

Troll's Blog: *Den Mother*



SHELBY
MORGAN

Changeling Press

Troll's Blog: Den Mother

Shelby Morgen

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Troll's Blog: Den Mother Shelby Morgen

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Welcome to Troll's Blog.

Yeah, I know, it's been a while since I posted. Sorry, you ravenous fiends. My life's been kind of boring of late. Sam's on assignment and won't be back for a while. Troll's lonely. So I went to see my sister.

Did I mention I have a sister? I have a sister. Molly. And she's got... you'll never believe this. I didn't, till I saw them with my own eyes. Gawd, they're gorgeous. Five -- count 'em, *five* -- werecats. Man, the things they can do with those tails!

Turning this over to Molly -- she can tell the story far better than I can.

Oh. Sorry about the ads... we're using a lot of bandwidth these days. Got to do something to stay on the grid.

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Troll's Blog: Den Mother

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Once upon a time, long, long ago, in the far away land of Berkeley, California...

What? Well damn it, Mattie, you said, "I'm bored. Tell me a story." You wanna tell it yourself, go right ahead. What do you need me for, anyway?

Sulk all you want. It's my story and I'll tell it any damn way I want to.

Anyway, like I was saying, after I got my Masters at Berkeley I accepted a fellowship and stayed on while I worked on my Ph.D. People seem to think it's pretty weird, me being a Troll geneticist, but really, who better to figure out why our generation's mutating like this than one of our own? I can tell you we're bigger, stronger, faster, and a whole lot meaner than the generation that gave rise to us. And these teeth? Don't piss me off. When I say I'll rip your heart out, I mean it pretty literally.

But I digress. This story isn't about me. It's about lab rats. Err, specimens. Whatever.

We've all heard the stories. The waves of mutations started with the Corporations screwing around with our genomes. We were all really hatched up in some Corp lab somewhere. Nothing natural about us at all.

Pretty farfetched, right?

Not really.

Oh, the Corps didn't start this mess. Old Mother Nature did that herself. Geneticists call it Punctuated Equilibrium. We're living proof that species don't really evolve slowly over time. More like we run into an environmental brick wall and have to

adapt or die out, so we adapt. Now. In like one generation. Which, while it scared the crap out of people for a while, is probably a good thing, because, like I said, bigger, faster, stronger... and smart enough to avoid the Corp scientists who wanted to play with our molecules.

By now you're probably as bored as Mattie is, so let's get to the good stuff.

My boys.

Five of 'em. Jinks, Felix, Tonk, Tony, and Sebastian. Long and lean and sleek as cats. Cause, well, they are cats. Not shapeshifters in the traditional sense. Gawd. Like there's a tradition for shapeshifters. Anyway, Mattie called 'em Werecats. I'm not sure that's the right term. They don't shift from human to cat and back. They're cats. They're always cats. They shift from walking, talking, upright cats to... well, something you don't wanna meet in a dark alley.

Come to think of it, you don't wanna meet any of us in a dark alley.

Being as the world's kinda falling apart at the moment, what with anarchy only one political fuck-up away, and what with me being a geneticist, as well as a Troll, you can see why the Corps thought I ought to come to work for them when I graduated. Berkeley thought I should stay there and teach. My mother thought I should find a nice young man and get married. Shrug. Moms.

I took the Corp job. Why? Not because I trust and admire their work, that's for sure. No. I'd heard the rumors... we all had. I'm a curious sort. I wanted to know the truth about our genetics. Where better to go than the source to find out if the rumors were true?

Still, I was there, working with the best equipment in the world, in the most classified lab in the world, for almost a decade before I found the hidden lab.

I'd say the lab was in the basement, but the entire structure was subterranean. You know that old game they brought back for PS-X, Resident Evil 19 or something like that? With the underground labs and all the zombies? Well, I never found the zombies. That's about the only thing I didn't find, though.

I was having a hard week. Accidentally blew up the lab again, that sort of thing. But that's nothing compared to the turn my life was about to take. Cause I just found the lower level. And these lab rats aren't like any I've ever seen.

I got in pretty much by accident. Ran my security card through the access panel to the supply cabinet and entered my code wrong. I held down the last digit -- a 9 -- too long, and it repeated. I knew, in that same way you know the bacon's going to burn before you get back to it, that I'd screwed up. Expected loud noises followed by security teams showing up.

Nothing.

So I entered my code again. Still the door didn't budge. Instead the wall moved. I kid you not. This not-so-little piece of marble panel slid open, and the next thing you know I'm in an elevator I've never seen before. Going down. And for all the fact that this elevator only had two buttons, it was a mighty long trip down.

To... nothing. I thought at first it was the subterranean power plant. If you've played the game you'll remember that one. Never did find that level. What I did find was a large room -- easily the size of a basketball court -- empty save for a few bits of shredded paper and a couple rows of cages along the far wall. Very large, empty cages. This much I got by the dim glow of the elevator light before the doors whooshed shut behind me, plunging me into total black.

