

# Adventure Kayngi

## The Missing Goddesses

By Kayngi

## Adventure Kayngi: The Missing Goddesses

Professor Cirrel ambled through the building on his way to his car. Along the way he met a familiar feline also leaving the building. He smiled fondly. “Don’t tell me you’re ditching classes again,” he said dryly.

The female turned and grinned impishly. “No, not at all! I have a few hours left. I’m just returning something to the museum,” she said, patting her bag.

Cirrel looked down at the bag. “Oh? What is it this time, Kay?”

Dr. Kayngi patted the bag again. “The Goddess of Keyra. I was just doing a bit of research on it. The museum was kind enough to let me take it for a few days on loan. But now this little lady needs to be put back in her case where her adoring public can ogle her once again.”

Cirrel chuckled. “You’re still talking about the Goddess, right?”

Kayngi playfully smacked him on the arm. “Silly male! For that, you owe me lunch. You can drive.”

Cirrel’s eyebrows rose. “And how did you know I was out to lunch?”

She smiled and tossed her raven hair back. “Elementary, my dear Professor! It’s just after noon and you were on your way to the parking lot. And you always head out to lunch about this time.”

He smiled sheepishly. “You are correct in your deductions. Very well, I take it you want to drop the lady off before we eat?”

She nodded. “If you don’t mind.”

He shook his head. “Not at all.”

“Good. Go on to your car. I gotta lock up first,” she said, digging in her pocket for the key.

Cirrel frowned. “Lock up? Lock up what?”

She smiled and tapped her nose. Then she pointed to the fire exit. “Lock that up.”

Cirrel stared at the fire exit and shook his head. “One of your famous short cuts?”

She chuckled. “That’s certainly one way to put it! Go on, let me tinker a few moments, buy us some time before the alarm goes off. I’ll be right with you.”

He chuckled as he turned, shaking his head. Hard to imagine that a few short years ago, Kayngi was just one of his pupils. He went out to his car and started it up, getting the car chilled for the warm day. He turned on the radio and quietly enjoyed the music for awhile.

After the fifth song, he frowned and looked back toward the building. It shouldn’t take her that long to lock up the fire exit. He checked his watch. Even if Kayngi had been caught, the University would only scold her, like a student. They wouldn’t dare do anything more than that.

He turned off the car and headed back to the building. Perhaps she got a page or a call to delay her. He went directly to her office, finding it empty. He grunted to himself. It was very unlike her to dash off anywhere without saying anything. Especially if you were waiting on her. Cirrel walked to the fire exit, finding it still deactivated. Surely she wouldn’t have left it off for so long?

He pushed open the door and looked at the small alleyway that led to the loading docks and the parking lot. It was deserted. He scratched his head. Where in the world could that Sholan have got to?

He turned to go back into the building but stopped, something catching his eyes. He froze when he found it. It was a black, leather fedora. He slowly reached out to pick it up. Only one fur wore a fedora around here. And that was Kayngi herself. He recalled she was wearing it when he bumped into her. She HAD been here.

He turned the hat over in his hands, noting the depression on the rear. Bringing the hat closer to his eyes for a better look, he could see a damp spot. Frowning, he touched it, finding it tacky. He pulled his hand back, noting a slightly metallic scent. With a sinking feeling, he turned his hand over to look at his fingers. As he had feared, the spot was blood.

He looked around once again. One thing was becoming abundantly clear. Kayngi had been taken.

Back in his office, he called the police. "I'm terribly sorry, sir, but until she's been missing for 24 hours, our hands are tied. There's nothing we can do at this point."

Cirrel growled into the phone. "But what's going to happen to her in the meantime? There's no telling what's going on!"

The voice on the phone sighed. "We understand your frustration, sir," it droned. "As soon as the time limit passes, we will be able to help you."

"Thanks!" he snarled and slammed down the phone. He fought to calm himself down and lower his hackles. Incompetents! While they were sitting on their broad rears, Kayngi was closeted somewhere for some unknown purpose.

Well, they may have to wait for 24 hours, but he wasn't going to! He pulled out his book of numbers and started contacting various furs to let them know of the disappearance. As soon as he told them what happened, they all immediately agreed to rush over to the university. Some were going to take longer than others to get there but it was agreed nothing would start until they all arrived.

When Kayngi began to arrive at consciousness, she slowly became aware of two things. One, her head hurt like a sonuvabitch. Second, her hands were tied behind her back. She was tied to a chair. Stifling a groan, she slowly raised her head to take stock of her situation. "*Great, blindfolded as well,*" she thought to herself as she tried to open her eyes. She listened carefully, trying to gauge if anyone else was around. Hearing nothing, she raised her head higher to see if she could see under her blindfold. The light seemed to

stab right into her eye. Quickly shutting it, she thought, “*May be all for the best I can’t see. What the hell happened?*”

She ran the last thing she remembered through her head. She was about to go to lunch with Cirrel. She was going to drop off the Goddess. She was locking up the fire exit. Then nothing. She must have been hit on the head when her back was turned.

Deciding to chance it, she tried to look under her blindfold once again. The light still hurt her, but she gradually became accustomed to it. She was in a small room. There weren’t any windows in her line of vision. “*Must be an interior room,*” she thought to herself. She continued looking around, finding the door. She frowned when she saw her bag lying haphazardly on the floor next to it. It hadn’t been opened. They weren’t interested in the Goddess?

She grinned, then winced. With one foul swoop, whoever caught her got two Goddesses. Well, she was one Goddess who wasn’t going to just sit on her tail! Her friends may be looking for her but she had no idea when they’d find her.

She tested her hands. The knots felt secure. “Buggah,” she growled. Then she tried to feel her bindings. Thin rope. Flexing her claws, she began to pick at the rope, feeling it fray. It would take awhile, but she would be able to get through. Well, not like she had anything else to do at the moment. So she picked on, her ears flared to listen for her captor’s return.

First on the scene was Cateagle, shortly followed by SkunkFox. “You must be worried, SkunkFox,” Cateagle commented as the male walked in without a word and leaned against Kayngi’s desk

Blinking slowly, SkunkFox turned to look at the large Maine Coon. “What makes you say that?” he asked in his dry voice.

Cateagle’s lips quirked in a quick grin. “You didn’t even try to molest me or the good professor here.”

