

I hate this guy.

The way he behaves. The way he speaks. The way he thinks... Every single hair of my fur stand up from the hate and the disgust his sight provokes in me. It's a natural hatred. The very same every one feels in front of something he doesn't understand. And that was the thing, I couldn't put my finger on this guy. He is too random to be trusted.

It has always been like this. Ever since he moved here four years ago.

We met in a seedy dead-end. I had dropped my gun earlier in the evening during a small chase after another Valkyrie addict and was roaming through the decades-old piles of trash stashed there. It was then that I felt something hit the border of my hat. I first ignored it, cursing myself for having forgotten my umbrella again, until I felt a larger puddle and two more small patches fall on my hat. I stopped dead in my tracks.

It sounded liquid but felt too heavy to be mere rain. When a drop rolled and dangled in front of my eyes, threatening to fall on my muzzle, I jumped back and quickly took my hat off to shake the drop off, horrified. I jerked my eyes upward and I saw him, kneeling on the border of the buildings above me and tucking his crotch back in his pants. He then stood up, shouted: « Take my seed Manathan!! » and left away using what appeared to be black spider web that came out of his wrists. Unable to pursue him I satisfied myself with a « We're in France Douchebag! ». It's then that I suddenly noticed my gun from the corner of my eye. I went to grab it before I noticed the thick white drop that had nestled itself on the cross...

He still has a poor sense of geography but he has a gift. A symbiote. It covers his whole body like a full body leather suit. It is so dark and shining, it gives him an aura in the dim lights of the empty interrogation room we're in. Hadn't it been liquid-looking, it could have accentuated his very muscular body and maybe even hot to look... I stress the maybe.

Not only does it make him stronger and faster, it also makes him very hard to kill. It never stopped him trying to push off the limits. Without it, he could have turned up dead floating in the Zoe river years ago and no one would have cared. Not even priests. What's the use of praying for someone no one sees you praying for?

The only sounds in the room are the creaks of the old wooden chair I'm sitting in and the screechings the ropes make whenever he moves. The symbiote on his body could have crawled away anytime but somehow it was like it was so used to this host that it didn't want to. Maybe they could talk to each other and came to an agreement. No one knows what's happening in « their » heads.

He is blindfolded and tightly tied to the table. He is laid on his back, his arms and hands tied behind it while his legs are tied to two tables legs, making his crotch is easily accessible. His cock is sausaged tightly with a complicated knot that only gets tighter with each movement.

I hate having to resort to such methods but it's the only one that seems to work with him. And to make it worse for me, he actually likes what he's going through. My eyes clench and I take a deep breath on my smoke to chase that thought away, focusing on how we lured him here...

He suddenly groans lustily out loud and cuts my trail of thought.

-Who's there?

Damn I hate that voice. I throw my smoke to shut him. The symbiote bounces it off him.

-Oh it's you... still smoking that imported french brand?

He still doesn't know he's in France. I stand up and get close of him, opening my fly. He winks his pink abused hole at me. A drop of cum rolls out and lands on the floor.

-You're not the first one tonight. I hope you don't mind sloppy seconds.
-Until we all get what we want...

I take my sheath out and rub it over his hole, trying to get hard. He pushes back like a whore in need, his rope-squeezed cock bouncing back and forth as he does. Not only does it tightens the knots around it but it also sends a copious amount of pre on his belly.

I smile, it is finally working. He's asking for it. The negotiations can finally start. I grab his leg and get closer, rubbing my slowly erecting cock over his hole. He quivers and moan, angered by the teasing. He'll get what he wants as soon as I get what I want.

-Where is he?
-Who?
-Wrong answer.

My cock is now half hard and still rubbing his hole. At least, my body react on its own...
His cock seems even harder with all the ropes around it. Another copious puddle leaks out of him and lands in his bellybutton.

-Where... is... he?
-I don't know...
-I said... WHERE... IS... HE?
-I... DON'T... KNOW!!

My cock is now fully hard and ready to fill him. I rub my entire length in the crook of his butt, letting him know how long I am and that I have a knot. That last detail seems to please him immensely. He pushes back even more, almost whimpering for it. It makes him look uglier. I tease his hole, letting my pre smear it. His hole has been abused so many times tonight and is so sensitive, he actually feels every drop that make his ass lips slip against each other.

-Please...
-Where is he?
-I swear I have no idea!!
-One last time, where is he?
-I SAID I DON'T KNOW!!! FUCK ME ALREADY FOR GOD'S SAKE!!!

I let him go, tuck my cock back in my pants and walk toward the door.

-DON'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS!! THE ROPES... THEY SQUEEZE SO MUCH IT HURTS!!
-You know that if I fuck you, the rope untighten?
-YES!! YES!! PLEASE!! COME FUCK ME NOW!! COME HERE RIGHT NOW!!
-Where is he then?
-... FUCK YOU!!
-I'll be back later.

I open the door and leave. His screams and taunts are cut short when the door closes. Smirnov has been watching the whole thing through the one-way mirror. His always worried German Shepard eyes are set on me, hoping I'd give him something he hadn't already heard. I glance back and chuckle. He looks more worried about getting caught than the safety of Venom. I start to leave.

-Don't worry, he'll talk. He always does. I say.

I wave the nightwatcher and exit the police station. I light another cigarette and sigh deeply. I'm tired. I'm hungry. I'm exhausted. And I'm about to give the fuck of his life to a guy I'd rather choke myself just to get a tiny bit of information... Damn Job.