**Chapter Two**

            Only once in the last fifty years had the six of them met. It was then that Frost had announced he was going to join the Bureau of the Sentient Alliance. Even as he pulled up to the small building; quick glances telling him that more than thirty Wolfen surrounded the building, frost could vividly recall the reactions of those present. Stone King nearly killed him; throwing him through a solid rock wall. Thinking more on it, the Blood Fang might have if Lifetouch hadn’t stopped him. Killsoft had the concern and worry of a mother on her face but Winterstorm, her reaction was different. Frost could almost see the want of adventure in her eyes; the need to break free of the bonds her life and title had placed upon her but she could not; Brianna Kym Whentresomee had been the first evolved in her tribe for almost three centuries and they needed her. Yet it was the Ageless One who had given Frost his blessings. His strong but ancient voice rang clear in the Wolfens’ head.

*“Some of us are meant to stay with our people, some of us are not. Protect your people my son…in the way that was meant for you.”*

            Those words were on his mind as the durasteel door slid open and Frost entered the small but well guarded building. Inside two huge Wolfen stood; both white haired protectors wore thick leathers they could shield them from the claws of a Snarf if so needed. At nearly eight feet tall a piece, each alien wielded a massive twin headed, duel edged vibro-axe and both nodded as the young Guardian stepped between them. On their chests were the ghostly visages of a Wolfens’ skull, the images moving as if the spirits  actually breathed life. He looked at them with his piercing purple eyes and bowed in return for they were the honor guard of the Ageless One and Frost knew by their milky white eyes that the blind warriors were almost four centuries older than he and demanded his respect far more than he was granted theirs.

            The secondary doors opened and inside were his five peers. All of them sat comfortable around a large circular table. At its forefront was the Ageless One himself. At nine centuries old, the Ageless One was considered the oldest of all the Wolfen. He led the Spirit of the Night tribe and had done so for nearly his entire life. In his absence the Ageless One also served as council for the Shadow Dancers, Frosts tribe; a position the elder had held before the young Wolfen had even been born.

            Though ancient for most species; except the Elifeen, the Ageless One looked fairly healthy. Not as broad shouldered and muscular as he had been in his youth, the elder still held strength in his old bones. His fur was silver, a bright; lustrous silver. Milky, purple hued eyes remained looking out from bushy brows and his long ears drooped slightly but Frost could see the warmth in his smile; though other species would consider such a thing as a snarl. Thick black robes covered his slightly smaller frame though the old Wolfen still stood seven feet in height.

            Behind him, at a towering nine and a half feet was Stone King; leader of the wild and feared Blood Fang tribe. His thick fur was reddish brown, like clay. Armor forged from the bones of Snarf and Illithon adorned his thickly muscled frame and his eyes, a dark purple hue burned with a rage that could barely be contained in his massive body. A chieftain and warrior, Stone King was feared by more than few species in the known star systems. Both Frost and Stone King locked gazes briefly and both knew little had changed since their last meeting.

            On the left side of the table; in her human form sat the youngest of the six, Brianna Kym Whentresomee, Winterstorm, of the Dream Walkers. She was as beautiful as ever, even though she was over a century old. Soft brown hair streaked with platinum tendrils hung loosely about her shoulders. She had the look of an Euro-Asian female from Earth, her almond shaped eyes a bright light purple; an easy smile forming on her full lips. With skin the color of soft hazel, Frost knew she had retained her human form throughout her pregnancy on Khruss. Her features were soft and full, an obvious byproduct of her current condition. Big, milk laden breasts; naked and bare, rested upon the massive shelf of her pregnancy. Winterstorms’ belly jutted out greatly from her plump figure; the rise of the monstrous orb distended out before her nearly five feet, making it appear as mountain of taunt, tight flesh on her five foot seven humanoid frame. Though not a doctor Frost could guess that Winterstorm still had some months to go and the glow on her face told him she was loving every moment.

