

Girl In Blue

Sally Sanders danced out of the shower, perky breasts bouncing with each jubilant step. Steam floated up around her, carrying a faint scent of lavender. Stepping into a pair of fluffy white slippers and tossing a huge, white towel around her body, she exited the bathroom and skipped down the dark corridor beyond.

It was early. Very early. Like, so early that a lot of night-owls wouldn't have gone to bed yet. Three in the morning kind of early. And Sally felt more awake now than she'd ever felt before.

Her heart thudded in her chest, her mind awake and alert.

She hadn't even had her morning coffee yet!

Once she was back in her bedroom, Sally shut the door behind herself and walked over to her full-body mirror. She gave herself a once over, taking in the sight of her soaking wet, shoulder-length hair and her bright green, wide-awake eyes.

Not the tallest person around, to be sure. But neither was she totally short. A little below average, maybe. With a slender, fit frame. Muscles were clearly defined under her slightly tanned skin; abs and biceps and thighs all looking lean and strong. Her breasts were small and perky, cute and unobtrusive. And her ass; that'd been a fine thing even before she'd started working out daily three years ago. Now, it was big and round and firm. Buns of steel.

She dried herself off quickly, rubbed herself down with the towel. And, when the only part of her body left damp was her hair, she turned to her dresser.

There, folded up neatly, was her uniform.

Three years in the making. Three years since she'd started chasing that dream. And now, finally, she'd achieved it. Today was the day!

First things first. Underwear.

A black sports bra and matching boy-shorts. Athletic, professional undies. Simple and comfortable. She slipped into them without hassle, made sure they were nice and cosy before putting on socks too.

Then came the pants.

Navy blue pants with a bulky belt. Police officer trousers, complete with pouches for a radio and baton and pepper spray, the works. They fit her comfortably, having been measured and made specifically for her.

Sally slid her arms into the sleeves of a softer blue shirt, began doing up the buttons. With each one, she felt her pride soar, happiness and excitement flowering in her chest. Once the last button was done, she put on the navy blue tie.

She grinned at her reflection in the mirror. Only two items left to put on herself. The most important two parts of her uniform. Her badge and her hat. She stared at herself for a long minute, deciding which to don first. Which she'd put on last.

Smiling at herself, eyes watering with the flood of wonderful emotions she was feeling, she slipped the police hat on her head, attached the badge to her chest.

She nodded at her reflection once, then left her bedroom.

Time to start her first day on the job.

"Your personal radio," a bleary-eyed officer sighed, sliding the object across the desk to Sally. "Pepper spray, notepad and pen, touchpad, in-ear receiver, body-cam."

"In-ear receiver?" Sally asked, raising an eyebrow. She'd hadn't come across that in basic training. "What's that for?"

"Huh?" The officer asked, blinking. He seemed dazed – probably tired. It was still early in the morning. "Oh. Right. New tech that we're trying out. Should work like a one-way radio, a way for us to contact you without clogging radio comms. Just pop it in your ear, see?"

The man turned his head, and for the first time Sally saw he had a small, plastic object in his ear.

"Got'cha!" She grinned, picking up all her gear. "Anything else?"

"Don't lose any of this shit," the other officer yawned.

"Noted," Sally smiled, stepping away from the man's desk.

She'd been taught how to attach all the gear to her belt before, during training. Knew exactly where everything was supposed to go. The only thing she hadn't received tutelage on was the ear-piece. She couldn't see any kind of switches or knobs on it, so she simply popped it in her right ear.

It felt a little odd – cold and unusual. And Sally swore she could hear a faint, barely-audible humming coming from it.

She shrugged, headed off to go meet her partner.

A groan escaped her lips as she collapsed down on her bed. All the energy she'd had earlier was gone, vanished. It was evening now, hours and hours and hours since she'd left this morning. And she was *exhausted*. Mentally strained - tired, worn out in a way she'd never been before. It wasn't even that she was physically spent. She was *fine* on that front. She just *felt* fatigued.

It was to be expected. It had been her first day on the job, after all. It'd take some getting used to. But still...

She sighed into her mattress, began pulling off her clothes as she lay there, face-down and limp. She tossed her shirt aside, heard her badge bash against her bedroom wall. She yanked down her trousers and kicked them off her bed. She couldn't be bothered to remove the boy-shorts or her sports bra or the socks. And, as she reached up to snatch the ear-piece out, she found that she didn't have the energy even for that.

So she left in in.

Closing her eyes, welcoming the comforting embrace of sleep, Sally drifted off – not caring that the odd little ear-piece was still humming it's barely-audible, forgotten tune to her.

A sweet, uninterrupted slumber.

Sally stared at herself in the mirror, lips pursed.

Something was wrong.

There she stood, wearing her uniform. Just like yesterday. But somehow, something felt *off*. What was it? Something was wrong, her instincts were always right. But *what*?

