

Ebon Rites
Chapter 3
Revelrous Crowds

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Hurriedly, his staggering paces took him through the crunching, snapping twigs beneath as his arms swept the jade branches of trees and bushes aside frantically. The badger could hear the distressed cries of the female he sought to save from this evil terror that haunted her with an impending doom. He had to prevent this innocent from becoming a victim, mounting his strategy for his heroic attempt at a rescue. He kept on going, following the cries, thinking someone in trouble as he withdrew his sacred cross which unfolded into a religious blade. Bursting through into a small clearing, the muscular badger came right up to the fleeing damsel, blue-haired and with torn clothes, and gave a rather goofy look as he eyed her beauty. Then he shook his head, turning from her to face her assaulter.

“I won’t let any harm befall you,” he assured the surprised girl. He removed his coat and gave it to her, wrapping it around her shoulders. “How dare anything attempt to rape such a beauty without provocation?” There was a strong heat to his voice as Kalokin slithered out from the dark depths before Ashoka. He really believed Z was about to be molested, eaten, killed or worse by Kalokin. He needed to make his stand now, and his sword shone, exuding light as he was prepared to go into battle against the force of darkness. “I will slay you now demon, and not give you the chance to repent... You shall... Ouch!”

Ashoka suddenly cried out in agony as he felt his shin throbbing from a hard kick by the tanned girl, who was still clinging to a torn cloth around her breasts, even as Ashoka’s jacket was draped around her shoulders. The badger gave her a betrayed expression, wondering what the girl was doing. She’d looked terrified when he’d come upon her, and this was how she repaid him? By kicking him?

“What was that for?” the badger blurted out, completely forgetting about the serpent demon for a moment as he pled for a clue from the maiden. “I’m trying to save you. Have you lost your mind?”

“No, I’ve not, you meanie!” Z retorted, her hands on her hips as she glared at Ashoka. She raised a hand and extended an accusatory finger at him. “Why are you trying to kill him, huh? What’s he done wrong? It’s not nice to barge into people’s matters when they are having fun!”

“Fun?” Ashoka repeated, astonished by what he was hearing. A wave of pity washed over him as he realized that Z must be addled somehow. “You may be under its influence, its powers are great and I can feel it! It is a vile, wretched creature that cares for nothing but itself.”

“No, I am under no, errr...whatever that word was you said...and that’s not nice calling him a...whatever that *other* word was you said!” Z hauled back one foot and kicked Ashoka hard in the shin again.

“Ouch, cut that out, I’m trying to help!” he insisted “Ouch ouch ouch, stop it for crying out loud!” Z continued to kick his shins making him hop on one foot after the other. Poor Kalokin looked on in confused amusement, his head tilted to the side as he tried to figure out how things had ended up like this.

“Excuse me, sir,” he began, waving a hand at Ashoka, “but maybe...*I* could explain...”

“Silence, vile demon!” Ashoka roared at him. “You...ow! Now really, miss, please stop kicking me...You have nothing to explain! I’ve dealt with your kind before!”

“But I really think you’ve misunderst-”

“I said silence! Foul beast!” Ashoka waved his sword menacingly, or as menacingly as he could when his shins were being battered about by Z’s well-aimed kicks.

“Perv!” Z cried out, interrupting them. She kicked at Ashoka once more for good measure. “You just want to look at my tits!”

Kalokin looked on at the scene taking place and then realized it must be true. How could it not be? She did have the most amazing tits. “Hey, yeah, why did you ruin our fun? Just like she says, you want to check out her big tits, you dirty old badger!”

“What?” Ashoka looked between the two of them. The insult against his honor was almost too much for him to handle. “Hey, I’m not a dirty old badger! I am a third tier Order of Luminance agent. I resent such claims of common vulgarity!”

“Lies!” Z bellowed, as she removed her arm to let the cloth fall away from her voluptuous, sexy golden breasts, granting them that eye capturing bouncing freedom they needed in mouth watering weighty jiggles. Despite his fervent claims from before, Ashoka couldn’t keep his eyes from widening as he beheld the most perfect set of smoothly-skinned knockers he could remember having seen in his life.

Oh lordy, they’re so damn hot and firm..., he thought as he was mesmerized by the sightly perfection. His eyes were locked to those caramel womanly assets, and her erect hazel nipples were such a sweet texture. He felt his mouth begin to water as he longed to suckle at them.

“See, I knew it, you can’t keep your eyes off them!” she cried.

“Hey, that’s not fair, you flashed them at me so it’s not my fault,” the badger protested, but his eyes couldn’t move away from those lovely firm tits.

