

Officer Green

I couldn't help but smile as I stared at my reflection.

The woman in the mirror was grinning. Confident and excited and beautiful. I looked *good* in blue.

Polished black shoes, black tights, a navy blue skirt that ended just below the knees. Above that, a belt adorned with all the tools of the trade; radio and gun holster, pepper spray, a pouch with a notepad and pen. An over-shirt the same shade of navy blue with a clean white buttoned vest beneath it.

My eyes were drawn to the glittering on my chest. The small metal shield over my left breast – my badge.

Everything from my neck up was pure professionalism – save for the victorious, eager grin. Lightly applied make-up, blonde hair tied back in a bun. The police hat I'd been assigned was optional to wear and, like most officers, I'd decided to not wear it.

Studies had shown that the public were more trusting and helpful towards police officers that didn't wear their hats.

It was to do with approachability – a fully decked out officer, hat 'n' all, was *too* professional. The average member of the public found it harder to open up to and empathise with an officer that was too formal, too distant. Something as simple as removing the hat, smiling more, could go a long way in building community trust and-

I inhaled a deep breath, held it for a moment.

Excited. I was too excited.

A dozen lessons I'd been taught at the academy rushed through my mind. Breathing exercises, ways to de-stress myself, lessons on how to remain calm.

As excited as I was, I had to be professional and cool.

It was my first day. My very first time wearing the uniform and badge. I had to make a good impression.

Cool and calm. Relaxed. Professional but approachable.

I let the breath out, forced my wild smile down into something slightly less excited. A polite, friendly smile. A smile you could trust.

"You done, newbie?" A male voice called from outside the station's changing room. "Assignments are in a few minutes, don't wanna be late, do you?"

Right. *Right*.

I could do this. I was ready. I came first in my class, with perfect scores in all fields.

I was ready.

"Coming," I replied.

Sparing one last glance at my reflection in the mirror, I shut my locker and walked to the changing room's exit.

Time to start my first day as Police Officer Diana Green.

"Welcome to my station, Officer Green," the ageing man said, eyes flittering over my body as he spoke. "Blue looks good on you."

Sexual harassment in the workplace. An unfortunately common occurrence.

But I could deal with wandering eyes – had done since I'd first started blooming as a teenager. A lot of men like Police Chief Anderson, men who'd grown up in a different time with different ideas about women and respect, were still in positions of power. But that'd change eventually. The elderly with their out-dated world views would retire and younger, more open minded men and women would take their place.

Until then, I could handle his looks and comments.

No need to cause a fuss on my first day.

I glanced down at his immaculate desk, eyes drawn to the moving objects on it.

A swingling pendulum, and a Newton's Cradle swinging away. A soft tapping sound,

repetitive and soothing.

Everything else on the desk was as you'd expect – paperwork and a computer, documents and writing utensils. No framed pictures of family, though. A man married to the job, then?

"Thank you, sir," I said, feeling a tiny bit dizzy.

I'd just come from assignments, been told to come and see the Police Chief in person. That he'd explain my assignment for my first few weeks in uniform.

"As you're new to the badge, you'll be spending your first two months on desk duty," the Police Chief said, a smile pulling at his lips. "You'll see how my station is run first-hand and, when you're ready, I'll put you on patrol."

My heart dropped at the words.

It was understandable – don't get me wrong. It made total sense for a new officer to be put on paperwork tasks when they first join, get used to the place and the people and how everything was run and all that.

Still, I couldn't help but feel *some* disappointment.

"Before that, however," Anderson continued, "we need to discuss your uniform. There seems to have been an error in your measurements. I'll have a new one ordered in for you tomorrow."

I frowned. Something wrong with my uniform?

I looked down at myself, tried to see what the Police Chief meant. Everything looked fine to me, none of it felt too large or small on my body. It was a perfect fit, actually.

"Your skirt," Anderson said, picking up on my confusion. "It's too long. Past the knees? That's no good. It'll hinder your ability to run on the job, jeopardise your ability to fight crime. Can't have that now, can we?"

Again, I looked down – this time focusing on the skirt.

It was navy-blue and plain, a pencil skirt. Professional. And far too long. The Police Chief was right. The skirt I was currently wearing would stop me from being able to run at full speed. It'd let criminals get away. It was a hindrance.

"I'll have a replacement ready for you tomorrow," Anderson repeated. "That's all. Dismissed."

The next day, clad in a skirt that reached mid-way between my knees and my crotch, I was summoned to the Police Chief's office once more.

His eyes roamed over my body again.

"Very good," he said after gazing at me for a few moments too long. "That skirt definitely suits you."

"Thank you, sir. I-"

"Unfortunately," the ageing man interrupted, eyes hard on mine. "I'm going to have to write you up for inappropriate attire, Officer Green."

Ticking. I could hear a ticking clock. Tick. Tick. Tick.

"Inappropriate attire, sir?"

The pendulum was swinging in time with the ticks. Slow, steady, repetitive.

"Yes, Officer Green. Those tights you're wearing are not a part of your authorised uniform accessories. I'm sorry, but we can't allow such unprofessionalism here. I'll let you off with a warning this time, but tomorrow I expect those tights to be gone."

I blinked. Tights were unprofessional?

The Police Chief shook his head. "Youths these days, no respect for protocol. I'll have a list of suitable accessories you can wear with your uniform delivered to your locker. We are the guardians of justice here, Officer Green. If we don't follow our own rules, how can we ever hope to inspire others to follow the rule of law?"

