

Prologue:

I guess if there was anyone who could use a real friend, it would be Effada. She came to the Mystic League as part of Havvon Iispa's retinue. Poor thing. She'd run away from her family to escape being a casual rapist and sex-fiend... Rudiban Hyena are hated and feared for it. But that's a story that plays very little role in her immediate life. Pleeyo on the other hand...

Pleeyo, a gold Casid lioness, had come to the Mystic League several years before I did. I came for the spiritual training under Mother Sanari. Pleeyo was sent to the Mystic League to get into shape. Her condition was one of gross physical neglect to her own health. She was overweight and badly under-conditioned. She could barely move without falling over in exhaustion and chest pains. But she came around quickly and was soon one of the strongest ...and most reckless students this school has yet seen.

That lioness would do anything to get stronger. It was a drug to her. To be more powerful than any sane mind could hope to fathom. To never be ill or weak again... To push, pull, or smash anything that got in her way out of it.

Effada was quite different. Though, by a standard, a lovely young herm, she sought to be what she envisioned as a perfect demure and meek female. Like all Rudiban Hyena, she was born to be hung. Ponderous unsheathed phallic organs and large clearly over ...uhm... proficient testicles would have been a painful reminder of her future lot in life.

But she came across phallic contractants, drugs that literally made the penis smaller and stay that way. A very effective series of these drugs were made by my people, the D'nyrii Aphkei, to reduce the often overgrown phallic organs of our herm, she-male and male populace who needed to be smaller, sometimes just for the sake of sexual intercourse. With these drugs, Effada can easily wear totally normal panties and not look a bit wrong doing so.

Me... I'm female (Don't I look it?). My name's Yusuma, D'nyrii have no last names except those who marry Cenuffii who do. My She-father said I'd make any Imperial do evil things just to ask for my hand in marriage. I have seen some things people have done to win my favor.

I came here to learn but I also came to find my path in life, like everyone else. My own powers are formidable. Most students are amazed by my defensive skills and spells as Mother Sanari will not teach combat. I don't mind one bit. Someone always ends up hurt if they fight. But if one defends and is strong enough, that person can end it without harming anyone. I can't stand those who wield violence like a harmless bauble. Like I said I've seen people do things...

I re-wrote the entries in my personal journal into a story for your entertainment and to give to Effada's parents so they'd know how their child is faring. They are worried about hir but are confident sie can make hir way...

Magical Laughing Fighter Effada

A first bells, I was the first one up as usual. If Tla wasn't pulling a all-nighter for examines or because she failed in her duties in the shrine, I was the only one up for almost two hours.

D'nyrii are frightfully light sleeps. First bells were meant for the guards rollcall. But with a full contingent of Imperial troopers on campus, especially with the Warmaster's son, Siklohn Dousaka, attending classes in Sage Preypacer's chapter, The Sahdow League, I stopped being surprised at finding a half ton of armored soldier around every other corner.

The troopers, not donning their armor, were running laps this morning before suiting up. The early shift was standing down in able an hour and so the morning shift was getting all 'woke up before duties.

I was starting my duties as always with the replacement of the candles for ceremonies. They were so heavy that three or four grown males couldn't move them. I hoisting the largest candles up look empt cans. All part of the training I get here. Fending off attacks would be hopeless if I couldn't raise the shield.

They were made to burn down quickly so the flame would be huge. Smaller normal candles would be used for the rest of the season. Mother Sanari was usually the one who replaced the great candles herself but she was training me to head this temple and shrine one day. It was a path I'd gladly follow.

As I finished removing the last of the huge, six and a half foot wide, still over four feet tall candles, careful not to get any wax on my robes, I saw hir pretending to hide near the bushes lining the path leading to the temple.

Effada had remained with hir employer, Havvon, at the school to serve him as she was hired to do. But his need of hir has been very limited so she has started taking some classes here.

As I understand Havvon was one of Rae's suitors but lost to his own ego and deceitful nature more than Makahn's efforts. He has tried hard to be a good person contrary to his upbringing and running his own budding hyper-corporation like a happy productive family... who make weapons. He's been very kind to hir often sharing his home with hir like he were hir uncle or something along those lines.

Effada watched me everyday from the same place. But If I approached hir to ask what sie wanted sie'd run off. We never saw each other during the day as our courses of study led in two different directions. I am sorry to say I never pursued even an acquaintance with hir.

"Good morning, " I said bowing lightly as I held the half ton candles like small ornaments.

"H...hi," Effada is so shy it hurts to think how fragile she must feel surrounded by beings of utterly mythic strength and power.

I set down the candles softly, leaving enough room for the pathway to still be usable. Effada was already making motions to dash away again. Even wearing my robes, as restrictive as they are, I could outrun a racing speeder but If sie didn't want to stay I wasn't going to chase hir.

"Please... wait," I murmured in that hushed voice I always her Mother Sanari use. Mine is nowhere near as pleasant sounding. I think it sounds so insincere... But this time it had the desired effect. The skidish herm stayed where she was clearly fighting the desire to flee... and I though Eakjo was a basketcase.

I approached slowly stopping about ten feet short. Effada was wearing a pair of tiny tight short shorts, showing no sign of hir phallus or testicles, and a tight cut length orange t-shirt. Sie had on no footwear or adornments. Sie was rather plain in hir dress. It was also very attractive.

"I see you watching here everyday," Spoke softly voicing my voice not to rasp. It was hard and my throat was growing sore with the effort. "Did you want to come in? We don't have a strict dress code for visitors. Could I wash you r feet first though?" I think I laid too much on hir too soon.

"I... I think you're beautiful," Effada whispered and finally ran off. She was clumsy and ...slow as she scrambled away. I have to admit, I watched her bum as she ran off. It's the hardwired mating drive in my breed of Aphkei. A huge requirement back when the D'nyrii needed to churn out as many cubs as possible to keep pace with the deadly diseases that were slaughtering my people before we conquered them. Today, it takes incredible discipline to not jump the bones of any live creature we can hump. An occasionally wandering eye is an acceptable compromise to being knocked up at age 4.

I watched hir run down the path before catching the smell of masculine pheromones. Sie was getting horny...

Later that morning I caught up with Mother Sanari and one of her old pupils, Tabala Ori, whose first name mean "ardent hope". They were reminiscing about old times. I'm puzzled as Tabala looked to be barely my age. Her orange fur and large gold eyes were sticking points on a small wiry frame that looked more like a bio-mimetic androids than a young kittens.

"Good Morning Mother Sanari," I said bowing respectfully, "May I join you and our guest ...as an observer?"

"Still trying to figure out who I am, pup?" Tabala is also less than five feet tall. Her voice is like a little girl's but the words she chose and the way she chose them made me think she was much older.

"I think you are not an android..."

Sanari grins smartly. I had spent the last two days guessing who she is. Three guesses a day over three days. I was getting nowhere.

"There's one of floating around of me," Tabala smirked as she reached behind her head balling up tight biceps on either side of her head. Heavy armguards added heft to those tiny limbs when she tied Kina and the Sage in knots. Both complained she was too quick and too small to fight. She was also wearing the heavy leather-like armor of her caste as a recently ordained sword priestess. An order of Cersile fighters who are acclaimed to know no mortal fear in combat. "Tabby", as she is also known, preferred legless armor and heavy shin guards matching those heavy armguards. Her armored personal HUD and short sword were left in the Temple guardian's keeping. "You still have three guesses in one day left, Yusuma."

"You are not an android, a clone, a mutation... You are half Ikusian, hence you speed and agility... and your huge gold eyes, I think you are a GEO, genetically engineered organism, but your abilities are too great for that. Are they?"

"You're getting close..." Tabala mused.

"You're father, Zlancho Ori, is a famous genetics researcher. Did he make you...?" I think I bit my tongue as punishment for not being more concise.

"The say way as every father makes his sons and daughters..." Tabby smirked. There was a twinge of personal anguish I missed there. I realized it in hindsight. I never learned why it was there.

"I don't think I'm ready to guess yet," I surrendered bowing my head. Then I turned my attention to the Mistress of the temple, "Mother Sanari, forgive me, I did not come for Tabala's guessing game today."

She looked to me as she led the way to the pinnacle tower, the center of the Mystic League and the only structure marking the Headmistress' lair. It's pillar of light rose to space and beyond. It was still awe-inspiring, even after all this time, to me. "What vexes you, Yusuma?" She stopped calling "my child" or "pupil" or some other subordinate name. It was like I was her peer somehow. Or it was a constant test of my willingness to stay humble.

"The hyena who watches me outside the temple every morning. Sie... I think sie may have a crush on my."

"Effada..." Mother Sanari smiled looking to the pillar of light. It is so strong that it looked solid even in clear air. "Have you tried talking to her?"

"She runs away every time I get close."

"Maybe a soft trap. Approach her and don't let her get away until you two have actually spoken to each other. Being so utterly normal around such powerful people must be frightening to her. Especially since being so powerful individually, the students will act normally toward one another. Just casual bickering and roughhousing must be terrifying to her."

"Yes, Mother." I say looking up to the sky then back to my Mistress.

"Now you still have classes today. Tend to those before you attend to this girl." As a point of fact, most herms and she-males are referred to as girls and thusly in the feminine.

I had to leave, but not without my proper respects.

A Bad Day

What follows I had to put together from accounts from those I deemed trustworthy. I never told them I'd be writing a story involving these events. I do regret that thing did not go well for Effada this day. But at least they didn't get worse...

Pleeyo had totally embraced the idea of expanding her strength and power to match and ultimately defeat the whole Mystic League. To this end she

had repeatedly disobeyed rules and gone well beyond all good sense to gain what she thought was ultimate power. She was a bully and a thug intimidating everyone around her. Only a few student could stand up to her on merits of strength alone.

