



## **DANGER ZONE ONE**

### **— REVENGE ZONE II —**

**M**adison approached the abandoned Helmhurst massage parlor with an air of caution. The sun had begun to set over the Arduus District, casting an ominous cover of shadow over the dilapidated building. She walked up the steps, loose bricks jiggling with every footfall. The entire structure was in terrible shape—plants growing between the mortar, windows plastered with cracks, and paint peeling from the exterior walls.

Madison reached the front door and tried the doorknob.

*Locked.*

Her attention shifted to the digital lock nearby. She held up her wrist and tapped her I.DAC. Within seconds, the communicator bracelet had infiltrated the locking mechanism and she heard the faint *click* of the lock.

Madison pushed open the heavy wooden door. It groaned on its hinges and she was assaulted by a cloud of dust that hit her in the face and crawled up her nose, making her nasal cavities burn. She rubbed her nose and sniffed, taking one last breath of fresh air before moving forward.

Time had claimed what was once a lush establishment, now little more than an old decrepit pit, covered in cobwebs and thick blankets of dust. The officer navigated around the lobby, flashlight in hand. Recalling what had recently occurred at the Besom Bordello, Madison unholstered her Halvok-99 and held it at the ready.

She had tracked the Rookie's I.DAC signal to the Helmhurst massage parlor, but no one appeared to be in the building, least of all her partner. As she made her way across the lobby, Madison heard a faint, electric hum. She turned to the source of the sound, redirecting her flashlight to a nearby wooden door. Cautiously, she approached it—pushing the door open with her shoulder. Her grip on the firearm tightened.

The interior of the room was dark and barren, save for something at the far end, obscured by shadow. The hum was now louder, but Madison could also hear *another* noise...

*Muffled whimpering!?*

The officer jerked forward, aiming her flashlight across the room. What the beam of light settled on almost caused the white-haired officer's jaw to drop.

The Rookie was on her knees, bound by rope and leather straps, with a ball gag tight in her mouth. She tried to speak, but no words could escape through the gag—only a string of desperate grunts and moans.

Madison hurried forward and, in doing so, inadvertently lowered the flashlight a few inches. It was then that she spotted what was *beneath* the Rookie—the *source of the humming noise*—a mechanical device thrusting a rubber dildo into the officer's vagina!

“What the—?!” Madison gasped, her words trailing off as she watched the helpless girl moan and gyrate while the artificial cock penetrated her. Trying to shake away the initial surprise, Madison holstered her gun and rushed over to the Rookie's side.

“*Mmph, mmph, mmph...*” Reena tried to speak with little success.

Madison's fingers fumbled over the ball gag, removing it from the girl's mouth as quickly as possible. “Who did this to you?”

Reena's eyes widened. “Madison, you have to get out of here, they're still—”

“Too late!” A playful voice lashed out from behind the white-haired officer. “Lala caught a *big* piggy this time!”

Before Madison could turn, she felt something hard connect with the back of her skull. The world spun and the entire room changed directions. She hit the wooden floor; the already dim room grew darker, turning into a gray blur—even the electric hum began to fade. A moment later, there was nothing but silence and darkness.

\* \* \*

“Nnnhh...” Madison groaned, lifting her heavy eyelids. She wasn't sure how long she had been unconscious—or *what had struck her*—but the dull throbbing at the back of her head was proof enough that the Helmhurst massage parlor was merely a setup. Trying to shake off her daze, Madison realized that she was lying on a cold, concrete floor, hands bound behind her back. She jerked her wrists—a familiar *clicking* sound made it clear that her restraints were likely police-issue handcuffs.

She tried to focus her eyes and get her bearings. There was no sign of the Rookie, but the room was poorly lit and the walls appeared to be metal. A few wooden chairs could be seen, a circular bed in the corner, and a table topped with...

Madison squinted, trying to make out the objects. Her vision was still blurred, but returning to normal with each passing second. She sat up, just as a feeling of dread kicked in. A wide variety of sex toys rested upon the table!

“So glad you could join us!”

Madison quickly turned to the source of the velvet voice—one that she had heard before. From out of the shadows stepped Miss Bliss, followed by three girls. Despite having never seen them in person, Madison instantly recognized the trio from the PCPD's central database. They were notorious criminals for hire—the Combustion Crew!

