

Into the Beastlands

Crimson Rose

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Opening the heavy metal door of the interview room, a tall, lithe leopard-type furtasian woman wearing a finely tailored skirt suit – extremely long purple hair tied back in a ponytail, entered, closed the door behind her and then gave the older, tiger-type furtasian woman sitting at a long table stared blindly into nothingness. Despite triple digit temperatures outside her face was the only exposed part of her body. Walking to the opposite side of the table, the leopard woman pulled a chair out and sat down. “Good morning Miss Kalina. I’m Agent Vauthia and I want to thank you for agreeing to come in and talk with me today. Can I get you something to eat or drink?”

“I’m fine, but thank you for asking. I know what you want, Agent Vauthia, and I’m here to tell you the same thing I’ve told the hundreds that came before. No.”

“No?”

“I will not help you or anyone else find the Beastlands and the only reason I’m here is to tell you that this is the last time I want to be bothered with this nonsense. Any further contact from law enforcement will be met with swift and severe retribution.”

“I understand your frustration, Miss Kalina, but I ask that you please hear me out. If you still wish to leave afterward I’ll personally take you home and ensure you’re never bothered again.”

“I’ve heard it all before, Agent Vauthia, and I made up my mind long ago that I would never help anyone find that horrible place so you’re just wasting both of our time.”

“I know your story, Miss Kalina, and it truly breaks my heart knowing there are hundreds, if not thousands of others out there suffering the same indescribable horrors day in and day out. I want to end their suffering and I want to bring those responsible to justice. I know, you’ve heard it all before, but I’m not just any ordinary Agent of the BFA, Miss Kalina. I am a Reaper. Do you know what that means?” Vauthia asked, even as the look of shock on the older woman’s face told her everything. “I am equipped with means far beyond the average member of law enforcement. I have been trained in more than a dozen forms of martial arts and self-defense. What’s more, unlike other members of law enforcement that you’ve dealt with in the past, I am uniquely qualified to help you.”

“Help me? What’s that supposed to mean? Do I look like I need help?”

“I meant no offense. As I said, I’ve read your file. I know what those monsters did to you and I can help alleviate the constant pain you’re struggling with. I have the means of healing the scars derma-mend could not touch as well as returning your sight.”

“Even if you are a Reaper no one can do what you offer so please take me home.”

“As I said, I am uniquely qualified to help. I cannot go into any further detail unless you agree to help, but as a token of good faith I’ve been authorized to offer you a sample of what you can expect should you agree to help.” And with that, Vauthia picked up a small metal case sitting on the floor to her right and then sat it down in front of her. Opening it, she removed a flat sealed package which she slid across the table. “About an inch in front of your hands is a package containing a bandage treated with a classified material. I assure you it has thoroughly been tested on humans and furtasians alike and is completely safe. I’ve seen the extent of your scarring and while you may have accepted them as part of your life, they do not have to be. If you are able to do so on your own, pull up your left sleeve, open the package, and then wrap the bandage from wrist to elbow. Just so there are no surprises, you’ll feel a tingling sensation for about ten

minutes akin to your arm falling asleep. That is perfectly normal and means the medication is doing its job. Once the tingling stops you may remove the bandage and then feel your arm.”

“How do I know this isn’t some sort of trick to drug me into helping?”

“You don’t. But for what it’s worth, I’m a woman of my word. If you still wish to go home even after this first treatment without telling me anything then that’s exactly what I’ll do.”

“And you’ll never bother me again?”

“If that’s what you want.”

Reaching out, Kalina lightly traced her fingers over the plastic packaging for several long seconds before cautiously picking it up. “Why do you wish to go to the Beastlands?” she asked as she rolled the package over in her gloved hands.

“To put an end to their reign of terror and give those taken against their will a chance of freedom.”

“Law enforcement of all divisions and areas of expertise have tried and failed. The lucky ones were killed and put on display as example. The unlucky are kept, assigned to a new Master and are then thoroughly broken before being trained as the most perverse sex slaves imaginable. Other than youthful arrogance, what makes you think you can succeed where so many before have failed?”

“If I come off as sounding arrogant then I apologize as I am far from,” Vauthia replied. “The look on your face when I mentioned the Reapers tells me you know who they are and what they stand for. You know that when we take on a task we do not stop until it has been completed. I was born and raised to end the Beastlands once and for all and that’s exactly what I’ll do with or without your help.”

“If you don’t need my help then why am I here, Agent Vauthia?” Kalina asked as she carefully tore the package open. Her nose immediately hit with a complex and wholly unpleasant mix of aromas, she visibly cringed.

“You’re here, Miss Kalina, because you’re one of the few women to escape the Beastlands with her mind fully intact and because I know deep down you want that despicable place shut down and those running it brought to justice,” Vauthia answered as she watched the older tiger woman rolling up the right sleeve of her blouse.

“You’re right, I want nothing more than to see every single one of those sadistic bastards burn for what they did to me and thousands of other innocent women, but you’ve yet to tell me how you plan on carrying out such a monumental task,” Kalina said as she slowly, carefully wrap the bandage around her heavily scarred and mostly furless forearm.

“A demonstration then.” Removing a small bottle from the box, Vauthia slid it across the table. “When you’re finished wrapping your arm there’s a bottle of eyedrops in front of you. Apply three to each eye. They won’t cure your blindness completely, but will temporarily clear your vision enough to watch a sample of what I’m capable of.”