I am one of those few.

Effada is however not.

The gym is not a normal gym by any stretch. The lightest weights weigh several hundred tons and the gravity cage, where the focus of gravity can be so great as to liquify most beings instantly. I have seen Fatima, likely the third strongest person in the known universe, fail in gravity so high only her sister, Rae Iksaki, could retrieve her.

Pleeyo trained in the crushing settings like a madwoman, without the use of her powers. The idea being that the stronger her flesh and bone the more powerful her powers will make her. It's the same principle that Rae used to simply surpass the whole universe.

Even without her powers, Rae could split a planet with a solid stomp of her foot. Her power is simply unreal...

The lioness, curled millions of tons of condensed and accelerated mass relentlessly as she s trained for hours on end in the gravity cage. Her arms swelled and crackled with unnatural strength as she beat down one limit after another seeking to beat the Absolute Limit and enter that realm of strength and power Eqis, Illia, Rae, and Fatima occupied. In this realm, no one could contest her strength except those already there, of whom Rae was still the hands down champion.

Still the idea of this mad-lioness obtaining that kind of power was frightening even to Menikomenqolui, our headmistress, who could permanently strip the lioness of her powers with a wave of her hand.

I personally am glad that Eqis is taking personal charge of the girl.

But today Eqis was away on an errand with a pair of suitors, a huge and cute half Cersile-half Casid Hybrid, Champion, and a neo-Ceknuyrian Fire-god, Qanzi. Pleeyo had near total free reign in her absence as long as she didn't do anything to upset the remaining school Champions, Rae, Fatima, Illia, and Sage.

"999...1000...1001...1002," Pleeyo counted as she remorselessly pumped the weights watching the bicep edge up a little bigger, a little harder, a little more powerful. She smiled wickedly as she pumped both arms imposingly. Stark nude in the gravity cage she continued in over 1400 times normal gravity, well beyond the records set by any athlete outside the Mystic League.

Casid Lions have a serious complex about certain species. They seem to dislike Aphkians Cenu-types (Foxes and Wolves), Casid Cheetah, and Rudiban Hyena. If left to their own devices, a casid will become extremely violent toward anyone of any species they dislike. Brutal rapes and murders are not uncommon. Casid lions are naturally built for battle. Their tough armor like hides, though soft and pliable -thusly looking beauty, can resist edged weapons and small arms fire. Their fangs and claws are better weapons than most melee weapons one could make. They are fast and enduring, incredibly strong, and heal extremely fast.

I have heard stories of how some races, including some enclaves of Dragseir war-guage, immediately turn the other way when a few Casid come their way. The Cenuffii Aphkei are among the few races who didn't and don't back down and are among the fewer still who can and the only ones who did beat back the lions.

Knowing this, it's no surprise to me that Pleeyo would choose poor Effada as her new chew toy.

Looking over to the side just beyond the Gravity cage, Pleeyo tilts her head to see Effada doing pull-ups on a simple bar. She certainly had never trained at a high athletic level before and seeing some of the students, male and female andwell both, heaving and hoisting and lifting and stretching at rates and degrees that left the hyena discouraged and sie quickly gave up before her tenth pull-up.

As sie turned to leave, Pleeyo stood over her, letting hir absently run striaght into her brick wall abs. The little hyena fell back looking up toward to enormous lioness, still carrying those gargantuan weights like a pair of writing pens.

"Well well well," Pleeyo bent down slightly, her vast pecs rippled and bounded as she grinned cruelly, "I guess you're the new kid on campus."

Poor Effada cringed away ready to run. Sie had seen lions slaughter hyenas without giving them so much as a chance to see their end coming. It was meant to teach hir that Casid were the enemy, something Havvon corrected with his many Casid business partners. "H...hello... Ma'am..." she almost cried saying

it deathly afraid of the lioness.

When Pleeyo first arrived, she was a pudgy, under-conditioned, cub who was carted off the get into shape or die trying. She was abused and humiliated constantly by the other students in her class as she tried to at least become normally fit. But one day that changed when something in her snapped and she was suddenly addicted to training.

Though still weak and out of shape, Pleeyo pushed herself harder than any other student except Fatima Iksaki. But while Fatima was learning to increase her powers, Pleeyo trained as if possessed by some evil spirit to grow stronger in body. To make perfect a body perfectly suited for a corpse, in her mind. She grew stronger and along the way grew meaner and more combative. She wanted to get back at everyone who had taunted her, teased her, and humiliated her before...

And she got her revenge... with copious interest. She intimidated most of her class with sheer strength and unyielding endurance. Except Fatima and Re'en, no one could fight her off in her class. "They can't protect you forever!" She would growl at any student who she beat down.

The upper students, like myself, fought her off and the faculty and graduates often beat her down in return. The Headmistress punished her lavishly until she realized that the girl was feeding her need to be stronger with the privations leveled on her. Pleeyo was a problem that could not be solved by simple punishments or expulsion. She had grown to physically strong. She was, even unpowered, more than 10000 times stronger than any normal lioness. The medical scans bared that out.

But she is still a rough and undisciplined fighter. Her mystic defenses are a joke and she has no mind to control herself. All ingredients for a super-strong punching bag.

I think Pleeyo wanted a punching bag of her own...

"Please let me go," Effada pleaded as Pleeyo squeezed her in those massive arms and expanding pecs as she, with arms out straight, pressed her arms together to touch her palms. The hyena couldn't breathe as the lioness laughed cruelly and loudly.

"Maybe when I'm satisfied. But don't worry We'll do this again... and again," with every repetition of that word "again" Pleeyo sharply narrowed the

gap, squeezing out more air for the tiny herms lungs, "...and AGAIN!!!"

"...help me...," by that point the students, most too afraid to even run for help, stood by quietly. Tears ran down her cheeks and Pleeyo, I'd wager, wickedly licked them coarsely with that rough tongue of her's scraping her cheek so as to make it bleed and sheer off the fur.

Pleeyo turned about proudly as she tortured the tiny herm, "They won't help you. No one will. The Headmistress can't even get rid of me. I'm unstoppable. So cry all you like. I'm gonna squeeze you whenever I want. When I'm happy. When I'm sad. When I'm horny. Or when I'm mad."

As she squeezed, Pleeyo belly laughed as her hands finally closed on each other. Effada, being a true herm, had small breasts. Not the large, fully feminine, examples of some species of herm. To me that was one of her most adorable traits. But today...

"Tiny little tits!" Pleeyo chuckled as Effada's chest was squeezed taut between the two slabs of malicious muscle. Hir tiny chest creaked under the pressure as hir breasts stood out in painful relief against hir shirt.

It's about then Effada began to cry as the last of hir strength faded and sie passed out in Pleeyo's merciless arms.

Checking hir pulse, Pleeyo sniffed with contempt, "Puny little boy-bitch!!!" She rubbed her crotch filling aroused and callously kicked the hyena into a corner and walked out. She sarcastically suppressed a deep menacing laugh as she disappeared from sight.

The gym was quiet as students, seemingly coming out of a trance of terror, came to Effada's aid. Someone had finally summoned an overclass student who got hir to the school's hospital.

Hurri Namah, the Chief Medical Officer of the Mystic League, had finished examining the hyena as sie awoke in fear.

Springing up and desperate to run, Effada leaped off the bed and ran blindly straight in to hir "master", Havvon. The great Cavallii, a hybrid Cenufii-Degeddii, caught hir and cradled hir as she bawled in terror. "I've got you, little one. Settle down... Settle down..." His voice was firm and lacking emotion but it was what sie needed as sie calmed down.

"All she can see is Pleeyo," Namah said low and angrily, "That girl needs to be put in her place!" her telepathy was too sensitive and the emotion of fear spilled into her quickly and transmuted into anger. She touched the back of his head to put her to sleep with a strong psychic block to calm the hyena further. "It'll hold for a few hours but Pleeyo must be dealt with."

"Agreed," Havvon said with that look of cold calculated scheming that made him an enemy once and later one of Rae's best friends and godfather to her children. "Fighting her does no good. Punishment makes her want to fight back harder..."

Namah looked at Havvon for a few minutes before he took his charge back to his room, near his. "What do you plan to do? You aren't the violent type."

"I can think of something. I always do." Havvon, with Effada in his arms like his own child, who was with his wife, Galant, on vacation; something I know he wanted as well.

Morning's Solace

I was up early as usual doing my morning chores at the temple. It was the first time since his arrival that Effada was not under that tree spying for a glimpse of me.

In his place, was Pleeyo sniffing around, "Hey this her little hiding place?" She was buck naked, not even wearing bracers and her headdress. Feigning no respect or manners she stomped out of the brush and approached me.

"Stop right there!" I commanded knowing full and well that Pleeyo would not. But she did... I was startled by this change of behavior. Her posture had not changed in the slightest and that only set me on edge. I had left my staff in my dorm and so most of my spells would be useless and with few I had left would not be strong enough for this lioness.

"Her smell is strong here. She must be sweet on you. It's gonna mess her up a lot to see you mashed up," Pleeyo's face darkened, "But not here. I like this place too much to make you bleed and scream here."

"Any place is fine for me," came a low voice like a breeze over a grave. Both of us shivered at the sound. I knew who it was but Pleeyo didn't but instinct froze her still in her tracks. "If you run away I might not follow..."

Pleeyo, without saying a word, left quickly down the hillside road.

"Thank you," I said in as calm a voice as I could given who was there just beyond my view, "You shouldn't be here, Mau."

"That hyena child is Pleeyo's plaything now. Deal with it," He said firmly, "Good-bye, Yusuma."

"Good-bye, my savior..."

