**Welcome to Rhsk**.

**Intro:**

            The rain fell lightly on the plexi-steele windows of the high rise apartment. Through it air cars and trains flew by with blurring speed; races and species of a hundred star systems filling skies. That was how it always looked in the city of Chns, the Las Vegas of the planet Rhsk. It was the one and only completely neutral planet in the Alliance; meaning that all species were allowed to dwell in the vast city; one that was nearly the size of Earths New York and Miami combined. There was no way to determine the true number of the cities population and only a rare fool would try. Still, Chns had laws, politics and unspoken rules that it’s multi-cultural populous was governed by.

            Though politicians held the known rule of the city, its true power came from the criminal outlet; the three mob style leaders that had cleverly divided the huge city; the gangs that dwelled within those boundaries and the wealthy business men and women who paid for it all. Politics was a front and every politician was bought. Even the cities police force was a corrupt unit that sometimes acted more like a gang than keepers of the peace. In truth, Chns was a war zone that was out of control and needed saving. That’s when Bureau finally took notice and placed its best and brightest to keep all the factions of Chns in check; and keep the peace that its alien populous deserved. All in all, it Chns was a powder keg that awaited its fuse to be lit and the Bureau and it’s Guardians were the only force to have the means and power to put the fuse out if it was.

**Prologue:**

Beneath the sprawling mass that is Chns, there are the massive and complex tunnels that make up the sewer collection and distillation units. The dark corridors and caverns all lead toward a central processing core that removes and destroys all contaminants before spewing crystal clear water back into the ocean. The people, who work in these areas, the engineers, technicians and their assistants, come from all the races that make up the Galaxy. They spend their days monitoring the machines, and sensors that process the sewage, and often have to walk the dank, dark, corridors of the sewers. They all wear the same uniform, a silver, full body suite that covers them like a second skin, leaving only their faces exposed. The suits are a marvel of technology, for any trash, sewage or junk that touches them slides off without staining the suit, or harming the suits owner, no matter how toxic or volatile. They are also a one-size-fits-all model, indeed, with the variety of creatures working for the city of Chns, this was a necessity.

Among these workers, there was an Elifeen girl named Inisha. She was a beautiful, deliciously shaped lovely with deep blue, entrancing eyes, and a mass of soft, silky blonde hair, a wonderful figure and heavy, round breasts that drew the attention of males of any species as she passed by.

At least, that was how she had looked that morning, when she checked in for duty.

Now, she was a bloated parody of a pregnant woman, lying on the mucky ground of a dark, unused tunnel of the sewer system.

Her silver suit, meant to stretch to amazing lengths, still covered her body, keeping her skin protected from the toxins and foul chemicals that floated around her. Her face was still almost the only thing not covered by her suit, for which a distant part of her mind was grateful. Her lovely face was dotted with perspiration and her soft, lush lips were parted slightly as she panted and gasped for breath, blue eyes staring at the dark ceiling above her, or darting to the sides as her head slowly rolled about, looking anywhere in fact, except at her body. Every time she saw it, a soft moan, or whimper would escape her lips and she would make futile movements to try and drag herself away as she shook her head from side to side in useless denial.

She was impossibly pregnant, her belly swollen so huge and round she felt she could birth two full grown men. The great aching mass of gravidity swelled out from her otherwise slender body to such a huge extent that her sides bulged out well over three feet. She looked as though someone had set off a genetic bomb within her womb. So huge, so gravid, was she that moving was impossible, and breathing was difficult at best.

It ached, her skin so tight it felt ready to split open at the slightest touch, her internal organs pressed together so tightly she could feel them being squeezed. Her breasts were huge, round, aching, milk bloated spheres of flesh resting on her chest like balloons made overly full of J-ello.

But she had not been pregnant that morning, or even an hour ago.

Inisha had been making her way down a tunnel, meaning to check the sensors contained there. She remembered rounding the corner, then something slimy and covered in tentacles had grabbed her and, before she realized what was happening, thrust a phallic shaped tentacle up her sex, ripping her suit open between her legs in the process. She had only been able to give a muffled scream as another tentacle thrust its way into her mouth, stifling her cries as she struggled with her attacker. She could feel them thrust and squirm within her; the salty, sickly taste in her mouth, the warm precursor to her attackers release in her sex. She fell, pinned beneath her unknown assailants, feeling their thrusts come faster, more desperate. Inisha whimpered as the first drops of seed hit her tongue and it was too much for her to bear as the hot gush of seed exploded between her penetrated thighs. Thankfully, she passed out, only to awaken to find herself impossibly pregnant and lying among the muck of the very sewers she was meant to help clean. And she had no idea what was in her womb, and, even now, moving inside her, making her whimper from the pressure within.

