**Chapter Four**

At the opposite end of town, in the heart of the casino and entertainment capital of the universe, the Pregnant Pussy Cat club was filled to capacity. In truth, it was always filled to capacity. The PPC was viewed as the hottest night club to go to whether you wanted to dance on the third floor, eat on the second, are watch the sexy, swollen, sensually ripe curves of the clubs infamous pregnant exotic dancers. Females from all races danced there, all pregnant, and all absolutely stunning in their sexy, sensual, gravid gyrations. Men, and women, came from all over the Galaxy to watch these sexy women strut, writhe, sway, undulate and dance while caressing their milk bloated, luscious breasts and hugely swollen, child filled, round bellies. A girl who became a dancer at the PPC was a girl who was soon to be very, very well set up in life.

The clubs owner, Yssobol Timber was considered the woman to speak with regarding what was happening in the city. It did not matter if it involved high society, or the underworld. Yssobol knew what was happening anywhere, and at anytime, in the city. Her girls were often sent out to parties or for a night out with someone, or as a breeder for a person who could pay the price. And when they came back to Yssobol, they shared with her all the news their lovers had revealed to them in the heat of passion and intercourse.

Yssobol was currently at the bar, at one of the corner ends, sitting in a chair designed especially for a being of her shape and form. She was a Sythin; this meant that from the waist up she looked like a very big breasted, beautiful woman with long wavy black hair. Her hair cascaded down her back in a cascade of black silk, a thick lock of it on the left side of her face, falling down in a loose braid that was bound at the end by a series of three gold, interlocking clasps. Her long lashed eyes were golden and slit like those of a snake and along her jaw line, the outer edge of her neck, and the edges of her upswept pointed ears, were the faint suggestions of scales, snake scales. Her huge, round, breasts, currently clasped in a pale gold brassiere like top, were succulent mounds of flesh sitting proudly on her chest. Just beneath those breasts, the faint suggestions of lines similar to those found on a snake's belly began and worked their way down, gradually becoming more pronounced, the lower half of Yssobols' body. A long, thick, muscular snake’s tale ending in a rattle with three links on it was currently curled around the thick stand upon which her seat rested. The smooth skin of her lower, reptilian half was patterned in grays, browns and blacks like that of a timber rattlesnake. Indeed, she was a member of the Timber clan, and the daughter of its chief. Like any Sythin female, when she moved, it was a sultry, sexy combination of slithering and swaying that at once enticed the eyes of anyone she passed. These days that movement was a bit harder to do however, for the sexy owner of the PPC was hugely swollen and round with pregnancy.

Her belly was a massively swollen, gravid sphere of flesh that bulged out heavily from her otherwise slender frame; the grand sphere dwarfing many of the females in her employment. The taut skin was silky smooth, and gave off a soft sheen of its own, in truth, the beautiful orb of expectant lady did nothing to detract from Yssobols’ beauty, it added to it, making her more sensual, more feminine and more ripe in her eroticism. Now more than ever the eyes of many a hopeful lover was on her whenever she made her way down the street or through her club. But they all hoped in vain, for she had her man, and his name was Ridge Griffinson.

Thinking of Ridge brought a soft smile to Yssobols’ lush lips, lighting her slender, high cheeked face like a slow, soft morning dawn. She rubbed the mass of her pregnancy slowly, what she could reach of it, as she thought about the handsome, powerful Griffoth who had been her lover for over 20 years now. Sythins live for a long time, few outside of their own people know how long, and relationships can take a long time to solidify for them. Ridge and Yssobol were very strong in their relationship these days and had sworn to be exclusive to one another and no one else.

"Yssobol?"

The husky voice broke the sexy Sythin out of her thoughts, making her turn toward the speaker with a bit of a start. She smiled at the sexy, blonde haired Felor female who stood before her, naked save for a strip of cloth hanging down her front, suspended from her waist by a slender, golden chain. The golden eyed beauty was hugely pregnant, her breasts grand, swollen, milk filled orbs that looked ready to burst.

"Yesss...Chinar?"

"You wanted to know if he showed up."

Yssobols’ eyes brightened, her hands moving to the huge sphere of her belly. "Yess..?"

Chinar smiled. "Torg just saw him flying overhead."

With an eager smile, Yssobol told Chinar to take over, then she slid off her seat and, moving in a slow, sensual swaying motion, and leaning slightly back due to the huge, child heavy weight she was carrying, the lovely Sythin started to make her way to her private elevator. As she made her slow way to the doors, she smiled at guests, regulars and newcomers alike, waving at people she knew well, nodding to associates from the underworld, and playing the part of the proper hostess. She went through the motions, but her thoughts were on the darkly handsome, silver haired man waiting for her above, in her private quarters.

She was almost to the lift, her hands caressing what she could reach of her fecund waist, when she saw one of her regulars enjoying themselves immensely.

The Lady Qualarr was the undisputed leader of the Quintarin Mafia, and had been since her father's death nearly a century ago. She was a beautiful woman, all sleek and sensual curves, flashing, entrancing eyes and a mass of golden, silky hair that framed her gorgeous face perfectly. Like all Quintarins, the mafia boss had four arms, and, as Yssobol came by, Qualarr was using them to caress the huge, round, pregnant bellies of two Sythins of the Moon clan, a Cobra like clan of Sythins with black hair and dark, almond eyes with skin ranging from golden to bronze in color. The two girls were both cooing and moaning from Qualarrs' caress as Yssobol came closer, and it was clear that Qualarr was enjoying it just as much.

"Enjoying yourself, Lady Qualarr?" Yssobol asked with a knowing smile.

"Mmm....quite my dear Yssobol! But I would enjoy it so much more if these two lovely ladies would accompany me to my home tonight." Qualarr smiled at Yssobol, knowing what the answer would be.

"If the girls are agreeable, then, of course, they may...for the right price." Yssobol was a business woman first, but she did care for her girls very well. The Quintarin looked wantonly at her two female lovers and their reptilian eyes seemed to glow with the same need and want of the mobster. Yes, she quickly decided, they were very agreeable.

"Of course dear Yssobol." Qualarr signaled one of the ever present clones; large males that looked like humans, that stayed near her, and money changed hands; a female Cyborg collecting the credits so subtly that even the Lady Qualarr was impressed.  The two girls eagerly slithered closer to Qualarr and started hissing at her playfully, one running her thick tail between the four armed females legs, teasing the plump sex hidden under expensive clothing.

"Lovely doing business with you." Yssobol smiled as she continued on her way, her thoughts returning to who was waiting for her upstairs.

Ridge was standing on the balcony, looking out over the city, when he heard the elevator doors hiss open. He turned, and saw the sexy, swollen, beauty who stole his heart 20 years ago slither and sway out of the lift. He quickly made his way to her, taking her in his arms, though she had to stand sideways to him for him to do so, and kissing her passionately.

"Mmmmm...." Yssobol pressed against her handsome lover, reveling in the feel of his arms around her, his hand on her ripe belly as they kissed passionately, their tongues dancing within their mouths. Both felt a hunger, a need that they had to deal with first. Talking would come later.

