



# Adventure Kayngi

## The Golden Melon Idol and the Wolf Revolution

By Kayngi

## Adventure Kayngi: The Golden Melon Idol and the Wolf Revolution

Birds chirped overhead as the sun filtered through the trees, splashing the jungle floor with splotches of light. Two felines gathered their gear at the base of a hideously carved face. The male tabby looked up at it. “That puts the UGH in ugly.”

His companion laughed at him, a twinkle in her golden eyes. “Maxx, you say that about Chiqui, too. You can’t have it for her and for this monstrosity.”

Maxx grinned back. “Oh yes I can! There’s no limit of ugliness.”

She shook her head, her raven tresses curling enticingly behind her. “Silly kitty man. You ready?”

Maxx tested his backpack and nodded. “Yus! Lead the way, Dr. Kay!”

Kayngi finished checking her gear and nodded. “Put that thing out,” she said, pointing to his cigar. “We’re going underground and we don’t need you stinking up the place.”

He shrugged and dropped the cigar and crushed it with his boot. “I was almost done anyway. And I can still stink up the place!” he added with an evil grin.

She rolled her eyes. “You better not!” She walked past the large carving, where another large similarly carved rock loomed, its maw gaping open. Maxx gulped. “You sure that’s the entrance?”

She looked back at him. “It has to be. There’s nothing else in the area according to my maps.” She flashed a quick grin and stepped through the maw into darkness. After a moment’s hesitation, Maxx followed.

Inside the mouth was pitch black and Maxx quickly lost his bearings. “Um, Kay? Kay, where are you?” His voice echoed back at him. “C’mon, Kay, quit kidding around!” He heard movement ahead of him. He gulped. “Please tell me that’s you!”

A spark flashed in front of him, bright in the darkness, and a torch flared to life. With a meep, Maxx jumped back. Kayngi, holding the torch aloft chuckled. “Of course, it’s me. Who else would it be?”

He stuck his tongue out at her. “You didn’t answer back!”

She smiled. “I was getting my torch out.”

He looked at the dancing flames and the wavering shadows it cast. “Why a torch? Why not a flashlight?”

Kayngi turned and looked at Maxx over her shoulder. “Because I like torches. They seem to fit these tunnels and temples much better. More apt than a silly flashlight with all the artificial light.” She jerked her head forward and started walking. “Now are you going to stand there all day or are you going to come along?”

The orange tabby quickly followed. They walked side by side through the tunnel the torch's light revealed to them. "Cooooool," Maxx said. "So this is what you do."

Kayngi turned and smiled. "Yep! Not terribly exciting at the moment, is it?"

Maxx shook his head. "It's still cool! I mean, check out those wall carvings!"

Kayngi glanced at the wall and shook her head. "That's not right, bud. The carvings are off."

He frowned. "Off? What do you mean?"

"I mean that they don't look like they should." She walked closer to the wall and reached out to touch it. "This is supposed to be a Mayan temple, but these carvings look like someone's tried to copy it. These carvings don't belong here."

He stepped closer to look. "Really? I can't tell."

She smiled at him. "You're not a Doctor of Archeology and Ancient Civilizations." She frowned back at the wall. "Hold this," she said, handing him the torch. He took it from her as she reached into her backpack. She pulled out a pair of white gloves and put them on.

He looked at her dubiously. "What are you doing?" She didn't respond, running a gloved finger along the wall and held it up. The glove was still white. Maxx shook his head. "So?"

She shook her head. "You've never been on a dig or an exploration. The wall should be filthy with years of dust and grime. But the wall's spotless."

Maxx reached out to touch the wall. "Hey, you're right. Why is that?"

She took off her gloves and put them away. "Only thing I can think of is that this is a fake temple. Someone went through the trouble of making it look old."

Maxx shook his head. "What? Why would they do that? And what about your map? You said this was the only entrance to the temple. How could your map be wrong?"

Kayngi took the torch back. "The map's not wrong. I'm guessing someone gutted the temple for some inexplicable reason."

Shaking his head still, Maxx started forward again. "Is that why the museum asked for you?"

Kayngi shrugged as she followed Maxx. "Probably. I'm rather popular with the museums with all of my finds and adventures."

Maxx turned back and smiled at her. "I can see why! Everyone loves Adventure Kay! Why do you think I asked to come along this time? I'm tired of just hearing about your adventures!"

Kayngi smiled demurely and looked away, a slight blush coming over her features. "You're too kind. Watch out, bud."

Maxx frowned. "Watch out for what?"

"The giant spider web in front of you," Kayngi said as Maxx walked right into it. She laughed as Maxx coughed and sputtered, comically flailing around in the web.

"Gah! Stop that and help me!" he said as he tangled himself further in the web.

She quickly came forward to hold him still. "Then stop moving!" she said, still laughing. She started pulling the web off of him.

Maxx shuddered. "Hurry up! I don't want to run into the spider that made that!"

She shook her head. "There is no spider."

He looked at her as if she were crazy. "Whaddya mean, no spider? How else is that thing supposed to get there?"

She held up a piece of the web. "Look at it. This isn't real. It's that fake cotton stuff you can get at Halloween. See?"

He reached out, still covered in wisps, and fingered the white fluffy material. "Hey, it is."

Kayngi grinned. "See? This whole place is fake. It reminds me of something."

Maxx started picking off the rest of the wisps. "Yeah, it's just like in the beginning of Indiana Jones."

Kayngi raised an eye brow. "You know what, you're right. It does have that feeling. So someone must have seen it too many times."

Maxx looked around again anxiously. "You...don't suppose they put traps in too?"

Kayngi shrugged. "I don't know. We'll just have to see, won't we? Now are you ready to keep going?"

