



DANGER ZONE ONE

— PLEASURE ZONE —

“**M**y back's killing me,” Madison groaned, steering the Hyper Interceptor into the PCPD's dimly-lit garage. She turned into a vacant parking spot and brought the vehicle to a stop. “Neck and shoulders feel awful too.”

Sitting in the passenger seat, Reena offered her partner an uneasy smile. “Well, you *did* fight off nearly everyone in that bar—including the bartender. And that guy was *huge!*”

“Scumbag was withholding valuable info on our perp,” Madison replied with a sigh, turning off the ignition and stepping out of the car. “*Politely* asking him got us nowhere...”

Reena quickly exited the vehicle, concerned. “I guess not, but maybe you should take it easy for a little while. *At least* until you recover.”

“I'm not going to fold over from some slight pain,” Madison snapped. “This is nothing compared to—*unh,*” the officer winced, grabbing the back of her neck. “*Shit.*”

“See—” Reena said, hurrying over, “—you're in bad shape!”

“You're not one to talk about being in bad shape,” Madison gave the Rookie a penetrating glare. “You get winded just walking up the stairs.”

“Heh,” Reena chuckled nervously, “that's not what I meant. I think you should go see Dr. Belanie and get yourself looked at. You shouldn't just ignore the pain...”

“Forget it. It'll go away after a few hours and—*nggh!*” Madison seized her neck again.

“If you don't tell Dr. Belanie,” Reena said, steeling herself in anticipation of her partner's wrath, “*I* will! This could be serious!”

Madison let out a loud, exasperated groan and threw her hands into the air. “Fine! If it'll get you off my case, I'll go see Belanie. I'm *sure* she's going to say it's nothing!”

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“This is far from what I'd call *nothing*,” Dr. Belaine began, fingers running through her blonde hair, “in fact, it looks like you *really* did a number on your neck this time.”

“Wonderful,” Madison muttered with sarcastic annoyance. “Just what I wanted to hear.”

After months of dealing with Madison Wynter, Belanie knew the white-haired woman *hated* being in the Operational Police Physician's office. She found it more than a little ironic that Madison always looked so uncomfortable when seated in a medical chair, yet the officer seemed unfazed by much else.

“We done here?” Madison asked. “Can I at least put my shirt back on?”

“Sure.” Belaine watched as the bare-chested officer reached for her shirt, breasts jiggling in the process. Belanie had lost count of how many patients she had seen without clothing, but something about Madison's sizable, firm breasts always made her take particular notice.

Within moments, the officer was buttoning her shirt and heading for the door.

“Hold on,” Belanie said, raising her voice. She opened a desk drawer, reached in, and pulled out a small orange bottle, filled with white tablets. “Take two of these a day for the next week. It should help with the pain.”

“You know what I think of your pills,” Madison replied. “I'll pass.”

Dr. Belaine tossed the bottle over, prompting the officer to catch it in mid-air. “You're going to need something to reduce the swelling and minimize the pain—especially since I know you *won't* take any time off.”

Madison groaned, looking over the bottle with both suspicion and disdain.

“It's only Zenicodone,” Belanie explained, “it's a common prescription pain reliever.”

Madison's attention shifted to her I.DAC bracelet, its miniaturized speaker emitting an audible series of beeps. She tapped a button on the communicator, allowing Chief Hardiman's voice to escape from the device.

“Officer Wynter, I need your case report from that warehouse bust on Ordiss Street two nights ago.”

“On my way—give me ten minutes,” Madison replied, cutting off the transmission. She turned to Belanie and nodded. “Catch you later.” As soon as the words left her mouth she was already out the door.

Belanie sighed and turned to her desk, dreading the task of writing *another* medical evaluation for Madison, knowing full-well that the officer was unlikely to follow any advice she gave. That's when, from the corner of her eye, she spotted the bottle of Zenicodone resting atop a desk near the exit. “That woman is impossible!” Belanie said aloud, making no effort to conceal her frustration. Now she'd have the unenviable task of tracking down the officer and making sure she actually *took* the pills.

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“So, your neck's still hurting?” Reena asked, placing the police uniform in her locker. Only dressed in her white bra and panties, she shivered, noting that the police department's locker room felt unusually cold today.

