

Through Heart Shaped Hues: Live Wild, Live Free (part one)

Tales of Zenathia: Through Heart Shaped Hues #2: Live Wild, Live Free (Part One)

Huet's boisterous laughter was familiar and comforting. If he was here, so was Nikita. The feline smiled inwardly as she passed through the throbbing crowds in the club. The music drove the rhythm of her step. She pivoted her gaze toward a booth. One they always used. Her purple, heart-shaped pupils locked onto Nikita. Huet was there too. She approached, hands buried in the gray hoodie wrapped around her slender form.

"-en I told Fezzy, you help me, I'll help you. Once I was out, I tracked him down. Now his operation is mine," Huet finished. His amber eyes flicked over to Tochi. "You lose the heat?"

She locked eyes with him and shrugged. "Would I be here if I didn't?"

"Tochi!" A warmth and appreciation unbridled filled Nikita's voice as she spilled out of the booth and embraced the cat. Tochi's hands crept around the dogwoman, giving her a gentle squeeze. Her ear flicked to the thunk of a vile on the table. She pulled from Nikita's embrace and snatched it up. Popping the vile open, Tochi plopped down into the booth.

"Some drinks, Hue," she snarked. The bunny man huffed before rising up. Tochi poured a few bumps onto her slender finger before snorting the substance. It was painful at first, but the effects were quick and potent.

"I was worried about you." Nikita's voice reverberated in her ears.

Tochi blinked, head spinning as the powdered chems flitted through her sinuses. Purple, heartshaped pupils gazed into the brown and blue eyes of the husky. The cat snorted and wiped her pink nose with the edge of her hand. Her triangular ears twitched against the slits of the beanie around her head and her gaze flicked out over the club dance floor.

"Naw, it's cool... I do shit like that all the time," The cat confessed before pivoting. Her leg brushed against dogwoman's jeans. "I like the way you stopped the escalator on his ass."

"Oh... that. I just-," Nikita's stammering tickled Tochi's cheeks. Even as they swam in drinks and chems, the dorky dog remained nervous. The cat leaned on Nikita, her arms entwined around Nikita's arm. She pressed on the husky's jacket collar, and listened to the beat of her heart. Her voice filled Tochi's ear so clearly.

"Are you okay..." she asked. Tochi smiled at the quickening pulse against her ear.

"Yes," the cat answered. Huet's shadow loomed over the two as he delivered fresh drinks to the table.

"Don't mind her... it's the star dust. She gets real handsie when she takes too much," the Bunnyman's voice pulled Tochi upright. She blinked the haze from her mint shaded lids and took a sip.

"Star dust... is tha-"

"It's too strong for you, Nikki," the cat answered. Her eyes narrowed a glare toward Huet before she looked over to the husky. The fur upon Tochi's face tickled with sensitivity, as though every fiber stood alive. She steadied herself.

"It's like... like that Gasm Goo. But stronger," she explained to the husky. Tochi could see she hadn't dissuaded her friend. Blue and brown eyes pleaded with anticipation and desire. She chose to pivot the discussion, tearing her gaze from the sweet dogwoman beside her.

"How was the haul? She do good," the cat asked, looking over to Huet. He gave a slow nod and crossed his hands.

"Hell yeah. A little too good. We'll have to figure something else out, but," he shrugged and lifted his tall glass of beer, "you're covered for the month. All debts paid."

Euphoria swept through the cat. She'd known, all those days ago at the retirement party, there was something different about the husky. Tochi pressed against the dog.

"That's my girl," She said, the word falling from her lips in a slur of pride. Nikita's tail thumped at her side and she pressed back. A shiver drew to the edge of Tochi's lips and she drowned it in her spiced beverage. The alcohol loosened the tension sweeping her form.

"I can do other stuff too," Nikita blurted out with enthusiasm. Tochi's mind immediately drew to the tent and their bodies entwined.

*You sure can...* the feline thought and hid her smile behind her cup before steadying the swirl sweeping through her. Huet's chuckle drew her gaze back to the vile.

"We'll figure it out, puppies. For now, enjoy your slice."

Tochi's head swam and she lifted the vile. Uncapping it, she put a small amount on her finger. It tickled her cream colored digit. She leaned over and held her powdered finger to the husky's nostril.

