

Adventure Kayngi: PhD students and futuristic artifacts.

All characters © their creators

Story © Johan Van Kerckhoven

This story may be reproduced freely in any format, as long as it is for non-profit purposes and as long as due credit to the author is given and the copyright notices are kept. Second, this story may be used as a tie-in for any other stories dealing with Doctor 'Adventure' Kayngi (© Kayngi). This story may not be reproduced in any format for commercial purposes, except with express written permission from the author and all the creators of every character participating in this story.

It was early in the morning, a few minutes before 8 o'clock to be precise, when a lone, young leopard wandered the streets, heading for a specific destination, the house of a certain Archaeology Doctor who had been recommended to him as his promoter for his PhD thesis. This leopard, going by the name of John Leonard, was a rather unremarkable young male, at least physically. His mind however, was one of the finest that had graduated in the last few years, even though his handling of Archaeology fieldwork left somewhat to be desired. This was the reason he was recommended an apprenticeship with the one archaeologist whose middle name WAS adventure: Doctor Kayngi.

At exactly 8 o'clock, the bountiful female was woken from her sleep by a ring at the doorbell.

'Who could that be, at such an infernal hour?' she wondered while slowly stretching herself in a way only felines could.

She quickly got out of bed and started dressing herself, before another ring, more insistent this time, resounded through the apartment.

"Hold your horses there, I'm coming!" the feline shouted even though she knew the person, or persons at the door couldn't possibly hear her.

'The Doctor's probably out already,' John thought after a few minutes. 'I'd better get going and come back earlier tomorrow.'

Just at that moment, the door before him was opened by the lovely brown-furred feline, dressed in a simple T-shirt and shorts.

"Good morning to you, Dr. Kayngi," the leopard started, raising his eyebrows. "My name is John

Leonard, recent Archaeology graduate. You might remember me from your classes."

He took his briefcase in his left paw and extended his other.

"John... Oh yeah, I remember you," she grinned as she shook the paw. "The guy who couldn't resist arguing with me, right?"

"Errr... that one," John replied, slightly embarrassed that he was remembered in this way. "Can I speak to you for a while, doctor?"

"Well... you rang me awake, so I guess you can, bud," Kayngi said, making way for him to enter. "Come on in."

"Thank you," he nodded and stepped in.

"I'm gonna have breakfast. You want something to eat as well?" she asked, obviously trying to make her guest feel at home.

"No thank you, doctor, I already had breakfast before coming here."

"Suit yourself, bud," she replied, and led him into her living area, before darting away to the kitchen. "Make yourself at home, while I fix myself something."

John sat himself down in the nearest chair and opened his briefcase, taking out a file holding his diploma and a letter of recommendation.

A few minutes later, Kayngi stepped out of the kitchen again and sat herself opposite to the leopard.

"So, John, what is it that you needed to tell me at this early hour?" she smiled.

He scraped his throat and began.

“As I already told you, I’ve recently graduated as a Master in the field of Archaeology, I’ve got my diploma with me to prove it, and I planned on doing a PhD. The promoter of my Master thesis, Professor Cirrel, thought it would be a good thing if I learned more about the practical side of the subject, and he reasoned that the best person for that would be you. I have a letter of recommendation from him if you require it.”

“So, in short, you want to do your PhD with me, right?”

“Yes, doctor,” the leopard nodded. “That is my request.”

“Well... lessee... what was your Master thesis about?” she asked in a rather professor-esque way.

“About the ancient Oriental cultures, mainly the Chinese and the Japanese,” he stated.

“Interesting, perhaps you can help me with something,” the female nodded in reply. “Yesterday, I was asked to state my opinion on an object of Eastern origin, and I have some doubts on it. Perhaps you could sort it out for me?”

“Of course, doctor,” he said, “I’d be happy to assist.”

“Very good, we’ll leave for the museum within the hour.”

An hour and 20 minutes later the two felines are in conversation with the conservator of the museum, a rhino named Bruce Wellington, who seemed to have some resentment against John’s presence.

“It’s okay, Mr. Wellington,” Kayngi assured him, “this leopard probably knows more about the matter than I do.”

“Hrmph... very well,” the massive herbivore resigned. “Follow me.”

He led the pair to one of the storerooms, where the object in question, an antique oriental facemask, was held.

“If you two need anything, just give me a yell, got it?”

“Yes sir,” John nodded before he set his eye on the mask. “Doctor, is it that object?”

“Yes, that’s the mask. I don’t know what exactly, but something seems to be wrong with it.”

He stepped closer and took a very careful look at the mask.

“Mmmm... looks like... 16th century... possibly 17th century Japanese design...” the leopard mused as his eyes scanned the metal mask. “Wait a second... what’s that?”

He opened his eyes wide when he noticed several small scratches under the eye-ridges and drew the doctor’s attention to them.

“I noticed them too, John, but I don’t think they’re relevant.”

“Maybe they are,” he argued. “Do you have a magnifying glass with you?”

“Rule number one, bud, never leave home without one,” Kayngi grinned as she handed him her loupe.

He took it and scanned the now magnified scratches, finding them to be ancient Japanese characters. He blinked a few times and scratched his head as he tried to figure out the meaning of the characters. Though he translated them easily, the words didn’t make any sense at all to him.

“Found anything?” Kayngi asked, looking over his shoulder.

“Yes, but it doesn’t make sense,” John answered. “It says here: “We’re a lupine pack, and that’s okay. We steal all night and we plot all day...” Do you have...”

He stopped in mid-sentence when he heard that she started laughing.

“Now I’m completely puzzled...”

“How typical of them,” the doctor sniggered. “I think I know who’s behind this. Check for roman letters, a W and an R.”

“Okay,” he mumbled and almost immediately found them. “Here. Doctor, how’d you know about these?”

“Well... I’ve had a few encounters with a group calling itself the Wolf Revolution. I don’t know for sure what their purpose is, but I managed to nick an important artifact from right under their noses on two separate occasions already.”

