

Synopsis: After the concert, Akali isn't quite done with Caitlyn. She didn't know she was a cop, but still decided to drag her along as a groupie anyway.

Themes: Futanari/Girl Penis, Consensual Sex, Rough Sex, Deepthroating

Caitlyn's eyes slowly blinked open.

A wave of confusion passes through the officer's mind before she realizes how sore her body is.

It felt like her body had been beaten, inside and out. That alone was enough to cause some concern, but that was nothing compared to the feeling of something leaking out of her brutalized cunt. She remembers Vi and going to a concert. After that, it's a pleasure-filled blur. Did she leave with someone? A part of her hoped it was Vi, but even then, she didn't know she would end up feeling like this. Her ass as well felt different, like something was in it.

Reaching back a hand, she grabs the thing in her rear. She flinches as she moves it, but eventually pulls it out with a slight whine. Only then does she get a look at it and is shocked to see that it's a buttplug.

"Oh.... What the?...." She murmurs groggily as she stirs and drops the plug to the floor. She was in some bedroom, and upon closer inspection, she found that it was the bedroom of some pervert as sex toys and used condoms lay strewn about across the floor. Caitlyn is disgusted but begins the process of pulling herself up from the bed. She was going to get some answers, no matter what might be in her way.

As she's about to pull herself back up to her feet, there's a shift in the bed behind her, and Caitlyn is suddenly pulled back down. Whoever grabbed her then proceeds to hold her tight against her body, pressing her breasts into her back. But more concerning was the cock she had as well, that she pressed firmly between her ass-cheeks. It then all comes crashing down on her. Everything about the mission, K/DA, and trying to get an interview with the rapper of the group, only to end up here!

"Good morning, babe." Akali whispers tiredly into Caitlyn's ear, making a shiver jolt up her spine as she can feel her continue to grind herself up against her rear.

"G-Good morning- Oh!" Caitlyn gasps before she clasps a hand over her mouth when Akali manages to buck her hips in the right way, which earns some pleasure from the undercover officer.

"Yeah? You like that?" Akali asks as she begins grinding her dick into her even harder. She's emboldened by Caitlyn's reaction and pushes it further as she leans in closer to her. Her hands quickly reach around to grab two handfuls of the officer's naked breasts. Caitlyn squirms under her touch, but Akali only chuckles huskily. She was an expert in getting the exact reactions she was looking for from people, and Caitlyn was no different as she began to feel a moistness grow at her crotch.

Caitlyn feels it too and is humiliated. She tries to pull herself free from Akali's grip, while making it as natural as possible. But the pop stud rapper kept her hands around her while she shifted to straight up dry humping her dick against Caitlyn's ass, making the officer gasp while she feels that steadily growing arousal suddenly spike.

Caitlyn was a Kiramman, damn it! Not some bimbo to be fucked and used. Akali was proving that to be the case, however, as she felt Caitlyn push her ass back out toward her. It's a subconscious action, but it's still appreciated by Akali, who really begins to lay into her before she eventually lies on top of her altogether.

Akali goes back to grinding her dick into Caitlyn's ass, but at the same time moves her head upward to start intimately kissing her lover's neck. It catches Caitlyn off guard, but she can't say that she doesn't entirely enjoy it. Ultimately, she does little to stop it as she feels the rapper switch between giving her a hickey and nibbling softly. Both end up leaving a mark, adding to the others that were across Caitlyn's body.

It had been a fun night for both of them. Even after leaving the concert, Akali managed to drag Caitlyn along to be her little cock-slut groupie. And now that it was a new and fresh day, the rapper was re-energized and happy to get some more of that perfect pretentious bitchy ass. Caitlyn, on the other hand, was feeling something different.

She was overwhelmed, for starters, as she feels both her own arousal and Akali's continue to build into something substantial and fiery. Something that leads the rapper to lean in close and ask, "Think you're ready for another round, babe? It'd be a nice way to wake Kali up." Speaking in the third person, Akali becomes just that extra bit irritating to Caitlyn.

"W-Well, let me just-"

"C'mon, babe, you know you want Kali's cock! Ye Ye!" Akali grinds her dick against her pussy. It tickles something inside Caitlyn's brain that makes her lose her skilled intuition and fall into something that leaves her feeling willing to give in, while also being more conflicted than ever.

"F-Fine, just-" Before Caitlyn can finish saying anything, Akali pushes her head into the bed and grabs hold of her cock.

