

Rocking the Rock Star

Zanara's eyes gold hues fixated on the pulsing amplifiers. A bitter taste rocked her palette. She growled to herself, not that the sound could be heard above the wailing of the guitar. The band was reaching a fierce tempo that reverberated within the sharkwoman's chest. Her long ears pulled back as another grumble escaped her lips. Reaching up, she tugged her ears down so that their faces lay flat against her silvery hair. She pressed smooth palms to them in a hopeless attempt to drown out the sound.

Beside the Eskarren woman, Pipit danced and bounced. The curling tones that tortured her goddess were a complex tapestry of sound to the bird woman. Her earwings fluttered in response to the trilling notes of the guitar. Her heart beat fast to the sound of the drums. Sunset hued eyes closed tight, Pipit was in a world of her own.

Zanara's irritation lessened with the sight of her herald so fully energized. She watched for a moment as the harpy danced upon her talon feet.

"What is wrooooooong, Szasa," Penny hissed, lurching into existence beside the dour fish, "Don't like moosic?"

Zanara's tongue swirled the bitter swill around her mouth before swallowing. She snarled at the fox with a snap of her jaws. With a roll of her shoulder, she shook Penny off and turned to face her Herald's familiar.

"No, fox. I don't like *this* music. It is too loud. And that incessant wailing," Zanara said. She turned her head and gold hues glared at the rock bunny on stage. Her fist trembled.

Penny could see the fury within the shark so clearly. Her red eyes glistened with glee and she let out a cackled yip. Like a foxheaded snake, she serpented toward Zanara, her thin form coiling up the sharkwoman's stiff, scaled body. "I could stop the music."

Zanara bore the weight of her herald's pet with mild irritation. Her head tilted as the shapeshifter's head stretched up into view. Her eyes narrowed and her brow furrowed with curiosity.

"How," She asked, her voice flat with disdain for the mischievous creature.

Penny's eyes widened and her teeth glistened as the fur pulled back around her muzzle. She let out a fitful of hissing giggles.

"So.. so so so so soooooo many ways," she hissed. Her lips pulled across her razor maw only to be licked by her scarlet tongue.

"You can't kill them, Penny," Zanara answered coldly before rolling her eyes.. Penny's hot pants fanned her scaled face and her nose scrunched up in disgust. Jerking her shoulders, she pressed her hands to the foxwoman shapeshifter and shoved the snake shaped creature from her form. As amusing as it might be for Penelope to interfere, her mind and her gaze turned toward her herald.

Zanara's face softened as distaste gave way to faint guilt. Her mind pondered how many lives she herself had subjected to discomfort and unpleasanties. Perhaps, in a way, this concert was a comeuppance for the many foul deeds she'd done over the centuries. Zanara watched as Pipit spun around, her wingtips raised to the air. Each feather danced with the pull of wind. The gold eyed shark woman let out a sigh.

"No... no, better not to interrupt this performance," Zanara said solemnly. She exhaled the tension in her chest in a short breath forced through her nostrils, "My herald rarely gets to enjoy such frivolities."

Her ear bent toward the foxwoman. No sinister remark or groaning protest from the shape-shiftriss seemed unusual and Zanara turned to see there was no Penny to be seen. She blinked, looking left to right as though this might reveal the mischievous fox. Her heart beat heavily.

"Oh my..," Zanara commented softly, her jaw clenched.

"Oh wow! That was incredible," Pipit's voice chirped from behind happily as the song wound down. Zanara felt her cheeks warm involuntarily. She cleared her throat and turned to face the birdwoman.

"Eh.. yes. Tell me, are you ready to go," Zanara stepped a little closer to Pipit and could see the inquisitive look upon the harpy's face. *Shit..*

"Uhm... they aren't done yet, Lady Zaza," Pipit answered. Eyes, painted in the shades of the setting sun, scanned her Goddess' face and Pipit detected discomfort. She leaned around Zanara before turning around to scan the area around them. "Uhm... Where is Penny."

"Ayyyyy.... Thank you all for coming out here tonight to watch us perform!"

Pipit's gaze was pulled toward the stage by the lead guitarist's voice and she gasped in horror. The cute bunnywoman was approaching the microphone. An ordinary microphone. Ordinary in every way to everyone there apart from Pipit. What the others failed to see, through no fault of their own, was the mischievous wagging of a tail protruding from the base of the microphone stand.

"Penny," Pipit gasped in abject horror, covering her mouth with her wings.

"Oh?." Zanara turned her head to follow Pipit's gaze. Given the compound link of the fox to her herald, and her herald to her, Zanara too could see the faint glimmer of a wagging tail. "Oh... oh no."

The bunny guitarist gripped the microphone and tried to pull it off the stand. But given the stand, unbeknownst to her, was not a stand but a fox pretending to be stand, the stand obviously toppled over into her. Shockingly heavy, she too was pressed to topple over. Escaping embarrassment with guitar in hand, she stared down at the mic. "Uhm.. weird.."

Her eyes turned toward the crowd and she put a sheepish smile on, "uh, as I was saying, thank you all for coming out..."

She reached down and pulled the microphone upright. It weighed a ton. The crowd was growing quiet. She was losing them. She could feel the pulse of the crowd lessening. With a deep breath, she gripped the mic and leaned in.

"I just want to say-"

She began, but was cut off as the sound from the amplifiers didn't match her voice. Wide-eyed, she stepped back for a moment as the sounds continued.

"Bwomp, bwomp bwomp bwomp bwoooooooooomp."

"Is this some kinda joke," the guitarist asked toward the band lead. He just shrugged at her and suggested tapping the mic. She turned and shrugged. Tapping twice on the rounded microphone head, the sound from the amps silenced. For a moment, it seemed the technical problems had ended.

She leaned in close, cupping the microphone in both hands. Her lips lightly brushed the head and it felt warm. And furry. Something tickled her chin and she looked down at a bright red eye gazing at her from where the microphone's tip had been. She stumbled back, wide eyed.

Penny's eye focused on the guitarist and with an audible pop, she transformed into her natural state. Towering over the fallen guitarist as a loud gasp echoed over the crowd, Penny bellowed out with laughter. Her chest heaved with fits of giggles. Her tail tickled with teasing snickers.

“Hey bunny gurl,” Penny hissed, leaning down close, “I like your style, legend. Do you think... you could... sign my teeth?”

Penny’s maw spread out in a wide smile, revealing row after row of glistening triangles. The guitarist’s eyes wide, she was frozen.

“Get back!”

A bass guitar drove into the side of Penny’s head, causing her head to spin around multiple times as she was unseated from above the guitarist. The other bandmembers rushed in, kicking at her elastic form

“Security, can we get security up here! Concert is over people!”

Penny toppled into the front of the concert, letting out blabbering hisses and giggles. Her deranged state sent the concert goers in a panic.

Pipit glared at Zanara as the crowd rushed by them, eager to escape from Penny’s antics. The sharkwoman turned back to her herald and offered a sheepish smile. The cries of fear were a far better sound than the music the band had been playing. At least, the fish thought so.

“So... ready to go, my herald?”

A heavy wall of feathers smacked Zanara across the face, and like the fox upstage, the shark toppled to the ground.