

Zatara Gets Rampaged

It was a warm, windy night in Paris, What The French's capital city. Zatara was sitting at a cafe. She was staring not at DNS burning the city to the ground, or the countless civilians being executed in the streets in the name of glorious Blue Donut. No, her eyes were fixated on Rampage, and his masculine beauty. After she sold out to Negative Feedback and DNS, she had pleased Kane and other Djinn a dozen times over, but Zatara had never copulated with Rampage. Rumors had spread left and right of his massive genitals, and Zatara longed to experience his legendary girth. Finally, now was her chance.

Rampage had just finished with Marauder, but Zatara was used to sloppy seconds, and was content with it. He walked over to her clutching his massive package in his hand, the rumors were not far from the truth at all. After only a few minutes of foreplay, the pounding had begun. Zatara screamed with pleasure as Rampage buried his throbbing meat stick into her. "Push Charlie!" she screamed, "Push the fucking objective!" said with orgasmic moans. Rampage was known for his forceful nature and raw power, but this did nothing to prepare Zatara for his wrath. As he pulled her hair, he unleashed his fury, whacking her with a stale baguette as he took her from behind. Soon after, the baguette found it's way into her anal cavity, nearly all 18 inches.

For Zatara, Rampage's love was easily going above and beyond even her wildest expectations. Ever since she joined NF, she adored being the slave of Kane and his corporate partners. Even her old partner, Patrick, couldn't hold a candle to Rampage and his rock solid manhood. She had learned much from her General Tso days however, as she had wild fantasies of being slathered in noodles and being pleased ferociously by Quickgloves. Still, being slathered in ISK instead proved substantially more rewarding. She rode Rampage's throbbing package while screaming of "how clutch it was."

After a few rounds of viciously stabbing Zatara with his 9" package, Rampage threw her onto the brick pavement, it was clear more needed to be done. Rampage was a creative man, and thus needed further ingenuity to satisfy his sexual desires. He grabbed a croissant and began pleasuring Zatara with it as she sucked on his succulent schlong. He looked into the distance and felt unfulfilled, though they had conquered their enemies (or bought them out), Rampage felt the odd sensation that something was missing. He looked to the stars, and to his satisfaction, the answer came to him.

Rampage had eliminated nearly all his enemies from the world, but there was one thing standing between DNS and total Molden Heath domination, PFC. Those weak-minded and squabbling parasites were a waste of everyone's time, they must be purged. Rampage and his fellow Djinn would go around, burning that slum of weaklings to the ground, pleasuring each other all the way through. Once the weak had been purged, only the strong and beautiful would be copulated with. Kane wouldn't be happy, but Rampage knew it had to be done. As he sat there hammering Zatara with his manhood, he knew the only way to truly curb his desires, was total and utter domination, followed by a swift and merciless purging of the weak.

As he removed the baguette from her anal cavity, Rampage clubbed Zatara's ass furiously with it, as his new epiphany had given him a new sense of vigor and determination. Zatara moaned with glee as she had successfully pleased yet another one of her DNS/NF masters. The intercourse was over, but as Zatara laid on the ground, moaning and squirming with satisfaction, Rampage sat there, transfixed on his new objective for creating a new master race of sex slaves. This policy of ethnic cleansing could only happen under his authority, not Kujo's. Upon finishing the baguette he previously sodomized Zatara with, Rampage loaded his scrambler pistol, plotting his upcoming coup d'etat.

Authors Notes:

-Sorry guys, I wrote another one