“So, they might be up to something again?” the leopard wondered.

“I’m sure they are,” she answered. “Check the rest of the mask, you’ll probably find a clue to what they’re planning.”

John nodded and began a minute search of the mask. Because of the thoroughness with which he was looking, it took him several minutes to find another inscription, reading: “This is a fake, but the real Mask of Musashi will soon be ours. Viva la revolution!”

“The Mask of Musashi?” Kayngi asked out loud.

“Mmmm... Musashi was a Japanese swordfighter, who lived in the late 16th, early 17th century. It is said that his skills were without equal, and that, upon death, his ability to handle a sword was transferred into the ceremonial mask he sometimes wore.”

“I see,” she shrugged. “Oh well... guess it’s time to put a stop to their plans again. John, how fast can you prepare for a trip to Japan?”

“Uhhh...” he stammered, completely overwhelmed, “4 hours?”

“Mmmm... that’ll have to do then. Meet me at my place in 4 hours.”

Elsewhere, in a location known only to the furs staying there, a meeting of several wolves gathered.

“Darke Wolf, report,” a deep voice coming from a cloaked fur spoke.

“Ahem... the bait has been set and it appears that Doctor Kay has taken it,” Darke started, a bit uneasy. “According to my informers, she’s preparing to leave for Japan as we speak.”

“Good. Colonel Crayzed, how goes the search?”

“Excellent, sir. We have pinpointed the exact location of the artifact we named the Enigma Device.”

“Perfect. You will personally go to Guatemala to oversee its excavation, and remember, failure will not be tolerated.”

“Sir, with all due respect, would my skills not be better used in Japan, to perfect the trap for the good doctor?” he protested.

“Crayzed, snap out of your crush for that CAT!” Hurtful sneered. “You’re a wolf, dammit, not to mention part of the most powerful lupine organization on the planet.”

“I DO NOT have a crush on her,” Crayzed hissed, though the blush on his cheeks was visible.

“Enough,” their leader commanded. “Hurtful and Darke, you two will set up the trap in Japan, while you, Crayzed, will go to Guatemala, and that’s final. Viva la revolution!”

“Viva la revolution!”

*** **

About 19 hours later, Tigermark’s familiar plane landed at a small airport near Kyoto, the former capital of Japan, and the place where the Mask of Musashi was put on display.

“Lady and gentleman, this is your Captain speaking. We have arrived in Kyoto, where the outside temperature is currently a mild 17 degrees Celsius, that’s 63 degrees Fahrenheit. Soft winds, 2 to 3 Beaufort, are coming in from the east, making ...”

“That’s enough for now, Tiger,” Kayngi chuckled as she padded up to the pilot’s seat. “Thanks for taking us here.”

“Anytime, doctor. You know it’s my pleasure flying you around.”

“I know, but don’t forget you’re not the only one vying for that privilege... Hey, maybe I should auction off the right to fly me around, every time I go out on an expedition.”

“Awww... you’d actually make me pay for this?” the tiger-striped feline pouted.

“Of course not, silly, I’m just fooling with ya.”

“Good to hear. By the way, how did your student hold up?”

“Pretty well all things considered,” the doctor replied. “He’s been a bit sick the first hour of the flight, but got over it and started doing some research on the Mask we’re looking out for.”

“Uhhh... shouldn’t you be looking in the States then, more precisely in Jim Carrey’s closet or something?” Tigermark wondered with a twinkle in his eye.

“Crazy kitten,” she laughed in reply, “it’s not THAT Mask we’re looking out for.”

“Anyway, thanks again,” Kayngi continued, giving the male a peck on the cheek. “Will you be waiting here to ferry us back?”

“Of course... doctor,” the tiger-striped feline said, rubbing his cheek reverently.

A good hour or so later, Kayngi and John could be found in the lobby of one of the better hotels in Kyoto. Since his Japanese was better than hers, it was decided that he would handle the rooms, and as such, he could be found talking to the receptionist, a stiff, but very friendly Neko.

“Greetings to you sir,” John started in decent Japanese, “I’d like to arrange accommodations for two persons for an indeterminate period.”

“Very well, sir,” the Neko bowed. “Might I ask who the second person is?”

“The lady over there,” the leopard replied, pointing a paw to Kayngi. “She’ll be paying for the stay.”

“I see,” the receptionist said with a hint of a smile. “I take it you two want one of our couple rooms?”

“Uhh... ..”

“Separate rooms, please,” John finally managed to say.

“As you wish sir. I’ll see if there are two available.”

The Neko typed a few things on his computer and shook his head.

“I’m sorry sir, there is only one single room available. You’ll have to share.”

“Let me discuss that with the lady for a second,” the leopard nodded and then walked away, towards the female.

“I’m sorry, doctor, the only accommodation available is a shared room,” he stated.

“And, what’s the problem with that?” Kayngi grinned. “I don’t see one, as long as you can keep your paws to yourself.”

“But... doctor!” John tried to protest.

“Go on, take that room. If you’re really uncomfortable, you can always ask for separate beds.”

‘Great...’ he thought with a groan, ‘not only do I get dragged half across the planet by doctor Kayngi even before I know she’ll have me as a PhD student, but I also have to sleep in the same room with her...’

“If I must...” he resigned, before padding back to the receptionist’s desk.

‘Strange...’ the doctor wondered, ‘most males would be fighting over the chance to share a room with me... In fact, even that wolf... Colonel Crayzed... offered to be my bed-warmer... even though we don’t see things eye-to-eye. Oh well, this boy has his reasons I guess.’

“Sir, can we take a double room with separate beds?” the leopard asked of the receptionist.

“That’s rather unusual... but... It can be arranged...”

The Neko checked his computer again and smiled.

“Room 214, on the second floor,” he said and handed over the key-card to the room.

“Thank you,” John nodded and called for the doctor to arrange payment.