"Here... you earned it," A smirk played at the edges of Tochi's lips. She watched, smile spreading as Nikita's eyes squeezed shut. The dog's brow arched and then her eyes popped open once more.

"Whoa...", She exclaimed with a quiver. Tochi suppressed her mirth, reaching out to stroke the dogwoman's face. A notification projected on the corner of the cat's eye, a holographic text showing her updated account balance. Tingles tickled down her spine.

"Yeah...", Tochi murmured, her gaze shifting toward the huskywoman melting to her touch. She cradled Nikita's cheek, "Whoa."

"You two wanna get a room, or something," Huet's voice snapped Tochi from her trance. Her hand withdrew as Nikita bolted upright in the booth.

"S..sorry," the husky's words oozed with tension. The subtle humiliation tinged with pleasure taunted Tochi. She huffed softly and poured another bump.

"Hey, that's too much, Toch," Huet cautioned.

"It's part of my cut, let me enjoy it," Tochi snapped before snorting it. Her head swam further. The music blended with the words. The crowds blended with the colors. She tried to focus on Nikita. Blue and brown eyes peered through the shifting haze.

"Oh fuck..."

She didn't know who said it. Was it Huet? Was it her? She couldn't keep track. Where were they? Voices again. They reverberated off the walls. Shiny shimmering lights. Heat. Passionate heat. Tochi's mind raced through the glimpses of the evening. It was late but she didn't know what day it was. It was night but how late?

Pulsing. A steady pulse. It jolted her body with a natural rhythm. Comforting. Voices. Voices she knew. The haze in her mind was clearing. She blinked and looked ahead. Dim lights illuminated rows of cars. Heart shaped pupils checked the time against the corner of her eye. It was almost dawn. Her ear flicked to the voices again. She focused forward.

"He says, you gotta see this. And this dumbass takes the whole bottle and swigs it," Huet's voice echoed off the parking garage, his words slurred. Nikita's pitched giggles cascaded outward as noted yelps of mirth. They walked side by side, Hue's arm draped over the huskywoman's shoulder, stumbling past car after car. Tochi watched with purple hued pupils. She didn't mind Huet's presumed familiarity with Nikita. They needed her. She needed her.

Her jaw clenched and released slightly and purple heart shaped hues drew down toward Nikita's rotund bottom spread against her leggings. From time to time the light caught the cloth and the monochromatic fur pattern of the Husky's rear became visible through the veil. Lip tucked beneath her fang, Tochi drew in a breath and smiled inwardly.

“He makes it halfway through the bottle and just falls backwards. Funniest shit I ever seen,” Huet continued. Nikita was gasping for air, her furred tail slightly curled and wagging furiously.

“What happened after that,” Nikita asked Huet. She had turned to ask the question and in the light of the garage, Tochi took in the exuberance and energy in the dogwoman’s face. A tightening in her chest drew her breath out in a wavering flow. The cat’s head spun on the chems and desires flooding her mind. She closed her eyes for a moment and paused to collect herself.

“Bro got got. All I know. Fezzy got us out like two days later. I don’t dot the Thelassian Tunnels anymore, but Fezzy still comes through every five or six months,” Huet’s voice grew low and inflected with subtle playfulness. It flicked in Tochi’s ear and drew her eyes open. He was drawing Nikita in. The cat was moving before thoughts had formed, guided by an instinctual possessiveness.

She shoved into Huet and bounced into Nikita. The dogwoman’s hands were upon her, steadying the sakura haired cat. A warmth beneath those furred fingers fluttered up through the feline’s form. Tochi let out a shuddering gasp feigned beneath an exasperated smirk.

“Yo, what the fuck. You good,” Huet’s amber eyes peered down on the shorter woman. It took all of Tochi’s strength not to let her smirk widen. Her purple, heart shaped pupils focused on Nikita. The huskywoman’s brown and blue eyes were wide with concern. A heat radiated from Nikita’s canid face.

“Yeah,” Tochi huffed and her smirk shifted into a smile that Nikita matched. A connection centered between them. Nikita’s hands remained.

“Just lost in my thoughts,” Tochi said. Through slitted nostrils she could smell the faint perfume on Nikita’s fur. She swallowed the brief tension and turned back to Huet.