

“Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!”

Nikita opened the drawer of his nightstand and reached inside of it to turn the alarm off. “Why does this have to be so loud?” He slid the drawer shut and sat up, putting his legs over the side of the bed. “The swim meet is after classes. I can’t forget to pack the suit.” He walked over to his dresser and removed the stretched-out speedo with the Stallions mascot printed on it. “This only comes out on competition days. I feel like I’m on display every time I wear it.” Nikita folded it and put it into the pocket of his backpack.

Once he got to the bathroom, he knocked at the door. “Are you gonna be much longer? I need to shower, too.”

After a few seconds, the door opened up. A girl in panties and a bra peeked out. “It’s impossible to be longer than you are.” She reached to grab the tip of his length, where it poked out past the bottom of his boxers. “Honk. Honk.” She squeezed it twice. “Hurry up or you’ll miss breakfast. We’re having sausage and beefcake.”

“Real funny, cuz’.” Nikita said. He could feel the red flush coming across his face.

“You’re blushing. You are so cute when you get annoyed. Okay, you’re cute all the time.” Christina squeezed past him as he tried to step in the doorway. “You’re my favorite live-in cousin.” She reached a hand to squeeze at his bicep as she went by. “so nice and firm.. everywhere.”

Nikita closed the door quickly once he was inside. He looked at the mirror. “I can’t just tell them. They might freak, or.. be kinda underwhelmed. It’s not like I’m a cool werewolf like in all the movies or on television.” He looked down at the sink. “I’ve gotta be the sorriest lycanthrope, ever.” Looking up to the mirror as he got out his toothbrush, he thought “I do kinda like having a bit of muscle.” He started brushing his teeth, pausing to look at them in the mirror. He thought “I think the fangs show a little..” as he ran his tongue over one of them. He felt his firm glans bump into the cabinet as he leaned in to look closer at the mirror. “That’s grown in kinda nicely, too.” He thought. “I’m just not used to having girls stare or grab me. How am I supposed to tell any of them that I haven’t ever, um.. had sex?”

“I don’t wanna miss breakfast, so I hope no one minds if I got dressed while a little damp.” Nikita thought as he hurried down the stairs.

“Hi Nik. You’re just in time.” Christina said from the table. “Dad had to go in to work a bit early, so we’re riding the bus today.”

“Eyes up here.” Nikita whispered as he held his finger up to his temple.

Christina slowly moved her gaze upward. "You're right. There's a lot more to see than just that. For someone who's shy about his looks, why are you wearing clothes that show them off?"

"I haven't had a chance to get a new wardrobe from the store yet. This came about kind of suddenly." He whispered as he took a seat.

"Is it ready yet, mom?" Christina asked, looking across the room.

"Just a second." Came the answer, as the woman stepped across the room. She held a large pan in one hand and a spatula in the other. "Christina, there's a turkey kielbasa for you. Nik, there's eggs and smoked salmon for you. Are you sure you two want so much for breakfast?"

"I'm fine with it." Nikita looked up to her.

"Me too." Christina added.

"I've got to head out now. You two can clean up when you're done." The woman said as she replaced the pan onto the stove and walked out.

"There's something very satisfying about being filled to bursting with a good hot sausage in the morning." Christina said as she picked up her breakfast, giving it a kiss before taking a bite.

"You're an awful tease. You really want me to rip my pants, don't you?" Nikita asked.

Christina covered her mouth with her hand as she answered. "Practice makes perfect." She swallowed. "You almost made me choke." She took a drink. "You can do that? That's something I'd pay to see."

"I don't think it's a talent that I'd show off. It's not some kind of superpower." Nikita replied.

"I think it is." Christina said.

"Let's, um, finish breakfast and clean up. I don't want to miss the bus. We'll be late if we have to walk." Nikita said.

"We could always use our bikes." Christina said.

"We'd be covered in sweat when we got to school." Nikita said, then looked over to Christina, seeing the girl smirking. "You don't stop, do you?"

“Why should I stop? Its fun.” She replied.

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After securing his bicycle to the rack, Nikita gave a little tug to the lock. “I was just asking for this, wasn’t I?” He walked past the cannon and pile of cannonballs to the entrance of Eastlake High School. As he went inside, he passed some classmates and thought “They’re staring at me, aren’t they?”

