

ONE STEP FURTHER

Written by Corrupt Light

“And what is the point in that?” Arbiter questioned; making a quick glance back at the haughty Mewthree, as he stopped wiping the table.

“My amusement. Do it, bus boy or MB will make you.” Swadeaqua smiled; taking her gaze from Arbiter’s backside and pointed over to the dark Mewthree sitting down with a paper in hand.

“Yeah, yeah. Kill the dissidents.” Mewblade mumbled, not taking her eyes off her paper as she flipped a page. “Hmm...I could use that.” She spoke to herself before Demisewan shouted out; waving her glass back in fourth in the air.

“Ooh slave!!! Another cocktail! Demisewan called out to Harddense; who was frantically dusting around the room.

Harddense froze as he heard Demisewan’s playful voice over the argument between the others, “Yes, Mistress!” He squeaked, as he turned partially to see Demisewan’s flushed face.

“This is as far as a can bend, ma’... (humph)... ma’am” Arbiter sighed as he felt the sides of his stomach pushing against his spread legs. “Now what should I do?”

“Hehe, good boy” Swadeaqua grinned, as she tilted her head to the side to get a better angle of her helper; and with a quick wipe of the tail, gave Arbiter a playful smack.

“Whoa!” Arbiter yelped as his head smashed the table and sent it crashing on its side. “Ow.” Arbiter cringed, backing away from the table as he clasped his head.

The pained Mewthree felt a hand brush up against him as he backed up further; quickly jumping at the touch.

“Aww, did you get an owie?” Swadeaqua teased as she stood up and stepped towards the frozen Mewthree, “Let me kiss it all better.”

Arbiter began to blush as he held his hands up to her, “No, no. I’m fine, really!” He repeated as he began stepping backwards; away from the enclosing Mewthree.

Mewblade rolled her eyes and sighed as she quickly glanced at Demisewan downing another drink, and Swadeaqua trying to claim her prize.

Whack!!! A large thud rang out as Arbiter foot collided with the unsuspecting Harddense.

“Gah!” The large Mewthree grunted as he brought his bruised foot to his hands; hopping backwards.

“Heh, that looks like fun Swade. Ooh Slave!” Demisewan giggled as she began strutting towards the stunned Steel Mewthree rubbing his own bruise.

Another crash sounded out as the hopping Arbiter tripped on the table and fell to the ground.

Swadeaqua quickly pounced on Arbiter when he fell to the ground; pinning him down underneath her.

“Harddense! What do I do?! Arbiter yelled out.

“Umm, sorry, I got problems of my own at the moment. You’re on your own.” Harddense replied as he pointed to Demisewan and quickly ran out into the hall; with the purple ghost giggling behind him as she gave chase.

“No where were we? Oh, I remember, I wa... uh-oh! Swadeaqua purred as she dragged her hand across Arbiter’s chest, but then to freeze with a look of alarm as she looked passed the side of his face.

“W... What’s wrong?” Arbiter chocked out, as he shook with panic, and embarrassment.

“Shut up, you...you just broke Mewblade’s laptop.” Swadeaqua ordered as she covered his mouth.

The two prone Mewthree slowly turn their heads and look back to the laptops owner.

Mewblade was staring at them; her eyes narrowed on Arbiter as she tore the paper she was holding in two. “I can read minds, remember!” She barked as her eyes lit up.

“Oh oh” Both trembling Mewthree’s said in unison as Swadeaqua got off of her bus boy and began backing away from him.