

Ari's Pursuit: Clubbed (Pt. 1)

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"This is really nice... is this MilGov standard," Arjay's hands ran along the sleek interior of Ari's shoe shaped sports utility vehicle. The hovercar's LevEngine rumbled within the otherwise silent interior.

Ari didn't seem to react, her furred digits gliding with deft aptitude across her glass PDA.

Arjay slumped in his seat, tail flicking through the gap in the lower portion of the seatback. "I mean you got the AutoNav, the Pawse Surround Sound, integrated HUD, plush leather... I mean plush!"

"Yeah, try not to drool over it, Jules." Ari scoffed, ear twitching. Her eyes watched the encrypted data flow across her screen, The filter lens embedded on her retinas deciphered the information. The edges of her muzzle curled upwards in a smirk. "And no, it's not MilGov standard. It's a custo. Like, obviously."

Arjay's whiskers twitched as he sucked air between pointy fangs. He turned out the window. Neon outlined buildings whizzed by as the black hovercar "Yeah... obviously."

Ari's fingers folded around her PDA and she slid it into her pants pocket. Her tazey stick rattled in the holster beside her leg as their SUV pitched downward. Weaving through the dilapidated structures of the lower base. A cloud of dust wafted from beneath the levitation wave the sleek bottom rode upon. Taking the yoke, Ari brought the vehicle to a stop outside a long, squarish warehouse. Her head gestured toward the crowds of people lined up outside. "This the place?"

Arjay looked it over and swallowed. Twin tall ears of the bunny bouncer gleamed in the light, and he could see the Syndicate tag on the lapel of his leather vest. "Yeah, sure looks like it."

"Good, let's go," Ari said, pressing the kill-switch to the ignition. The SUV settled onto the fractured pavement, and the husky woman stepped out, her tazey stick in tow. Circling to the trunk, her hand rested on the handle to the hatchback door. Her hand smoothly clipped her beloved tool to her belt.

"Wait," Arjay called out, coming around the corner of her car. She growled softly and straightened.

"What is it, Jules."

Arjay's tail flicked and he looked back toward the bunny bouncer. He shook his head and gazed back into Ari's verdant green hues. *There's so much anger in her...*

“There’s no way they’ll let us. I mean, nevermind we’re both MilGov... we don’t even have an entrance chit,” Arjay explained.

Through the bristling of his fur, and the stammer of his statements, Ari could tell he was nervous. She shook her head, gripping the handle to the trunk.

“It’s alright, Jules... I got something better,” Ari answered, fingertips pressing on the trunk release. The door swung up. Arjay looked inside and his eyes widened.

“Holy shit...,” Arjay said, looking over the four jet black leather jackets. His nose twitched and brought in the rich tones of tanned hide, “Somehow, I don’t think they’ll be as impressed though.”

Ari rolled her eyes and grabbed her jacket. The fluffy gray fuzz of the color tickled at her cheeks as she slid it onto her. “Not the jackets, idiot.”

She leaned into the base of the center headrest. A cascade of light emitted from the adjustment tab, sweeping light across her retina. A panel in the back of the seat let out a click. Ari pulled the panel open. The fabric separated along a hidden faux seam and revealed a secret compartment within the back of the seat.

Ari’s hands reached into the box and pulled out two thin cylinders marked with white stripes, and Arjay couldn’t help but wonder what those were. However his amber hues were drawn to pistols holstered on the concealed rack. Arjay’s eyes widened. *Phantasms... she really is a Growler...*

“Nice heat... but they’ll be packing too,” Arjay said, his hand twitching as he eyed the pistols with a hungry gaze. He reached out, only to have his chubby paw smacked away.

“No, you’re bad enough with that ZPD turd on your hip... This...” Ari said, before taking one of the pistols for herself. “This is way too much gun for you.”

She slid the weapon into her waistband and pulled her loose tank top’s hem over it. *Not the most concealed... but it’ll work, I guess.*

“Besides, if they’re smart, we won’t even have to use them,” Ari commented, closing the panel and restoring the fabric backing to its pristine form. *Nice and secret...*

“Let’s go,” Ari said, pulling the trunk close. They crossed the trash strewn causeway toward the warehouse hidden club. Each step closer brought a quickening to her heart. The flavors of danger tickled the huskywoman’s spine and her curled tail gave a little wag. She leaned toward Arjay as they mounted the sidewalk outside the club. “Stay close, let me do the talking. Keep an eye out in case any of them try to make a move. If it gets hot... don’t slow me down.”