The snake became angry. “She’s my friend, stop staring at them! Women should be respected

and defiled with modesty! If you can't keep your eyes off them, I'll sort you out!" Kalokin opened his mouth, his jaw unhinging to an unnatural degree, and with one fell swoop he brought his mouth down around Ashoka, gripping over his torso as he was helplessly hoisted up into the air before being swallowed down whole. The lump of his body could be seen traveling down Kalokin's throat.

Z's eyes became like dinner plates as she saw the still-wriggling bulge slither down to Kalokin's belly. "You killed him!" Z gasped, pointing at Kalokin's throat.

Kalokin, suddenly looking embarrassed, covered his mouth and turned away slightly to hide the unsightly lump from Z's view. "I'm sorry, I was hungry and upset he was being so mean to us, and I needed comfort food."

To his great surprise, that explanation seemed to be exactly what Z needed, and her expression immediately brightened. "Aww, I'm sorry for jumping the gun," the bronze-skinned lass said in a comforting tone. "That's okay then, if it's for food then it's the circle of life!"

"You're a sweetie," Kalokin said with relief. For a moment, he'd thought he was about to lose his practice virgin. "It's nice to be with someone that understands me."

"Hakunamatata!"

"Huh? What does that mean?"

"I don't know," Z said, touching a finger to her bottom lip. "But it means something good. I saw it once in a cartoon!"

"Oh, well...thanks?" Kalokin said, though he was still a bit confused. "You're so thoughtful."

"Oh shucks, I try my best!" she cheered

"He's right, though, you have great tits!" he complimented as the tip of his tail swept around and under them to make them bounce up and down a couple of times. "I mean whoa, they're incredible, I really love them," he praised.

"Tehehe, thankies!" she said with a blush and girlish giggle, bashfully rubbing the back of her head.

But then his expression changed and his tail withdrew. "But I feel sad now," Kalokin lamented. "Why was that guy so mean?"

Z huffed. "Some people are just so selfish!" she pronounced. "Can't a girl enjoy helping a fiendish friend by getting herself sacrificially defiled by his huge demonic cocks without all the rude interruptions? I mean, it's not a lot to ask!"

Kalokin nodded in agreement. "Yeah, what gives, and seriously, he completely killed the mood." He heaved a huge sigh, looking down at where before his gigantic human malehood had been proudly standing free. In all the excitement, they had retreated completely.

“Yup, so totally true,” Z said with a nod. She sighed as well, reaching down and touching a hand between her legs with a frustrated expression. “I’m soooooo not wet anymore. Let’s practice later. Anyway want to hang out instead?” She swung an arm back through the forest. “I mean we can head back to the hotel and you can meet my boyfriend. I’d really like you to meet him, he’s way cool, and you’ll make another new friend!”

“What, you have a boyfriend?” Kalokin poked his hands together. “W-Wouldn’t he be upset if I defiled you?”

“No, he’s the best boyfriend ever!” Z exclaimed with a huge smile. “And it’s way-okay, he likes being cuckolded, so he won’t mind if you want to get a little experience with the whole ‘I wanna do kinky things to you’ stuff.” Z’s eyes brightened as she had what she thought was the best idea ever. “Oh-oh! He might even be able to give you a few pointers! He’s lovely like that, he’s like a total pro and defiled me a lot when we met!”

The serpent demon nodded his head enthusiastically. “That sounds great, a for-real defiler! Gosh, it’s been so long since I actually defiled someone that I bet I’m even rustier than I think. Learning from a pro would be just the ticket! What are we waiting for? Let’s get going!”

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Aria had given her team instructions, and they slipped into some festive attire to blend in, as the locals would be wearing their Halloween costumes more than likely. The slender, tall female Ailian had taken to a tastefully tight-hugging witch’s attire: a black body suit draped with sheer bolts of sable fabric, with a pointed hat. Rob, being more rugged, thought he’d make a play on his own name, wearing rags and being notably a zombie.

“Hey, Jaffah, we’re all set and waiting on you,” Rob called. He and Aria had been waiting in the common area of their suite for some time now. “Are you coming or not? So what you going as? A ghost?”

The door knob turned as the shorter feline walked out. He had quite a suave appearance, having adopted a classically simple, yet somehow quite sophisticated suit. Jaffah straightened his tie, pulling it up to his neck. “Not exactly,” he said, giving Rob a lopsided smile. He caught Aria’s eye and winked at her, seeing from her appraising expression that she found this look rather dashing.

Rob frowned, not getting it. “Why aren’t you dressed up?” he demanded. “Party pooper, huh?”

“No, certainly not I assure you,” the tiger said. He held his arms out to display his costume.