When they thought he was out of earshot, one the girls in the hall said to her friend “He looks as good going as coming, doesn’t he?” Nikita blushed as he walked into class.

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“How am I going to go out to the pool and not look weird doing it? If I wear a bathrobe, I’ll look like a professional wrestler or boxer.” Nikita stood in the locker room. His imagination wandered to seeing himself wearing a satin robe with fake fur edging, as he strutted out to the ring. He shook his head and walked to the exit of the room. Nikita had on a pair of baggy swim trunks, and no shirt. “We keep getting larger crowds for each swim meet.” As he walked over to the rest of the team, he was seen to be about average height, with stylishly mussed hair.

“Yup. I get to see that every day.” Christina said to her friend as they sat on the bleachers. “He looks thin when he’s alone, but watch when he’s close to one of the other guys. His chest muscles are bigger than my tits. I also like the way he has that vein that goes over the front of his arm.

“I’m starting to feel a bit jealous. He’s got a cute face and killer abs. Do you think those muscles are are a bit, um, too big?” Terry asked.

“They look a lot better in person than they do from here. I saw him flex once and I swear I almost fainted.” Christina answered.

“Now I see why these swim meets have gotten so popular.” Terry said. “You really can’t be serious that he doesn’t know.”

“He’s beyond clueless. Nik is too shy for his own good. If you think that he’s eye-candy now, wait until he’s about to compete.” Christina smiled.

The swim team coach spoke into a microphone. “On behalf of the men’s swim team, I would like to thank all of you for being here to show your support. Today we welcome our rivals “The Stallions” who are here to compete with our own Eastlake “Colonels”. On the wall of the gym was the painting of a union and a confederate Civil War colonel.

Christina kept looking over to her friend as the first race progressed. Terry seemed only mildly interested as it progressed. "Keep your eye on Nik."

"Why? He's not in this race." Terry asked.

"You'll see. I'm not giving away any surprises." Christina had a smug expression as she answered.

"Okay, they're finishing now. I just saw a group of people swim back and forth ten times." Terry watched as Nikita stepped over to the pool where one of the Colonel's swimmers had finished long after everyone else. Nik clapped and gave a double 'thumbs-up' expression as his teammate stood in the water, looking exhausted. "He's a good sport. That guy is way overweight to be doing this."

"Keep watching." Christina said.

Terry kept her eyes on the two of them, as Nikita reached down with one hand, with his teammate grasping on with both of his. Nikita then lifted the larger guy from the water, his bicep filling out as he did so.

"You're drooling." Christina chuckled.

"Did he just lift something like two hundred fifty pounds?" Terry asked.

"I'd guess that's half of what he could do. His bicep fills out a lot more if he flexes it hard." Christina replied. "So, do you like what you see? A cute, lean, athletic guy who is muscled like a god when he wants to be?"

"Uh... Yeah." Terry forced herself to look over to Christina. "When do I get to meet him?"

"I'll introduce you after the meet is over." Christina smirked. "You haven't even seen the best part yet."

"What is it?" Terry asked.

"Just watch. I don't want to ruin the surprise." Christina answered.

"Okay, that was just another race with him just standing with the rest of his team. Doesn't he ever do anything?" Terry said. Then, the coach announced that the competitors for the butterfly stroke race were to line up. "Okay, at least this should be interesting. Its the hardest one to do." She watched as Nikita faced away from her, and slid the baggy swimsuit

off. "Woah, buns of steel. I think I like speedos now." His back muscles danced as he stretched, getting ready. He then turned around and walked to his assigned lane. As he did so, Terry sighed. The blue speedo was stretched out over his length, hanging down very low between his thighs. The fabric pulled over the end of it like a second skin, while it had a gap open across his lower abdomen, where it couldn't stretch enough to cover.

"So, do you like competitive swimming now?" Christina asked.

"It's my favorite sport. I can't believe that I missed any meets. What's wrong with me?" Terry didn't turn away from watching as she talked. "That doesn't leave much to the imagination. Does it run in your family for guys to be so, um.. healthy?"

"It doesn't. He's not related by birth." Christina replied. "I can't seem to convince him that we're not 'really' related, if you know what I mean."

"Aren't you a little nervous about wanting him to sink that into you?" Terry asked.

"I really don't see him skewering me like a pig at a luau or pushing it through me like a chest-bursting movie alien." Christina answered. "I think it's worth the risk."