            Across from the young beauty were Lobos Lliftinnore; the Lifetouch and Luminara Killsophnure, Killsoft. Lifetouch also held his human form; wearing little more than a leather toga. The Silver Soul was handsome; tall and lean he had long silver blonde hair and pale skin. A cane aided his walking for though he had the ability to heal others; a part of his evolution, he could not heal himself. Still, the loss of a leg seemed only to slow down the two hundred year old Wolfen, but only a little a bit and yet could not destroy the powerful spirit within. He stood quietly behind Killsoft.

            Also in her human form the fiery haired female was close to three centuries old and yet looked no older than thirty; by human standards. She too was pregnant and far plumper than Winterstorm and yet to Frost she was just as alluring and beautiful. Her hair was just below her shoulders and she wore a soft covering of makeup; something only a few Wolfen females wore. Purple eyes glowed from darkened lashes and Frost could see the sparkle of happiness to see him. A small toga top just held her fulsome breasts; the twin orbs nearly twice the size of her head, the creamy flesh spilling out of the sides of the garment. Yet her belly caught his full attention; the gargantuan sphere dwarfing Winterstorms’ own fecundity. It was so gravid and tight, distended out immeasurably from her fattened frame; so much so that she could not reach its apex in her most vivid dreams. Only at their biggest did Wolfen females develop stretchmarks and if the small spattering on Killsofts’ belly indicated anything it was that she still had room to grow.

            Frost bowed to each of them; considering himself the lesser for all of them had developed some ability to show their evolution and he had not. It was part of the reason he had chosen to join the Bureau; but only part, the rest was personal and only the Ageless One knew that.

            “It is good to see you Reil; it has been far too long.”

            Frost grinned at his ancient mentor and friend.

            “Sorry I was late...I got tied up in a business matter. It is good to see you as well my friend…it is good to see all of you”, and he let his gaze catch each of them; lingering on Killsoft for a moment and then he turned back to the elder Wolfen.

            “What brings you Chns? Normally our meetings are held on Khruss and I was a bit worried when you said you were coming here?”

            It was Stone Kings’ baritone voice that answered.

            “We go to Earth to meet with the Alliance Council. The others wished to see you…if only briefly. I protested but I…”

            “Shut up Stony”, cooed Killsoft, as she caressed her massive belly, “Chief Summerswatch wanted us to make sure you faired well here in this world. She does worry about her only nephew.”

            Frost smiled as he shook his head, “Tell her I'm okay and not to worry so…”

            It was as loud as if it had been made right in the very room. All of the Wolfen looked for it was rare the call of a Felor was made but this roar was meant for only one. The roar was familiar and if he heard Frost knew the others had too. Stone King moved immediately as did Lifetouch but it was the Ageless One who spoke for them all; but more so for Frost.

            “Stay…we have our own duties to fulfill. This call is for Frost to answer and for Frost to answer alone.”

            The Wolfen bowed and smiled to his extended family.

            “Take care of yourselves. I will return home as soon as I can…promise!”

            With that he was out of the room, passing the twin honor guard and on his speeder before the remaining Wolfen guards could even notice. The small craft kicked into high gear as he reached the proper height and the skilled driver wound his way in and out of traffic until his acute hearing honed in the source of the roar.

            Upon one of the highest buildings in the area he stood. Tall and impressive Ridge Griffinson waited. He was a Guardian of the Bureau as was Frost and the only person that the Wolfen would ever call for if he needed help.

The two nodded as he passed and the speeder descended even as Ridge leapt from the rooftop, his great sliver black wings erupting from his back to slow his fall. Like a cat he landed silently as Frost watched the med unit work on the young girl; her hugely distended belly resting on its side and he could tell she had been medicated for her breathing was soft and rhythmic.

“Third one this week. He’s getting bolder”

“Yeah…let’s don’t make it four! It was early this time; think you can catch his scent?”

Neither said another word as Frost sniffed the air and immediately picked up the thousands of scents around him but he focused on the one that still lingered on the poor girl; the one that mattered. Oddly it was fading rapidly and only a few races bore such an ability and held such a scent. His eyes thinned and his voice was a deep growl but still perfect common.