SkunkFox smiled wickedly. “I didn’t, did I? Well, the day’s still young,” he said. The look he shot Cateagle and Cirrel made the males gulp.

Luckily for them, not quite so luckily for SkunkFox, the faint strains of the Badger Signal could faintly be heard. Mass hysteria began to break out on campus as the Signal grew closer. Cirrel and Cateagle quickly clamped their hands over their ears. SkunkFox stood transfixed, his eyes glazing red. “Urge to kill...RISING!” he snarled.

The two older males looked at each other in horror as SkunkFox pushed away from the desk. He set his red gaze upon the felines. “Since I can’t attack the source of that...that...SONG!” he spat. “I am forced to take out my rage on you two!”

A short time later, the Badger Brigade stormed Kayngi’s office and gasped. “You weren’t kidding when you said something terrible happened, Cirrel! They ransacked the place!” Mapper exclaimed when he saw the state of the office.

Cirrel, lying on the ground in a state of total disarray, could only groan in response. Cateagle, lying nearby, echoed his sentiments.

Mapper rushed over to the two fallen felines. “Quick, get Doc!” he yelled to the Brigade.

“Sir! You told him he wouldn’t be needed this time, sir!” Radar said.

Mapper smacked himself on his forehead. “What the hell was I thinking?”

“Sir! You weren’t, sir! You were in too much of a hurry to get here, sir!”

He shot Radar a glare and turned back to the felines. “Then why didn’t you guys stop me?” he demanded.

“Sir, we were worried, too, sir! We weren’t thinking either, sir!”

Shaking his head, Mapper turned back to the felines. “Help them up at least!”

They soon got the felines back on their feet. “Are you hurt? What were the kidnapers after in here?”

Cirrel put a hand to his head and shook it slowly. “This...has nothing to do with the

kidnapping,” he managed to say.

Mapper frowned as he looked around. “What happened?” A dry, raspy chuckle brought his attention to SkunkFox, lounging in Kayngi’s chair.

Cateagle could only point shakily in SkunkFox’s direction. “THAT!”

SkunkFox grinned toothily. “I rather feel better,” he said mildly.

The Badgers all gasped and stared at SkunkFox in horror. “No! Not him! No more molesting!” Mapper whimpered.

Gunner lifted up his gun at the ready. “He makes any moves toward us, he’ll have so many holes, we could use him as a sieve.”

Cirrel looked at the badgers and SkunkFox severely. “Look, I know you don’t get along but for now, you can at least try!”

SkunkFox held up a hand. “As long as I don’t hear that...that...SONG...I will be the perfect gentleman.” The statement was marred by a snigger.

Cirrel rolled his eyes. “Heaven help us.”

“Sir! We know how to behave, sir! Nothing to fear from us, sir!” Radar spoke up for the badgers.

Mapper gently pushed Gunner’s gun down. “For Dr. Kayngi, we will also behave. So long as THAT doesn’t touch us!” he said, pointing to SkunkFox. He looked to the professor. “Who else is coming?”

“Maxx is on his way. He’s probably going to be the last to arrive, though,” Cirrel said.

“That doesn’t mean we have to sit on our tails! Let’s start talking,” Cateagle said.

SkunkFox nodded. “Good plan. Now, who would do this and why?”

“Sir! The Wolf Revolution again maybe, sir!” Radar threw out.

Everyone nodded. They all remembered Kayngi’s stories about the WR. It seemed entirely possible that the wolves were at it again. This was the first time they actively targeted the good Doctor Kayngi, though.

“Seems a bit heavy handed for them,” Cirrel mused. “But I certainly wouldn’t put it past them. Kay told me that she was returning something to the museum. Maybe the wolves heard about it and took her along with it.”

“Was it anything special?” Cateagle asked.

He shook his head. “She didn’t say. She called it the...drat.” He frowned as he rubbed his chin. “What WAS that thing?”

SkunkFox frowned as well. “How are we going to find her if we don’t know what we’re looking for?”

“Sir! Why not call the museum, sir!” Radar piped up.

Cirrel chuckled as he picked up the phone. “Sometimes the answers are too close to see,” he said.

He spoke briefly with the museum and thanked them for their time, reassuring them that the statue would be returned, if somewhat delayed.

“Okay, it was the Goddess of Keyra. Kay was apparently doing some research to determine if this statue was the same one the locals believed could grant the ability to see into the future,” he told the gathered furs.

“And was it?” Cateagle asked.

Cirrel shook his head. “They don’t know. Kay didn’t get a chance to tell them.”

SkunkFox narrowed his eyes. “Sounds like a useful item to have. I would say that the Wolf Revolution would be MOST interested in acquiring such a thing.”

Cirrel frowned. “Then why take Kayngi as well?”

“Get her out of the way before she becomes a nuisance,” Mapper said. “Makes sense to me.”

“But where could they have taken Kayngi?” Cateagle asked.

Just then, two students knocked on the door and stepped in. “Um, sorry to interrupt. Dr. Kayngi wasn’t there for her lecture and she usually has a substitute come in,” the male black feline said.

The gorilla nodded his head. “Yeap, she’s yoosually got some’un thar ta take ‘er classes when she’s goan off somewhar,” he drawled.

The feline looked at the gathered furs anxiously. “Did you say someone took her?”

Cirrel frowned at the students. “Shar, Tex, this is none of your concern. I’m sorry the class was forgotten about. Don’t worry, we will have a make up lecture.”

Shar frowned as well. “It is so our concern! She’s our professor! If something’s happened to her, we have a right to know!”

Tex grunted. “Damn straight.”

SkunkFox rose to his feet and eyed the students up and down. “Oh, I could make them not want to know,” he said, a wild gleam in his eye that made the students incredibly uneasy for some reason.

Mapper held up his hand. “I don’t think that’ll be necessary. Look, kids, don’t worry about Dr. Kay. I’m sure she’ll be back to lecture soon.”

Tex took a deep breath. “Look ‘ere, we ain’t kids. An’ we laik Dr. Kay. She’s a guid

teacher. If thar's sumthin' goan on wi' 'er, then we're gunna 'elp!"

Cateagle sighed. "How about this? Leave us your names and numbers. We're not doing anything at the moment, anyway. If we can use your help, we'll give you a call."

Shar nodded vigorously. "Fine." He dug out a piece of paper and quickly scribbled his number on it.

Tex added his and handed it to Cirrel. "We'll be waitin' on yer call, now."