Ridge took Yssobol in his arms, amazing the hugely pregnant Sythin with the ease in which he did so, and, her tail dragging on the ground, still kissing her passionately, he carried her to the big, four poster bed and lay her down on it, sliding beneath the covers to join her there. Soon only the passionate, erotically charged; hungry cries of lovers in heat could be heard coming from the bed. Then, as one of the three moons rose up above the city, its blue light shining into the room, Yssobol rose up on her serpentine portion, her belly huge and proudly swollen before her. She slid herself between Ridge's legs and, as he watched in open desire, she slowly lowered herself down onto the hot, throbbing, pulsing thickness of his excitement, both of them shivering and gasping in pleasure as she did so.

As she felt him penetrate her fully, completely, Yssobols jaw dropped open and a long, loud, breathy gasp of pleasure came from her lips as her eyes rolled up into her head, and her hands flexed spasmodically on her belly. For his part, Ridge reveled in the feel of her sex wrapping his manhood in soft, supple, wet silk, feeling her inner muscles clench around his penetrating member, as her pregnant bulk eased down atop him. Then, as she reached out to him, he took her hands in his, fingers interlacing, as she started to ride him, her body moving atop his in slow, sensual gyrations, her tail flexing and caressing his legs as she gasped and panted in pleasure from their lovemaking.

*"Oh...oh...RRRIdge.....”* Yssobols' breathy, panting purr nearly made the powerful Griffoth cum right there it was so passionate, so hungry, *"I could stay like this...yessss.....forever....."*

"Me too, baby...me too." Ridge panted as he thrust into her. He started slowly, but then, as the need came over him, began to speed things up, Yssobol responding by speeding up her riding of his cock, her pants turning to cries as their bodies moved and undulated in that ancient, erotic dance called sex. Soon, as their bodies pressed together, and Yssobols’ erotic juices flowed, they felt their need hit its peak and, as they both cried out in release, their bodies shook and shivered in delicious, shared, mutual orgasms that left them both smiling and panting in erotic afterglow.

"Oh Ridge...." Yssobol purred as she slid off her lover, her tail wrapping lightly about his leg as she did so, squeezing softly in a lovers hug that only a Sythin can give. "I have missed you sssssso."

"I've missed you too." Ridge said smiling as his sexy pregnant girl lowered herself down next to him, her belly resting heavily on his flat, washboard stomach. "Frost sent me over here tonight, and I think I will have to thank him for doing so!"

"Me too!" Yssobol giggled, then moaned as she felt her babies moving inside her. She reached out a hand to caress what she could reach of her swollen, fecund waist and caressed the taut flesh gently.

"You really are big this time, hun." Ridge said, as he started caressing her belly as well. "Who is the father again?"

"That is my secret, for now." Yssobol said, smiling impishly.

"Okay, have your secrets......huh?" Ridge was cut off as his com buzzed, letting him know an urgent message was coming in. "Frost told me he would give me some time off....." Then Ridge saw Frost's face on the screen and heard his partner's message about Alora.

"Oh no...."

"Alora!" Yssobol cried, having heard the message at the same time. She collapsed onto the bed, sobbing, and Ridge, grieving silently, took her in his arms and held her as she cried out her pain and loss for her friend. She and Alora had been friends, partners and even lovers briefly and to hear of her death and such a violent and cruel death to a women as sweet and generous as Alora hurt Yssobol more deeply than even Ridge could understand. As he held his lover, felt her shaking in his arms, and heard her sobbing out her pain, Ridge felt his own sorrow fade, becoming replaced by something colder, harsher. An icy rage filled him at the thought of the beautiful Alora being dead, and the pain his lover was in. The rage filled him, fired him, almost made him growl with desire to unleash it on the one who did this.

Finally, after a few moments, Yssobol calmed down. She pressed herself against the strong, hard, powerful body of her man, and said softly. "Find him, Ridge. Find the bastard who did this and make him pay."

"I plan to." Ridge's response, the almost feral way he spoke, sent a chill through Yssobol as she was reminded of her lover's animal like state at times.

Ridge slowly rose from the bed and dressed, knowing Yssobol was watching him. He gave her a long, tender kiss, caressing her belly as he did so, then moved to the balcony. He stepped up onto the edge and, as his wings emerged, looked back at her and said.

"I will come back, baby, don't worry about that."

Yssobol smiled, knowing that what Ridge said was true, then, as she watched him leap off the balcony, she caressed her massively pregnant belly and softly whispered.

"Come back safely, darling. Your babies will want to know their daddy."

The Bureaus’ headquarters; the home of the Guardians of Chns was placed in the center of a massive park where it stood as a temple of light in the dark city. The pyramidal building was fifteen stories high, housed over two thousand employees and held enough armaments to stage a full scale war plus the latest in technology and the two hundred of most dangerous and loyal peacekeepers in the Alliance. Four huge towers surrounded the structure; each topped with anti-air craft batteries and anti-assault cannons. Numerous other defenses protected the place and it was truthfully an awe inspiring sight.

And yet to Frost, it was home. He pulled his speeder into the crowded garage; hundreds of vehicles of varying shape and size filled the place but Frost easily maneuvered to where he always found room and was soon walking through the magnificent halls towards the directors’ office.

Her name, Director Cyranda Natiere; Head of Field Operations in this sector of Alliance territory and she was the best of the best. The aqua skinned Aetanarian was one of the founders of the Bureau, one of the highest ranking Guardians within the Bureau, was respected and feared by most criminals in four galaxies, had worked with both Ridge and Frost in the field on countless missions and was now currently pregnant with twelve young; though the father was and had remained anonymous for the last three months; the young Director, respectively speaking since she was well into her fifties but looked as if she were in her mid twenties; was now in the last month of her pregnancy and fully looked the part.

Raven colored hair fell thickly down over her shoulders and back; deep pupiless blue eyes scanned her wall based computer screen as she read medical files on the mysterious rapes that her two best Guardians were investigating. She was very beautiful and yet none who met her or watched her in battle would belie such beauty as weakness. Her suit, made from Aetanarian cloth was stretched tightly about her swollen breasts, a low cut collar revealing an enormous wealth of cleavage that was often more distracting than she wanted but not nearly as awe inspiring as her belly; a magnificent ball of pregnancy, the gravid orb stretched out before her many feet. Her suit coat split to allow the full girth of her fecund waist to be naked and bare. Though it was not unaccustomed for Aetanarian females to gain weight during the last months of pregnancy, Cyranda had retained her trim figure, only thickening as her body adjusted to her new girth. Now, the young female truly looked ready to burst her belly was so greatly distended. Tight pants hugged her curvaceous legs and buttocks as she absorbed the information before her.

She had one hand lazily draped over the tight ball of life, her legs spread to accommodate the incredible width. Her blue orbs rolled back and forth as she took in the latest report from the lab techs as well as reading over the latest report from Carly Indigo, the best crime scene investigator amongst the Guardians. Though still researching had come out of those two poor girls in the morgue Cyranda was slightly relieved when she knew it wasn’t the cause of the rapist, an Aetanarian; but worse, the son of a member of the Council of Aetanar. Her relief disappeared when she heard his voice.

“So…Aetanarian? When were you going to let Ridge or myself in on this startling revelation…or were you at all?”