"Please don't make me go out there!" Effada pleaded to Havvon as the bells sounded for classes, "She's out there! Please!" She clamped on to Havvon's mighty leg and buried her head there. She broke down sobbing wildly, barely able to breath.

"I won't force you to go," Havvon knelt down and straightened his short dress. She was like a daughter to him and he never let her go an hour without some reminder of that. "Stay in for the day. If you have trouble tap on your collar's crystal and I'll come." He soothingly ran a finger over the edge of the pink collar with silver studs and a crystal pendant. "I have to go to work. I'll be back about lunchtime and we can have a picnic, Okay?"

Effada nodded sweetly and hugged her "master". A soft kiss on the cheek and Havvon was out the door.

In his youth, Havvon had a crush on the four year old Fatima Ikaski, even though he was nearly 17 at the time. He never acted on it thinking he'd find a much better way into Rae's life. Thinking of Rae as an older Fatima, he realized he had a "Lolita complex" that shifted from one young girl to another. To him, it was a miracle he ever married someone his age, Galant, a Power'd Leaguer with immense psychic powers. He felt guilty for having such feelings for Effada and so emotionally distanced himself from her as much as possible. It was also why she never slept in the same room he did. He'd rather sleep in the cold than make himself sick trying not to fawn over her.

"You seem concerned about something," Rae Iksaki, the Mystic League's premier student, graduate, and the most powerful mortal born being in the known universe, spoke softly to Havvon as he scoured the school's acquisitions requests and receipts. The job would be easier if there was any actual money involved, but The Imperial economy, under which the school operated, was a complete socialist system and so money was no longer a subject of value.

"Pleeyo is running amuck again. She's decided that my little ward, Effada should be her personal torture rag. I'd handle this with a swift... uhm... beating but..."

"That would only make things worse?" Rae always seemed to play the relatively naive but caring girl she still looked to be.

"I have little recourse but to be devious. But that would be more cruel than just beating the lioness into next week." Havvon sat back in his chair looking over the desk and the various holo-screens and tablet monitors filled with information.

"Pleeyo..." Rae started slowly, as if not happy to admit what she said next, "is in the same class of power as Fatima. She'd tear you apart if you fought her. Thankfully she isn't beyond Mother's control. But she has told me that she is a test for us as well."

"To see how we deal with a rogue in our ranks? I see it now."

Rae leaned over to her family friend, gently brushing her bosom on his shoulder as she came closer to hug him and comfort her son's godfather, "How is Effada? Was she hurt?"

"Not this time physically," Havvon gritted his teeth, stifling his lupine urge to violence, "But she's scared to death of leaving our quarters for fear that crazy lioness will kill her."

"We both know that won't happen. If Mother thought for an instant Pleeyo was going to kill another sentient being, we would never hear from Pleeyo again."

"Still how are we going to handle this?" Havvon pulled free of Rae's embrace, remembering she was happily married to a rival and friend, Makahn. It was only a friendly gesture but one that left him more uncomfortable than his nagging adoration of very young girls and, in Effada's case, herms. "I'm sure Headmistress Menikomenqolui is not going to help us directly..."

"What about helping Effada handle Pleeyo herself? Herms can develop powers very quickly. Much more quickly than males and females. She will never be a match for Pleeyo but if she can put up some meaningful resistance she could get back to her normal activities..." Rae sat lightly on the corner of the desk, not forgetting her own hefty 500+ pound weight concealed but extremely dense muscles that betrayed only around 300 pounds of regular muscle. At one point she weighed over 800 pounds but learned to trim that back or increase it to

hundreds of thousands of tons. A very useful ability since her weight defined how well her strength would work under some situations.

"You want me to enroll her officially?" Havvon stared at Rae. He was a student there and knew the benefits of training and living there for several years. Effada would get the same benefits and more.

"I can't make that decision for hir and neither can you. Just bring it to hir. Let Effada make up hir own mind. Like you did..."

I entered to main campus followed by my constant shadow, the extremely busy Oggremaren Fola, Tla. Our real duty was to deliver the weekly reports for the Grace League, our Temple's informal name, to the Headmistress, the Phoenix Dragaseir, Menikomenqolui. But my personal duty was to look in on Effada.

I had become worried about hir and just wanted to make sure she was okay. After hearing about the torment Pleeyo leveled on hir I had to go. Mother Sanari, originally forbade it knowing I'd go confront Pleeyo straight away now that I had my staff.

I held my staff firmly in one hand not letting it touch the ground as it was much quicker than "walking it", touching it to the ground, in time with my opposite foot. Tla stumbled as she tried to walk her staff and keep up with me.

"Miss Yusuma," Tla pleaded as she half tripped as her staff swung into her path again, "Stop cheating! We have to walk the right way with our staves."

"I'm in a hurry. I want these reports delivered and be to Effada's place before 15th bell."

"...okay..." Tla said meekly as she stopped walking the staff and half jogged with Yusuma. She's a sweet girl, with a chest most young males dream of fondling. But those who try often end up with badly broken arms and legs, some tried to pull free by kicking her or stupidly putting their foot on her chest. She is dangerously strong but still very innocent.

We made our way to the Headmistress' office, more like where her secretaries worked. Our Headmistress did not enjoy being in a particularly small form for very long and so had her assistants deliver the reports. Though at times the reports would be delivered to her in person. Mother Sanari was dead set on delivering the reports in person every time. However, an old pupil of her's, a

Shamaness Neraga, had called her away. As Sanari's highest disciple, I had to continue that routine... I really wish I had the time to enjoy it.

Headmistress Menikomenqolui is an amazingly beautiful creature...

"We have arrived with the reports for the week from the Grace League, Headmistress," I say with head bowed in her presence. I think I take this honorific behavior too far sometimes. I could sense our Headmistress' embarrassment as I placed the reports on the table.

"Stay a bit to chat, youths," She said so sweetly it was like a soothing ointment rubbed on sore joints. A pair of smoothly contoured, softly padded, chairs rose up out of the floor, like they melted in reverse, near us.

We sat. Tla actually sat to hold out her proportionally huge breast with her back slightly curled backward to hold them up in attention. If any of the young males we past coming here saw this, it would have made their month.

I was more relaxed but clearly pensive. I had made up my mind to make an appointment and I didn't mean to be late.

The Pheonix Dragaseir looked down at us from the many stories of separation her vast size granted her, "Yusuma... You are very driven to act today. What is it you seek to do?"

I was still, caught staring at our Headmistress in a daze, Caught in her beauty. I have Tla to thank for jabbing me with her staff in the leg, snapping me back to attention, "I ...uh... am worried about Effada, Ma'am. Sie is Havvon's servant girl... I think. Certainly his friend and responsibility. Sie is being menaced by Pleeyo and by all accords is being made into her new scratching post..." I glance over to Tla remembering her own sad story of abuse and rape, "...and worse."

"All this so soon and after but one incident?" Meniko murmured half musing and wholly serious. She cocked her head to the side with a pleasant expression but no smile.

"They are rumors, I must admit, Ma'am. But I have to take it seriously. Pleeyo is out of control and will do something heinous if not stopped..."

"How much do you care about the hyena child, Yusuma?"

Tla looked at me with wondering eyes. I caught myself between imagining having breasts like a fertility goddess and what a relationship with the hermaphrodite hyena would be like. I think I had my first wet daydream in years at that moment but never let on. I am sure, though, that Tla saw it entirely. Fola can read the condition of a person's body like a children's book

"Miss Yusuma," Tla said looking at me concerned, "The Headmistress asked you a question..."

"I am... infatuated, Ma'am..." I answer after several long moments. Most of them spent being embarrassed.

"I see. What do plan to do about Effada's current woes? Do you plan to fight Pleeyo? Mother Sanari forbids her pupils to fight unless attacked first. Oh, how you must envy the Shadow Leaguers right now?"

"I do not envy them. In some ways, I pity them. None of them could hope to even disturb Pleeyo and yet they all will pit their paltry might against Pleeyo's because they don't know any other way..."

About this time, Pleeyo had arrived to Sage's island and just hung around. She didn't do anything. She didn't pick any fights or say one cross word to anyone. Yet her demeanor set every student their on edge. It was like a hungry lion stalking sheep...

At first none of the students there took notice. But as she loitered longer, students began to become distracted by her menacing presence. Some actually wondered out loud why someone hadn't sent her back already.

Mayia, at this time was a fast raising student in the ranks of the Shadow League, approached the lioness cautiously, "You're Pleeyo, right?"

"Wha'cha' want?"

She's being awful polite. Probably heard of my fighting prowess and is minding her manners. Good, the little bunny thought as she took another step forward, "I wanted to know why you're here on our island. Sage forbade you from ever coming back here after you attacked us before..."

"That's just it, half-pint," She grinned with that bloodthirsty expression that chilled Mayia's blood in fear in an instant, "He's not here an I have a few maulings to finish up. So get ready cuz' 'ere I come!!!" Without another word

Pleeyo took a single long jump into the school where the sounds of combat exploded into the air, shaking the already shaky island violently.

"Oh, gods above..." Mayia's voice sank. Even at her much improved fighting level and vastly improved skills, she knew she didn't stand a chance against Pleeyo. The mad-lioness easily laid waste to the shadow League before Sage put a stop to her. He had shattered her body and directly threatened her with death more than once before and since but Pleeyo was dead set on beating the life out of this new chapter of the Mystic League.

The Little bunny ran back hoping she would be able to help somehow fend off the lioness who was far stronger than most of the students there put together.

A knock on the door came as Effada was taking an afternoon shower, still trying to find some comfort after Pleeyo nearly crushed hir. Sie was quite naked as sie peeped through the porthole in the door, a small opening just large enough to see out of clearly. "H...hello..."

