

It was another tense night for one of the lookouts belonging to the lovely organization of gentlemen called Bone Marrow Gang as there were whispers of storms in the horizon, both figuratively and not. Real storms could raise the Fingers and partially flood certain areas as the Slum-dwellers always eventually built back into danger zones even after repeated losses, and the other kind of storm was also a regular event as the gangs regularly grew too much and had to be trimmed down back into more manageable sizes. But for the latter, this time there was also a new tone being spread in the whispers.

No, *two* tones. The locals were growing discontent as the boot on their throat was choking them too hard for them to cum, and they were becoming sick -sometimes literally- of this kink. The last time The Slums rebelled, the city was much smaller, so that meant it was easier to contain, but this many Dwellers meant more chaos and also Chaos too.

That lead into the second tone. There was a tinge of a visceral, primal fear into their voices. Dark things were growing at the bottom of Onyxport, including the bottom of the Twelve Fingers. Dark and Evil things were prowling the night, and it wasn't Alistar's fault, at least not yet, and neither it was Countessa's, at least not very much.

The Purifiers were starting to move, but they always had too much in their hands and could only clean up the carnage after Evil had taken a bite. So even the gangs' mood had been "about to become a gruesome murder victim" lately, which they were rightly correct in feeling so, especially this one specific lookout.

He was stationed at the top of a staircase hugging the cliff side above one of the Fingers, a natural chokepoint. Below, it led a group of slum dwellings on stilts that were likely to get washed away in the coming storm. Above, it led to a more sturdy group of houses on a suspended platform and also some other houses carved within the cliff side, which generally more highly regarded by the Dwellers due to having better insulation. But the lookout's little hut made him miss that insulation very much in this cold, windy night.

He'd like to close the window, especially as a bad smell had been wafting from the Finger below today, but that was the one thing he wasn't allowed to. He distracted himself by carving a beautiful lady on a block of wood, and his skill would've earned him a job as a carpenter laborer if he was born in Middens, but an impure human with beaver-like features like he had would face some trouble selling his craft to the upper class.

His hobby made him miss the hooded figure climbing up the steps and then hiding on a nook in the cliff side, but the creaking of the boards made him glance down, then soon came a faint smell of blood that alerted and confused him. If someone had thrown a carcass near the steps to spite the Bone Marrow Gang, he'd have to clean it up before it started to rot and stink, so he grabbed his oil lantern with a grumble and stepped outside.

The creaks of the stairs as they were stepped on didn't travel far, but it alerted the hooded figure hiding in the nook, who peeked out of their cover, and gave the lookout a glimpse of a stunning pair of icy blue eyes.

"Who's there?!" he shouted fiercely, gripping his long dagger in one hand and the lifting the lantern with the other.

The figure shyly stepped out, and the lookout's watchful demeanor was dropped as unceremoniously as a body delivered to the Fingers. But then he became a predator.

"*Bella*... You're not a local. What're you doin' here?" the stocky and furry men asked with the tone of a caring and protective father. He was a natural-born predator.

"Sorry. There's a beast out there on the hunt," the other natural-born predator replied cryptically as she stepped back.

But the retreat made him step forward twice as much, and he didn't even notice that the smell of blood had intensified. "Don't go! What kind of beast was it?"

"I'm not the one being hunted, so don't worry about me," she replied aloofly, her sweet voice like mead to the parched man.

And he stepped forward again, extending his large hand as he attempted to grab the woman of his dreams. "How could I not when you're such a sweet little thing?"

But she was a merely an ephemeral hallucination. "I can take care of myself," she sweetly whispered back then leapt down the stairs, the hood coming out, and landed as gently as a cat, making no sound as if she had no weight.

The lookout was stunned, his jaw hanging loose and his long beaver middle teeth peeking past his lips.

"Wait!" he shouted reflexively as his mind had been taken over by his cock and also Shayla's unnatural charms.

The catwoman merely giggled and leapt again out of his sight, leaving the man with only the echo of the beautiful sound in his mind, like an ethereal lure that evaded any logical grasp. And his feet moved on their own as he rushed after her. Once he turned a corner, he saw her figure above a shack just as she leapt somewhere else, and so he continued to chase.

She was always there, always watching him bumble forward, always waiting for him, sometimes barely out of reach, but her leaps were as graceful as they were magical, so the beaver man couldn't ever hope to catch his sweet prize.

For he was the rat in the maze.

"You should've been more worried about being hunted yourself," Shayla sweetly whispered right into his ear from meters away, making the beaver man stop in confusion and look around, his heart beating in anticipation from getting a whiff of her likely intoxicating perfume.

But all he inhaled was an alarmingly strong scent of blood, then he was covered in shadow, and his body was torn apart.