He nodded. "Yeah, I guess so." He started walking again. Kayngi's eyes widened at the sight of a giant, hairy spider clinging to his back. With a grimace she stepped closer, drawing her dagger, and she stabbed it through. The spider made a horrible squeaking noise as it died.

"What was that?" Maxx demanded as he turned around.

Kayngi quickly hid the spider and her dagger behind her. "Probably a mouse somewhere," she said nonchalantly.

Maxx quickly looked around on the floor. "Mice? In here?"

Kayngi shrugged as she shook the dead spider off her dagger behind her back. “Those little buggers are everywhere, even fake old temples.”

Maxx slowly nodded. “Yeah, I suppose so if you say so. You’re the Doc after all. You’ve done this before.”

“Yes, I have,” she said, making a face at the slimey goo covering her dagger. Looking around, she found a large piece of the fake spider webbing and wiped it off before putting the dagger back in her sheath. She quickened her pace to catch up with Maxx as if nothing happened.

They walked together in relative silence, their footsteps echoing in the corridor. A narrow door loomed ahead of them. Kayngi put her hand to Maxx’s shoulder and stopped him. She went through the door first and looked around. “I don’t see anything that looks trap-like. I think it’s safe.”

He was slower in stepping through. “You THINK?”

She looked back. “Well, we’re still here, aren’t we?”

He reluctantly nodded. “For now...”

Kayngi grinned at him. “You worry too much.” She walked further into the room. It was a small square with an interesting alternating pattern on the floor. She knelt to take a closer look.

Maxx peered over her shoulder. “What is it?”

She looked back up at him. “I think we found our first trap.”

He stared down at the floor. “Wh-what makes you say that?” he gulped.

She pointed to the alternating pattern. “Look, one’s a normal square and the other is a square with a circle in it.”

“So?”

Kayngi shook her head with a grin and looked up. She smiled broader as she pointed. “So that.”

He looked up and meeped. Above them was a giant boulder. “This is just like in Indiana Jones.”

Kayngi stood up again. “I always thought Dr. Jones was a fool in the whole boulder thing.”

Maxx stared at her. “What you talking about?” he demanded.

With a laugh, Kayngi shook her head. “Look, all he had to do was run toward the thing. It would have rolled right over him!”

“But how do you know for sure?”

She shook her head again. “I guess we’ll never know. That’s how the movie went.” She looked back down at the floor. “But I’ll show you. Let’s set it off.”

Maxx grabbed her arm. “Set it off?? Are you nuts?”

She smiled at him. “I’ve been accused of that, yep! Don’t worry, you’re with me!” She looked back down at the floor and resolutely stepped on the normal square.

Squeezing his eyes shut, Maxx waited for his doom. He slowly opened them again when Kayngi grumbled. “We’re alive?”

She looked back at him, frowning. “Of course. But the boulder didn’t go off!”

Maxx sighed. “Whew...”

Looking up at the boulder, Kayngi continued grumbling. “Why wouldn’t they have the trigger in the square? The square with the circle is too obvious!”

Shaking, Maxx stepped forward. “So it’s safe?” he asked as they heard a loud click. They both froze. Maxx looked down, seeing that he had stepped on a square with a circle in it. With a loud rumble, the boulder started rolling down toward them. “Ack!” Maxx yelled, turning around and fleeing for his life.

Kayngi did the opposite, diving under the boulder as it rolled over her head. She smiled. “Harrison Ford, eat your heart out!” The boulder rolled and bounced through the room. She frowned. It...bounced?

A loud crash sounded at the opposite end of the room. “Maxx!” she cried. She scrambled to her feet and dashed in pursuit of the boulder. She found Maxx laying face down on the floor and the boulder wedged in the doorway. She fell to Maxx’s side. “Maxx! Oh, Maxx, can you hear me? Speak to me!” She shook him, desperately trying to rouse him.

Maxx groaned and moved. “Wha? Did you get the number of the bus that hit me?” he mumbled.

Kayngi hugged him tightly. “You’re all right!”

He groaned again as he struggled to sit up. “I guess I am,” he said.

Kayngi helped him up. “What happened?”

Maxx scowled at her. “What happened?? That damn boulder ran me over!”

She smiled. “But you’re okay.”

“No thanks to you,” he grumbled. He stood up with Kayngi’s help. “Where did you go?”

She shrugged. “I told you all you had to do was go toward the boulder. It missed me.”

Maxx put a hand to his head and shook it. “Man, this bites! What the hell am I doing here again?”

Kayngi put her hands on either side of Maxx’s face gently and pulled him toward her. She planted a kiss on his lips and pulled back with a smile.

He blinked a few times as a goofy grin spread across his face. “Ooooooh yeah...”

With a chuckle Kayngi went to investigate the boulder. “Look at this,” she said, running her hand on its surface.”

He staggered closer to Kayngi. “Oh Doctor, I think I’m still woozy. I need another dose of that medicine.”

With a chuckle, she directed her attention to the boulder. “Just feel that.”

Maxx put his hand out to steady himself and touched the boulder. He pulled his hand back and looked up at the “boulder.” Blinking, he said, “That feels like rubber.”

“That’s because it IS rubber. It’s a giant rubber ball. That’s why you’re still alive after being run over.”

Maxx touched the boulder again. “Weird. Why would whoever put this place together have a fake boulder?”

She didn’t respond right away. Her eyes scanned the visible surface of the wedged rubber ball. “Who knows? It was something to put in while they waited for their real boulder?” Her sharp eyes picked out a sticker. She brought the torch closer. “Property of the WR,” she read out.

He came closer to see as well. “The WR? Who’s he?”

Kayngi shook her head. “I have no clue. But he must feel he’s important. Otherwise why have THE in front of his initials?” She took out a small notepad and made a few notes. “Something else to check out after we get the Idol back.”