Mind you, my night vision is extremely good. So I didn't panic immediately. I waited.

Nothing but unrelieved darkness. Even night vision needs something. Moonlight. Starlight. Some native light source to amplify. There was none. Clearly time to go back up the elevator. Except that when I felt along the wall behind me, I couldn't feel the elevator doors. Or their access panel. No doors, no seams, no little raised panel frame.

I sensed that now might be the right time to panic...

Except that panic rarely accomplishes anything. The doors hadn't moved, and neither had I. So they were still there. What I needed now was a light switch. I began to

feel my way along the wall. After all, I had a pretty good snapshot of the place in my head, at least the near end, and the elevator doors were in the middle of the wall. How lost could I get?

I already knew the cages were empty. Whatever had been down here, they'd moved everything out, right down to the paper shredder. I traced the wall to the far end, my hand trailing along about light switch height. If you think about it, they're always in the same places. Probably some code for such things. I reached the corner without finding any interruption in the cold, smooth surface. A bit disappointed, I started to turn back.

You're not Herman. Who are you?

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Herman? Like Herman Munster? No, I'm sure as hell not. And I'd have sworn I didn't actually hear anything. The familiar slide of sound waves vibrating across my skin was missing. That meant... "How'd you get inside my head?" Cause while I might have been a little spooked, I'm not hearing voices. Just not.

We apologize, a second "voice" said. We have always communicated like this. Does this offend you?

Offend? "It really wigs me out. Could you try talking like normal people?" Like I'm normal people. But that's beside the point.

"We are neither normal, nor people," a deep masculine voice replied with a chuckle. There was something odd about that voice. As if things could get much odder than talking to a man I couldn't see, but could hear in my thoughts.

I suspected he was a mutant. Something -- maybe tusks like mine? -- was impeding his speech just slightly. The thought of my kind being kept locked in the dark made my hackles rise. Yes, we do have hackles, of a sort. Trolls do, anyway. Hackles are the stiff hairs on the back of the neck that run down your spine. And believe me, mine were stiff. Stiff as a... let's just leave it at stiff.

"We didn't mean to frighten you," a second voice added. "We had hoped... Did Herman send you?"

"Is he all right?"

"It's been days..."

"We're so hungry..."

Hungry? Fuck. Alone in the dark and hungry? My lips drew back, exposing tusks I really wanted to sink into whatever bastard had left these boys down here all alone. "I don't know Herman, but I'll do my best to help you. But first I have to find you. Where are you?"

"Here!" "In our room." "We're here!" "The gates are locked." "We can't get out!" they all answered at once.

Criminetly. There must be half a dozen of them. And their voices seemed to come from everywhere at once. *Where's here?* I wanted to ask, but sensed it would do no good. "Do you have names?" I asked instead as I headed cautiously toward the far corner.

"Sebastian."

"Tony."

"Tonk."

"Felix."

"Jinks."

Five then. Not so bad. I could take on five of most anything if I had to. "Sebastian, talk to me, so I can find you. The rest of you be quiet for a moment."

There was a moment's silence, then Sebastian's deep voice came to me on the still, quiet air. "Herman left Friday, and he hasn't been back. No one came in over the weekend. Then Monday the lights went out. And now the TV's dead. We were getting a little worried."

Three days, alone in the dark. Five days with no food. I bet they were worried.

The wall under my hand disappeared. A corridor. I rounded the corner cautiously, and my fingertips brushed against a light switch. I gave it an experimental

flick. Foolish thought. Nothing happened. Nothing but a barely audible click. I could almost feel the disappointment slide through the air. Evidently that click had been louder than I'd thought.

"Do you have a name?"

The pause had been long enough I'd nearly forgotten I was following the voice, not just making my way along a wall in the dark. "My friends call me Molly."

"Your friends... What shall we call you?" Sebastian's voice left a trail where it washed over my skin, like the brush of a feather in the hands of a Master.

"We'll just have to get friendly," I teased. "Tell me about yourselves. Who are you, and why are you down here?" Though I feared I knew the answer.

"We have always been here."

"We live here."

"We were born here."

"Always."

"Never lived anywhere else."

"Never," "Never," "Never," they answered in chorus.

"Fuck. Lab rats," I cursed, mostly to myself. I was beginning to get a really bad feeling about this.

"Lab rats?" That was Sebastian again. Damn, he had good hearing.

"You were born and bred here, weren't you? Did they experiments on you? Run tests?"

"I'm not a rat."

"I... we..."

"Born here."

"Yes."

"There were tests."

"No."

"Many tests."

"Not rats."

"Herman brought us food."

"He called us pets."

"Pets, yes. Not rats."

"Not rats."

"No, not rats."

"Rats are food. We're not food."

"Pets isn't much better."