“It’s Aetenarian…our rapist is an Aetenarian and from the smell of him...something’s wrong.”

Ridges’ face turned grim. The two of them had hunting this freak for a week and somehow he had eluded them. Now, now to learn that their rapist was Aetanarian made him feel ill. One of the most prominent species in Chns and one of the most respected it was rare when an Aetanarian went bad…though not unheard of. Ridge had been hunting for almost three days straight. Cyranda had forced Frost to take a day off since he had been going none stop for almost four days and now the intensity of the hunt was starting to get to the Griffith. A dangerous thing for a Guardian; the drain their position put on them often left them an edge of exhaustion; especially on Rhsk where the slow rotation of the planet meant days lasted thirty-six hours instead of the twenty-four hour Earth standard or the twelve hour days of planets like Khruss. Looking at his friend, Frost could see the weariness in his golden eyes.

“How long has it been since you saw her?”

Ridge looked up at his Wolfen companion.

“What”, Ridge asked at the open ended question. He absently adjusted his writs com as he waited for clarification.

“Yssobol…when was the last time you saw her?”

Ridge smiled unknowingly as he though about the gorgeous Slythin whom had not only become his lover as of late but was truly and deeply a dear friend. Before he could answer Frost led him into his line of reasoning.

“I think you should go see her. Tell her about the rapist and have her cyborgs post the proper measures. Besides…I think you could use the break.”

“What about our trail?”

“I’ll follow it as best I can and …” they both froze as the distant echo of gunfire could be heard, though it was low enough in frequency that only a few races could have heard. Ridge immediately began to move but Frost stopped him.

“Go to Yssobol. I’ll check it out and call you.”

The two locked eyes for a moment but then Ridge conceded the point and his wings unfolded from his back.

“No hero stuff! Call me first and we take care of it together. Something big is brewing…I can feel it!”

“Will you go already?”

Ridge was airborne a moment later. Frost turned towards where he heard the gun shots.

“Something big alright. Real fucking big!”

Back at the high rise, a sleek turbo limo waited for Rorgin to finish his time with the Aetanarian, Midnight.

Sativa rubbed her head. She was groggy and not sure what was happening. Sirens blared from somewhere nearby and quickly brought her back to reality. Looking around she was still in the driver’s seat of the stretch limo and parked in front of the apartment of her bosses meeting; neither the police nor the Guardians in sight. She loosed a deep sigh and then noticed her stomach was a bit sore but she ignored it.

The human was barely into her twenties but was a remarkable car thief and an even better driver. That’s why the Quintarin mob family had hired the Hispanic female as a personal driver for one of their more important members; Rorgin, the second to only to the boss himself. It was in truth a great honor for she was the only human employed by the entirely Quintarin crime family.

Brushing her blondish brown hair from her face the young, voluptuous female whimpered softly against the dull ache in her belly. Looking at the digital display on the main consol she had been out for only five minutes but her boss and his three bodyguards were due any minute. Quickly she began the motions of getting the car prepped as the dull ache grew into a sharp stabbing pain and when she finished it had become an agonizing pressure that racked her abdomen. The poor girl was at a loss for she had felt fine when they had arrived earlier; the pain was increasing with every breath. Sativa gripped the wheel as she felt heat rush over her as well as a sudden, overwhelming tightness in her belly. The pain was unbearably intense and she wanted to speak but her voice was lost in pained whimpers and muffled groans as the poor girl watched her waist begin to swell beneath the sleeveless coat she wore. The fabric stretched before tear filled eyes and her head flew back as she gasped out, blood splattering her lips. Sweat rolled down her brow, mixing with tears as she panted through the horrible moment. Sativa wanted to open her coat as it grew tighter and more confining on the growing swell but fear and incredible pain kept her hands frozen to the wheel. Cinnamon colored flesh pushed through the creases of her coat as the buttons strained and her belly grew to an immensely gravid orb that looked as one ready to deliver triplets. Finally the coat tore open as buttons exploded over the dash, pinging and bouncing everywhere and the young female could see the stretchmark littered dome of her belly; bugles forming as whatever grew within her matured rapidly. Trying to draw breath Sativa could taste her own blood and feel the vile, stabbing cuts from within her now monstrous womb.

