

# **Rekindled Desires**

**Crimson Rose**

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“Collar six-six-six, enact emergency protocol alpha. Accept commands only from Fiona Roberts. Recognize voice pattern,” Fiona said into the collar wrapped around her sleeping girlfriend’s neck. Sitting back on her heels, she smirked. “Moo moo moo moo moo.”

“Nice try Mistress, but you didn’t really think that would work, did you? I’ve been wearing the same collar since those bastards took me to the farm and genetically modified my ass,” Heidi said – her prehensile tail shooting up and flicking across her lover’s freshly pierced right nipple. “It’s already voice-locked and cannot be changed by anyone including me. I’m sorry, but there’s no way possible for you to force the drug into my system and frankly I’m more than a little upset that you would even try.” Sitting up, Heidi frowned. “Did you think by compromising my thinking I’d hand over the other collar?”

“Something like that.”

“So you would completely disregard my health and safety to get a cheap thrill? You know too much of that shit can fry my brain, right?”

“It was only a few moos. You said a hell of a lot more than that last night and you’re perfectly fine today.”

“That’s because I’ve had more than three years to grow resistant to it and train myself to take it in small doses. Trust me, when I was at the farm being bred like an animal I wanted nothing more than to end the misery, but I held out for that tiny spark of hope that someone would end the nightmare and then you came along and the rest is history. It saddens me...deeply, truly saddens me that you would take such risks with my life to get your hands on the other collar.”

“You make me sound like a damn monster when you put it like that.”

“Says the woman that tried injecting me with several doses of a potent aphrodisiac while I slept. I’m sorry, Fiona, but that’s fucked up on so many levels I’m not even sure I want to share the same bed as you.”

“Oh, come on, are you seriously going to leave me because I can’t control these damn urges? You’re the one that got me hooked on that shit in the first place so if anyone’s to blame it’s you.”

“And I also tried to get you to learn moderation, but you continued to give yourself higher and higher doses without regard to what it’s doing to your brain and body. The fact of the matter is, if you’re willing to put my life at risk to get a fix then I do not want you anywhere near me or my daughters. I’m sorry Fiona, but I think it’s time for you to go.”

“FUCK YOU! I’ll tell everyone you forced me to take the drug so I’d be a strung out junkie like you. I’ll tell them you still take it and they’ll come and take those bratty little shits you call kids!” Fiona shouted, the look on her former girlfriend’s face telling her she had just stepped way over the line.

“You may tell whomever you want anything you want, but remember one thing. This house is wired with cameras top to bottom and the recordings will show that I do nothing to put my daughters at risk and will do whatever it takes to ensure their safety. It will also show you going off the deep end yesterday and the stunt you just pulled moments ago. You have one hour to have your things packed and out of my house or you will be arrested on any number of charges.” Throwing the covers back, Heidi got out of bed and grabbed the purple silk robe from the closet door and put it over her naked body.

Going down the hall, Heidi quietly opened the door to her daughters' room and stepped in. Light filtering in through the cracks in the blinds bathed their identical innocent faces and her eyes were drawn first to the tiny horns growing from their foreheads and then down to the prehensile tails wrapped around each other across the narrow span separating their beds. This was the first time she had seen this display of affection the twins had for each other and it made her heart melt. *I am so sorry you have to suffer because of what those monsters did to me, but I swear I'll do everything in my power to make sure you have the best life possible.*

Heidi watched and smiled as Hannah pulled her tail back and used it to scratch her little nose while Grace's hung suspended in waiting. When the itch was sated, the tails once again entwined around each other and for the first time since giving birth three years ago she felt ashamed at the many times she thought about having them and the horns removed. Tiptoeing out of the room so as to not wake them, she closed the door and returned to the bedroom where she saw Fiona slinging stuff out of the closet all over the floor and bed. "You're not going to find the collar or the Chemical X so you might as well stop looking for them right now and get to packing. You've got fifty-two minutes and not a second more."