It took her over ten minutes before she realised.

It's your underwear.

She facepalmed. Literally slapped her own face out of sheer embarrassment. Of course! How could she have forgotten?

Unfortunately, her mistake meant she had to strip down completely. But, there was no helping it. She tore off her trousers and shirt, pulled her sports bra up over her head and tugged down her boy-shorts – tossed both aside.

What on Earth had possessed her to put *those* on?

Everyone knew police officers didn't wear underwear. Just the very *notion* of it was scandalous. Police officers always went commando to work. No bras, no panties, no undies at all. How else were they supposed to fight crime and protect the community?

Shaking her head at her own silly mistake, Sally put her police uniform back on, smiled at her reflection.

There, that was *much* better.

"Hey, newbie," a man's voice called behind her.

Sally turned, saw an older officer approaching her. She recognised him from photos

strewn about the police station. A well-respected and admired member of the force.

He reached out his hand, a fatherly smile on his face.

Sally's hand shot out automatically, began shaking his.

Both of them froze, looked down at where their hands were connected. The man raised his eyebrow in surprise, Sally blushed her embarrassment.

No, not like that.

"Oh God!" Sally gasped, pulling her hand back quickly. "I'm so sorry!"

The man laughed it off. "No worries, newbie."

He kept his hand outstretched.

Still blushing, Sally reached her hand out again – this time intent on not making a fool of herself. She unzipped the man's trousers, reached in and pulled out his cock. As he shook the air with his hand, Sally shook his cock with hers – tugging on it and stroking it in the *proper* police greeting.

"So," the man smiled, "how're you fitting in? None of the guys being too hard on you, I hope."

"No," Sally blushed. "They tease a little, but it's all harmless. I think I'm fitting in just fine. Probably a bit too early to tell for sure, though!"

"You'll do fine," the older officer said. "Just don't take any of their shit. They love to tease a newcomer, sure. But, at the end of the day, you're one of us now. We're like one big, happy family here."

When his cock was hard, Sally flowed down onto her knees in front of him to greet him properly.

"I think," the man groaned as her lips engulfed his cock, "you'll fit in wonderfully here."

You will, Sally's voice said in her head.

Yes, Sally thought to herself happily, I will.

This was a disaster!

Sally had dug through her drawers and wardrobe, tossed so many clothes onto her bed in her search, and *this* was the best she could find? No way would the higher-ups be happy with it. Not a chance. They might even send her home, tell her to not bother coming in until she had a proper uniform.

She stared down at the black yoga pants that were two sizes too small, shook her head. Not only were they the wrong colour, but they were too big for her! And that bikini top! Sure, it was navy blue, but it wasn't transparent or anywhere near skimpy enough!

They'd have to do, though. At least until Sally could get some newer, more appropriate clothing.

She put the yoga pants and bikini top on, attached her badge to a bikini strap and buckled her police belt around her waist. It was far from perfect, *far* from perfect, but at least it showed her camel-toe.

It'd have to do.

How could she have let this happen? How was it possible that she didn't have a proper uniform set out and ready?

You'll just have to try harder at work to make up for your failures.

Yeah. She'd just have to try all the harder, do her best, and make up for not having a proper uniform. Hopefully that'd be enough to make up for this.

It's been too long since your last breast appointment.

It was an odd thought to have while on her knees, greeting her partner. But, the more she thought about it, the more Sally decided she *did* need to get an appointment organised. Maybe have a bit of work done on her lips and ass while she was at it. Hell, why not make a day of it? Hair in the morning, then manicure, then a nip and tuck after

dinner, and breast enlargement in the evening. With how hard she'd been working lately, she deserved to treat herself out with a beauty day.

She gagged on her partner's cock, slurped on his head as he came.

When she was done gulping down his cum, she rose to her feet and smiled. Together, the two of them hit the streets in search of crime.

They got many odd looks, as always. Many cat-calls.

It was part of the job. Ignore the silly things that the public had to say, do what they could to protect and serve. The public didn't always know what was best for themselves – that much was evident from the bulky, cumbersome clothing so many people wore. If only they took example from street-walkers and prostitutes and the like; exemplary citizen who not only wore respectable clothing, but also worked public-serving jobs.

If wearing a badge hadn't been Sally's calling, she would've ended up as a hooker too. She just knew it.

Every time she encountered one on her rounds, she thanked them for their service. A few times, her partner had even made use of those exact services himself.

Watching them, Sally saw just how much she had to learn from these fine, upstanding citizens.

There. Perfect!

She turned left and right, got a good look at herself in the mirror.

Her tits were huge now. Round like beach-balls, with big hoops through the nipples. Over each breast, there was a blue triangle. Body-paint in place of clothing. At a distance, it'd appear as if Sally was wearing a blue bikini. But, up close, there was only skin and paint.

The perfect uniform.

