



DANGER ZONE ONE

— LUST ZONE —

Tami Gillis walked through the Lago District daily, though not often with the urgency she had today. Rik—one of the hottest boys at Layton University—had asked her out earlier in the afternoon. They planned to meet at Citylite Diner, not more than a ten minute walk from her present location. If she kept her pace, she'd arrive a few minutes *before* the time they had arranged. It also helped that Tami knew of a shortcut...

The sun had completed its descent beneath the horizon. With the arrival of early evening, the district was overtaken by the neon glow of flashing signs. Most of the sidewalks had their fill of pedestrians but Tami turned off the main avenue, heading down a vacant alleyway.

The narrow corridor was the definition of *sketchy*, congested with overflowing trash cans, dumpsters, and discarded boxes. The overhead street lights were dim, providing little illumination, while their blackened bulbs flickered—just on the verge of burning out.

Tami had never liked the Lago District's back streets, but the alleyway was a route she often took due to convenience. Within minutes the path would bring her to Vanadus Street and the diner. It was rare for her to see another person in the alley, but today was different.

Ahead, three figures advanced, each shrouded in shadow and staggering forward with a clumsy gait.

They must be drunk, Tami thought to herself, watching as the trio approached. Judging by their size and bulk, she could already tell they were males. Continuing to walk forward, Tami shifted closer to the wall in an effort stay out of their path.

As the men neared, she caught a glimpse of their faces. Each one had deathly pale skin, dried lips, and a lifeless expression. They appeared to be in their early twenties—same as her—but it was their glazed eyes, white and devoid of any iris or pupil, that shook Tami the most. Their clothing was ragged, with rips throughout. She noticed that each man also wore a strange metal collar around his neck.

Tami continued walking, quicker than before. The sooner she could gain some distance, the better.

Her shoulder brushed up against the wall, trying to give them a wide berth. They appeared to be in some bizarre daze and not concerned with her presence.

The men slowly shuffled along the alleyway, bumping into one another and lurching from side to side. The first two walked past, while the third man shambled next to her, jerked his head up, and sniffed the air. As he did so, the other two stopped. At once, all three men turned in the girl's direction. They began salivating, drool running down their chins.

Startled, Tami decided to run for it—thankful that she had been wearing sneakers and not heels. She was only able to take a single step forward before arms wrapped around her chest and pulled her back. Tami screamed and kicked outwards. She felt herself being lifted off the ground and, in response, pounded at the hands that were locked around her chest, just underneath her breasts.

The other men moved around her, one sauntering to the side, the other ambled directly in front of her. Neither man seemed to possess a spark of life. All three were lethargic, their movements sluggish and awkward.

“Let go of me!” Tami shouted, but none of the men acknowledged her words. She made another attempt to pull herself free, but the man holding her from behind was too strong.

The man at her side let out a low groan. He held his hand up and stroked her cheek. At the touch of her skin, his lips contorted, forming a twisted grin. The man in front reached for her breasts, groping them through her shirt. She screamed again and he ripped the cloth, buttons flying outward. Her breasts popped out of the constricting fabric. Her bra was already a size too small and her breasts rose up in mounds over the satin rim. The man tore that away too and caressed her soft skin.

“Get off!” Tami shrieked. “Why are you doing this! I can give you money, I can—” her voice trailed off. None of the men appeared to comprehend what she was saying.

The man behind her tightened his grip, stealing Tami's breath before she could relinquish another scream. The attacker in front grabbed her pants and pulled them down. She turned her head away, but he seized her jaw, forcing her gaze back towards his own. Tami snarled, bared her teeth, and spat in his face. It did nothing to deter the man, who was unfazed by the gesture. He returned to his previous task and worked her pants all the way down to the knees. He stroked her panties, his fingers rough as they pushed against the thin cloth that shielded her vagina. Tami tried once more to break free, but jerking away from the violating fingers in front of her only pushed her ass closer to the man at her rear. She could feel something hard *prodding* her behind.

