

# Undercover Kitty

By Brantley Thompson Elkins

Ashotour stood outside the Aurean Embassy on Kumbi. She could have just torn through the gate, but that wasn't the sort of Grand Entrance the Velorian Ministry of the Enlightenment had in mind. Anyway, the point of the mission was to set up the Aurean ambassador for a Grand Exit.

"Just rattle them a bit," the Chief had told her back on Velor. "The Prime Minister thinks of it as a form of fair warning, but if you ask me he's got his head in the clouds. The thing is, just seeing you is going to give them some bad vibes. Especially the ambassador. It will help give you an edge, and push her over the edge.

Ashotour was a kintz. Not one of those mangy dumbcats, bred to serve as nearly mindless shock troops, but specially engineered for super strength, intelligence and – from a human point of view – seductiveness. Only her kind had been designed a bit *too* well; some of them had turned on their Aurean creators, and a few had escaped. It was a thorn in the side of the Empire, and especially the ambassador's family.

Waiting here to be spotted, Ashotour remembered her own escape aboard a Scalantran trading ship, after killing the Prime in charge of her unit on Cipangu – that hadn't been easy, and she'd had to time it very carefully. She'd also contrived to take deep-teach in engineering, so that she'd have a useful skill to offer the traders. That was the only reason they hadn't reported her. She didn't want to think about what would have happened to her otherwise, what *had* happened to those who didn't escape.

She hadn't come near the Velorian consulate here, but the consulate had sent a message capsule to Velor identifying her contact as Kita Achebe, a local businessman who sympathized with the Enlightenment but wasn't about to show it -- given that public opinion on his world seemed to be running in favor of the Empire. She had been met at the spaceport by a closed car, which had taken her straight to his compound. Only on the eve of the Grand Reception was she to appear in public. And wait in front of the Embassy. And wait. And wait...

Ah, she'd caught the eye of one of the ceremonial Embassy guards – a lowly Beta: she could have made short work of him, but that wasn't the plan. She grasped the bars and looked the guard in the eye.



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As the only courtesan in the Velorian system, Ashotour was proud of her clientele, among which she numbered some of the best and the brightest – not to mention the horniest – men of Velor. Even so, she was surprised to receive a visit from Ari'jis Jahr'ling.

Jahr'ling was the new Chief of Intelligence, and it had nothing to do with the fact that he was a distant cousin of Kira Jahr'ling, Protector of Earth. And he wasn't here to avail himself of Ashotour's services, although he could certainly afford to. Jahr'ling was intelligent, studious and totally devoted to the Enlightenment. When on official business, he was a man of few words, so he got right to the point.

"It's this new Aurean ambassador to Kumbi, Jinora. She's becoming a problem."

"*She?*"

"That's part of the problem. The other part is that her mother was Tanzrobian."

Ashotour knew about the Tanzrobians and had heard vaguely about Kumbi, but only that it was one of a number of other worlds seeded with abductees of African extraction.

"Are the people of Kumbi *that* impressed?" she asked.

"Their ancestors came from Terran slave ships during the 17<sup>th</sup> Century. The Surrogates considered it a mission of mercy, and indeed it was. But their experience of Europeans was quite different from that of black Africans abducted in previous centuries. In those days, black people were regarded as strange but not necessarily inferior – like the Indians or the Chinese. But once the slave trade became big business, the Europeans had to come up with a justification for it – why it should be right to enslave blacks but nobody else. To make things worse, the Surrogates who brought the original settlers to Kumbi were themselves of European descent. The abductees felt twice victimized by people with light skins and, notwithstanding all their efforts on behalf of the settlers, they could never overcome that first impression."

"And Velorians are all blue-eyed blonds."

"It certainly doesn't help."

"And I can?"

"You can stage an incident that will put Jinora in a bad light. You see, she hates kintzi; her uncle was in the business, and some of his creations got loose...."

"And what do I get out of this?"

“Satisfaction, wealth, and the personal services of our best Messengers when they are on leave here.”

“I’m on.”

“Be happy in your work.”

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The Grand Hall at the Aurean Embassy – the Empire had spared no expense when it came to impressing the natives of a world ripe for incorporation – was a sea of dark brown faces as Jinora prepared to address the elite of Kumbi. There had never been any miscegenation here, there having never been any other races to miscegenate with, except for the Surrogates, who had – as everywhere – maintained a strict hands (and other body parts) off policy.

One of the ceremonial guards had reported a strange sighting at the gate to the Embassy compound – so strange, so unbelievable that she had put it out of her mind, notwithstanding the guard’s protestations. She had been interested only in the preparations for the occasion while conferring in her suite with the Chief Protocol Officer.

“Are the telescanners in place?” Ambassador Jinora asked.

“Truly in place, your Reverence,” he assured her, bowing obsequiously.