As she looked about, she became vaguely aware of darker forms, shadows within shadows, standing around her, facing away from her, as though they were guarding her from something. She had tried to speak with them, until one turned around with a hiss, and she saw the yellow -eyed, skull like, midnight black features of a Raith, the most feared beings and assassins in the universe. She had become silent with a soft sob, her hands moving unconsciously to the impossible mass of her belly.

That had been a few hours ago, but time was meaningless now, for all she could do was lay there, feel the things in her belly move, and pray that somehow, some way, she would be rescued or die, or wake up to find that it was all a horrible dream.

"Ah, perfect. You are ready."

The voice, coming from the darkness, was refined, calm, and absolutely chilling in its casual evil.

Turning her head, Inisha saw another form in the darkness, this one moving toward her. As it came closer, she saw that on its left side, the creature had two arms, and she immediately thought it was a Quintarin, but the left side only had one, massive, oddly shaped arm, which confused her already tortured mind. She also saw that the left eye of the giant form was a red, glowing, laser optic, and that the thing walked with an odd, almost limping gait. Then, it came into the dim light of the tunnel, and Inisha gave a cry of fright as she tried to cringe away from the approaching horror.

It was a Quintarin, a male, and a powerfully muscled one at that. The right side of the face was handsome in a darkly refined way, with a piercing black eye beneath heavy brows, a straight, aquiline nose, and a cold smile on full lips. But the left side of his face, indeed the entire left side of his body, was a horrific mass of burned, scarred flesh, pierced by the wires that kept the massive, steel, cybernetic arms moving. The face was skull like, scarred flesh stretched tightly over the bones of his skull, and his left eye had been replaced by a laser optic. The contrast of the two, combined with the mad, malevolent evil in his eyes, spoke of the wickedness of the man who stood before her.

"Ah, yes, my appearance distresses you? Well, I do apologize. But, I am not the one to blame. Some former associates did this to me, and it has taken me a very long time to recover and adjust to my new self. But, time serves he who waits, and I have waited my dear, waited and researched for nearly a century, biding my time until the moment for my revenge had come!"

A soft, chilling chuckle came from his awfully dichotic lips as he looked at her with a wild, triumphant hunger, then reached out to caress Inisha's massively swollen belly as the poor girl whimpered and shook her head in useless plea for him to stay away.

"And you my dear are the perfect host for the tools of my revenge...."

A few moments later, screams of pain and exertion, cries of terror, permeated the dark room as Inisha's nightmare became even worse.

**Chapter One:**

            Rayne smiled as she looked at her lover. His name was Reil Phraustenphaure; Frost for short. He was a Guardian of the Alliances’ Bureau; the incorruptible keepers of the peace. Looking at him she had to wonder what his life was like before he joined the force. Though he looked human, Frost was in fact a Wolfen; a race that looked far more bestial on their home world of Khruss; a small planet that was half covered in icy plains while the other half was a lush jungle and sporting three huge oceans. Its rapid rotation meant that the inhabitants of its world had learned to adapt and adapt quickly. This also gave the species of Khruss a toughness that was feared and admired by many other races among the known star systems. A violent world, the Wolfen shared it with the notoriously warrior like reptilian Snarfs and the equally dangerous Illithon. To attempt to make a peace on their world and due to the fact that the Snarfs were far more troublesome and dangerous to the combined races than either were to eachother, both the Wolfen and Illithon joined the Alliance; each race allowing one of its own to join the Bureau. The Illithon had sent a female. Frost had volunteered; a fact his tribe was still not to keen on though he had never divulged to Rayne why.

