

Caitlyn shivered as she lowered herself down across Akali's length.

Her ass, what had once been a sacred place that few have been able to touch, recognized the pop star's intrusion and sent a wave of pleasure rocketing through Caitlyn's body as a result. It creates a mind-bending experience for the still undercover officer as her fingers and toes curl from the pressure.

"Fffffuck.... You know Kali loves it when you take her dick like that." Akali groans. Her words have a pleasurable effect on Caitlyn, regardless of what her pride and dignity might have said in the matter. The idea of having someone so powerful and hung bottom for her was just what helped get Caitlyn off. Still, as the pop star's grip digs deeper into her, she knew that she wouldn't be the case for long, as she's pulled back into the arms of an aroused and ready-to-fuck celebrity who had finally put some damn clothes on after fucking Caitlyn so many times. But now, as things progressed, she was steadily stripping herself once again.

"MMmmmmmmnnnnhhhhhhhhhh...." Caitlyn moans. She feels Akali's hands grip and grab at her breasts through the tight t-shirt the pop star had ever so graciously given her while the rest of her clothes were being washed. It was nothing that Caitlyn herself would actually wear. Still, given that she had to play the role of the eager groupie, some adjustments were necessary in that regard.

Whatever the case might have been, Caitlyn still has no case denying the pure pleasure that courses through her body as she continues sinking down Akali's fat cock. And with each inch that passes into her, that pleasure only grows stronger as she leans back against Akali behind her as she grinds her hips against her, ensuring that her fuck staff is firmly inside her ass.

"H-How's this? Mmmngh!" A sudden moan breaches Caitlyn's words as Akali pumps up a thrust up into her, catching her off guard in a rather pleasurable way. It's truly mind-boggling to feel for Caitlyn, while for Akali, on the other hand, it felt just like home.

"God.... She's filling me so much...." Caitlyn's thoughts race through her mind as she struggles to comprehend what is happening, despite having been in this exact same position numerous times since the forsaken operation began. But Akali's cock just had that effect where she could never really quite get used to it. She might remember how it felt to be treated no better than a sex toy, but that shock from having that kind cock pumped into her more than made up for that.

Caitlyn's thoughts on that matter were swiftly turned away, however, when Akali moved up and began kissing the undercover officer's neck, leaving behind more hickey marks to the collection that was already across Caitlyn's body. The rapper just couldn't get enough of her feel and taste, leading up to her straight-up licking the side of Caitlyn's neck, causing her eyes to suddenly go wide. At the same time, her brain is hit with a sudden and powerful extra dose of arousal.

Caitlyn's back might have been facing Akali, but she could tell she had a smug look on her face the entire time she had her. She didn't even need to say anything, just that smug image of her in her mind was more than enough. But as the constant fuck sessions continued to ramp up and they kept going through condoms and birth control pills, Caitlyn only hoped that she wouldn't end up as one of Akali's aforementioned baby mamas. That thought alone twisted a feeling of apprehension deep inside Caitlyn's stomach. Nonetheless, as Akali began thrusting up into her, those thoughts, like always, were quickly turned away, and all that remained was the pure hot pleasure coursing through her veins.

"Gonna mark you nice and good, bitch! Gonna let everyone know you're Kali's girl!" Akali groans as she begins slamming her hips up into Caitlyn, finally forcing some real and loud screams out of her before she throws her down face first on the couch they had been using and begins fucking her there.

"MMNNNGHOOO!!!! S-SLOW DOWN!" Caitlyn cries as Akali keeps up the pressure, never slowing down for a single second. In fact, it only pushed her to go even harder and fuck her like a psychotic sex-driven maniac. But while Caitlyn was trapped in the bliss that her mind was enraptured in, with one free hand, Akali reached over and picked up her phone.

Continuing to fuck the ever-loving life out of Caitlyn's ass-pussy, Akali opens Snapchat, more specifically, the chat she has with one of her other bandmates. She then, with a little effort, angles the phone high for a good POV shot of her pounding her dick into Caitlyn. Then, with a flick of her finger, she begins filming.

She films everything from her slapping Caitlyn's ass hard enough to leave a handmark, to even some close-up shots of Caitlyn's rear struggling to take such a fucking. All before she pulls the camera back toward herself and flashes a peace sign with her tongue out playfully before finally ending the video. But before she sends off the message, she adds a small caption as well.

"Wanna have some fun?"