"Herman meant it as a term of endearment."

"But we were born here, and they did tests. The analogy fits."

"Not rats!" "No, not rats." "No rats." "Not rats!"

And that, you see, is where the headache began. And I hadn't even found their room yet. "Quiet!" I yelled.

Silence ticked by, like a slow running clock. Not a sound. Not even a breath. One-one-thousand. Two-one-thousand... Breathe in. Calm.... Breathe out. "Sebastian, have you ever been out of your... room? Can you describe this level's floor plan to me?"

"Yes," Sebastian answered as calmly as if all the ruckus had been months ago. "Many times. The facilities are laid out like a capital letter H."

"H is for Horse," a voice chimed in helpfully.

"Thank you, Tonk," Sebastian praised. "One side of the H is where the science lab and the offices are located."

Were located, I corrected mentally. They didn't know they'd been abandoned.

"Our rooms are on the other side of the H. One end of this wing is our living area. The other end is the kitchen and dining area. The corridor through the middle connects the two sides."

So I'd come in through the offices. Hence the wake left by the paper shredders. Had probably been modular, cubicle style, easy to make disappear. I'd circled the room clockwise and ended up at the central corridor, roughly opposite the elevator. "Is there a closet? With supplies?" And maybe a flashlight?

"The supply closet is off the central corridor, near middle, behind the kitchen."

I'd reached the end of the corridor, only to find my way blocked by a pair of large metal gates. I traced my way back up the far side. Sure enough, there was the closet door.

And when I opened it, a small security light came on, flashing, "This is not an exit." Goddess bless bureaucrats and their safety regulations...

By the light of the emergency exit sign I found the breaker panel. Sure enough, the main for this section was tripped. Or thrown.

I didn't want to think about that.

I flipped the breaker back with one good shove, and a wash of hard florescent lighting flooded the rooms. The hum of the bulbs as they powered up seemed unduly loud in the silent vacuum, but was lost moments later to the blare of the TV.

"Cookie! Cookie Monster!"

Good God. Sesame Street? There were a bunch of children locked down here? Flipping on the closet light, I searched the small room for keys. Didn't take long. Three rings hung on hooks under the breaker panel.

I ran to the gates to unlock them, only to stop, the keys falling out of my nerveless fingers.

"Please turn the TV off, Tonk," Sebastian instructed. "It's time to meet Molly."

Once again eerie silence ensued. I couldn't help myself. I just stood, and stared. Cats. They were cats. But not. They were covered in fur, mostly, but they had the bodies and faces of men. Full grown, very adult men. And from the looks of things, they were happy to see me. Five very erect penises bobbed in delight.

"Troll!" one of them chortled. I think it was Tonk.

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"Troll!" "Troll!" "Troll!" They tumbled together like kittens. Big, sexy, well-endowed kittens. Hard bodies, soft fur... Gawd, they looked scrumptious.

I grinned, showing off my short little fangs. "Hi, guys."

Tonk's head stuck out from under the pile. "Are you going to eat us, Troll?" He sounded hopeful.

I grinned again, trying to remind myself they were kittens. Not animated sex toys. "Not unless you try to eat me first."

Sebastian -- I knew he was Sebastian because he was the one not tumbling on the floor -- took a step toward me. And another. "That could be arranged. With your permission, of course." He moved with the sensuous grace of a predator.

"We'll talk about that after we get to know one another a little better. First let's see what we can do to find you some food." Back in control of my emotions -- and hopefully my libido -- I picked up the keys and opened the gate. I know, I know. What sensible woman walks into a cage full of two-hundred-pound mutant cats, you ask? Remember, I'm a Troll. Not exactly defenseless. At the first sign of trouble, I vowed I'd...

Four extraordinarily large kittens rolled toward me, rearranging their ball of limbs to wrap around my legs. And hips. And higher. Noses sniffed. Tongues licked. Licked doesn't really do the sensation justice. Warm, rough tongues rasped across sensitive skin like the most exotic of spa treatments. I couldn't help myself. I moaned.

"We're hungry," Tonk's voice told me once again from somewhere near my ankle.

Oh, Goddess. Who knew I had an erogenous zone on the back of my ankle? "Am I lunch?"

"In a manner of speaking." Sebastian brushed a strand of hair back from my face, the light contact creating an electrical surge between us like a spark from a downed power line. He closed his eyes for a moment, breathing in deeply. "We feed off your body's natural kinetic energy. A body in motion tends to stay in motion... your cells never rest."

"Kinetic..." No, no, no. That bad feeling was back. It was just a theory. A speculative thesis... My thesis. The one I'd written for my Doctorate over a decade ago. I tried to pull back, but I realized if I moved I'd step on someone. "What are you?" I whispered, fearing I already knew.