            He was handsome; with deep, dark brown skin; a lean and muscular frame, a cleanly shaven head that never grew hair, strong and roguish features with full lips and a thin goatee. Broad shouldered, his back formed a perfect V shape and she loved his tight butt and toned legs; perfect for his five foot eleven inch frame. His chest was wide and sculpted with tight abdominals that Rayne often ran her fingers across. Yet her favorite feature was the thick ten inch beast between his legs that when awakened became a twelve inch monster. Above all though, Frosts’ most striking attribute were his eyes, deep; gorgeous purple eyes that made Rayne melt whenever he looked at her. It was how they met; he had caught her starring at those wondrous eyes. She cooed softly remembering that night; absently running her hand across the tight, smooth flesh of her heavily swollen belly.

Upon his forearms and back were three distinctive tattoos. The one on his back had been done in an alien ink which made it seem to glow slightly in the darkness. It was in the design of a bright white and blue flame with a purple hued center that spread out almost like a phoenix at its peak. Around the flame shadows danced about as if calling forth the fire itself. Frost had told her it was the symbol of his tribe on Khruss, the Shadow Dancers.

 Upon his right forearm was the name “Invictus” and upon the left “Vox Fini”. Rayne never asked what they meant but Frost had told her that during his training he had learned a few things about Earths theology and had taken up the surnames of the archangels Michael and Gabrielle; the “Undefeated” and the “Final Word of God”. It was one of the many mysteries of her lover and friend; all of which she took in and remembered; for he never pride deeper into her life than she wanted, never judged and was there when she needed.

The two never discussed relationships or children; she was not one to tie herself down though Rayne had considered it with Frost, but neither was ready to be a parent. Yet Rayne was Aetanarian; being pregnant for their species was not just a privilege but an honor and joy. The Council of Aetanar had allowed her to become a surrogate mother for those of her race who could not bare young. She had taken it a step further and had become a surrogate for various species; though none outside of the Alliance. It was against the laws of her race but she loved being pregnant; feeling her body swell and ripen, seeing how others, both male and female admired her voluptuous shape and gravid figure; plus the shear pleasure of bringing new life into the universe was beyond anything she could dream of and she was determined not to let anyone tell her differently. Nor did it hurt that Frost loved it when she was big and round, softly plump and full to bursting with babies. Nor did it hurt their relationship for neither had to worry about the possibility of Rayne getting pregnant. So it was that Rayne often found herself huge and heavy with the young of whomever was in need of her unique talents; much like she was now and just as often she found herself in the wanting arms of her mysterious Wolfen Guardian.

The two both knew and understood that they had other lovers but their relationship went beyond the pleasures they could give one another; they were friends and in the best way possible.

Frost stared out the window and knew she was watching him. They had made love only a short while ago and he was exhausted but he could not sleep. Something was stirring out in the city; his animal instincts told him that much but he could not see it or imagine what it could be. That bothered the agent more than anything; well except that he had a gorgeous, extremely pregnant female just begging for him to give her more pleasure and all he could think about was a problem he could not see. Frost took a deep breath and calmed noticeably. Wolfen were known for their incredible sex drive and prowess; but he was an Evolved, a Purple Eye as his race called them and his lust was actually insatiable. Normally it took hours of meditation to subdue the urge but somehow this unseen trouble had done the trick. Looking over his shoulder at the reddish bronze skinned beauty, Frost immediately decided he would let the trouble come when it was ready; he had the night off and he meant to enjoy it.

Rayne was gorgeous for her species; for any species for that matter. A rarity her flesh tone was a reddish brown that made her look more human than Aetanarian, her face was angelic; soft and heart shaped with full red lips, a pert nose and emerald hued eyes that seemed to sparkle against the color of her skin. Her hair was an intense and fiery red, high lighted with streaks of gold. She was curvy and healthy; due to her current condition. Though he could not see it, Frost knew her round shapely rear by memory, hardening at the thought of the natural bubble it formed when she stood; he eyed her well sculpted legs with admiration; a by product of her profession and her lovely feet curled back as he drank her in. Yet her beauty was only accentuated by her shape; her heart and mind were her most adhering features. Still the massively swollen breasts; each the size of over ripe melons, sat full and heavy on her chest, filled with liquid sustenance; each monstrous orb was topped with thick, light brown nipples that sat erect with the pressure from within and he so enjoyed the sight.

Yet all of it was overshadowed by her belly; a massive orb that literally ballooned out from her delightful figure. Swollen out to her sides, the mountainous dome was distended out nearly four and a half feet on her five foot, five inch torso. So enormous was her newly acquired pregnancy that the lower curve hid her clean shaven sex.