Shortly thereafter, the two were installing themselves into their room, a small, but cozy place where everything was designed to make the occupants feel relaxed and at home, something which the doctor did with apparent ease.

“John, can I ask you something?” she wondered as she flopped down on the bed she had claimed as hers.

“Of course doctor, go right ahead.”

“Why didn’t you like the idea of us sharing rooms?”

“Doctor”, he started rather energetically, “I’m just a student; you’re a doctor in Archaeology, and possibly my PhD promoter. It just wouldn’t be proper.”

“And why’s that?”

“Because... because it might compromise your objective judgment of my skills.”

The brown-furred feline couldn't believe what she heard.

“Then what are you going to do when we're REALLY doing field-work?” she giggled. “Carry a separate tent with you?”

“Well... uhhh...”

“No you wouldn't,” she continued. “You'll just have to get used to spending nights close to me, bud.”

“But...”

“No buts or the power of boobies will compel you.”

The leopard blinked at that last statement, and blinked again a few times.

“Doctor?” he finally said. “I'm afraid I don't quite understand what you mean.”

Now it was Kayngi's turn to be surprised. No male had been able to resist the power of boobies before, but this leopard, a male at the age where his resistance to that power should be at it's weakest, didn't even flinch.

“Wow... you really ARE something special, aren't ya, bud?”

John didn't answer as he fell face first on his bed, jet lag hitting him in the back of the head like a jackhammer.

*** **

Ten hours later, John woke up, only to find that the night had fallen. Opening his eyes, he found that he was still lying face down, and started wondering how he had been able to breathe.

He tried rolling over onto his back and groaned lightly as his spine reminded him that sleeping on one's front isn't very healthy.

“Good evening, beautiful dreamer,” Kayngi's smile greeted him. “First time you've had jet lag, haven't you?”

“I don't know what it is, doctor... but I'm not feeling too well,” the leopard mumbled.

“Don't worry bud, we won't get started until tomorrow, so you've got plenty of time to get the cobwebs out of your head.”

“Thanks... ouch...”

“Wassup, you hurting somewhere?”

“My back,” he said, slightly whimpering. “I must've slept wrong.”

“I can imagine,” the doctor chuckled. “Get on your front again and I'll see what I can do.”

“Doctor?”

“No arguments, doctor's orders.”

“Okay...” he groaned and slowly rolled himself back on his front.

“This might hurt a bit, but you'll feel much better afterwards,” she said as she sat down next to him and placed her paws on his neck.

John gritted his teeth when she started massaging his neck, and later, his back, gasping several times to suppress a yelp of pain as Kayngi worked the kinks out of his back.

“That... hurts...”

“I warned you, didn't I bud?” she replied while she continued to work her skillful paws over his back.

“I know...”

“You should be all better now,” the doctor said after ten or so minutes, which felt more like ten hours to the leopard. “Try getting up and stretching out.”

He did as asked and was amazed at how much better his back at become. In one quick leap, he somersaulted off the bed, and touched down nicely with his feet on the floor.

“Thank you, doctor,” he smiled as he turned around to face her, a slight blush evident on his cheeks.

“You're welcome, bud,” she replied. “I want my co-workers in tip top shape, and if they need a massage for that, I give it to them.”

“Still, it was awfully kind,” John insisted and held his right paw up, palm facing upward.

Kayngi's eyes flew wide open as suddenly, in a poof of smoke, a box of the finest Belgian chocolates appeared in his paw.

“How...” she stammered, at a loss for words.

“Family secret,” he grinned in reply. “Here, take them.”

“Wow... thanks,” she managed to say as she took the box from him.

A bit hesitantly, she opened the box and took one of the chocolates out. She held it up in front of her eyes, and after satisfying herself that it looked like a perfectly ordinary piece of chocolate, she put it in her mouth.

“Mmmm...” Kayngi smiled, a blissful look creeping up her muzzle, as she was letting the chocolate melt on her tongue. “These are GOOD!”

“Of course they are,” he grinned with a hint of pride, “they’re Belgian after all.”

“Isn’t that a bad word?”

“What?”

“Belgian.”

“No, I don’t think so.”

“Someone once told me it was.”

“Oh...”

The conversation went back and forth in this ridiculous manner for several minutes, until the doctor suddenly assumed a more serious air.

“Before I forget,” she started, “I spotted two of our friends from the Wolf Revolution in Kyoto, but strangely enough, the one I expected most isn’t here.”

“How do you mean that, doctor?” John asked, the interest written in his eyes.

“He’s got kind of a crush on me, that’s what.”

“You can’t blame him for that, can you?” he grinned before he clamped his muzzle shut.

“Thanks for the compliment, bud,” Kayngi grinned, and had to cover up her sniggers as she saw a red hue creep up his cheeks once again.

After a few moments, John regained his composure.

“So, doctor, what are we going to do tonight?” he asked.

“Same thing we do every night, John, to try and stop the Wolf Revolution...” she replied. “Wait...”

that didn’t sound quite right. Anyway, let’s go to the museum now and stand watch, just in case they strike today.”

“Can do, I slept enough anyway.”

“You sure did.”

A short walk later, they arrived at the museum, where the Mask of Musashi was exhibited. Although Kayngi’s experience in matters archaeological was much greater than John’s, she nevertheless asked some details about several Oriental artifacts on display, which of course he gladly provided.

Except for the two of them, and a few security guards, the place was deserted. Nevertheless, the two felines couldn’t shake the feeling that they were being watched, even when they were perfectly hidden from the eyes of any fur that would be in the museum. And how right their feeling was...

Above them, near the glass cupola that spanned most of the museum, two lupine figures sat hunched. One of them had a set of infrared goggles on his head and was peering down, grinning widely.

“Darke, it seems our beloved doctor fell for the trap,” Hurtful chuckled. “She won’t be bothering the Colonel this time.”

“You’d better watch out, Hurtful,” Darke replied. “You know she’s a crafty one.”