“The newsnets linked?”

“Truly linked, your Reverence.”

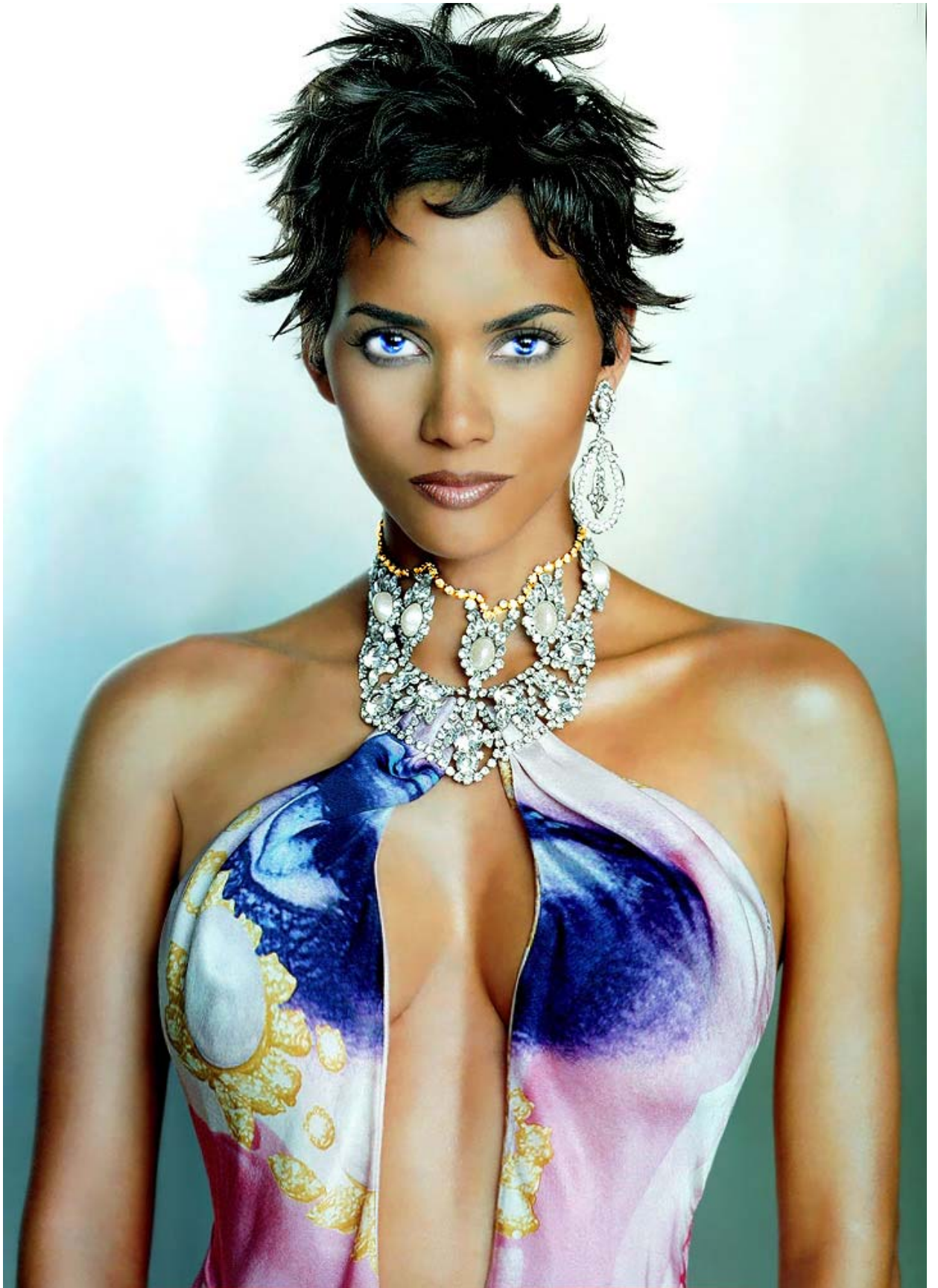
“The guests assembled?”

“Assembled, numbered, vetted and waiting.”

“We may proceed now,” Jinora said imperiously, as befitted her station.

She was dressed to impress, bedecked and bejeweled, as also befitted her station.





Her gown was elegantly obscene, inviting the men in the Grand Ballroom – for the leaders of Kumbi were nearly all men – to be mesmerized by her breasts, to imagine squeezing and nibbling and sucking them. The gown, moreover, was cut to the waist, an arrow of luscious bare flesh pointing to her nether parts. Jinora knew the men all wanted to fuck her; as a Prime she could have taken them all on, and she relished the fantasy, knowing that the pounding of a thousand cocks couldn't harm her invulnerable body. But that relish was only in the abstract; she doubted that any here had the skills or the stamina to please her.

