



DANGER ZONE ONE

— STRIP ZONE —

“Spill it, Corso—we don't have all day!” Madison barked, jabbing a finger at the short, skittish man. “Do you know anything, or not?”

Len Corso's eyes nervously scanned the vacant underground parking garage. “I just wanna make sure we're alone...”

“I don't see anyone else here,” Reena said, glancing around.

Madison leaned in towards the man, her icy gaze causing him to take an unsteady step back. “I don't have much use for an informant who's too *scared* to give information.”

“Okay, okay!” Corso relented, wiping the sweat from his brow. “It's just that, if someone finds out I gave you this info, I'm a dead man...”

“No one's going to find out,” Madison assured him. “Now come on, let's hear it.”

“You want Teris Rissom behind bars, right?”

“Rissom?” Reena asked, scratching her head. “Who's that?”

“A big time drug dealer,” Madison answered. “The PCPD's been after the scumbag for over a year. He primarily deals in Revive, a powerful street narcotic. The stuff's cheap and offers a long-lasting high. Problem is, too much of it can completely *fry* the user's brain.”

“Yikes,” Reena replied, “that sounds terrible.”

Madison shifted her attention back to Corso. “We lost track of Rissom months ago. There was a rumor he left Pallad City.”

“He *will* be leaving—tomorrow,” Corso explained. “There's a reason Rissom's been keeping a low profile. He's been moving his drugs to Nu Metropol and plans to run business there. He says there's too much heat around here.”

“We need to nail this bastard before he leaves the city,” Madison said, raising her voice. “You know where he is?”

Corso shook his head. “No—but I know where he'll *be*. Tomorrow evening he's going to the

Electric Hed strip club, just before skipping town. I'm told Rissom loves the place. Guess he plans to pay it one last farewell visit."

Madison seized the front of Corso's shirt. "And you're *sure* this info's correct?"

"I'm friends with one of Rissom's bodyguards," Corso admitted. "We had a few drinks the other night and he let it slip. You can trust me on this."

Madison released her grip on the man and turned to her partner. "Let's go, Rookie. We're taking a little trip to the Lago District."

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"No way—*no* police," Lesandra Dalus said in a stern voice. She glared at the two women in front of her, both dressed in casual attire. "I don't care if it's only for tomorrow night. I'm not scaring my clientele away by having a dozen undercover cops sneaking around, all just to catch *one* man. And, for the record, we're talking about a man who, in the past, spent a great deal of money at this establishment."

Reena was surprised to find that Lesandra, the stone-faced owner of Electric Hed, had such an appealing office. The décor was classy—the desk, chairs, even carpeting, looked new—and *very* expensive. Having never been inside a strip club before, the young officer hadn't been sure what to expect—but envisioned something a bit more...*seedy*. Even Lesandra, a woman in her mid-fifties, was dressed in luxurious clothing and carried an air about her that seemed more suited for a corporate boardroom than a so-called 'gentlemen's club'.

"Look, I never said anything about a *dozen* cops," Madison replied with a tinge of annoyance. She gestured to her partner and then to herself. "What about just the two of us? We'll go undercover—no other cops will be in the club."

"Well, you two *are* well-endowed," Lesandra admitted, looking over both officers. "I suppose you wouldn't appear *too* out of place, but..." her voice trailed off. She rubbed the back of her neck as if relieving an ache. "I don't know. I'm not a big fan of cops, and what'll my customers think if they find out I have the PCPD hanging around. I'm bound to lose business!"

"But Rissom's a drug dealer," Reena cried out, stunned by the woman's indifference. "If we don't catch him now, before he leaves Pallad City, we'll lose our only chance!"

"Not my problem, honey," Lesandra replied with a shrug. "I can't help who my customers are. As long as he's not selling in my establishment, it's *none* of my concern."

"Listen," Madison said, her frustration growing, "this guy's one of the *largest* dealers of Revive in the city. He's flown under the radar for months and this is our *last* shot to get him. If we don't—"

"You said Revive?" Lesandra shifted with noticeable unease.