"Am I really going to let myself get fucked by this woman again!?" Caitlyn wonders to herself. It was at that point she could easily pull away and get the Hell out of the tour bus, but she doesn't move, even when she feels the rapper begin to slide her dangerously close to fucking her. She could feel its warmth and how it pulsed with arousal, leading to it leaking pre across her ass before she finally pulls back and presses the head of her dick into her entrance.

"AH!" Caitlyn moans as her body reacts violently to the sudden penetration. Her fingers and toes curl as she feels the rapper ease herself deep inside. Soon enough, she feels her pressing into her cervix, truly astounding Caitlyn with just how big her dick was. At the same time, Akali still wielded it like a weapon of submission. She pulls her hips back and punts herself back forward, making the undercover officer moan while a sudden hit of sickening pleasure pulses through her body.

"Yeah! Ngh! That's right! Take 'Kali's dick, bitch!" Akali grunts with every thrust. She starts off slow but powerful, quickly knocking Caitlyn down to a moaning mess while she has her way with her. Before long, she grabs a handful of Caitlyn's hair and pulls her head back. "Don't try to hide it! I want to hear you moan my name!"

"Fuck! Akali! Akali! Kali!" Caitlyn cries, her cheeks burn hot red as she does so. But the rapper's cock just has that effect on her as she gets closer to cumming her brains out. Her words still end up having the effect of pushing Akali to fuck her even faster until the bed they were on shook and creaked.

"Fuck yeah! Kali KNOWS you love her dick! All sluts love Kali's cock!" Akali groans as her hips nearly grow to be a mere blur of a movement with how fast she was smashing her dick into Caitlyn. She might have been sleeping just a few moments ago, but she still had the strength and speed to give the undercover officer a thoroughly unforgettable experience as she held onto her.

"FUUUUUCK!" Caitlyn cries as she cums. Her pent-up cunt bursts and coats Akali's dick in her juices while the rapper herself kept up the pressure, mounting to Caitlyn building up to ANOTHER orgasm even though she had already just had one. It was almost impressive if Caitlyn wasn't so utterly overwhelmed by everything and if she didn't feel Akali's thick balls clapping against her pussy, adding that extra bit of pleasure that makes her scream her head off.

"Shit! Get ready.... Ngh! I'm getting close!" Akali moans as she reaches her peak speed, utterly tearing through Caitlyn in the process until she couldn't take any more. It's only when she's about to lose her mind that the rapper finally bursts by pumping herself in as deep as she can go and unloading deep inside of Caitlyn's womb.

"Oooooohhhhhh...." Caitlyn whimpers while holding on for dear life. She feels her womb as it's filled with spunk, and it disgusts her. The rapper pumps so much inside her that it even begins to ooze out in thick, slimy spurts directly delivered from Akali's sack. They churn and twitch, but eventually the flow starts to ease and the rapper pulls herself free with an exhausted huff.

Caitlyn lies there on the bed, her body covered in sweat as she goes over how she could have gotten herself into such a mess. She hears Akali hop off the bed behind her and groan happily as she stretches. She then hears her walk over and open some cupboard before she feels a pill bottle hit her in the back.

"Yo, take some of these," Akali says as Caitlyn grabs the pill-bottle.

It's birth control.

"Kali ain't making you a baby mama, Kali already got plenty of those," Akali says before she walks off, leaving Caitlyn to deal with the fact that she wasn't special in this case. She was just another slut who got conquered by the rapper's dick.

Before she leaves completely, however, Akali walks over and presses a button on a nearby wall, causing said wall to move up and reveal a window to the outside world. And when Caitlyn turns to look, she sees that they weren't at the stadium. No, they were on the road.

"W-Wait! We're not at the concert?!" Caitlyn finally manages to work up the strength to sit up.

Akali smiles at her reaction and cocks her hip to the side. "Yep! Wanted to surprise you since you're one of Kali's groupies after all."

"Groupie?!" Caitlyn says, shocked, and Akali turns to look at her, a confused expression on her face.

"That ain't gonna be a problem, right?" Akali asks, and Caitlyn bites her tongue. She knew she had to get out of there. If the rapper figured out she was an undercover officer, her career is over! And so, while she would have loved to say otherwise, Caitlyn puts on the most convincing smile she can work up and says,

"No. No. It's an honor, really." Caitlyn smiles, and Akali seems satisfied with her response.