"Wow... such a lovely voice!" came an ecstatic voice of a young male, "I knew you looked cute but I didn't think you'd sound so cute, too!" Whoever it was didn't quite stand where he could be seen from the porthole. It made the hir nervous.

"Stand directly where I can see you please," Sie asked scanning about her for a towel or a good solid object to use as a weapon.

The youth moved smoothly and happily into position. the bronzen furred male Fola, Hem-yuo, raised by casid lions, smiled to hir while wearing nothing more than his tiny white loincloth that did little to nothing to hide his well-developed manhood. His knee length gold mane furled lightly in the afternoon breeze. "Sorry. Bad habit of mine not to stand directly in front of a door. My name's Hem-Yuo. Can I come in?"

"I... don't know... Is Pleeyo out there?" In the fola's ears he could hear the fear and distrust. He didn't push too hard to convince hir just a friendly pass was all he desired, though with him and later a young bunny named Geevo, this could easily lead to "other things".

"No she isn't. I haven't seen or heard her all day. Maybe she's finally been grounded or something." his voice was soft and alluring to the herm who, still nude, opened the door with hir hand covering her crotch lightly like a "fig leaf".

"I guess you can come in but Mister Havvon will be back in an hour or so to take me on a picnic. I don't think he'd want me seeing guys in the..." Just as she began to mouth the word, Hem-Yuo lightly and quickly lunged forward with a sweet, if firm, kiss on the mouth. He stepped lightly in as she backed up. With a deft foot, the young male closed the door and locked it...

"This isn't a fight! It's a War!!!" One of the students screamed as he threw yet another fireball, a powerful concentration of chi energy that can explode like a bomb, as Pleeyo who responded by throwing a huge rock at the energy bomb that then sailed at the young warrior in training without fail half crushing him while carrying him several yards back. Some of the students dragged him away for medical attention.

Still more of the students fought desperately as a team trying to bring down the monster lioness. But for all their training and all their skill, I have to point out Pleeyo is by far one of the least technical fighters in the school so most students should be able to outmaneuver her easily, could not effect any useful harm on her.

She lunged forward with a powerful straight punch packing so much force that it never had to touch anyone for dozens of yards ahead of her to completely flatten students who were quick and strong enough to avoid being killed by the blast. She laughed cruelly as she continued to hunt down students and beat them remorselessly. Catching some of them she'd crush them down in between her biceps and pecs then toss their now useless bodies aside like trash.

The sight of this rampage was like a nightmare to Mayia as she struggled to help fellow students who were clinging to life. Some would never be able to fight fully again. Anger boiled in the bunny. Anger that none of the faculty were lifting a finger to stop this, nor the graduates, nor even to upper and overclass students. It was like they had been abandoned to face this juggernaut alone.

The bunny girl lowered her friend, who never recovered fully from the emotional stresses of that day, and ran after Pleeyo.

Ramming her foot into the ground caused pillars of unnaturally hard stone to explode under the feet of students barely able to stand their ground shattering bones and launching them dozens even hundreds of yards. Mayia was told never to challenge a Mystic Leaguer except in a proper and sanctioned competition because they were still far more powerful. The vast majority of Sage's students were relative failures in the Mystic League lacking the ability or the drive to attain the power Pleeyo wielded like a warhammer over small

children. Their fighting skills were useless against this lioness' array of powers and spells used like fighting techniques making her appear like a master warrior empowered by wrath-filled gods.

"Stop You!!!" Maya screamed, tears of anger and fear streaming down her cheeks. She trembled knowing she didn't stand a chance against her. Not like this. Not in a rampaging brawl. "Stop it now!"

"Hi powder puff," Pleeyo sounded wickedly friendly like a devil about to kill, "Come to get some, too?"

Mayia stifled one last tear and charged at the lioness hoping she still recalled enough of her lessons to stand a chance.

Pleeyo laughed as she summoned a great orb of power like a sun, "I got plenty for all!"

"Then go on but remember, Yusuma," Menikomenqolui dissolved the chairs as Tla and I stood up to leave, "Effada is a girl seeking hir own way now. Do not be disappointed if it does not lead to you..."

Tla and I left. It was after fifteenth bell and so my appointment was broken. I did not hurry as much as I had before. We went on our way to see Effada.

What I didn't know then was that Pleeyo was well on her way to flattening the Shadow League. But that was until I saw a battered student half running, more like hobbling very quickly, toward Our Headmistress's lair. I couldn't let him go alone. The pain of his injuries and exhaustion, he must have swam the whole way, dragged on him like a dozen anchors.

Tla and I took the student, Ejio, a mahnaran squirrel, to see Menikomenqolui with haste in our steps. He mumbled how Pleeyo was running wild on Sage's island and the students were little more than practice dummies in her wake. My heart sank as my focus shifted not one Effada but on Pleeyo and stopping her.

Effada was laid down on hir bed by the larger very sexy, strapping stud of a Fola as she looked at him not sure what was going on.

He sniffed her neck and cheek and kissed it, "You smell so wonderful. You're still a virgin." His stronger hand gently slid down her arm to the hand covering her sexes and stopped warmly massaging that hand until sie took it not realizing the power she was inviting into hir.

"I never got 'initiated' by my she-father, Cleo, when I was a smaller, my he-mother, Folly, refused that..."

Hem-Yuo, moving down Effada's lathe body, licked hir nipple exciting the herm with soft moist lashes of his tongue, "Initiated?"

"My She-father would have sex with me until I had my first erection..." Sie sniffed holding against a flood of emotion.

(Rudiban Hyena regularly rape their children to normalize sex in their ranks. It is a custom most species find appalling and cruel. I am sorry to say that to you but that is how it is viewed. Please don't take offense.)

Hem-yuo returned to Effada's face as she let a few tears escape, "I won't do anything you don't want. Say anything but 'yes' and I will do nothing more, okay?"

"Thank you," Sie said looking to him. What sie felt had to be the most intoxicating blend of erogenous emotions that anyone had ever felt.

"Would you like me to comfort you, the excite you, to ...initiate you?" Hem-Yuo was very quiet when he said this. It was too forward for his style, according to Tla, but for what I was told it fit the mood. "Remember I do nothing unless you say 'yes' and nothing but 'yes'..."

Looking into his eyes sie wrapping one leg over his side, blushing and eyes shut, "...yes..."

"Please help us..." Ejio cried on his knees, as Tla and I administered our healing powers to him. Her had numerous broken bones and internal injuries that were healed easily but his torment and fear remained. "She going to kill the whole school..."

Menikomenqolui looked down on him and said nothing for what felt like an eternity, "Take him to the hospital and see to him further." It was a dismissive tone, like she was annoyed. It was much too late. Pleeyo was going too far and forcing action that was not part of the test she had intended.

Mayia had finally succumb to Pleeyo's might. But she had managed to bruise the lioness in a few places, none of them meaningful, but was powerless against such force and strength. Her body was bloody and broken. The pain of being shaken like a ragdoll while being held by her torn shirt, her pants and panties ripped away for humiliation, demanded her to beg for release but pride, rightly or wrongly, stayed her words.

"Full already?" Pleeyo mocking Sage and his "punishment face", "But you still have several more servings of whup-ass to go before you get you're full helping." Pleeyo slammed the bunny into the ground and ground her foot into her. Still no cries for mercy not even to acknowledge her agony. "Good. It'll make hearing you scream worth something if I have to force feed you a lot!"

Just then several students, some of the more powerful and skilled students ran in to aid Mayia. Pleeyo grinned at them as she ran at them and proceeded to beat them all. The bunny, eyes filled with horrified tears watched as the lioness battered and broke each student with barely an effort thoroughly torturing each of them before sending them like cartoon characters sailing in the distance.

Patting her paws together, Pleeyo smiled as she walked back to her current "chew toy", "Now where were we?"

What Happens Next

The Mystic League hospital stands proudly as a premier medical facility in the known universe. I personally don't believe what Lord Sage Preypacer says about more advanced facilities he's seen. I am not a proud person but I do have to say that I have seen such highly equipped hospitals and none hold up well against the medical science of the Aphkian Scientifica. It is not how many gadgets a hospital has, I have found, but how well the ones you've got work. (Just me ranting again. Sorry.)

Ejio was put into the bio-reconstructor to repair his damaged frame and flesh. It always startles me to see a living being dismantled like a machine and the damaged tissue repaired or replaced like old parts. Then after all that reassembled as if nothing had ever happened. All that in a matter of a few minutes.

Save for having to regrow his shaved fur and letting the replacement tissue set in, the squirrel was fine. Still he looked like he'd gone through a terrible battle in a war. The shock and horror etched on his face and his soul. My

heart sank thinking we had such a destructive force in our midst and no one who can will do anything about it.

I returned to seeing Effada with Tla close behind. My mind was so fragmented between my concerns for the hyena and the crisis brewing about me, I never realized that I had actually walked straight back to the temple where Mother Sanari waited for us.

"Yusuma... Tla... you are back early," Our head priestess said sitting on the temple steps watching the children play just down the hillside road.

"I thought this was a free day for us," Tla meekly murmured not sure if she should be speaking at all, "Is it?"

"Yes. Yes it is. But I was referring to your not completing all you set out to do this day. You have returned with tasks uncompleted."

"Forgive me, Mistress," I bowed almost ready to kneel before our immortal teacher, "I am troubled and distracted..."

"Mau was here today. He gives good advice if you are brave enough to listen," Mother Sanari spoke wisely if a bit absently. But her words struck me and pushed me as I turned away down the hill.

"Yusuma thanks you, Mistress," Tla spoke bowing, causing her well covered breasts to hang heavily. She strained a bit to stand upright, "I think I need to milk myself again..."