Then, once it was finished, Akali tossed her phone back to the side and continued what she was doing, making Caitlyn scream as she grabbed her by the waist with both hands. Her grip was as tight as ever as she dug into her, both enjoying the tight, warm comfort of Caitlyn's rear and also forcing out those oh-so humiliating and yet pleasure-filled sounds that nearly got Akali's rocks off as much as the sex itself.

"FFFFFUCK! Another Kali load, comin' up!" Akali groans before she falls on top of Caitlyn and begins to fill her ass with cum.

"MMNNGHGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!" Caitlyn screams into the couch but enjoys the feeling of having all her arousal burst out of her like water from a dam. Like water, the sense of relief and satisfaction washes over her as well, putting her just that bit more at ease. But as things slowed down, Akali eventually pulled herself free to look down at her work. She might have gotten Caitlyn to this point countless times over at this point, but that sight of her utterly ruined by her made the entire experience just that bit better. Her attention is quickly drawn back to her phone, however, as she hears a notification pop up.

Swiping up the device, she looks at the response she got from her message and feels a smile grow across her face as she reads it. She then hops down from the bed and stretches slightly before turning back toward Caitlyn.

"Yo! Clean yourself up and get your ass dressed, we're gonna meet someone in a minute. Ye Ye!"

Caitlyn stepped out of the bus with wobbly legs.

After being on the road for what felt like an entire day, she was able to catch her breath outside of that damn bus and the woman it belonged to as they came to a rest stop at a luxury hotel.

Thankfully, the band had taken the precaution of renting the entire place out, so it was just her, the band, and the other members of the crew.

Following behind Akali, she found it fascinating to see that the rapper had chosen a single pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt instead of anything extravagant. She almost looked like anybody you would see passing on the street, but she still walked with that confidence that made her stand out like a dove among crows.

Turning to the side, Caitlyn watched the band's diva, Evelynnn, casually stroll into the hotel, followed by a group of what looked like servants but were instead indebted fans more than happy to serve their cruel and conniving mistress. It would have shocked Caitlyn if she hadn't found herself following the beck and call of an egotistical rapper who continues to think she's the shit. But that only left one more member of the band unaccounted for.

Caitlyn looked around for the founder of the band itself. But Ahri wasn't around as far as she could tell. Even though this experience didn't go as planned, Caitlyn wondered if she could get a one-on-one conversation with the person who helped create a media empire. In the meantime, as she followed Akali, who led her to another tour bus, she didn't quite know why she was doing this. Perhaps it was pure curiosity that was guiding her at this point, since if Akali was as extreme a personality as she was, then what the Hell were her bandmates like? Suffice to say, she knew she'd be figuring out soon when, from the tour bus, K/DA's choreographer, Kai'sa herself, comes walking out.

Like Akali, Kai'sa dressed casually with some loose-fitting gym clothes. Her skin had a sheen of sweat to it, which indicated to Caitlyn that she had already been working before they got there. Even then, her physically impressive body would have more than spelled that out for the undercover officer. Despite that, she approaches Akali and pulls her into a hug before they exchange words with each other while glancing back toward Caitlyn.

"You think you can make it work, Kai?"

"Maybe. Is she going to get uppity about it though?"

"Nah, she's chill."

After chatting for a minute, Akali gives Kai'sa a nod, and they both turn toward Caitlyn.

"Ah, so your name is Cupcake, right?" Kai'sa asks, and Caitlyn nearly jumps out of her skin before she remembers what Vi put her name down as.

Regardless, with a burning red face, Caitlyn lets out a nervous chuckle. "J-Just.... Caitlyn. Caitlyn is fine." Caitlyn smiles nervously while deciding to steer into the skid for a bit. This whole thing went tits up the moment she stepped into that tour bus with Akali and ended up having some of the most extreme sex she had ever had in her life.

"Caitlyn. That's such a beautiful name." Kai'sa smiles toward Caitlyn, making her feel a bit more at ease, which was quite the surprise all things considered. Still, all those feelings are quickly switched out when Akali comes up behind Caitlyn and grabs a handful of her ass, which she squeezes firmly between her fingers.

"Kali's been putting this baddie to good work, but she still thought you could show her a thing or two, just to help her fit in." Akali lays it all out. She also digs some of her fingers into Caitlyn's thankfully covered crotch from behind. The young Kiramman woman had no doubts that if the rapper could, she'd start finger fucking her right then and there. But even then, with the way that she was touching her, it was surprising to see that nobody turned to look at her. Even Kai'sa didn't look surprised as she stood there watching them.