The professor nodded his head. "We'll call if we can use you. For now, just tell the students that something's come up and she'll be back for her next lecture."

Shar nodded again. "I can do that." The students left, leaving the gathered furs to mull over the issue once again.

"Back to the issue at hand, where could they have taken Kay?" Cateagle asked.

"And how are we going to find her and the Wolf Revolution?" Cirrel mused.

A badger raised his hand. "Show me where she was taken," he said in a thick Australian accent. "I'll be able to give us a direction at least. Crickey!"

Mapper frowned at him. "Tracker, you been watching too much Crocodile Hunter again!"

Tracker shook his head. "No, I haven't! Look, mate, you know I can give us the low down on the area!"

"Sir! If there's any surveillance devices, I can deal with them, sir!" Radar said.

Cirrel nodded. Cateagle leaned closer to him. "They're really handy to have around," he commented. "Just cover your ears when they start up that Signal."

Cirrel chuckled. "Tell that to him," he said, nodding to SkunkFox. "Sounds like we have

at place to start,” he said in a louder voice. “Let’s get to it.”

“Wait a second, what about Maxx?” Cateagle asked.

“What about me?” Maxx said as he strolled in, Tigermark right behind him. He grinned at the gathered furs. “I had a bit of a lift.”

The white tiger smiled sheepishly. “I happened to be in the area. Maxx told me what happened and I got him here.”

Cirrel nodded gratefully to the males. “Thank goodness.”

Maxx frowned. “Now someone tell me what’s happened to my Kay!”

“YOUR Kay!” the furs echoed incredulously.

Cirrel held up his hands. “Enough! We don’t need to get distracted.” He quickly filled Maxx in with the goings on.

Maxx shook his head. “Sounds fishy to me. I agree, the WR is our best hope. Let me at ‘em!”

SkunkFox turned his wild gaze to Maxx. “Let me as well,” he said, flashing a wicked grin at the orange tabby, causing him to gulp.

“Right, here’s what I suggest,” Mapper said. “There’s too many of us here now. We can’t all go after the WR yet, we don’t know anything about them or where they are. And we can’t all go to the scene or look at the surveillance tapes. I say we break up into groups. Things will get done faster too.”

Cirrel nodded, along with the rest of the gathered furs. “Sage suggestion,” he said. “Some find out what they can on the WR, some go look at the scene, and some go look at the tapes.”

Maxx, SkunkFox, and Hacker elected to find information on the WR. Tracker, Mapper,

Tigermark, and Gunner moved to search the alley. Radar, Cirrel, and Cateagle went in search of the security office to look at the tapes.

Maxx and SkunkFox crowded around the computer in Kayngi's office, Hacker typing away, shooting SkunkFox nervous glances now and then. SkunkFox chuckled dryly at the nerdy badger. "You're relatively safe from me so long as I don't hear that SONG," he said.

Hacker gulped and pushed up his glasses. "Radar's the one in charge of the Signal. You won't hear it from me!"

Maxx grinned. "Oh, the temptation to hum right now."

SkunkFox shot him a dark look. "Do and it won't be him I molest."

Maxx quickly turned back to the computer screen. "They have their own site," he said hurriedly, shooting Skunkfox a wary glance. "It's <http://www.wolvzownzjoocatz.com>."

Hacker typed away. "There's no real information here," he said, scanning the site after it came up. "Just a load of crap about why wolves r0x0rs." He shook his head. "The 1337 fools."

SkunkFox gripped the badger's shoulder tightly. "I could hear you talking in leet. We'll have none of that."

The poor badger trembled as he nodded. "I'll see if there's a way to contact them." He searched the site, shaking his head. "There's a lot of rubbish about the Wolf Manifesto, the Super Secret Wolves' Den, Viva la Revolution, Hail to the Leader... oh, and milk and cookies after every meeting."

"Hey, doesn't sound too bad. What kind of cookies?" Maxx asked.

SkunkFox rolled his eyes. "At least there's no pudding mentioned," he grumbled to himself.

Hacker shook his head. "They don't really say what they're about. There's an interesting line here," he said, pointing it out. "We will rid the world of the tyranny and oppression of cats! Sounds like they don't much care for felines."

Maxx bristled. "Yeah, I got that feeling from those dudes last time we met. Tyranny? Oppression? Us?"

Hacker frowned as he typed away. "Hmm, let me see here. I think I can find a contact list somewhere." He searched the entire site and turned up nothing. "There's gotta be a way to contact them. How else do they get new members?"

SkunkFox nodded. "A group that hates cats will need a lot of members to rid the world of them."

Hacker cracked his knuckles. "Well, let's see what my magic fingers can do," he said with a grin. He went at it again, using his 1337 h@(|<1|\|9 skillz to delve into the server.

SkunkFox growled. "I can HEAR you thinking in leet! Once more and you'll soon wish you've never heard of it! And if you even THINK of referring to anything "All your base" the Badger Brigade will be minus one."

Quivering, the poor badger hurriedly typed, trying to ignore the menacing figure just behind him. Maxx patted his other shoulder comfortingly. Finally, the badger leaned back. "Got an email addy," he said.

SkunkFox patted his head. "Good boy. Save it for later when we plan what to do next."

Outside, Tracker was on his knees on the ground. "Crickey, look what we got here!" he cried.

Mapper rolled his eyes. "Can the crickey, just tell us!"

Tracker looked up, a hurt expression on his face. "I was about to," he said, all trace of the Australian accent gone. "Cirrel said he put the fedora back where he found it, see?" he

said pointing to the hat. "With the impression in the rear facing the alley, I'd say Dr. Kay was facing the door when she was struck from behind. When she fell over, her hat stayed put. The kidnapper didn't bother to pick it up."

Gunner was scanning the alleyway. "Not many places to hide out here," he commented softly. "If there was someone else in this alley, the Doctor would have seen him. Or her."

Tigermark nodded as he looked around the alley as well. "Unless there was something else in here. Look this is a loading dock," he said pointing to the end of the alley. "There could have been a truck or a van here. That would have blocked the assailant from view."

Tracker crawled over to the loading area, flat on his belly, jungle commando style. He examined the ground critically, humming and sniffing occasionally. He even ran his finger along the ground and licked it. "The mate's right!" he exclaimed, the Australian accent back and thicker than ever. "There was a bloody vehicle in here not too terribly long ago! Crickey!"