"Whatever. The bathroom is over there if you want to clean up." Akali points toward a door and walks off, with Caitlyn finally letting out the breath she had been keeping inside. Afterward, she quickly takes a few of those birth control pills given to her by Akali and pops them down.

"God.... What a mess...." Caitlyn huffs as she rises to her feet. She feels the cum dumped inside her leak down her inner thigh. It makes her cringe, but she still pushes through it. She had to find her phone and call Vi. That is, if she can find her phone at all. During her time with Akali, she had lost both her phone and her clothes, which were now scattered and strewn about.

"Come on. It has to be here somewhere." Caitlyn mutters under her breath. She finds her pants after a thorough search, and when she picks them up, she discovers her phone underneath. However, continuing on with her string of bad luck, the undercover officer is dismayed to find that a used condom had fallen across her screen and the spunk inside had begun to leak out across it. And to top it all off, it ran out of battery!

The young Kiramman woman had to stifle a scream of frustration as she plucked up her phone and peeled the condom off. Regardless, she then finds a charger by the bed and plugs it in. It would be some time before it charged. In the meantime, Caitlyn thought back to what she heard from Akali before she left.

Caitlyn was shocked by how big the bathroom was.

It was nothing short of something you would see at a luxury hotel or even Caitlyn's own childhood home.

There was a bath, a shower, a sink, a closet, and so many other things that shouldn't have been able to fit on the tour bus. But it worked. Without issue, Caitlyn was able to walk over to the shower and turn the water on. She waits for a moment as the water heats up, but she eventually steps into the cold anyway, just to cleanse her body as thoroughly as possible and to also get rid of that feeling of shame that grew inside her. It was a jarring experience, as it would be for anyone. But Caitlyn slowly feels herself ease as she begins to take stock of everything that has happened in the last day.

Despite being roughly used by the pop star, Caitlyn couldn't entirely admit that she didn't enjoy certain parts of it. Regardless of everything else that occurred during the strange experience, the sex by all means was still fantastic. And as the water cleansed her of any residue, she couldn't help but feel quite refreshed in a way that she hadn't felt in a while.

It only gets better when the water starts to heat up. Her already relaxed body eased even more as she came to rest her head on the side of the shower wall. For once, ever since this ordeal started, Caitlyn felt like she was getting some form of peace. That helped her recharge a bit, but at the same time, it distracted her as the bathroom door opened and Akali stepped inside. Caitlyn doesn't notice her as she silently closes the door and walks over to the shower, still naked. She watches for a moment as her cock grows hard between her legs.

Caitlyn might not have been packing that much meat on her bones, but she had a sense of firmness and rigidity that enticed the rapper enough to sneak into the shower behind her. All the while, Caitlyn herself remains completely oblivious until Akali wraps her arms around her from behind and pulls her into her tight embrace.

"Mind if 'Kali washes up too?" Akali asks without really giving her the option to say no while she grinds her dick between her water-covered ass cheeks. For a moment, Caitlyn thinks she's about to fuck her, but the rapper holds herself back and instead switches between pressing the tip of her dick up against her entrance ass and up against her pussy.

"O-Of course not. I could get your back if you like me to." Caitlyn offers, hoping to turn this away from becoming something sexual, but Akali only looks back at her mischievously.

"Not exactly." Akali smiles before she pushes Caitlyn down to her knees right before her cock. Even though they might have been in the shower, the musky and sweaty scent that came from the member made Caitlyn's head spin. "Clean Kali's cock for her, k?"

"But you just-...." Caitlyn is about to complain, but when she glances between Akali and her cock she ends up swallowing her pride and, without saying anything else, she lowers her head forward and takes the tip of the rapper's dick into her mouth. She coughs and gags on the bitter taste, but nevertheless sucks and slurps across the engorged length, earning herself some satisfied groans from Akali as she lowers a hand to grab her by the hair.

"Fuck.... Knew you liked it." Akali groans. Caitlyn's hollowed cheeks burn hot red when she hears the rapper's words, but she keeps up the work. She knew she wasn't the best cock sucker, but she still gave it a good enough amount of effort that Akali found herself satisfied. She even leans her hips forward and slowly pushes more of her dick into her mouth, making Caitlyn's job a whole lot harder as she tries to get her to cum.

