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The small skyport of Felder's Crag was a town built up around gambling, prostitution and illegal drug trade, on a small unincorporated isle, a night's journey south of Nellithir. The city shone faint and dimly lit, as the only light came from the bars, bordellos, dealers dens and the light house. There were only fifty buildings in the entirety of the town and the sky docks could only take in ten air ships at any given time.

A woman, that wore a red cloak, walked the streets alone and approached one of the seedier looking buildings in the town. Her steel toed boots clicked as she walked further through to skyport. She cringed as she approached the door to her destination, the only entrance in a back alleyway next to Fonzig's Den of Iniquity. The dimly lit streets kept her identity concealed as she made way to the door and knocked five times. A slit opened in the doorway and a brutish figure glanced out to gaze upon her.

"The boss been expecting you," said the voice from behind the door.

She looked up, and the feline features of her face were made visible from the light of the moon. The cat ears atop her head formed double points under the hood. Her sapphire eyes glinted brighter as they were lit from the light of open viewing slit upon the point of ingress. She spoke back with an eastern accent, "You going to let me in, or should I talk to him through the door, Báichī?"

Báichī was not his name but he recognized the word as an insult in the Eastern Common language. The man opened the door to reveal that he was a gortian. The gortians were a humanoid race, gray-skinned but with the head of a black boar. Moreover, the gortian

that she had insulted, stood as a six foot tall wall of muscle. To emphasize his brutish appearance he wore only a pair of brown slacks, held up by red suspenders. Barefoot, his cloven feet clicked the ground as he stepped. He had a bandolier across his chest, with a large pistol on the front, ready to be drawn at the first sign of trouble. He loomed seven inches taller than the feline female, and looked down as he said, "Watch your language around Mortimer. Boss ain't as forgiving as me."

"Oh go eat a bucket of slop," retorted the female feline. She pulled her hood down a bit more and walked past the brute. He growled as she passed him by and headed down the long, dark, hallway of doors to the door furthest back.

Before she could make her way to the door, it opened and she saw another lady, dressed as a mechanic with blue skin, blond hair and pointy ears. The woman in the red cloak seemed to recognized the woman with blue skin.

"Tyrnna, what an unexpected surprise," smiled the woman in the red cloak.

"Gwyndolyn, it's been a long time," said Tyrnna, deceiver of the Clox brothers.

The two walked closer and gave a nod as they passed one another.

"Paying off your debts I see?" asked Gwyndolyn.

"Just paid off my debts," beamed Tyrnna, "Had to out wit two half wits and pull a bank errand to get it done. You paying up at long last?"

"Trying for an extension," explained Gwyndolyn as she paused at the door at the end of the hall.

"Good luck with that," said Tyrnna as the doorman let her out.

Gwyndolyn took a deep breath and walked in. As the door opened, the smoke of the dimly lit room caused her to cough a bit as it escaped into the hallway. There were two more of the gortians standing next to the door, in the same size, build and dress of the door sentry. A further two stood in the back of the room behind a table, with crossed arms, in the same attire as the doorman.

Only one, of the five gortians in the room, sat. Behind the table in a wooden chair, he wore a tacky, green, three piece suit complete with an orange formal shirt and green ascot tie. Gwyndolyn watched as he played solitaire with a set of well worn playing cards. A grin crossed boar-like his face, "Been a long time Gwyndolyn. Thought maybe you would have forgotten yer ol pal Mortimer. Thought maybe my boys would have to go out and find you."

"I said I would be here, I simply got delayed on a job," explained Gwyndolyn.

"I trust you bring the money that is owed then?" asked Mortimer with a bit of a grunt.

"About that, Mortimer," she began, "I might just need another extension on the loan we had worked out. I know that you said the last one was the last one but I just need time."

"Oh that is a great deal to ask of Mortimer, miss kitty," grunted the gortian Mortimer.

"A great deal to ask indeed."

"Just one more extension, Mortimer. I have a big transport job lined up and just need a little more time so that I can finish it," said Gwyndolyn.

"Hmmm miss kitty, you are lucky that I like you. You've always done good work for me in the past. Tell you what Mortimer is going to do for you," said Mortimer, "You get extension; but now you owe Mortimer a hundred and fifty gold zarings."

"A hundred and fifty zarings..." Gwyndolyn trailed off at the sheer amount. She took a step back before regaining her composure. "It was only a hundred zarings before."

"You need extension more than you are able to pay," began Mortimer, "So the amount has gone up. Next time we meet then you pay me one hundred and fifty zarings and we call us square. You decide not to pay then my boys not be so friendly to the little kitties."

"A hundred and fifty zarings," said Gwyndolyn in disbelief. "That is a lot of money."

"A hundred and fifty gold zarings. Or you prefer maybe seven thousand and five hundred silver galliders. Or perhaps better still, a hundred and fifty thousand copper roques," Mortimer laid out, "Whichever way you want to pay is fine. You have three months and then Mortimer and his boys come to find the payment one way or another."

Gwyndolyn scowled a bit and narrowed her eyes, "You'll get your money, Mortimer. Don't worry about that." She then turned and headed back for the door to the hall. Looking back one more time, "I'll get you your hundred and fifty zarings."

"I have no doubt little miss kitty," smiled the gortian bemused, "Never doubted you for a moment."

She gave a sigh as she walked from the smoke filled room, down the hall and then out of the door to the sleazy establishment. She took her time as she headed back to her airship at the docks. Gwyndolyn and her crew would have to land a big job and soon or they would all be fish food, without a doubt. The heels of her shoes clacked along the streets as she made her way back to the Impending Peril.