Mapper put his hand to his eyes and shook his head. "I give up," he murmured. "Just tell us where it went if you can."

Tigermark moved slower to Mapper as they both watched the other badger crawl on the ground. "Is he really from Australia?" he asked softly. "His accent tends to waver a bit from time to time."

Mapper shook his head. "He's as Australian as you or I. He's from Cleveland," he said with a grin. Tigermark turned back to Tracker, hiding a grin.

Tracker kept his eyes to the ground as he slowly shimmied his way to the entrance of the alley. He frowned. "Here's where it gets difficult, mates," he said. "Lotsa interference here. More vehicles coming by and masking the tracks." He pondered the ground, sniffing occasionally. "It went right," he said with conviction.

Tigermark moved down and looked out the alley. "Well, it's a start. We know the kidnapper moved into campus, rather than into the city."

Gunner also came to look. "Doesn't mean that they didn't drive right through," he added quietly.

Tigermark reluctantly nodded. “That is true. But it gives us a starting point anyway.”

Mapper came and patted the other badger on the head. “Well, show these furs why you’re called Tracker.”

“Aye, mate!” he said, saluting. He crouched back down and started to follow the trail.

Cirrel led the way to the security office for the building. Knocking and entering, the group encountered a fox lounging in a stuffed chair, video monitors in front of him. “What can I do for you gents?” he asked.

Getting right to the point, Cirrel said, “A professor here was abducted a few hours ago here on the premises. Did you see anything?”

The fox’s eyebrows shot up. “Abducted? No, I didn’t see anything. But then cameras can’t cover every nook and cranny in this building.”

“Sir! Might I have access to all surveillance devices here, sir!” Radar asked, saluting.

The fox frowned at the badger in confusion. “Surveillance devices? All we have are the cameras.”

“Can he take a look at them, then?” Cirrel asked. “He’s something of a whiz when it comes to things of that nature.”

The fox looked at the badger dubiously. “Well, unless it was an order from the police, I can’t let just anyone in here and look at all the tapes.”

Cirrel leaned forward. “Look, Dr. Kayngi was abducted, do you know who that is? I see that you do,” he said after the fox’s eyes had widened. “So, you know that a prestigious figure like her must be found! And if it happened on your shift, then you had better start cooperating with us or else you may find yourself out on your mangy tail faster than you can blink!” he growled.

Cateagle blinked at Cirrel's outburst. He had never known his friend to yell like that at any fur. Clearing his throat, he addressed the fox, "Look, was there any time at all when this office is unmonitored?"

The fox shook his head as he kept a wary eye on Cirrel. "No, this office is to be manned 24-7. Look, if you do find that she was kidnapped on a tape, remember that there are loads of monitors in here! I can't watch them all!"

Cirrel waved the fox out of his chair. "Radar, breeze through and tell us what you can find."

The badger slid down on the seat and scanned the monitors. "Sir! Found the camera we need to look at, sir! Look here, sir! You can see Mapper, Tracker, and Gunner at the loading dock, sir!" he said, pointing to a central monitor.

Cateagle watched as Tracker crawled on the ground then turned back to the security officer. "How could you miss anything going on? That screen's right in front of your nose!"

The fox gulped and looked away. "It was lunch time. I don't watch all the screens during lunch."

Cirrel growled. "Just how many screens DO you watch then?"

The fox looked around the room, desperately trying to find a way out of the conversation. "Look, you can't tell anyone. We don't usually stick around during the lunch hour," he mumbled. "Nothing ever happens. Most of us go out to get some grub and are back in like 20 minutes."

Radar frowned up at the fox. "You're a disgrace to that uniform!" he growled.

Cirrel and Cateagle looked to the badger in surprise. Radar was always polite and he ALWAYS said Sir or Ma'am after every sentence. The fox must have really made an impression. Shaking his head, Cirrel turned back to the now deflated guard. "Who else knows about these luncheons?" he demanded.

The fox looked to the ground. "Well no one really. Us guards...maybe a student or two."

“We’ll need names,” Cateagle said. The fox nodded and scribbled down the names.

Radar watched the tape of the loading dock. He motioned the two felines over. “Sir! We see the Professor leaving here, sir! Two minutes after we see Dr. Kayngi exiting the door, sir! The assailant approaches from behind that van, sir! Dr. Kayngi sees her assailant and is not worried, sir!”

The felines watched as the scene unfolded before them. Radar was right. The assailant, dressed in an oversize coat and hat, had been waiting behind a white van. When Kay had her back turned, the assailant came and approached. Kayngi’s ear twitched, signifying that she heard him coming, and turned around. She grinned in her usual way and spoke a few words before turning back to the door.

Cirrel tapped the screen. “Is there any sound?”

The fox shook his head. “Just the visual.”

He turned back to the monitor with a grunt. “Figures,” he muttered. As soon as Kayngi turned to reactivate the door, the assailant hit her over the head, rendering her unconscious. He dragged her to the van. Then he stared at the bag that she had dropped. Almost as an afterthought, he ran to get it, but left her hat.

“He didn’t really care about the bag,” Cateagle mused.

“Sir! No, sir! Looks like Dr. Kayngi was the prime target, sir!”

They watched the sequence a few times, trying to glean more information. With the angle of the camera, they couldn't quite read her lips to determine what she said. All they could tell was that the assailant was taller than Kay and had a white canid tail. “Well, that certainly points to the Revolution,” Cirrel mused.

Shaking his head, Radar looked up. “Sir! I can’t make out the license number, sir! And I don’t have my equipment to focus in on it, sir!”

“That’s all right, Radar,” Cirrel said, patting the badger’s shoulder. “Question is, what do we do now?”

“Let’s check in with everyone,” Cateagle suggested. “At the least of which to get them started on calling up these guards and students.”

Cirrel nodded as Radar activated his walkie talkie and contacted the other badgers. First was Mapper. “Sir! We’re done looking at the tape, sir! Request your team rendezvous with ours, sir! Will contact Hacker and tell him same, sir!”

Mapper, trailing the still crawling Tracker, nodded. “Seems like Tracker’s on to something. I’ll come in while he follows the trail.” He closed the connection and called out to the others. “Gunner, stay here and keep an eye on Tracker. Tigermark, we’re needed back in security.” The white tiger nodded and followed as the two badgers continued on the trail.