"Greedy fucking cunt! You just want it all for yourself. Give it to me or so help me God I'll make your life a living hell!"

Knowing the symptoms of withdraw better than anyone, Heidi shook her head and sidestepped a flying show. "I offered to share it with you, to teach you to control the urges it produces, but you refused left, right and center. You wanted to feel the high, the increased endorphins and serotonin that scramble your brain and leave you craving sex no matter how perverse. Now stop tossing my stuff around like garbage and get packing or else."

"Or what, big bad FBI Agent, you going to cuff me and take me in for questioning? I bet Director Powell is slamming his cock in you every fucking day isn't he? Is that how you've managed to keep your job despite looking like a god damn freak?"

"You know what, forget the packing. You've got exactly three minutes to get dressed and out of my house before you are arrested. I'll have your stuff put in storage for you to retrieve later." When Fiona remained on her knees looking like a junkie in desperate need of a fix, Heidi walked over and grabbed her by the arm. "I'm not fucking around with you. Get dressed and get out."

"Let go of me you freaking cow!" Yanking her arm free, Fiona rummaged through the closet, found a light, nearly see-through summer dress and pulled it on over her head. Putting on a pair of heels, she stomped out of the bedroom and down the hall just as Grace opened the door to her room and looked out to see what all the yelling was about.

Fuming mad, the need high dose of Chemical X she pumped into her system the night before still clouding her mind and judgement, Fiona glared as the three year old scratched her left ear with her tail. "What are you looking at you ugly little freak?" A much longer, more powerful tail wrapped around her neck and she found herself slammed against the wall.

"If you *ever* talk to my daughter like that again I'll rip your fucking head off." Tightening her hold, Heidi took the lead and dragged her former lover down the hall, into the living room and to the front door. Get the fuck out of my sight." Opening the door, she pushed Fiona out onto the front porch and scowled until she was in her car and out of sight down the road. Closing and locking the door, she fell to her knees and cried – the steel facade she wore crumbling as so much rust at the loss of the love of her life.

Fiona had been there from the very beginning. Out of sheer curiosity she was responsible for the rescue of more than ninety women held against their will and modified into animals for

some yet unknown clientele. She was the first to see past the horns and tail to see Agent Heidi Morgan for what she was – a beautiful, caring woman with more to offer the world than a freak show. And now she was gone and Heidi’s heart did not just break, it shattered into a million pieces that stabbed at every nerve like shards of glass until she was left numb.

Hearing a soft whimper from her daughter’s room, she put aside her own hurt feelings and rushed to see what was wrong. As she approached she heard Grace talking in a no-nonsense, matter of fact way. “Mommy said we’re pretty so that means you are not ugly, sis.” Peeking in, Heidi saw Hannah sitting in the dark corner of the room – chin resting on knees that were drawn up to her chest, and her normally swaying tail lying limp on the floor. Kneeling next to her was Grace whom she was wiping away her sister’s tears with the tip of her tail. Remaining silent, Heidi watched.

“F-F-Fi-Fiona said I w-was an ugly freak,” Hanna sobbed.

“Am I ugly?”

“No.”

“Am I a freak?”

“N-N-No.”

“We are the same, sis,” Grace said to her identical twin. “If I’m not an ugly freak you can’t be one.” Her tail went down and grabbed her sisters’. For a moment, Hannah did not respond, but then she took a few rapid breaths and lunged – her arms wrapping around Grace’s neck. The two fell over backwards giggling and their mother – still peeking in on them from the hallway, could not help but smile.

“Hey girls, why don’t we get some breakfast and spend the day at the zoo?” Heidi asked, wanting to just get out of the house and spend some time with her precious daughters at their favorite place in the world.

Crawling over each other like a pair of identical monkeys, the twins ran past their mother, skidded right down the hallway and into the kitchen where they climbed up into their seats and waited – knowing that if they were good and ate everything on their plates they would get ice cream once they were at the zoo.