“Of course,” Madison hissed, removing the last remnant of own uniform. “I knew it'd be a waste of time seeing Belanie.”

Reena caught a sidelong glance of her partner, also dressed in her underwear—a nondescript black bra and panties. The sight of the buxom officer made Reena's heart skip a beat. It was strange—she had seen Madison on *several* occasions with just as little clothing, not to mention all the times her partner

had sported torn outfits, or experienced catastrophic wardrobe malfunctions while on duty...many of which left the ornery officer *fully* exposed.

Yet, something about seeing the woman in her current state of undress had felt different. Maybe it had to do with being alone in the locker room. *After all*, Reena thought, *Madison rarely changes out of her uniform during work. Usually, she'd go home wearing it.*

Madison clutched her neck, muttering a barely audible curse in the process.

“Here, let me help,” Reena stepped behind the pained officer, setting her hands on the woman's shoulders. Gently, she began to massage her fingers into Madison's bare skin. Reena almost pulled back, realizing what she was doing—but something compelled her to continue. Her cheeks flushed red, embarrassed with making such sudden, and likely unwarranted, physical contact with her partner. She half-expected Madison to spin around and scold her, especially once she felt the officer's shoulders tense up. However, after a few moments of continued massage, Reena felt Madison start to relax.

I don't need a massage! Madison had initially planned to bark at the young officer, but the words never made it out of her mouth. Her next instinct was to shrug off the Rookie's grip but, she had to admit, the officer's hands on her felt...*nice*.

“Is th-this...” the Rookie's voice was sheepish, “okay?”

Madison paused a moment, not sure how to respond. “Y-yeah.” She felt her partner apply a slight increase of pressure, digging deeper into her shoulder and neck muscles. The aching pain started to disperse, much to her surprise. Madison would never have admitted it aloud, but the impromptu massage was relaxing—almost *comforting*. It had been a long time since she had experienced something like this. She closed her eyes.

“Um, Madison,” the Rookie began, her warm breath brushing against the back of the white-haired officer's neck, “if you want me to stop...”

“N-no, you can keep going,” Madison softly replied, her entire body tingling, “if you want.”

“I do,” Reena replied, her voice low and restrained, sheltering a hint of eagerness.

The Rookie continued to work on Madison's shoulders a moment longer, then the young officer's hands lowered, lightly tracing the contours of her partner's bare back. Before Madison knew it, she had turned around to face the Rookie. Their eyes met and, instantly, she knew that they desired the same thing.

Madison was unsure who made the first move—maybe she had, or maybe it was the Rookie by a fraction of a second—but, more likely, they acted in complete unison.

Their lips met, tongues working into one another's mouth. Madison's body grew hot. She could feel her pulse increase with each passing second, and soon, her heart was hammering in her chest. She pulled back a moment, letting out a slight gasp—surprised by what was beginning to transpire. But the Rookie leaned in, and they locked lips again.

She reached behind the Rookie's back, unhooking the clasp of the girl's bra. With her free hand, she pulled the white cloth away and let it drop to the floor.

Madison noticed that the Rookie's eyes had widened, clearly not expecting the sudden removal of her undergarment. But it didn't stop her. Instead, the Rookie followed suit, her fingers shakily fumbled to remove Madison's bra.

The officers, now bare-chested, moved closer, continuing to kiss. Their soft, supple breasts made contact with one another. Reena's nipples brushed up against Madison's, causing both women to elicit a startled moan.

Reena stepped back, gazed down at Madison's breasts and lightly stroked the officer's left tit, her fingers nudging the stiffening nipple.

Madison bit her lip in response, unable to stifle the sensations taking over her body. Instead of denying it, she leaned forward, her tongue lashing out at Reena's right breast, flicking at her nipple—

also hardening by the second.

“*Oooh!*” Reena cried out, her voice echoing through the empty locker room.

Madison cupped a hand over the Rookie's mouth. “*Shhh...*”

Reena nodded, an embarrassed smile forming as Madison pulled her hand away. “Sorry...I just never felt anything like that before.”

“You're a virgin?” Madison asked, now unable to hide her own grin.