“Trust me, this plan is infallible. There’s only one problem... who on Earth is that other feline?”

“What other feline?”

“THAT other feline,” Hurtful sneered, pointing a paw in John’s direction.

“I don’t see a thing,” Darke replied as he edged closer to the cupola.

Not even when he pressed his muzzle against the glass could he make out the forms of the felines. He was concentrating so much on trying to see shapes in the darkness below that he didn’t hear the faint cracks of the glass underneath his paws.

“WATCH OUT!” Hurtful shouted, but it was too late.

The section of the cupola where Darke was, shattered under his weight and both wolf and the glass began tumbling down, into the museum's main exhibit hall, thereby setting off every alarm.

"They're not very quiet, are they?" John commented as Kayngi and he leapt from their hiding spot towards the wolf, who was slowly getting himself back on his feet.

"Got you now, wolf-boy," the doctor said after pouncing him and knocking him over again.

"Well met doctor," Darke grinned in reply. "It seems you managed to foil our plans again."

"Whaddaya expect, sending us such an obvious clue."

"Doctor, I think there's someone else on the roof," the leopard said, just before Hurtful leapt down to rescue his brother-in-arms from the clutches of the two felines.

"Nobody move," Hurtful shouted after landing and drawing a gun from his pocket. "I'm armed, and I'm not afra... ACK!"

Whereas Kayngi and Darke had kept still, John hadn't wasted time and kicked the gun right out of Hurtful's paws, sending it skidding over the floor several yards away.

"How DARE you interrupt my villainous speech, you... you whelp?" he fumed with his fangs bared. "Don't you know that as heroes, you're supposed to let the bad guys detail their entire plan before you start acting?"

"Apparently not," the feline grinned in reply.

"We have to do this again."

"Why waste time?"

"Because... because it's the PROPER thing to do!"

Hurtful was really mad now. He couldn't comprehend that someone would have such disregard for the traditional good guy / bad guy forms of interaction.

"It's better this way," Darke said, still under Kayngi's body, and not really trying to get away. "Otherwise you would have told them that this is a trap, and that the Colonel's in Guatemala, digging up an important ar... ti... fact... oh crap..."

"Oh brother, no wonder we're always getting outsmarted..." Hurtful face palmed; before roughly yanking Darke away. "Let's get out of here before we get caught."

"How did he do that?" Kayngi wondered while standing up, surprised at Darke's sudden 'disappearance' from underneath her.

"I'm afraid to ask... but I guess we're going to Guatemala, right?" John asked.

"You bet your spotted tail we are, bud," she grinned.

*** **

Colonel Crayzed and his underlings were slowly progressing towards the Temple of Alqa-Traxxi, the place where the 'Enigma Device' was supposed to be. Now however, they had a problem on their hands. The trek took them right through the territory of a native tribe, the Waar-Dans, the protectors of the temple, and these furs didn't take kindly at yet another intrusion.

The wolves of the Revolution didn't know it, but they had been spied upon all day and were currently walking into an ambush. Of course, knowledge of that would soon be theirs as the ambush was sprung.

Suddenly, when Crayzed and his retinue entered a clearing, they became aware of dark, unidentifiable shapes moving through the dense woods.

"Ahhh... we come in peace," the Colonel tried, raising his arms.

In response, a javelin was hurled from the bushes and it hit one of his men straight through the chest.

"Dammit. Doctor, tend to him! How badly wounded is he?"

The doctor, a timberwolf, immediately rushed to the fallen fellow lupine, and cursed loudly as he checked for his pulse.

"It's worse than that, he's dead, Colonel," the practitioner spat.

"WHAT?"

"He's dead, Colonel, DEAD!"

"I heard you the first time, doc! In that case... Shoot to kill, men!"

“Sir, we don’t have any weapons,” one of the wolves shouted.

“I don’t care, just shoot!”

“But Sir...”

Seeing the wolves argue among themselves, the Waar-Dans were satisfied that the group wouldn’t go anywhere anytime soon, and as such they withdrew, leaving only two of their number behind to spy on the lupine band.

Less than an hour later, on a very small landing strip some 60 miles north of Zacapa, a tabby cat answering to the name of Maxx was waiting impatiently on the arrival of a certain plane, flown by a certain white tiger, and ferrying a certain feline he liked rather well. What he didn’t know was that the plane also ferried a leopard, and what was worse, a male, meaning he’d have even more competition.

‘C’mon doctor... what’s keeping you,’ he fretted, lighting up his fourth cigar since he’d arrived at the place.

The tabby’s patience was rewarded however, as suddenly, his ears picked up the distinct sound of the plane flown by his colleague ‘Kayngi admirer/fanboy’ Tigermark.

“Yes! She’s coming,” he cheered. “Beware, Wolf Revolution, your tails are gonna get kicked again by the A-Team!”

“Ooh yeah... that sounds good!”

Maxx had to wait another minute before the plane finally flew into view, and then a few more before it came to a stop on the landing strip.

He rushed over to the vehicle, and pounced, without looking, the person that had just stepped out.

“Hey there, doctor, good to see you again...” the tabby started, before he realized something was amiss.

The fur he was hugging didn’t feel like Kayngi at all. She was softer, and more padded, especially at chest-height.

“Excuse me?” the hugged fur’s voice came, quickly shaking Maxx out of his dream.

“Wha... WHO ARE YOU!?” he demanded, releasing the leopard and leaping back.

A ring of clear, feminine laughter answered his question, and Kayngi, the laughing feline, walked into view.

“Heya Maxx. Nice to see you too,” she chuckled. “John, meet Maxx, a friend with whom I managed to retrieve the Golden Melon Idol from the clutches of the Wolf Revolution. Maxx, meet John, a PhD student I’ve taken under my wing.”

“Oh... I see, pleased to meet you John,” the tabby said, extending his paw, “and, sorry about the pounce.”