Miss Bliss playfully raised a finger to her own crimson lips. “I was so *very* disappointed that our playtime was interrupted back at Fantasy Funland. Fortunately, now that you're here, we can make up for it.”

“You sick bitch,” Madison hissed, “where's the Rookie?! What have you done with her?”

“Oh, I didn't forget about your little friend,” Miss Bliss replied with a sadistic grin. “In fact, I think it would be a good experience for her to *watch* the fun.” She turned to Karie and nodded. “Let's get

some more light in here.”

“Right away, Miss Bliss,” Karie responded, holding up a remote-like device and striking a button with her thumb.

An overhead light flickered to life, shining a spotlight towards the right side of the room. Affixed to the wall was an 'X' shaped board with Reena bound to it—her wrists and ankles firmly restrained and a ball gag in her mouth. She let out a stream of muffled cries but none were decipherable.

“Rookie!” Madison shouted, then shot a glare at the blonde dominatrix. “I'm gonna make you sorry you were ever born!”

“Now, now,” Miss Bliss chuckled, “I know you're my guest and all, but even a host's hospitality has its limits.” She gestured to Tessa and Lala. “Speaking of which, why don't you two remove our honored guest's rather *unsightly* clothing. I never did care for those police uniforms...”

Tessa and Lala approached the officer, both girls pulling out box cutters from their pockets.

“Hold on!” Madison protested, straining against the handcuffs behind her back. Before she could react, the two girls descended upon her, driving her down to the floor.

“Careful not to move,” the pink haired girl giggled, waving the box cutter, “you wouldn't want Lala to accidentally cut youuu~!”

“Stop referring to yourself in the third person, you imbecile,” Tessa sneered, slicing off a section of the officer's jacket sleeve.

The girls' hands wandered up Madison's body, grabbing at her shirt and tearing it away. Fabric ripped and buttons popped; they grabbed her shorts too, carefully cutting them apart and throwing the shredded cloth to the ground. Her boots came off next, and soon she was in nothing but her black bra and matching panties. The bra followed, ripped away from her shoulders as if it was nothing more than string. They grabbed her breasts, squeezing them, fondling them in their palms. They pinched her nipples, which were already getting erect from the cold. Her gaze was riveted to the two girls as their hands continued to explore her body, nails dragging over the curves of her hips and fingers disappearing between her thighs.

“G-get off me!” Madison ordered, but her words fell on deaf ears.

Miss Bliss stepped over to the nearby table, grabbed a ball gag and tossed it over to Karie. “Put *this* on her. And get her good and *wet* for the main event.”

“Got it,” Karie responded, wasting no time to carry out her boss's order. She hurried over to the officer and began to affix the ball gag to her mouth.

“Get that damn thing outta my—*mmph!*” Madison's words were cut short as the ball part of the gag was shoved into her mouth. She felt a set of fingers slip inside the leg of her panties, moving up and down and stroking the outside of her cunt. Madison winced as the fingers touched her clit, making slow circles at first, then going faster and faster. She felt a single finger slip inside of her, joined quickly by a second. They started moving in and out, sliding all the way up to the second and then third knuckle. She moaned, and they started fucking her faster. The officer's hips twisted and jerked—the motions serving only to force her further down onto the fingers.

Tessa continued fingering Madison while Lala watched with glee, squeezing the officer's creamy white thighs. Karie knelt down, pinching and twisting the white-haired woman's nipples.

Madison tried to cry out, but it was a futile attempt due to the gag.

“Very good, girls.” Miss Bliss leaned back against the table, watching with lustful intent—her lips curving up in a wide smile. “I want her pussy for myself, but she has *other* holes for you to enjoy.”

Tessa jerked her fingers out of the officer's cunt and exchanged an amused glance with Lala and Karie. “Ready to break this pig in?”

The pink haired girl's eyes lit up as she yanked down the officer's panties. “Lala's ready!”

Karie nodded and, together, they dragged the white-haired woman off the floor.

Before Madison could react, she was thrust forward and forced to bend over the nearest chair. No sooner was she in position than a hand slammed down against her ass, the loud smack echoing

throughout the room. She felt her ass cheeks move with the force of it, and then the hand came down again. Madison cried out in muffled protest as the hand struck repeatedly, a steady rhythm that kept her cheeks jumping up and down until her skin stung.

Lala continued the spanking, now slapping the officer's firm behind by alternating between her left and right hands, as if she were playing a drum. "Woow, this lil' piggy looks like she can take *a lot* of punishment!"