Maxx nodded. “This WR is wacked in the head,” he said, rubbing the back of his own head.

She chuckled as she put the notepad away. “That is entirely possible.” She turned to continue on. “This whole place is wacked. I mean, the whole trap trip is too obvious. If it were up to me, I’d put the trip in the normal square. The circle is too blatant.”

Shrugging, Maxx followed. “Maybe that’s why they put it on the circle.”

Kayngi paused. “Hmm ... I suppose that’s possible. We could go back and forth, saying they put it there because they knew we knew they knew we knew they knew ...” She shook her head. “I’m not going there.”

Maxx laughed at her. “You started to!”

She shot him a half grin. “Yeah, but I stopped myself. C’mon, let’s get done with this thing.” She started forward once again. Maxx followed her, looking back at the boulder, realizing how lucky he was.

Holding the torch high, Kayngi led the way into the next dark corridor. Maxx looked around. “Man, you’d think that if this whole thing is fake, they could have put in lights at least.”

Kayngi nodded, then stopped. She looked at the wall, frowning. “Could it be that easy?” she said incredulously?

He tried to follow her line of vision. “What? That little box thing over there?”

She handed him the torch and she slowly unclipped her glossy black leather bullwhip from her belt. With a mere flick of her wrist, the whip snaked out and touched the small box on the wall with a resounding \*CRACK\* Fluorescent lights flickered to life above them. With a snort, she coiled her whip back up and put it back on her belt. “Putting in lights ... in a freaking ancient TEMPLE ... heathens ... all of them!”

Maxx laughed heartily. “YUS! I’m useful!”

Kayngi scowled at him. “Yes, yes that was a good suggestion. Whoever WR is, he’s taking the mystery out of temples.”

He followed her as they started again, still chortling. “Weeeeeeee!”

Not being able to help herself, she bust out laughing. “That’s my line! Weeeeeeeeeeee!” She linked her arm in his. “C’mon, Mr Smarty Pants, let’s get going. You can put that torch out now.”

He dropped the torch and stepped on it until the flames went out. Kayngi rolled her eyes and shook her head. “Well that’s ONE way to do it ...” She picked it back up and tucked it into her backpack. “I normally just cover it with something. Or douse it in water.”

Maxx looked around. “No water here.”

Shaking her head, Kayngi started walking again. “It doesn’t matter now. Let’s just keep going! That Idol has to be around here somewhere.”

Maxx tagged along as she took the lead again, enjoying the view once or twice of her swaying tail and her hair. He nearly bumped into her during one of those moments. “Oh, sorry,” he mumbled, embarrassed.

She didn’t respond as she stared at the wall. “More carvings,” she said. “But these are different than the ones in the front.”

Maxx leaned closer to get a better look. “Yeah, I recognize these.”

Kayngi ran her hand along these new carvings. There were several different squares, each with a different carving. “Look, this one looks like someone riding a small dinosaur. There’s a slug. And a mammoth,” she said, pointing them all out.

Maxx nodded. “That dude looks like he’s riding a cake. And funky spiders.”

She looked below the carvings where there were labels in strange symbols. “Aduka, Nak, Grub, Raon, Sate,” she murmured. “Someone’s been playing too much GunBound CR.”

Maxx looked up with a frown. “CR?”

She looked back at him with a nod. “Yeah. Copy Right. I don’t want to get in trouble by not quoting that.”

He shook his head. “Okay, that was just silly.”

She chuckled as she continued on. “I agree. But it was so cute! Too bad there wasn’t a Dragon ...” They continued on through the corridor, the lights gently humming above them. Every once in awhile Kayngi would look up at them and shake her head.

At the end of the long corridor, another dark door loomed. “I hope that’s it,” she murmured. “This place is too funky for my taste.” She stepped resolutely through the door with Maxx right behind her.

In the center of the room was a stone pedestal. Sunlight streamed in from a hole in the ceiling, highlighting the small golden statue sitting on the pedestal. “Finally!” Kayngi said, walking forward.

Maxx grabbed onto her arm, quickly stopping her. “Wait a sec, don’t you remember the movie??” he demanded. “The floor’s booby trapped!”

She continued forward. “Yeah yeah yeah, but you realize the other traps weren’t lethal. WR is just having fun. I’m tired of all this. I just want the stupid thing so we can get out of here.” She walked right up to the pedestal.

A few scraps of paper dropped from the ceiling and drifted to the floor. Maxx picked one up and read it. “Note to self, install ceiling darts,” he read out loud. He rolled his eyes. “This WR is one interesting dude.”

Kayngi snorted. “Yes. And now we have the Idol.” She picked up the small golden statuette. Instantly the entire room started shaking. She struggled to keep her own footing.

Maxx held onto the wall for dear life. “You goober! Did you forget the statue thing was booby trapped too?? C’mon, we gotta get out of here!”

“Wait!” she called out as Maxx tried to run down the corridor they just came from. “That way’s blocked, remember?”

Maxx looked at the door. “Oh yeah ... the boulder ...” he mumbled, rubbing his

head.

“This way!” Kayngi said, running to the opposite wall.

He whipped around and started for her. “How do you know that’s the way?” he demanded, dodging the chunks of ceiling as they came crashing down. She pointed to the green glowing sign in the ceiling. He looked up at it as he reached her side. “Exit. Brilliant,” he growled.

She grabbed his arm and jumped through the door. They were completely enveloped by darkness. Suddenly the floor disappeared from under them. Their screams mingled with the dull rumbling as the pseudo temple crashed around them.

They fell in the darkness, their hearts in their throats. A bright light below them caused Maxx to think that they had died. Then they were through the light and they landed on the jungle floor with a loud, “OOOF!”