Her dark eyes grew wide as the steering wheel pushed against her expanding belly and Sativa felt the creatures inside her squirm angrily. Then she felt it, her flesh being torn from the inside out and Sativas’ vision turned white. Grasping the monstrous orb tightly the unknowing deliverer of death screamed as she gave birth.

Blood splashed against the insides of the car but the tinted windows hid the gory mess and the death cry of Sativa Algorez.

Moments later three massive Quintarin guards stepped out first; each dressed in handsome business suites; the trio wielding a fast draw energy side arm and the long bladed weapons custom to their race. Moving with perfect unity the first guard headed towards the car and opened the passenger door; while his companions check the outer perimeter. The Quintarin had seen many fights; watched friends die and had killed more men and women than he could remember but his eyes went wide in pure terror at the sight that greeted him as the door swung open. Before he could get a word or warning out a scythe-like blade cut into his gut dropping him low enough to easily slam the second blade into his skull and pull him into the vehicle. It lurched momentarily as he was pulled in but it had happened so quickly that none could have noticed. The other two guards had been too busy securing the perimeter to witness the sight. More unfortunate was that the automatic doors closed before either could take notice though it was common for their companion to stay in the car to keep it secure.

Rorgin exited the building; smiling proudly for the Aetanarian had swelled wonderfully with his seed; the bon skin female already looked ready to burst with young. In a few months time the Quintarin would have sons and daughters to continue with the family business…or to start his own. Looking about the four armed alien subconsciously checked for the three heavy pistols he wore openly and smiled as his hands confirmed what he already knew. His vibroblade was concealed cleverly in his coat.

The two bodyguards gave him the nod and Rorgin stepped into the open. One of the guards knocked on the window to tell Sativa to open the doors. As the seconds passed nothing happened and he did it again. Still no answer and now Tornok was concerned. He held up a hand which paused Rorgin in his steps and brought the other guard, Sevor, to attention. The two Quintarin drew their energy weapons as Tornok open the driver’s side door.

Both Sevor and Rorgin were sprayed in a bluish mist as Tornok was literally cut in two; his upper torso twisting and falling free as his legs crumpled lifelessly. Though stunned at the suddenness of their companions’ death and obviously the deaths of Sativa and Borin, Sevor opened fire into the car. Rorgin had come up in the Quintarin family by violence and blood; he was not one to let his guards do all the fighting. The three heavy pistols were drawn and the thudding boom from the armor piercing rounds echoed in the night.

Blood; blue, red and black, along with fabric, metal and electronics were blown out the other side of the car as the two Quintarin emptied their weapons. Sevor drew his blade and cautiously moved forward as Rorgin reloaded quickly; not wanting to leave his remaining bodyguard unprotected.

As Sevor looked into the vehicle he could see the pulsing, bubbling remains of something as it disintegrated in what remained of Sativas’ lap. Bullet holes and energy burns riddled her body but Sevor knew they were not the cause of her death but the gaping hole where her belly had, as far as he could guess, burst open with something that was now no more that a black oozing puddle. Blood covered the inside of the car and as he looked over the humans corpse he could see Borin, or parts of Borin; namely his head which had a massive cut down its center.

He stood and looked to his boss and then quickly rushed him inside. It was a hit. Someone had used the human as an incubator for an alien assassin; maybe a Raith or something worse but the signs were clear, it was a hit. The families were going to war.

As Ridge flew away, his mind drifting on Yssobol and the many females under her employment, inevitably his thoughts turned back to Midnight and Rorgin so he altered his flight so he could pass by their room, and he also knew that his course would more than likely lead him towards the echoes of gun fire. As he did so, he saw the now hugely pregnant Midnight lying in her bed, caressing her belly and pleasuring herself. Ridge chuckled to himself as he flew by. He went higher and crested the rooftop.