"GGLK! GGLLK! GGLK! GGLK!" Caitlyn's hands came up to Akali's thighs, but she didn't try to push her back. It was just a gentle reminder to remind her that she still needed to breathe. But as the world-famous rapper got rougher and faster, it became clear that the message had been lost in translation. Caitlyn wasn't going to back down, however. Even as things slowly ramped up, she remained determined to take it all and hopefully break Akali's endurance sooner rather than later. It was a hit to her pride, but she swallowed it all down along with the thick and gooey pre that leaked out from the rapper's dick.

"Shit! Suck 'Kali's dick nice and good, bitch! Get it nice and clean!.... Mngh." Akali goes harder on Caitlyn's face. She loses herself in the pleasure and euphoria of fucking the face of someone so pristine. It also didn't help that the tight, wet, and warm hole that was Caitlyn's throat felt like nothing short of Heaven to the rapper as she sped up her already rapid face fucking.

"Mnnnghh.... Yeah! Fucking worship Kali's dick, ho!" Akali, while holding a firm grip on Caitlyn's head, leans over until the undercover officer's head is pointing up. She then begins plunging her dick directly down her throat, hitting her gullet harder and faster than what Caitlyn is used to, making her cry and let out more gurgled moans as spit oozes out from her lips and splatters down across her chest before it's washed away by the shower.

Caitlyn was already having a difficult time catching a breath, but what Akali was doing felt cruel, but Caitlyn knew that wasn't the case. After spending a long and exciting night with the rapper, it became clear that Akali wasn't purposely rude. She was just too extroverted for her own good, or in this case, Caitlyn's good. Mix in a pretty big ego and someone who thinks they're hot shit, and that ends up becoming quite the combination that Caitlyn had to deal with.

"Idiot! Just cum already for God's sake and be done...." Caitlyn thinks to herself. Her hands pushed against Akali's legs, trying to convey the message that she needed to breathe. Once that doesn't work, Caitlyn shifts to slapping her ass, hoping that would catch her attention. However, that only prompts Akali to be even rougher as she lays into the poor woman. Her thick, cum filled balls, slapping against her chin while her gurgled moans fill the bathroom. It was not an uncommon sound to hear from one of the pop star's trailers. Caitlyn just so happened to be the one making them.

Caitlyn's about to start considering more serious measures, but before it can come to that, Akali catches her off guard by reaching down to grab whatever handful of Caitlyn's ass that she can

get. It's a little awkward with the pop star bending over Caitlyn's head, but she still manages to slap her across the ass hard enough to leave a mark while also continuing to ream out her throat.

"Yeah! 'Kali loves this ass! Ye Ye!" Akali groans as she swats her hand across Caitlyn's ass. It makes Caitlyn herself shudder and wish that she wasn't so rough with her. But if it wasn't already obvious, that just wasn't in the rapper's nature. She dominated. She used. And she fucked like the nasty bitch she is. It was more than what most people could handle, Caitlyn included, and she only became more aggressive with the more power she had.

Caitlyn's about to have enough while Akali plunges two fingers inside her pussy. She finger fucks her a bit before doing the same to her ass, an utterly abhorrent way for someone to be treated, but Caitlyn was disturbed to find that it turned her on, along with everything else Akali was doing. Before she can ponder what that says about her, a groan cuts through the air as Akali suddenly pulls her fingers out of Caitlyn's ass and uses both hands to grab hold of her head so that she can push herself as deep as she can while she cums.

"Fuuckkkk...." Akali groans. Her dick spews out load after load. The undercover officer tries to swallow it all. In the end, it ends up being too much for her and begins leaking out of her mouth and nose, adding that last extra bit of humiliation that she hated before the rapper's grip on her head began to soften, before she frees herself.

Caitlyn coughs up bits of cum and turns to look up at Akali, who peers back down at her, satisfied.

"Nice, BJ, babe. But now do you think you can get Kali's back?"

Caitlyn stumbled out of the bathroom and fell back on the bed.

She was exhausted as she reached over and grabbed her phone. It was fully charged, thank God. Akali had kept Caitlyn in the bathroom for the longest shower of her life.

The only way she managed to escape was to convince the rapper she needed to catch her breath. Although it wasn't long until she heard the shower turn off in the bathroom. Caitlyn knew she had a limited time before she'd be back in it. So, acting as quickly as she can, she opens her phone and calls Vi. Although in her rush, she doesn't notice Akali soon stepping out of the shower, body still wet with her towel wrapped around her shoulders, before she soon drops it when she sees Caitlyn on the bed.