They lay there panting for a few moments. Kayngi raised herself to her elbows and looked around. “We did it!” she cried, smiling broadly.

Maxx groaned. “Speak for yourself, lady! That was another trap!”

She chuckled. “Oh, I knew that.”

He looked up at her, still on his stomach. “You KNEW?? And you still made us go through that?”

She ruffled his head, still panting. “Well we’re out here, aren’t we? And what other choice did we have?” She smiled. “Wasn’t that fun?”

Maxx turned back around with a grunt. A large yellow combat boot planted itself in front of his face. With a gulp, he slowly looked up the desert camouflage covered leg that was attached to the boot. Above the boot came a wife beater t-shirt, with the letters WR in script. He finally steeled himself to look up at the head. A large grey wolf stared down at him with cool eyes. “Uhhhh,” Maxx said.

Kayngi moved closer to him. “We’re not alone,” she whispered.

He nodded vigorously. “I know that!”

“He’s not the only one!” she hissed. Sure enough, a ring of wolves had them surrounded.

The lead wolf sneered at them. “I should have known they’d ask for you, Adventure Kay,” he growled.

She got up to her feet, trying to brush off the dead leaves and twigs in vain. “You know me?”

He snorted. “Everyone knows the famous Adventure Kay. Give us back our Idol,” he demanded, holding out his hand.

Maxx stood up. “Look, WR, you may know her but you don’t know me. I am El Maxx, buddy boy, and don’t you forget it! We don’t have that stinking Idol.”

The wolf raised his eye brows. A small smile hovered on his maw. “Did you just call me WR?”

Maxx nodded. “Well, duh, yer wearing the shirt.”

The wolf scowled once again. “Do you not know who we are?”

Kayngi sniffed and raised her nose a bit higher. “Obviously not.”

“We are the Wolf Revolution!” he cried, raising an arm. “I am Darke Wolf!

She didn’t look impressed. “And we’re supposed to care because...?”

Darke Wolf growled. “I don’t care that you don’t understand. You have our Idol. You will hand it over. Now.”

Maxx crossed his arms. “I told you already, dude. I don’t have it.”

A gun materialized in Darke Wolf’s hand and he put it to Maxx’s chin. “I don’t care who has it,” he growled. “I want it. Hand it over or your brains will end up all over your lovely friend. Not that it will make much of a mess ...”

With a snarl, Kayngi fished out the Idol from her backpack. “Here. Just let him go.”

Darke Wolf took the Idol reverently. He held it up above his head. “We have it once again! Viva la Revolution!” He threw back his head and howled, the other wolves joining in. While they were otherwise occupied, Kayngi elbowed Maxx in his ribs and slid out behind Darke Wolf. Together they started running.

A wolf near the back noticed their escape. “They’re taking off!” he said.

Darke Wolf whipped around and growled. “Don’t just stand there like idiots! Get them!”

Kayngi ducked and weaved as she ran through the jungle, Maxx hot on her heels. They didn’t waste any breath talking. They concentrated solely on getting away. Their jeep was back near the entrance to the fake temple. They had to reach it before the wolves caught up to them.

Maxx started puffing as they ran on. Kayngi didn’t look back. “I keep telling you those cigars are bad for you!”

He gritted his teeth, saving his breath. He glanced over his shoulder once, sure that they were about to get shot. The wolves were all in hot pursuit and a few were gaining on them. He spotted Darke Wolf in the rear, raising his gun. That gave him further incentive to weave like Kay. A loud crack sounded as Darke Wolf fired. A chunk of bark flew off a tree mere inches from Maxx’s face. “Eep!”

Kayngi didn't bother looking back. She just ran. The jeep was ahead of them and they were getting closer. She pulled out her keys, grateful she had chosen the automatic starter in the rental jeep. She pressed the button and the sound of an engine roaring to life erupted just in front of them.

Darke Wolf heard it as well and tried to put on a burst of speed. "Don't let them get away!" he ordered.

Leaping through the trees, Kayngi and Maxx dashed to the jeep. Maxx climbed in as Kayngi jumped and slid in behind the wheel. She slammed the jeep into reverse and peeled out. Seeing the wolves entering the small clearing, she put it into gear once again and gunned it straight for them. The wolves all leapt out of the way. Kayngi gritted her teeth as she tried to swerve to hit at least one of them. A thump and a yelp made her nod in satisfaction. "That oughtta slow one of them down at least," she said as she took off through the trees.

Darke Wolf watched them drive away with narrowed eyes. "Merc, should we get the trucks and follow them?" a wolf asked him.

He shook his head. "By that time they'll be long gone. I would rather have them, but we've got the Idol back and that's the most important thing. I doubt this will be the last time we'll see them."

Back at the museum, Kayngi and Maxx talked with the curator. The bull shook his great head. "This is most distressing, Dr. Kayngi! We specifically asked for you because you are the best, supposedly."

"Hey, she is the best," Maxx said, frowning.

"Then why didn't she retrieve the Idol?" Leopold the bull said.

"There was no chance," she said through clenched teeth. "We worked our way through that temple but they were waiting for us when we emerged."

The curator shook his head once again. "Now we'll never get it back."

Kayngi growled. "Hey, who said I was giving up? You hired me to get that thing back and that's what I'm going to do!"

Leopold looked at her dubiously. "They could be anywhere by now."

Maxx grunted as he folded his arms. "Seems kinda stupid of them to steal that stupid thing. There are lots of other priceless idols and statues in this place. Why did they take that one?"

Leopold looked at him incredulously. "Have you not heard of the Golden Melon Idol?" he asked.

He shook his head while Kayngi eyed the bull curiously. "You didn't say that's

what it was,” she said accusingly.

