



DANGER ZONE ONE

— REVENGE ZONE —

“Besom Bordello?” Reena gasped, gazing at the neon sign attached to a decrepit three-story building. “W-we’re going in...*there*?”

“That’s the place,” Madison replied. “Hopefully this isn’t another dead end.”

Reena had only been in the Lago District a handful of times, but never ventured into the so-called red-light sector. The buildings lining Auron Avenue were even more dilapidated than those in the neighboring Arduis District—which had been plastered with condemned notices.

“Slow night,” Madison muttered, “for *this* area.”

Reena glanced around, observing several women in skintight outfits standing on the corner. A few disheveled men, either drunk or possibly homeless, wandered the streets, staggering back and forth in an apparent daze. Only then did Reena notice how little illumination the street lights provided. Instead, the electric glow of the surrounding neon signs had bathed the night in a surreal tapestry of vibrant reds, purples, and blues. She realized that the only sign *not* providing its own signature incandescence was the Besom Bordello’s.

Madison stood at the front door of the establishment. “You ready, Rookie?”

“Is this place even open?” Reena asked.

“No—it’s been closed for the last six months.”

Reena tilted her head, confused. “Then what’s the point of going in? I thought we were looking for a drug dealer—the Salabis?”

“Succubus!” Madison snapped, frustrated. “The dealer goes by the name *the Succubus*! And she was last sighted in the Lago District. According to the Department intel, someone claims to have seen her enter the Besom Bordello earlier this afternoon.”

“I guess an abandoned, uh...” Reena blushed, “...place like *this*, can make for a good hideout, huh?”

“Let’s hope so, then we can finally bust—”

“Aaah!” Reena shrieked, leaping several feet forward.

“What happened?!” Madison shouted.

Reena turned, aiming a finger at a bearded man in ragged clothing. “H-he touched me right in the middle of my daily duties!”

“Your...*what?*”

“My butt, Madison! He touched my *butt!*”

“Nice uniforms,” the man chuckled. “You girls into roleplay or somethin'? How much for an hour, eh?”

“R-roleplay?” Reena stammered, nearly gagging from the potent smell of cigarettes and liqueur emanating from the man.

“We're *real* cops!” Madison barked, giving the vagrant a frosty glare. “Now get lost before I run you in for drunk and disorderly conduct—not to mention assaulting an officer!”

“O-okay, okay,” the man said, stumbling off as quick as his shaky legs could take him.

“What was his deal?” Reena asked, turning to her partner. “Why *wouldn't* he think we're real police officers? We're in uniform!”

“Because cops don't usually patrol this part of the Lago District,” Madison explained. “The Department turns a blind eye to the red-light sector, unless we're called in for a disturbance. And, believe me, that's rare.”

“Yikes...” Reena tugged at her skirt, wishing it was longer. “The sooner we're out of here, the better.”

“Yeah, let's get this over with.” Madison turned to the entrance of the Besom Bordello and seized the door handle. She gave it a turn. “Locked.”

“Now what?” Reena leaned in. “Can you pick it?”

“Sure.” Madison shoved her shoulder into the door, breaking it open. “Lock's picked.”

“Heh,” Reena laughed nervously. “I guess that's one way to do it...” She followed her partner into the darkened building.

Madison switched on her flashlight, shining it to one side, then the other. The bordello's lobby was in ruins. A nearby countertop was covered in a thick layer of dust, while broken pieces of wood from the ceiling littered the floor—the result of a partial cave in.

“Doesn't look like anyone's been here for a while,” Reena observed, batting away some cobweb that had clung to her hair. Pausing, the officer's attention shifted to something at the far end of the counter. Cautiously, she made her way over and leaned in. “Whoa, Madison—look at this!”

The white-haired officer turned, to see the Rookie holding a stuffed toy monkey.

“Don't you recognize him?” Reena asked, holding the toy up. “It's Hanu! Remember, Fantasy Funland was using him as their mascot?”

Madison's eyes darted to the floor, spotting *another* Hanu doll. She glanced around—a *third* was on a shelf across the room, and a *fourth* was hanging from the overhead ceiling fan...

After several minutes, nearly a dozen Hanu dolls were located in the building. Madison crouched down, picking up one off the floor.