"I'm the good doctor, of course."

"What? You lost me," Rob said, giving him a blank look.

"Nevermind," Jaffah sighed, rolling his eyes. "Whether you get it or not, this *is* my costume. I'm the doctor."

"Doctor who?"

"Yes, exactly!" Jaffah said.

"...What?"

Aria couldn't help but notice he did look quite the gentleman, as he folded a handkerchief and placed in his top coat pocket. "I approve," she said, swishing her long tail. "Is good costume. Very nice. I like." She gave Jaffah a cool look, a slight smile tugging at the corners of her mouth.

Rob looked towards the door. "Only problem is, we can't take the big guns down or it will alarm others."

"No problem," Aria assured him. "Is costume party, yes? You take these." She passed him a couple of red material ribbons. "Pin them on you shirt. Make you look like war veteran zombie, you take precious gun. Look like fun party prop, yes? Poor dear." She smirked as she gave the bear a wink. "Radio check now." She looked at Jaffah, who reached for his earlobe and pressed something which made a device bleep in both her and Rob's ears. "Works good, we set now."

"What about your gun?" Rob inquired, looking at Aria.

"Oh, is here, look?" she said, lifting her broom. It wasn't her regular gun, but the prop seemed a little unusual. As Rob squinted at it, he noticed the trigger concealed within the brooms head.

"Where did that come from?" Rob asked, surprised. "I thought we were only allowed to bring one weapon apiece."

"Jaffah very resourceful. You see?" She teasingly pulled her slim skirt to one side, where the slit was to reveal her long legs, and showed him a garter which had a handgun strapped high on her inner thigh.

Jaffah gave her a teasing look. "Very nice." But he wasn't referring to her firearm, and they both knew that.

"Like my arsenal, yes?"

"Very much so, pretty boss lady," Jaffah purred. He pulled his jacket open slightly, showing her that his blade handle was tucked into a shoulder holster beneath it. "I'm concealing a weapon as well. Or more than one, but maybe you'll see the other later. And now, shall we?" He gestured with a refined motion towards the door. "Ladies first." It was time to make their way down to where the people were gathering.

A short time passed as they made their way down, having their weapons concealed in plain sight. That wouldn't have been their first choice, as they were only questioning at this point, but circumstances dictated that precautions were needed. Before long they were in the bar where the majority of the hotel patrons were concentrated. The bouncing beats filled the spacious bar area and strobing lights flashed away. The current tune was quite catchy with its melody which had Rob shuffling his feet along the floor, knocking his shoulders side to side as he made his way through various dancers. Hopefully they'd find a drunk that may have had one too many, to spill a little more information than they would have sober.

Aria decided to head more to an inconspicuous area, a corner table which was in a dark area. She plucked a glass of white wine from a passing waiter's tray, which she sniffed to savor the aroma as she sat down to make observations while the other two questioned. Reaching up she tapped her earlobe. "Big Cat in position, and will signal anything suspicious. Keep an eye out too while you question the locals."

"Roger that Big Cat," Jaffah replied. He saw someone very suspicious with a robe and some kind of hand marking talk to rather cute taur girl, unique to the eye, and quite gorgeous with stunning cheetah-like markings. The female stood up against the bar as the male seemed to offend her as she gave him an angry look. It wasn't long before he left. Jaffah couldn't help but notice she was a little distressed. This may be a break they needed. "Big Cat, moving in on a female taur, a potential lead." He moved across to the bar, and took a stool next to the female. Being as smooth as he was, he decided to use his boyish charm on the interesting lady to his side. "Pardon me, but I noticed that you're wearing a genuine Macerama bracelet?"

The curvy, slim waisted centaur girl turned to him. "Yes, it is, you have a good eye for antiquities. Are you in the antiques business?" she asked curiously, as it wasn't often, or ever, that she came across anyone that knew that.

"Well, I guess I'm a connoisseur of good taste," he said sending a smile over to her. "It really looks great and compliments you well. My friends affectionately call me Doctor. Want to throw me your name?"

"Tehehe, well then, 'Doctor', I'm Tala," she said, growing more curious in her newfound company. "It's just an old relic, nothing impressive."

"Well, it's a pretty relic, but when age-old art in metal splendor meets contemporary beauty, I see an amazing result in front of me," he said, keeping eye contact and that endearing smile going that looked even more charming under the sparkling lights. The glow from the decorative light cast a small shimmer over them, and he saw a slight blush in Tala's cheeks.

“So you’re calling me a masterpiece?”

“Maybe, but you should know that answer.”

“Oh?”