Tami glanced at the man to her side. His jaw hung open, gawking at her. She could smell something coming from his mouth. At first she expected his breath to be pungent or offensive, but she was wrong. Instead, it was a minty, *pleasant* scent. Then she noticed the aroma was originating from *each* of the men, not *just* their mouths—it seemed to be emitting from their *bodies*. A moment later, Tami began to feel lightheaded. An overwhelming sense of calm enveloped her, despite the dire situation she was in. Next came a feeling of excitement—her body tingled and she felt, much to her surprise, aroused. *That smell*, Tami thought, *it's so good...*

The man in front of her tore away her panties, and slid his fingers deep inside her pussy. Tami let out a startled yelp, realizing that she was *already* wet. The man was in her, up to his third knuckle, twisting himself around inside, drawing back then thrusting in again deeper than before.

Tami writhed on the man's fingers and tried to bite back a pleased moan. She was unable to understand what was going on, but something inside her *wanted* this—as utterly insane as it sounded. The sluggish demeanor of the three men had changed. They were now moving faster and with renewed purpose, almost as if her own arousal had awakened them. She found herself sinking deeper onto the man's fingers. Once she was wet enough, he pulled out, eliciting a startled gasp.

In moments the men had stripped Tami of her remaining clothes, while lowering their own pants and exposing themselves to her. The man from behind spun her around, and slid his thick cock up and down against her entrance. He didn't wait long before he pushed his way through. She could feel herself stretching to accommodate his massive size. Her words were reduced to whimpers as she leaned

forward, hoping to take him in completely.

The two men at her side moved in closer. They clutched at her breasts, their fingers and tongues working over her nipples until they were hard.

The man in front of Tami continued to thrust his throbbing member into her pussy. She bit down on her lip, riding his cock in perfect rhythm.

High above the alleyway, a surveillance drone hovered in silence. Its electric eye surveyed the carnal scene below.

* * *

Dr. Eustace Marik stood in his darkened lab, hunched over a series of ultra-high definition monitors. He analyzed the drone footage that had been recorded hours ago. The three male subjects performed their task admirably. Even the female had been influenced by the aphrodisiac's sway. He rewatched the final seconds of footage, showing the three men as they vacated the alleyway, leaving the female on the ground in a state of euphoric semi-consciousness, covered in their ejaculate.

Marik switched a monitor to the surveillance feed. The screen blinked, displaying images of the three men, each confined to their own containment cell. They appeared groggy, unaware of their surroundings. As Marik anticipated, their eyes had returned to normal and their skin was no longer a sickly pale. Due to the electronic collars around their necks, he was able to keep tabs on their vitals, all of which looked satisfactory.

“Not bad,” Marik muttered, “not bad at all.” Four months of testing had yielded promising results. He was pleased and, more importantly, so was his deep-pocketed benefactor. If Marik had only one complaint, it was being confined to a nondescript warehouse in Pallad City's Arduus District. He would have preferred a more comprehensive laboratory—but had to admit, the warehouse was equipped with nearly everything he needed, while providing privacy that would be difficult to find elsewhere. Aside from the three male test subjects, Marik was alone in the warehouse. The only people he had encountered within the last number of months were those arriving to drop off the medical equipment he requested, all supplied by the mysterious individual who hired him to develop Luxuria.

Unfortunately, Marik knew his endeavor was far from complete. The person financing his work had been *specific* in their demands. They wanted a new designer drug that would give the user a euphoriant high, coupled with increased sexual desire and enhanced pleasure. An 'ultra-aphrodisiac' was how Marik classified the drug during early stages of development, but soon settled on the name Luxuria. Psychoactive agents had been his specialty and he found that his work on the drug was more rewarding than his prior career as a pharmaceutical scientist, both financially *and* creatively. He was no longer restricted by the petty moral limitations of the medical community, nor bound by their restrictive guidelines that could prolong drug research and development for decades.

Designing Luxuria proved to be a challenge, but one Marik eagerly met head on. He developed the substance to be more potent than common street drugs like Sydust, but not as debilitating to the user as Afterlife. However, there were still issues. Luxuria was too potent in its current state. After being exposed to the drug in gas form, the test subjects had devolved into little more than lust-crazed zombies. Marik had conducted nearly a dozen human trials and discovered that the aphrodisiac was so powerful that it would exude from the test subjects' breath and pores, affecting anyone in close proximity—as evidenced from the females they had previously come into contact with.