"AHAHAHAHA!" the pair howled in the dark alley of an abandoned section of The Slums as they feasted upon flesh once more.

Both looked like monsters as their powers were still active, their wings folded until deceptively small, and their claws skillfully cutting the clothes and then severing the limbs so they could ravage it with their teeth. They quickly learned that it tasted the best when they bit and ripped out the flesh than cut it into bite-sized chunks. It simply felt *good* to be a savage monster.

Their clothes were going to get bloodied again, so they stripped down completely, and now Alistar ogled Shayla's body as he feasted, his massive cock getting hard from seeing the blood run down her chest. The young lady, of course, couldn't miss the other slab of meat growing before her eyes, and her mouth felt conflicted as it craved for a variety of stimulation: the meat, the blood, the cock, and the cum.

Then their eyes met, and Shayla went down on all fours. She shook her soft, round ass at him with a teasing smile, then bit the thigh drumstick and giggled. It seemed that her mischievous laughs had a sort of power to them as Alistar lost control and decided to fuck her right there and now. Eventually, he remembered he could hold the man's upper body with one hand and chew on it while holding Shayla's hip with the other to help thrust, and so he mastered multi-tasking.

Thankfully, the witch-pill was still effective, so there was no danger if he finished he inside, he *would* do that, no matter what, but something inside Shayla's mind told her she had to be a lot more careful with this. Not irresponsibly getting pregnant seeming perhaps even more important than not indulging too much into their dark desires and involving innocents. And a small part of her was scared of involving their child in this madness.

Though, this responsible part of her was completely silent as she was savagely rammed from behind by her beloved.

This time, they stopped themselves from fucking for hours as they were in public and even though the area was abandoned, you never knew when someone would stumble upon their art scene. Shayla had a nagging of unsatisfaction in her alongside with Alistar's cum as she wasn't forced to orgasm repeatedly like last time, but she'd have time to force him to force her later.

"Once we're back to normal, it almost feels like I just woke up from getting some alcohol *somnifèr*," Alistar remarked and stretched his long body like a cat, which he was, partially.

"I never got *that* drunk," Shayla replied as she futilely attempted to clean the blood off of her beautiful naked body. She attempted to lick her hand like a cat but it'd take too long to lick her own body, though maybe Alistar would volunteer if she started. "You think we can get home with just our cloaks on?"

But her idea excited him more. "Would be a thrilling challenge."

And his husky tone made her grin along. She was as addicted to the thrill as he was.

Inquisitor Pierre "Iron Mask" Kaplan had to hold his mask against his face due to how impressed he was at the Countessa's actions. She had organized a sweep of The Slums and even positioned Divers along strategic areas of The Fingers to catch any bodies being disposed of. Maybe he should actually recruit her if she was that effective at making the Enforcers, if only she was a tad little more forthcoming about whatever unholy hobby she had acquired after coming back from her expedition.

But perhaps soon he might be able to have a "talk" with her because he was doubly impressed with how fast the Enforcers achieved results. The problem was that it was plural, and they were all different from each other. There had been multiple victims of Evil, but at least he was able to discard the ones that didn't seem like they were murdered in the last day or so, leaving him with three options. Now, he just had to wait for the Countessa to act, and she did.

They'd pulled out another headless and half-eaten body out of the Fingers, and then Pierre was triply impressed as they next found the likely murder scene. This body had just been killed, so the Enforcers couldn't assume that it was eaten by creatures in the Finger as there had been too little time for it. And the Inquisitor calmly noted every detail as his men stalked his quarry.

Countessa had changed her delicate heels to boots as she couldn't dare dirty her favorite pair in the disgustingly greasy filth of The Slums. In fact, she wore a sturdy rider suit, restrained her wild hair with a ponytail, and even used gloves as *everywhere* seemed to be filthy, which meant she'd have to take a bath once she went back home, and it'd be without her beloved Frederik to help wash her entire body. The lewd memory fueled the firestorm of anger in her heart even further.

Then she remembered to take out her special Detector, and the "ping" sound made her tremble for the first time ever since she had undergone a very fortunate "change." There was another creature in this world that was just like her.

"What is that?" the Officer questioned, letting his curious child out of the leash against his better judgment.

"Nothing of your concern," she used her inhuman voice again to shut up the nosy man. "Continue your search, and keep an eye out for bloody murders like these."

"Blood and torn bodies," the Inquisitor noted as he received the report. The man he sent to that squad hadn't written it himself, it was in fact one of the spies he sent to *shadow* the squads that sent it. He knew the Countessa was a mage with a strong bond to Chaos, but the Rubenflamms were famous for their flames, not coercive powers.