Maxx frowned at her. “What’s the Golden Melon?”

“It’s supposed to grant its owners with special powers. Usual stuff. Rule the world and all that,” she said dismissively.

“But how?” he asked, intrigued.

Leopold cut in. “No one knows. But that’s not the point. The point is the Wolf Revolution has the idol now and there’s no telling what they’re going to do with it.”

Kayngi whipped around and growled at the bull. “How did you know it was the Wolf Revolution?” she demanded.

Leopold looked away sheepishly. “We ... found their calling card in the glass case where the Idol is normally kept.”

“And you didn’t tell me this,” she growled. “What else have you been withholding from me?”

Leopold beckoned to her as he turned. “There was the video surveillance tape. I’ll show it to you now.”

“Why didn’t you show it to her in the first place?” Maxx asked as he followed.

Leopold looked away and hung his great head. “I ... wanted to see how good Adventure Kay really was ...” he mumbled.

Kayngi snorted in disgust. “Idiot. If we had known about this, we might have been able to get your precious Idol back. I’m tempted to leave right now.”

The bull held up his hands. “Please don’t go! I was foolish and I’m sorry. It’s all my fault. Please, watch the tape.”

She pushed past the bull, her tail lashing in anger. “I will because I’ve never lost an artifact before and I’m not going to lose this one! Especially not to a wacked bunch like the Wolf Revolution.”

“You can start making up for it by telling us what you know about them,” Maxx said, trying to contribute to the conversation.

Leopold shook his head. “I really don’t know anything about them. They’re a new group. I’m not surprised you don’t know them.” He showed them to a small dark room lined with monitors. “Bob here will show you the tape.”

Bob, an old monkey, looked up. He reached over with one of his legs and pushed a button with his toes. Maxx watched him with interest. Kayngi chuckled. “I know ... you want to be able to do that. Now shut up and let me watch this tape.”

The small screen revealed a large wolf with a robotic arm crashing into the

museum and overpowering Bob. He broke open the glass case and swiped the Idol, leaving the card in its place. “Bob, freeze the frame on the wolf, please.” The monkey obliged by hitting another button with his other foot. She leaned in closer to try to get a better look. She shook her head. “That’s pretty grainy. I’m not sure we’re going to be able to positively identify him with that.”

Leopold wrung his hands together nervously. “But ... how many wolves with robotic arms can there be in this city?”

She threw him a contemptuous glare. “There are many places in this city where someone can hide. And there’s no telling if that wolf is still in town.”

Looking away, Leopold nodded. “That’s true.”

Kayngi tapped the screen. “I want to see that card he left.”

Reaching into his pocket, the bull took out the card and silently handed it over, not looking up at her.

With a snort, the feline took it and read it. “All it says is Viva la Wolf Revolution,” she said. She handed it back. “Is that all?”

He shook his head. “There is nothing else, I swear.”

“Yeah, well your word doesn’t hold much weight with us,” Maxx said.

Kayngi leaned closer to Bob. “Are you okay after that attack?” she asked gently.

Bob nodded. “Honestly, miss. I’m fine. I was just no match for that guy.”

She patted Bob’s head. “Well at least you weren’t hurt.” She turned to Maxx and jerked her head. He understood. She was tired of this place and she wanted out. “We’re so gone,” she said.

Leopold trailed after them. “If ... there’s anything else I can do to be of assistance?” he offered, but stopped when Kayngi glared at him.

“Guess not,” Maxx said with an unpleasant grin when Kayngi walked away without saying anything else.

Outside in the city, Kayngi walked off in a huff. Maxx soon caught up with her. “Don’t let that schmuck get you down. He’s an idiot but really, how would you have proceeded any differently?”

She slowed down and looked at him. “I would have known there was a group involved, not a random individual. I would have planned differently.” She shook her head and continued on. “I ... need ... chocolate.”

Maxx laughed. “You always need chocolate when you’re angry. There’s a nice shop just up ahead, you see?” he said, pointing.

Kayngi grunted and just made a beeline for it. As she was about to enter the shop, another fur stepped out of it and nearly ran into her. "Excuse me," she murmured.

The fur, a wolf, shook his head. "No problem." Then he turned and started walking away.

Kayngi stared after the wolf. "Maxx ... that wolf has a robotic arm!"

He stared after the wolf as well. "He does ... well that was easy."

"Easy nothing! We gotta catch him first to question him!" she took off after the wolf. "Hey, you! Stop!"

The wolf turned around. His eyes widened and he froze for a brief second. Then he turned and started running. Growling, Kayngi shot after him. Maxx wasn't too far behind. The wolf dodged the crowds and tried to weave around the furs.

Kayngi managed to keep him in her line of vision as she followed. Because he was big, the wolf had problems getting through the crowd. Kayngi and Maxx, being cats and smaller, and behind the large fur pushing through the crowd, were able to catch up to him. Maxx tackled the wolf's legs while Kayngi leapt and landed on the wolf's back. The sudden impact knocked the wolf over. "Gotcha!" Maxx said.

"I didn't do anything!" the wolf said.

"Then why did you run?" Kayngi demanded as she tied his hands together. "Come with us."

Not having any other choice, the wolf was led to a small jail. The officers in the jail were only too glad to let THE Adventure Kay use their questioning room. Maxx sat the wolf down at the table in the interrogation room. "Allow myself to introduce ... um ... myself ..." He trailed off after shaking his head. "I am El Maxx! And that's Adventure Kay! Now don't worry, buddy. This is just a friendly chat," he said. He flipped on the movable lamp and shone the lamp inquisition style into the wolf's face. "Where were you the night of the 15<sup>th</sup>?" he demanded.

Kayngi pushed the lamp away. "Down boy." She turned to the wolf. "Forgive my friend. He gets overzealous."