“Pieces of tasteful art are to be more than just admired, after all,” he said. “They have to be cultivated, and I can see you take great pride in your own composure.”

“Haha, are you always this cheesy with all the girls you come across?”

“No, only the ones with class, and those are far and few,” Jaffah said with another shining smile. “I guess you can tell which one you are, then? Would you like a drink on me?”

“I’ll have the same as whatever you’re having. I wouldn’t say no to a free drink.” Tala giggled, her tail waving pleasantly as she judged she’d finally found someone at the bar who wasn’t a terrible bore.

“I’d drink to that, haha.” Jaffah had to be careful not to get too serious with this. He needed to derail to more casual to keep her interest and now he had her. “But I’m simply not just the cliché if you want to know more.” He waved over the barmaid. A sexy lynx wearing a name badge which he caught as “Clarisse” walked over. “Two chardonnays, if you will, Clarisse,” he said as he turned back to the taur girl.

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Down deep in the basement, the cult leader paused in his recitation of the evil ritual. He turned his head, looking back at the door, as something tugged at his senses. He could feel a disturbance, and more than that, something that had the unmistakable hallmark of a threat. What could it be? He closed his eyes, reaching out with his mind to touch those of the occupants of the hotel. Everything seemed normal. The brains of those who were partying upstairs were filled with nothing more than simple revelry. Perhaps he had overreacted?

Just as he was about to turn his attention back to the matter at hand, he caught it. There was something different there. A mind much more serious, or perhaps several of them? Regardless, one of them struck him as more serious than the others, a mind which was focused on a single goal. Hissing between his teeth, he turned back to his group.

“Step forward.” The direction of his gaze made it clear whom he was speaking to. One of the robed figures in the circle, taller than most of the rest, moved up to stand in the center before the leader.

“What is it?” he asked.

“Someone has joined us,” he said. “Someone you know. They must be dealt with.”

The robed figure stiffened. “You can’t mean...?”

“I sense her here,” the leader insisted. “She has come for you. This is a task that only you can take care of. I trust the matter will not trouble you?”

Slowly, the robed man reached up and lowered his hood. His head, feline in appearance, covered in black fur, revealed a face of resolution as he shook his head. “No, master. I will obey your orders. My loyalty is undyingly to the Black Star. It always has been, and always will be. I will make her regret having ever come here.”

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The well dressed red tiger questioned his taur female for more information. Slowly edging more details through carefully worded probing. Smiling, she was hooked on him. His interest wasn’t in her, it was purely professional, but he had a way to entice the sexual opposite to gaining what he needed. “That sounds incredible, Tala,” he said as she spoke about her home. The centaur moved along to talk about being nervous on holiday. Finally he was getting the conversation to where he needed it. “Oh, do go on, you know you have my support,” he said as she sipped at her seventh Chardonnay. The alcohol was doing its work, loosening her lips as it dropped her inhibitions.

“Well, there’s some messed-up creeps around here,” Tala said, her face quite red now as she giggled like a schoolgirl. “I mean, there’s these guys who want me to join this stupid religious sect. I’m not sure if that’s what it is, but they said I will be well off. They’re really creepy.”

“Creepy as in...?”

“They wear weird robes from time to time, but not always, and they have some strange tattoo on the back of their hand.” She grimaced as she raised one of her own, extending her fingers daintily. “They said I’d need it branded on me. And I was like, whoa, I like small tattoos but I’m not one for getting my skin branded like I’m some cattle. I might be a taur but I’m not a pack mule...I mean for my species it’s incredibly insulting.”

“I see, I can’t blame you for it. Taurs, during the autocratic reign of the Jurashia empire, were subjugated and suppressed, until Helifah helped pack a rebellion while concealing your numbers. He’s a remarkable taur of his time. So these creepy guys, do you know where they’re from?”

“I’m surprised with your multi-species historical knowledge, Doctor tehehe, and no. I wish I did and I’d love probably get them arrested,” she said. Jaffah knew he had come to a bridge which he

couldn't cross and the conversation had to end.

"Thank you, and you're an amazing woman. I must be on my way but maybe we'll meet later as I'll be around," he said as he got up and turned from her. The taur felt really distressed by him leaving and reached out and grabbed his hand, turning him around before he could get away.

"Listen, you clit-tease, I'm not going to let you off that easy," she said, as she looked him dead in the eye. She passed him a handkerchief with a room number and time. Pleasantly he smiled back and took it from her, placing it in his pocket. "You'll come see me, right?"

"I can't promise, sadly, but I will try," he said with a suave smile, although he had no intention of doing so. It was purely politeness to keep her suspicion down.