Tonk was the first to answer. He snapped to attention. "TI series Genetically Enhanced Recon Squad, at your service, Ma'am." Everything fun loving and silly dropped out of his voice. What I was left with was six and a half feet of muscle-bulging, drop dead gorgeous -- and did I mention naked -- very male soldier. The transformation was mind blowing. And more than a little scary.

And incongruous, coming from a butterscotch tabby cat.

The others snapped to attention as well. Well, more like parade rest, to be accurate. "At ease," I said, somewhat relieved when one of them giggled and they tumbled about my feet again. Still, there was no doubt about it. They were soldiers. Lab created soldiers, powered by kinetic energy. Only the idiot who stole my work to design them threw in some cat DNA.

Who the hell had decided cats would make good soldiers? And of course they hadn't. Which was why they were here. In the dark. "Let's see if we can't get into the kitchen. Maybe there's something here to eat."

Sebastian, the tallest of the lot, was slimmer, almost scholarly with his black and white tuxedo-cat looks. He reached out one paw-like hand to stroke my cheek with the back of his finger. "We won't hurt you, Molly. Don't be afraid of us. Please."

"Afraid?" I raised an eyebrow. "I'm feeling a lot of things right now, Sebastian. None of them is fear." I was about to say pissed off, that the bastards had used me, my work and my theories, for such a twisted hack job of an experiment, when Tonk licked my ankle again, up along my calf, setting off a string of electrical shockwaves that seemed to race right to my pussy.

Yeah. I was over that thing of thinking he was innocent and childlike. He might be silly, but he was the beefiest of the lot, and he had the capacity to be deadly, I was sure.

Right now his tongue was surely deadly.

"We need you," the darkest of my beauties purred. From the deep, seductive rumble of his voice I was sure he had to be Felix. I'd have called him solid black, accept when he turned his head I could see his hair -- they have pretty human hair and faces, at least for cats -- anyway, his hair was very, very dark green.

That left two to match up with their names. Jinks and Tony. Tony had to be the orange tabby. He looked too much like the old cartoon to be named anything else. Which meant Jinks was the solid white, as pale as Felix was dark.

"I need to get you out of here, but I'm not sure how to smuggle five two-hundred-plus pound cats past security."

"You'd do that for us?" Jinks, who'd seemed almost reserved compared to the others, asked, his voice thick with surprise.

"We need you now," Tony argued. "We can take care of security." I'd thought Felix's voice deep, but Tony... Ohmygod. A jungle cat's purr.

"We never tried to leave," Sebastian explained. "We didn't have any where to go. Then, alone in the dark, we didn't have the strength."

"Energy," I asked again. "Just energy. Like recharging your batteries. No biting?"

"Biting?"

"Well, you are vampires. Sort of."

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Tonk's grin was more than a little feral. "We have sharp teeth." His closed over my thigh. A shudder of pure ecstasy ran through me. Sebastian leaned in to lick the pulse at the base of my neck, raking his teeth over my skin. Jinks and Tony seemed intent on divesting me of my lab coat, while Felix slid my panties down the length of my legs. He took his time, making sure to leave no inch of my legs unexplored.

Past coherent speech, I moaned, spreading my legs wider as Felix worked his way back up with tiny little nips. Tonk was closer, however, and it was his tongue that parted my lower lips to send me over the edge into writhing need.

Sebastian skimmed the strictly non-regulation little mini-dress I'd hidden under my lab coat off my shoulders and up my arms, while Tony and Jinks puzzled over the mysteries of the tank top shelf bra long enough to get the thing out of the way and capture my nipples. And then I gave up trying to figure out who was who and where they all were because cat tongues and nipples... yeah. Oh yeah. For that matter, cat tongue on my pussy wasn't bad, either.

I came the first time convulsing around Tonk's tongue. Mind-blowing was hardly enough to describe that blast. It had been a long time since college sexfests. It had been a long time since anything other than my vibrator. If five sets of fur-clad arms hadn't been supporting me I'd undoubtedly had fallen to a boneless mass on the floor. But they were there. All five of them.

I was still with it enough to notice that when I came, they all began to emit a soft glow. It wasn't as obvious under their fur, but the effect on their cocks was rather spectacular. A heavy musk filled the air -- the sweet, tangy smell of aroused male. The taste of their lust engulfed me, pounding through me in waves. My body hummed with enough kinetic energy to feed them for a month. My pussy wept for them. I wanted one of those glowing cocks in me, and I wanted it now.

Urging Tonk to his feet -- I might have left a few marks on his shoulders -- I reached down to guide his cock to my pussy. He was so thick, for a moment I wondered if he'd fit. I thought about asking for Felix, who was well enough hung, but considerably smaller than Tonk, but it was Tonk's tongue that had just stroked me to the hottest orgasm of my life.

From the way his cock jumped under my hand I'd say he was thinking pretty much the same thing. "You got any idea what to do with this thing?" I teased.

