

## Settling In by Shadowlady

**Summary:** Kitty begins to settle into her position as submissive caretaker within the pack even as the some of the X-men struggle to find her and bring her to the safety of the school grounds. Rogue however has other plans.

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### 1. Chapter 1 by Shadowlady

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Flinching at the sudden fury in Rogue's gaze Kitty dropped her gaze, focusing on her feet even as she cursed the other girl. Of all the things that she dealt with on a regular basis this was the hardest, the most trying for her because she didn't understand why Rogue was so aggressive. Normal mutants, normal people didn't get irate at a simple touch, or a glance at their man; but then Rogue was anything but normal, a fact reinforced by the chain and dog tag that hung around her neck.

The fury in the growl dropped suddenly into a come and get me purr, darting a glance upwards Kitty smirked at the sudden appearance of Wolverine. The low, lust filled growl he gave sent shivers up Kitty's spine and she shifted, earning a hard glance from Rogue a moment before he picked her up and disappeared into the underbrush with her.

"Well they'll be gone for a while," Kitty stated as she looked at Nicholas who sat playing with a couple of bones and the baby who lay waving her arms and legs about. "Bed time munchkins, we have a big day tomorrow."

After putting them to bed Kitty curled up on her furs, pulling one over her shoulders in the gathering darkness. This was the first night they'd spent so close to humanity and it made her a tad uneasy. The looming outline of a building was visible amongst the trees, a testament to the fact that they weren't alone. That was the major reason that Kitty couldn't sleep, people meant help, and help meant getting back to the school.

The crunching of branches and the low muted purr of sexual gratification had her tensing even as the hulking frame of the Wolverine moved through the shadows followed by his mate. Shrugging back into her position Kitty sighed softly, in the weeks since they'd left New York Wolverine hadn't once laid a hand on her in any fashion, rather he treated her with all the care and consideration of a hired hand, a body that was necessary for the care of his cubs but that was it.

It was she realized a blessing in an otherwise bleak life. She had no identity outside of the caring of the children, no voice in any decisions and yet she knew she was luckier than anyone would ever believe. Her belly was always full, her back always covered from the elements and any dangers out there, her life had purpose, and she had a remarkable amount of freedom – even if her captors were more than a little strange.

\*Please Professor come and get me. Come and find me, I'm right here!\* she thought as she drifted into a deep, dreamless sleep.

"She wants you," Rogue whispered softly as she curled against Wolverine in their bed. "I've seen the way she watches you, the way she looks at you. I've seen the gestures..."

"You're the only mate I need," he grumbled as he stroked her side, his fingers brushing over the curve of her breast, "The only one I want to carry my cubs."

"But she's young, she's fertile..." Rogue snuggled closer, trying to still her fear.

"She's a cub herself. I don't breed with anyone else," he grunted nipping her shoulder. "Now rest up, we have to check out that facility in the morning."

"But..."

Rolling her over he stared down into her face, noting the fear, the unease, the darkness that plagued her, “But nothing. Like I told you before when we first took her, she’s here to help with the cubs.”

With a soft nod she sighed, “This place is familiar. Bad place.”

“Yes,” he stated calmly. “I don’t smell any signs of life though. No pain bringers so maybe...”

“If they’ve gone we can claim it. Make it a home...right?”

“Right.”

“I’m tired Logan, tired of this,” Marie whispered softly, sadly. “I just want to rest.”

“Rest then,” he whispered inhaling slightly and hiding a smile in her hair. “Rest easily, I’ll watch over you. Over all of you,” he promised as he snuggled closer to her, his grasp possessive.

Staring at the tangled mess of metal wire, hinges, and thick steel Kitty swallowed uneasily as she glanced at the alpha couple of their pack. Both Rogue and Wolverine were on edge, uneasy, aggressive as they neared the building. Clutching the babies to her she held tightly as Wolverine started inside, his claws making an appearance with deadly intent.

Waiting impatiently next to Rogue she sighed, something told her this wasn’t a good place that this place held memories that she couldn’t understand that she wouldn’t want to understand.

“Come,” the low, tense command had both women taking the children inside. Stepping through the shadows they followed Wolverine into a well lit, ramshackle, dusty room. Dust covered every surface, papers were scattered about on the floor, huge X-ray screens lined one wall, medical equipment and gurneys were overturned and shattered, lying next to several skeletons.

“What is this place?” Kitty whispered staring at the vast array of aged destruction.

“Bad place,” Rogue hissed angrily as she kicked at the remains of what had once been a pain bringer. She could still feel the sharp things, the pain, the misery that plagued her, plagued them in this place.

“Old home,” Wolverine growled as he turned to head through what was left of a door. “Cave this way.”

Eying it Kitty swallowed painfully, it had obviously been blasted by a powerful heat source. Running a hand over the charred edge Kitty realized what had caused the damage just as the full force of what this place was hit her square in the face. This was the place where Wolverine and Rogue were created – their lab, “You lived here before?”