“Uh,” Reena hesitated a moment, then finished with a low pant, “yeah...”

Madison reached down, sinking her hand beneath the girl's white panties. Her fingers probed at the inexperienced officer's entrance. “You really *are* a Rookie, huh?” She pushed a single finger inside the girl, who was already becoming wet.

“*Aahh!*” Reena gasped, much lower in volume than her previous outburst. Her legs quivered, knees knocking together as the white-haired officer inserted another finger.

At first, Madison had thought the girl was going to collapse from the double-digit intrusion, but she watched as the Rookie nodded and smiled, remaining on her feet. Madison slid a third finger in, pushing deeper between the girl's slick folds and into her pussy.

Reena's jaw dropped open. Her chest heaved, causing her sizable breasts to sway back and forth.

Madison couldn't deny that the sight of the Rookie getting so worked up was also making her wet. She could even feel a damp spot forming against the front of her panties. Eagerness got the better of her and she removed her fingers from inside the girl.

Reena let out a soft cry, which Madison took as a mix of surprise and disappointment at the unannounced removal.

The white-haired officer licked her fingers, savoring the girl's taste. In response, the Rookie's cheeks turned a deep shade of crimson.

Madison leaned forward, pulling the girl's panties down to the ankles. She then pushed the Rookie down onto the locker room bench, until the young officer's back was pressed firmly against the surface. Madison climbed over the girl and shuffled downwards until her face was only inches from Reena's shaven pussy. She slipped her tongue out and pressed it up against the quivering vagina. It was hot and damp. She slid her tongue over the girl, traveling up towards the clit. She allowed herself a quick lick, then drew her tongue back down and up again.

Reena moaned, trying to keep her voice low—but was struggling in the effort.

Madison opened her mouth wide and drew the Rookie in. Her tongue swirled around the girl's folds, then she started sucking, playing with the clit. She felt Reena's body twitch and spasm in response, just like she had expected. She continued sucking and licking—her breath coming out in hard and fast gasps. She jerked her entire head up and down, working her tongue *into* the girl with intensified vigor.

Reena's hips rocked back and forth. “*Uaahh!*”

Madison could feel the girl clenching around her tongue. She licked harder and faster, with longer strokes. The Rookie was practically convulsing in response to every action Madison took, grinding herself against the white-haired officer's mouth.

Reena's thighs squeezed around Madison's face. Her back arched, hips tense—and she came, hard with a long, low moan.

Madison knew the release was coming moments before it happened, due to the girl's escalating series of spasms and jerks. Once the Rookie let herself go, Madison felt it wash over her mouth and drip down her chin. She pulled back with amused satisfaction.

Reena's body was still shaking, even after she had orgasmed. She lay with her back against the bench, gasping with her tongue prodding the air. Her eyes were half-opened, gazing to the ceiling while her toes curled and legs twitched in rhythmic mini-convulsions.

Madison cocked her head to the side, satisfied. “You got worked up so fast.”

Reena shyly glanced away, trying to hide her embarrassment. “I, uh, never did anything like this

before...”

“Don't get up,” Madison said, rising off the Rookie and stepping next to her locker. “I have something else I think you'll like.”

Reena's eyes followed the white-haired officer as she opened the locker and pulled an object out, hidden from view.

Madison turned back around, revealing the possession in her hands—a purple dildo attached to a nylon harness. The officer wasted no time putting it on and fastening the straps. Once finished, the sex toy stood erect, perfectly centered at Madison's crotch and pointing in the Rookie's direction.

“Why—why do you have *that* in your locker?” Reena stammered.

“Good way to relieve some stress,” Madison stroked the faux cock while approaching her partner. She reached for the Rookie and spread the girl's white, creamy thighs apart. Driving her hips downward, she pushed the smooth tip of the silicone toy across the young officer's leg. Rocking her herself back and forth, she pressed the dildo up against Reena's pink cunt. So trim and petite—a scant line of pleasure until Madison spread the girl's legs further, opening her up wide for display.

Reena let out a quick gasp, as if in anticipation of what Madison had planned.

Madison pushed the toy closer, shifting her hips up and down in a slow, premeditated motion. She reached the opening and thrust forward.