The wolf looked up at them sullenly. "I can see that. I didn't do anything!"

Maxx snorted in disbelief. "What do you know about the Golden Melons?" he demanded.

The wolf looked up at him in confusion. "What? Golden Melons? What you talking about, kitty?"

Kayngi gently pushed Maxx out of the way. "He means the Golden Melon Idol."

The wolf grunted. "It's in the museum in town."

Maxx grabbed the lamp and shone it in the wolf's face again. "No, it's not! It's been stolen! By a wolf!"

The wolf growled. "Is that it? You see me near the museum and you automatically assume it was me! That's prejudice!"

Maxx continued, still holding the lamp. "This wolf had a robotic arm!"

The wolf didn't even blink. "Every time any wolf with a robotic arm commits a crime, I get blamed! I always do! I'm not the only one with a robotic arm!"

Kayngi fingered the wolf's shirtsleeve and pulled it up. "It was a wolf with a robotic arm who belonged to the Wolf Revolution," she said, running her finger along the WR armband the wolf had under his sleeve.

The wolf jerked his arm away. "That armband was a gift from my mother!"

"Oh really?" Maxx said, putting the lamp back. He held up the wolf's wallet, which he had taken before they entered the interrogation room. "Says here on this membership card that you're one of the founding members ... Colonel Crayzed Wolf."

Crayzed Wolf looked up at them with big puppy dog eyes. "Everyone's being so mean to me, fo shizzle mah nizzle!" he cried.

Kayngi shook her head and stepped closer. "There there, no need to cry."

"He has reason to cry! He's going to tell us everything about the Wolf Revolution or I'm going to make him wish he did!" Maxx said.

The wolf's shoulders started heaving. Kayngi put comforting arms on Crayzed Wolf's head and pulled him to her chest. "It's okay, hush," she murmured to the wolf.

Crayzed Wolf suddenly found himself buried in the soft mounds of Kayngi's bosom. His ears perked up in surprise. "Mmmmmf!"

Maxx noticed and stared for a few moments, halfway wishing he was the one in Kay's chest. He shook himself and coughed. "Dr. Kay, um, you really should be more careful."

She looked up at him. "And why's that?"

"You might smother our only lead," he said, nodding to Crayzed Wolf's face.

Kayngi looked down, then hurriedly let him up for air. "Oh, I'm sorry!"

Crayzed Wolf panted a few times, staring at her chest with a glossy expression. "No ... uh ... problem," he said, the tip of his tongue protruding from his muzzle.

Maxx shook his head. "Lucky dog," he mumbled. "Look, are you going to cooperate with us or not?"

Crayzed Wolf shook his head and looked up at Maxx. "I have nothing to say to you," he said resolutely. He turned back to look up at Kayngi with a broad smile. "You on the other hand ..."

Kayngi laughed at as she playfully patted Crayzed Wolf. "You behave yourself."

"Where's the fun in that?" he asked, flicking his ears suggestively. "Need a bedwarmer? I don't take up much room, honest!"

She shook her head with a smile. "I'm quite fine without one." She looked over to Maxx and nodded her head at the door. "Hang on just a few moments, we'll be right back."

Crayzed Wolf nodded at her. "I'll wait for you, baby!"

She laughed as she closed the door behind her. She looked up at Maxx. "Look, he's not going to talk. And we can't keep him. There's no solid evidence against him."

Maxx crossed his arms sullenly. "I know. He seems to like you. Maybe he'll talk to you?"

She looked back at the door. "Yes, he does seem rather taken with me. I might be able to get him to talk. Though he seems more interested in other things at the moment."

Maxx let his eyes rove down to her chest. "I can see why," he mumbled.

"What was that?" she asked as she turned back.

He quickly looked back up. "What was what?" he asked.

She eyed him for a moment then shook her head. "I'm not going to let him wine and dine me so he'll tell us about the WR. We need to let him go. You head on back to the hotel. I'm going to follow him. Maybe we'll be able to get some answers from him that way."

Maxx nodded. "Okay. I'll get us some grub while you're gone."

"Sounds good. So long as it's not Mexican!" she said, waving her hand in front of her face with a grimace. He turned and walked away with an evil laugh.

Rolling her eyes she went back into the interrogation room. "Well, sorry about the confusion, Colonel." She walked behind him and untied his hands.

Crayzed Wolf flexed both hands. "No problem," he said.

She smiled disarmingly at him. "You're free to go," she said sweetly.

His eyes glazed over as he stared at her dreamily for a few moments. "Th-thanks," he mumbled. "Would you care for some dinner? Or chocolates?"

She chuckled as she patted his head again. "You're being so sweet. I'm meeting

my friend for food later, unfortunately.”

“But here!” Crayzed Wolf said, pushing his small bag of chocolates that he bought from the little shop to her. “You can have these at least.”

She accepted them with a smile. “You’re so sweet. And so understanding.”

“Hey, everyone makes mistakes,” he said.

She nodded then motioned to the door. “Go on then. I won’t keep you.”

He rose to his feet, looking down at her for a few moments, and left the jail. Kayngi gave him a few moments as she sampled one of the chocolates. “Mmm, nummy,” she said. “Must go back for more ...”

Licking her fingers, she watched Crayzed Wolf through the jail’s window. She let him get a decent distance ahead of her before she left the jail after thanking the officers. She put on her jacket and her leather fedora, attempting to look different in case Crayzed Wolf looked back and caught sight of her.

She tailed the wolf, keeping him in view while not getting too close. Once or twice he looked behind him. She kept moving forward, keeping her head down. She’d been followed a time or two as well and her eyes always found those that stopped right away and tried to look busy. She was sure this wolf was nobody’s fool and so would also spot such obvious attempts to follow him.