He smiled, and on a face that was part man, part cat, and all mischief, the effect was enough to send a dark shiver through me. "Sesame Street's not the only thing on TV. Corp owns this place. Unrestricted access to all the porn channels."

This from the same guy who'd been raving about Cookie Monster? The world shifted and turned under my feet again. "Show me," I ordered. Not that I really meant it to be an order, but I was past the point of subtlety. I wanted to feel that big, hard, glowing cock in me. I lifted a leg and wrapped it around him, pulling him tight against me.

Tonk willingly obliged, pushing in with the slow, controlled glide of a porn star posing for the camera. Impressive. And a tight fit, at that. But I wanted hot and fast. Once he was in all the deliciously hot, full, way, I clenched around him, hard. Hard enough to impress any Normal I'd tried out. Which could have something to do with why I hadn't had a date in a very long time. Some days I really envy Mattie and her cop. That's one tough cop.

Ready?

Tonk grinned, looking even more feral. He glanced over my shoulder, his ears twitching slightly. *Not yet. More. We want this to be really, really good.*

Hands lifted my ass, supporting me, and I wrapped the other leg around Tonk's waist while he held me still, waiting. I didn't have to ask what he was waiting for. Another hand spread my ass cheeks and fingered my hole. I moaned, wriggling back against the finger as it pushed past my sphincter. Grad school hadn't been all that long ago. I still remembered. This was gonna hurt, but damn, it would be worth it. "Hurry!" I begged. "I want you. Both. Now!"

Sebastian -- I was pretty sure it was Sebastian because he was the only one I couldn't see, unless I'd forgotten someone -- licked and kissed his way down my spine, then took a few wet passes over my cheeks with his rough, broad tongue. I knew where he was going with this, and I squirmed uncomfortably, which immediately reminded me there was a thick, hot cock buried deep in my pussy. The friction was enough to distract me for a moment from Sebastian's tongue.

Until Sebastian bit me.

I jumped, rocketing hard on Tonk's cock, my breasts slamming against his soft chest fur. My pussy gushed like a fountain, drenching us both with my juices.

Laughter echoed in my head. *I think she's ready.* Sebastian's tongue rimmed my anus before plunging inside. I shrieked as I came again, clenching so tight around Tonk's cock I was almost afraid I'd hurt him.

I'd read about rimming in Gay Erotica -- my one real weakness, I confess. Though I love the male/male action, I always thought rimming sounded a little nasty. Well, let me assure you, the sensations that ripped through me when the rough edge of Sebastian's tongue slid over the virgin rim of my ass were enough to make me an instant convert.

Before I could come back down from that high he did it again. A shudder ripped through me, and my ass clenched as hard around his tongue as my pussy did around Tonk's cock. Below me on the floor I could see Jinks and Felix and Tony all licking and sucking whatever they could reach. The sight of them lined up in a tumbled circle of

fuck was more than I could stand. "Enough!" I screamed. "Fuck me. Now! Both of you. All of you. Just somebody, fuck me!"

Strong fingers entered me and held me open, to be quickly replaced with a slick, hot dick. Behind me Sebastian groaned as he slid into me. "Godzilla you're tight," he muttered.

He was taking too long. Ignoring the burning pain, I thrust my ass back against him, burying him to the balls. I could feel their two cocks sliding past one another as I rode back on Tonk's shaft.

Now. Tonk's ears twitched again beneath his curly red mane and the bundle on the floor untangled itself. Tonk took my full weight in his hands as Tony moved my feet wide apart, moving into position behind Tonk. I could see the grimace of controlled lust on his face as he reached down between them. Tonk's eyes closed briefly and his head arched back. Jinks moved in behind Tony, ass to ass with Felix. Sebastian's hands moved into view, wrapping around my chest to stroke over my nipples. *Now.*

Evidently, *now* meant everyone fuck everyone. What should have been pure chaos sorted itself out in seconds to art in motion. Tonk thrust into me, then back onto Tony's waiting cock. As he thrust into me again, Tony rocked back against Felix. Behind me Sebastian rocked in as Tonk rocked back. The feeling was exquisite, overwhelming, far too perfect. I moaned with each touch, each brush of their balls against my sensitive skin.

Something brushed over my hip. I looked down to see Tony's tail -- I recognized it because it was orange -- sneaking up to tease Tonk's balls. The sight was so erotic I suddenly found myself wishing my particular mutation had granted me a tail.

Try to fit one in a pair of slacks and you might change your mind.

"So that's why you were naked when I got here? I thought you were just happy to see me."

"We were," Sebastian assured me. "Very, very happy. Can't you tell?"

"You mean Herman doesn't get you this excited?"

Sebastian shuddered, and this time I didn't think it was from lust.

We don't have sex with Herman.

No.

Never.

The replies were so vehement I knew I'd have to ask why. Later. Right now, Sebastian's tail was teasing my thigh, and I had two rigid male cocks searing away any remote chance of coherent thought. I was going to come again, and this time ought to be hard enough to light up the entire room.