More trials would be required before Luxuria was perfected, but recent results had left Marik eager to continue with further human testing.

Tomorrow night, Marik thought to himself, *we'll begin the next experiment*. He had finally been able to convert Luxuria to pill form and, for its initial test run, he intended to find a new human subject.

If there was ever an aspect of Pallad City that he could praise, it was that the streets were ripe with opportunity...

* * *

Devin Traxx opened up the baggie and emptied its contents—a singular pink pill—into the palm of his hand. His dealer was out of town for the weekend and he needed a quick fix. After a bit of searching on the ShadowNet, he made contact with an individual who claimed to have a *new* drug, one that cost less than Sydust but had triple the kick. Devin didn't believe the hype, but was willing to give it a shot. After all, the ShadowNet forums had never let him down before. The seller had agreed to meet him in the Lago District to conduct the transaction. Devin was surprised that the guy who sold him the pill looked more like a doctor than a typical dealer, but figured even some doctors probably sold their goods on the side for an extra buck.

Swallowing the pill, Devin walked along Vanadus Street waiting for it to take effect. After fifteen minutes, he began to have his doubts.

“Bastard fleeced me,” Devin hissed aloud, tossing the empty baggie into the wind. He looked up at the neon signs that lined the street—each with a new promise of VR porn, live nude shows, and more...

Devin winced. He could feel the blood rushing to his penis, making him hard. His heart began to race, palms already sweating. Short of breath, he turned, rushing into the back streets. He had been taking Sydust and Euphoria for years, but never felt anything like this. He felt strange, like something was taking over his body. His mental faculties faded, overtaken by raw, primal instinct. The rising desire stirring within him was insatiable.

Devin's vision blurred until he was nearly blind. For a moment he reached out, fingers grasping at the glazed-over world before him. Then he realized he no longer required his sight. In its place he was gifted with an enhanced sense of smell. Devin sniffed the air, welcoming a mysterious, yet familiar, scent. On some primitive level, he realized *what* it was and *where* it was coming from. He had to track it down—the *only* thing that could satisfy his mounting, unrestrained desire.

He needed to find a woman.

* * *

“We've been at this for the last hour,” Reena cried, “and I'm still not sure who or *what* we're looking for.” She had been following Madison through a dozen alleyways in the Lago District, clueless as to what their purpose was.

“I told you,” Madison sighed, “keep your eyes open for *anything* suspicious.”

“That doesn't really help much...”

“Tell me about it,” Madison said, exhausted. “The problem is I don't exactly know *what* we're looking for. Over the last month we've had numerous reports of women who were attacked in this district, each in random alleyways.”

Reena perked up. “Did *any* of them identify their attacker?”

“No!” Madison replied, her frustration evident. “In fact, they didn't even report the attacks! Several witnesses called the incidents in. One claimed that three males were involved and it looked like sexual assault on a college-aged female. A week earlier, a witness to a different incident said it appeared to be a similar assault, but then claimed it *turned* consensual. At best we're looking at indecent exposure and lewd public acts. At worst—well...”

Reena blushed. “L-lewd acts...”

“Problem is,” Madison continued, “none of the women who were said to be attacked came forward or pressed any charges. I spoke with one witness and they think the men, based on how they were acting, were on drugs. They thought the 'victim' might've been hopped up on something too.”

“Weird...” Reena whispered. “That doesn't leave us a lot to go on.”

Madison slumped her shoulders and looked up at the sky. The sun was setting. “We're getting nowhere fast. May as well pack it in—at this point we're just chasing shadows.”

“Uh, M-Madison...” Reena directed her partner's attention to a disheveled man in the alleyway, stumbling towards them. “Does he look all right to you?”

Madison turned, watching as the man staggered back and forth, shuffling to one side, then to the other.

“What's wrong with his eyes?” Reena gasped.

Madison hadn't noticed at first, but now spotted it—the man's eyes were clouded over, leaving just voids of white where the iris and pupil should have been. She took a step toward the man. “Hey, you okay?”