“No such eyedrops exist.”

“Not to the general public. This is Reaper technology and I assure you they will clear your vision every bit as much as the bandage will heal your scars. The effects will only last a few hours, but if you agree to help then you’ll have full sight soon enough.”

“You’re incredibly confident, I’ll give you that, Agent Vauthia, but if you truly are a Reaper then looking upon you would be a death sentence.”

“Under normal circumstances, yes, but you will not be looking upon the real me.”

“More Reaper technology?”

“Yes Ma’am. I cannot tell you everything without having to kill you which would defeat the purpose of helping you, so just know that I am one of the most technologically advanced beings on earth and leave it at that.”

“Whatever is on the bandage is doing more than making my arm feel like it’s asleep.”

“Apologies, I forgot to mention there might be a mild burning sensation. I say might because not everyone experiences the same side effects.”

“I’ve endured far worse.”

“Of that I have no doubt.”

“I want to thank you, Agent Vauthia. I can’t even begin to tell you how many people treat me as if I’m broken and useless – more often than not demanding to help me with the simplest of tasks despite me having done them a million times before they were even born,” Kalina said as she reached out for the tiny bottle of Reaper formulated eyedrops. “Any side effects I should know about beforehand?”

“I won’t sugarcoat it, Miss Kalina. Based on what I know of your condition it’s going to hurt. A lot. But I promise you’ll be able to see again afterward. Not at one hundred percent, mind you, but definitely better than you have in years. This room is soundproof so if you need to scream, or pound your fists on the table, then just let it out.”

“I learned to block out any and all forms of pain long ago, Agent Vauthia,” Kalina said as she unscrewed the cap of the bottle, brought it up to her left eye, and then counted out three drops before doing the same to the right. The pain was immediate and intense, but nothing compared to the torture her captors administered on a near daily basis. In seconds she could see miniscule pinpricks of light in the never-ending void of darkness she had lived with for the better part of four decades as just one of many prices she paid for her freedom. In about a minute she could see shadow. Eyes darting around the room, she saw movement in front of a shadowy shape. “I... I can see you! At least your silhouette anyway.”

“That’s very good. You’ll regain more vision over the course of the next hour, but as I said before it will not be perfect and will only last a few hours.”

“This is already far more sight than the best doctors in the world thought possible without cybernetic implants so even if it’s short lived I can never thank you enough for giving me the opportunity and ability to see the world again.”

“It’s my pleasure and honor. I don’t know if I should be saying this or not, but you’re something of a hero to me.”

“Hero? In what universe do I even remotely qualify for that honorific? I’m a washed-up old hag that who’s only claim to fame is being snatched off the streets on her way home from work and spending nearly seven hours in hell being trained as a sex slave by men looking for a chance to beat me half to death. I’d hardly call that heroic.”

“I consider it extremely heroic,” Vauthia countered. “Yes, you were snatched off the street as so many before, and yes, you were subjected to unimaginable torture, but you also endured, survived, and helped more than fifty women once again know freedom. As for being a washed-up old hag, sixty-three isn’t that old when your species lives for more than three hundred. I’m going to be completely honest with you, Miss Kalina, you’re the reason I went into law enforcement. I read your case file far too young, but knew even then I needed to be in a career where I could help in the direst of situations. I’ve read your file so many times I can recite it verbatim. Thanks to you I’ve helped hundreds of men and women, human and furtasian alike escape abusive relationships. I’ve taken criminals off the streets and put them in prison where they belong. You might not see it in yourself, but you’re a hero to me.”

“We’ll have to agree to disagree,” Kalina said as she continued taking in more details of the interview room. “If the Council of Reapers has access to this level of technology why haven’t the rest of the world heard of it?”

“Simple, we haven’t, nor will we ever release it to the public.”

“So, let me get this straight; you have the ability to cure incurable blindness and mend flesh that not even our best medicines can touch and you’re hoarding it for yourselves? Tell me, Agent Vauthia, why would I want to help someone that won’t help others?”

“I’ve helped hundreds, if not thousands of people, Miss Kalina, but what you must understand is that while we would release our technologies to do good, in the wrong hands it can do unspeakable horrors. That being said, while we do not release our best technologies, we do release highly effective, more economic versions affordable to all. Derma-mend, for example is a less potent version of the medications coating the bandage on your arm. And since it hit the markets more than half a trillion doses have been sold at approximately three dollars a dose. In contrast, the medication on that bandage is about forty-thousand dollars per dose. Those eyedrops are about eight thousand a bottle while the treatment you’ll receive to fully restore your sight runs nearly two million dollars. Is it fair? Absolutely not. But at the same time at least we’re giving the people something affordable. Which is a lot more than I can say for most of the pharmaceutical companies.”

“I think I’d like you to take me home now, Agent Vauthia.”

“Why don’t we...”

“You said you’d take me home if I asked. Well, I’m asking.”

“Please allow me to finish. As I was saying, why don’t we give it a few minutes for the bandage to take full effect and once it has been disposed of I’ll happily take you home.”

“I guess that’s fair, but if this is a trick I won’t go down without a fight.”

“I give you my word that no harm will come to you and as soon as the bandage and eyedrops have been disposed of I’ll personally take you wherever you wish to go.”