Across the way Rob had found a unique lively character amidst the pumping music beats, watching as he flipped and twirled on the dance floor. A few people were clapping as his body popped away, chanting "Rai Rai Rai", which made it easier to deduce the hedgehog's name, at least. Moments later he was finished with the song, as he walked off being cheered by people watching him. Rob noticed the unique red fur and spikes with blue tinges at the end of his hair stood out to be very different from others of a similar species. The bear made a deduction that this guy was probably a regular here and it was best to see if he knew something.

Walking up to him he accidentally nudged him, and being a much larger creature, knocked him down. "Oh, I'm really sorry I didn't see you down there," he apologized, extending a hand down to Rai. "I'm an oaf at times. Let me help you up."

"Ugh, it's okay, happens," the hedgehog replied as he took Rob's hand.

"I need a word with you, and I'm going to be blunt."

"Err, did I do something wrong?" Rai's eyes went wide, and he backed away from the polar bear a few steps as he got up. "Look, uh...I mean...that polar bear chick I boned...I didn't know that bear was your girlfriend, if it's about that? I swear she said she was single!"

Huh, what? Maybe I can play this to my advantage.

"Listen," Rob said. He grinned and leaned forward, showing off his teeth. "I'll let you off if you answer some questions. Hell, I'll even let you fuck her again. Now, have you seen any suspicious characters around here lately? Maybe a tall male cat? Ailian, per chance?"

The hedgehog regarded Rob with suspicion, but he could also see a hell of a lot of temptation in his expression. This polar bear chick he mentioned must have been one hot number. Rob thought maybe he'd come back to Syntasha for a vacation after this was all over. "Yeah, there is. Big, black-furred guy in a robe. He hangs out here now and then." Rai shrugged. "They have some whacked-out group. I think they're a bunch of roleplayers or something. Not my kind of thing. They wanted me to

join, promising me power and all that jazz, but I didn't want to play their weird roleplay. I had a feeling they're whackos and couldn't tell if they were serious or just deranged."

"Oh? And do you know where they hang out?"

"Well there's a couple of locations he asked me to come to at least to try it out and if I like then stay," he said. Rai shuffled nervously. "Look...those guys were kinda creepy, and I dunno if I should say any more about it..."

"You can at least get a little more specific," Rob told him, looking quite menacingly at the smaller hedgehog.

Rai shrunk back a bit. "Okay, okay...Well, the place I remember is into the forest southeast of the solstice decorative obelisk. It's an ancient structure that's supposed to be in the honor of some 'demon' or some superstitious nonsense like that." He shook his head, his quills swaying back and forth with nervous anxiety. "There was another place, but I kinda switched off when he said it. I'm sorry it's all I know."

"Fine, and here," Rob said, handing him a generous sum of money. "Go get yourself a drink on me." He patted Rai's shoulder heavily, looking him straight in the eyes. "And this conversation never happened, got it? Especially don't tell my...girlfriend, if you know what's good for you."

The hedgehog raised a brow, but snatched the cash and walked off at a rather quick pace.

Near the corner of the bar, a sad looking arctic fox waded his way through the crowd and sat down at the corner table by Aria. His arrival didn't go unnoticed by the ever keen feline as she noted the expression on his face seemed a little worried. She just let him sit there awhile, as he stared down at his beer bottle, clasping it with both hands. Having given him a moment, she was curious to inquire.

"On holiday?" she asked, looking at him.

"Y-Yes," he simply replied.

"You have hard day?" she pushed to try break the ice.

"Something like that, you could say, yes."

Aria was finding it difficult to talk to him, and thought it a better approach, maybe, to sympathize with whatever burden he had. "Me too, what bother you? Mind if I ask?"

"Well, I don't know you," he said, unsure if he should speak of private matters.

"Well, I stranger, you confide, never see again so you have no loss. Only comfort, yes?"

"I guess when you put it that way," he sobbed. "My name is Kyroo."

"I'm Aria, pleasure mine to meet you."

He smiled a little bit, "You have a lovely accent, and you're pretty, too, so I don't want to

mislead you in any way, but I have a girlfriend,” he stated.

“I no interested in fling,” Aria assured him. “Just help, yes?” She did her best at a consoling smile, which wasn’t very good but seemed to be enough for the sullen-faced fox.

“Oh, I mean, err, sorry, I just assumed.”

“No, is okay,” Aria said. “So why you so sad? I guess about girlfriend?”

“Well, I’m really worried about her,” Kyroo explained. “She doesn’t want to come down from the hotel room, as there’s rumors that sick people are abducting girls.” This roused Aria’s interest, and she wondered if this could be tied into her former comrade in any way. Surely she should know about anything unusual that was happening in the area.