The man took one whiff of the air and lunged at the white-haired officer.

“Sonuva—!” Madison reeled back as the man grabbed at her shirt, ripping the cloth open and revealing her bra. Before she could react, he latched onto her undergarment and tore it away, exposing her bare breasts.

“Madison!” Reena shouted, watching her partner spring into action.

“You stupid bastard!” Madison cursed, landing a firm punch to the side of the man's temple. He crumpled to the hard concrete and lay still.

“What was that about?!” Reena asked in a panic.

“Hell if I know,” Madison snapped, quickly buttoning her shirt back up. She glanced at her destroyed bra, then to the fallen man. “If women are being assaulted, it's a good chance this scumbag's involved. I'll even bet we—”

The man shakily climbed to his feet, a low guttural moan escaping his lips.

Madison shoved him back to the ground, quickly handcuffing him. “You're taking a little trip to the station!”

“Um,” Reena stammered, “I think we're being watched!”

Madison hauled the man to his feet. “Now what are you talking about?”

Reena pointed to a black object hovering in the sky. “Look up there!”

“A drone,” Madison said, eyes squinting to make out the airborne tech. With one hand, she held the suspect by the arm, with the other she unholstered her gun. Taking aim at the drone, she fired off a shot.

The bullet clipped the side of the drone, causing it to spin downward into the alleyway.

“Gah!” Reena shouted, leaping out of the way as the drone crashed just feet away. “Wh-why'd you shoot it? Drones aren't illegal!”

“This one is,” Madison claimed, prodding the fallen drone with the tip of her boot. “This is a Class-9A military surveillance drone—prohibited from flying outside combat zones.”

“Then what's it doing in Pallad City?” Reena asked, dumbfounded.

“That's what we're going to find out.”

* * *

Madison stood behind the one-way mirror, watching the man seated in the interrogation room. He refused to utter a single word since she had arrested him hours ago in the alleyway. His skin no longer appeared as pale and his eyes had returned to normal, though he remained in a listless, semi-conscious

state.

Reena paced back and forth in the observation room. “The way he acted in that alley was so bizarre, grabbing at you like that. He *had* to see you were an officer.”

“There are a lot of crazy people in Pallad City,” Madison sighed. “Then again, who knows what kind of *junk* this guy's on.”

The door to the observation room opened and Dr. Raye Belanie entered, a sheet of electronic paper held tight in her hand.

Madison glanced at the police physician. “Find out anything?”

“The blood test results just came back,” Belanie said, concerned. “We were also able to ID him through his bio-identification chip implant. His name's Devin Traxx. He has one prior arrest for illegal substance possession.”

“No surprise there,” Madison shrugged.

“As for the blood test, he was definitely on a very powerful substance,” Belanie explained. “But none that we're familiar with.”

Madison groaned. “You think it's a new strain of Afterlife?”

“No.” Belanie shook her head. “It more closely resembles the drug Euphoria, but ten times stronger and able to seriously affect a user's mental faculties.”

“With the way his eyes were, he looked kind of like a...” Reena hesitated before finished the sentence, “...well, a *zombie!*”

Belanie couldn't help but chuckle at the young officer's awestruck tone. “Though not a medical term, 'zombie' isn't a bad analogy in this *particular* situation.”

“What do you mean?” Madison asked.

“The best I can tell from our analysis,” Belanie began, “the drug acts as a sort of *super* aphrodisiac. It overrides the user's cognitive functions, amplifying their baser instincts—primarily sexual desire. Once taken at this high dosage, the user's unlikely to have control over themselves. I would've never imagined a drug like this even existed.”

“Gross—why would someone *make* that?” Reena looked disgusted. “And, more importantly, why would someone willingly *take* it?”

“Extreme drugs are all the rage,” Madison replied. “Even ones that devolve the user's brain to shit. Just look at Afterlife.”

Reena shook her head. “That's insane...”

Madison tapped a button on her I.DAC bracelet and spoke into the miniature microphone. “Cherie, any progress with that damaged drone?”