"Do so when you return, child of the Fertility Goddess," Our head priestess smiled her usual smile of understanding and peace-giving. I was sure Tla would have a chance to make use of every drop her bosom held before this day was done.

Helseg was one of the few males in the Grace League. He chose to be an artifact-maker and to that end made powerful spirit weapons and armor. Born a mountain clan Cenuffii Aphkian, he is extremely muscular and so his weapons are very large and, because of his natural strength, incredibly heavy.

He was in practice in the temples courtyard working with his two-headed bladed lance. The top blade is a short edge only a foot long. the two and an half foot handle ends with a three foot blade. Forged of one piece of duritium carbide steel, it was hefty and very strong. The weapon was meant for close quarters

combat and was extremely deadly... in the right hands. So early on in his training as an artifact-maker, Helseg had not fully mastered many of the weapons he knows how to make.

Practicing his defensive swings under the guidance of the temple's guardian, a spirit who comes and goes and has absolute power to enforce the temple's peace and security against all violators, known as Red. Helseg swung the heavy blade to meet Red's slow swings to lead to parrying blows and counter attacks.

Mother Sanari walked in slowly, silently as Helseg was forced to move more quickly to avoid a stinging lash from Red's stick. "Red... Test his might."

Red instantly jumped back as to give the young wolf a chance to see what was about to begin. Red never spoke but the ancient cersile warriors movements were clear, Prepare to fight...

"What? No way..." Helseg raised the short end of his weapon bracing to defend himself.

"Yusuma is going to need help. Just like Rae did fighting Mau all those years ago. His skills were and are well beyond even what Sage is capable of handling alone. Pleeyo's strength will prove equally as daunting."

Effada's breathing was heavy as Hem-Yuo continued to slowly push himself deeper into the female sex of the herm. The fola, who used his mystic powers to increase his size and virility, used his incredible strength and sexual power to so gently open to channels of hir sexual energies.

Sie cooed softly as he applied more pressure on hir tight and small cunt. Hir phallus, tiny from years of potent penis reducing drugs, popped softly like static electricity as sie felt hir whole ability excited like water being brought to a boil by wide but low flames. Steadily hir male organ swelled from a scant inch or two to nearly average size and it yet it was still popping...

Hem-yuo felt the swelling organ and saw her confidence swell with it. His thick and long organ swelled a bit larger as he pumped lightly digging in a little deeper every few repetitions. "You are a big one..." he murmured in hir ear as he then sat up lifting hir up on his cock. Seating hir on his lap he rocked his pelvis at first slow and softly but that soon escalated into hard thrusts bouncing hir like a child on a bucking bronco as he held hir about to waist and sie about his shoulders.

Hem-yuo's eyes were soon met by the hyena's phallus which had grown to over two feet in length and a clear six or more inches thick. But his eyes closed and mind lost in the slow swirling sea of sexual delight, she never saw the still extending reach of his sexual powers. The male Fola smiled and lightly licked his cock getting an instant hardening on the organ and a clenching of his cunt about his thick and steel hard member.

He kissed the hyena's swollen member with a slight sucking action on its head as he slowed the thrusts on his hips. Effada moaned as the sensations of his female sex were now being joined by the force of raw indulgence of his male sex.

Hem-Yuo stroked the penis with long loving slides of his hands. Thick, hard, veins pulsed with hot blood as he continued to lightly suck on the very tip of the huge phallus. One hand found a literal ball of ejaculant rising up the organ, called by his kisses and slight temptations of his strong tongue. Squeezing his thumb onto the hard and swelling urethra, he stemmed the flow, for now.

"All these years and you never once let any of it go?" he smiled as he returned to the firm but slow thrusting on his own, now somewhat jealous phallus into his cunt, exciting more fluid to build in his cunt. and slippery warmth escaped his cunt around the huge Fola cock as well. "So selfish..."

Effada could only moan in response as she tried to look at Hem-yuo for the first time. She could see the mighty penis she'd always had and hid. It was a source of so much pleasure for him that having it didn't upset him any longer. The Nipples of his tiny breasts grew erect with excitement stretching out more than a few inches. "Don't stop... Make me bigger... hotter... wetter...." she breathed as a new wave of unbridled ecstasy smashed into his body. The phallus again visibly grew a few more inches longer and thicker and his cunt clenched again bit tighter trying to hold off the Fola seed and cum that would come in a volume to rival his own.

A sudden lick and firm sucking on the nipple revealed a new trait, Effada was lactating the feeling of the use of his breasts excited his female sex further deepening his cavity allowing more of Hem's cock into him. A Fola's cock getting thicker along its length, prying him wider.

She cried in sexual delight. His long tongue lapped up one of his tears and he smiled at the taste, "Like liquid joy. I think you can take handle this. I only do this with herms..." He whispered as he planted his mouth on his cock and released the flood of hyena juices into his maw and gulped it down fast just as he came into him all the while still pumping him squeezing out one huge gout of

fluid after another. But his flood fed his giving him massive and continuous bursts of male release that magically found its way into his cock back into him.

This fed both his female and male components with nearly unlimited orgasms as one fed the next growing stronger and longer with each burst. Effada huffed and puffed and soon screamed with delight as the Fola had completely opened all his sexual outlets and opened up the source of her future powers...

Havvon had arrived back at Effada's quarters just as Yusma and Tla had. They looked at each other a moment before looking at the door. "You came to see Effada. I'm planning on taking him on a picnic lunch to calm her nerves."

Tla sniffed the air knowing her sense of smell was far more delicate than the two wolves she was with, "Maybe we should wait until she's done... uh... She's with a Fola."

"Hem-Yuo..." I say loathingly. He was the school ladykiller and sexmachine. While ever the gentleman, he bothers me with how easily he can seduce a female into long hours of sex. Of course, he is the envy of males in the school, having bedded more than a several dozen female among all but the graduates and underclass students. He had learned many mystical sexual feats that make him a demi-god of male virility while still a master student who has yet to be beaten in a contest or fight by any male not a graduate or master.

He tried his charms on me when I was feeling low after failing an important test of my skills. He would have bedded me as well if I had ever said yes to him, the only word that will invite him in... yes... Sometimes I wonder what I'm missing...

"Effada is being initiated? By a young male Fola?" Havvon sounded like a father who just found out his daughter was having sex upstairs in her bedroom... Then again that was essentially what was going on.

"Initiated is that bad?" Tla asked puzzled. Sex was a sore subject to her but she still understood that if two people care for each other or just really want it, sex was a good thing.

"If the hyena wants to be initiated, then it is not," I say half blushing thinking of my first time that didn't happen. He was a large Accunnii Male, a rare superbreed known for their incredible physical power and fighting and survival abilities. We slept together but it never went anywhere. He simply wanted to

hold me. It was a wonderful experience but one day I will "get my bone"...

"For a young Hyena like Effada, Being initiated as a teenager rather than as a child," Havvon looked at the door taking a whiff of the pheromones stuffing the air, "means she we never be as strong as her cousins because her hormones were not released early. A side effect of the genetic engineering that made the Rudiban Hyenas into herms to survive the Bakei invasion and enslavement."

"But does this mean she can use the mystical knowledge she gains here?" Tla looked up at Havvon with eyes that tempted him into lusting after this young girl as well. He looked away staring at the door.

"If she wants to be a student... What kind of a boy is Hem-Yuo? You didn't seem happy to speak of him, priestess." Havvon said leading the girls away.

"He isn't really a love'em and leave'em type. Usually the girl dismisses him after a few rounds. He is a master at making love but not really of making girlfriends. I just don't like him bedding so many girls. He doesn't brag about it so it doesn't upset me... but what hurts me most is that we girls are the one's using him and tossing him before he can get to like us or not."

"So do you still like him?" Tla smiling hopefully to me... She has the same kind on light Mother Sanari has. I often feel as if she will succeed our Head Priestess as keeper of the temple over me. She is more powerful than I am and she is... well an adventuring priestess can get more done than any archmage can anyway.

"I won't sleep with him if that's what you want."

Havvon held out a basket, "How about a spot of lunch?"

We both bowed but other matters beckoned. "Thank you so much, Mister Havvon. But we must go. Tell Effada sie can visit the temple at anytime and sie doesn't need to hide in the bushes." I was saddened that I didn't get to see Effada but hir path was already leading away from me, whether I knew it or not.

The Shadow League grounds looked like a hurricane had blown through. Pleeyo left only the trees standing. The students, those who could flee, did. Those that remained were sprawled about the grounds left to suffer with grievous and life-threatening injuries.

"Well now I know why this school is called "the dead-ender's club" by some of the overclass students. What a bunch of cowards and wimps. Trying to use pressure points on a body as hard as mine... Sage, you should be ashamed of yourself." Pleeyo wandered into the woods to hunt down the last of the students.

Mayia battered and broken, with only one good arm left, dragged herself to the lair door of her master and teacher. "Please open up, Daedulas. Please open up we need our master..." She weakly repeated with ever increasing desperation as she heard cries from the woods and a thunderous roar. Tears ran down her bloody face as she continued to beg as the sealed door.

"Enough, Red," Mother Sanari murmured just out of reach for Helseg's ears. Her stood up to Red for a few minutes but not all that long. The guardian had lashed the youth several time but had never managed to land a critical hit or fatal blow. She raised her voice to be heard, "Helseg, you have done very well... for an artifact-maker."

The cub startled turned and bowed, nearly throwing himself to the ground, "Mother Sanari. Forgive me I didn't know you were there."

"Do not concern yourself with that," her voice was calm and direct. A voice of command and direction, "It is well past time to retaliate..."