“Why? You know?” She pressed him to continue.

“I think they’re revolting rumors, but apparently these guys, or whoever they are, are seriously perverted and screwed. They’re pinning down girls and spreading them to see if they’re virgins and then just leaving them distressed in shock.” Kyroo sighed heavily, looking inconsolable. “And now, our holiday fun is ruined as she doesn’t want to leave the room. I told her they’re probably just made-up rumors, but she’s adamant she doesn’t want to leave.” He then stopped, just blankly looking at his bottle.

Aria needed to know more and decided to probe him deeper about these rumors. “Know who people are?”

“No, but I heard in pacing that they have particular markings on the back of their hands,” he said. That little tidbit of information caught her attention, and she decided to press her luck.

Aria reached into the top of her costume, pulling out a small device. “I have lost friend. Your news...worries me. Seen him?” she quizzed, as she held out a card that projected a holographic image of her target.

Kyroo glanced at the image Aria was showing him, and then he took a closer look. “Yes, he’s one of them, I think. I’ve seen him here a couple of times. He just sits for a while at the bar, has a drink or two, and then goes.” The fox nodded, certain in his identification. “I think he also has same marking on the back of his hand that the rest of them have.” He lifted his beer bottle and drained it, clinking the empty container on the tabletop. “That’s all I know about it, really. Like I said, it’s all just a silly, terrible rumor. Anyway, thanks for hearing me out.”

“Is no problem. I think best thing is you go to room and spend quality time. Make you girl feel safe, yes?”

“I think you’re right, thanks.”

“Is no problem,” she replied with a soothing smile as he got up and walked off. Not much to go

on, but it was something. At least Aria now knew that they were definitely on the right track. The information was valuable enough to let her know she was getting closer.

Tapping her earlobe she quickly conveyed her findings to the others as they responded back with theirs. Combined it was a bigger picture, her former comrade was mixed up in something else. It seemed he was recruiting, and humiliating females with his goons. She didn't want to believe it but he was mixed up in all this and she needed answers. The only way to do that was to get to him. They now had a rough idea where he would be now too.

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While Clarisse headed back behind the bar to retrieve some fresh bottles of liquor, she wondered how much longer Ashoka was going to be. She hadn't heard from him in a couple of hours, and she was starting to get worried. She hoped nothing had happened to him, but she had to trust him. He was their leader, after all, and he could take care of himself.

Suddenly, the lynx gave a yelp as she felt a vibration in her bra. "What the...Oh!" she exclaimed. She remembered the device that Ashoka had given to her. Clarisse reached inside her top and pulled out the card-sized reader. She could see the signatures of a high class demon which was off the scales. Kieran also received the signal elsewhere.

Meanwhile, Z had passed through the checkpoints Ashoka had previously set up. It had triggered the relay, which she nor her slithering friend had noticed. Both Clarisse along with Kieran had received the Class One threat signal with a legendary demonic signature off the scales. They deactivated it, as per instructions that it was the test signal to make sure the equipment is working, not realizing their critical mistake.

Waltzing her way along with newly formed holographic attire to match the sexy number she produced earlier, Z walked to the pool party area as she spotted Aryn. She decided to be sneaky and creep up behind him, tip-toeing like a spy to pounce on him. Kalokin watched on as she snuck, moving from plant pot to pot, quite the twinkle toes. Within reach of pouncing she leapt out at him as he casually moved aside as Z flapped her arms to gain balance as she over shot, missing him completely as she splattered into the water sending water over Aryn. "Hey, no fair!"

"Well, I didn't know if you were a poacher, I got to be vigilant," he said, "I'm sorry," he lied, as he enjoyed the sight of her soaked. He could smell her from the moment of her arrival. Offering his tail to help her out, he had a goofy smile on his face seeing how her holographic attire reflected she was

wet and adapted. *Definitely a sexy Ms Wet T-Shirt*, he thought and purred. “Krrrr.”

Z took hold of his tail and helped herself out of the pool. “Meanie, and anyway I met a new friend for your cuckold fetishes a-huh!” she said with a happy smile.

“What? I do not have a cuckold fetish, I allow you to procreate intimately with others as a sign of affection!” The snow leopard tossed his head and looked away, feigning offense at her words. But she saw right through him as she giggled and shook her hair off.

“Well, whatever, want to see my new friend pound me?” Z bent over alluringly, shaking her ass and her breasts all at once.

“Oh yeah, sure! I mean huh? Well I mean...I don’t know what I mean,” he said as his front leg came up to rub his paw along the top of his head.