"Yeah. Rissom's been dealing it for over two years now. All the Revive in this city can be traced back to one source—*him*."

"Last year, one of the girls who work here got addicted to that shit." Lesandra's expression softened. "She wound up in the hospital for three months. Poor girl tried to kick the habit but, in the end, it left her in bad shape. She eventually had to quit the club. A shame, she was a good dancer. A real sweetheart, too—supported her grandmother in Silica City."

"She's not the only one affected by this," Madison said, "and she won't be the last, especially if scum like Rissom are allowed to deal their junk on the streets. We have enough evidence on the bastard to lock him up—we just need to get our hands on him."

With a sigh, Lesandra walked behind her wooden office desk and dropped down into a black leather chair.

"Ms. Dalus, please," Reena pleaded, "help us catch him!"

After a long pause, the club owner nodded. “Fine. But I want this as inconspicuous as possible, got it?”

“Understood,” Madison answered. “We’ll go undercover as waitresses and—”

“No,” Lesandra snapped, interrupting the officer, “I already have waitresses and I’m not cutting their hours for you. Those girls need *every* tip they can get to survive in this city.”

“It’s *only* for one night,” Madison argued.

“I’ve got two positions available for exotic dancers. You want to go undercover here, that’s your only choice. Take it or leave it.”

Reena perked up, mouth agape. “E-exotic dancers?”

Madison leaned over Lesandra’s desk, eyes wide. “You mean *strippers*?!”

“What’s the problem?” Lesandra shrugged. “You dance to some music and a light show, take off some clothes, and you make a little cash on the side. My patrons have been asking for new dancers, so it’s a win-win for all of us.”

“B-but I’m not going to take my clothes off,” Reena exclaimed in panic, “especially not with people watching!”

“Honey,” the older woman chuckled, “that’s what a strip club’s all about.”

“We’re cops, not dancers!” Madison barked. “There’s got to be some other job we can do here...”

“Other job?” Lesandra frowned. “I guess you two really *don’t* care about apprehending this guy, huh? I told you already, take it or leave it.”

“Fine!” Madison spat with a considerable degree of reluctance. She grit her teeth and balled her hands into fists—the only thing she could do to keep her anger in check. “We’ll do it.”

“W-we will?!” Reena stammered, her face turning pale.

“Great,” Lesandra said with a grin, “I’ll see you tomorrow night.”

* * *

“This is humiliating!” Madison bellowed, looking down at her shiny gold bra and panties. “The fabric’s so thin, you can practically see everything!”

Lesandra laughed. “So what? You’ll be taking it off in a few minutes anyway.”

From the corner of her eye, Madison spotted the Rookie standing nearby, dressed in a silver G-string and matching bra. The girl looked like she was about to curl up and die from embarrassment. *Shit*, Madison cursed to herself, *there’s no way the Rookie’s going to pull this off if I’m hesitating!*

“A-are you sure about this, Madison?” Reena asked sheepishly, cheeks red.

Swallowing her pride, the white-haired officer nodded. “Yeah—we do this and we get Rissom behind bars.”

“B-but what if he doesn’t show up?”

Madison clenched her jaw. The very thought of them exposing themselves for nothing sent a hot flash of fury through her. “Then I find that little worm, Corso, and bust his skull open for giving us a false lead!”

Behind the stage curtain the roar and applause of an eager crowd could be heard.

“Sounds like they’re ready for you,” Lesandra said, parting a section of the curtain. “It’s your time to shine!”

Madison took a deep breath and pushed the curtain aside. She could vaguely hear the Rookie wishing her luck, but the flood of cheers and whistles drowned the girl’s voice out.

“Give a warm welcome to the Electric Hed’s newest dancer,” a voice boomed over the speaker system, “Mistress M, the ice queen!”

The crowd—mostly made up of males—went crazy, catching Madison by surprise. Some

technopop beat she'd never heard before blasted from the overhead speakers, prompting her to walk out towards the center of the circular stage. She eyed a silver pole, positioned nearby.