"Come Vi.... Please, pick up...." Caitlyn mutters under her breath. It was past 11, she couldn't still be asleep, right?

Vi took a hit out of the bong.

She sucks in the smoke, and she can feel it fill her lungs. She fights against the urge to cough, even though her body trembles with the pressure to do so. It takes her a minute, but she eventually works herself out and proceeds to breathe out a thick plume of smoke that slowly floats across the room. Once she was done with her hit, she turned back to her TV and continued to watch the K/DA performance from the previous night.

After this whole operation, she was curious to see what all the hype was about for this band. Vi knew K-pop was famous, but the amount of rabid fans the group had was ridiculous. She also wanted to know who this Akali person was, ever since she had been told that Caitlyn had apparently gone with her on this cross-country tour.

Suddenly, she's startled to receive a phone call out of the blue. She reaches over and plucks up her phone, only to feel her heart skip a beat when she sees that it's Caitlyn calling.

"Ah, shit...." Vi silently curses to herself as she prepares herself for the verbal scolding she is about to get. After taking a breath to calm herself, she answers the call and brings the phone up to her ear. It takes her a second, but Vi eventually works up the courage to say,

"H-Hey, Cupcake."

"V-Vi...." Caitlyn moans as Akali presses a kiss into her neck.

Down below, the rapper sawed her cock back and forth into her pussy. Turns out, she was still wet enough down there for Akali to step up and shove herself right in. At the same time, pressing her body weight down into her while she licks her tongue across the side of her neck, which now smelled wonderful after their little shower together.

In the short time that Caitlyn called Vi, the pop star saw fit to get into it again with the undercover police officer, catching Caitlyn off guard as she's once again thrown into another sexual tussle. Although she now had to subdue what she was feeling as she spoke to Vi over the phone.

"Hey, Cupcake.... Sorry about last night." Vi apologizes right as Akali punts herself forward into Caitlyn, getting her to moan loud enough to catch her partner's attention over the phone.

"You alright?" Vi's voice sounds curious more than anything else over the phone. Caitlyn could tell that she wasn't that worried, although that didn't help ease her worries about the teasing she would get if her partner managed to put two and two together before she hung up the phone.

"Y-Yes, I'm fine. J-Just, distracted with something." Caitlyn shudders as Akali's dick manages to drive her crazy. By sheer will, she was able to soothe herself, but it was steadily becoming a losing battle the longer she remained like this. "I-I just wanted to see if I'm needed for anything for the next couple of days or so- mngh. T-The weather sure is great." Caitlyn adds the code phrase meant for Vi to come to her rescue during the concert, except she never did. Now she could redeem herself.

Vi herself is left in a strange situation, listening in on what sounds like her prudish partner getting fucked. She would have killed for the chance to get a look at what she was doing at that

moment, but she was content to listen in over the phone while her own length slowly came to rise.

Before Vi can say anything, however, Akali reaches down and plucks the phone from Caitlyn's hand.

"Yo! This yo' girl, 'Kali. I'm busy with yo' girl right now. Mngh. You'll get her back when I'm done with her." Akali says into the phone as she begins fucking Caitlyn's cunt back at her ruthless power. Caitlyn would have been offended at that audacity, but she's soon enraptured with pleasure to do anything as Akali tosses the phone back down to her.

"V-Vi?...." Caitlyn stammers into the phone, hoping to God she was still there while the pleasure in her veins builds to something truly devastating.

"I don't know, Cupcake. I think a break might do you some good." Vi remarks. "You should talk to your mom if you want to back out. Although you would have to explain to her why you thought a literal pop star was some sort of criminal." Vi playfully teases while stroking her dick to the sound of her partner being fucked.

"V-VI!" Caitlyn moans, frustration mixed in with her voice.

"You know what? Don't even worry about it, I'll tell your mom you need a break. She knows how hard you work. But it would be quite the surprise if she found out how hard you're being worked." Vi continues to joke. She knew Caitlyn could handle herself. She needed the break, and by the sounds of it, whatever the rapper was putting her through seemed to be enjoyable.

"Alright! Catch you on the flipside, Cupcake. I'm also blocking your number until you're done. Have fun!" Vi hangs up the phone, and Caitlyn lets out an angry groan right as Akali's cock manages to hit her in that perfect way.

"So we good? Ngh!" Akali says while picking up her speed.

"Y-Yes. I guess- Oh! I-I guess we are...." Caitlyn hums, and Akali lets out a laugh before going to town.