Reena chuckled. “I guess someone *really* liked the little guy, huh?”

“Something's wrong,” Madison snapped, leaping backwards and tossing the doll aside. She shot a glare at her partner. “Someone put these here recently!”

“How can you tell?” Reena asked, tilting her head in confusion.

“Everything here's *layered* with dust,” Madison explained, concern in her voice, “*except* for these dolls!”

Reena looked down at the Hanu doll in her hands, realizing that her partner was right. Only then did she see the dim red flicker of light in the doll's eyes. Before she could react, the stuffed animal *exploded* in her grip, unleashing a cloud of green, swirling gas. Coughing, the officer staggered back, eyes watery and head spinning. She tried to call out her partner's name, but her throat tightened, not

allowing a word to escape.

“Rookie!” Madison howled, just as the Hanu doll at her feet detonated, scattering a green mist that encircled the immediate area. Around her, the remaining dolls exploded—each one containing the same noxious smoke.

Reena stumbled forward, lurching over the counter. A burning sensation worked its way up her nostrils. She tried to call out again to her partner, but it was useless. Her vision blurred as the gas filled her lungs.

Across the room, Madison held her breath as more dolls blew apart and erupted into green plumes of smoke. The Hanu doll hanging from the ceiling fan followed suit—but, instead of gas, it erupted into a brilliant ball of flame. Madison leapt out of the way as a large section of ceiling collapsed. Rotted wood and chunks of plaster caved downwards onto the floor. A Hanu doll stuffed between an upturned floorboard was the next to go off, causing a blast that sent Madison hurtling into the nearby wall.

Reena felt the world spin around her and, a moment later, dropped to her knees. She could no longer see her partner as the green gas and several more fiery explosions consumed the bordello. Reena tried to crawl forward but couldn't muster the strength. She collapsed and everything went black.

* * *

Reena awoke to find herself bound to a wooden chair, her wrists tied behind her back. It took her an additional second to realize that she had been stripped of her uniform, left only in her white bra and panties.

Thanks to a singular overhead light, Reena was afforded a dim view of her surroundings. It was a large basement, unlike one she had *ever* seen before. Someone had crafted a BDSM chamber of remarkable variety! Lined against the room's brick walls were tables and instruments of various sizes and shapes. One device seemed to be a makeshift torture rack, while another had the appearance of a wooden chair, adorned with rigid, phallic-shaped sex toys affixed to the seat. There were chains with leather cuffs attached to the walls, and hanging from the ceiling were ropes, for some form of Shibari rope bondage...

“Finally awake?” A familiar woman emerged from the shadows, a wide smirk on her face. “Welcome to my little sex dungeon!”

“Y-you?!” Reena stammered, recoiling in the chair. Memories of Fantasy Funland came flooding back as she looked at Miss Bliss, standing just feet before her. Only a week ago, Miss Bliss had escaped police custody during a botched prison transport—but Madison was sure that the criminal dominatrix would have skipped town. *Apparently not...*

Three more figures walked out from the surrounding darkness, none recognizable to Reena. She glanced around, searching for her partner. “W-where's Madison? What did you do with her?”

Miss Bliss squeezed her legs together. The sound of the young officer's desperate voice was enough to already get her wet. All the things she had planned for the girl—her thoughts swirled with the endless possibilities.

“Answer me,” the officer cried out, “if you've hurt, Madison—”

“Aw, don't worry about your friend,” Miss Bliss said, licking her lips, “we'll catch up with her later.”

Behind Miss Bliss, the Combustion Crew shifted tensely.

“We *would've* already had that other cop,” Tessa hissed through her gas mask, turning an angry glare in Lala's direction, “if it wasn't for *you!* What idiot plants *explosive* charges during a job where

we only needed to *incapacitate* the targets?!”

Lala giggled. “Gas bombs are no fun—Lala wanted something that went *bang!*”

“Due to *your* stupidity,” Tessa continued, throwing her hands into the air, “*more* pigs showed up before we could get both of them! The place was filled with so much smoke and debris, all thanks to those charges of yours—!”

“Enough!” Miss Bliss snapped, turning to Tessa. “I’m satisfied with what we *did* manage to get our hands on. The other one will just have to wait. Besides, it’ll give us *more* time to savor with this...*acquisition*.”