Cyranda turned and was chilled by the angry and betrayed look in those burning purple eyes. Of all the Guardians under her command Frost had the most right to be as angry as he was; second only to Ridge. She was thankful it was Frost who confronted her first.

“Do you plan to judge me first or let me explain?”

His eyes narrowed sending a shiver down her spine.

“For years we’ve worked together. We’ve been through more shit than most of the senior Guardians and you fucking know it! I’ve trusted you; put my ass and my life on the line for you”, and as he spoke Cyranda could tell that he was using everything he had to remain calm, “so when I find out you have a lead that could help us more than anything and you hold it back…no I don’t plan to judge you first but this explanation better be worth it!”

She was quite and thankful that his scolding was more out of concern that real anger. If she had held information from him or Ridge, then something that she thought they could not understand or she felt they could not help her with  was troubling the gorgeous female and Cyranda couldn’t help but feel guilty that she had not told either of her friends first. Drawing a deep breath the words slid form her lips like a whisper.

“They threatened to take away my privileges as a mother.”

There was a long uncomfortable silence as Frosts’ eyes narrowed further; not towards her but towards those that threatened to hurt his friend.

“The Council”, her asked; his voice a harsh breath? She nodded grimly.

“Why?”

“I learned of the rapists race after the first victim”, she used a remote and pulled up the screen to show a young Eaglar female; her face lost in a peaceful slumber, her belly rising like a tower on her petite frame, “and confirmed his identity after the second victim,” another window opened and this time a it was a Batavarian, her belly so enormous it was hard to see the rest of her body beneath the monstrous orb. Doctors and techs monitored each female and Frost watched as they wheeled in the third, the young human teen; her huge belly quivering as they moved her from the gurney to her huge new bed.

“Okay…who is he?”

“His name is Jynor Deltaire. He is the eldest son of Eyora Deltaire, fourth member of the Council of Aetanar. I reported my findings to them immediately; hoping that they would give me more details on the boy and his condition so it would make his capture easier for us and not as dangerous for him.”

Frost still bore into her with his unforgiving eyes; and yet she knew his rage was not directed at her.

“They gave me nothing. Instead I was placed under the strictest of orders to keep his identity secret by the Council itself…from Eyora specifically. To fail in this would mean that my right as an Aetanarian surrogate would be terminated…under our laws; the laws of my people, I wouldn’t not be allowed to bear children.”

Frost could now understand the undeniable fear it would take for Cyranda to lie to her friends. He had watched her face Snarfs, Raiths, Prengarians and worse in their time together and yet the thought of not being able to be a mother terrified her more than anything.

“What exactly is wrong with him?”

“Her son is suffering from a rare condition a mere one percent of our male population has. It has no clinical name, we call it the Madness. Every so often an Aetanarian male will loose himself in the nature of breeding; as our females love and almost desire to become pregnant he will have that same need to breed; believing all females must become mothers…whether or not they want to. On Aetanar those inflicted are taken into custody and watched over but Jynor somehow found passage here, where he is breeding indiscriminately. They gave me little as to how he arrived except that he escaped from a maximum security prison without a single person noticing his departure. He will breed with every female he can until he is stopped.”

There was silence for a very long moment. Cyranda was teary eyed by now but held back the flow as she looked into the intense eyes of her friend and colleague.

“Give us everything you have on Eyora Deltaire, Jynor and the Council. Let Ridge and I handle the rest…okay?”

She nodded and tried to hide her budding smile. He turned and headed for the door. Cyranda stroked the bare aqua blue flesh of her belly; knowing she would enjoy such a feeling for years to come.

“Frost…thank you.”

 The door shut quietly behind him.

Then as Cyranda turned she saw him. Ridge was hovering outside her window, his face a mask of pure fury. She shook her head and breathed the word “no” but she knew it was too late and the roar that escaped his lips rocked the building, the windows quivering under the force.

The door flew open and Frost was there, watching the silver black wings lifting his enraged friend skyward.

“Shit”, he hissed and turned back towards the hall, running at full speed towards his speeder. If he had heard any of the conversation with Cyranda he knew the fool would be heading towards the diplomatic sector. If Jynor was in town, he was sure to find someone from the Deltaire family there and Ridge would bring them hell…a hell that wouldn’t help Cyranda as much as he would believe. At least not yet! They needed leverage. They need Jynor!

Frost knew his partner had a substantial lead but Frost was a very good driver. Only a few minutes had passed before the Wolfen was flying at top speed through the crowded airways of Chns. He knew the direction his friend was heading and found him easily though catching up would be another matter as the Griffoth twisted and dove through traffic with the skill of one who was meant to be in the sky. Foolishly Frost followed; narrowly missing an air freighter as he put his speeder into a defying spin and cut back on the throttle to level himself out, just as Ridge barrel rolled into oncoming traffic.

The speeder lurched forward and the chase was on but Frost knew that his friend was going to get away, and despite his efforts, there was little he could do. The Guardian yanked back on the wheel and spun his vehicle a full one-eighty and kicked it in to top speed toward the Bureau.

Guardians, techs and civilians dove out of his way as Frost slammed his speeder into the docking bay and nearly crashed it into the dura-steel wall. Yet no one spoke a word as he dashed into the hallways of the huge building.

Cyranda was standing when he returned and she looked at him now, her hands grasping the full, ripe orb of her belly; the tailor made outfit stretched to its limits about her fulsome swelling breast and the enormous mountain of her pregnancy. Frost shut the door behind him and locked it. The unspoken question was soon answered.

“How well do you know Ridge Griffinson?”

Frost was completely caught off guard by the question though like most Guardians, he had an appropriate answer.

“I know him as well as he knows me…why?”

“Did you know he is well over three centuries old?”

The Wolfen stood there, quiet, very attentive and very humbled.

“He is also the first of his kind, a pure Griffoth…leaving him with powers as yet to be untapped; much like yourself.”

Despite her words; knowing that Ridge accommodated him was not as pleasing a thought as one would think. Just how powerful was his partner? Cyranda continued.

“Over the centuries he has gone by many, many names. I knew him when he went by the name of Acor the Hunter; one of the first Guardians.”

At this Frost balked, for lessons of Acor were still taught at the academy. He, along with Cyranda and a host of others; mostly humans and clones, had begun the Bureau on Earth, nearly four hundred years ago, but Acor had been the one to create the Guardians and the code by which many of them lived by.

“In those days he had a wife; a beautiful Felor named Intasha. He loved her more than life itself and they were expected their first bundle of young when I became his partner. During a hunt, our commander had learned that a mobster; a Raith had been sent after Ridges’ pregnant wife. He withheld this information to keep his soldier, his weapon, focused and focused we were. We caught our man…about the same time the Raith gutted Intasha. It was nearly two years before Ridge was able to work again and another year before our commander admitted that he knew and could have warned Ridge, Intasha or any other Guardian about the hit but he didn’t…the mission came first, always.”

Frost looked at Cyranda as she stroked and stared at her monstrous belly, her hands lovingly stroking the fecund mass as she remembered those days. Suddenly he felt terribly young.