“Pain bringers here to,” Rogue replied a visible shudder racing over her as she moved along the corridor past doors until she paused next to an empty doorway. Three parallel gouges in the frame told of Wolverine’s claws marring the steel, hinges that hung half off were coated in rust, and the light from the corridor spilled over to reveal the twisted, mangled outline of the door on the floor. Staring into it she inhaled and exhaled before shaking her head and walking off, the memories of this place, of that room were still fresh within her mind and

heart.

Long after Rogue had moved off Kitty stared at the cell in growing horror. Nicholas was silent next to her as he stared to. The walls that they could see were marked with deep dents, and score marks from claws. Old bloodstains marred the walls, splattered about like paint, indications of fighting.

Shivering at the sight Kitty turned and hurried after Rogue and Wolverine. The soft sound of laughter had her frowning as she moved around the corner to see Rogue standing with Wolverine looking at a glass cell.

“What’s so funny?” Kitty demanded as she moved forward her gaze sweeping the corridor.

“Good cell,” Rogue giggled pointing at it. “No pain.”

Kitty nodded as she looked at Rogue like she’d lost what was left of her mind until realization struck. This cell was their refuge from the abuse, the torment of their entrapment. “I don’t like this place.”

With a low growl Wolverine looked at her, “Bad place will make good home. No one will look for us here; no one will come for us here!”

“But...”

“We stay,” Rogue glared at her for a moment before moving past her. “Food.”

“I’ll go hunt,” Wolverine stated and disappeared back up the corridor leaving Nicholas and the baby with Kitty and Rogue.

Staring at the glass long after Rogue had left to find blankets Kitty swallowed the rising bile in her throat. She admitted to herself that she had always needed to have more than what she had but looking at this place, looking at what they’d done to these two people she realized that she’d been more than lucky – she’d been blessed.

“Any indication Professor?” Bobby asked sinking into a chair across from the man he thought of as a pseudo father.

“Only a slight connection from somewhere in Canada I’m afraid. Every time I think I’m getting close she moves on.”

“Well where in Canada did you get a hit?” Bobby frowned, his geography was sketchy but even he could find his way to some point in Canada – especially when he had help.

“The last time I felt her was up near a base we raided years ago. I’m sure that they haven’t settled there – it was the place we released them from. But it’s the only solid lead I’ve got,” Charles looked at Bobby, “You think you can find her?”

“I don’t know,” Bobby sighed and raked a hand through his hair. “But it’s worth a try. Kitty’s probably terrified by now and from what I’ve heard of this character she’s probably being tormented continuously.”

“Tormented?” Charles inquired with a straight face.

“As feral as he is, he’s probably raping her...”

“Even if he has,” Charles sighed softly, “He isn’t to blame. He doesn’t understand the same things we do, he’s been in the care of those ‘labs’ much too long for that to be a realistic notion.”

“So you’re saying if he has hurt her that we can’t do anything about it?” Bobby gaped at him.

“No,” Charles shook his head sadly, “Would you punish a child for breaking a toy? Would you punish a child for spilling his drink or falling down the stairs? In many ways Wolverine and Rogue’s perception is very childish. They spent too many years locked away to understand the everyday actions of our world.”

Bobby sighed and nodded as he rose to pace, “But if we can get Kitty away from them then we can deal with it. She doesn’t deserve to be forgotten...”

“She won’t be. As soon as I get a hit I’ll send Mr. Summers and Dr. Grey to pick her up.”

Bobby nodded and turned to stalk out of the room, Kitty was his friend, his confident and he would protect her. Stepping into the hallway he caught Piotr’s eye and nodded before heading for the library, they had a plan to make to get Kitty back.

Hours later Bobby, St. John, Kurt, and Piotr sat in the battered jeep that St. John owned and stared at the flashing light above the gas station, “Well if we fill up here we should be able to get to at least Niagra Falls before anyone notices we’re gone.”

“Did you manage to find out where in Canada it was that the lab was?” Piotr asked.

“We have to go west. It’s gonna take about two days drive to get there,” Bobby said looking at the map. “We have to get to Alberta and that’s means steady driving. We’re gonna have to take turns,” glancing pointedly at St. John he raised an eyebrow. “Kitty is more important than your jeep.”

“No argument from me,” St. John declared as he opened the door, “I’ll fuel up if someone wants to get the food for the drive.”

“I’ll do it,” Bobby declared hopping out and heading into the convenience store. He would grab a few things, enough to keep them eating for a few hours at least before they had to stop again.

The soft purr that filled the next room had Kitty rolling her eyes even as she wished for a pillow or something to cover up the sounds of Wolverine and Rogue mating, she couldn’t bring herself to call it making love – the words were too weak, too out of context with what they did.

Rolling over she frowned as she realized that the purr was the only sound and it was feminine. Rising she pushed aside her blankets and slipped from her room to pad next door.

“Rogue?” Kitty whispered softly, “Rogue you awake?”

The soft purr the only reply she stepped into the room and glanced around. Despite the lack

of windows there was always a light on. The current light source spilled like champagne into the room to where Rogue was laying on the 'bed', the covers tossed aside to reveal her naked body.

