

Chapter 14 – What's In A Name

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“Prisoner Eight-Four-Seven, Six-Bravo.” The Celopi interrogator growled. She was standing in front of the Figura holding cells in the prison wing of the station. Her blue skin offset the bright orange eyes she used to stare the prisoners down, aided by the faded scar across her right brow. Her black hair was tied back in a braid, which itself was wound into a bun; the sheer tightness of its twisting keeping it in place.

Her superiors had given her a tough case to crack; a Figura trader they believed to have knowledge of several hidden populaces. He was one of those few mutants naturally resistant to psychic scans, meaning the job would have to be done the hard way. She'd been assigned to slowly break the individual, but so far every attempt had left her frustrated, among other things. “Hands on the wall.” The command was delivered with the tone of someone who had said it many times over, but with the authority of one that needed only say it once per visit.

The nude Figura stopped playing with his rather large member and gave her a smile. He was short for one of his species, with a pearly white skin flecked with swirls of purple and yellow. But his size only seemed to exaggerate the monster cock sprouting from between his legs. Standing, he moved over to the wall marked with indicators for his hands to be placed and did as he was told. When noticing the Terran guard by the woman's side, he grinned and winked, wagging his erect member in the air playfully. The Celopi grunted disapprovingly.

“Call if you need me.” The human said in monotone as he turned to face the wide hallway with his back to the door, which whooshed closed behind him.

“Eight-Four-Seven, Six-Bravo-” She started, tapping at her personal assistant.

“Rani, Please. Call me Bravo.” The Figura pleaded teasingly.

“No. And for the hundredth time, you will refer to me as Interrogator Basheet.” The Celopi sighed, It only took a couple of their sessions before Bravo had adopted his prisoner identification as his name. Of course, Rani had become increasingly annoyed that she could not get such a simple thing as his name out of him. And his insistence of using her first name - which she had only given in an attempt to get him to share his - was just adding insult to injury.

“So, what's on the list for today?” Bravo asked, grinning at his interrogator as he turned away from the wall. “Charades? A movie?”

“Your name.” Rani said plainly.

“Still want that ol' thing eh?” Bravo chuckled.

“Yes.” Both hers and her superiors’ patience was wearing thin. This Figura was being held in the high security wing because they didn’t want the other prisoners to know he was there. Somehow messages were getting back to their planet from within the prison, and the brass wanted to make sure they had everything this individual was aware of before setting him loose. But since his capture, other individuals had also been acquired requiring the same process, and space was wearing thin.

“Well. How about I make you a deal.” Reni’s eyes opened wide. Every visit Bravo treated like it was a game, never giving ground, always having fun. Never before had he asked to strike a deal. She looked over at him with a curious glare as he took several steps towards her.

“Stop. Right there.” Reni said, her voice breaking slightly as she cleared her throat. “What are your terms?”

Bravo grinned. Tapping a finger against his chin, he laid the bait. “I will reveal one syllable of my name... for each item of clothing you take off.”

Reni’s cheeks flushed. “No. No deal.”

“Okay.” Bravo said, smiling.

“Wait.” Reni sighed, checking behind her to make sure the door was closed and nobody was peeking through the small window within it. “How long is your name?”

“You’ll have to find out.” Reni weighed the options in her head. She couldn’t go back empty handed, she had to be professional. What was unfortunate was her uniform was a one-piece jumpsuit, with inbuilt support for her ample figure. Meaning she only had five pieces of clothing she could remove before being naked. “Oh, and no cheating; socks count as one, so do shoes and gloves - not that you’re wearing any.” Three pieces of clothing.

“Fine.” She said, thinking hard about her lack of clothes “But if I have nothing left to remove-”

“Then we improvise.” Bravo interrupted. “Deal?”

Reni didn’t like where this was going, but nodded in compliance. Her superiors didn’t need to know how she got the information, only that she got it. She tapped a few buttons on her tablet and a several beeps sounded around the room as the various cameras and listening devices deactivated. Her clearance would mean no alarms were put up, but she’d have to erase their prior conversation when she got back to her desk. “Deal.”

Bravo grinned wickedly before standing arms akimbo, his thick cock bobbing up and down in the warm air. “Well?” He asked, gesturing towards her suit. Reni sighed, bending over to remove her shoes. With a few moments of unbuckling and unlacing, the shoes came off, discarded near the door. She stood back up, his chest puffed up proudly. “It’s a start. Your first reward: Sal.”

Reni tapped away at her device before turning back to the pearly Figura. She raised an eyebrow at the being before realising with a grunt that it was her turn to reveal something. Sliding off her socks she balled them up and threw them at her shoes. Bravo seemed amused by that and chuckled. “Den.” Reni input the next syllable and turned to look at her prisoner. He was grinning expectantly.

“Ugh...” She grumbled, checking the door once more before reaching around her waist to several automated clasps. With a swish of air like that of unsealing an airtight container, the uniform crumpled around her joints, sliding off the Celopi’s frame with ease. As it landed on the floor, her body was revealed to Bravo. She was a crisp cobalt blue from head to toe, except for the crater-like scars along her midsection and one large pale scar going from hip to shin down her left leg. Those and several smaller scars dotted her otherwise perfect frame. “Keep going.” She grumbled, holding her tablet in a vice-like grip as the Figura drank up the visuals like a man in the desert would a glass of water.

“Ah-Rei. With a body like that, you get Both of em.” Bravo said, his cock throbbing in midair as beads of pre began forming at its tip.

“Saldenarei... Correct?” Reni said, trying to hide the sound of victorious elation in her voice.

“Yep, that’s my first name.”