Karie flicked a strand of red hair from her eyes. “We’ll be going now. But, if you need us, just—”

“No,” Miss Bliss interrupted, amused. “You three can stay. I want you to *see* this. Think of it as a reward—for your excellent work filtering that juicy bit of intel to the PCPD servers.”

“Wh-what intel?” Reena asked, fighting against her restraints. “What are you talking about?”

Miss Bliss stuck a finger under the bound officer’s chin and smiled. “That little lead your partner received about the bordello? It was *our* doing. And, like ants to sugar, you two showed up—just as expected.”

“M-Madison’s not going to give up until she finds me,” Reena warned with nervous defiance.

“One can only hope!” Miss Bliss’s eyes seemed to glow with wild excitement. She raised her hand, fingers caressing the officer’s cheek. “You look like the *submissive* type—I don’t think it’ll take long to break *you*.”

Reena gulped. “Y-you’re making a big mistake!”

Miss Bliss grabbed the front of Reena’s bra and pulled back, ripping the cloth away.

“Hey!” Reena yelled.

“My, my—what do we have here?” Miss Bliss soaked in the sight of the girl’s bare mounds. “You have some *delicious* looking tits.”

Reena’s face flushed red. “Y-you can’t get away with this! If you let me free and turn yourself in —” The officer’s words were cut short by her captor’s sudden laughter.

Miss Bliss gave the officer a sly wink. “Hate to break it to you, sweetie—but I *won’t* be letting you free. *Ever*. I have *sooo* many games in store for us.” She pulled the elastic waistband on Reena’s thin white panties. The blonde dominatrix peaked into the opening and grinned—then let go, letting it snap back against the dark-haired officer’s skin.

She grabbed Reena’s left breast, giving it a firm squeeze. It elicited a soft cry from the officer. She then licked the girl’s tit, her tongue gently stroking her captive’s nipple back and forth.

“N-no...” Reena pleaded, shivering. She tried to pull away but her wrist restraints dug in deeper.

Miss Bliss moved over to the right breast and began licking. Within moments her saliva had coated the girl’s nipple, the forced stimulation causing it to harden in response. She then reached down, fingers sneaking beneath Reena’s panties. She cupped her hand over the girl’s vagina. The officer’s nipples stiffened more.

“S-stop—”

Ignoring the plea, Miss Bliss continued rubbing against Reena, stroking the defenseless girl’s shaved pussy.

“P-please, don’t...” Reena begged. Her breathing grew heavier, a damp spot forming on her underwear.

“Aren’t you an eager one?” Miss Bliss teased. “Those are my favorite!” She inserted her middle finger into her captive, eliciting a panicked moan from the girl. Satisfied at the response, she slipped her index and ring fingers in as well. Wasting no time, she drove them in deeper, pushing them in and out in quick, rough motions.

“Aaah!” Reena yelled out, her hips quivering from all three digits plunging inside her.

With her other hand, Miss Bliss grabbed the girl’s left breast, fingers encircling her nipple. She massaged the swelling tit, watching as Reena’s jaw clenched—an attempt to stifle any forthcoming

cries. “Don't hold back on my account, let's *hear* that beautiful voice of yours!”

Reena's jaw remained tightened, refusing to give in.

“Is *that* how you want to play?” Miss Bliss giggled, yanking her fingers out of the girl's pussy.

“Gah!” Reena shouted from the sudden removal.

“Will you look at *that*?” Miss Bliss held up her fingers, slick and glistening from Reena's juices. Making no effort to hide her arousal, the woman stuck a wet index finger between her lips. Her tongue rolled over the digit and she sucked on it, emphasizing the act for added effect.

Reena's face flushed red with shame. She wanted to look away from the woman, but couldn't bring herself to do so, fearful what her captor might do next.

After sucking on her finger and savoring the taste, Miss Bliss lowered her hand. “Most *definitely* a submissive.” She reached for the nearest table and grabbed a black, leather whip. In one lightning-fast motion, she swung it down, bring the lash against Reena's inner thigh.

“Aaah!” Reena cried out.