“Well you want to. Anyway I want you to meet him and I’ve told him a lot about you!” she said, not making an effort to dry herself. The huge serpent slithered out.

“Oh hey!” the demon serpent hissed. He tried to present a friendly face, knowing that if anyone else watching realized his true nature they’d out him immediately. “My name is Kalokin. I was hoping a pro like you could maybe...errr...well, give me pointers, you know?”

“Give him pointers?” the snow leopard asked Z, confused. “About?”

“You know you can talk to me directly, I’m a demon you know and can understand what you’re saying.”

“Oh, sorry I... “ *When I wished someone other than Z to be able to talk to me, I... nevermind...*

“Yeah, Z told me you’re the man!” Kalokin said fervently. “Well, cat anyway haha. She said you’re the best boyfriend in the whole universe so she’s very keen on you. You two are adorable!”

“Yeah my Cheetie-poo is like the best defiler in the whole galaxy, like totally, he’s got me sooooo good!” Z pronounced, looking very proud of him. She patted the feral feline on the head, getting his fur nice and damp in the process. “And he stalked me tons, ripped off my clothes and totally molested me. I mean he’s hardcore, even pinned me down! How cool is that?”

“Whoa, he’s done it many times? That’s pretty good, he must be pro at molesting girls then!”

“What? Huh, I’m not a girl molester...,” Aryn protested.

“Oh, don’t be modest!” Kalokin said with a smirk. “Z here has told me all about how good you are at molesting her! I really need the help, since my own skills have gotten so rusty over the centuries. I really wanna pick your brains, so please tell me everything that you know! I promise I can be a good student!”

“Yeah, totally!” Z agreed, nodding her head up and down emphatically.

Aryn looked between them, feeling his face warm from the praise. “Well...Well, I’m not the

best, but...but I suppose I can...you know...help and stuff...”

Kalokin’s tail swished around and pets the feline's head with the tip of his huge scaly tail.

“There, there, don’t need to be modest. What does it feel like, hmm as in how does her amazing alien pussy feel like?”

Aryn gulped and cleared his throat, unable to avoid the question. “Well, err, I’m still working on getting in there...”

Kalokin looked surprised and leaned forward, puzzled by the reply. “So what are you saying, you’ve not scored yet, I thought you were pro?”

Z blurted out, “He totally is!”

“It’s complex, but I’ve, ahem defiled her, as you put it, in other ways. The art of seeking to thrill comes in the richness of creative methods. Only those who find themselves failing to explore beyond the vanilla often find a lack of variety within their sexually active lives,” he said as Kalokin curled and sat in awe while Aryn went into a professor like mindset explaining the laws of defiling. “There’s many methods to defile your lover, but then it’s not really defiling if she loves it, so it makes it okay, it then is more fantasy which is always safer and better as no one is really hurt.”

Kalokin nodded. “To be honest...I’ve never really defiled anyone who was totally consenting and into it. It sounds like a really cool idea!” He looked in awe of the snow leopard. “Whoa, you’re so smart for a feral kitty. Z is very nice and you’re a lucky guy.”

“Thanks, hmm never really thought about it that way,” he said and smiled at Z as he moved over and licked her cheek with a lengthy big lap of his powerful tongue, giving her a purr. “If you ask my girl real nice you can defile her too, as many times as you like, while we’re on holiday if it helps, as long as I can watch her enjoying herself now and then.”

Kalokin starts crying as huge tears run down his cheeks. “Awwwww guys! Thanks for letting me violate your girlfriend, you guys are the bestest friends I’ve ever had.”

Aryn laughs, “Oh and you’ll have a treat alright, she’s got an unbroken hymen so she’s special!” He sounded almost like he was bragging, while Z untied his leash and took it into her hand. But somewhere watching was a figure within the shadows, overhearing every word.

“Whoa for real, a genuine unbroken hymen! That’s super cute!” He says watching Z nod with reddened cheeks.

“Aww shucks, you really think it’s cute, you’ve not even seen it yet?” Z coyly asks as she raised a hand and rubbed the back of her head.

Lurking in the shadows, the robed cult member had heard enough and swiftly moved to get away and inform his peers. Due to the noise coming from the poolside and the bar opposite no one was

any wiser. He had heard enough of what he needed to know. He had found the virgin they needed.

Meanwhile, Aryn continued to explain. “Z has elasticated muscle tissue which will stretch around but won’t break. It’s not technically a hymen as her species lacks one. It’s a unique species trait, not being broken doesn’t mean she’s a virgin, I mean I’ve managed to ram my thick tail into it, and she loved it! That’s not all, but I’ve even got a whole paw in! It took some of that lubrication stuff she brought and a little care but I so did. Come to think about it, why do you want to defile some girl anyway?”