"We'll see just *how* much in a minute!" Karie replied, pushing Lala aside and spreading the officer's cheeks wide apart.

Madison's eyes widened as she felt fingers stroking her tight hole, followed by the sensation of soft, dainty digits moving back and forth, trying to find their way inside her. The applied pressure made her hole open up a bit. The fingers slid in, going deeper, up to what would have been the second knuckle. Madison gasped, her face flushing out of sheer embarrassment. She tried to wrench herself free, but Lala and Tessa held her in place.

"Not so fast, ladies," Miss Bliss spoke up—gesturing to the nearby bed, "why not make our guest a bit *more* relaxed?"

Before Madison knew it, she was thrown face-first onto the nearby bed, her knees digging into the old mattress and face pressed into the stained, velvet sheets. Within seconds, the Combustion Crew was already on her, Lala and Tessa pinning her down.

Miss Bliss stepped over to the bed, handing Karie a red, lubed dildo. "You know *where* to stick it."

Karie leaned forward, sliding her tongue along Madison's ass and, after a moment of wiggling around, stuck it into her hole.

Madison's eyes widened and she tried to look behind her, but couldn't crane her neck around enough to do so. She attempted to wrench herself up but, between the handcuffs and the two girls holding her down, her options were limited. Then she felt something push *into* her ass.

Karie slid the artificial head of the dildo inside the officer's asshole. The combination of lube and saliva had made it easier than going in dry, though there was still a little resistance at first.

"Ooh, look at her face," Lala said with a grin from ear-to-ear, "it's turning all red, like an apple!"

Madison could feel her cheeks glow a shade of crimson as the dildo entered her, stretching her asshole wide and making her take as much of it as possible. *Fuck!* She moaned and tried to resist it, but couldn't pull away. Karie worked the dildo, fucking her as fast as she could, going in and out hard. For a moment, all Madison could hear was her own heavy breathing and moans, along with the squelching of the dildo as it slid in and out of her ass. At the same time, she could feel her other entrance being touched—Lala's fingers entering her.

"Lookie here, she's getting nice and wet!" Lala cheered. "I think she's into it—just like the other piggy was!"

"Let *me* feel!" Tessa demanded, reaching under Madison and sticking her fingers into the officer's pussy. "You're not kidding—this one's a *real* slut!"

"*Mmmph!*" Madison shouted into the ball gag. She could barely take being ass-fucked *and* the combined fingers of the two girls. She hated to admit it, but Lala was right—she *was* getting wet! She tried to tell herself that it was due to the forced stimulation and *not* from her own shameful want. But she found it increasingly difficult to convince herself...

Lala and Tessa continued finger fucking her, out of sync at first, but then working together in perfect harmony.

Madison moaned louder and buried her face in the sheets, while her ass was mercilessly railed by Karie. Her clit was becoming more sensitive by the second. She couldn't resist it anymore. She tried to hold it back, tried to think of anything else, but her body was completely out of her control. Sweat enveloped her body, causing her skin to glisten. She wasn't sure how much more she could take before...

"All right," Miss Bliss called out, "she looks worked up enough. Now it's *my* turn."

Karie pulled the dildo from out of Madison's ass, while Lala and Tessa removed their fingers from the officer's slick pussy. Lala took off the ball gag and Tessa unfastened the handcuffs, tossing them aside.

Madison spun around on the bed but, before she could utter a word, her eyes settled on Miss Bliss, approaching the bed with a large, double-sided dildo in her hand. The dominatrix was no longer wearing a skirt *or* panties—leaving her shaven pussy exposed. It glistened, wet and ready.

The Combustion Crew quickly departed the bed, allowing their boss to completely take over.

“H-hold on!” Madison shouted, sitting up—still trying to deny that she had been aroused.

“Tell you what,” Miss Bliss began, inserting one end of the dildo into her own, eager pussy, “if you cum first, and prove to me that you're a little whore, *maybe* I'll let your friend go.”

Madison opened her mouth to respond, but before she could protest, the criminal had climbed atop the bed and seized her legs, splaying them apart.

Miss Bliss pulled the officer against her artificial cockhead and jerked her hips forward, plunging the shaft upon the officer's spread vagina.