That is when he noticed the smoldering limo and immediately knew what happened. He knew Frost would be stalled until the Med Unit was finished and he also knew this was something that concerned him! If he hadn’t been distracted before, he thought as the appearance of the second car speeding off below caught his attention and his inhuman hearing picked up on a voice he recognized clearly!

"Bastards want a war; we'll give them a war!"

 It was Rorgin, his voice booming in rage. A moment later, Ridge heard the sound of Rorgin reaching to activate a vid-com. He had to hurry for the vehicle was drawing closer to the bustling traffic of Chns normally crowded skies and from there he knew he would loose them

"Not today! No war is going to start on my watch." Ridge muttered as he swooped down toward the stolen car. Ridge tucked his wings in tight to his body and plunged like a missile towards the unsuspecting car. Just above the vehicle he unfurled his huge wings, allowing the air to fill them and drop him easily atop the roof.

Inside Rorgin was just about to finish the final sequence that would send his recorded message to his boss, Lady Qualarr; head of the Quintarin crime family for the last century, ever since her father, Goll, had been killed when his car exploded from a planted bomb. He heard the soft thud and looked up as suddenly, the roof above his head was ripped open by someone of incredible strength. His weapons were in hand almost immediately but the Quintarin felt himself lifted up, and out of the vehicle before he could even get a bead on his newest attacker. The car swerved and did an air skid as Sevor attempted to retrieve his boss but he immediately put the car in hover as he looked at the winged Guardian lifting Rorgin even higher in the air.

He struggled, but even his great strength was no match for the arms that held him as he shot into the air. Looking up, he saw huge silver and black wings and, turning his head, a profile he knew all too well. Knew and hated.

"You?!! Let me go you mutant freak”, he cursed and took aim on the winged Guardian!

The Griffoth looked down and cocked and eyebrow, then he stopped his ascent and yanked Rorgin up to face him; though even then Rorgin was nearly a foot and half taller than the Guardian.

“Really?”

“Piss off runt!”

Ridge smiled coldly; then indicated with his head for Rorgin to look down. The big brute did so, and saw the city streets far below, the cars like tiny glowing ants, criss crossing the air and the land beneath him.

"You really want me to let you go?"

Rorgins' response was a crude suggestion as to what Ridge could do to himself.

"I'm hurt”, Ridge taunted, “Hardly something to say to a one who could drop you to your death without a moments notice." and, with that, he let Rorgin fall.

The heavy Quintarin had a moment of sheer panic as he hung in midair, then, an instant later; he slammed onto the roof of one of the tallest buildings in Chns with a pain filled grunt. The stone and steel of the building cracked beneath his weight and Rorgin felt the air blast from his body. He lay there for a moment, gasping for breath, trying to get his senses back, then staggered to his feet and reached for one of the blasters that he had dropped upon his abrupt landing. Before he could grasp it, his eyes caught the movement just before he was slammed back against a wall  some fifteen feet away with enough force to knock the air from his lungs for a second time followed immediately by the pinch of razor sharp talons at his throat.

"Behave yourself, Rorgin, or I will gut you right here", snarled Ridge as he dropped low and rolled, pulling the mobster with him and tossing the Quintarin over his head; again landing Rorgin on his back, with a bone rattling thud.

As Rorgin lay there, Ridge squatted down, looking him in the eye. "Now, why did you want to declare war, and with whom?"

"It was a hit. Some son of bitch tried to kill me."

Ridge nodded, “Okay, who did it?"

Rorgin looked confused, as though this thought had not occurred to him. "I…I uh…I don't know..."

Ridge shook his head. Out of all the Quintarin he knew, Rorgin was by far the dumbest and most volatile.

"Then wait. You want a war, fine, but give me a chance to find out who did this first. Then, if I can't, you call Lady Qualarr and you go to war."

"Why should I", snarled Rorgin?!