Hacker picked up his walkie talkie right away, anxious for anything to take his mind off of the ominous form and proximity of SkunkFox. “CG here.”

“Sir! If you’re done with the computers, we need you in security, sir! We have a list of furs to contact, sir!”

Hacker nodded. “On our way.”

As they strode down to the security office, Maxx looked at him. “CG? What’s that stand for?”

Hacker looked away sheepishly as he pushed up his glasses. “It was my nickname before I joined the Brigade. It’s Computer Geek.”

SkunkFox chuckled. “Geeks are so much fun to molest, not as much padding to deal with,” he said, eyeing the young badger up and down.

Maxx felt sorry for the badger when he saw how pale the already ghostly badger turned. But not sorry enough to turn SkunkFox’s attention onto himself!

In the security office, everyone shot the guard dark looks when they were informed of the lunch break. “This is precisely why there’s supposed to be a guard around all the time!” Mapper said.

The fox kept his gaze to the floor. “Nothing ever happens,” he muttered.

“You say that when THIS just happened?” Tigermark said.

Maxx growled and turned away, trying to get his hackles back down. “You dudes think this is a coincidence? Or is it connected?” he asked, ignoring the guard.

“It’s a pretty lucky thing to be a coincidence,” SkunkFox said.

Mapper shook his head. “I don’t buy coincidence. I’d bet the kidnapper knew. Only way to find out for sure is to contact everyone who did know.”

“Sir! That’s why we called you in here, sir! More of us to call so we can find out quicker, sir!” Radar said.

Everyone called those who knew that the guards took an unannounced lunch break. Most of them got through and after telling them the goings on, got an alibi. A couple did not answer the phone.

Cirrel fished out the paper with Shar and Tex’s numbers. “Those kids may actually turn out to be useful. We can get some information on their classmates.”

Tigermark looked over at the other feline. “What makes you think they’re classmates?”

Cirrel gestured with the phone as he dialed. “Kayngi’s class is the biggest one in this building. Chances are, they’re in it. I only hope they know their classmates.”

He managed to get a hold of the students and arranged to meet back in Kayngi’s office. While they waited, the groups filled each other in. Even after sharing information, they were baffled. “She was the target all along? Not the Goddess?” Maxx said. “Dude, that just doesn’t make sense. Why would the WR take her?”

“We need to talk to the Wolf Revolution,” SkunkFox said. “Just let me in with them. I’ll find ways to make them talk.”

With a shudder, Maxx patted his arm. “We don’t doubt it.”

Hacker fired up Kayngi’s computer. “Well, I have their email addy. We can send them a note.”

“Yeah, sure, give us back our Kay or we’ll send the SkunkFox in after you!” Maxx said with a grin.

Chuckling, Cirrel shook his head. “We don’t need to threaten them right away.”

“Let’s set up an appointment,” Mapper said. “We can say we’re interested in joining. Once we have them in a room, it will be easier to get information from them.”

Hacker nodded. “Already on it.”

As he was typing, Shar and Tex walked in. “So, what did you find out?” the black feline demanded.

“Easy there, sport,” Tigermark said. “We need some information on your classmates.”

“Classmates? Whut d’ye need ta know?” Tex drawled.

“First off, are there any wolves in your class?” Cateagle asked.

Shar, Tex, and Cirrel all shook their heads. “Nope, no wolves. There’s a good mix of foxes, a lot of cats of various sorts, and a few oddballs like Tex here,” Shar said.

“Okay, what about vehicles? Do you know who drives what?” Cateagle pressed.

Tex shook his shaggy simian head. “Nope. Ah onlee know a few o’ what we all draive,” he said.

Cirrel handed Shar the list the security guard wrote out. “Do you know those students?” he asked.

They scanned the list of names. Shar commented. “This Tommy Fox Stone’s a fox, duh, quiet, sits near the front.”

“This’un’s anuthah fox, Oji,” Tex said. “Ah don’ know ‘em beyond tha’.”

Cirrel nodded. “Sounds about right.”

Shar smiled up at the older feline. “Professor, you saying you don’t know all of us? You lecture to us often enough.”

He chuckled. “But you’re not my class.”

Hacker looked up from the computer. “I got a response already! They’re interested in meeting. What shall I reply?”

“We need a place with few entrances and exits where we can hide. A place to ambush them,” Mapper mused. “Where can we do that around here?”

“But it can’t be too obvious it’s a trap,” Tigermark said.

“How about the lecture hall here?” Shar suggested. “There’s just the two entrances. And if they trace the email IP, they’ll see it was from the university. They’ll think it was a student here.”

Everyone looked at him. “Dude, that’s a really cool idea,” Maxx said.

Mapper nodded. “Yes, that will work nicely. Do it, CG.”

The nerdy badger typed on the computer while everyone held their breath. “They’re buying it,” Hacker said. “I told them to meet us in an hour at the lecture hall. Gives them time to get here and time for us to prepare. But, um, what do you want me to do now? You know I’m no good if I’m not in front of a computer.”

Maxx clasped him on the back. “Don’t worry about it, dude. We’ll find ya something to do.”

“Let’s get to it,” SkunkFox said.

“We’re coming, too,” Shar said stubbornly. Tex nodded, face set.

Cirrel paused then nodded. “We don’t know how many wolves will come. We may need you to add to our numbers.”

Tigermark walked alongside Mapper as they headed to the lecture hall. “What about Tracker and Gunner?” he asked.

Mapper pondered. “Gunner would be useful to have. We’d best let Tracker keep going, though. He can track a fur through a football stadium, through a subway, then a taxi, to his house. He’ll be able to find where that van went.” He clicked on his walkie talkie. “Gunner, report.”

After a short pause of static, the soft voice of Gunner came through. “We’re making good progress. Tracker nearly lost the trail once but he’s still going. What do you need?”

“Come in, we need you for back up. I’ll send someone to cover Tracker.”

“Roger.”

Mapper looked up. “Hacker, get your gun and watch Tracker’s back.” Hacker gulped and nodded, leaving the group in search of the other badgers.

They checked out the lecture hall and prepared themselves for the coming of the Wolf Revolution. The majority of them would secrete themselves inside the hall. A few would watch the entrances and come in after the WR, blocking the way. Gunner, with his massive firepower, was the obvious choice for one. Radar volunteered with his Badger Signal array. SkunkFox agreed to put himself near Radar’s entrance, so that he could attack the WR in a wild, mad frenzy due to the Signal. All they had to do was wait.