Tla and I jog into the courtyard. "We are going to Sage's Island right now. We've wasted too much time here..." I say with a quick but humble nod to our Head priestess. "Helseg find Tar Rango and get your guns we are going lion hunting..." Helseg bowed to Sanari and ran off.

Tla watched me leave then looked to Mother Sanari, "Why won't you tell us to what this is about? All the people who would and could stop this are strangely uninterested. Even the Headmistress is acting like she doesn't care... All those people are hurt maybe dying..." She began to tremble with confusion and fear as Sanari invited Tla to sit next to her on a stone bench set around the courtyard.

"I can not say just yet. But it is important that you understand that these students are not being abandoned. It is a harsh lesson I did not approve but Menikomenqolui feels must be shared directly."

"Do I have to go?" Tla asked head down terrified. She was still too meek and vulnerable to be of use in a fight like this.

"...no...sweetheart. You do not have to go," Sanari brought the girl up close, taking her hands in warm firm grasps, "But you will go. To aid those who are there now while Yusuma goes into battle. She will grow into a powerful warpriestess... if her sense of faith remains strong. Now gather the other students for the relief work to come."

Tla stood and bowed as she stepped away to leave. She looked afraid but quietly resolute. She was no fighter, this child of the Fertilty Goddess with bosom of plenty. She was looking forward to earning the patterned robes of her ascension, yet was afraid to do what must be done to gain it. She walked away slowly and weakly clutching the broach on her chest.

Laughing for One's Health

Effada swooned softly as hir erections disappeared and his softened within hir. It was a mind-numbing dream that ended with the feeling that sie was more than sie could have imagined and relished it. This Fola, Hem-Yuo, had coaxed hir out of hir shell, if for just a while, and made hir love not loathe what sie was.

Hem-Yuo, having laid the hyena back to bed from his thick muscular lap, slowly withdrew from the still tight and clinching vaginal recess. The last of his fluids squeezed out like toothpaste from a tube into hir, but with nowhere to go, the huge volume of cum weighed heavily in hir.

Despite the huge amounts of ejacuants exchanged very little escaped to slick their bodies or stain the sheets.

"mmm... Are we done?" Effada asked winded from the ecstasy of the experience but clearly wanting more. It was not uncommon for even experienced females to want more from Hem-Yuo even though they had been satisfied. This effect had been traced to not only the love-making techniques Fola males employed but also the cocktail of natural chemicals in their cum and saliva that heighten and female's desire and can almost be addictive. For this and many other reasons, it is little wonder why Fola were hunted down for sex slaves centuries ago.

"You want more?" Hem smiled kissing hir taut and flat abs. His penis, still firm, hung heavily with two robust testicles already recovering for another go around. His voice was romantic and sweet not at all surprised by hir reaction. He later admitted that he was very fond of Effada and had felt that he might have found a lover at last in hir.

"I... think so?" Sie breathed sitting up to see Hem sitting back

straightening his long gold mane. Those large amber orange eyes of his were happy and fulfilled.

"Then perhaps later," he said sensing his own powers growing like a seed just breaking to root, "Would you like to stay here. You can become so wonderful here. Not that you need to..."

"What must I do?" she said leaning forward stroking the slick male member that had just unlocked him from the prison of his virginity. The phallus swelled and pounded hard as he squirted a long stream of cum into Effada's midsection coating him in the warm sweetly pungent fluid. "Oh my!"

Hem chuckled smartly blushing at his lack of control just then. Effada had joined in with a hyena's laugh, though small, that quickly grew into a boisterous belly laugh that the Fola could not help but join to.

"How about we shower? I scrub your back if you do mine," She paused at the childish innuendo which brought up a series of small chuckles. In his laughter she felt strangely empowered and saw how it lightened the mood and made Hem-Yuo completely vital and even hornier as his erection swelled to its previous 15 inch length. Two nearly fist large testicles churned in his scrotum filled with more... love juices.

"Yes. I'd love to..."

In her lair, Menikomeqolui felt the ripples from the hyena's laughter and chuckled herself. Surprised she sat stunned a few moments. Closing her eyes to focus she found the source, "So it seems we do have a new student after all."

The power of that laughter carried over to Sage's island, where happiness and joy were nowhere to be found that day....

Helseg and I led the way as Tar Rango went to the work of building his rock golems out of the debris. Two glowing sparks of mystic energy flared as he added wards to those sparks. In seconds rock, dirt, and clay gathered into rough hominid shapes and followed the black furred and grey maned, Akyrrii Aphkian into the woods of Sage's island.

"The second group should arrive soon to help the..." I loathed to say it as I knew Sage and his school worked so hard to be independent, the word felt like

an insult, "...victims..."

"They are victims just not helpless victims. At least not usually," Tar Rango heaved catching up. He was not much of an athlete but had one of the finest minds The whole Mystic League had ever seen. "But Pleeyo is not this brutal. Even when angry. Something is plying her will."

"Do you think of all the spirits Mother Sanari convenes with, one may be a rogue ghost or wraith?" Helseg having drawn his guns was rarely one to question our head priestess. This time he was worried. Pleeyo is, like all the core Mystic Leaguers, god-like powerful. It is in the presence of highly trained and respectful under and overclass, and graduate students plus all the faculty that students like Pleeyo are usual docile or at least not violent to this extent.

"Maybe it's the ghost of one of Sage's old enemies..." Tar Rango said stopping all of us cold. I knew Sage had to have made a few unhappy folks die before coming here. I just didn't want to believe it.

"I don't want to think about it right now. We need to stop Pleeyo before she kills someone." I barked charging into the woods. I am still amazed that the ceremonial dance classes Mother Sanari taught allowed me to run faster and jump higher in my tightly bound robes than I ever could have in a pair of shorts.

"What stills bugs me is why none of the faculty and upperclassmen are doing anything to help..." Tar Rango muttered as he followed Helseg following me.

"Stay away!" Screamed a young Phadoran, or Star Elf, student as he launched blazing arrows at the lioness with the accuracy of the ancient high elves, his ancestors. The Arrows struck precisely in key pressure points but fell, stopped by rock hard skin and scale hard fur. "Armorhind" this technique is called. Its not one taught at Pleeyo's level and one Pleeyo would likely be denied because of her poor behavior record. But she was using it and was utterly untouchable because of it.

"Make me." Pleeyo smirked as she strolled leisurely toward one of the last standing students. He bolted into the trees and ran away. The lioness plowed through the trees like tall grass in pursuit laughing all the way.

The young Phadoran made one last desperate leap to clear an entire clearing in the forest. The raving lioness ran straight into a trap of students lobbing their most powerful attacks and lethal strategies at her.

A few huge stones thrown with deadly accuracy and lethal force brought Pleeyo to her knees. Sensing victory the students pressed their advantage. But to their horror, the lioness stopped responding to the assault and stood up.

A few small cuts from the attacks and aggravation from being so assailed made her tremble with rage. The land shuttered as she looked upward screaming until it became a completely primal roar that detonated the whole field like a small tactical nuclear device.

"By Oberon..." The young elf sank seeing this lowering his arms, now cut and bleeding badly from the blast.

Pleeyo was standing there as if trying to feel out her prey. She looks at him smiling wickedly, "There you are..."

The student, battered beaten and exhausted runs once more, "Stay away..." Breathless he is not nearly as fast as he was before.

"Why should I when I'm so near?"

Tla and several dozen of the Grace League's finest students arrive at the Shadow League. She quickly finds Mayia passed out after clawing at her masters door for over an hour.

The bunny weakly opens her eyes to see two huge breasts adored in fine pink silks, "Tla."

"Easy. Rest we're here to help." Tla whispered as she unbundled her immense breasts. Placing a cup at the nipple she easily released the sweet smelling lactate into the cup. "I know you may not like taking this like this but please... drink."

Mayia's trembling hand took the cup as Tla guided it to her mouth. Tla called one of the other young clerics to her side.

"Yes." He was a small mouse boy who couldn't help but stare at the huge breasts, one dripping of milk.

"Get as many clean buckets and pitchers as you can..." She winced at the effort of holding back and ungodly amount of milk, "...so I can be milked and these students can take it... hurry." She clasped onto the leaking nipple as a sharp squirt of milk shot out. "Oooooh..." she moaned in agony as the flow grew

harder to control.

Finishing the cup, Mayia felt stronger. Raising the cup, "May I have more?" Her bloodied and filthy face smiling

Effada was fully dressed in his short shorts that clung tightly yet did not reveal any trace of his masculine sexuality, and a draping thin tunic that seemed like an absurdly short dress as she and Hem-Yuo emerged into the waited gaze of Havvon and a pair of campus guards.

"Havvon... I.. uh..." Effada was blushing and scared she'd broken some rules. She moved between the comparatively huge Cavallii and the Fola.

"No need to apologize either of you." Havvon was firm but his friendly posture said greatly of his appreciation. Whether he approved or not, a virgin hyena was destined to be a very unhappy one. "I hear you are quite the lover, Hem-Yuo."

"It's a very ugly rumor, sir," The young male mused.

"Make sure it stays that way," a master of sarcasm he smirked in return, before looking to his ward, "There is no need for shame, dear child. In fact I came back here because the Headmistress has summoned for you."

"M...me... What did I do?" She felt like another rule had been broken.

"She heard you laugh..."

"Here kitty-kitty..." Helseg grimstruck called out. Yusuma had healed several students found broken in the woods with "finder" wards so the relief party could find them.

"She's fast..." Tar Rango shuttered in the cold silence of the terrified forest, "You'd think that after exploding a huge chunk of the forest, a nearly nine foot tall gold lioness with the biggest muscles I've ever seen on a female - except Illia Romov - would be a cinch to find..."