I stared at my reflection, turned left and right. My skirt was short and athletic. Perfect for

running in. Underneath it, I wore a navy blue, non-restrictive g-string – along with a white garter belt and matching stockings.

My top had undergone some minor changes too – all to improve on my ability to administer justice. My midriff was now visible, toned abdominal muscles visible as a form of intimidation for would-be criminals. Likewise, fabric had been removed from the chest area of my navy-blue police shirt – less pressure on my lungs as I was running after law-breakers. It was a little chilly, what with so much of my body now exposed, but I could live with the cold.

High heels gave me an additional three inches of height, and all the benefits that came with height – an imposing presence, the ability to see further.

Even my belt had undergone some improvements. Gone was the gun holster, replaced now with a state-of-the art vibrating baton. My issued handcuffs had changed, and now sported fluffy pink cloth on them – removing unnecessary discomfort for anyone I'd have to put them on in the future. My pepper spray had been replaced with a bottle of lubricant for similar reasons.

I focussed my attention on the metal shield badge I was wearing. Polished and shining brilliantly.

A month on the job. How times flies!

I reached into my locker, plucked out the police hat sitting inside it. As the Police Chief had said – wearing the hat was a mark of professionalism, and since I wouldn't be going out on patrol any time soon, might as well wear it and set a good example.

With a confident smile on my face, I set it atop my head and left the changing room.

Several male officers were waiting outside for me, grinning and exploring my uniform with their eyes. It was a colleague's job, after all, to make sure their co-workers were dressed accordingly. I smile and winked at them, wiggled my butt and shook my chest. Like the Police Chief said – it was always good to foster healthy, enjoyable friendships with other members of the force wherever possible.

And, what with my recent promotion, I had to be even more aware of the other officers' thoughts and feelings.

I was the department's new 'Stress Relief Liaison'.

It was my job, simply put, to help other members of the force deal with their pent up stress. Policing, after all, was an extremely stressful career to have. Dangerous, underappreciated, high-skill and low-pay. Of course it'd make sense for the station to have it's own dedicated Stress Relief Liaison. And it was an honour for me to have been chosen!

While I may not be out on the front lines myself, yet. I could still help and aid those who were.

Police Chief Anderson had said it best; the job I now had was vitally important to my fellow officers – unless I was willing to give a hundred and ten percent, I should decline the promotion.

I'd give far more than that!

I knelt down in my private office, mouth open and stuffed with a male officer's phallus. My head bobbing back and forth, tongue working on the object's head, milking the stress out of him.

My blonde hair flowed freely down my shoulders, some falling over my exposed chest.

Sometimes, when helping colleagues relieve stress, it was okay to be a little more casual at work. Being overly professional would make it more difficult for me to help them take care of their stress build up.

The officer planted both hands on my head, held it in place as he thrust his hips.

He was close. I'd gained a lot of experience with my new position very quickly. As

soon as my male colleagues began thrusting like that, panting and grunting, their phalluses pulsating, I knew they were close.

I sucked hard, squeezed him with my cheeks and, a heartbeat later, he unloaded into my mouth.

Eagerly, I drank down his stress.

One more officer taken care of, his stress after a long day's work dealt with. Only a dozen or so more to take care of today!

"I must say," the Police Chief said, flipping through documents on his desk. "When I first saw you, I couldn't help but doubt if you were committed to justice and duty. A young, pretty thing like you? Well, I was wrong. You, Officer Green, are a perfect fit for my station."

Pride swelled inside me.

Recognition. A superior's respect and admiration. Two months on the job, and I'd more than proven how dedicated I was to the force!

"The other officers all seem to love you, and have all giving glowing commendations for your work as Stress Relief Liaison. You have outperformed all my expectations for you, to the point that I'm hesitant to remove you from your role as our Stress Relief Liaison and put you on active duty."

I beamed.

Over the last few weeks, I'd had a slight change in mindset.

I wanted to help people. That's why I'd chosen to become a police officer in the first place – to help people who couldn't help themselves. But even the helpers need help sometimes. And with the job of relieving other officers' stress, I was doing far more to help the community than I would out on patrol.

If I stayed in my current role, continued doing what I was already very good at, then everyone would be better off. My fellow officers, the community of people they helped on a daily basis, even I'd be better off – putting my newfound skill-set to good use.

With a happy smile on my face, I told Police Chief Anderson that he needn't worry – I was more than happy with my current role and position on the force.

The older man didn't seem surprised.

"Is that so?" He said, a self-satisfied smile tugging at his lips. "In that case, I'll let the other officers know. I'm sure they'll be thrilled to know that you'll still be there to deal with their... stress."

I beamed brighter.

"I should also inform you," Anderson continued, "that there is room in the budget for you, as Stress Relief Liaison, to take advantage of. Should you wish it, the station would be more than willing to pay for any breast augmentation procedures you may wish to undergo. Something for you to think about as you, ah, perform your duties today. Dismissed."

I nodded and turned, my thigh-high skirt frilling as I spun, and left the Police Chief's office.

Today was going to be busy – I was booked up with Stress Relief appointments all day – so I'd have plenty of time to think about Anderson's offer. Though, already, I found myself leaning in the direction of accepting.

The more assets I had, the better I'd be able to do my job.

And the better I did my job, the better the other officers would be able to do theirs!

In my own way, I was making the world a better, safer place.

And, at the end of the day, wasn't that all that mattered?