"I might have been over-reacting a little." Terry said. "He looks kinda graceful doing the butterfly stroke. It's like he's really at home in the water."

"Do you wanna get to meet him? He's only doing this and the relay race after it." Christina said.

"Won't he be a bit tired for that?" Terry asked.

"You might have noticed, but he's very, very healthy." Christina smiled. She was quiet as Terry watched Nikita pull himself out of the water and get into place for the next race. Afterward, she poked Terry with her elbow. "C'mon. Let's go over to see him." She got up from the bleacher seat and started down to the floor, followed by Terry.

Once they were close, Christina shouted out. "Nik! Nik! Over here!" She waved her arms over her head.

Upon seeing her, Nikita put down the towel he was using to dry his face and jogged over. "Hi Christina. Hi, um.. Terry?" He thought "Wow, she's cute."

"I told her that you'd be okay just hanging out and talking with us for a bit." Christina said. "How about if we wander off for a little bit. The team can still win without you cheering them on."

“Just give me a minute to get my stuff.” Nikita said.

As he turned to go, Christina grabbed him by his upper arm. “You can get it later, uber-stud.” She squeezed where she had gripped him. “We think that what you have on right now is perfect. There should be a law requiring it.”

“I just, um, get a lot of stares when I’m in the school’s swimming uniform.” Nikita looked around.

“So? Let them look. I wanna let you get to know my friend, Terry.” Christina gave the other girl a nudge, bringing her out of the daydream she was having while staring at him.

“Oh.. That’s.. That’s right. I’ve been wanting to get to meet the swim team’s ‘ringer’. You don’t mind if we leave the gym to talk. Do you?” Terry smiled, having forced herself to look up to his face.

After going around a corner in the hall, Christina asked “Do you hear something?”

“It’s coming from that room.” Terry answered.

The three of them got close to the door, where the voices could be heard talking. “This is gonna bring Angel Falls to its knees.”

“The Sixth Column is going to be what everyone’s talking about.”

“”This school has been harboring mutants and freaks for too long. Its time to show what that brings.”

“Five minutes. Then it’s showtime!”

Nikita peeked in the doorway, then motioned for the girls to follow him. He whispered “They’ve got a whole bunch of guns and knives.” as he walked with them back around a corner.

“They’re gonna shoot up the school.” Christina said. “There’s a bunch of clubs and study hall and things going on.”

“I’m pretty sure I can stop them from doing that.” Nikita said. “But you two have to promise not to freak out and to keep what I am a secret.”

“Um, okay. So you’re a super type?” Terri asked. “That kinda explains the hot bod. Does it have anything to do with why you’re also mega-hung?” She thought “Did I just say that?”

"You know what a werewolf is? I'm kinda like that." Nikita said.

"You can get all big, hairy and extra strong and tough?" Christina asked.

"Sort of." Nikita answered.

"Sort of? What does that mean? Do you also see in the dark and have the ability to follow people by their scent?" Terry asked.

"I can't really do those." Nikita replied.

"Then what can you do?" Christina asked.

"I hear really well, am really good at swimming, have a lot of agility, and, um.. its sorta why I'm kinda gifted here." Nikita tapped the side of his length.

"Does that mean you could hear what I've been saying about you?" Christina asked, nervously.

He nodded his head. "I've just been kinda, I don't know, worried that you'd find out about me. I don't have time to explain much more right now." Nikita closed his eyes, concentrating. His form shifted, with small round ears going to the top of his head while his face elongated as short, dense fur grew in. He gained some additional muscle, the velvety fur not long enough to hide anything. His fingers and feet gained short claws, with his hands partially webbed. A thick tail, nearly as long as he was tall, grew in, spilling to the floor. "How do I look?" Nikita asked.

Christina looked on, wide-eyed. "I think I'm supposed to be afraid, with you having fangs and razors for teeth, and little claws and stuff, but... You're adorable. Are you an otter?"

Nikita looked a little bemused. "Close. Now to stop those Sixth Column people from killing everyone in the school." He sneaked back to the doorway to peek in. Three people were dressed in dark hunter green jackets and pants, with long green scarves wrapped around their heads like hoods. They were armed with Bowie knives and several types of guns. He thought "These guys look like they're going to war, and I'm in a speedo. I look like a dork."