“Uhh!” Madison cried out. At first, the walls of her pussy fought against the cock's massive girth, but, with a forceful shove, Miss Bliss inserted the sizable dildo into her. “FUCK!” Madison cursed, wailing and howling with every breath she could muster. Every muscle in her body trembled at the force of the enormous intrusion into her cunt. The sheer size of the rubber cock filled her and her walls stretched to their very limits. A series of spasms raced up and down her body; she squirmed and writhed upon the bed, unable to relax as her nerves ignited in a firestorm of unrestrained pleasure.

Madison's heart hammered in her chest, her body twitching as Miss Bliss impaled her even deeper. For a second, she was convinced that she'd lose consciousness. The artificial dick was much larger than anything she had ever taken before...

Miss Bliss pushed herself deeper into the officer, thrusting in and out as hard as she could. She grabbed hold of the girl's ample tits and squeezed.

Madison screamed. Her breasts were aching from her captor's harsh grip. Her breathing quickened and her hips shook from Miss Bliss's ruthless assault. She wasn't sure how much she could take. And while she doubted the criminal would honor any promise to release the Rookie if she came first—it was, at the moment, the only chance she had. Madison thrust her own hips forward, riding the dildo with renewed vigor. She *had* to make herself cum—a task which was becoming increasingly easier with every passing second.

Miss Bliss was gasping and moaning, on the verge of cumming herself, but she was too late...

The white-haired officer came, an instant before Miss Bliss did. Both women shouted in unison as they squirted their fluids around the artificial cock. The dildo released its own synthetic semen, filling the girls with a creamy ejaculate. Miss Bliss held the dildo inside the officer for a long moment, making sure that the cum shot deep within. Once satisfied, she pulled back, a sticky trail of thick white fluid dripping out of the girl's overflowing pussy.

“Oooh,” Madison moaned, her entire body racked by a series of spasms. She could feel the warm semen dripping from her vagina. Some had even splattered down her thighs. She fell back onto the bed, still convulsing.

Karie rushed over to Miss Bliss, NetPhone in hand. “Uh, we might have a problem—our security system's been tripped.”

Miss Bliss pulled out of the officer and began removing the faux-cock from her own soaked pussy. “More cops?”

“Looks like it.”

“Oh well,” Miss Bliss shrugged, tossing the dildo onto the bed next to Madison, “we'll have *other* chances to play again—sooner rather than later, I'm sure.” She climbed off the bed and motioned for the Combustion Crew to follow.

“W-wait—!” Madison weakly called out, struggling to sit up. But it was too late, the quartet of

criminals were already exiting through a hidden doorway in the wall. Before Madison could even step off the bed, the door had shut behind them.

“Mmmph! Mmph!”

Madison's attention turned to the muffled cries of the Rookie, still bound to the 'X' shaped torture device. She hurried over and unfastened her partner's wrists and ankles. Madison's eyes widened in embarrassment. She had almost forgotten that the Rookie was in the room and had witnessed her shameful encounter with Miss Bliss and the Combustion Crew.

Reena removed the ball gag—her cheeks turning cherry red. “Uh, th-thanks, Madison...”

The white haired officer led her partner over to the bed, where they both sat down. “Are you all right?”

“Yeah, I'm fine,” Reena responded, pointing a panicked finger in the direction of where Miss Bliss escaped. “B-but what about them? They got away!”

“W-well,” Madison looked down to the Rookie's naked body, then to her own, “it's not like we're *equipped* to arrest them at the moment...”

The main door of the room swung open as Gripps and Sev burst in, guns drawn.

“PCPD!” Sev announced.

“Yeah, hands in the—” Gripps voice trailed off as he glanced around the vacant sex dungeon, eyes shifting to Madison and Reena on the bed, both nude.

Sev averted his gaze, turning his head to the ceiling. “I don't know what's happening here, but I think we're a little late...”

Gripps kept his focus on the two bare officers. He adjusted his sunglasses, smile widening—drool nearly dripping from the corner of his mouth. “Nah, I say we showed up at the *perfect* time!”

“Asshole!” Madison shouted. She seized the double-sided dildo from the bed and flung it at Gripps' head.

The rubber cock slammed against the male officer's face, cracking the lens of his sunglasses. He grasped at his broken eyewear. “Ow! What the hell, Wynter?!”

Madison threw the satin bed sheets around herself and the Rookie, glaring at Gripps. “Well?! Go get us some clothes already!”

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