This was her day, this was her hour.

“Citizens of Kumbi, I bid you welcome,” she began. “The Emperor himself has sent his greetings, and sent me to deliver them. The Emperor loves his subjects, present and future, and wishes them peace and prosperity. As you can see, I am kin to you. My mother was a high-born lady of Tanzrobi, one of the most peaceful and prosperous worlds of the Empire.”

Because Kumbi had never seen any traitorous Tanzrobians or, indeed, any Tanzrobians other than herself, the dignitaries could well believe it. And most of her mother's people had in fact been assimilated – her grandfather had been an admiral in the Imperial Fleet, and his daughter had been sought after for marriage and alliance by any number of Prime families. But what Admiral Zin-Kallocin had achieved by force of arms, she meant to achieve without firing a shot.

“You have been wary of visitors from other worlds, and with good reason,” she continued. “There are those who wish only to exploit and enslave you, as their ancestors did yours. You have seen the representatives of Velor, who claim to have your interests at heart. But there are none like you on Velor, none like me. Let them try to deny that. And if you should doubt me, ask the Scalantrans, who visit all the worlds of men and all the children of men. You, whose honored ancestors were taken as slaves, know that there are no slaves on Aurea. We do not judge people by the color of their hair or—“

She suddenly noticed a commotion at the back of the hall, apparently a late arrival. But hadn't her CPO assured her that—

A strange figure accompanied the late arrival. A *kintz*. Not an Original. A later model – much later. She felt a hot flush, suddenly embarrassed that she hadn't taken the report of the ceremonial guard seriously.

*I must deal with this swiftly*, she thought. *Dealing with the perpetrators can come later*. It took her only an instant to absorb that. She punched a signal to Security on her wristcomp and continued with her welcome. Security would know how to handle this matter satisfactorily.

“They call their polity the Enlightenment, but what light have they brought you? They talk about some sort of Prime Directive that precludes their involvement in local affairs. Their only mission, they tell you, the only mission of the Enlightenment, is to protect you from the Aureans – from *us*, your true benefactors. The Empire will bring you blessings you can see,

and feel, and taste. We can bring you fifty years of progress in five.”

She had them now, she *knew* she had them.

All it would take was a vote of the Àjô Ìgbìmö, the governing body of tribal elders that ruled this world. And the people here today would press for an early vote; she would not have to lift a finger.

Only...

She suddenly felt a note of alarm. The commotion at the rear had broken out again, and heads were turning. That kintz again -- she was struggling with the guards, who appeared unable to subdue her. Her keeper, if such he was, seemed helpless. As Jinora watched the scene unfold, her blood began to boil.

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It looked like a spontaneous, unrehearsed brawl, and that’s exactly what it was. But it was also performance art, with Kinta Achebe surreptitiously feeding the whole thing all to one of the newsnets through his wristcomp to ensure that tonight’s performance reaches as many people as possible.

“You can’t bring that thing in here,” the registrar protested when Achebe arrived at the hall with Ashotour in tow. The kintz was leashed, the leash attached to a steel collar. For all the registrar could tell, she – and there was no doubt about that, at least – wasn’t even sentient.

“She’s my bodyguard,” Achebe tried to explain. “She never leaves my side. I have her well trained, you see. She gets quite upset if we’re separated.”

The registrar looked at him doubtfully.

“I suppose you fuck her, too,” the registrar snapped.

Achebe’s face turned a darker shade of brown.

“You *dare* say such a thing? You *dare* impugn my honor? I am a respected elder of the Lyakamo tribe. I operate a respected plantain business. I am a respected family man with a wife and three children. I contribute to the community. Ask anyone!”

Ashotour began hissing loudly, and Achebe began petting her head as if too soothe her. That seemed to work, and the registrar himself was trying to sound conciliatory. But then the Security detachment arrived. Not the ceremonial guards, but the real deal – and they seemed to be in a real hurry to squelch the situation, which had attracted more attention of dignitaries at the back of the hall.

“We will secure this... creature,” the Security chief advised Achebe. “You will leave the premises immediately.”

“But I received an Imperial invitation,” Achebe protested. “And this creature is my personal property.”

“It is an advanced model kintz, and therefore the property of the Empire.”

“The Scalantrans sold her to me fair and square.”

“The Scalantrans are liars, cheats and, in this case, thieves. We tolerate them because they can be useful to us at times. You, on the other hand, are of no use. Stand aside.”

The Security chief being armed, Achebe stood aside, but positioned himself to take full advantage of the wristcomp – while at the same time dropping the leash as if in fright. Having been briefed, he knew what was bound to come next, what his people would be seeing on the net.

Ashotour hissed, advancing on the Security people, trailing her leash.