Due to the harsh environment of Aetanar, the females of the planet evolved; shortening the gestational period of their pregnancies while increasing the amount of young carried. Currently, Rayne was physically six months along; by Earth standards, with a healthy set of eleven human babes; though she conceived them only three nights before. In the next four months her belly would grow and ripen until Rayne would become fully immobile; her young growing literally up to the moment of birth. Still Frost would visit her; and, as with her last three pregnancies, he would be there for the birth, as he would imagine, standing next to the adoptive parents. He hoped they were wealthy; for their sakes.

“What’s on your mind”, she asked in her soft, husky voice? Frost smiled and looked at her fully; locking his eyes to hers. It was how they normally started their conversations.

“You of course.”

“No I’m not, but thanks.”

“Why would I lie”, and she couldn’t fight the smile that covered her face?

Even in the darkness the Wolfen could see her blush and he allowed his eyes to slip into the infra red spectrum of light to see the heat of her skin as she grew more and more aroused. This was part of the reason Wolfen were so good in bed, their extra senses allowed them to see, smell, taste and hear what their lovers bodies wanted; whether or not their lover could tell them. Wolfen could see in the infra red spectrum as well if not better than they did in the spectrum of natural light; the details were far more intense and vivid and even now Frost could see the moisture of Raynes’ natural juices beginning to leak from her hidden folds of her sex; as well as the very active young within jumbling about in the tight confines of her womb. They looked white hot in her belly; and though he could not make out individual forms the mass of heat moved and writhed with life. His smile broadened, as did hers.

“Okay…you’re not lying. But you should stop thinking and start doing”, Rayne commanded in breathless growl.

Slowly Frost approached the bed as Rayne eased down on the mattress to allow him access to her wet nether lips; the musk a haughty aroma that smelled sweet and tantalizing to Wolfen. Dropping between her toned thighs and behind the cover of her massively swollen belly, Frost took a moment to drink in the plump lips of her sex, the searing heat that seemed to radiate from her womb. She wanted; no, needed him desperately and who was Frost to say no?

            Gently he let his fingertips run down the soft, supple flesh of her inner thigh; watching as Raynes’ body temperature flared at his touch, hearing the sudden intake of breath with each subtle stroke. Frost knew how to please women but he was a master at pleasing Rayne and though he had an important engagement that evening he planned to make every moment he had count. Torturously he slid his fingers over her skin, feeling the heat emanate from her body, the thin sheen of perspiration form beneath his nails, the imperceptible shiver that racked Raynes’ swollen frame.

            The swell of her belly glowed like a sun in the infra red spectrum, it was so hot Frosts’ fingers looked cold as they taunted and teased the bloated orb; drawing slow, wicked circles over her gravid abdomen. She was panting breathlessly and he could hear her words, her urgent plea in those breaths but Frost was patient.

            He softly kissed the tight, burning flesh of her belly, letting his lips plant a trail down the round, sloping arch of her distended sphere as a dark brown line lead the way to her wondrous treasure. A small tuft of reddish brown hair peaked her sex, which was wet with desire and Frost slowly rolled his tongue over her plump, moist folds.

            Raynes’ eyes went wide as she felt him; the tender caress of his mouth over her nether lips sent a shiver of such pleasure through her that the Aetanarian could hardly stop shaking. Her lover kissed and licked her quim with such passion that it took everything she had to hold off her orgasm. She squeezed and played with the malleable flesh of her milk laden breasts, allowing her hands to wonder across the swollen expanse of her pregnancy until it soon became too much and all Rayne could do was concentrate on the physical delight Frost was giving to her.

            In moments Rayne was clawing the sheets, whimpering and gasping in sexual torment as Frost displayed oral talents the likes of which she had never known.

*“Ohhh…yeessssss…ppplleeaassseee…m…mmmoorrreeuuunngghhh”*, she squealed as her juices exploded from her sex and into the lapping mouth of Frost who continued his enjoyable work until Rayne was too exhausted to move. Though he was as aroused as he had ever been he wanted to please his friend this night with no expectations. Besides that, he enjoyed the thought that now Rayne felt as if she owed him such a delightful favor and Frost couldn’t wait to cash it in. She was desperately fighting off sleep but both of them knew she was fighting a loosing battle.