"Let's see what you got!"

"Come on and dance for us!"

"Yeah, baby—let's go!"

Madison was tempted to turn around and march back through the curtain—but it was too late. As much as she preferred to be anywhere *but* on the stage of a strip club, her desire to apprehend Rissom was stronger. She reached for the pole and began to twirl around it. The act elicited a positive response from the audience. Arching her back while clinging to the pole, she looked into the crowd, hoping to spot Rissom. From what she could tell, he was nowhere to be found.

Damn it, Madison thought, her grip tightening on the pole. As she spun around, she could see some men inserting cash into illuminated slots on the front of the stage. Each time they put a bill in, a soft *ding* was heard. *So that's how these dancers make the big bucks, huh?*

"Lookin' hot, baby!"

"Keep going!"

"Let's see what you're hiding under that bra!"

Madison bit her lip, restraining her desire to leap off stage and plant a fist in the mouth of the last guy who whistled. Reluctant, Madison began to undo the back of her bra. After what seemed like forever—due in no small part to her sheer reluctance—her bra came off. She tossed the flimsy cloth aside and the crowd went wild.

"Damn! Look at those tits!"

"Yeehaw!"

"Shake 'em!"

"Take it all off!"

Madison watched as the men pushed and shoved one another for access to the front of the stage, each inserting more cash into the slots. She lowered her fingers down to her panties and began to lower them, eager to be done and off the stage. Glancing across the crowd, a figure seated in the back of the club caught her attention. Though partially cloaked in shadow, she could see his face as the neon lights flickered overhead. It was Rissom, dressed in an expensive-looking business suit and surrounded by five men—each standing behind his table, all dressed in equally high-priced attire.

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"Not too bad," Lesandra said as Madison stepped through the curtain, nude and covered in sweat. "You only danced for three songs, though. You could've stayed out longer. And I use the term 'danced' loosely. Shaking your ass isn't quite the same as dancing..."

Madison shot the woman an invidious glare. "I'm a *cop*—not a stripper!"

"Tonight," Lesandra winked, "you're a stripper."

Reena hurried over to offer her partner a robe. "Here!"

"Thanks," Madison said, covering herself up. "I spotted Rissom in the crowd. He's got five bodyguards with him."

"Five? That's a lot for just the two of us..."

"They're probably armed too," Madison warned, her voice on edge. "This isn't good. No guarantee how long he's going to stay, either. I need to call in backup—*now!*"

The sound of more cheers and shouts made their way through the curtain.

"You're up, honey," Lesandra said, tapping Reena on the shoulder. "Go out there and knock 'em dead."

“When you're out there, keep an eye on Rissom,” Madison added. “He's in the far back, on the right side of the stage. You can't miss him with his goons standing around.”

“O-okay...” the dark-haired officer gulped, shakily pushing her way through the curtain and out onto the stage.

The crowd erupted into a frenzy as the girl skittishly made her way to the pole and offered a jerky, half-wave. She nearly tripped thanks to her high heels, garishly decorated with shimmering rhinestones.

“Yeah!”

“What a cutie!”

“Shake that ass, baby!”

The onslaught of yells faded from Reena's ears. She stood on stage, stunned by the flashing multicolored lights and technopop music blaring overhead. She could hear someone's voice announcing her through the speakers but, between the electrified crowd and her overwhelming embarrassment, whatever 'stage name' they had concocted for her was unheard.

“Let's see some tiddy!”

“Panties first! Panties first!”

Reena staggered a few steps forward, clumsily bumping into the pole. Like a deer in headlights, she stood motionless, gazing into the crowd. She tried to reach behind her back and undo her bra—just as she had watched Madison do—but her fingers merely fumbled with the straps.

“Sir,” the nearest bodyguard said, leaning down to Rissom's ear, “should we pack it in early tonight? The last girl could barely dance and this one's not even stripping. This club's not what it used to be.”

Rissom was silent for a long moment, then grinned. “Nah, there's something about this girl. Something I like.”