Hands like iron suddenly grabbed him as incredibly powerful arms pulled him to his feet and half drug him towards the ledge of the building until his feet dangled in the air below.

 "Because if you don't, I guarantee you will be the first casualty of that war", for the first time in his life, Rorgin knew he was looking death in the face.

"Okay. Okay! You got it", he spoke softly, humbly.

Ridge glanced down pass Rorgin and looked back up to the Quintarins’ eyes. The smile was wicked and despite himself the mobster felt urine spill down his leg. Ridge stifled his laughter.

“Your rides here!”

He released Rorgin who plummeted a few dozen feet until he crashed into the torn vehicle he and Sevor had stolen. The car sped away but Ridge was more than angry now and worried. The crime families had kept the peace for a century and now someone wanted it to end…but why? With that, Ridge dropped off the edge and, as his wings flared out, flew off into the night. Now, he REALLY needed to see Yssobol!

Still he had one more stop to make and it was going to take him sometime to cross Chns and make it to the Bureau. Cyranda should hear the news personally. Though he did find something to make him smile, his trip would take him over the PPC…and the women who held his heart. Cyranda could wait…for a little while.

Frost landed only few minute after Rorgins’ escape and his confrontation with Ridge. He could still see the trail left by the Quintarin in the infra red spectrum and their scent was heavy in the air; even above the blood and smoke but looking upon the scene he knew it demanded his full attention. Even as he approached the blasted vehicle Frost called in for a med unit, a police TACT team and the Guardians’ crime scene investigators. With a few minutes left to him Frost looked over the macabre mess. Immediately, in the heat sensing spectrum Frost knew by the way the bodies had cooled so far that the driver, a once rather attractive human had died first, then another Quintarin and then the third; the male cut in half in front of the door. His body was still glowing with heat but cooling fast and after studying him briefly Frost could tell that the killer had been somehow sitting or resting on the driver.

Looking up at her, the clear agony etched upon her face, her eyes still open with the horror of her death and the great gaping hole in what was once her belly the Guardian had the feeling the true assassin had come from within the poor girl. Her body, as well as another Quintarin’s, were riddled with bullets; by the looks of it armor piercing rounds and energy blasts. His head had nearly been sliced in two and his back was hacked to pieces. They had both died before the shooting began; the residual heat from the gun fight made the car almost glow. Yet the hottest spot in Frosts’ vision was a thick, oozing puddle that had literally melted away the girls lap and was burning into the cushions of the seat. Frost allowed his vision to readjust and looked at the dead girl. He knew her, hell he had arrested her twice for car theft. Sativa Algorez. Rumor had it that she had been hired by the Quintarin mob family as a driver and it looked as if those rumors were true. She was a good kid in a bad world and now she was dead; and in a most undeserving way. Looking at her now it was obvious that she was hardly out of her teens. Something bad was happening, something very bad.

Ten minutes later the Guardians’ investigation team arrived, followed closely by the med unit and then of course the TACT team arrived last. Soon the place was swarming with people but Frost had caught and remembered the scent of the Quintarin that had survived; two by his guess. They would be first on his list.

A gorgeous half breed; half human, half Felor strode up to the Guardian who watched as the scene was carefully dissected. He looked at her, her blue feline eyes glowing in the darkness, her golden-silver hair falling long and tickling the lovely curve of her backside, the thick wavy mane blowing lightly in the breeze. She wore dress pants and a smart shirt that was stretched greatly over the expanse of her growing belly; the female only four months along in her pregnancy but it rivaled size of an Earth female nearing her eighth month with twins; for within her grew at least seven large babes. The lower curve of the marvelous swell teasingly revealed itself below the length of the shirt with a thin line of golden fur tracing down its sloping curve. Frost had always found her radiantly sexual but now she simply glowed. Still her condition didn’t seem to slow her down at all and it was obvious she was enjoying her ripening body to its full extent. He hoped to find out how much in the near future.

“What do you have for me Carly?”