“Acor killed the commander and disappeared. A hundred years ago Ridge Griffinson enters the academy and becomes a Guardian. He created them for fucks sake and he still went by the rules…”, and now her eyes locked onto his, “and I betrayed him and you by withholding knowledge that could save others…like a dead commander I was knew.”

She couldn’t bear to look at the Wolfen as the tears finally spilled down her cheeks. Turning towards the window Cyranda spoke in a barely audible whisper but they both knew Frost was hearing everything clearly.

“This thing, with Jynor…it’s personal. For years, while he was in hiding Acor was Eyoras’ lover. Many of her children do not know their fathers, Eyora served as a surrogate mother for nearly a century before becoming a member of the council and retained the job centuries after. It was then she and Acor found one another’s bed.”

Frost could say nothing, he had nothing to say. What he did have was work to do and he would do it. Jynor Deltaire was about to face his worst nightmare and he would have to deal with that alone; besides…if what Cyranda had said was true, Ridge hardly needed his help. No, he needed to find out what or whom was attacking the mob bosses and he needed to find out quick. He was surprised that the Quintarins’ hadn’t started blowing Chns apart already.

Without saying a word Frost turned and reached for the door when he heard her speak again. She was still whispering but Frost heard it.

            “I'm sorry we kept this from you…you deserved better.”

            “You’re right…I do, but so do you. He’ll fix your problem and bring Jynor in. We can hash all of this out later.”

            She remained silent as he pulled open the door and strode towards the med lab and towards Carly Indigo. She hadn’t been researching for very long but Frost knew she didn’t have too. At least he knew that simple truth.

            Cyranda turned and watched him go. Too many secrets had been kept from him but she and Ridge had their reasons…though she wasn’t sure if they were worth it now. She had betrayed a friend, twice now and she was sure his trust in her was forever broken.

 A soft sparkle of light caught her eye and as she focused the Aetanarian lost her breath. Upon the door handle hung a thick icicle, perfect and slowly water was beginning to drip onto her carpet.

            “Oh my…”

As Frost left Cyrandas’ room, across town, in the Diplomatic Quarter, the Lady Eyora was preparing for a long, hot shower. She had had a trying day negotiating trade agreements with the Sythin ambassador, and was looking forward to relaxing for a while before going to bed.

Lady Eyora was a tall, slender, full breasted Aetanarian beauty with skin the color of gold and hair a deep, rich cobalt blue. The same striking color existed in her long lashed, lovely, pupiless eyes, as well as her lips and, for her lovers, the groomed tuft of hair just above her sex. She was not pregnant, not yet at least, but had informed the Council she intended to conceive again soon, once she had selected a man to do it with.

She was so looking forward to being full and round with child again! As with any Aetanarian woman, she lived to be pregnant, to be ripe and fertilely swollen with life, and when she was not so, she felt empty, wanting, and was eager to become so again. She loved all her children, all of them....even the one who was causing so much trouble lately.

"Jynor." Eyora said softly, her hands clasping at her waist and wringing together worriedly. Dressed only in a light robe that she left open, Eyora stepped out onto the balcony of her suite and looked out at the city, shining beneath her. Why did the Madness come over him? How could she protect him from the Guardians, especially now that they were sure to know it was an Aetanarian male impregnating those women? Jynor was safe for now, she had seen to that, but would he escape again? Was the Madness to strong?

"Oh my son, my poor son."

"Your son is a rapist and a violator of all that I was told you hold precious."

That voice!

After over 200 years Eyora heard a voice that had once brought her to a quiver with excitement and passion. Memories rushed back to her of strong, gentle hands on her body, loving her, as lips caressed her.....but the voice she heard now was cold, harsh. It was a voice she had heard once before, just before the one she was thinking of administered a hard, violent justice on men who had threatened her and her family.

"Acor...” Eyora turned, and nearly fainted as she saw the golden eyes, silvered haired man who had once been her most passionate lover and protector? Without thought, she quickly sat down on a couch nearby, her eyes on the tall, muscular, black clad form before her, her cheeks flushed with remembered passion.

"Is it really you?"

"I am called Ridge Griffinson now."

The man known as Ridge stepped out of the shadows where he had hidden, waiting for his one time lover to come out, as he knew she would. "And I stand with the Guardians."

A cold chill passed over Eyora as realization came to her mind. "You have come for Jynor."

"I have. You will either give him to me, or tell me where he is." That voice was edged, clipped, and Eyora knew the man she knew as Acor was in a cold, icy rage.

"And if I do not?" Her glance was defiant, almost angry, a mother ready to protect her young.

Ridge moved so quickly it made Eyora gasp, and his eyes were suddenly locked on hers with icy intensity.

"If you do not, I will hunt him down myself, this night, and administer my own justice upon him."

"No..." Eyora was now visibly shaking, for she had seen the justice Ridge measured upon those who deserved it.

"Give him to me, Eyora. You trusted me once. With your life, and the life of your children, you trusted me. Now trust me again. If I am forced to hunt him down, I will not hold back my wrath, a wrath you have seen the results of. If you give him to me, we will send him back to Aetanar where he can get help. I am will to give him mercy, for your sake. Let me give him that."

Eyora took one look at the hard, handsome face before her, her mind remembering a time, long ago, when she was so huge with child she could barely move. She remembered her protector and lover standing over her as Raiths came to kill her, remembered the power, the speed with which he fought them off, killing them all, and she knew her son would never survive if Ridge allowed his rage to take over. With a soft sob, she bowed her head.

"I will give him to you."

Soft lips caressed her forehead, awakening old desires, old memories, and, for a moment, she was held in those gentle, mighty arms again.

"I know the sacrifice this means for you. I thank you, not for me, but for the ones you have spared from his madness."

"Take him. Take him and go." Eyora said softly. Then, she felt those arms hold her more intensely, and the voice became different, huskier, "Do you remember the request you made of me, years ago? The request I said I could not give you?"

Eyora looked up at him...did he mean..?

 "To father children with me?"

Ridge nodded, stood tall before her, and offered her his hand.

"Tonight, if you wish, I will try to temper your sacrifice by giving you what you asked so long ago."

Eyora looked up at this man, this noble, strong, gentle man who had a core of iron in him. She knew they would make beautiful children and, as she took his hand, felt him raise her up, lift her in his arms, and carry her within, she knew she had made the right decision. Jynor would be cared for and she, she would bear the children of the man she had felt the closest too in all her life.

A short time later, as Eyora lay on the bed, her golden body more swollen with child than it had ever been, Ridge flew toward the Bureaus’ tower, Jynor, made unconscious by an injection, in his arms, and a smile on his face.

Jenteal Eight leaned back in her large and extremely comfortable chair; the view before her as amusing as it was arousing. The pregnant human whom had so recently served as her dinner tray was now enjoying the oral expertise of a male prostitute Jenteal had purchased for just this event. He was handsome and well built and soon had his incredibly long manhood buried into the young human. Even as she reached for the controls to bring her in contact with the most intelligent Prengarian she had ever met; the young woman was bouncing off the thick muscle of the prostitute, quickly reaching her third climax of the evening.