The bodyguard took another look at the girl on the stage, still wearing her bra and panties while barely making an effort to move. “Uh, if you say so, sir.”

“S-sorry!” Reena shouted before turning around and exiting the stage. As soon as she pushed her way through the curtains she was met by Lesandra, in the middle of executing an overly dramatic facepalm.

“If I hired girls like you,” the club owner groaned, “this place would've been out of business years ago!”

“I-I don't know what happened,” Reena claimed. “When I got out there, with the lights and music, I just froze...”

Lesandra sighed and rested a gentle hand on the girl's shoulder. “The life of an exotic dancer's not for everyone—and *certainly* not for you.”

Madison rushed over. “Rookie, you're done already?”

“Uh, yeah,” Reena muttered. “It, um, didn't go so well. Were you able to call for backup?”

“Yeah, but we've got a major problem—the Vantor Bridge collapsed in midtown. All units are preoccupied with rescue and cleanup. Traffic's a mess. It could be twenty minutes before backup arrives. Maybe longer.”

“What if Rissom leaves before then?”

“Then we're up shit's creek!” Madison snapped.

Nearby, a waitress hurried to Lesandra's side and whispered into her ear. The club owner nodded and turned to the two officers.

“You're in luck,” Lesandra said, aiming a finger at Reena, “someone requested you to perform a private lap dance in our VIP room. *Why*—I haven't a clue. Maybe they have a thing for the shy type.”

“W-wait, a p-private—*what* dance?!” Reena gasped. She threw her arms forward. “Forget it!”

“Tell 'em to go screw himself,” Madison said, not making any attempt to conceal her anger. “We already went on stage, what more do you want? We're done here.”

“You sure?” Lesandra asked, a slight smirk working its way to the surface. “The patron who made that request was Rissom.”

“Rissom?!” Reena yelled. “No way!”

Madison seized the Rookie by her arm. “You have to keep him busy and make sure he doesn't leave the club.”

“M-me?”

“While you do that, I'll keep in contact with the department, monitor their progress with the bridge, and see how close backup is to arriving.”

“Why don't we just arrest him now?” Reena asked. “You *never* wait for backup...”

“Not only does Rissom have five armed bodyguards with him,” Madison explained, an edge in her tone, “but he's likely got *more* men outside. Rissom's known to be paranoid. Even *I* can't take all those guys on alone. And neither of us have our firearms. This is one situation where we *need* backup. If we botch this up and Rissom gets away, we're screwed.”

Reena's shoulders slumped. “All right, I'll try to keep him distracted, but—”

“Just try to keep him busy for as long as possible,” Madison said, in the most reassuring voice she could muster. “You can do this, Rookie—I *know* you can. Once I talk to dispatch and find out their ETA, I'll come in and give you a hand with Rissom.”

“Okay,” Reena replied with a faint nod, not nearly as convinced of her abilities as Madison had been.

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Reena entered the private room, which was darker than she had expected, only lit by several purple and red neon lights. Rissom was seated on a leather couch, while his five bodyguards stood against the back wall—all eyes on her.

“Ah, there she is,” Rissom said, shifting his gaze from her silver bra to the G-string. “Come on over here, I won't bite.”

Reena hesitated a moment, then stepped forward.

Rissom leaned in, getting a closer look at her. “You're not like the other girls here. Not at all.”

“Wh-what do you mean?” Reena asked, concerned that her cover had been blown.

“You're a little shy to be a stripper,” Rissom said, arching an eyebrow, “don't you think?”

“*Uh*—it's my first day here,” Reena explained, hoping her answer would satisfy him. “I've, um, never done anything like this before.”

“I can tell,” Rissom chuckled, eliciting a few laughs from his nearby bodyguards. He reached underneath his blazer and pulled out a wad of cash. “Don't worry—I *like* shy girls. I've got three hundred here. Take off the bra and it's yours.”

“Take it off?” Reena's voice wavered.

“Well, I didn't invite you back here to play checkers,” Rissom said with a smirk. “It looks like you've got some nice tits under that bra—don't be embarrassed.”