“The pleasure’s mine, Mr Maxx,” John replied, giving the paw a firm shake. “Don’t worry. You’re forgiven... this time...”

“I see you two will get along just fine,” the female smiled, hauling her gear out of the plane.

“Kay, should I wait for you here?” Tigermark interrupted.

“Sure, stripey, thanks for the offer.”

With a wave, the three felines walked away from the place, towards Maxx’ waiting car.

“So, what’re the wolf boys up to this time?” the tabby asked.

“Their usual silliness, most likely,” Kayngi replied, “though they’re getting smarter.”

“Not THAT smart though...” John added.

“I can smell a story coming...” Maxx grinned as he reached his car.

“You sure?” the female chuckled in reply. “Isn’t it yourself that you’re smelling?”

The two had a hearty laugh at that, John merely giving a polite chuckle as he rolled his eyes up.

‘This is going to be a LOOOOONG assignment...’

“So THAT’s how it goes huh?” Maxx grinned, after having been told about the latest encounter with the Wolf Revolution. “They’re indeed starting to get smarter, but still not enough to get the better of us felines.”

“Of course not,” Kayngi chuckled. “You should have seen the look on Hurtful’s muzzle when John here interrupted him in the middle of his villain speech.”

“I bet it was entertaining.”

“That’s a bet you’d win.”

“Thought so,” the tabby smiled. “Hey John, you ain’t much of a talker are you?”

“Not really,” the leopard replied, looking up for a moment from the map he was studying.

“No probs, kid, a few days around me and the good doctor will change you good.”

The spotted feline didn’t reply, as he was busy tracing a line on the map.

“Found what you’re looking for, bud?” Kayngi asked, already knowing that his silence usually meant he was on to something.

“I think so...” he replied absent-mindedly. “We should only be four hours by foot from our destination, the temple of Alqa-Traxxi.”

“Of course we’re close to it, I know how to choose good landing sites,” she chuckled. “Of course, kudos to Maxx for finding out what the wolves were up to.”

“Heh, you know me...” the tabby grinned proudly.

“Unfortunately...”

“Now I’m hurt, Kay,” he pouted in reply, before joining Kayngi in another round of silly laughter.

The next day, after a good night’s sleep and a hearty breakfast, the three felines could be found trudging their way through the dense tropical forest that separated them from their destination. Their progress was very slow, and more than once it happened that they had to backtrack a bit because they found their way blocked by something not even Maxx’ machete could chop through. Worst of all though, was the constant feeling that they were being watched.

After a few hours of trekking however, they noticed that the forest became less dense, and before long, they stumbled upon a clearing. In the clearing they saw a recently set-up camp, and if that

wasn’t enough, a few wolves going about their business.

“Just great,” Kayngi whispered, quickly leaping out of the clearing into the undergrowth for cover. “Seems we found our buddies already.”

“They don’t seem to have noticed us yet,” John replied softly. “Perhaps we can use that to our advantage and sneak around the campsite.”

“Good idea,” Maxx grinned, “or Kayngi could distract them.”

“How?” the leopard wondered.

“The power of boobies compels you, bud.”

“O... kay...”

“Oh yeah, I forgot you’re immune to that...”

“What?” Maxx accidentally shouted, drawing the attention of every wolf in the camp. “How can you be immune to these wonderfully alluring...”

He stopped when he noticed the two others weren’t there anymore, and cursed when he heard a rough voice behind him.

“Freeze, cat!”

“Sorry, wuffie, it’s too hot here to freeze,” the tabby replied with his usual charm as he turned around to face the wolf.

“Oh, you’re a wise guy, huh?” the lupine barked, before looking up startled feeling a paw near his neck.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he shouted after turning his head to see whose paw it was.

“Nerve pinch?” John grinned sheepishly.

“No, you fool, you’ll have to press lower, where the neck meets the spine.”

“Like this?” the leopard asked, placing his paw where indicated and squeezing hard.

“Yeah...” was the wolf’s last word before he fainted.

“Well done, John,” Maxx commented, “but what about the others?”

“Uhhh... I don’t know,” John replied when he saw two other wolves running their way. “Charge?”

“You think THAT’ll work?”

“Not really, but they won’t be expecting us to do that, so it might work.”

“Okay then... YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!”

With a loud yell, the two male felines leapt in the clearing, straight into the wolves’ arms, who promptly held them tight.

“It didn’t work apparently,” the leopard grinned.

“I told you it wouldn’t...”

“Two cats huh... the Colonel’s going to have his work cut out for him,” the taller of the two wolves grinned. “Let’s hope he isn’t too gentle...”

‘Uh... oh...’ both felines thought as they were dragged off.

Kayngi, still in hiding, shook her head as she watched her male companions being dragged off.

“I should have known something like this would happen,” she whispered to herself. “Fortunately, I’ve come prepared for just such an occasion, though I had hoped not to have to resort to THAT.”

Some 10 minutes later, Kayngi had changed into her ‘secret weapon’, a purple, gold-rimmed two-piece outfit in the style of Princess Leia’s ‘slave outfit’, and had hidden her backpack away.

‘Now the hard part,’ she thought.

The feline took a deep breath and stumbled into the clearing, acting like she hadn’t had a decent meal in days. Of course, needless to say, her appearance immediately drew the attention of the guards.

“Arrrrroooooooooooooo baby,” one of them howled, “why dontcha come over here with us?”

“Fool, can’t you see she isn’t feeling well?” the other wolf guard snarled, before padding over to Kayngi.

“You okay, miss?” he said softly, forcing himself to keep looking to the femme’s ears, eyes or nose, or anything else, as long as it was above her shoulders.

“Something... to eat... please,” she whispered hoarsely, stumbling forward, almost into his arms.

“Wedge! Get something to eat for her, on the double!”

“Right on it,” Wedge shouted back, and disappeared into one of the tents.