Colonel Crayzed Wolf ambled up to the building on campus, his entourage of wolves following close behind. “I still don’t like this,” Darke Wolf growled.

Hurtful Wolf nodded. “Smells like a trap to me.”

Crayzed Wolf sighed exasperatedly. “Look, you checked the IP. It was a University address. It must be a student wanting to join us! We need fresh blood in our organization. Perhaps then we’d be able to make headway on our mission!”

“But how did they find our email address?” Darke pressed. “It wasn’t listed on the site.”

Crayzed shrugged it off. “If someone went through enough trouble to track us down, then they must be really serious about joining us.” He entered the building, looking right and left to get his bearings. Golden dangly earrings flashed and danced with every move of his head. All the wolves wore them.

A feminine cough sounded near the rear. The Colonel turned to look at her, Trinity Wolf. “It’s to the right,” she said.

“How do you know this?” he demanded.

She frowned. “Because that sign says so!” she said, gesturing to a sign on the wall in the main entryway.

He turned to look, blinked, then hurriedly said, “I knew that!”

Trinity rolled her eyes and shook her head, causing the earrings to move in a fetching manner. “Of course, you did.”

The wolves trooped off to the lecture hall, keeping an eye out for possible hostiles. “I still don’t like this,” muttered Darke.

Crayzed Wolf smoothed back his hair and looked over to his right hand wolf. “So, you don’t want to meet him? After all this trouble? We’re already here.”

“Fine, fine, let’s just get it over with,” he said sullenly.

Crayzed Wolf opened the doors with a flourish and looked inside the dark lecture hall.



As soon as the first notes played, SkunkFox went wild. “Kill...molest...MAIM!” he shouted, nearly frothing at the mouth. Mapper and Tigermark were hard pressed to control him. His red gaze locked upon the now trembling wolves, who stood between him and the source for that...that...SONG!!

Rader Radar cut the Signal after one full round of the song. Maxx unclamped his ears. “Now you know what we’re talking about. You gonna cooperate wi’ us?”

Crayzed Wolf growled. “What is it you want us to do?”

It was Maxx’s turn to growl. “Give us back our Kay!” he demanded.

The Colonel frowned. “Give you back your key?”

Trinity poked him. “No, he said KAY, not KEY.”

Crayzed grunted in response. “I haven’t seen her since Egypt,” he stated. “I haven’t a clue as to where she is now.”

“Don’t give us that,” Tigermark growled.

“You kidnapped her!” Shar yelled from the back.

The wolves were all taken aback. “Kidnapped her? Why would we kidnap her?” Darke demanded.

“We had nothing to do with any kidnapping!” Hurtful yelled.

Crayzed Wolf blinked. “Someone took my Kay?”

“Don’t act all innocent wi’ us!” Maxx said.

“Tha’ don’ fly wi’ us, boy,” Tex said.

Darke Wolf sneered. “Needing kids to help you get us now, is that it? Are you so desperate you recruit whoever happens to be there?”

Tex grunted. “We ain’t kids,” he said in a low voice.

Mapper had been watching the wolves closely. When he first saw the golden earrings, he nearly burst out laughing, remembering the Earring switch in Egypt. He caught Cateagle’s eye and they both shared a small grin. But when the wolves were accused of kidnapping, they all seemed to be genuinely surprised. The Colonel certainly acted like he didn’t know about it. He appeared very agitated.

“When was she taken?” Crayzed demanded. “Why aren’t you out looking for her? Where’s the police?”

SkunkFox eyed him critically. “We are looking for her. That’s why we have you here, now, at our mercy.”

Trinity rolled her eyes. “We didn’t take her.”

“Tell me what you know,” Crayzed Wolf said. “We’ll help in the search.”

That surprised the other wolves. “Help find her? What for?” Darke demanded.

“Because I said so!” Crayzed growled.

Hurtful nodded. “I think it’d be a good idea,” he said, a hint of a smile on his muzzle.

Trinity shook her head. “Things would be much easier on us if she stayed gone.”

“Be that as it may, we will still assist,” the Colonel said. “Every group needs to have an arch nemesis. Who would Superman be without Lex Luthor? Or Batman without the Joker? We need Dr. Kayngi! And I say we help find her!” he said, flexing his robotic fist.

This surprised the ambushers. “You help us? HAH!” Maxx said.

Mapper shook his head. "I believe them," he said. "I honestly think they had nothing to do with the kidnapping."

Tigermark slowly nodded. "They're either great actors, or they really didn't know anything about the kidnapping."

"Well, if they didn't do it, who did?" Cirrel asked.

No one spoke. Who else would benefit from Kayngi's disappearance? Crayzed Wolf repeated. "Tell me what you know."

"Yeah. And why you thought it was us," Hurtful said.

"You were the first one we thought of. You've been going head to head with her so we thought you'd want her out of the way," Cateagle said.

Darke wolf nodded. "I wouldn't mind it if she disappeared," he growled.

Ignoring that comment, Mapper said, "The tape we have of the kidnapping showed a fur with a white canid tail. And it looked like Kayngi knew the attacker."

Crayzed Wolf looked behind him at his wolves. "We do have a few pale members. But none that Kay knows."

The gathered furs turned to each other. Mapper waved at Gunner to lower his weapon. He reluctantly did, soon followed by everyone else. "We need to put our heads together to figure this out," Mapper said.

"Well, if it ain't the WR, I'm fresh outta ideas," Maxx said.

The other furs nodded. Who would go through the trouble of kidnapping Dr. Kayngi? They discussed it amongst themselves, turning up nothing. Whenever someone had an idea, they were reminded that she recognized her attacker. When they listed people she knew, they couldn't come up with a reason for them to kidnap her.

Finally Mapper shook his head. “Looks like our only hope is Tracker.”

“Speaking of, I wonder how he’s doing,” Tigermark mused.

Mapper pulled out his walkie talkie. “Hacker, come in. Talk to me, CG.”

The walkie talkie crackled. “CG here. Tracker’s still going. We’ve moved deep into the University campus. Looks like they’re hiding out somewhere here.”

“A student, perhaps?” SkunkFox mused. “It would explain why she recognized her assailant.”

The others nodded. “But for what purpose?” Cateagle asked.