            “What about you”, she whispered in an almost inaudible tone though to Wolfen ears it was as loud as if she were speaking right next to him. Frost buttoned the coat of his cassock and knelt beside her. Raynes’ eyes were mere slits and the green orbs glowed beneath the nearly closed lids, a faint but tired smile formed on her full lips. Leaning in Frost kissed her; not the passionate, hungry kiss of lovers; but the deep, long kiss of friends.

            “Don’t worry about me. Sleep and I’ll call you later this week…okay?”

            Her head barely moved and before he shut the door Frost could hear the rhythmic breathing of a well earned slumber. Looking down at his wrist mounted com-con he read the time. He was late.

            “Fuck!”

            Alora Brightsmile had worked for Yssobol for almost twenty years and considered herself one of the Slythins’ best friends. The two had worked hard to create the Preggo Pussy Cat Club. The Elifeen had been in her seventh month of pregnancy when the doors first opened and remembered the moment as if it were yesterday. Smiling she looked at the handsome, if not scarred man before her. Burt Rose; also known as the “Butcher” was only nineteen the first time the two were together. She had taken his virginity; as ordered by his boss, an oddity amongst oddities; Blind Jack, an extremely intelligent Prengarian that had managed to create a family of business men of varying species and who worked just beyond the parameters of the legal system.

            One of three clones that worked for Jack, Burt was the oldest and had moved up in the ranks to that of the title of boss himself. Though Alora knew that Burt had killed more people than she could or would want to imagine; he was always protective of her and treated the Elifeen better than any other female, including his human wife. Now, just shy of forty, the clone looked incredibly fit. He had a small gut but the rest of him was well muscled and he was far more endowed than most of her clientele.

            Pulling back her stark raven hair, the blue eyed female stroked the huge, protruding dome of her belly. She was pregnant with the young of a Quintarin that she had met some six months ago and since the children were of mixed heritage, she was close to her due date. As with most of the females working for Yssobol the children would be found good and proper parents and then adopted. Alora had given birth almost eight times in her two hundred years of life, most of them while working with Yssobol and she loved the feeling of the lives growing within her. Though earlier that morning she had not felt well, Alora had refused to miss her appointment with Burt, especially on the anniversary of their first meeting.

            “You…you look beautiful Alora”, the clone stammered in a deep, baritone voice. The hugely pregnant Elifeen smiled and blushed slightly. The clone looked at her and was awe struck. Though cloudy outside, the light that cut through the dense fog touched her porcelain hued flesh just so, causing the massive orb of her belly to almost glow with radiance. She was larger than he had ever seen her; a spattering of stretchmarks creased the torpid dome as it protruded from her slightly plumper frame. Big, heavy breasts rested atop the swollen orb, her nipples already stiff from the pressure and play they had started on the ride to his private retreat. He to was excited and ready; looking into her bright blue eyes, seeing the smile on her full lips and the casual way she beckoned him towards her made Burt ache.

            Alora happily accepted her lover into her mouth; feeling his thickness as she ran her tongue down its length. Yet even as she did so a sharp pain racked her belly and Alora grimaced while keeping herself from hurting Burt. She stroked her taunt flesh while holding him in her mouth as the pain subsided. Unsure if her babies were in danger Alora decided to make the evening quick and return to Yssobols’ as swiftly as possible.

            “Lay down baby”, she cooed and Burt obeyed. His thickness rose like a tower and both lovers moaned in pleasure as he slid into her hot, wet depths. They started slow, Aloras’ enormous belly resting high on the six foot six clones’ chest. She felt good, his thickness penetrating her quim deeply and Alora fell easily into a melodic rhythm as he thrust into her. But then something changed; she could feel it from within her as sweat began to build and roll off her body. She tried to grab Burt, to warn him they were in danger; her babies were in danger but he was too lost in the lustful tryst and could not see her beyond the slope of her belly; he could not see the sudden fear or the agonizing expression on her face as pain; horrible, incredible pain racked her body.

*“Unngggnnnhhh…B…Buurrttnngghhh…”*, but her plea was lost, mistaken for the lustful moans that slipped easily and freely from the clones’ lips. Alora could feel it; as if something was tearing her apart from the inside. Blood spurted from her lips as her internal organs were ripped and torn. In one last breathless moment Alora Brightsmile gripped her fecund belly; whispering a dying prayer for her young just as two ebon scythe-like blades erupted from the taunt flesh of her belly.