"Hm...." Kai'sa hums as she circles Caitlyn. It gives Caitlyn the same feeling she got from Akali when they first walked into her tour bus. This time around, she felt a steady level of excitement pass through her as she was looked over by the world-famous dancer, who soon came to a decision.

"I think I can work with her. What exactly did you have in mind, Kali?" Kai'sa poses the question while also completely ignoring anything Caitlyn would have to say.

"Kali needs this bitch to twerk. Fucking her is tight as Hell, but I wanna see her really work this thing." Akali explains casually while digging her grip even deeper into Caitlyn's rear. Nobody

turned to look at them still, but for Caitlyn in that moment, it felt like a million eyes had just turned to look at her.

"W-Well- I- Uh- Not that- It's truly kind of you to- Oh my-"

"Shhhhh...." Kai'sa shushes Caitlyn by pressing a finger to her lips. "I'm not going to force you to do anything you don't want to do. But it would be really cool if you wanted to do it." Kai'sa lays it all out, at the same time, looking Caitlyn straight in the eye the entire time as she struggles to respond.

Caitlyn opens her mouth as if about to say something, but nothing comes. The only word she says in that moment is something that even shocks herself.

"Yes."

There's a silence that hangs in the air after Caitlyn says it, at least there was to Caitlyn herself as she stands there before the two world-famous pop stars. But before long, a pleased smile grows across Kai'sa's face as she clasps both of her hands together happily.

"Wonderful! In that case, come right this way." Without missing a beat, Kai'sa begins ushering Caitlyn into her tour bus, with Akali about to turn and walk toward the hotel before her fellow bandmate calls out as well. "You can come as well, Kali! I'll need someone to help instruct our little groupie here." Kai'sa says as she wraps an arm around Caitlyn and pulls her in close.

"Sweet." Akali responds simply before following the two into the bus, which looked identical to the one she had. The only real difference was the little personal touches, where instead of music sheets and sex toys, Kai'sa's bus was a lot more well put together, a good comfort for Caitlyn, who was happy to stay in an area that wasn't utterly filthy, at least by her high standards.

"It's just through here." Kai'sa adds.

"What is?" Caitlyn asks, making both women laugh in response.

"Kali can't wait to see the look on your face." Akali mutters under her breath with a chuckle, slightly concerning Caitlyn, before she's suddenly left dumbfounded when she sees that there was an entire dance studio fitted onto Kai's tour bus. Although it wasn't the largest, it could only fit around fifteen to twenty people, which was still huge for a tour bus.

Dim blue lights kept the room at a comfortable brightness, helping Caitlyn relax as she took it all in and looked at herself in the mirror stretching across one of the walls. There was even a lounge couch in the corner of the room, where things, most definitely, got a lot more intimate. It was truly a marvel for the undercover officer to see, but there was still one question that burned at the back of her mind as she turned back to Akali and Kai'sa.

"How exactly do you dance in here? When you're on the road, I can't imagine it to be a comfortable experience." Caitlyn remarks, imagining the various members of K/DA falling over whenever the tour bus took a sharp turn. But Kai'sa almost looks like she was expecting that question.

"Stabilizers. At least, that's what was told to me. They keep the room still so that I can work and practice even as we travel across the world." Kai'sa explains, and Caitlyn continues to be stunned by it all. However, as Kai'sa and Akali exchanged glances, there was still something that needed to be addressed.

"Before we get started," Kai'sa starts as Caitlyn turns back toward her and reaches down into a box to pull out something. "I believe it would be best if we got you into some more fitting clothes." She finishes before revealing the garment both she and Akali intended her to wear. And it was at that moment when Caitlyn saw what they had brought her, that a sense of suspicion quickly passed through her once again.

"Are you sure I have to wear this? I-It's not exactly subtle...." Caitlyn calls out from the changing room.

"It's K/DA branded, it should look GREAT on you." Kai'sa reassures Caitlyn from the other side of the door. Next to her, Akali leaned up against the wall, looking bored as she waited right alongside her fellow bandmate. She was playing things casually as she waited, although her excitement could be seen in the bulge that was pressing out from her pants. For Caitlyn, within the privacy of the changing room, she looked at herself in the mirror.