As aroused as the clone was the extremely wise and savvy Diplomat quickly began the sequence to bring her in touch with Blind Jack. What greeted her site on the holo-display were three pregnant females who were so monstrously swollen that Jenteal would imagine the poor girls would burst in the morning. One was an Aetanarian; her legs spread wide as two writhing tentacles penetrated her sex and rectum, her body so full of Prengarian seed that it was leaking out of her distended holes while her belly, a mountainous orb so completely ripe it quivered with dangerous expectancy rose up before her as the female cooed playfully.

Another, a human, looked as if she were lying atop a massive mocha colored ball but it was in truth her enormously swollen belly; two hugely bloated breasts flopped softly beneath her as she gently rocked upon the Prengarians’ extensions; three of them buried into her young sex, tightly packed and dripping with the mixed juices of the lovers.

The third was a Felor; leaning back in a wide armed chair with her big milk heavy breasts resting to either side of a belly that was so incredibly gravid she was nearly dwarfing the Aetanarian. Her plump thighs were spread as wide as possible as she accepted only one tentacle in her quim; though she was trading off between three that filled her adorably round face as they splattered her with thick gouts of seed every time she switched amongst the trio.

Jenteal was hardly surprised; so many females paid the few licensed Prengarians to impregnate them that she was certain old Jack was just offering up his services, for he in fact was the one to convince the Senator to help pass the bill.

“Jack…I hope I‘m not interrupting”, she spoke apologetically?

There was a slightly gurgled noise from off screen as the Prengarian adjusted its voice box; the specialized unit that allowed others to understand him. His watery voice soon filled her ears though she could not see him.

“Good evening Senator. I was just easing the pain of lost friends while aiding three young women with their wishes.”

“And feeding your already fat pockets…?”

“A mere coincidence. Now while did you call; not to offer condolences for the death of dear Alora or Burt?”

Jenteal didn’t miss the fact that the Prengarian had known the dead female that Lucus had alluded to in their earlier conversation.

“Or have you called to request that I don’t come for your head considering your organization is the only one who has not found itself in danger this evening?”

Jenteal was completely taken aback for she hadn’t heard of another hit this night but if Blind Jack said it, she truly believed him; the Prengarian was not accustomed to lying, mobster or not.

“I assure you I had nothing to do with this but I plan to help you find out. I would like to meet at a mutual friends’ place, Thirty o’clock. The Lady will be joining us.”

“Of course she will.”

The holo blinked out as Blind Jack ended the transmission. Jenteal sat there for a moment, quietly reflecting on the bosses words until the deep growling of one of her Illithon bodyguards drew her attention.

She looked up concerned but the female just waved it off and the Senator began the sequence to contact the vivacious Lady Qualarr.

The limo left the PPC an hour after the meeting with Yssobol. Lady Sophinya Qualarr hadn’t even learned the two Slythins’ names and one was already coiled up at the floor of the limo; her head buried between Sophinyas’ thighs, her forked tongue catching her plump clitoris with such accuracy that it was hard for the mob boss to concentrate.

The other Slythin laid back easily as the Quintarin kissed and teased the massively swollen orb of the females’ belly, all four hands working rhythmically over the taunt flesh. Sophinya gasped eagerly as her first orgasm rested on the verge of exploding.

Two arms reached for either side of the couch sized backseat as the other two continued their hungry massage on the swollen Slythins’ belly. Her oral lover licked and hissed with intensity, sliding two long nailed fingers into the slick quim to help bring the mob princess to orgasm. Her efforts were soon answered. The Quintarin screamed loudly; though her driver was behind sound proof glass and could hear nothing. Her juices splashed over her orally gifted lover just as the vid com came suddenly to life; revealing the calm facade of one Senator Jenteal Eight.

Lady Qualarr was still gulping down air, too lost in the haze of orgasm to be upset by the distraction when Jenteal began.

“I see your evening goes well” and the Quintarin smiled smugly.

“Good. I believe we should meet tonight.”

This aroused the Quintarins’ suspicions slightly; the two female bosses had only met once, a century ago and that meeting had changed both their lives. She sat up as best she could; the Slythin relentless in her efforts and the second had moved, laying across her lap, pinning the mobster with her weight, her huge belly pushing into Sophinyas’ own trim waist.

“When and where”, she grunted as the Slythin settled in? Sweat was beading on her brow as the other female continued her assault on her sex and was bringing forth another powerful climax.

“Thirty o’clock. I will be inviting Mr. Jack as well. We have matters to discuss.”

Lady Qualarr knew what the Senator had meant and nodded. Rumor had it that someone assassinated one of the Prengarians’ under bosses and if such a thing were true, the three families needed to find out whom?

“I will see you tonight Senator.”

The vidcom went out and Sophinya began to kiss hungrily on the big, delicious belly before her when she heard the odd, almost painful gurgle come from the within Slythin. The female grimaced slightly and slithered off the mobster to the worried glances of both bodyguards who sat in the shadows of the extended limo. The Slythin smiled weakly; trying to play off the sudden pains that sharply stung her belly and she moved off behind her sister; hoping to not worry their eager client

Lady Qualarr watched as well as one could on the verge of climax when the other female suddenly stopped and pushed back; a frightened look painted her gorgeous face as she rubbed her fulsome belly; odd grumbling noises emanating from beneath her swollen flesh. Sophinya looked in terrified awe as the Slythin gripped her belly; the heavily gravid orb slowly but surely beginning to grow in her dainty grasp, and she loosed an anguished hiss as her already massive belly surged forth; swelling monstrously. The Slythins’ eyes were wide with fright as her body seemed no more her own but that of the creatures maturing within her; creatures she knew would soon come out. It stretched audibly, as did her companions; the strange creaking and squeal of flesh pulled too tight was almost sickening to the awestruck passengers. The scales upon her belly split and parted until pink, meaty flesh could be seen as the Slythin threw her head back in agony. Sophinya could see the ripples of movement in the pink naked flesh between the scales, could see the agony and fear in the Slythins’ face and knew what was about to happen; yet fear and macabre curiosity held her tongue and her hand.

The second Slythin, the bigger of the two gripped the roof of the car as her belly ballooned on the coil of her tail, it was so round and tight that it quivered explosively before the stunned guards. Blood trickled down her chin as the creatures began their violent birth. Tears streamed down her face and she desperately tried to plea for help but her voice and breath were gone as her pregnancy reached its limits and she could feel the slicing of her flesh from the inside out. Her only warning to the stunned guards as a deep, agonized moan; yet it was little too late. The bodyguards had no chance to recover as she cried out her last breath, her arms flexing as she held fast to the sunroof, four massive scythe-like blades ripping open her too gravid belly in an explosively bloody, meaty splash.

Two gore covered creatures nearly three feet in length with black chitinous armor adorning their bodies burst from her womb and the first clone lost his head before he knew it. The second managed a wild shot that accidentally took the Slythins’ head but gasped as the scythes sliced open his abdomen, then cut him in half.

The Slythin heard her sisters’ death cry, felt it psychically in the mental bond they shared and her mind screamed against the knowledge of what her last moments would be. She gripped her swelling belly; felt the beasts inside her mature rapidly, crushing her organs with blind numbing pain as they quickly reached their full growth. She could taste her own blood as her swelling orb grew to its appointed size, dwarfing even Yssobols’ monstrous belly and her reptilian eyes bore fearfully into the female Quintarins’ as the monsters within her began to hack and slice through her plump flesh. Her vision blurred as the first blade split the monstrous globe her belly had become.