He waited a couple of seconds and ran in, leaping to tackle the one in the middle. Nikita caught him by surprise, as the man barely had time to notice the cream colored blur before he was knocked against the room's back wall. "You're not going to be shooting anyone today!"

"Holy crap! What the hell is that?" The man holding a semi-automatic rifle shouted.

"Just shoot it!" The man that Nikita was holding by the shoulders answered.

Nikita leaped backwards, flipping through the air. His body arched over, the tail following in a graceful arc. He kept hold of the man he had grabbed, pulling him along. "Gotta keep moving." He thought. As he leaped, the staccato "Tak-tak-tak-tak.." of the automatic rifle echoed in the room. Puffs of dust came out where the bullets lodged into the cement wall. One of the shots grazed his side and hit the man he was carrying, dropping away after it hit his armored vest.

"Oof! Shit! That hurt!" The man called out as they both landed. "Watch where you're shooting!"

Nikita had let the man go to land on his back, while the lycanthrope landed on the balls of his feet. He quickly looked back and forth. He thought "That's some kind of machine gun!"

"You've got a bulletproof vest, so quit complaining." The man with the automatic rifle said.

"It still hurts like hell." The man on the floor answered as he started to get to his feet.

As he saw the man with the automatic rifle pulling the empty magazine free, Nikita sprinted toward him. His muscles tensed and flexed as he punched the gunman in the chest. There was a muffled "crack" as the man's rib cracked. He held onto the man's side with his other hand, lifting him as he pivoted to have the man as a shield. "Why were you going to murder so many people?" Nikita growled, his face in a snarl.

"Crap. I can't line up a shot." The third gunman said as he lowered his rifle.

"No one wants freaks like you.." The man Nikita was holding up wheezed in a breath. "Living in our city."

The man getting up from the floor shouted "We don't want some animal with a horse cock around our daughters!" as he pulled out his knife.

Nikita grabbed the automatic weapon from the man he was holding, and tossed it to go clattering across the floor into the hallway. "Your killing spree is going to make people do what you want?"

"They'll be too afraid not to." The man grinned and coughed.

A searing pain accompanied the retort as the man he was holding used a handgun to shoot Nikita. He looked down to see the man raising it up. Nikita grabbed the man's wrist, hearing the bones crunch as he squeezed.

“Y..you can’t kill me. You’re one of those misguided heroes.” The man looked at Nikita with eyes bloodshot from pain. “The more you hurt any of us, the more people will join our cause. You damn mutant.”

Nikita’s jet black eyes squinted mostly shut and his ears laid back against his head as he tossed the gunman aside and charged the man with the knife. It took just two long strides to reach him. The furred teen scooped one hand down to lift the man by his arm. The man could see that he wasn’t bleeding as much as just a few seconds ago.

“Crap!” The man flailed with the knife as Nikita reached and then took hold of his weapon arm. “I could use some help here!” He shouted.

The man with the rifle said. “I might hit you in the head.”

“Just do something! We’ve gotta sacrifice all these students!” The man being held shouted.

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A voice came over the police detective’s radio. “Agent Bellamy, get to Eastlake High School. There’s been shootings. At least one gunman and one metahuman are involved.”

“I’ll be there as soon as I can.” The police detective said. “Is there anything I should know?”

“The nine-one-one call sounded like it was coming from a war zone. I’ll replay it for you.” Came the reply.

Over the radio came the sounds of gunshots. There was a long burst from an automatic weapon, then sporadic gunfire. At the same time, a girl was shouting about her cousin being in a room with terrorists that wanted to massacre the school. Another girl could be heard screaming in the background.

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“We interrupt this broadcast to give you breaking news. There appears to be several gunmen involved in a possible mass shooting at Eastlake High School. I will transfer you to our live helicopter reporter..” The news anchor said.

Max Stone jumped from the couch, shouting. “Cherry! Comet Girl!” His sprint toward his superheroine daughter’s bedroom was interrupted by a sonic boom. As he got to the doorway, he saw that the window was smashed out, with the curtains pulled through them. Papers and clothes were scattered. A burning trail angled up to the sky, starting just outside.

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"Is he okay?" Terry asked.

"I don't know." Christina replied as she peeked around the corner to see the room's door. "It's been kinda quiet for a few seconds." There were some shouts, then a pair of loud retorts that echoed in the hallway.