The Security chief drew his neuronic pistol, and fired a jolt at the apparently unsuspecting kintz. She writhed in pain, but did not go down – she was a more advanced model than he knew, made of tougher stuff than he knew. She lashed out at him and the other guards, who reacted with surprise and confusion. More neuronic pistols came out, guards trying for good shots at the kintz, who danced back and forth to evade them. Achebe managed to stay out of the way, but a couple of wild shots struck Kumbians who’d been attracted by the fracas.

There were howls of pain and protest. Then the other shoe dropped.

“Ràn löwö!” Ashotour began shouting. “Help!”

It must have surprised the crowd that she could speak at all, let alone in their own language. The nearest Kumbians responded by piling on the Security team. They were Betas, but the natives had the advantage of numbers. They seized their weapons and began firing them, kicking and beating the guards after they were stunned.

They could hear Ambassador Jinora shouting over the address system, appealing to the Kumbians to cease and desist. As the brawl continued, her voice sounded angrier and angrier.

*She’s lost it*, Achebe thought.

“You miserable savages,” he heard her explode. “That creature is an Imperial weapon – Imperial property! A traitor and a murderer. The Emperor shall hear of your own treachery, and he will not be forgiving. Soon you too will be our property, as you richly deserve.”



She must have forgotten about her own newsnet feed, Achebe realized. And she didn't even know about the *other* feed – *his* feed. The images must be mostly shaky and blurry, but the sound was fine and the message was getting through, including a close-up of Ashotour.

“Èmi sá jádebô çrú,” she told the world. It was bad Kumbian, but the meaning was clear: she was indeed an escaped slave – which on Kumbi could only be to her favor, and the favor of the Velorians, whom she praised for their fairness and generosity.

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The Velorians spirited Ashotour off the planet before the Aureans could go after her with their heavy artillery. Killing her might not have been diplomatic, but the Empire's diplomacy on Kumbi had become a lost cause anyway. She had made the newsnets again in an appearance with the Velorian consul and his staff, who didn't have to worry about the artillery.

Jinora would doubtless be recalled when word reached the Emperor. The Embassy was now the loneliest place in town: her staff and the Guard avoided her as much as they could and still do their jobs. Such was her sullen anger and paranoia that she was wont to blame anyone and everyone for the loss of the kintz, to see enemy agents where none were or could be.

Kinta Achebe was kept at a walled compound surrounded by a volunteer guard – there was never any lack of volunteers. He had his family with him, and was able to run his plantain business on the net, thanks to technology the Scalantrans had brought – with encouragement from Velor in the form of under-the-table payments. That had been Ari'jis Jahr'ling's idea, but he had kept quiet about it even with Ashotour. A setup isn't much use if people know or even suspect it's a setup.

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*Now this is more like it*, Ashotour thought, as the Messenger began nibbling around the lips of her pussy.

She'd traded her luxury apartment at the Hotel Cosmos for a luxury home on Erin'lah, built from a traditional Terran design according to Kor Estis – who, having obtained the plans by his usual devious means, could now claim to be something more than a glorified pimp. A luxurious living room was for entertaining guests, and a luxurious bedroom upstairs for entertaining them more intimately. Not to mention a larder stocked with fresh game – from species she'd had introduced to the moon, and provided with the proper sustenance from their native ecologies, at considerable expense. She was that rich.

Her favors were still in great demand, of course, but she was more choosy when it came to clients. Some of those she appraised in the living room never made it to the bedroom. But Messengers – that was another story. They were always taken straight upstairs.

It was uncanny, she thought. They were trained to minister to Protectors; it was hardly possible that they could have all studied kintzi. It was as if they had a sixth sense about how to please a female – exactly the right places to kiss, to caress, to lick, to bite. They always knew when the time was right to penetrate her, or for her to impale herself on them – they were so good at reading signals. They could always fill her completely, and always make her shudder

and scream with delight.

Mar'ek was the name of her Messenger tonight. Mar'ek the Conqueror, some called him – according to Estis. But there was nothing of braggadocio about him. When he regaled her about his “pussy destroyer,” it was obviously all in fun – and he played hide-and-seek with it while he hugged and kissed her, teasing her whiskers with his tongue before working his way down to ravish her breasts with his mouth while caressing the small of her back with his hands. And when he moved still lower, making free with her pussy, she gushed with pleasure. Her spicy juices filled his mouth and soaked the bed as he made her come again and again.

She writhed against him, begging to see and experience his “pussy destroyer.” It was all she had hoped for, and – unlike the case with most of her clients – she didn't need to resort to sleight of hand to slip a vitaminium condom over it to protect her from his invulnerable sperm. “Nothing's going to get through this baby,” she cooed. “Except love.”

Soon he was inside her, stretching her to the limit, pounding her to the limit.

“Destroy me!” she screamed. “Oh yes, destroy me.”