Reena almost yelped at the newfound sensation. She felt herself take in the rubber cock—its large silicone head stretching her open, forcing her to accommodate the whole thing as it entered completely. She was wet enough to make the slide easy. She could feel every inch as it stretched her more, all the while Madison entered deeper. For a moment, Reena wasn't sure if she could take it, but was determined to let her partner continue.

Madison pushed her way inside until her hips were resting against Reena's. She held herself there for a moment, then slightly drew back.

Reena moaned, biting down hard on her bottom lip to keep the sound from coming out—but it vibrated in her throat.

Madison drew her hips back, sliding out little by little, inch by inch until she was close to pulling out entirely. The ridge rested at the threshold of Reena's cunt, and then she pushed herself all the way back in, diving deep all at once, until she was pinning Reena down against the bench. Her hands slid down and she grabbed hold of Reena—pulling her thighs apart until they were spaced so wide that her legs were almost dangling off the edges of the bench.

Reena was unable to stifle a spirited cry of pleasure but, this time, Madison made no attempt to stop her.

Madison jerked her hips back again and then thrust harder, deeper and faster. She repeated the motion, each time quicker than the last.

Reena felt the pressure building up in her core. It tightened right underneath her belly and she didn't know what the right stroke would be to release it. Her partner continued to gyrate, grinding against her, then sliding out and shoving the toy back inside. Reena's eyes felt like they were going to roll back into her skull. She was panting to such an extent that drool was beginning to run down her chin. Her body had grown so hot, she hadn't realized that she was drenched in sweat from head to toe. The girl's vision blurred and she felt herself becoming ready. Her body ached and yet it felt so *good*.

Reena arched her back, pushing her hips up to meet Madison's. Her partner plunged into her one last time and everything that had been bunching up in Reena snapped. She screamed and felt herself release, clamping hard on Madison's silicone strap-on and gushing down her thighs.

Madison hunched over, pushing her tongue into Reena's mouth as she stroked the girl's hair. “How'd that feel?”

“In-incredible...” Reena said, her voice little more than a whimper.

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Dr. Belanie carefully poked her head around the row of lockers, watching as Madison licked the Rookie's neck. She had spent the last half-hour searching the department, all just to give Madison a bottle of painkillers—but never had she expected to stumble upon a scene like this, *especially* not with Madison Wynter, the infamous Ice Queen of the PCPD!

The two officers had been going at it for nearly twenty minutes and Belanie had caught the steamy interaction in its entirety. At first she was going to make her presence known, before the two really starting getting hot and heavy—but then relented. *Why?* She had no idea. Her plan was to quietly exit the locker room, sight unseen and never speak a word of what she had witnessed to anyone. But, for some inexplicable reason, she had failed to do that too.

What surprised Dr. Belanie the most was that, by watching the scene of the two officers unfold, she had been turned on. Her nipples were hard—so much so that they were almost poking *through* her light blue medical scrubs. On top of that, her panties were *wet!*

With the action between the two officers winding down, Dr. Belanie decided that it was her best moment to enact a silent retreat. She took a soft step back, not realizing that someone had left a pair of sneakers by the nearby bench. Belanie tripped over the footwear and, in an effort to keep her balance, flung her arms out. She inadvertently let the bottle of pills fly out of her grip and helplessly watched as it landed against the floor with a sharp *crack*—cap opening and contents spilling out.

Dr. Belanie gasped, gazing in the officers' direction. Much to her horror, they both gazed back, their expressions as shocked and embarrassed as her own.

“B-Belanie?” Madison stuttered, eyes wide.

“*Wha—!?*” Reena shouted in disbelief. She tried to follow it up with something, but was only able to sputter out a string of incoherent gibberish instead of actual words.

“Uh, Madison, you...” with her cheeks turning red, Belanie let out an anxious chuckle, pointing to the pills on the floor, “...um, forgot your pills. So, I brought them—*see!*”

“Yeah, I *see*.” The white-haired officer squinted. “And I can also *see* what happened to your pants...”

Dr. Belanie looked down, noticing that the wet spot on her panties had seeped through to the front of her pants. She clasped her hands over her mouth, letting loose a muffled shriek. *I forgot how thin the material on these scrubs were!*

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