SkunkFox shrugged. “Don’t ask me.”

Cirrel shook his head. “The reason doesn’t matter at this point. We need to find him and get Kay back! We can worry about reasons afterwards.”

Tigermark nodded. “Excellent point.”

“I say we all just follow Tracker,” Maxx said. “He’ll lead us right to ‘em.”

Everyone agreed. “Right, let’s get to it,” Crayzed Wolf said.

Tex grunted. “Git’er dun.”

It took her a long time, but Kayngi finally managed to pick her way through the rope with her claw. As her hand came free, she pushed up her blindfold. She took a good look around as she flexed her cramped hand. The room was thickly carpeted, giving the room a muted feeling. She turned to examine the rest of the room, frowning at what she saw. Music stands?? A piano??

She shook her head. It was a music practice room from one of the residence halls on the campus. What was she doing in here? She wracked her brain as she untied her feet from the chair. Why would her kidnapper take her here, rather than somewhere off campus?

There was something bothering her, something that happened right before she was hit. There...was someone who approached her. She recalled that much. But try as she might, she just could not bring up the identity of the person.

She got up to explore, checking up on the Goddess. She sighed in relief when she found it intact. She set it and the bag back on the floor carefully in the same spot. She tried the door, finding it locked. "Obviously," she muttered to herself. Can't have anyone walking in to see a professor tied up in the music room. It was a perfect place to hide someone, she had to admit. The thick carpet, the thick walls made the room virtually sound proof.

After finding no other exit, she sat back down on the chair to think. Whoever took her had to be affiliated with the university somehow, either faculty, staff, or student. The staff had access to keys, so one of them could have brought her here, but it would be highly irregular for the staff to use the music room. Faculty? She snorted. Most of the faculty had no idea what the inside of the residence halls looked like. They certainly wouldn't use the music room. They couldn't.

That left students. She frowned, rubbing her mouth as she continued along that line of thought. Students had access to the music room, no problem. If one of them approached her while she was fiddling with the door, she wouldn't have thought twice about it. Several of her students knew about her "short cuts." Her eyebrows rose. That would explain why her assailant was waiting for her. They knew she'd be there. So, it was probably one of her students.

She frowned, hurt. She thought her students liked her. Why would they do this? That was something she couldn't figure out.

Her ears twitched, catching the sound of the doorknob being manipulated. Her kidnapper was back! She quickly put on her blindfold again and clasped her hands behind her back. She didn't have time to pick up the rope. She hoped that they wouldn't notice.

The door swung open and she heard footsteps entering. The steps seemed to falter once the door closed. Kayngi held her breath. Did they see the frayed rope?

"I'm terribly sorry, Dr. Kayngi," a male voice said.

Her ears twitched again. It was indeed one of her students. She struggled to recognize who. “Why am I here?” she demanded.

The male hesitated, beginning to pace inside the room. “I didn’t mean to hurt you,” he said awkwardly. “I couldn’t think of any other way to get you here.”

“You could have asked me!” she growled.

“This wasn’t for help with class,” he said. “You wouldn’t have come.”

She turned her head in the direction of his voice. “Why *am* I here!”

The pacing started up again. “I...needed you...to be a present.”

Her eyebrows shot up. “A present?? You were going to give me to someone??”

“Well...yeah,” he said uncomfortably. “You see they won’t let me join them! I wanted to prove to them that I would be a good member! That’s why I got you!” he said in a rush.

She snorted. “Ah, you’re talking about the Wolf Revolution,” she said. “And you’re no wolf.”

The male’s voice took on an edge. “That’s specism! They can’t do that!”

“It’s their organization, they can do what they want,” she added. “I’m surprised at you, wanting to join the WR. You’ve heard my stories about them and you want to join?” she asked incredulously.

“Well...yeah,” he said. “They sound like fun! They can’t be serious, or else they’d have accomplished whatever it is they want to do. And they have milk and cookies after every meeting.”

Kayngi shook her head, chuckling. “Oh, they’re very serious. It was sheer luck I ran into them in the first place. They certainly were not fun. Dodging bullets is definitely not what I’d call fun.”

The pacing stopped. “They...wouldn’t really hurt you...would they?”

Kayngi shrugged. “I don’t know and I don’t wish to find out. And you were planning on giving me to them. You know even then, they wouldn’t have let you join them.”

The male seemed to ponder this. “I’m sorry, Doctor...but I think they will! They must! You’re their nemesis, when I give you to them, they can’t turn me away!”

Her mind raced. The male seemed too preoccupied to notice the rope on the floor. That gave her an advantage, one she planned to use. First she needed to distract him further. “You know, they like ancient artifacts of power. You would could give them the Goddess of Keyra instead of me.”

The male seemed to consider this. “What’s it do?”

She smiled. “It gives whoever holds it the power to see the future. Go on, hold it. Then you’ll see I speak truth. You won’t get into the Wolf Revolution.”

The male growled. “I will so!”

She could hear him move to the bag. When she heard him unzipping the bag, she silently took off the blindfold and stood up. A white fox was bent over her bag. She shook her head sadly. She knew him now. “Oji, Oji, Oji,” she said, shaking her head sadly.

Oji whipped around, his eyes wide. “You’re...you’re out of your ropes!” he exclaimed incredulously. “How-how? I tied those things tight!”

Kayngi stalked closer, holding up her hand. “You forget, I’m feline. We have claws!” Oji stared fearfully at her and looked back at the door. “Think you can get out of here first? Or that you’d be able to take me again?” she asked, baring her teeth. “You were lucky this afternoon. You won’t be so lucky this time!”

Oji looked between her and the door. Then his expression hardened. He resolutely held onto the statue of the Goddess of Keyra and closed his eyes. He opened them a moment later as Kayngi rushed him.

The large group following the badger crawling on the road made for an interesting sight. Several students stopped and openly stared, most of them hurrying on when they noticed the weapons. Campus security tried to stop them once, then quickly backed down when the group all growled to a one. Gunner started to swing his giant gun but Mapper quickly restrained him. SkunkFox confronted them, radiating dark, twisted violence, making more than one run away crying. He flashed a toothy grin at the others. "I love that," he said in his dry, raspy voice.

Maxx rolled his eyes. "Yep, you certainly do, dude."

Slowly, Tracker made his way to a large parking lot behind some of the residence halls. He had to move slower due to the number of cars masking the trail. He eventually found a white van. "Here she is, folks! Crickey!" he said proudly.