Miss Bliss latched onto the front of the girl's panties and tore them off completely. “You won't be needing *that* anymore.” With a firm snap of the wrist, the whip shot out again, striking Reena's stomach—then again, this time across her breasts.

Reena convulsed in the chair, yelping with each blow.

Miss Bliss was careful not to apply too much force—she *didn't* want to break the skin. Each strike was just enough to leave a red mark on the girl and to elicit the maximum amount of pain—a skill she had carefully honed over the years.

Nearby, Lala clapped her hands together with glee. “Lala likes the way she *squeals*!”

Tessa reached into her pocket, pulling out a vial of green liquid. “Miss Bliss, if you want, we can give her this. It'll make her more compliant with—”

Miss Bliss swung the whip around, swatting the vial out of Tessa's hand. It went airborne for a brief instant, before shattering against the nearest wall. “The whole point of this is *breaking* her in,” Miss Bliss barked, “what's the fun in drugging her?”

“U-understood,” Tessa nodded, taking a cautious step backwards.

Miss Bliss tossed the whip aside and returned her gaze to the table, grabbing two silver, gleaming nipple clamps.

“Wh-what are you going to do with those?!” Reena gasped.

With only a sadistic grin for an answer, Miss Bliss turned to her captive and snapped both clamps on the defenseless girl's nipples.

“Ow, ow, ow!” Reena howled.

“How about we play a little game of *Pleasure and Pain*,” Miss Bliss whispered into the girl's ear. She stepped away, advancing towards a large object at the center of the room—shrouded beneath a long, flowing black sheet. She clutched at the cloth and, in a single pull, unveiled her hidden ‘toy.’

Confused at what she was looking at, Reena grit her teeth, still reeling from the pain in her nipples.

“It's a thing of beauty,” Miss Bliss stood back, admiring the bizarre device with pride, “isn't it? I call it, the Iron Horse!”

“Iron Horse...?” Reena repeated under her breath. Indeed, the sight before her *did* look like a metal horse, both in size and shape. The inanimate object had an animalistic horse-like face, long muscular legs, and even a mounted saddle.

“Back in medieval times, they had a torture device known as the wooden horse,” Miss Bliss explained. “It was pretty primitive in design—not at *all* like mine. I built a few *surprises* into this one.”

Reena shook her head. “What are you going to do with it?”

Miss Bliss turned to the Combustion Crew. “Karie, Tessa—bring her over here.”

Karie and Tessa hurried over, each grabbing Reena by an arm. They yanked the officer off the chair and pulled her over to where the Iron Horse rested.

Reena's strained against the wrist restraints that bound her arms behind her.

“Take off her restraints,” Miss Bliss ordered. “I don't think we'll have to worry about her going anywhere. You can remove the clamps too—we'll have more time for that later.”

Karie complied, unlocking the leather cuffs that were clasped around Reena's wrists. The first thing the officer did was reach for the nipple clamps, but Karie and Tessa seized her arms before she could remove them.

Tessa and Karie each took one of the clamps and unfastened them from the officer's nipples, slowly.

Reena winced.

“Now, get her on the horse.”

Following Miss Bliss's commands, Karie and Tessa helped maneuver the dark-haired girl atop the horse.

There's got to be someway out of this! Reena thought to herself, while being pushed onto the so-called Iron Horse. At first she nearly reeled back, surprised by how cold it was.

Miss Bliss offered a perverse grin. “Oh, I have a feeling you'll warm right up after a few minutes.”

Karie gave a firm push against Reena's naked ass, helping to propel her leg over the metal saddle. The angled seat was rigid and pushed up against the folds of Reena's pussy. She noticed that, right below her vagina, there was a hole in the saddle. She pointed to the strange opening, her voice shaky. “W-what's that for?”

Miss Bliss playfully waggled a finger in the air. “Patience, it's a surprise.”

Reena felt like she was sitting on a *real* horse, something she had only done once before, years ago. She considered trying to make a break for it, but doubted that she'd be able to outfight the two girls who stood at each side of the device. The one in the gas-mask, with the green hair and deathly pale skin, seemed particularly scary. Though the redhead with the darker skin and X-shaped tape over her breasts didn't seem like a pushover, either...