Cherie Algrave's voice crackled through the communicator. “You betcha! I traced where the signal was coming from—whoever was controlling that drone was doing so from a warehouse in the Ardu District. I'll send the coordinates to your I.DAC.”

“Thanks,” Madison responded before turning to her partner. “At least now we have a lead.”

“But we don't really know if that drone's connected to any of this,” Reena lamented.

“You're right,” Madison agreed, “but that drone *was* recording footage of our perp. That alone raises serious red flags and, since our only suspect *isn't* talking, I say it's worth an investigation.”

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Night had fallen over the Ardu District, leaving the warehouse sector in eerie silence. The only sound was the soft internal *clanking* of industrial-grade locks.

Madison's I.DAC had hacked the electronic lock at the warehouse's rear entrance with relative ease. She pushed the door open and entered.

“You sure this is the place?” Reena asked, following after her partner. “It’d be awfully embarrassing to break into the wrong warehouse...”

“I’m positive,” Madison countered. “This is where Cherie said the drone’s signal originated from.”

The interior of the warehouse was dark, prompting Reena to turn on her flashlight. Massive wooden crates and silver canisters were spread out across the room. “Going through all these might take a while.”

Madison readied her own flashlight. “Got anything better to do?”

Dr. Marik noticed that the security sensor had been tripped.

Someone was in the warehouse!

He switched his monitors to the surveillance feed, sighting the two intruders.

The police? Here?!

Marik wondered how they had found him, then thought of his missing drone. He had assumed a simple malfunction was to blame, but quickly came to realize that he had been wrong. Instead, the PCPD must have captured his drone and, somehow, managed to trace it back to him...

Wasting no time, Marik released bursts of the Luxuria gas into the three containment cells where the male test subjects slept. Once released, they would deal with his visitors. It would give him enough time to gather his research, erase all critical files on the computer terminals, and vacate the warehouse.

Reena was startled as the overhead lights turned on. “Uh, I think someone knows we’re here...”

“Well, no need to be subtle anymore,” Madison replied, turning off her flashlight. She sensed something shift behind her and turned.

“Aah! Madison, it’s one of *them!*”

A man with white eyes stumbled forward, hands grasping at the empty air before him. He was fully nude, with a visible erection that pointed towards the officers. He sniffed the air and advanced on the two women.

“Just like the other one,” Madison sneered, stepping back as the man reached out for her.

“What are we going to do? If Dr. Belanie’s right, this guy doesn’t *really* know what he’s doing!”

“Yeah,” Madison agreed, “but that doesn’t mean we’re gonna let him get his hands on us either.” She threw a kick, smashing her boot against the side of the man’s skull. He tumbled to the ground, crashing into several metal canisters on the floor. His head connected against one, instantly rendering him unconscious.

“Nice going!” Reena cheered, averting her eyes from his stiff appendage. “Hopefully he’s the *only* one...”

“Don’t count on it!” Madison hissed as another nude man came at her. Before she could react, he seized her jacket, tearing the cloth right off her body. “Watch out, Rookie—this one’s stronger than the last!”

Reena went to take a step forward, but two arms wrapped around her waist, dragging her back. She gasped as a man pulled her off her feet and then tossed her on the ground. Before she knew it, the man’s naked form had lowered upon her.

Madison noticed that the Rookie was under attack. She reached for her holstered gun, but her assailant clawed at her shirt, ripping it to shreds. Her breasts were now exposed, causing the salivating man greater excitement. One random swipe of his hand caught Madison’s belt, severing it from her waist. By the time her hand arrived where the gun had been, she only seized empty air. Her duty belt and firearm slid across the floor. She went to throw a punch but the man barreled into her, sending them both rolling to the ground. When they came to a stop he was on top of her.

The man continued stripping off Madison’s clothes. He relieved her of her shorts, leaving the

officer stripped down to her panties.

“Dammit!” Madison cursed, trying to fight her attacker off. It was no use, he was too strong. He held her down, his erect cock rubbing against her bare leg. A sticky trail of pre-cum was left on her milky white thigh. He began to pinch her nipples, both already stiff from the cold. She turned her head, trying to see what had happened to her partner.