Lady Sophinya Qualarr saw the bloody spray behind the Slythin swelling before her and heard the shot; she even saw the Slythins’ head disappear and then heard the death grunts of her guards, a rushing blur that finished just before the female in front of her hissed sadly and gasped out a blood filled scream. Her head flew back as a singular claw axed through the top of her gargantuan swell; cutting downward across the greatly swollen expanse and splashing the Quintarin in reddish black blood. The Slythin was still alive when the Assasa bugs tore thru her like rotten fruit and leapt upon the stunned mobster, pinning her fast.

Sophinya knew these creatures, she knew them well. Her father had created them a century ago and had planned to use the creatures to unite the crime families and bring the Guardians to their knees using them. They, including Jenteal Eight; merely a congress woman then, Blind Jack and herself; the daughter of Goll Qualarr. That was right before they assassinated him. Now they had been released and turned on the crime bosses but how? A faint thought rushed through her mind but was cut short by fear.

She was expecting the stabbing cut but none came as two more bugs skittered like scorpions over the corpses of their deliverers and crawled into position. How long had this been set up, she wondered even as a long, slender tube extended from the bugs pincher like mouth and snaked around towards Sophinyas’ naked sex? She fought against the iron strength of the two bugs holding her but the Quintarin was trapped; even as the tube penetrated her. Tears began to roll down her cheeks as the Assasa bug planted its deadly seed into her; the genetic coding would trigger the births of the young at the proper time, at the perfect time. Sophinya knew when that moment would be and knew she would remember none of this; she had helped her father design that particular trait in the lab grown creatures and now she regretted it. The pinch in her neck distracted her and her mind grew cloudy as the second tube entered her womb. She was soon unconscious as the other two Assasa bugs impregnated her and then as their genetic programming stated, they self destructed.

The limo pulled up between two dark buildings and landed on a preset platform. The doors opened and two Raiths stepped out of the vehicle. They began to quickly remove the bodies; the driver, the two guards and the Slythins; then they hurriedly cleansed the vehicle as the Quintarin slept. A third soon joined them from the shadows and using binary holograms they took the forms of the driver and the two clones.

When they departed only thirty minutes later Lady Qualarr awoke, her head aching and her sex tender but with no memory of the attack. All she did recall was the two Slythin and a very enjoyable evening; and of course a meeting that could change the shape of Chns.

Jenteal smiled. It seemed that if the Quintarins were attacked only she and Blind Jack knew about it and that gave her an upper hand. Turning she continued to watch her two lovers play, the young female desperately sucking on the prostitutes’ rigid cock, just before he loosed a long awaited groan and filled her mouth with seed.

As the female swallowed his load, the clone slipped two fingers into her own wet quim and beckoned them over. She had time to enjoy herself.

            The pregnant Guardian leaned back in the modified chair, her blue cat-like eyes roaming back and forth, absorbing the information rapidly scrolling over the multiple screens. She was no longer dressed in her smart business attire but in clothing more fitting to her style and her condition. A small tank top stretched greatly over the expanse of her milk filled bosom; the black fabric with hot pink numerals looked ready to tear if she took too large a breath. The poor garment was tucked neatly under her full, heavy breasts leaving her massively swollen belly wonderfully naked; her golden bronzed skin tight and smooth with just a tiny hint of stretchmarks. A thin line of platinum fur ran down the full slope of her gravidity, one of the few features besides her feline orbs to give away her heritage.

            The sweat pants she wore were tight over her full rear and sat low on her wide hips showing of just enough rear cleavage to be sexy and not vulgar. Her dainty feet were bare and her trim thighs were spread to accommodate her ever growing girth.

            Carlys’ fingers worked furiously over the touchpad that rested upon the shelf of her belly as she brought up file after file. It hadn’t taken her long to figure out what their assassins were; but how they were being delivered was more tricky and who had grown them was even more mysterious. Old files on all the current and previous crime families and their bosses were on one screen, on the second the files on Sativa and Alora, on the third their assassins; the Assasa bug.

            She had finally figured out the mystery of the creatures using the black residue left by the vile creations. It had just enough DNA to match it to a rare sample found almost a century ago; in the remains of a dead mobsters bombed out limo. That had been the first time the bugs had been proven to truly exist and it was Carlys’ first lucky break.

The CSI knew that the Assasa bugs had only two methods of creation; one was from a main host, an unfortunate female who would birth the seeding pods and those pods would then impregnate another host. Carly guessed that neither Alora nor Sativa even realized such creatures grew within them. Which meant whomever checked on Aloras’ young had lied to the female and Carly would personally insure Yssobol found this out.

            The second method was impregnation by the bugs themselves. Whomever the host was could be implanted by numerous beasts and probably hold anywhere from four to over a dozen within her. From the genetic codes she pulled from the remains these creatures were designed to release themselves when a certain preset gene type came close enough; virtually making the host a living time bomb.

            This meant someone had purposely impregnated the two girls; had used them as unknowing breeders to the perfect killing machines. It was such a cruel and vile act Carly gasped at the revelation; her hands instinctively going to her own swollen belly, as if trying to protect her unborn young from such a sight. She was so frightened by the violation such an impregnation meant that the Guardian nearly jumped as gentle hands caressed her shoulders. Looking back she saw Frost standing behind her; quietly absorbing the Intel on the three screens.

            “You’re working too hard”, he spoke softly, “you’d normally hear me coming.”

            She smiled and turned back to the screens.

            “Here are your killers. Assasa bugs; as nasty as they come. The only thing worse is the asshole that designed them.”

            “Any leads on that particular asshole?”

            Carly had hoped he would ask!

            “Have you ever heard of a Quintarin by the name of Goll?”

            He glanced down at her, a faint smile on his lips.

            “Yeah,” he thought grimly, “yeah I have. Not too much detail on him though; he was the most elusive mob boss there was; despite that every crime family on Rhsk, let alone those in Chns were terrified by him. Rumor has it he was assassinated, car bomb if I remember. Left a perfect opening in the Quintarin mob family for someone; an opening which Lady Q was quick to fill. Why?”

            He could hear her purring and despite the distractions of work and the newly acquired knowledge of his partner; Frost let it sooth him into more pleasantly distractive thoughts as his fingers gently and smoothly worked over Carlys’ sore shoulders. She too felt the slight change in his touch and Carly welcomed it; somehow she knew he needed more at this moment and if the chance presented itself she would take it; for truthfully the young female needed it too.

            “*Mmmm*…the black acidic ooze found at the crime scenes wasn’t just so…*mmmm*…some random liquid, it was the remains of the Assasa assassins. As per their programming the creatures self destructed. I found records over a century old that had the same M.O., and the only evidence found was the acidic remains. But more import…*nngghhh*,” Carly purred as Frosts’ hands wandered over her shoulders and around her neck towards the naked flesh of her collar and upper breasts, “important is the fact that the only real remains of the Assasa bug were found in a bombed out limousine; a limo that was the last place anyone ever saw Goll Qualarr.”