"She's stalking her prey... emissios..." Helseg muttered as a yellowish wisp of glowing mist blew out of his mouth and spread into invisibility. That small spell is used to find a desired individual or group. It's too weak to call

attention to itself but is as fast as a scent on the wind. "Its not us or she'd be on us already."

"Maybe she's avoiding us," I spoke up scanning about with my ears, "Mother Sanari..."

"Will do nothing..." A dark voice came from nowhere, "This is an exercise gone awry. A recreation of my 'Day of Betrayal'. The Day I slaughtered more than a dozen students and faculty. Pleeyo is much stronger than I was then and far more chaotic. But this is outside of herself to go this far."

"Recreation?" Tar Rango on his guard, his golems ready to strike out at any attacker, "But even so Pleeyo would not willingly maul another chapter of the Mystic League... Would she?"

"No. She's too conscious of what pain feels like to inflict it on such a large scale," I pointed out recognizing the voice, "She must be under some hypnotic suggestion to be angrier than she is normally able to sustain emotionally for very long."

"Someone rewrote the program?" Helseg searched for a target. His voice lowers as he points his two huge pistols in a direction moving past Tar and myself, "She's about 250 yards that way and coming fast..."

"Mau..." I called hoping to ask his help but he was gone. I hoped he'd referee at least. He'd saved me before but not this time... At least I think he saved me. Maybe he wanted me indentured to him for some reason.

"That was Mau?" Helseg scowled at me, "Great! Like one bloodlusting maniac isn't enough. Now that devil is here, too?"

The thunder of the trees being plowed down and the booming footfalls of the huge lioness raised our fears as she came closer. Egas, she sounded like I'd imagined Sage was like in an absolute rage. Why are all the teachers abandoning us?

Our Headmistress looked down to Effada with a loving gaze. She stretched on for what seemed miles to the tiny hyena cub in her true form. Deep red glittering feathers billowed and fell gently with the movements of her skin and muscle beneath. Her sleek face held two brilliant amber eyes that seemed to fix from all those dozens of yards away on the hyena's bare needle points in comparison.

"You have a rare gift. Far too rare to ever pass up." The great dragoness spoke softly like a breeze. "A gift of laughter."

"But its not much I just laughed a bit and we... uh... Hem-Yuo and I... were ready to go... again..." Sie blushed hard enough now that it was visible even under hir darkly speckled and hued fur. a slight tremble of nervous tension was growing in hir.

"I know. I felt it. I can sense everything that occurs in my school," then her voice lowers with a certain disdain, not malicious but definitely disapproving, "except what occurs on Sage's island..." She clears her voice, "Your laughter has enormous power to heal and rejuvenate..."

Havvon places his hands on hir shoulder to steady hir, "They say a little laughter will keep you young. It's usually an old wive's tale but in you case, 'Sweet E', it's the truth."

"I felt the tremendous powers to heal and restore in her heart that comes forth in your honest laughter. Will you stay with us and help us?" Menikomenqolui lowered her head asking humbly. The sight must have been a shock to have such a great and powerful being so meekly ask hir to join the Mystic League.

"What must I do?" Those words are like hir motto. Though sie is Havvon's ward, sie chooses to live more like his servant. Sie knelt down, hands in hir lap, head down in submission.

"I need you to stop Pleeyo for us..." The Phoenix Dragoness said flatly as if a command and a request in the same breath.

"But... She's so strong... I'm just a puny little..."

"You have the power to stop her. Just laugh sincerely, happily, and you will set her right once more."

"I... can't do that... She wants to... kill me..." Effada didn't look up. Tears ran freely from hir face. Havvon quickly sat next to hir taking hir in his arms.

The Dragoness sighed softly, "What of those she is already hurting and maiming? If she hasn't killed them yet she will surely torture them to death. Please, try for their sake..."

Effada looked at our Headmistress with fear but in a brief moment of strength and courage she sat up straight, "I'll...go..." The words were almost too

soft to be hard. Then she took a deep breath gritting her teeth against the fear, "I'll go."

"Then I will have some of the..." Menikomenqolui started but was stopped by the inaudible murmurings of the little hyena.

Sie stood up headed for the door, "I'll go alone. I don't want anyone else being hurt for me..." Sie ran out of the chamber as fast as she could.

"Hem-Yuo?" Havvon looked at the strapping Fola boy, "Follow her and bring her home safely"

"Yes, sir." He smiled and ran out the door. He came hide in plain sight if he had to, perfect for protecting the one he hoped was his new lover and not be caught doing it.

Desperate Battle

I was already down and my staff broken as Pleeyo focused on Helseg's guns and Tar Rango's Golems. Neither were giving her any meaningful contest as she shattered the golems effortlessly and the bolts for the guns glanced off her armorhind enchantment like pebbles thrown by small children.

"I need time to affix a new spell to counter her armorhind!" Helseg dashed back as a third golem formed throwing a massive boulder at the lioness. He looked at me, nursing a broken arm, "Get out of here, Yus!"

I didn't argue. Without my staff or even two good arms, I was utterly useless. Tar Rango erected a barrier to cover my escape... It was the most disheartening thing I'd ever done in my life, leaving two friends to fend off a monster. I felt like a coward... a useless coward...

It didn't take me long before I heard Tar Rango call a summoned beast, A steel Granda, a massive living statute of steel. It meant that Tar couldn't keep his golems alive but that beast was worth at least twenty of his rock monsters. The scream of new spells flowing from Helseg's guns gave me hope that I would not have to heal them ...or bury them...

Soon I was back at the main Shadow League campus. There I found the students being healed and evacuated by my fellows from the Grace League... Most of them anyway. Maya refused to go. She threw several of my friends about like practice dummies. Granted we were not as well trained to counter throws but this was ridiculous.

I was both amazed and terrified at how strong this tiny bunny girl, barely all of four feet tall to the top of her head, appeared. A quick kick landed Dujuran, a male Corulian panda on his butt. She was doing her best not to hurt anyone but was determined to get her point across: she wasn't leaving her school.

"Mayia!" I shot catching her attention. She stopped as did everyone else.

"If it isn't 'miss popularity' broken arm and all." Mayia was mad about a lot of things, but the thing that stung the most was that her master, Lord Sage Preypacer was ignoring them in their time of worst need. She also has a gripe with me being allowed into the Grace League over her. My grades were better and I approached mother Sanari first. Still I was more envious of Mayia and the sheer drive she possessed. I really have to tell her that someday.

Tla walked up to me straightening my broken arm. She set the bones and healed it . All without a bit of pain. Her talent as a healer and her knowledge of various shamanic forms far outweighed my own. To be honest I was too busy being "Miss Popularity" to properly improve my skills. Tla could perform better without her staff than I could with Mother Sanari's Arcane Scepter. Still I was not about to lose face when strength, even the appearance of strength , was most important to morale.

"Lord Sage will be either proud that you stayed or furious that you were so reckless. Either way, it doesn't matter. I'm useless here." I started trying to excuse myself.

"No... It's true you don't study as much as you should," Tla tugged on my ripped sleeve where my arm was once broken, "but you are the best leader we have besides Mother Sanari. We need you here to give us direction. We don't follow you because you're popular or..." Giving a glance toward Mayia, "...the strongest one. We trust you because you know what you're doing more often than the rest of us..." It's about this point I noticed Tla's bosom was so much smaller, but still huge compared to my own or even an average Fola's, that her robes and gown was baggy over her chest and clearly her bra was too large as well.

Mayia recalled how you position of First Student in the Shadow League quickly lost its luster as Siklohn proved the better leader time and again. It was yet another chip on her shoulder and he was called away to attend the Imperial Princesses birthday celebration. "I hate to admit it but, Tla is right. You are a good leader. Not as good as Siklohn forget Sage... But... well... what do we do?"

"Mayia," I say still not feeling very leader like, "Tar Rango and Helseg are

still fighting Pleeyo in the woods. If you can gather a few students who are willing to fight, get some weapons..."

"We can't. The armory is in the Lair and it's sealed..." Mayia looked to the closed doors with drooping ears in despair.

"What about Siklohn's forge? There's nothing silk but he does make the best weapons and armor even compared to all of Sage's stock tools." Spoke up another student, a young meobian osprey. His kind were blindingly swift even Mayia didn't try to beat one in a game of speed and manual dexterity. The bird looked at us a bit of a ditz but clear thinking.

"I'm glad for his rebellious training regime... He never closed that forge even after I tried to force him to saying 'you'll thank me one day'," Mayia mused mocking his dark voice and black eyes, "Don't tell him I said that."

"I'm sure he'll find out anyway." I chuckled.

At that a vaguely familiar voice was laughing just out of my view. It was Effada. Sie was here looking timid but ready... As she approached sie stumbled a bit but straightened up as sie continued. "Hello..."

"Effada?" Was all I could say. For pity's sake each of Mayia's legs are bigger than hir body. Sie was not in fighting shape and Pleeyo really had a thing for hating hyenas...

Pleeyo was steadily mangling the Steel Granda as it stayed between her and the two young mage priests. Helseg opened fire trying a new spell every few shots frustrated that nothing was working. Not even scorching her fur.

"Okay. I'm going to the hard ammo..." Helseg whipped out a clip of specially forged and scribed bullets meant to be lethal if fired. "Anti-sorcery... These would wound Sage or a god-guage Dragseir... maybe kill either one. Egas, guide me sight, Culaal, take her aid..."

"Fire true, friend..." Tar Rango had the monster kneel down for a clear shot.

The crack of a massive bullet echoed though the woods...

Mayia and the students paused as they heard the shots ring out. They listen for more...

"Solid slugs?" said one student puzzled remembering the sad attempt one student made with a gun as his chosen weapon. He works in Siklohn's forge as a gunsmith now and is learning the shoot from experts.

