to remain silent!" She turned Sera around, then pushed the redhead downwards, to the knees, so that the girl was eye-level with her pussy. "Go ahead, put that big mouth of yours to good use."

Obediently, Sera bobbed her head forward and pressed her tongue against Madison's slick entrance. She flicked up and down in a slow, methodical motion.

Madison jerked her hips, allowing the girl take her in deeper. "Not bad, but you can *certainly* do better..."

Sera could feel the heat emanating from the officer's sex. Her tongue probed Madison's folds, then sucked the woman's pulsing swell into her mouth. She worked her way *inside* the white-haired officer, sticking her tongue as deep into the woman as possible.

"That's it," Madison moaned, rolling her head back in ecstasy. "This is the first time you're wagging that tongue of yours for a *good* reason."

Sera kept it up, going quicker and quicker until Madison's legs were trembling. Finally, after several minutes, Madison let herself go. Her nectar spilled out and Sera eagerly slurped up the officer's juices, gulping it down.

I can't believe I just gave the Ice Queen of the PCPD oral! Sera thought to herself, dumbfounded.

Satisfied, Madison stepped back and gestured for Belanie to take her place. With a nod, the doctor stood in front of Sera—still on her knees. Belanie reached down, fingers spreading her pussy wide.

Sera licked her lips and buried her face between the doctor's legs, repeating the process of what she had done so successfully with Madison. Within minutes, Belanie was quivering in place, moaning even louder than Madison had. The doctor exploded, her fluids gushing down her legs and dripping along Sera's chin.

A moment later, Belanie had taken a step back, allowing Reena her turn.

Sera's jaw ached slightly, but the chance to taste Reena was worth it. She was surprised at how different Madison and Belanie tasted—both enjoyable, but unique in their own way. Her curiosity of the young rookie's flavor had made her nipples hard and pussy wet.

As soon as Reena stepped forward, Sera dove in—eliciting a surprised cry from the dark-haired officer. Unlike Madison and Belanie, it took even less time to get Reena worked up. Sera bathed the girl's cunt in saliva, suckled on her, and pressed her tongue against the rookie's pearl. She flicked her tongue over her, hard and fast. Reena buckled at the knees, her pelvis spasming and inadvertently edging herself on Sera's frantic tongue.

The Rookie's excitement had managed to work Sera up. She moaned into Reena's pussy, slurping the wetness with such wild intensity that the girl gave in within seconds—letting herself go. She squirted onto Sera's face, splashing onto her glasses and into her mouth.

Reena cried out and stumbled back, jarred from the intensity. "Th-that was amazing, Sera!"

Sera gulped the girl's juices down and smiled. She'd be eager to taste any of the girls again—but, truthfully, she had to admit—Reena had been her favorite.

Madison walked over to Sera and helped her up, then removed the handcuffs from behind her back. "Maybe you *do* have some talent after all..."

Sera rubbed her wrists—Madison *hadn't* been too gentle about cuffing her. But she never expected the notorious Ice Queen to play gently *anyway*...

Madison crawled up on the nearest table and motioned for the other girls to follow her. Within seconds, all four were on their hands and knees on the hard surface. Belanie immediately crawled under Madison, applying her tongue to the officer's pussy, while Sera did the same to Reena. Madison went

down on Sera, and Reena serviced Belanie—forming a circular, writhing and moaning daisy-chain. The armory was soon echoing with muffled cries, pants, and whimpers of pleasure.

Sera was shocked at how *deep* Madison managed to enter her, sinking her tongue completely into her pussy and wagging it around. This caused Sera to raise the intensity—plunging her own tongue into Reena and engaging her with even more vigor than she had the first time.

Madison wasn't satisfied with just inserting her tongue into the redhead. She reached up, spreading the girl's pussy wide and rammed three fingers inside her.

Sera's eyes went wide, convulsing as the officer penetrated her with a combination of digits and tongue. Her back arched and her body seized and spasmed, muscles she never knew she had rippled in surging waves. She cried out, kicked her feet, tore at the table, writhed and sobbed in ecstasy. After a long moment, she came—just as Reena did, allowing her to slurp down the girl's fluids again.

After that, Sera slumped down to the table, her vision distorted as if on the verge of blacking out. There was a faint ringing in her ears and, for the briefest of moments, she had no clue what had happened or where she was. When she collected herself, she sat up. Nearby, Reena was breathing heavy, lying on her back. Belanie was sitting up, panting. The table top was covered in sweat and their combined juices.

“Uh,” Sera stammered, “where's Madison?”

“I didn't go far,” the officer replied.

Sera turned to the direction of the voice. Madison stood feet away, holding a police-issue nightstick in her hand. The tip of it appeared to be glistening and lubed. “Wh-what's *that* for?”

Madison took a wide step forward and spread Sera's legs apart. “Take a guess.”

“W-wait just a—”

With a half smile, Madison inserted the nightstick into Sera's pussy. She thrust it in and out in careful, rhythmic motions.

“*Oohhh!*” Sera rode the piece of equipment, gyrating her hips in response to Madison's movements. The white-haired officer slid it in deeper, jostling it around for added effect. Having just received the oral treatment, Sera's body was already too sensitive to hold back for any length of time. Something inside her seemed to open and a wave of pleasure was released unlike any she had experienced before. She erupted and what little control she had left was gone. She orgasmed, splashing her fluids down onto the nightstick and Madison's hand.

Amused, Madison slowly pulled the nightstick out of the girl. “Have to admit, coming to the armory *was* a good choice.”

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Hours had passed and Sera's legs were *still* wobbly from her experience with Madison, Reena, and Belanie. She entered her apartment and yawned, eager to hit the sheets. But, despite her yearning for sleep, Sera took out her NetPhone and accessed the video file from earlier. She had to make sure nothing happened to it—losing that video would be a tragedy of epic proportions...

Need to make a backup copy, or...better yet!

Sera accessed a private PCPD server and began uploading the file to it. The server was locked behind her own account and password—no one would *ever* be able to see it but her. Seconds later, a soft *ding* escaped the phone's speaker, alerting her that the file had successfully transferred. She let out a sigh of relief and headed for bed.

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Miss Bliss stood in front of her whip collection, each one carefully draped on a wooden mount affixed to the wall. She ran a finger along the leather strips of her cat o' nine tails and grinned. She ached to use it—preferably on an *unwilling* recipient. She loved the ones that resisted...

“Miss B! Miss B!”

The blonde dominatrix turned to the source of the familiar, energetic voice. “What is it, Lala?”

Lala leaned against the door frame, out of breath. A NetPhone was cradled in her hands and her nipples were eagerly poking through her thin bra.

Miss Bliss smirked. “I take it something got you excited?”

Nodding, Lala handed her boss the NetPhone and let out a playful laugh. “You know those PCPD servers Karie hacked into? Well, she found an interesting video on one—check it out!”

Taking the device, Miss Bliss tapped the screen and the video began to play. Two of the four women engaging in the lustful act were *all too familiar*.

“Well done,” Miss Bliss praised, unable to conceal a devious smirk. “This will make my revenge even *more* delicious...in fact, I can *already* taste it!”

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