            Frost nodded, though her words were muddled now as she reached back and gently ran her fingers up and down his inner thigh, feeling the hardening muscle beneath his clothes. They both knew there was a great deal of work before them; important work that needed to be taken care of but they also knew that the urge that had built up between them was nearly explosive and now needed to be quenched or they would find themselves distracted and that was dangerous.

“Y…*mmm*…wwe…screw it”, she conceded as his hands played with the tops of her milky breasts.

Carly punched the codes to dim the lights and kill the cameras; not a rarity with her, and placed the pad on a secure hold. Almost instantly he was on her; his lips finding the nape of her neck as she felt his sharp canines graze her skin; his breath a impossible mix of hot and frigid cold that send a multitude of pleasures tingling through her body as his hands found the heavily swollen mountains of her breasts; gently kneading the plump udders until she finally managed to peal away her tank top to release the fat orbs. With a soft squeeze of her fat, rigid nipple, a light stream of milk sprayed the desk infront of her and Carly almost cried as the pressure was relieved. She eagerly and easily took the other one into her mouth, hungrily draining away its contents as Frost turned her slowly an knelt before her.

The half breed gasped with a suddenness that made her drop her milk fattened breast, as a long razor like nail sliced her sweats and two fingers slid into her sex. With agility only one of Felor blood could have Carly pushed upward and arched her back, pushing her mountainous belly skyward while urging Frost to remove her pants which he did happily but before she could lower her heavily gravid body he caught her and buried his handsome face between her thick thighs.

Her sex was trimmed nicely; the trail from her fecund belly leading into a groomed tuft of fur just above her nether lips and Frost licked her taunt, rounded under belly as Carly just kept her balance with her arms while she wrapped her legs over his broad shoulders. She could feel his tongue probe her nether regions with such need that it made her ache with pleasure. Carly wanted to feel him in her, wanted his thickness buried into her molten depths, to feel him as his grew climax grew closer and closer until he exploded within her. Those thoughts fueled her passions and the half breed Felor knew her first orgasm would come quickly and powerfully.

*“Ohhh…shhiiiitt…ffeeeelllsss s…sssoo…ggg…goooddd”*, she whimpered as his tongue worked eagerly and wantonly over her sweet tasting sex. He could feel her quim spasm and the first delicious drippings of her juices on his lips. Carlys’ legs tightened about his shoulders and her body trembled as she tried to prolong the sexual explosion that was so close it hurt. Seconds later Frost lowered her into the chair just as she screamed in climax; her fingers crushing into the metal bracing of the seat as Frost relentlessly led her through orgasm after orgasm; allowing her to breathe through her first only to be followed quickly by the second, the third, the forth, until it was pointless to count and she was dripping with sweat, streams of perspiration running down her massive belly, over her swollen breasts, off her naked thighs; her face glistened wetly and her hair was a soaking mess, spider-webbed across her gorgeous face.

Frost didn’t use his normal tricks; he merely followed where her body led him and soon it was hard to tell when Carly wasn’t having an orgasm. Her bright blue feline eyes were thin knifing slits that seemed to glow with sexual passion. All of her sensations were strengthened by her pregnancy and the Wolfen kept that fact in mind as he stroked her inner thighs or lower belly; always drawing her nerves back towards her dripping, glistening sex. Time past slowly for them but too quickly as well. Still it was soon apparent that the pregnant beauty was completely drained, exhausted and thoroughly satisfied.

Carly was pleasantly, blissfully numb and fully satiated when Frost finally pushed himself away, the drenched female was softly gulping down air as she tried to recover from the delightful oral assault; at least enough to return such a wondrous gift but she was so tired and drained that it was hard to even think. She could hardly open her eyes let alone move. Frost knew her wants but her body needed rest and like Rayne, he truly enjoyed giving her pleasure without any expectations; especially because it made a very good first impression.

“Sleep baby…you have to rest up for our date”, he whispered and a faint smile grew on her full lips and would remain even as she drifted off to sleep.

He stood next to her, gently rubbing her belly as her eyes grew heavier and heavier. The warmth of her skin was amazing; it was so warm nearly invisibly rifts of steam rose from the Wolfens’ hands, the tightness of her flesh that would only grow tighter, the fecund mound rising like a mountain above her slumbering form and when he felt the rhythmic breathing that only came with the deepest, most pleasant rest Frost knew he had done well. The wolfen recognized such sounds; he was a coinsurer of sorts. Still Frost was aching, his hunger painful within him but a few steadying breathes relaxed him as his mind turned towards business; despite the fact that he desperately wanted her, he always had. Between Rayne and Carly; Frost knew he’d want them to have his own sons and daughters one day…but not now.

As Carly was slumbering softly, Frost covered her in a blanket that the pregnant female always kept in her lab; it wasn’t uncommon to find her sleeping in the very chair she was currently resting in now.

Using the desires and hunger he had built up with Carly; Frost focused on the screens before him and like a book the mystery seemed to unfold before his eyes. He began linking one file to another, building on the thin thread of his assumption and as he did so his assumption became a workable theory; one worth investigating. There was no one single shred of proof; nothing substantial at all; except his and apparently Carlys’ speculations and theoretical possibilities but logically it made sense and Frost could hardly believe the conclusion he had come up with. It was as possible as it was improbable.

Simply put…Goll Qualarr was still alive! And he wanted revenge! There were still a lot of gaps to be filled; how he survived, where he was hiding, how did he or how could he have recreated the Assasa bugs in secret, where was he breeding them and how was he impregnating his hosts…but the last question had a possible answer as Frost looked at Carlys’ notes as to the whereabouts of Sativa and Alora over the past few months; and in massive letters on the screen both females had visited a health clinic and spa…almost six months ago. It was the only tie to girls and as Frost probed deeper into the clinics records he discovered its primary backer was one of Golls old businesses, one Lady Q had not absorbed as her own.

Immediately Frost began to bring up a clientele list, as well as pulling up all known employees at the PPC. If any more of Yssobols’ girls had visited the spa they could be in grave danger. Immediately two Slythins popped up as a match, as well as two more names; though not associated with the PPC, Frost recognized the twin Illithon who also acted as Jenteal Eights’ personal bodyguards. Mixed emotions ran through Frosts’ head then; if he let what he knew was bound to happen, happen, then the bitch who murdered the last of his relatives would get what he could not give to her…justice! Of course if he ignored it his best lead would be dead. With a sigh he knew what he had to do. Turning Frost kissed Carlys’ forehead gently and once again found himself in the docking bay…Jenteal was in for one hell of a surprise.

Ridge landed with Jynor; Cyranda and a host of Guardians awaiting his arrival.

“How? How did you convince her to give up her son?”

Ridge passed the limp Aetanarian off to two of the Guardians and began to walk with his very pregnant Director. He didn’t immediately answer her question and she knew it was probably more of an answer meant for private times. They walked silently towards her office and once the door was shut he began.

“It wasn’t too difficult; I reminded Eyora of times past and of promises made, and now…promises kept.”

Cyranda wasn’t quite clear on the meaning of his answer but she was sure she would eventually come to understand. She slowly waddled towards the window and Ridge could see the tension in her steps.