“Don’t worry, missy, we’ll take care of you, and if that yutz gives you a hard time, just gimme a yell, okay?”

The feline nodded weakly in reply, playing her role perfectly.

‘Mmmm... I might want to keep up the act a bit longer than necessary...’ she thought as Biggs, the guard supporting her, led her to a small fold-out table, and sat her down on the fold-out chair accompanying it.

“There you go. Wedge will be back in a minute,” he smiled, quickly looking the other way, tapping his foot impatiently on the ground.

“Wedge!? Where the hell are you!?”

“I’m coming!” Wedge shouted from inside the tent.

“Jeez, what a grouch...” he added silently, before coming back with a simple, but nutritious meal.

Just as he put the plate on the table before Kayngi, his eyes drifted down and his mind went numb.

“Boobies... must... touch... boobies...” Wedge mumbled, before receiving a hard smack in the muzzle from Biggs.

“Are you out of your frickin’ mind?” he snarled. “What’d you think the Colonel will do to you if you went through with this and he found out? Tell me!”

“Eep...” the smacked wolf said, thinking about how torturous their commanding officer could be at times.

With his tail tucked between his legs, he trod off, mumbling several curses aimed at both Biggs and Colonel Crayzed.

“He isn’t such a bad fellow, miss,” Biggs apologized, “but sometimes his instincts get the better of him.”

“Thank you... for standing up... for me...” the feline said, before starting on the food.

“No problem, I have to return to my duties now,” he nodded. “Call me if you need anything.”

“I will... and... thanks again...”

‘I wonder what a girl like her is actually doing out here...’ Biggs wondered as he resumed patrolling the camp.

‘Okay... I’m in...’ Kayngi thought after finishing her food, ‘now to find out where my companions are kept.’

“Mr. Biggs?” she called out. “Could you come over for a second, please?”

Biggs didn’t respond. Nevertheless, the sound of boots plodding the ground quickly came closer.

“What’s the matter miss?” he asked, and made the unfortunate mistake of peering right at her chest. “Boobies...”

“Oh well... guess it can’t be helped,” she sighed, and stood up. “The power of boobies compels you... tell me, where are my friends.”

“The power of boobies compels me,” the wolf droned, pointing a paw towards one of the tents. “Your friends are in that tent.”

“Thanks bud,” the feline smiled, and lovingly rubbed his cheek before running towards the tent.

“Boobies... so squeezable...”

Entering the tent, she found John and Maxx sitting down on the ground, tied together at their arms.

“Hola, chica!” Maxx exclaimed as he was the one facing the tent’s entrance. “If I’m dreaming, please don’t wake me now.”

“You’re not dreaming,” John said dryly, not seeing what happened behind his back.

“Of course you’re not dreaming, silly tabby,” she grinned before crouching down at the males’ sides to undo the knots of the ropes.

“Even better, doctor,” the tabby replied. “Now I understand why you get away with everything. You just can’t be resisted.”

“It’s possible...” was the leopard’s comment. “I must say, doctor, that your stratagem nevertheless was sound. You easily found our guards’ weakness, and exploited it.”

“I’m used to getting people out of a bind, bud.”

“I wouldn’t mind staying here a bit more, if you sat in front of me, doctor,” Maxx grinned.

“Sorry, bud, can’t do that. We’ve got work to do,” the female replied, and managed to undo the knots. “Okay, you’re free to go.”

“Thank you, doctor,” John said as he stood up, rubbing his arms. “You’ve no idea what torment I just experienced, being tied up with such a chatterbox.”

“Blame me for being a conversationalist,” the tabby retorted.

“Enough!” Kayngi shouted, silencing the two males. “We have to get out of here, and make for the temple FAST.”

With that, she ran out of the tent towards the edge of the clearing, followed by the males, hoping that the guards wouldn’t bother to check for them soon.

Back in the relative safety of the woods, the three slowed to a stop.

“Phew... we made it,” Kayngi wheezed. “Now if you boys want to look away for a few minutes.”

“Do we have to?” Maxx pouted, while John did as asked.

“Yes you do,” she grinned, jiggling her breasts a bit. “The power of boobies compels you.”

“I am compelled by the power of boobies to turn around,” the tabby said obediently, and did so.

“Good.”

‘I just wonder what I’d have to pull if John wouldn’t have listened...’ she mused while changing back into her normal adventuring gear. ‘He seems immune to my charms for some reason, but why?’

“All set,” the feline said. “You can turn around now.”

“Awright,” the tabby grinned. “Time for more adventure... uhhh... any idea in what direction we have to go?”

“Not really,” she admitted, “but I’d guess...”

“That way,” the leopard said, pointing a paw in the exact direction of the temple, the other holding a

compass. "We're about 2 leagues away from the temple of Alqa-Traxxi."

"How do you know that?" Maxx asked, quite surprised.

"Very simple," the younger male answered. "While we were captured, I was facing a map of the surrounding area, and managed to memorize it sufficiently to accurately predict our location and the heading to our goal."

"Amazing bud," Kayngi complimented. "Remind me never to play memory games with you."

"I'm quite proficient at those indeed."

"Yeah, right," the tabby chuckled kiddingly.

"Let's get going now," the doctor suggested as she set off. "We might want to reach the artefact before our lupine friends find out we've crossed their paths again."

"Good idea."

John's accuracy of prediction was startling, because an hour and 25 seconds later, they stood before a long flight of stairs that led up to the entrance of the temple.

"Impressive," he whistled, as this was the first Central-American temple he'd seen close up.

"You haven't seen half of it, bud," Kayngi grinned to him, "the insides are even more imposing."

"Yeah, they can really make you feel small," Maxx added, "especially if you don't watch your step."

"Why's that?"

"Traps, bud, lots of them," she explained. "These native American civilizations really had a talent for it. They especially loved big slabs of stone squeezing the life outta ya."

"Guess I'll be extra careful then," John nodded.