The wolf took a seat at a small corner bistro. She sat down at a table near him but not too near. Crayzed Wolf ordered a drink when the waiter came by. Kayngi ordered a drink, appearing for all the world like a normal customer. Her ears flared out when she saw Crayzed Wolf pull out a cell phone. She pulled the menu up to her face as she tried to scoot closer so that she could listen in to the conversation.

Back at the hotel, Maxx paced back and forth. “Where is she?” he grumbled to himself. “Why did I let her tail that wolf? He’s huge! He could have easily torn her in two! If he’s hurt her, I swear I’ll...”

The door slammed, causing him to jump. He looked up as Kayngi came in, taking off her fedora and shaking out her hair. “You’re back!”

She flashed a grin at him. “And I’m front too,” she chuckled.

Maxx eyed her front. “Yus, very very front.”

She playfully smacked him with her hat. “You order us food? I’m starved.”

He nodded as he took her coat. “Of course. My favorite!”

She froze and stared at him in horror. “You didn’t??”

He laughed at her expression. “Yus!” He waved his hands to the table. Kayngi hesitantly turned around, steeling herself.

She threw back her head and laughed heartily. “Pancakes! And pudding!”

“Well, duh,” Maxx said. “I don’t know WHAT you were thinking ...”

She sat down to eat. “And I’m not going to say.”

While they ate, Maxx grilled her about what she found out. Her face was grim. “I didn’t get to find out what the WR’s plan was. But our friend the Colonel is going to meet up with Darke Wolf, a mercenary by the by, and he’s going to pilot the Idol to their super secret wolves den tomorrow.”

Maxx shook his head. “We don’t have much time.”

“No we don’t,” she replied.

“We don’t even know where they are!” he cried, slamming his fist down on the table. Kayngi didn’t respond, continuing to eat. He looked up at her accusingly. “You know, don’t you? They said so in their conversation.”

She looked up at him calmly. “Yes, they said so. And no, you can’t come.”

“Why not?” he demanded.

“Because security’s going to be tight there. I’ll be able to get in and out better without you. I’m not saying you won’t be able to do it. I’m saying we can’t take that risk. We need to get that Idol before they take off tomorrow and our best shot is for me to go in alone.”

Maxx pouted. “While I sit here doing nothing ...”

Kayngi frowned at him. “Who says you’re doing nothing?? You’re going to be in that jungle manning the plane! I want to be able to get out of there ASAP.”

He grinned once again. “You got it, Doc!”

The next morning, Kayngi woke up early. Her eyes blinked blearily as the alarm buzzed annoyingly on the stand by the bed. She sat up with a groan, scratching her head. Yawning, she stood up and stretched. Then she went about getting ready for the day.

Maxx stepped into the room groggily. “Whazza?” he mumbled.

Kayngi, backlit nicely by the rising sun, was putting on her shirt. “Get going, sleepy head. We need to head out.”

He turned around with a grunt and was back again, his hair smoothed and in some sort of order. Kayngi was sitting on the bed putting her shoes on. “One good thing about

being a male,” he said. “We have less things to do in the morning!”

She shot him a look then stood up. His jaw dropped. “But we don’t look near as good,” he stammered.

She walked to the window to look at the sleeping city. “It seems so peaceful,” she said.

Maxx came up behind her. “Yeah. Lucky bastiches ...” He looked to Kayngi. “You know that the WR is probably expecting you?”

She nodded. “Yes, I know. But we have no choice, now do we?”

He shook his head. “I guess not.”

They left the hotel and headed back out to the jungle. Kayngi left Maxx by the small plane as she headed into the jungle. “Don’t go ANYWHERE!” she ordered.

He saluted her. “Aye aye, Doc.”

She flashed him a quick grin before she disappeared into the bush. She hiked back to the fallen “temple” from yesterday, shaking her head. “Keeping the same location after it’s discovered. Silly silly,” she mumbled to herself.

She kept her eye out for any sentries but finding none. “I can’t believe it’s this easy,” she muttered. She crept to the other side of the temple, finding a hidden hangar door. “Well how could we have missed that??” she said, looking up at it.

Shaking her head she moved closer silently. She peered into the hangar, scanning for wolves. She frowned. There was no one to be seen. Kayngi moved into the hangar, looking around. Crayzed Wolf said he was meeting Darke Wolf to get the Idol by the plane. She saw the plane sitting in the hangar. She looked around. Where were the wolves?

Voices by the door made her duck behind the ubiquitous barrels by the wall that seemed to be in every hangar. The door opened and in strode Darke Wolf followed by Colonel Crayzed. “Do not mess this up,” Darke Wolf growled.

Crayzed Wolf growled back. “Hey, I’m not the one who almost had it stolen from them!”

“No, but you were detained!”

Crayzed Wolf tossed his head back. “They released me because there was nothing they could hold me for. Just give it to me. I’ll get it to the Den.”

Darke Wolf held out the Idol. “Make sure that you do,” he said, baring his teeth. “The Wolf Revolution does not need idiots who can’t do their job.” Then he turned around and stalked away.

Crayzed Wolf grumbled to himself as he walked to the plane. Kayngi looked from

him to the door and back again. Taking a deep breath, she stood up and walked around to the front of the barrels. She cocked her head and twirled a lock of hair around a finger. “Oh, Colonel,” she called in a sing song voice.

Crayzed Wolf whipped around, jaw dropping when he saw Kayngi standing there. “Y-yes, Miss Kay?” he stammered.

She chewed alluringly on her lower lip, looking at the wolf with wide eyes, radiating an aura of cuteness. “It’s awfully lonely over here all by myself,” she said.