“What’s wrong?”

She was silent for a few moments.

“Frost?”

“What about him?”

“We should have told him.”

Ridge looked at her questioningly and then sighed as he realized her meaning.

“About me.”

Cyranda nodded.

“We had our reasons Cyranda. You and I both know that!”

His voice was stern but her aqua blue eyes seemed to steal some of his bluster.

“He will never truly trust us again.”

Ridge had no answer for that and knew she was right. Wolfen were known for their loyalty but when hurt or betrayed it was no small feat to regain their trust again.

“I’ll talk to him. Where is he?”

“Last I knew he had gone to speak with Carly Indigo about some research she had been doing for him.”

Ridge nodded and began to leave but Cyranda stopped him.

“Ridge…ask yourself why you need a partner…because that is the question Frost needs the answer too.”

He shut the door silently.

Carly was still sleeping when Ridge arrived and gently nudged her back to consciousness. She wiped the drowsiness away as she struggled to regain her senses. As she did so the blanket slipped enough to reveal a full, naked breast.

“Mmm…where’s Frost”, she asked somewhat groggily?

“I planned to ask you that same question.”

Carly looked up at the handsome hawkish Guardian, her eyes widening a bit for Ridge had never come to visit her directly and then she realized she was naked as she glanced down at her bare bosom and the half Felor pulled the blanket more snuggly about her gravid body. Ridge just smiled. It was about time she and Frost had done something.

“Ummm…yeah,” she spoke a bit flustered and embarrassed but Ridge remained nonchalant and that eased her a bit, “we…I mean…huh… I had just told him that our assassins are these creatures known as the Assasa, insectiods developed b…”

Ridge placed his hand on her shoulder.

“Download everything you have on the screen and I’ll look it over, ok.”

Still blushing slightly the gorgeous young female put everything she had and a bit more to micro-disk; she could see Frost had added a bit more to the research. Ridge took it and gave her a thankful wink then left.

Leaning back, Carly sighed and let herself relax, rubbing her huge belly softly as she let her thoughts go back to Frost and the way he had made her feel less than an hour ago. She purred as the dreams of even more pleasures that were sure to come made her tingle in delight and making sure that the lab was locked up tight, Carly indulged herself in her own private fantasies.

         After dropping Jynor off at Guardian Tower and the brief meeting with Carly, Ridge flew uptown to Yssobols place. He knew he should be looking for Frost but he needed to see her again. As he came up to the balcony, wings spreading wide to allow him to land, he saw Yssobol relaxing on an Old Earth Grecian style couch. She was dressed in a soft, flowing, almost transparent, very low cut blouse with long flowing sleeves that gathered at the wrist in soft frills, and the same frills adorned her neckline. Her hair was up again, accenting just how beautiful her slender face was. The blouse fell to about her mid belly, leaving the lower curve of her greatly swollen, pregnant belly exposed for all to see. To Ridge, it was a sexy, sensual, beautiful sight, and he smiled as he landed.

         As he stepped in, Ridge saw that Yssobol was speaking with someone via vid-phone, and he could hear her talking.

         "Yes, the club will be closed tonight; only the three of you will be there. I will make sure my guardsss are on hand, and you may each bring two "assistantsss" with you. But, any violence, and thisss club will no longer be neutral territory for the one who beginsss it."

         On the screen, Jenteal 8 nodded.

         "Agreed. That is what I want anyway. Where will your girls be?"

Yssobol smiled, caressing her huge belly slowly, "Out on business."

         "Good. Yssobol, your doing this puts all three of us in your debt. You know that, don't you?"

         The sexy, swollen, Sythin nodded.

          "Yess, I do. When the time isss right, I will collect."

         Jenteal could not help but smile knowingly, "Yssobol, I am so glad you are not fully into our world! I don't think the rest of us could take it if you were!"

         Yssobol giggled as Jenteal 8 signed off, and then squealed in surprise as she felt a powerful hand on her big belly. However, she quickly relaxed and gave a soft hiss of pleasure as she realized whose hand it was. "Mmmmm...Hello darling....I wasss not expecting you."

         Ridge smiled as he kneeled down in front of her, kissing her softly, "I know. Seems you are renting the place out tonight."

         "Yessss. The Big Three want a meeting, and this isss a place they all agree to be neutral territory. It has sssomething to do with sssome ssstrange killingsss, and attempted hitsss on their people. All three are claiming they had nothing to do with it," Yssobols' face darkened for a moment, "I think thisss hasss something to do with Alorasss’ death asss well."

         Ridge nodded, for the same thought had come to him as well. Then, a new thought entered his head. He had been reviewing the information on the killings, information he had picked up from Carly just a little while ago and suddenly a realization came to him. Memories entered his mind from a century back, and, with a sudden clarity, he knew something was going to happen at the club that night.

         "It’s a trap."

         Yssobol sat up, as much as she could, her face concerned, "What isss a trap?"

         "The meeting tonight; it’s a trap to get all three bosses in one place at one time!"

         Ridge was on his feet in an instant, "Yssobol, I know you cannot cancel, but stay away from the club tonight. I have a feeling it is going to get bad, very bad there tonight."

         "I can't. I promisssed all three bossesss I would be there asss host. If I back out and sssomething doesss happen, they will think I had a part in it!"

         "Blast it! Okay, then take extra, extra precautions. Every one of your guards armed to the teeth, okay?"

         "I will darling, I promissse."

         Yssobol could see the concern in his eyes, and knew she had to tell him her secret, in case something happened that night, "Ridge, hunny, come here."

         "Yes?" Ridge knelt back down, smiling as Yssobol put his hands on her belly.

         "What is it?"

         "Well, I don't know how you will take thisss, but...I am carrying your babiesss thisss time."

         "What?!!!" Ridge was incredulous. He looked down at the massive ball of Yssobols’ belly, then up at her hesitantly smiling face. With a shout of joy he suddenly pulled her in his arms and kissed her passionately, lovingly, as she squealed in delight from his response. For a time, they were together, she in his arms, kissing tenderly, whispering words of love to one another. Tenderness became passion and, soon, Ridge's pants were down and he was straddling Yssobols’ tail, penetrating her with his thick, pulsing phallus as his Sythin lover moaned and panted, writhed and cooed on the couch till both entered the sexual high of true lovers and gave vent to their erotic release. For a few moments after, they lay together, kissing softly, caressing one another, feeling their children move in Yssobols’ hugely pregnant belly. Then, with a soft sigh, Ridge kissed Yssobol again, then kissed her belly, and rose to his feet.

         "You have made me happier than I have been in a long, long time”, he said, eyes shining with happiness, "But, I have to go now. Now more than ever I have to protect you, and this city. But I will be back. I promise."

         With that, Ridge ran to the balcony and leaped off, wings snapping wide. He cut a quick turn to blow Yssobol a kiss, then flew off into the night, a dark shadow among shadows seeking to administer justice. The first thought on his mind, after the joyous news he had received, was to contact his friend and partner to tell him the fantastic conclusion he had reached.

         Behind him, tears of joy in her eyes, Yssobol lay back on the couch, caressing her belly and smiling.

         "Hurry home my love."