“Time for the main event.” Miss Bliss pulled on the metal horse's tail, as if it were a lever. The animal-like automaton began pulsating.

“Huh?” Reena fastened her arms around the horse's neck, her body shuddering from the vibration and friction against her vagina. Miss Bliss had been right; despite the horse's metal body initially being cold to the touch, she could already feel herself getting hot. Reena perspired as the vibrating device aroused her senses. Her nipples stiffened once more and she could feel the shuddering saddle stimulate her pussy. She didn't want to get wet, but she wasn't sure she could stop herself...

“Enjoying it?” Miss Bliss asked, delighted.

“N-n-n-no,” Reena answered, her voice distorted by the vibration, which continued to intensify with each passing second.

“You sure? Maybe I can help with that!” Miss Bliss pulled on the horse's tail again. A lubed piston popped up from the hole in the saddle, thrusting straight into Reena's pussy.

“*Uhhhhh!*” Reena arched back while tightening her grip around the Iron Horse's neck. The hammering rod sent wave after wave of forced pleasure through her body. Her legs clamped around the automaton and she let out a loud, piercing moan. Reena's vision blurred and she felt like the world around her was disappearing, fading into nothingness. An unexpected ringing filled her ears and her toes curled in quivering response to the sensation racking her body. The urge to resist was quickly vanishing and, though she didn't want to admit it—*it felt good!*

“See, I told you!” Miss Bliss smile grew. “I just *knew* you'd like it.”

“*Waaaah!*” The impaling piston moved up and down inside Reena's cunt, then began to wiggle as it fully penetrated her. Her eyes widened in shock. She couldn't take it anymore. The walls of her pussy contracting against the rod was too much. Her breathing increased until she was panting like an animal in heat.

“You're almost there,” Miss Bliss laughed, “I can tell!”

Reena gasped, tongue hanging out of her mouth while beads of sweat trickled down her smooth skin. The sculpted head of the rod kept pulling in and out of her at an increased pace. Each successive thrust passed through her slickened vaginal folds, spreading her walls to their limit. She was getting *so close*...

“Can't fight it, can you?” Miss Bliss asked, eyes gleaming with perverted excitement. “It's okay—let yourself go, I don't mind if you're a little slut!”

“Wow, the little piggy's *really* getting into it!” Lala cheered, watching as Reena gyrated on the device. Lala's nipples began to harden as she watched.

Nearby, Tessa observed the officer with a lustful gaze. She snaked a hand into her pants, slipping her fingers beneath her panties to pleasure herself while the girl moaned.

Karie gulped, feeling a wetness between her legs. She had never really understood or indulged in Miss Bliss's sadistic hobbies—but she was quickly realizing *why* her boss enjoyed them...

“*Ahhhhh!*” Reena cried out, just as she began squirting. The uncontrolled release covered the piston inside her, spraying onto the Iron Horse's saddle.

“That's a good girl!” Miss Bliss nodded in approval, then gave the horse's synthetic tail a tug.

The squirming rod, still raised into Reena's vagina, ceased moving. The girl slumped over, exhausted. She heard Miss Bliss pull on the horse again and the piston quickly retracted out of her pussy and back into the saddle's opening beneath her. The abrupt sensation left her whimpering. She tried to get off the horse, but her effort was in vain. She could barely move. Reena found that she wasn't even able to open her mouth, much less have the strength or willpower to utter a word.

“Get comfortable,” Miss Bliss said, watching as the girl twitched, unable to lift herself from the horse, “when I'm through with you, you'll be *begging* to fulfill my each and every whim.”

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Madison exited the elevator and stepped into the Pallad City Police Department's lowest sublevel. She was met by the icy-cold air of the Cyber Crime Division, where Cherie sat waiting by a computer terminal. “Any updates, Cherie?”

The pink-haired Netraver nodded. “You bet—I was able to track Reena's I.DAC signal to the Ardus District.”

“Great work,” Madison said, letting out a sigh of relief. “Can we pinpoint the exact location?”

“Already have!” Cherie's fingers worked over the keyboard. “I've just sent the map data to your I.DAC bracelet. Should I call in any backup to—”

Before Cherie could finish, Madison had already returned the elevator. “No. I'll handle this on my own!”

_to be continued