“Well, it’s a long story,” Kalokin started, and then continued to explain.

-o-O-o-

Somewhere else within the darkest recesses of the hotel...

“Master, we have found the innocent we seek, but she may lose her virginity if we do not act quickly. Her friends will bed her, shall we act in claiming her?”

“Make it so, hunt her down, kill her friends and bring her to me,” he ordered.

“It will be done.”

-o-O-o-

Back in the bar, Aria had met back up with Jaffah, and they were waiting for Rob so that they could hear what he had learned. In the meantime, Jaffah relayed to Aria everything that he had found out. Aria listened carefully, nodding here and there as she heard the details.

“Is interesting,” she said. “So, is...religious cult here. Can tell by mark on their hands, yes?”

“That’s right,” Jaffah said, nodding as well. “Seems like they’re something the locals know about, but only through rumors and creepy sightings. I don’t think anyone knows what they’re really about.”

“Well...I find something else,” Aria said. And she quickly explained to Jaffah what she had learned. When she got to the part about cult members possibly abducting girls in the search for virgins, Jaffah looked weirded out.

“That sounds...seriously twisted,” he said. He brushed a hand through the red and black fur on his face. “But really...I don’t see what this has to do with our mission. Yeah, it’s odd, but it’s something

we should pass on to the local authorities, isn't it?"

Aria shook her head. "No. Listen. I show picture of target to man. He recognize." The Ailian leaned in closer to Jaffah. "He maybe part of cult."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes, and..." Aria suddenly paused, her ears flicking straight upright. She suddenly had the sensation that they were being watched. Casually, the tall feline looked around, and then she spotted two men in dark, hooded robes walking through the bar. They didn't seem to be looking specifically at her and Jaffah, but they were getting closer to them. "Look."

Jaffah turned his head, and he spotted the two figures as well. "Uh-oh. Trouble."

"Is bad," Aria agreed. If her old comrade really was part of the cult, she couldn't allow herself to be seen. Even in costume, she could be recognized. Thinking quickly, she got up from her chair and hauled Jaffah out of his. "You play along, yes?"

Before Jaffah could react to what was happening, Aria pressed him up against the nearby wall, and then she brought her muzzle to his. She kissed him deeply, acting like they were two lovers having a quick moment among the crowd. Jaffah gave a sharp gasp of surprise, then he realized what she was doing and put his arms around her, hugging the strong female tightly. They pressed their bodies together, concealing their faces with their embrace.

The two hooded figures came by, sparing a glance at the entwined couple. To their eyes, all they saw was a male and a female surrendering to the festive mood of the evening. They watched for a second, and then they passed by, heading off to parts unknown. Out of the corner of her eyes, Aria noted the black marks on the backs of their hands. To make sure they were safe, she continued the kiss, moving her hands down Jaffah's back and resting them just above his tail.

Jaffah slid his hands down her sides, his fingers lighting on her thighs. With a playful touch, his hands made their way underneath her skirt, coming up to her rump. Aria's eyes widened for a moment, and then she let out a surprised purr, leaning further into the tiger. By now, the need for subterfuge had passed, but Aria continued, slipping her tongue into the tiger's mouth and playing around with his own. She pressed her breasts against him, her tail curling around his body to twine with his. Jaffah's hands tightened on her ass, his fingers slipping beneath her underthings to tease underneath her tail. Aria gave a low growl of heated pleasure, grinding back against him. The mood was starting to get ahold of both of them, and she could feel a swell beginning in the front of his suit pants when...

"Am I interrupting something?"

Aria and Jaffah broke apart, both of them turning to see Rob standing a few feet away, his arms crossed as he watched them. Aria took a step back from Jaffah, her tail twitching as she quickly

smoothed back her ears.

“Just an act,” Aria assured the polar bear, glancing sidelong at Jaffah. “Was two strange people near. Did not want to show face.”

“Uh-huh...,” Rob said, looking suspiciously, and with not a little jealousy, at Jaffah. “Well, cool it. I’ve learned a few things you guys might want to know.”

Jaffah nodded, still a little flustered. “Let’s get out of here before you tell us,” he suggested. “Too crowded down here. Too many wandering eyes and ears.”

“Yes,” Aria agreed. “Is good idea. You lead way.” She gestured at Rob, who looked at them both a moment longer before grumbling and turning to head out of the bar. As Aria and Jaffah followed, she whispered to him. “Continue later, yes?” She licked her lips hungrily at the red-and-black tiger, whose tail swished eagerly in return.