What am I going to do? Reena asked herself, but already knew the answer. She needed to make sure Rissom stayed in the club, and if stripping down was what it took...

“Yeah, *that's* more like it!” Rissom leaned back, watching as the girl undid the back of her bra and let the cloth drop to the floor.

Reena's heart began to pound. She could see the man was savoring the sight of her ample breasts.

She wanted to throw her arms in front of her chest, but resisted the urge.

“Come here and let's see your moves,” Rissom stated, motioning for her to get closer.

“My moves?” Reena asked, taking a cautious step forward.

“Yeah, let's see you dance.”

“*Oh*—okay...” Reena began to shake her body, though she assumed the gyrating motions looked awkward. To her surprise, Rissom seemed to be enjoying it. She wasn't accustomed to high heels, which made her movements shaky and uncoordinated—not that she was great at dancing to begin with. She took a step to the side—the placement of the heel sending her toppling off balance. She staggered backwards, her rear end landing in Rissom's lap. She yelped, feeling something poking up *through* the front of his pants.

“Now this is what I call a lap dance!” Rissom laughed.

Reena hurried to get up, but Rissom grabbed her around the waist, keeping her in place. “Not so fast. How about you take off the panties. There's another two hundred in it for you.”

“I don't know...” Reena muttered, just as Rissom's fingers slid along her stomach, down past her navel.

“You don't mind a little touching, do you?” Rissom asked. “I'll toss in an extra grand.”

“A *g-grand*?” Reena gasped.

One of the bodyguards leaned over the couch, whispering into Rissom's ear. “Sir, maybe we should consider heading out. It's getting late.”

“Shit,” Rissom cursed, “just when it was getting good. You're right, I want to be in Nu Metropoli before midnight.”

“N-no!” Reena yelped. “Don't leave yet! Y-you can touch!”

Amused, Rissom looked at the dark-haired girl, then turned to his bodyguard. “Guess we're sticking around a little longer.”

The bodyguard nodded and stepped back.

Rissom repositioned himself so that the girl was lying with her back against the leather couch's soft cushion. He climbed over her, his tongue flicking against her left nipple.

“Ah!” Reena cried out. Her heart was pounding faster with each passing second. Rissom licked her left breast, while prodding her right nipple with his finger. It felt like an electric charge had worked its way through her body from the sudden stimulation. Her breathing quickened, nipples hardening.

“Damn, you've got some nice tits,” Rissom praised, his tongue working the nipple over until his saliva had fully coated it. He reached down, his fingers sneaking beneath Reena's silver G-string.

“Wh-wha—!” Reena could feel his fingers stroking her entrance, rubbing against her clit.

“Don't tell me you're a virgin?” Rissom asked, inserting a finger into the girl.

Reena bit her lip and nodded, feeling his digit fully enter her. Then another finger followed. Then another...

“That explains why you're already so excited—and wet,” Rissom said, an increased sense of enthusiasm in his voice.

Reena moaned as the trio of fingers exit her.

Rissom held the wet fingers before his face and grinned. “Let's go all the way. Five thousand.”

“Dollars?!”

Rissom withdrew a large stack of cash from the inside of his blazer and tossed it onto the nearby table. “I'm a *very* wealthy man.”

The same bodyguard from before inched forward. “Sir, I'm not sure if you'll have time for that. If you want to—”

“I'll *make* time,” Rissom shot back. He turned to Reena and smiled. “My men here are getting a little antsy. Maybe you can help them out a bit? You know, get them to relax?”

“What do you mean?” Reena asked, confused.

“Ten grand to let them join in,” he answered, throwing more money aside. “This is for the main

event—the works!”

“All of them?!” Reena blurted out, looking at the five men against the wall.

“That's what I said, baby.”

Just try to keep him busy for as long as possible! Reena could hear Madison's words echoing in her head. She paused a long moment, and then gave a tiny nod. “Okay...”

Rissom motioned for his bodyguards to proceed. “All right boys—time to play.”