"Ward shells. Helseg's running out of ideas! Hurry up. We're clearing out the rest of the students as we find them." my concern was getting everyone off the island, Mayia's seemed to be two-fold. Save her school and regain the trust and respect of the students. I noticed the wide berth they gave her... and It wasn't out of respect...

"Move it! No hesitating! Hup- hup-hup!!!" Mayia shouts as she leads the tattered gang into the fray. I was hoping to see Mayia again. I was hoping to see Helseg and Tar Rango again. What I hadn't seen was Effada sneaking off into the forest.

"There you are!" Mayia called out as the students scattered to surround the lioness, "You alterboys been busy?"

"Oh, bunny..." Pleeyo grinned revealing sharp teeth as she firmed her already rock hard naked body, "You came back for more?" She chuckled ignoring the gunshot to the back of her head.

The Steel Granda was a twisted pile of metal trying to move but dispelled as it died. Tar Rango collapsed his own energies were too depleted to continue. Two of the reinforcing students scooped him up and ran off with him.

"You got anymore shells, gunpreacher?" The bunny dashed under the lioness' claws like smoke through her fingers and ran toward Helseg.

He swung open his cloak to reveal belts of wardshells. hundreds maybe thousand of rounds.

The bunny dumbfounded stares comically for all of half a second just in time to jump over Pleeyo's fist. The shockwave running into Helseg's barrier ringing off in like a gong.

"She's getting stronger." Helseg pointed out, "A few minutes ago I was doing some damage now The shells are just glancing off."

"That stands. She's been running full out all day. She's increasing her maximum with every move she makes," a student points out as Pleeyo turned and was blasted. What should have evaporated him was stopped by half a staff held by yours truly.

"Yu...su...ma!!!" Pleeyo clearly outraged, "A broken arm not enough for you? I'll crush you!!!"

"Helseg! Bullet!!!" Mayia screamed as Helseg tossed a bullet from his cloak to her. I was cringing as the lioness towered over me about to deliver the death blow.

The bunny ran full out at my would be killer leading with a single bullet like a dagger. She drove it with all her might and weight into a spot near the base of her spine. Nothing happened and the bullet was being forced out by the lioness's own healing.

"Shot the bullet!!!" Mayia shouted dropping clear not aware of how little time there was to fire. Helseg fired, punching a hole through the bunny's ear nailing the contact for the bullet. A small explosion ruptured her skin and Helseg fired again hitting the same spot twice. Pleeyo fell hard shaking the ground with tons of force. Her legs paralyzed, at least for now. Her energies disrupted but the successful insertion of the bullet kept her from healing.

"No! Let me go!" came a frightened shrill cry as Effada was thrown into the clearing where Pleeyo writhed in agony trying to dig out the bullet. Despite that she was terrified. I took to comforting her. She buried her face in my chest...

Cursing and swearing as she threatened to destroy the planet, Pleeyo continued to reach for the bullet, tearing the wound larger as she did so. Effada tried to pull away until Hem-Yuo, who had "conveniently" lost his loin cloth, took her and kissed her warmly and whispered something in her ear. She looked at him, her back to the writhing screaming monster. "Go ahead try to say it with a straight face..."

She looked at him and chuckled a bit. Just thinking so hard to focus on it made the words, whatever they were, stronger in her mind. She began to laugh. At first a little then more.

I recall beginning to laugh myself having to sit down. Mayia was laughing as well. I saw her bruises and cuts completely fade away. Helseg's energies were restored as he let out a huge belly laugh, shaking bullets out of his cloak. The other students there laughed aloud as well.

Pleeyo on the other hand was crying, screaming in pain both physical and emotional. She crawled up against a tree still trying to dig the bullet out as our laughing ended. She could not speak her bawling was so strong. Helseg recalled the bullet and her wound healed. We all recognized this. Every Mystic League was trained to recognize the terrible surge of raw emotions tearing through Pleeyo's heart, mind, and soul. It was "the penance".

Between fits of crying and screaming in agony, Pleeyo managed to say a few words like, "Why couldn't I stop?" or "Please don't make me..." She was being held in a dark dungeon beneath Our Headmistress' lair so she would not have to be seen by those she nearly killed.

Mother Sanari and Lord Sage spend a lot of there time watching over her and consoling her.

Sato Hima, the most gorgeous lion I have ever seen, looked over the ruins of Sage's school as a small army of droids and construction workers set out to restore basic utilities and lay new foundations for the structures. "Pleeyo didn't do this?"

"Meniko's judgement," Equis said crossly. She was not happy that our Headmistress didn't recall the faculty as soon as things went this far wrong, then again we all wondered why Sage wasn't raging about it. After all, it was his school that got trashed. "She did place the suggestion to get out of hand to do a few things to make a problem for the students to deal with..."

"We all agreed to that part," Sato looked at Equis as a group of droids broke up a damaged foundation.

"But not this... 78 students injured. That's about all of Sage's pupils give or take a few. 23 of them are crippled unless we do complete reconstructions. But that still may mean years of rehab. They're effectively out of the Mystic League..."

"Mother Sanari said one of her pupils had the notion that it could have been a ghost of one of Sage's old foes." Sato moaned a bit. "I'd believe it if it weren't for the fact there are those of our own universe who'd love to overturn this anthill if they can..."

"What did Meniko say she was going to do with Pleeyo?"

"Seal her memories and the records of events this day. Officially today didn't happen."

"This is going to come back and bite us one day." Eqis looked toward the sunset catching Sage appearing out of the corner of her eye. "Your thoughts, Sage?"

He was remorseful but firm and upright as he looked at her directly, "Today should not have happened. What's worse is that same presence I keep feeling is even stronger here. It thought it might be the old guardian of this world, Meniko replaced, trying to get some revenge... but this does feel like a ghost. I could be wrong, but to be honest I hope I'm not."

Eqis raised an eyebrow lightly flexing a claw on guard for any cross remarks from the were-tiger, "Why's that?" Perhaps wishful thinking. Perhaps not. Clearly uneasy to be sure.

"A ghost is infinitely easier to deal with than any living being who can do this and not leave a trace." Sato Hima said gently curling his future queen's paw into a light fist to calm her. He released her hand as he left quietly. Eqis turned back to the sunset not wanting to look at Sage.

"I'm sorry..." Sage said after a long pause, "I have been ...hurtful. I attacked you for doing little more than comforting a sister. You could have told her the whole truth and badly damaged her confidence, something every young fighter needs as they start out. I do have my pride and sometimes I fail to reason past it. Whether or not I was justified I shouldn't have been so direct..."

"Did you hand this 'form letter' to Kina as well after you nearly liquified her bones?" Eqis growled waiting for an answer.

"She wouldn't let me speak," He said recalling that the lioness threw all her liquor bottles, some where more like miniature steel kegs, at him, "On the up side she did let me say good-bye before she locked up and left... Exiled..."

"She's tougher than anyone wants to admit. I think she respects you..."

"She never shows it." Sage frowned thinking Eqis was being a fool.

"Kina always called 'Mister' or 'sir' didn't she?"

Sage was quiet recalling every time that wild lioness would refer to him as 'Mister Preypacer' or 'Lord Preypacer' but oddly never by his first name, at least not to his face. "Something like that. Yes..."

"Sisters tend to talk. You remind her of her father. Not with the stripes but your general mannerisms. You gave her an excuse to cut back on the drinking but she can't be what she wants to be here. She's been an exile too long." Equis looked to Sage how was feigning indifference, "I was wrong to get angry about it. She needed to get kicked out so she can find herself and I hope those old warriors can help her do that. But next time..."

Sage looked at her, "Next time?"

"Ask me a question. Don't beat into me. First thing I was taught here was never use your fist to get what talking will."

"Next time don't invade a man's home. Even to visit family."

"Get a woman to keep me out... Or built a separate hospital. I have to go. I have combat instruction to give in the morning. Did need to borrow Kina's Field?"

"If I could. Construction's going to occupy the whole area for the next few weeks."

"Fine. I wanted to do some swim training anyway." Equis skipped off the rise overlooking the campus and flew away.

(Now your probably thinking how I learning about this conversation... I'm a shamaness, too. Not as good as Tla or Mother Sanari but I am good...)

Pleeyo was balled up in the corner crying her eyes out unable to relieve herself of the visions of her brutality. Mother Sanari touched the back of the girl's head and she settled down before falling asleep still tightly balled up crying softly.

"Rest tonight," she whispered, "even the torment you feel is unnaturally amplified. Great Aul, keep her mind where she can not... Give her hope and peace to stem her woes. Egas, grant us insight and cures for this child..." She continued to pray walking down the corridor.

A figure, elegant and svelte adorned in gold wearing an elaborate gold mask stood in the shadows... and faded away...

Effada and Hem-Yuo caught up to each other after class where upon they promptly disappeared about once a week. The hyena was gaining a tight ropey body that betrayed none of hir masculine traits as a herm. Her laughter occasional had side effects as sie and hir lover might cause an uproar of jocularity with unforeseen improvements to all who heard it.

One day I was performing my morning chores when I saw Effada and Hem-Yuo on the path leading to the temple. They waved to me before disappearing down the hill. I think I had to search for hir again. Sie never came back but we'd always have a kind thing to say to each other when we did cross paths.

Mayia was slowly gaining the trust and respect of the students again. But as soon as Siklohn returned with his team things started back down hill for the bunny.

I can't help but think that Dousaka is pushing buttons in her personality or else she'd be more of a leader type like she was when fighting Pleeyo.

Mayia and I are going on a vacation soon... But for the love of the twelve Reavers why are we going to Sage's Earth?!?!?!?!?

END...

*All Characters are owned by their creators...

**Special note: This is number 4 of 4 stories of a short series.