As if sensing my building climax, the bodies around me increased their speed, slamming together harder, faster. They were things of beauty to watch as they fucked each other with such precision, each stroke somehow rocketing toward me in scorching waves of building lust. I felt the energy building in me, ready to explode, and wondered in a fleeting moment of fear if I could contain it all.

But I didn't have to. Screaming, I shattered, flying apart into billions of energy particles. My boys were there to pick up the pieces, hold me close, as they all came at one time. We tumbled to the floor together, my body cushioned with soft fur and warm arms as their tongues bathed me. Fingers and tails brushed over my skin, absorbing the energy I couldn't contain, soothing, easing me through the aftershocks. And just like that I knew they were far more to me than just passing fuck toys. They were mine. My boys. My men. I'd found them. I'd fed them. I'd claimed them.

Sleep now, Molly. We'll watch over you.

As I closed my eyes into a deep sleep of exhaustion, I realized I felt small, for the first time since I'd realized how different my sister and I were from our parents. Small and protected. "Mine," I whispered to them.

Yours, five voices whispered in my mind.

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I woke up to the smell of frying bacon. Now, you know I'm a Troll. Somewhere there may be vegetarian Trolls, but I'm not one of 'em. I eat meat. Lots of meat. All the meat I can get. See these tusks? I'd eat you, if you got too close to my boys. Bacon's right up there on the foods-of-the-gods list. The boys might be the best I'd had in the sex department, but if they thought I wouldn't fight to the death over bacon...

Snarling with hunger, I opened my eyes to see them grinning at me. I was laid out on the kitchen counter, my lab coat over me, and a roll of paper towels under my head for a pillow. They were just setting the table -- a table overflowing with food. Bacon, ham, biscuits that looked fresh out of the oven, a platter of eggs, scrambled to perfection, all arranged perfectly. "Oh my God. Where did you -- this looks like something from..."

"Cooking channel," Tonk explained.

Tony pressed a cup into my hands as I sat up. "Hope this is right. Coffee never made it to TV, except in commercials. Had to read the instructions."

There were instructions on coffee? The mind boggled. Evidently they were decent instructions. "Perfect," I assured him. "Everything looks perfect."

I slid to the floor, and Felix and Jinks helped me into my clothes. Sebastian held up my lab coat and I slipped into it, not bothering with the buttons for now. Tony waved me to a chair, and Tonk pulled it out for me. Dressed in T-shirts, sweatpants and running shoes, they looked less incongruous. Outfitted with a set of lab coats, they could pass for any other team of mutants employed here. Which made what I was going to say all that much easier.

Except I didn't say it, not yet, because at some signal I didn't perceive, they all bowed their heads, and Sebastian's voice broke the silence. "Oh Great Heavenly Father, we know we are but a poor imitation of the wondrous beauty your hands have created. We ask only that you accept us into your fold, believing your power is great enough to grant us that which we lack. We thank you for the gift you've entrusted us with. We promise to take care of Molly, and see that no harm comes to her because she's tried to help us. We thank you for her, and for all your gifts. In the name of your son, amen."

"Amen," voices echoed around the table, mine with them.

"Religious channel?" I asked, more than a little surprised.

As one they shuddered. "History Channel," Sebastian corrected.

Dishes started making their rounds and I busied myself with making sure I got my share. They might not have eaten for days, but all that sex had drained my reserves. I'd have fought to the death over the last biscuit, but fortunately Jinks produced more. Once pure hunger lost its edge, I settled down to more recreational eating. "Man, this is good," I managed between the ham and the bacon. "You guys should have your own TV show."

"Thanks!" they all answered at once.

Now for some more serious questions. "The elevator door disappeared behind me when I came down. I can probably find a way to get it open again, but it might take me some time. How long will the supplies last?"

"Maybe a week," Jinks answered.

Sebastian nodded his head in agreement. "We took a look around while you were asleep. Looks like Corp's shut this project down. Wasn't much left on the other side."

Felix shrugged. "Guess they didn't think it was worth cleaning out the kitchen. We'd have seen them."

Tony chuckled. "Took the lab equipment and the office cubicles, left the steaks. Maybe they thought we'd eat them if they went after them."

"We never ate anybody," Tonk argued. "Not even Herman. Pansy-assed little --"

"Tonk! Watch your language."

"Sorry, Seb. Molly, I apologize."

The group dynamics fascinated me. Sebastian was obviously their leader, the one they looked to for authority. Tonk seemed to be his second in command. I hate the term Beta, because it's used incorrectly so often people have forgotten what it really means. Betas aren't weak. All that crawling and groveling stuff goes to Omegas. It's more like the military. The President's the Commander in Chief, and the Beta is a four star General, the Army Chief of Staff.