"You'd better," Maxx jibed. "Shall we get going doctor? I think this temple needs a visit from the fantastic Adventure Kay."

"Sure does. Everybody ready?" Kayngi smiled, having produced three torches from her backpack.

She lit them and handed the males one each, before slowly climbing up the stairs, followed by Maxx, who had a goofy grin on his muzzle from the nice view of the doctor's behind he was currently having, and finally John, who was looking around, studying the architecture a bit.

*** **

The three felines stood before a monumental archway, inscribed with symbols that looked Aztec in origin, though were yet subtly different.

Of course, Kayngi, her feline curiosity getting the better of her, stopped before the archway and started studying the symbols.

"I can't make heads or tails of it," John commented, having walked over beside the doctor.

"I can... tails at least," Maxx grinned, still standing a few steps lower, and behind the female, "and a nice tail it is. Of course, the body that it is attached to is great as well."

"Maxx, bud... I know you like me, but can you keep serious for a bit?" the doctor asked. "I'm trying to figure out what's written here."

"Aren't you supposed to be able to do that in a snap?"

"Normally, yes, but this seems to be an obscure variation of standard Aztec," she explained. "So far, I've made out the following: "Please ... your jackets and hats in ...". These two symbols I can't figure out their meaning."

"Mmmm... sounds like something that would be written at the entrance of a museum, or a concert hall," John mused. "Please leave your jackets and hats in the wardrobe."

Kayngi blinked a few times and then grinned widely.

"That's it. John, you're a genius," she cheered, giving the leopard a firm hug.

"Awww... I wanted to find that," the tabby pouted.

"Doctor... my... spine..." the leopard replied through clenched teeth.

"Oops, sorry bud," Kayngi giggled, releasing the (un)fortunate feline. "I guess I got somewhat carried away here."

“Doctor, there’s something more written there,” Maxx pointed out, hoping to receive a hug too.

“Hey, you’re right bud, thanks,” she smiled, giving the tabby what he hoped for, a gentle hug. “First door left? Guess that’s where the wardrobe is. The ones who built this must’ve really thought this place was important.”

“Should we comply with the request, doctor?” John asked, having a bit recovered.

“It never hurts to do so. After all, we don’t want to upset any specters from the past, right?”

“Right,” the two males nodded in agreement, though not really taking Kayngi serious.

So it came to be that some 5 minutes later, the felines were walking around in the temple, Kayngi having left her jacket and fedora behind, while the other two were wearing neither jacket nor headgear to begin with. They had expected to have to bypass at least one or two traps, but so far, all they had found were traces of recent passage.

“Who could have been here?” John wondered aloud as he observed the prints in the dust.

“I bet it’s the wolf revolution again,” Kayngi grinned, studying the boot prints. “None of us wears boots like that, and I doubt any of the natives around would wear them either.”

“Don’t be so sure of that,” Maxx replied in a light tone, “I once knew a native girl...”

“Spare me, Maxx, we still have work to do,” she quickly said, shutting the tabby up.

“Of course...”

He was interrupted in mid-sentence by a soft tremor in the floor, accompanied by a low crashing sound that seemed to come from everywhere at once.

“Uh... oh,” the leopard whispered, a bit paler than usual.

“Nothing to worry about bud, probably a trap that has been set off. These temples are built to withstand these things.”

“I hope you’re sure...”

“Don’t worry. The doctor knows what she’s doing,” Maxx assured him, before accidentally

stepping onto a trigger plate of a trap that hadn’t been sprung yet.

“WATCH OUT!” John shouted as he heard the faint click, and roughly shoved the other male out of the way, and not a second too soon, as a large stake fell where he stood moments before.

“Wow...” Maxx whispered, sitting on the ground, obviously shaken. “Thanks John... if you weren’t so attentive, I would have been skewered.”

“We’re in this together, aren’t we?”

“That’s the spirit,” Kayngi cheered and walked over to the sitting feline. “Now get yourself back on your feet, bud, we still have a way to go.”

“I think he’s a bit too shaken, not that I blame him.”

“Shaken schmaken...” she replied, before facing Maxx again. “Maxx... the power of boobies...”

“Boobies?” he gasped, snapping out of it. “Did someone say ‘boobies’? Where?”

“Guess you’re okay, bud,” the doctor chuckled, and helped him up. “No boobies around, except mine.”

“More than good enough,” he grinned in reply, his composure regained.

John suddenly sneezed, drawing the other felines’ attention to him.

“Sorry... guess it’s my allergy to... ACHOOM... dust...”

“Awww... poor bud. Let’s get moving then. The sooner we get out of here, the better then.”

They continued on, following the boot prints, and suddenly came upon a junction. On closer inspection they saw that the group before them had taken the left path, which was highly unusual, since they had been walking towards the centre of the temple before.

“What’re they up to?” Kayngi wondered.

“I don’t know,” Maxx said, slightly puzzled, “but we have to choose a direction ourselves.”

“Logical would be to continue going forward,” John offered.

“Yep, it says so there anyway,” she added, pointing to an engraving, with an arrow, on the corridor wall. “We must be careful though, bud, all the traps in that corridor will be set, since our lupine friends haven’t stumbled through there.”

“That’s why you’re here, doc,” the tabby smiled, “you’re a trap hunter extraordinaire.”

“Thanks for the vote of confidence. Let’s go.”

Finally, after skillfully negotiating several rather ingenious traps, the felines arrived in the central hall of the temple.

That hall was large in area, and spanned by a high ceiling that was supported by four pillars. Next to each pillar, facing inward stood a large statue of a winged serpent, presumably the god to whom this temple was dedicated. The four statues seemed to be looking at the altar that stood in the middle, or more precisely, to the small jet figurine that stood on the altar. Next to the figurine lay a small black block, about six inches long, four inches wide and one inch high, and upon the block stood a small jet boot.

“That is odd...” John mused.

“Yep, but that’s just the interesting thing about archaeology, bud,” Kayngi replied, “finding out such things.”