Radar looked at the license plate. "Sir! This plate could fit the blurry one on the tape, sir!" he reported.

Cirrel nodded. "Good job. Now, can you find where they went from here?"

Tracker grinned. "No problem, mate! That's much easier than tracking a car!" He went to the driver's side and sniffed. He stood up, brushing himself off. "Right, just keep following me!"

Crayzed Wolf along with the other wolves of the WR looked at Tracker with admiration. "That was remarkable!" the Colonel said.

Tracker flashed a cocky grin and a wink at the wolves. "You ain't seen nothin' yet, mate!" He started walking resolutely toward the residence halls, moving much faster.

Crayzed Wolf growled at the other wolves. "Why can't one of you do that?" he demanded.

"Because we're too busy thinking up other plans!" Trinity hissed back.

Crayzed rolled his eyes as he followed.

Tracker walked right into a building and weaved through the halls, never wavering. “She’s getting close, mates!” he said. “Get ready!”

Everyone pulled out their weapons and held them at the ready. Hacker, Shar, and Tex were in the rear, letting the others take point.

Tracker slowed and quietly led them to a door. He smelled it once and nodded. “Crickey, she’s in here!” he said in a fierce whisper.

Maxx came forward and tried the doorknob quietly. “It’s locked.”

SkunkFox chuckled dryly. “I’d be surprised if it wasn’t!”

“Everyone be careful!” Cirrel hissed as he moved to the side, giving the others more room.

Mapper signaled Gunner to take down the door. The burly badger grunted and moved forward. Crayzed Wolf stayed him with his normal paw. “Allow me,” he said. Then he struck the door with his robotic arm, tearing it off the hinges.

Everyone rushed into the room with a yell. They stopped short when they entered the room. Kayngi sat on a chair idly toying with her bag. She smiled up at them when they came in. “About time you guys showed up,” she said.

Everyone blinked owlishly at her. “But...how...what...?” Maxx started.

Kayngi laughed as she stood, pointing to the piano. Tied to the seat with piano wire was a white fox. “Oji??” Shar exclaimed.

She nodded. “That’s right.” She moved over and started untying him.

“You’re letting him up?” Cateagle asked incredulously.

She nodded again. “Yes, he’s just a mixed up kid is all. Mostly harmless.”

“Harmless?” Tigermark said. “He kidnaps you and you say he’s harmless.”

She smiled. “Oh, I’m sure he’s learned his lesson,” she said, letting Oji up. The white fox rubbed his head ruefully as he nodded.

“But...what was going on?” Crayzed Wolf demanded.

Kayngi stood up and smiled dazzlingly at the wolves, causing the Colonel and Hurtful both to grin goofily. “He wanted to join you.”

Darke Wolf grunted. “I remember that. Told him no way. No foxes in the Wolf Revolution!”

Oji lowered his ears. “I know,” he mumbled.

Maxx looked confused. “But...what happened?”

Kayngi looked at Oji fondly. “We had a little...chat after I subdued him. He just needed a little direction.”

SkunkFox eyed Oji up and down. “I can teach him some manners,” he said, making the fox gulp.

She shook her head. “Thank you, bud, but I don’t think that’s necessary. Though I think it’s a perfect deterrent!”

He chuckled darkly. “Yes. You mess with her again and I will molest you to a pile of goo!” Oji shook his head vigorously.

“Right then, it’s settled. I don’t know about you, but I’m starving!” Kayngi said, shouldering her bag. “Shall we?”

Everyone stared at her. “You’re just going to let him go?” Shar demanded.

She winked at him. “I told you, we had a chat. I wasn’t hurt, the Goddess is safe, and here are all my friends. I’m not mad.”

The wolves eyed her bag hungrily. “Goddess? What is it?” Darke Wolf asked.

She looked at Oji. “Wanna tell them?”

He shrugged. “It’s just a statue. There’s no mystic stuff attached to it.”

Cirrel looked at the Doctor. “So, it doesn’t let you see the future?”

Oji shook his head. “Nope,” he said, rubbing his head again.

Kayngi sauntered out of the room, stopping by Crayzed Wolf. “Colonel, baby! I’m surprised to see you here. The earrings really suit you,” she said with a wicked grin.

The large purple furred wolf grinned, shaking his head, causing the dangly earrings to dance. “Yes, I rather like them. And we have the 9 lives that comes with them!” he said.

She purred as she walked by, her tail flicking enticingly back and forth. “But, do you really want to test them, Colonel?” she asked with a grin.

The wolves all looked at each other. “No,” Darke growled, fingering his earrings. “I don’t like them, they make us look ludicrous!”

“Oh, I don’t know,” she said, looking at Trinity. “They look good on her.”

Trinity smiled. “Thanks!”

Kayngi smiled back and nodded. Her smile deepened when she saw the Badger Brigade. “Mapper! Radar! Gunner! Tracker! And...Hacker?? I see they dragged you out of your room away from your computers.”

The nerdy badger pushed up his glasses and looked away shyly. “Well, how could I not come?”

She hugged each of the badgers as she continued on. She grinned when she saw Cateagle, Tigermark, and Maxx. “My word, you all came out here to help me. I’m touched,” she said, hugging each of them.

“Oh I’d touch you any time!” Maxx said. Tigermark and Cateagle chuckled as they shook their heads.

Kay looked at Shar and Tex in surprise. “What are you two doing here? Never mind, you can all tell me what happened at dinner! I’m famished! Cirrel! You still owe me a meal! Oji, you can buy me dessert for my headache,” she said to the fox with a wink.

Oji slowly grinned back. “Fair enough.”

Cirrel chuckled. “And he can drive one of the cars. I doubt we can all fit into one car.”

Mapper struck a pose. “To the Badger Mobile! We’ll follow!”

SkunkFox turned to Oji. “I’m coming with you,” he said hurriedly. “If I go with them, there will be bloodshed.”

Kayngi winked at him as the badgers gulped. “Now now, just behave a little bit longer for me.”

He sighed. “Very well.”

Crayzed Wolf signaled his wolves. “We’ll follow as well.”

“Excellent! Let’s get going!” Kayngi said, her stomach rumbling audibly.

Cirrel nodded. “We’re going, but this time...no short cuts!”

Kayngi dipped her head demurely. “No short cuts, I promise.”