            Burts’ eyes popped open as he felt the hot wet splash of blood but immediately he wished they hadn’t. Pinned under the soft yet heavy weight of Alora, he knew it was over as the huge blades cut through her flesh and came down like hatchets; piercing his biceps to the bone. He screamed in agony but only for a moment as another needle edged blade split the dead Elifeens’ womb and speared him through the chest; crushing his breast bone, puncturing both his lungs and heart, then severing his spine to silence him forever.

            The Assasa bug rent itself free of the corpse, Aloras’ lifeless body tumbling off the bed in a bloody mess, her fear still a mask on her beautiful face. It ruthlessly cut and hacked at Burt “the Butcher” Rose; his body strewn across the room until there remained only a wet, bloody explosion on the sheets of the bed to show where he had been. The ebon armored creature chirped with pride but then just as suddenly loosed a scream of its’ own; a scream of horrible pain, the pitch so high that the glass, the crystal and other delicate objects within the room exploded or shattered with force. Thick bubbling pustules erupted and popped on the things chitinous shell, the liquid spurting out melting away the bugs flesh until moments later all that remained of Aloras’ murderer and Burts’ assassin was a black oozing puddle.

            It took a full hour before the two Snarf bodyguards discovered the bodies. Not the most intelligent of species, even these two reptilians understood something had gone wrong; terribly wrong. Within minutes Burts’ brothers; Black Tom and Argyle along with a host of other foot soldiers arrived. Blind Jack heard the news ten minutes after that. One of his bosses was dead, assassinated in his home, with a girl he both respected and liked. This wasn’t only a hit but a message. Someone wanted a war.

As Frost was pleasuring Rayne, on the other side of town, another Guardian was at work.

Ridge Griffinson stood atop the tallest building in Chns, home to one of the best casinos in the universe. He was dressed in a black sleeveless tunic, over a matching long sleeved one, black trousers and black soft leather boots. His darkly handsome, eagle like face, complete with eyes that one moment were like an eagles, and the next like a hunting cats, were grim, his long silver-white hair falling loose about his shoulders. He stood in the shadows of one of the massive gargoyles that dotted the roof of the building, an oddly archaic ornament in the modern, technology focused city. His focus was on an apartment building two blocks over. In it, a Quintarin, the four armed humanoids from Asleon Prime, was in the process of waiting for his latest request. The Quintarins looked human, for the most part, but stood on average over seven feet tall, and tended to be very forthright when it came to fighting. Of the three crime families that ruled the city, the Quintarins were by far the most prone to violence. This particular brute named Rorgin; was a heavy for the second in command of the Quintarin crime family, and as such almost untouchable by most.

But no one was untouchable when it came to the Guardians.

At present, Ridge had it on good authority that Rorgin was the key man in a big operation, one that was going down soon, maybe even tonight, and the Griffoth wanted to nail the Quintarin to the wall.

Griffoths are a species unique in the entire universe. They come from the planet Aryos, home to the lion like Felor and eagle like Eaglars. Both races lived in harmony, the cats in the plains and the eagles in the mountains, but, now and then, a mating would take place between them, and the result would be a Griffoth. Griffoths possessed all the gifts of both species, speed, strength, sight, agility, the ability to fly, as well as one or two gifts all their own. At the moment Ridge was using his incredible sight to watch his Quintarin prey.

 As he watched, a scantily clad, black skinned and blue haired Aetanarian came into the room. Peering closer, his eyes shifting fully to those of an eagle, Ridge recognized the girl as one who worked for Yssobol Timber, the owner of the Pregnant Pussy Cat, the hottest strip club, and gentleman's club, in Chns. The place was also considered neutral and safe territory by all three crime families. Yssobol was known for her girls and their skills, as well as being a fount of information on the happenings in the city. She was also Ridge's lover. She smiled at Rorgin, and held out her hand. Rorgin smiled as well and dropped a bag of credits into her waiting palm.