Prides operate a bit different. There's a dominant male, and everyone under him has his own role in the pride. Any of the others can challenge the leader's authority if they feel the need, but if they lose they get run out of the pride, so it's easier to bask in the sun than worry about who's going to succeed the old man.

Apparently as long as Sebastian wasn't worried about the Corp pulling out, no one else was going to panic. Which was good. "The walls seem pretty impenetrable, but Corps are so predictable. This place uses drop ceilings. I figure if you guys lift me up, I can find the elevator shaft, and where the wiring should run, then I'll figure out how to trigger the doors. The question is, once we get upstairs, onto the main elevator, how do we get you out of the building?"

A ripple of laughter circled the kitchen. "You're thinking like a Human," Jinks teased. "Corp puts all the security out front. There's a service elevator that goes right out to the loading docks. Once we get up all we have to do is walk away."

"I thought you'd never been out of here?"

"Doesn't mean we haven't ever done any recon." Felix pushed his plate back. "We know we can get away. The question is, where do we go? And how do we get there? We don't have papers. Or drivers' licenses. Or passports."

I thought of Mattie and her cop. "My sister will help us. We have a cabin, up in the woods. We'll stay there until Sam can get you papers."

"You'd do that for us?"

"Molly, you can't, it's not safe."

"The Corp will come after us. They can't let Humans know we exist."

"The Corp won't even know we're gone."

"Don't you get it? They left us here to die."

The room went silent.

"Felix is right," I agreed after a moment. "No one's going to come looking for you right away. But Tony and Jinks are right, too. Once they send in the clean up crew and discover there's nothing to clean up, they'll know you're on the loose. You'll become a liability. So we have to make you disappear. The best way to do that is to put you right in plain sight. We'll get you jobs. Something in public service."

"What?" "How?" "Like Garbage Collectors?"

I had to laugh at that. "I was thinking more like Highway Department. My sister Mattie's a Toll Collector."

Sebastian shook his head. "That's far too dangerous. You can't be involved in our lives after we leave here."

I stared at him a moment, hurt and confused. Then anger took over. Mostly at myself. "I see. I'm sorry. I forgot I was just the afternoon fuck toy. I guess I'm supposed to go back to my life, like nothing ever happened."

"No, Molly! Don't leave us!"

"Sebastian, you jerk. Now look what you did."

"What's a fuck toy?"

"Let's do it again. That was *great*!" Tony, of course. Damn, he was loud.

"Shut up, Tony!" four voices chorused.

The five of them descended into chaos, a writhing mass of cat piled up like the defensive line covering the ball ten yards from the end zone.

I wanted to be pissed off. Truly I did. I tried to call up all that righteous indignation I'd felt moments before. It wasn't working. Before I could stop myself I was laughing, laughing so hard I had to sit down on the floor.

As if sensing they'd won -- though, being male, I doubt they knew why -- the entire pile rolled over me, engulfing me in their playful mess. I rolled and wrestled with them until we all came to a lazy, sprawling pile on the floor.

This, in truth, was why they'd never be what the scientists who engineered them wanted them to be. Though they had adult bodies and adult desires, they were *cats*. Barely more than kittens, really. I knew damn well they couldn't be more than two or three years old. They were based on my theoretical research, a project I'd nearly completed less than four years ago.

A project that had been scrapped, for lack of funding.

Right.

Looked like it had been scrapped again.

I stroked my fingers through the soft hair on their heads. "You've got to understand something, boys," I told my kittens. "I'm responsible for you."

"Why?"

"How?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you our mother?"

"No!" I wasn't going to call them my children. No. I groped for a way to make them understand. "Sometimes... sometimes scientists do bad things without meaning to. I helped create you. You were based on my research."

Silence surrounded me. Felix was the first to speak. "Are we bad?"

"No! You haven't done anything wrong. The scientists who created you weren't bad, either. Not to begin with. We were trying to prove something. Trying to prove that

people like me are still Human. Better humans. Humans designed by God or Nature or whatever forces are at work to exist in a changing world. Instead, other scientists used my work to try and play God, and when they failed, they left you here. That was wrong."

"They left us here to die."

"Lab rats."

"Experiment's over."

"They don't need us any more."

"We're freaks. We have no value to society."

"No!" I sobbed, trying to hug them all to me at once. "You're human, just like me. More than human. You're not disposable, and I'm not going to let them get away with treating you like you are. You have as much right to exist as anyone else." As much right as any mutant did. As much right as I did. "We're getting out of here. Together. And we're going to stay together. I found you. I'm not letting you go."

Tonk separated himself from the pile to raise up his head. "Will you love us?"

I reached out to run my fingertips along his jaw. He reminded me of a kitten I'd tried to adopt. Only bigger. No one would accuse me of wanting to eat him. "I fell in love with you the moment I first saw you. All of you."

"Good," he purred, the rumble vibrating up my arm, and I wondered if the pet shop owners had been right after all. He did look good enough to eat.