Reni’s eye twitched. “First?”

“Of three.”

Were it not for her being naked, one would think the Celopi had turned bright red. But rather than refusing the notion of what she knew would come next, Reni decided the information was more important. She would go whatever distance to get the now that she had part of it already. “So how do I get the other two thirds.”

“Well, the second part involves this.” Bravo said, wiggling his hips side to side as the cock swung back and forth.

“And the third?” She asked, taking a step forward. The fleshy pole pressed against her stomach. Her mind was racing with alarms, but she was ignoring all of them for the allure of such a prize at the end. Getting Saldenarei’s full name may even score her a promotion. Names meant connecting him to tribes, to regions, to his associates.

Bravo used a hand to push his cock down, wedging the tip between Reni’s legs. He was amazed the plan had worked, but didn’t let it show. Instead he just nodded to the figure over Reni’s shoulder. “Him.”

The human soldier tapped his armband, re-engaging the door. Reni's head quickly turned to see him sliding off his clothes. As soon as the uniform was down past his waist, the man's cock sprang to attention, not quite as large as Bravo's but just as hard.

"Second name for me, third for him." Bravo repeated. "Is my name really not worth a little more of your time?"

Reni, to answer the Figura's question took an awkward step closer, placing his cock at the entrance of her passage "Go on. I want your name."

"Not yet." He said, grinning as the iridescent purple swirls flashed pink. He grabbed her arse and closed the distance, the pre shooting forth from his cock coating the Celopi's insides as the tension between them grew. Then as Reni felt she could take no more of the pressure, the girthy member had lubed her well enough to slide inside.

"AAAAGH!" Reni screamed, the nearly foot-long length of cock slamming into her with force, stretching her considerably wider than any of the doctor's Gene Collector implements ever could. The pain was searing, and throbbing, and unlike anything she had ever felt before. "What... What..." She stammered, unable to wrap her head around the sensations wracking her body. She'd been stabbed, shot and nearly killed. But this Figura had just given her the most exquisite pain that she had ever experienced.

Bravo just held himself there. Cock half buried in Reni's pussy as he let his pre work its magic, lubing up the rest of her tight hole. "I heard Celopi like pain. It's an interesting survival mechanism." He lifted one hand from Reni's rear just long enough to beckon the human over. The third figure stepped up behind Reni, a large hand running over the head of his cock before spreading it along Reni's rear.

"What- Where..." Reni was trying to fight the haze slowly descending upon her mind. Her body was both welcoming Bravo's meaty prick and screaming from its sheer size. She barely registered the slimy touch sliding against her anus, but the fog cleared quickly when a thick thumb pressed into the tight ring. "GAH! What do you think?"

"Reni, Reni..." Bravo shushed her, placing a hand on her cheek so she would face him once more. Her puzzled expression was blushing bright red; it would have been hard to tell whether it was anger or arousal, but safe to say at least some combination of the two. "If you thought *my* entrance was something special, wait 'till you feel this."

Bravo nodded to the human, who removed his thumb from Reni's rear entrance, replacing it with the head of his cock. "But first..." Bravo slammed his hips forward, ramming almost all of his rod into the tight confines of Reni's virgin cunt. It slammed against her back wall with force, eliciting a gasp from the Celopi as her body went into a kind of shock. The pain shut her vocal chords down, though her mouth was screaming.

“Reni, I am only going to tell you this once, so listen carefully.” The Figura said softly, leaning up to her ear. “I can stop at any time, you only need to tell me. But you don’t get my full name until we are BOTH as far inside you as we can be.” Reni caught her breath, and nodded. “Good.” He smiled to the human opposite him. “All the way, Sanaa.”

Reni felt the grip around her arms ripple and shift as the human fingers shifted to the light blue of a Figura. Barely able to react to the shock of her human guard changing to an equally well-built Figura male, she only sighed. Nodding again.

Sanaa’s skin glistened between light blue and emerald green as his cock pressed against the tight, lightly lubricated rim of Reni’s rear. Pressing the tip hard against it he flexed, squirting a stream of precum into the untouched hole. Reni moaned. “I think she likes it.”

“She’ll like what happens next a lot more. Go slow, brother.” At Bravo’s request, Sanaa pressed into the orifice nice and slow, turning Reni’s shocked scream into a needy moan. He continued while Reni’s body quivered and shook at the orgasm rolling through it. The two Figura chuckled. “Already? I thought you were made of tougher stuff.”

Sanaa continued his push, the occasional squirt of pre lubing the passage as his member pushed deeper. With another spasm from Remi, Sanaa bottomed out, wrapping his arms around the Celopi’s waist. “She is real tight brother, I’m not sure how long I can last.”

“Same. It’s been months since any ‘Relief’.” Bravo turned to Reni, looking her dead in her glazed over eyes. “Saldenarei Copa Drashi.” She nodded. “Say it.”

“Sa-...” Reni moaned, her hands barely gripping the smaller Figuran’s shoulders. “Saldenarei Copa Drashi...”

“Good.” He withdrew his cock to near the tip, eliciting a small whine from Reni. He smiled as his brother stifled a laugh. “Don’t want me to leave?” Reni shook her head, and then whispered something inaudible. “What was that?” He leaned in close to hear properly.

Reni’s hand slid from Bravo’s shoulder, falling onto the exposed section of his shaft, wrapping around it lightly before running her fingertips around her pussy lips. “All the way...” As she felt herself be filled, new thoughts ran through her mind. Perhaps this investigation needed to run a little longer after all...and a little personal blackmail on the ‘Terran’ spy might be more useful than a promotion...