Reena was also pinned beneath her own assailant. She squirmed and resisted, but the man had already tore off a majority of her uniform, leaving only remnants of tattered cloth. He threw her bra aside, then pulled down her panties.

“Hold on, Rookie—I'm coming!” Madison shouted, trying to pry herself free. The man fondled her left nipple with his finger, while prodding her right with his tongue. After licking it for several seconds, he began sucking on it, causing the officer to let out a whimper. Madison felt her body start to get warm. Something *strange* was happening to her and she wasn't sure what it was...

“Hey!” Reena cried out as the man shoved his tongue between the folds of her pussy, working it in and out, making her slick with his saliva. She arched her back and moaned, unable to resist the stimulation. She felt his fingers stroking the outside of her cunt. Reena bit her bottom lip as he touched her clit until she became wet. Her cheeks flushed with shame, but she couldn't stop herself from quivering from the sensation overtaking her body.

Nearby, Madison no longer had the urge to fight against the newly awakened desire within her. No—she *wanted* this man to screw her. With one firm push, she shoved him aside, but it wasn't to escape. Instead, she crawled along the floor, over to where her partner lay. The other man was intensely fingering the dark-haired officer, the sight of which made Madison's own pussy wet. She moved over to the Rookie, putting her hand on the girl's cheek.

“M-Madison?” Reena stammered. “Th-this feeling...what's going *on*?”

“I-I don't know—but I *want* this...” Madison's lips inched closer to Reena's own. “Don't you?”

After a moment's pause, the girl nodded. “I do.”

Their tongues met, each slipping between the others lips.

The man removed his fingers from Reena's vagina. He pulled back the lips of her cunt and placed his dick against the soaked entrance, shoving himself deep inside. Next to him, the other man had recovered and did the same to Madison, fully inserting his shaft into her pussy. Both men slammed their hips against the girls, nearly in unison. The officers slid up and down as they continued making out. Saliva dripped down as they locked lips.

The men let out low guttural moans as they thrust their throbbing cocks into the girls. Each thrust—harder and faster than the one before—sent spasms through both Madison and Reena's bodies, only amplifying the intensity of their carnal pleasure. They kept their tongues working on one another, not diverting their attention even as the two men slowed down, preparing to cum. They pushed their hips into the officers and both men stayed deep inside as they came.

Madison and Reena could feel the hot cum inside them. It filled their cunts and dripped down the mens' cocks once they finally pulled out. Each offered one last spurt of ejaculate, spraying it on the girls.

The two men reeled back, collapsing. The effects of the Luxuria had taken their toll and the men fell onto their sides, both semi-conscious.

Still affected by the residual scent of the drug, Madison and Reena remained on the floor, making out. They both reached down, inserting their fingers into the other's cum-splattered pussy and fingered one another. They gasped and moaned, jerking their hips and crying out in ecstatic shouts as they both came.

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Dr. Marik had just finished collecting the last of his research data and storing the final hard drive into a metal suitcase. It had taken him far longer than expected to clear out of the warehouse, but he was finally ready to make his departure. By his estimate, the officers would *still* be busy...

Click.

An unfamiliar noise had caught Marik's attention. He turned to the source—his eyes staring down the barrel of a gun.

“Going somewhere?” Madison stood in front of the doctor, firearm held tight in her grip. She was clothed in the shredded remnants of her outfit, none of which left much to the imagination. Reena stood next to her, face flushed while holding her tattered police uniform against her body.

Marik tossed the suitcase aside and raised his hands. “Don't shoot, I surrender!”

“Smart choice,” Madison replied.

* * *

Madison opened her locker, thankful that she had a spare uniform inside. She glanced over to her partner, who was busy changing into casual clothes. “Uh, Rookie...”

Reena blushed. “Y-yeah?”

“About what happened in that warehouse...”

“Yeah,” Reena gulped, “about that...”

“Um, maybe—” Madison could feel her own cheeks turn crimson with embarrassment, “—maybe we should leave some details *out* of the police report. Okay?”

“S-sure,” Reena replied, nodding her head frantically, “I think that's probably for the best!”

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