“For me it’s the adventure with you, doc,” Maxx said, adding his two pesos.

“I know, you crazy gato,” she chuckled, before walking to the altar. “Let’s see what we can find out here.”

She pulled her gloves out of her backpack and wiped the dust off the altar, revealing an inscription in the same symbols as the other ones.

“Mmmm... now that’s convenient!” the feline exclaimed and picked up the small boot.

“What’s convenient?” a voice sounded from the other end of the hallway.

The three felines turned their muzzles to the source of the voice, and saw that it belonged to a wolf, one with a cybernetic arm to be precise.

“Hello, Colonel Crayzed,” Kayngi smiled, trying to throw him off guard. “Happy to see me?”

“Adventure? Kay? I’m surprised you made it here, but indeed, it’s a pleasure to see you,” the wolf replied while his two surviving henchmen, dressed in red, entered the room, advancing menacingly on John and Maxx. “Now if you would please tell me what is so convenient, and I don’t have to hurt your friends.”

“Oh Colonel...” she smiled innocently, slowly stepping closer. “The power of boobies compels you to leave.”

A wide grin formed upon the wolf’s muzzle as he spoke again.

“Fantastic though they may be, their power won’t work anymore. I’m wearing DeBuxom-a-Tise™ shades,” he boasted, “any boobage seen through these glasses are reduced to a flat chest.”

“Drat...” she cursed, “guess I’ll have no choice but to tell you then.”

“That’s right, unless you want to see cruel and humiliating torture being inflicted upon your friends.”

“Torture? Oh Colonel, I didn’t think you were the person for torture.”

“Wrong...” Crayzed grinned. “Give them a taste of what’s coming, boys!”

The two other wolves chuckled and put a paw in their backpacks.

“Pikachu™, I choose you!” they shouted, each pulling a small stuffed Pikachu™ out of their backpacks.

“NOOOOO!!!! Please, no Pokémon™,” Kayngi shrieked. “I’ll tell you everything!”

“I’m sorry to have to do this to you, dear doctor,” the Colonel apologized, “but I didn’t have a choice.”

“There is an inscription on the altar that reads: ‘boot to the head’, and there was this little boot next to a figurine.”

“Excellent,” he sneered, yanking the small boot out of her paw, and padded to the altar.

“The Wolf Revolution will finally possess the Enigma Device! Viva la Revolution!”

“Viva la Revolution!” the two wolves shouted back.

“Maxx... I believe something heroic is called for...” John whispered to the tabby, “but what?”

“You’re right...” Maxx replied in a hushed voice. “Maybe... nah... it won’t work...”

“What?”

“Maybe the doc could use her power on our ‘guards’, but she seems to be overcome by the terror inspired by their torture...”

“Apparently... but... wait a minute... are you afraid of Pokémon™” the leopard asked.

“No, you?”

“Not at all.”

“Then what are we waiting for?” Maxx grinned, giving John a thumbs-up signal. “GO!”

With a quick leap, the two felines pounced onto the wolves, bowling them over, and clapped a paw over their muzzles before they could shout alarm.

“Oh Colonel,” Maxx grinned, “you’ve got a problem...”

“No I haven’t,” Crayzed replied. “They’re redshirts, meaning they’re expendable.”

“Crud...” John swore, getting off the guards, and dusting himself off. “Sorry about this guys. If we knew that, we wouldn’t have pounced you.”

“It’s okay... we’re used to getting molested, and just pouncing isn’t so bad,” one of them replied as he and his colleague got up.

“Friends?”

“Friends.”

At that moment, Colonel Crayzed struck the figurine in the head with the boot, sending a clear ring resounding through the temple, and waited for something to happen. Suddenly, the altar started rising a bit, revealing a new inscription at the bottom.

“Doctor, if you’d be so kind?” he asked.

Kayngi padded over and started deciphering the inscription.

“If you read this, you’ve been made a fool of. WAH-HAH!” she read. “Guess we’ve both been tricked, Colonel.”

“Apparently...” he sighed, “but I managed to meet you again, doctor, so it was worth it.”

“Awww... thank you,” the feline smiled.

“You really don’t want me as a bed warmer?”

“Nope, sorry bud, I can keep my bed warm enough.”

“Oh well,” the wolf shrugged, “guess we should start packing... MEN, RETREAT!”

“Yes sir!”

With that command, the wolves left the hall, and made their way out of the temple, only to be ambushed by the Waar-Dans. Naturally, the redshirt henchmen didn’t survive, but Crayzed did, since several other ‘Adventure’ Kay tales are still in the making, and he’s a main character in them.

“O... kay,” John mumbled in the meantime, looking quite surprised. “So this was a fool’s hunt?”

“Not entirely, the temple is interesting enough,” Kayngi replied, although slightly disappointed herself.

“Of course it wasn’t,” Maxx said, trying to lift their spirits. “We got the chance to go on an expedition with the one and only ‘Adventure’ Kay, so what more do you want?”

“Chocolates maybe?” the leopard answered, conjuring a box of them, and promptly getting pounced by the doctor.

“Chocolates! MMMMM!”

“Some cats get all the luck,” the tabby grumbled to himself.

“Wait... don’t you hear something?” John suddenly said, having managed to get up by surrendering the chocolates.

“No...” the doctor replied, her muzzle stuffed with a piece of chocolate.

“Now that you mention it...” Maxx confirmed, “there’s a noise coming from the altar, a faint hum...”

Both males padded to the altar, and saw that the small black block had lighted up somewhat, and that the words “Don’t Panic!” had appeared on its top.

“Now THAT’s what I call unexpected,” the leopard laughed. “I wonder what it does.”

“Take it with you, and let’s find out when we’re home,” she commanded. “This might be a good PhD study for you.”

“And what about me, doctor?” the tabby asked.

“We’ll go adventuring again when I’m in the neighborhood, okay?”

“Great!”

FIN