"What are you up to Midnight? Why did Yssobol send you to this guy?" Ridge murmured as he watched the transaction taking place. She smiled at Rorgin, and held out her hand. Rorgin smiled as well and dropped a bag of credits into her waiting palm. With the exchange of money over, the very busty, lovely, Aetenarian then started pulling the Quintarin toward the bed eagerly, undressing him as they went. Ridge knew what would happen next, for the Aetenarian had not been pregnant, and Ridge understood she would want to be. Most likely, Rorgin was paying her to bear his young. With a sigh, the silver haired Griffoth leaned back against his stone companion, planning to wait out the mating that was about to take place.

Then he heard the scream.

His acute hearing picked it up, and quickly identified it as coming from four blocks behind him. It was a scream for help, a scream of denial against what was about to happen, and Ridge had to respond.

Without a moment’s hesitation, he stepped off the ledge and dropped into the air. He fell like a stone for a few moments, then, with a great flapping sound, silver and black wings burst into existence from his back and, like an avenging angel, he soared off into the dark, searching for the person crying for help. He flew silently, gliding on the warm air that rose from the city and from the surrounding ocean, barely flapping his wings, his golden eyes now fully those of an eagle as he sought for the source of the scream.

He had been flying for some time when his preternatural hearing picked up soft panting and gasping coming from a space one block to his left. He quickly turned, then folded his wings toward his body and stooped like an eagle striking its prey. He shot toward the ground like a comet, moving so fast he was a blur. Then, at the last possible moment, his wings snapped open and out, slowing and halting his descent. As his feet touched the ground, his wings folded even more, into his back, where they took on the appearance of wing tattoos running down his broad muscular torso. He had landed just around the corner from an alley, startling a few people with his sudden and rather dramatic drop, and he now crept slowly around the edge, golden eyes peering out to see what was occurring in the dim recess between the two monolithic buildings. But it had already happened.

A girl laid there, a dark haired, young and beautiful human girl. She had been a small and petite girl; no more than eighteen, Ridge could tell that by the clothing that lay scattered around her body. They had been made for such a girl, but this girl would no longer fit any of the clothes in her closet. Her young, petite body had been turned into a massively swollen, impossibly, pregnant figure, with huge breasts that looked ready to burst from the pressure within them. The girl lay moaning, whimpering beneath the hugely gravid mound of her belly, small hands reaching out tentatively to touch it, the recoiling back with a soft cry when she made contact with the immense mass of her abdomen. She was panting for breath, her lungs clearly affected by the swollen state of her body. Her dark eyes were wide with fright, and they widened further as a small scream escaped her lips when she saw Ridge appear from the side of her huge, tight skinned belly.

"Easy. Easy. I won't hurt you." Ridge kept his voice soft as he moved slowly to crouch next to the girl. "I'm a Guardian, my name is Ridge Griffinson, and I am here to help you. Are you okay? Are you hurt at all?"

The girl shook her head, lower lip trembling as she looked down at the bulging bulk of her impossibly pregnancy. "Why...why did he...do this?"

"Who. Who did this to you?" Ridge asked hoping for a name, a description, something that would help him find the rapist.

"I don't know. I never saw him..." The girl shivered as the memories came back, "He grabbed me from behind, said I needed to be a mother...something about all women being mothers...then he...he.....", she finally broke down, shaking her head at what had occurred.

"It's okay. We will find the one who did this." Gently Ridge caressed her cheek as he spoke, calming her with his strong but gentle touch. "Now, I am going to call a med unit and they will be here right away. Then, I have to go up there..." He pointed to the top of the nearest building. "..But only for a moment, and then I will be right back. Okay?"

The girl nodded, and Ridge quickly used his comm. to summon the promised med unit. Then, with a series of impossible jumps, he climbed up the side of the building, and walked to the far edge. He was mad, enraged, at what had occurred, for it was the tenth one in a week, and the Guardians had yet to catch the one responsible. The violation of women enraged the Guardian beyond words, and he wanted nothing more than to tear the scum limb from limb. But first the crook had to be found, and to do that he would need help.

Ridge stood at the opposite edge of the building, silent for a moment summoning his breath. Felor had an ability called the Roar. It could create massive and sometimes destructive sound waves, but it would also call people to a Felon’s aid, or a particular person, and at this moment, Ridge knew he needed help. Help from a wolf.

Ridge threw back his head and, as people on the street below looked up in shock, he opened his mouth wide and roared.

And many blocks away, his roar was heard.