"They're gonna kill him, then us!" Terry leaned back against the wall, lines of tears going down her cheeks. She sniffed and wiped her nose on her sleeve by her shoulder.

"Help will be there soon." The voice from Christina's telephone said. "You should get out of the building."

"I'm not leaving him!" Christina replied. She wiped her eyes on the crook of her elbow. "It's quiet again.." She peeked around the corner, just in time to see a pair of rifles slide out the door. Following them, she saw Nikita stagger out of the room, a bowie knife in one hand. He pushed the door shut, with the knife wedged into the side of the frame.

"That should hold them for long enough.." He said, and leaned back against the wall. His cream colored fur was stained red in several places, with blood oozing from a pair of ugly wounds to his stomach and chest.

The girls ran up, both breathing hard. "Nik.. Are you.. are you gonna live?" Christina asked quietly. She blinked away tears from her bloodshot eyes.

"I think so." Nikita coughed. "I heal pretty fast, but not fast enough. Could you two help me?"

Terry looked to Christina. "Of course. Are you gonna.." She bit her lower lip as she looked him over. "need to go to the hospital?"

Once the girls got to him, Nikita put his arms around both girls' shoulders, nearly collapsing. "I'll be healed up soon."

As they turned, they saw a woman in a navy blue blazer and pants, with a white shirt. She had a gun held in both hands, with the barrel facing up as it was held back against one shoulder. "Who are you three and why are you still in the building? I'm Erin Bellamy, Angel Falls CSI." She used one hand to reach inside of her jacket for her badge holder. After flipping it open, she said "I know. It's not a good picture."

"We weren't going to leave my cousin here all alone." Cindy answered.

"Where are the gunmen now?" The detective asked.

"They're in the room. I jammed the door shut over there." Nikita pointed. Their guns are next to the door. At least, those are the guns I saw on them."

"You three fought them? That was very dangerous. You could have gotten yourselves killed." Erin looked over Nikita. "I'll call an ambulance for you."

"Please, don't." He held out a hand. "I just need a few minutes to heal."

Erin nodded her head as she took out her radio to talk into it. "The suspects are locked inside of an equipment room in back of the school gymnasium. I'm with three students. They won't be needing medical attention." Upon switching the device off, she saw one of the wounds close, followed by the second one. She smiled. "I don't have to be the greatest detective in the world to figure out that at least one of you has super-human abilities." She looked Nikita up and down. "You definitely have eye-candy appeal, but I'm not sure the Chippendale's apparel is the best choice for your costume."

"I just came out of a swim meet when we found them. There's three of them. They had a few guns and a few knives and said that they were about to go on a killing spree." Nikita said. "I didn't have time to do anything but shift forms and try and stop them."

"You look a little like a werewolf. You've got fur, a snout and some impressive teeth." Erin then thought 'You've also got some other impressive parts.' She caught herself staring, then looked up a couple of feet to his face. She swallowed and continued. "Would you mind telling me who and what you are?"

"I'm Nikita. This is Terry." He pointed to one of the girls. "I live with my cousin, Christina. We're kinda related, but not fully. Our parents aren't really brother and sister by birth. She teases me constantly." He thought 'No one is able to keep her eyes on my face for long. It's like all anyone wants to do is to stare at my dick. Maybe I should just go around naked.' Nikita was quiet for a few seconds, then said "I'm a mink. That's why I have the small, round ears, triangular face and these teeth." He pulled at his cheek to show the collection of fangs and razors. "They look fearsome, right?"

"I'm probably supposed to be afraid, but you're too cute to be terrifying." Christina reached over to ruffle his hair.

"I have a nicer tail than any werewolf, right?" Nikita scooped it up in his hand.

"That's called 'feeding me a straight line'." Erin said. "In case you're wondering why I'm not acting surprised, let's just say I've seen some interesting things in the line of duty. In the

meantime, I need to bring the three of you to the station to get your statements on the maniacs in that room."

6th column bad guys with rifles and knives. They view themselves as the only 'true' patriots.

girl holdign bag of walnuts, telling him its time for the 'walnut challenge' for a high school mascot, how about "The Colonels"? The school has a cannon and a pile of cannon balls out front. The mural can be a union and a confederate colonel in uniform.