As if in a daze, Crayzed Wolf dropped the idol and came closer. “C-can’t have that now,” he murmured, falling to his knees in front of her.

She smiled dazzlingly at him and patted his head. He made a little mrring noise in response. She leaned in and whispered in his ear. “Now close your eyes, sugar.”

Without hesitation, the Colonel closed his eyes and tipped his head back. Kayngi tiptoed behind him and retrieved the Idol. Feeling bad about leaving him that way, she silently moved back and licked his forehead. Then she turned and ran out of the hangar, heading back to the waiting plane.

Crayzed Wolf sat there with a smile on his muzzle for a few moments before his brain registered the sounds of her running away. “Hey, wait a minute,” he said, snapping to himself again. “Dammit!” He climbed into the plane and powered it up. “She’s not going to get away with this!”

Kayngi ran full tilt in the jungle. She was less worried about sentries on her way out. She had the Idol. All she had to do was outrun any wolf in her way. Besides, there were no wolves sitting sentry on her way in. It wasn’t too long ago so there shouldn’t be any sentries out now.

Hearing a plane’s engine sputter to life in the distance, she looked behind her. She was expecting to be followed on foot, not trailed by a freaking plane! She pondered as she ran on, realizing that this could work to her advantage. The plane would have a hard time spotting her on the jungle floor because of all the trees hiding her from view.

She kept her eye on the sky, watching for it. The plane flew overhead a few moments later. She smiled as she continued to run, confident that Crayzed Wolf hadn’t seen her. The sound of running water up ahead reached her ears so she headed straight for it. Water would obscure her scent should the wolf decide to follow her on foot.

Crayzed Wolf flew the plane over the trees cursing himself. “Doh!! Stupid trees!” He landed the plane none too gently, hitting a few trees on the way down, and ran out into the jungle, his nose in the air. “I am a wolf after all. Smell, Colonel, smell!” He soon caught her scent on the wind and he took off, trailing her by his nose.

Kayngi found the source of the sound of running water and pulled up short at the bank of a river. She looked back one moment before she undid her whip. She found a sturdy branch reaching out over the river and she caught the branch with a well-practiced

move with her whip. Clutching the Idol to her chest she used her whip to swing out over the river. It brought her closer to the far bank but not far enough. With a flick of her wrist, she released the branch and she plunged down toward the river. Looking down, she saw the Golden Melon Idol nestled next to her bosom. She laughed then sputtered as she hit the water. Now she knew why it was called the Golden Melon Idol!

Crayzed Wolf followed her scent to the bank of the river. His sharp eyes picked her out as she swam then emerged from the other side. He growled in frustration, knowing that with his robotic arm, he could not get into the river. And by the time he found a boat, she would be long gone.

Kayngi looked back to the opposite bank, dripping water in an enticing manner. She locked eyes with the Colonel for a few moments before she broke out into a broad grin. She blew him a kiss before she disappeared into the undergrowth.

Crayzed Wolf caught the kiss with his non-robotic hand and sat down on his rump heavily. “Darke Wolf is going to kill me,” he muttered. Then he brightened. “Truth to tell, I’d rather have her than that Idol any day!” he said, rubbing his forehead where she licked him.

Leopold put the Golden Melon Idol back in its proper case reverently. “Smashing job, Adventure Kay!” the bull said. Bob the monkey nodded vigorously in agreement.

Kayngi flicked her fedora and stroked her whip. “It was fun,” she said. “Despite your bungling.”

Maxx chuckled as the bull looked away sheepishly. “You’d better keep a close eye on that thing! We don’t want to have to come back to get that thing back from the Wolf Revolution any time soon.”

Leopold shook his great head. “Oh no. We’ve increased security and have a better security measure,” he said. Bob nodded again, holding up his electro shock stick with a grin.

Kayngi chuckled. “I’m sure you’ll have fun with that, Bob.” She retrieved her check from the bull, bowed graciously, and left.

Maxx tagged along beside her, puffing on his cigar. Kayngi wrinkled her nose as she waved the air dramatically in front of her. He only chuckled at her antics. He looked back at the museum over his shoulder. “You think the WR is really going to leave that Idol alone?”

Kayngi shrugged. “Who’s to say? I doubt it. Though if they get that one in the museum for whatever hare brained scheme, it won’t work.”

He eyed her curiously. “Oh?”

She winked and tapped her nose. “You honestly trust good ol’ Leo to take care of

the Golden Melon Idol?”

He shook his head. “About as far as I can throw him. And that’s not far!” He frowned. “So you’re telling me that thing back there is a fake??” She smiled but didn’t respond. “So where’s the real Idol?”

She looked over at him smugly. “I sent it to my sister for her birthday. Claimed it was a reproduction I had made just for her.”

Maxx stared at her and threw back his head, laughing uproariously. “That’s great, Kay!”

She chuckled. “I thought so as well.”

They continued walking along. “Wonder why it was called the Golden Melon,” Maxx mused out loud. “It didn’t look like a Melon to me.”

Kayngi smothered a snort. “It wasn’t supposed to.”

He blinked as he looked down at her. “Well are you going to tell me or not?”

She held up her hand and arm to her chest. “I found that it fit nicely just so as I was running through the jungle.”

Maxx took the liberty to stare at her bosom once again. “Yeah? So?”

“Don’t you get it, Maxx? The Power of Boobies Compels you!”

She laughed as Maxx colored and looked away. “Mmm, boobies,” he said.

She shook her head. “You and your boobies.” They walked on, her smile slowly fading from her face. “We may have retrieved the Idol, but I doubt that will stop the Wolf Revolution. We have no idea what their master plan is.”

Maxx nodded, still distracted by boobies. “Yeah, I’m sure we’ll meet up with them sometime or other.”

Kayngi nodded. “No doubt about that.”