She strapped on her belt, hung her badge off a nipple-ring, placed her hat atop her head. And she was ready.

She didn't bother heading to the station.

Instead, she walked the streets right away. No need to collect her radio or pepper spray or any of that. She had her ear-piece in, and she had her body. What else did she need?

She greeted every man she met in the police officer way – shaking their cock, then dropping to her knees and seeing to their needs.

What better way to build trust between police and the public than to greet them as an equal?

She drank down their cum, thanked them, went off in search of the next man to introduce herself to. All morning, that was her goal. Her only task. It would've been her whole day, if not for the crime she spotted.

A group of men, loitering on the side-walk.

Sally skipped over to them, put her hands on her hips.

"I'm going to have to ask you gentlemen to come with me," she said, eyes moving between them. There were five in all.

The men glanced at each other in confusion, looked down at the naked girl with eyebrows raised.

"I won't ask you again," Sally said, though she really had no way of enforcing her demand. "Come with me. Loitering in this area is strictly prohibited. Ordinarily, I'd have to fine you. But I don't fancy dealing with the paperwork for that, so I have something else in mind for you."

One of the men barked out a laugh, eyed Sally up and down. "Oh yeah?" He asked, crossing his arms over his chest. "What's that, then?"

Sally stared up into the man's eyes, felt a tingling between her legs.

"Punishment," she said simply.

She gagged, saliva running down the corners of her mouth and dripping onto her huge, fake tits. The cock in her mouth pulled back, thrust forward, slammed into the back of her throat again.

Behind her, another cock pounded away inside her. Filling her cunt while its owner slapped her ass gleefully.

On hands and knees, surrounded by cock.

Exactly where you belong.

"Damn," one of the men said, voice deep and booming. "This bitch is crazy."

"Sure you don't want a go, dude?" The man fucking her asked.

"Nah. No telling what ratty-ass diseases this whore's got. If I come home with warts or something, my wife'll kill me."

"Your loss," another laughed. "That pussy is *tight*."

This is your duty.

Sally thrust her hips backwards, impaled herself on cock. The motion dragged the cock in her mouth almost entirely out, and so she shot forward – rammed her mouth down its length hungrily once again. She bounced between the two men, alternately filling herself with one cock while emptying herself of the other.

This is what you do on patrol.

She always did this while she was out, serving the public. Punishing them when they did wrong. Helping and guiding them to live lawful, happy lives.

"Shit," the man in front of her groaned. He grabbed hold of her head, started thrusting hard and fast into her mouth. "Drink it! Swallow it all!"

As he came, the man behind her slammed forward – pushed Sally's mouth all the way down his friend's length. Cum shot down her throat, filled her gullet and poured down into her stomach. She drank it desperately, her throat clamping down on the man's cock.

"Fuck!" He groaned, grip tight on her head.

Protect and serve.

Sally's eyes rolled in their sockets, her lungs screamed for air.

Serve them. Serve them all.

Stars were exploding in her vision when the man finally released her, pulled away. His cock fell from her mouth with an audible *pop*. Even as she was gasping, gulping in air, another guy took his place in front of her, shoved his cock in her face.

Her lips wrapped around it automatically.

Be like the women you respect so much. Be a whore.

Sally crawled into bed, body sore and bruised and beaten. She didn't need to undress; she didn't have any clothes on for her to take off. Tomorrow, she knew, she'd have to wash the sheets. Her body, as it was, was coated in cum and sweat and marred body-paint. All of which was now staining her blankets.

A worry for tomorrow.

Come to think of it, wasn't tomorrow her day off?

Yes. *Yes it is.*

She should do something nice. Something relaxing. Maybe go to a spa, get a massage.

A nice bath.

Yeah... A nice, relaxing bath. Clean her skin, wash away her strains, rejuvenate her for work the next day. That sounded-

A cum bath.

She pictured it. A bathtub full of male ejaculate. Milky white and inviting. Cum was good for the skin. And there were so many health benefits to be gained. It'd certainly help her wash away the strain.

Yes, a cum bath... That sounded wonderful...

But that much cum... How in the world was she supposed to fill an entire bathtub like that? She'd need dozens of guys, at least. A whole bunch of them, all in one place, pumping their cum out for Sally. How was she supposed to make that happen?

The police station.

Yes... It'd be a little odd, her going in on her day off like that. But the guys would be more than happy to help her. They all knew how stressful the job could be, they'd be more than willing to assist her in winding down from it all.

But even then, would that be enough guys?

The station's jail cells.

There would be a few guys in them. There always were.

With a bit of motivation, say being let off the hook for whatever minor crimes they'd committed, Sally was *sure* they'd be willing to donate a bit of sperm. Especially if Sally offered to help get it out herself.

Yes. That was the plan.

Cum bath, tomorrow, at the station.

Sally shut her eyes tight, let the image of it lull her to sleep.