It was supposed to be a dress. But instead of any fabric that might have saved Caitlyn any form of decency, it was a black thin mesh that readily exposed the shorts that had deep enough leg slits that just about completely exposed her ass and her front. Thankfully, a thin piece of fabric kept her from being completely naked. But if that wasn't bad enough, the bra she had on as well left her bust out on display. Caitlyn had never even dreamed of wearing such clothes in all her years that she had been alive. But Kai'sa was right, it was K/DA branded, whatever that might be worth to someone.

"C'mon already! Kai's getting bored!" She can hear Akali calling from outside the changing room. And even though the idea of doing this still rang as strange to Caitlyn, she opened the door and showed the two women what she had on.

"Oh! It's perfect!" Kai'sa beams as she runs over to fix the little areas of Caitlyn's clothes that the woman herself had forgotten to tend to. It spruces her up, and after Kai'sa grabs a hair band and puts Caitlyn's hair up into a perfect little bun, she looks perfect for what both she and Akali had in mind. Meanwhile, Akali reaches down a hand and begins rubbing and grabbing at her cock through her pants, getting it harder until a small pre-stain oozes through the fabric. Caitlyn knew she should have been disgusted, but it remained rather flattering.

"All done! Now then, let's get to practicing." Kai'sa says before she grabs Caitlyn with a surprisingly firm grip and begins pushing her back into the dance studio and toward the couch from before, at the same time, with Akali in hot pursuit.

Caitlyn wasn't quite sure how she should feel at that moment. She had never 'twerked' before, but she had no doubt that both Kai'sa and Akali would be more than happy to run her through things. In what way, that remained to be seen, but it didn't take Caitlyn using her police knowledge to have a general idea.

"To start things off, just show us what you already know." Kai'sa says as both she and Akali take a seat on the couch, leaving Caitlyn unsure of what to do as she stood before both of them. She didn't know if she should just bend over and start shaking it, but if there was some commonality between all the videos she had caught Vi watching, there should be some music, right?

"U-Um.... You w-wouldn't happen to have anything to play while I- Uh.... Do it?" Caitlyn asks, with Akali brightening up at her words.

"Hm. Sure, Kali got something for you." The K/DA rapper reaches down and picks up her phone. She searches for a bit, trying to find something suitable for Caitlyn, which could have meant a whole wide variety of things. Still, eventually she shows one to Kai'sa, who then smiles and turns back to Caitlyn as she continues to stand there nervously.

"Alright, Caitlyn. Show us what you got." Kai'sa commands, and soon after, through various Bluetooth speakers across the room, a steady rap beat begins to echo through. Caitlyn is still left slightly lost and confused, but nevertheless begins moving herself, at first gyrating and moving her hips, but eventually working up to something a little more aggressive. In all honesty, Caitlyn didn't really think she was doing an excellent job. But when she looked toward Akali and Kai'sa, both bandmates seemed to be pleased so far as she turned her ass toward them.

"Shake that booty for Kali, bitch!" Caitlyn hears Akali call out from behind and feels her face burn, but nevertheless begins shaking her ass, or at least she tries to. She wasn't packing a lot of meat in her wagon, but with enough effort and concentration, she managed to feel it start bouncing.

"Woo!"

"Nice, Caitlyn!"

Encouraged from behind, Caitlyn begins working even harder. She even feels herself begin to work up a bit of a sweat the longer she goes at it. However, it isn't long until Caitlyn starts to slow down and eventually comes to a complete stop before turning back toward both women.

"Ha.... Ha.... How was that?" Caitlyn asks as she catches her breath.

"That was perfect, Caitlyn. Let me just show you a thing or two." Kai'sa says as she stands up from the lounge and walks over toward her. She then turns Caitlyn back around and begins bending her over by pushing on the small of her back.

"Do it again, but this time with me behind you." Kai'sa says. She also trails her other hand up across Caitlyn's side, flustering her slightly in the process. However, the young Kiramman woman still goes along with it anyway and continues shaking her respectably sized rear. This time, however, she occasionally brushes up against Kai'sa behind her. She only brushes up against her even more when she slowly moves her body up against hers, until Caitlyn is shocked to catch a feel of something hard in Kai'sa's pants. It stuns her for a moment, but the realization ultimately hits her like a truck.

Did Kai'sa have a dick?! Do all members of K/DA have dicks?!