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Getting out was remarkably easy, as Sebastian had predicted. Though now Jinks swears it was his idea. We took the service elevator up. I trusted them to stay out of trouble long enough to go back to my desk, tell my department head I wasn't feeling so well, and get my vehicle. True to their word, my five gorgeous cats sauntered out to meet me just outside the security checkpoint. I didn't bother to ask how they'd made it that far... or whether they'd ever done it before.

I took them to the mountains, where it was safe for kittens to play outside for a while. We never moved back into the city, though eventually, paperwork in hand, they went to work for the Department of Highways.

Part time. Between stints with various pro-mutant-rights organizations.

And not with Mattie. Not that I don't trust her, but....

"Mattie's hot."

"Quit looking over my shoulder." They've been out playing in the woods. They smell like the centuries old conifers. And like cats. And sex.

"Sam's hot too."

"Just thinking about 'em makes me hungry."

"You should invite 'em over again this weekend."

"Yeah." "Yeah." "Mmmm."

"Oh, so all of a sudden I'm not enough for you?"

"You're pretty hot, too."

"We're hungry, Molly. You've spent far too much time on this damn computer."

"Guys, there's more to life than sex."

"Like what?"

I know I should be able to answer that question, but with Felix and Jinks each latching on to a nipple, and Tonk's tongue rasping over my clit, it's hard to concentrate. Impatient, Sebastian pulls me down onto his hard, hungry cock, able to smell, I know, my hot, needy pussy. Instead of accepting the offer my body clearly broadcasts, he slides a cock slick with lube past the tight restraint of my sphincter and deep into my ass. It hurts, but only for a moment, before the heat races through me, chasing away all thought of pain. Crying out, I arch into the mouths over me, reaching, grasping...

Cocks fill my hands, while mouths suck my breasts, my bellybutton, my ear. Shivering in pleasure, I turn my head to the side, finding a cock within reach, sucking it deep in my throat, careful, as always, with my tusks. Below me the mouth on my pussy hesitates. But only for a moment. Then hard, rough cat tongue sends me over the edge.

"Fuck me!" I scream. "Now!"

Paws kneed me everywhere. Tails wrap around my arms and my legs, stroking me into a sensitive mass of sizzling nerves. Hard, hard cock buries itself deep inside me. Stroke. Thrust. Stroke. A year it's been now. Maybe closer to two. Always, always it's like this. Kinetic energy building, building... a cell in motion stays in motion. Lick. Suck. Thrust. Stroke. Thick cock stroking my ass. Buried in my pussy. Feeding me as they feed off me. Building. Building. Hotter every time. So hot I'm going to ignite.

"Oh, God!" I scream. "Coming, I love you, I'm coming!"

Like fireworks they empty onto me, into me, over me, giving back as they take, until we are a massive ball of energy. I explode, pouring forth what they've given me, and they absorb it back, their skin glowing brightly beneath the soft, soft fur. Pulsing, glowing cocks that only want more are just warming up. They suck up the energy that flows from me, and change positions. Felix is at my pussy now, while my ass is sufficiently stretched to hold Tonk's massive girth. Sebastian's mouth closes over my

nipple while his cock fills my hand. Tony's lips reach down to kiss me before his cock slides down my throat, and the dance begins again. Suck. Thrust. Stroke. The pounding rhythm drives me farther, over the edge, again, and yet again. But instead of draining me, the energy returns, building, ever building. "More!" I scream. "More!"

And because they are mine, my eternal kittens, they give me more. They give me everything they have. They're so hot, so hard, pounding into me, their tongues tasting, rasping over me everywhere, and I'm so sensitive now I swear I can feel the tingle of every piece of fur where it teases my skin. Orgasm rips through me until I fear I can stand no more, but I will not ask them to stop. At last, in a final blaze of heated white light, I tip the balance, keening mindlessly as the universe folds in on itself, surrounding me in thick, white heat.

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I'm not sure how long I've been unconscious. The bodies piled around me are quiet, mostly, though here and there I hear a soft snuffle. "Sebastian," I breathe.

"Mmmm?"

"Sebastian, what is it you ask God for? When you pray? What do you think you're missing?"

"Our souls."

"What?"

"God didn't make us. How can we have souls?"

Men. Never seeing the trees for the forest. "What are we, what are any of us, but so many cells? And for all that we are, all that we will ever be as a race -- mutants, or the future of humanity -- we will never be but so many cells. And as sure as God created the first cell, he created you with a soul."

Silence surrounds me.

"That's pretty deep."

"Yeah, man."

"I'm hungry."

"Can we just fuck some more?"

"Yeah. Let's fuck."

"My turn!"

"Sesame Street's on soon."

"Cookie Monster!"

That's my boys...

And no. I don't share. Except occasionally with my sister, Mattie, and her cop.
But that's another story for another day...

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