Within moments the bodyguards had undressed. Rissom was nearly nude, save for his boxers, which he yanked down to his knees, exposing his erect cock.

Reena took a look around, each of the men were already sporting sizable erections. Rissom hunched over, spreading her legs apart. She bit her lip, steeling herself for what was to come.

“Dig in, boys!” Rissom said, taking his hard cock and sliding it into the girl's wet pussy.

“Ahhh!” Reena was startled by the sensation of the man's throbbing member fully entering her. A rush of pleasure worked its way through her body as Rissom began thrusting, each successive push more forceful than the last.

Two of the nearby bodyguards seized her wrists and directed her hands to their awaiting members. Taking a cock into each hand, she began stroking them. Another bodyguard climbed over her chest, his dick lowering down into her mouth.

“Fuck—that's a tight pussy!” Rissom said, ramming his mast into the girl with renewed vigor. “How are you guys doing?”

A unanimous round of praise came from the bodyguards, except for the two who stood nearby, naked and waiting their turn.

Reena's entire body was put to work. She could feel Rissom entering her deeper than before. Each of her hands continued jerking off the two men, while her mouth opened as wide as it could to accept the other man's considerable girth.

Backup's taking forever—all due to that damn bridge! Madison thought to herself. She headed towards the VIP room and pushed the door open—her eyes bulging at the sight within. “What the hell?!”

Rissom looked up as he continued plowing his dick into the dark-haired girl's wet cunt. “You're friend here didn't want us to leave.” He pointed to the pile of cash on the floor. “Come and join the party. I'll make it worth your while—five grand—all yours.”

Madison could see Reena offer the slightest of nods, despite the cock being thrust into her mouth. *Are you kidding me? This is what it's going to take to keep this bastard here?*

“What do you say, babe?” Rissom asked with a playful wink.

“Fine,” Madison said, none too enthusiastic. “Let's go...”

Rissom looked over to the two nude men, still waiting for their shot at some action. “Go for it!”

“Yeah!”

“Thanks, boss!”

The two men hurried over to Madison, one clutching at her bra, the other reaching for her panties. Before she could react, one of the men had already bent her over, pushing his cock into her asshole.

“W-wait a sec—” before Madison could finish, the other man in front of her shoved his dick into her mouth.

* * *

It was well past midnight before the police bashed their way through the VIP room's door. A group

of eight officers, guns raised, swarmed into the tight space.

“Freeze!”

“Nobody move!”

“PCPD—hands in the air!”

Rissom gave one last thrust into Reena, cumming into her pussy with everything he had and filling her completely. The two men she had been jerking off both came at the same time, their ejaculate squirting over her breasts.

Reena gagged; the cock in her mouth released its load, a thick substance coating her tongue. The man pulled out at the same moment Rissom did—causing a stream of cum to drip down her chin and between her legs.

Nearby, Madison howled as the man railing her ass was finished, cumming into her. The other man, content with the oral stimulation his cock had received, finally came.

Alarmed, Rissom and all five bodyguards, scrambled for their clothes. Before they could even reach for their garments, the police moved in, seizing and cuffing them.

“Hey—let me get some damn clothes on first!” Rissom shouted. “I’ve got rights!”

Ignoring the man's furious cries, the officers led him and the other five men towards the exit.

Reena and Madison feigned panic, keeping up their guise until Rissom and the others had completely vacated VIP room.

The moment they were gone, Madison groaned. “This was the most degrading case of my career!”

“I can't believe we had to go through that!” Reena added.

Madison glanced over to the mountain of cash, still stacked up near the middle of the room. “All this money...?”

“That's what Rissom paid us,” Reena explained.

Madison grabbed a handful of the cash, flipping through a wad of bills. She grabbed another stack, then another. “Do you see how *much* money's here?! You know how many hours I'd have to work to make *this*?”

“We get to keep it all, right?” Reena asked, wide-eyed.

“Of course we get to keep it!” Madison shouted. “I worked my ass off for this money—*literally*!”

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