  She purred softly, looking up at the handsome Wolfen and then to her notes. Her voice was sensually husky. Carly always enjoyed seeing Frost, even more so now she was pregnant for she could tell he wanted her as badly as she wanted him but work had always found a way to distract the two friends…that and her ex-boyfriend. She pushed the thoughts from her head as duty called.

“First things first; the car belongs to Rorgin Yssotato, number two in the Quintarin crime family”, Frost recognized the name and knew Ridge had been chasing this guy for weeks. He was probably watching Rorgin when the rape happened, “looks like a failed hit because Rorgin isn’t any of our vics.”

“The girl is Sativa Algorez,” and Carly nodded, noting Frost disappointed look as the med techs prepped the girls body, “Any I.D.’s on our two Quintarin?”

“Not yet. Steppenwolf is working on it. You were right; whatever killed these three came from the girl, killing her first. If I didn’t know better I would have said it were a Raith; but…”

Frost raised a questioning eyebrow.

“Well…it’s the body. Where the hell is it? I took samples of the acidic puddle and I'm quite sure that whatever it is is all that’s left of our killer. If it were a Raith, there would be a body…or a least a damn a weapon. There’s nothing! Not a damn thing!”

Frost had already come to the same conclusion but Carly was the best investigator the Guardians had and watching her go through the motions was always enjoyable.

“The other thing”, she continued, “is how the two Quintarin died. The first was killed with a downward cut to the skull. If it were a Raith, it would’ve had to get out of the car first and there is no way a bodyguard would let that happen, especially a Quintarin; besides the other bodyguards would’ve seen something.”

Frost had told her that he suspected at least two more Quintarin had been at the scene, the apparent gunmen. Rorgin and a surviving bodyguard.

“The second was cut in half at the waist. A Raith, even lying down on his back wouldn’t be able to get enough strength to slice through the Quintarins’ body armor. No…the killer was something else, something we haven’t seen before.”

That didn’t make the Wolfen feel any better.

“Any ideas on what it could be?”

Carly read over her notes on her data pad and then pulled up another file.

“Well…I may have something but the M.O. is similar to another murder earlier today.”

“Who?”

She looked up at him, almost startled that he hadn’t heard.

“Burt “the Butcher”, he was killed this evening. A girl was found with him; her death exactly like our victim here; her belly torn open from the inside out,” and he could see her squirm slightly at the thought for her own belly looked ready to pop and was only getting bigger, “I figured you and Ridge would’ve heard.”

“I was off duty tonight. Ridge called after he discovered another rape victim.”

Carly gasped softly.

“No…any leads on this creep?”

A slight smile formed on his handsome face.

“He’s Aetanarian. After three rapes we finally get a break and…”

Looking at the gorgeous female Frost could tell something was on her mind.

“Ok Carly, spill it!”

“Well…”, and she paused a moment, “you should’ve been able to figure out the species of the rapist from the medical records from the first victim. How did you figure it out now?”

“I finally got his scent off this last girl. As for the medical records, Cyranda told Ridge and I that they aren’t ready yet.”

“She lied. I’ve seen them on her desk,” and a disturbed look was on Frosts’ face”, I recognized the case numbers.”

Frost nodded solemnly. It wasn’t like the head of the Bureau to lie, especially on cases of rape considering she was currently in her last months of pregnancy. But if she knew the attacker was one of her own species, then…

“Keep this between us okay”, he spoke softly. Carly nodded and then looked back towards the team still working on the crime scene.

“There’s something else I need to tell you.”

Frost looked at her and he was even more worried now by the sorrow on her face.

“The girl found with Burt was Alora…Alora Brightsmile.”

The way Frosts’ face darkened made Carly take a step back. She knew he and the female were friends but it was rumored Alora and Ridge had often crossed such boundaries.

“I sent Ridge to Yssobols’. Does she know?”

Carly slowly shook her head.

“I’ll tell them. Try and keep a lid on the media. Burt was Black Jacks’ favorite hitman and…and Alora doesn’t deserve any ridicule from anyone; especially the media. Also, have Steppenwolf lead the TACT team in questioning the residence…I doubt he’ll find anything but it doesn’t hurt.”

