

There was no Fring

by

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Inspired by Feoran Pride's wonderful [music](#)



Mizmar music from a dark alleyway and the silhouette of a Fox dressed in silk robes. She strikes a pose, finger cymbals ready, subtly inviting the robed passerby to follow.

From behind the veil, her eyes smile a hard smile as inch by inch she moves deeper into the alley... alluring... sexually promising... the finest of perfumes drifting on the heated wind of the desert.

Three steps now... and then two... and then just a pace, until she stands within the entrance way of her salon her paw out, fingers wiggling to the night... to the one who would be her 'client' for the next few hours; depending upon payment.

The wealthy shop owner reaches to his money bag, only to find it's been replaced with a bag of plain street rocks, the cutpurse having executed his purpose in the most excellent of fashions. In his total silence, there was no 'fring' when his knife was taken from its sheath. Leather on steel, however, makes no movie tone magical sound when the blade is brought forth.

Frowning, the dancer retreats through the doorway with a toss of her head, and it is barred to the outside world by her musician and his drummer. Once within, and out of sight, she turns to the cutpurse now kneeling before her, holding out his prize.

Accepting his gift, she begins her dance of the inner sanctum to the ching, ching, ching of her finger cymbals.

Half of her gift will be paid out to the Mizmar player and his drummer, faithful partners who remain outside the door, ensuring the privacy of her business... and her lovers.