Again the female Guardian nodded.

“Figure out what the hell came out these girls; and figure it out fast! One attempted mob hit is bad, but add that to a successful one. Blind Jack and Lady Qualarr are going to want war; hell they’re expecting it now. And even worse…I'm pretty sure ol’ Lucus doesn’t even see it coming!”

“Why would someone want war? There hasn’t been a mob war in a century!”

Frost looked at her and it was as if a light exploded in his head. The last war was stopped by old Goll…shortly before a car blew him apart; or at least that was the rumor for no body was ever found. Frost pulled Carly to him and kissed her; deeply but quickly. She stepped back breathless, confused and suddenly very warm.

“You’re a genius Carly! Find out what these things are and I’ll take you out to anywhere you!”

“I find out what they are and you’ll owe me more than dinner!”

He stepped in front of her, his hands finding the swell of her belly and offering her a teasingly soft caress which send a subtle shiver through her body.

“Absolutely!”

She nodded and began to work feverishly on the information she had gathered. He watched her walk away, smiling as the round cheeks of her buttocks sash-shayed seductively, her dress pants hugging her full backside. With pleasant thoughts on his mind Frost then turned towards the door where the scent he found earlier had led him. The door opened and the scent trailed away down the back stairs. Frost followed until he reached the point of separation, the ninth floor. No witnesses then, because the floors above the roof were used primarily for storage. Looking around for any hints of possible pursuit, Frost continued his hunt. He paused for a moment and opened up a vid link to his partner. Ridges’ face came into view and by what he saw in the background he knew the Griffoth had finally listened to him. Unfortunately his news was about to ruin the moment.

“Ridge…I have news”, and the handsome Guardians face grew stoic, “it’s about Alora…”

Jenteal Eight gently plucked the raw sushi from the humans’ swollen belly. The Senator was enjoying a well deserved dinner with a few associates; tasting some of the finer delicacies from the Earth style restaurant. Their tray was a human, nude and nearing the end of her pregnancy. All forms of sushi; from Earth to Khruss were dressed about the ripe Earthling who laid there silently as the clone and her associates; including two humans, a Quintarin, an Illithon and few more of the known species, plucked the delicious morsels off her plump body.

It was during dinner when Senator Jenteal Eight received the call. As a Senator she had been surgically equipped with an inner ear microphone and receiver which made getting calls far easier and allowed her to access completely secure lines at her leisure; which she did immediately as, the voice recognition announced that a call she was receiving was one such call. She stood and politely excused herself as the call came through. As she exited the room, many heads turned to follow her slender, shapely frame; her low cut button down shirt that revealed a wealth of cleavage, produced by a pair of full, ripe melon sized breasts; an ass that seemed sculpted for perfection filled a tight, black skirt that was just short enough to be risqué but long enough to be tasteful. Her long sleek legs were adorned in black stockings and her ebon high heeled shoes showed off their tone shape splendidly. All of this made it worth watching the alluring and painfully beautiful blonde clone and even worse for those following her every movement; Jenteal Eight knew it!

Yet their stares were tempered by the two enormous female Illithon bodyguards who shadowed her silently. Their methods were legend, as well as their body count.

“Hello”, she said curtly, knowing who was on the other end already but keeping her speech vague, incase someone had found a way to listen in.

“You worry too much Senator”, answered a smooth, slightly British accented voice; the owner was a Cyborg by the name Lucus. He had served as a military man and on more special ops units than most people ever had; loosing a good deal of his original body and exchanging it for a mechanized body full of artillery and other electronics…all paid for by his employer, Jenteal Eight.

“Why are you calling”, and the edge in her voice was unmistakable.

“Word has it that Burt the “Butcher” Rose has found himself deceased, along with a lady friend. I think you should contact Lady Q before the Blind man decides to end a once tranquil relationship.”

“I understand”, and Jenteal Eight disconnected the call.

The smile on her face looked as natural as could be as the clone sat down to finish her meal.