A body that was marred by scars, by tiny track marks that told of the needles, the injections, and yet she wasn't ashamed, nor did she hide them. Rather her eyes were closed, a soft smile on her face, and one hand lazily tracing patterns across her stomach, pausing to trace over a small, three inch scar near her belly button.

"Rogue? Are you okay?" Kitty asked glancing around for Wolverine, uncertain about this new development.

"Hmm?" Rogue turned her head to glance at the girl standing watching her. With a sudden shift, a twist and gather of muscles she was on her feet and stalking toward the girl, "What do you want? He's not here and I'm..."

"I heard you whimper," Kitty stated quickly looking down and trying to make herself as small as possible. "I thought you were in pain or something."

Rogue tilted her head slightly and frowned, yes Kitty had spent time looking at Logan, she'd even touched him a time or two in passing but Logan showed no interest and her fertility went untested. "New cub," she grunted and turned back to her bed.

"He went to get a new one?" Kitty frowned, "Uh we already have..."

"NO! Me, new cub," Rogue patted her stomach and crawled into her bed, pulling the covers up over her shoulder and rolling away from the girl.

"Oh, um congratulations then," Kitty sighed softly. "I um I'm sorry."

"Sorry?"

"Yeah for what happened here, for what they did to you. I never really believed you when you said that they were bad, didn't think they could do that but..."

"Bad people. Pain bringers are bad."

"Yes they are. I just wanted to say sorry for having doubted you."

"Protect you," Rogue muttered staring at the wall away from the girl.

"I kinda figured that out when we got here," Kitty chuckled, "Thank you."

Not getting a response Kitty turned and headed for her own bed, the kids would be up soon and the day would begin in earnest.

The rather awkward grasp Kitty had on little Lily only intensified her anger as she struggled to pick up the bowls, the baby, the water bag, and keep her own balance. With a soft snort of derision she turned and headed back for the lab.

She noted in passing that Wolverine had started bringing things inside that she'd never thought would be of use. Spruce bows were dropped throughout the place, giving it a wild scent which admittedly was better than the stale, bloody, dead smell that was so prevalent before.

“Come on Nicholas, time to go inside,” Kitty called as she gathered her things together. A moment later with the toddler in tow she approached the heavy doors Wolverine had rebuilt to protect them.

“One of these days I’m gonna have to find a way to have a break. I want to have a few hours of time for me y’know?” she looked at the little boy who merely grinned at her. “Course with a new baby on the way it’s probably as unlikely as an elephant flying.”

The chortle from the kids drew a grin as Kitty moved through the now familiar confines of what had once been a lab. Letting Nicholas race a head she carried her burden without complaint down the corridor to where they resided and set them down. After putting the bed down for a nap she began working on getting things organized for the evening meal.

“How do we get Kitty away from them?” Kurt glanced at Bobby in the growing darkness of the jeeps interior.

“Distraction, if we can get them distracted then getting...”

“You do remember what Kitty said right?” Kurt worried, “These aren’t two green kids or those kids playing at being part of the brotherhood. These are trained, ruthless killers...”

“I know that,” with a sigh Bobby shrugged, “It’s not like they’re going to get within striking distance, they probably don’t even want her around.”

“Is that wishful thinking or what?” John asked glancing at Bobby in the rearview mirror.

“Kitty can handle herself, it’s that animal I’m concerned about,” Bobby snapped angrily.

“Why? It’s not like she’s yours anymore Bobby, remember you nailed someone else before you two split.”

“Pure stupidity on my part. Don’t miss the turn off John; it’ll take half the day to get back on route if you do.”

“I won’t forget,” St John declared eying his friend carefully, there had to be more to this than just wanting to protect Kitty for them to be chasing off after her.

“I’ll be gone two days, three at most,” the low growl from Wolverine had Kitty freezing in place, “You sure you’ll be okay?”

With a shrug she nodded, “We’ll be fine. The girl can watch the cubs and I’ll watch over all of them.”

“Be careful okay? The Pain Bringers could’ve followed us, you need to keep a...”

“We’ll be fine,” the soft purr eased the tension in his body somewhat, “The cubs will be safe, no matter the cost.”

With a familiar grunt he kissed her quickly and slipped away into the trees on a hunt for bigger game. The awareness of the new cub’s presence making it a necessity, more food was

a requirement.

Growling at the sudden appearance of the girl Kitty, Rogue pushed aside her annoyance and focused on preparing their home for another cub.

“Can I do anything?”

“Watch Nicholas and Lily.”

“They’re sleeping. I could take those old blood stained blankets somewhere.”

“Put them in the last cave. Down there. It smells bad anyway.” Rogue pointed down the hallway.

Kitty nodded, glancing at the heavy steel door her protector slash captor had indicated. Both Rogue and Wolverine avoided it, not evening allowing the babies to play by it. Whatever was in there had to be bad.

Wrinkling her nose at the hard, unyielding bundles of blankets Kitty stacked them next to the door before beginning to open it. Creaking and squealing with disuse it finally opened enough for the light to spill into it.

Kitty stared in horror at the sight that greeted her. Mangled skeletons lay scattered about on the floor. Half rotten scrubs covers some, others were tangled with chains. The evidence of brutality to the bones was startling. Many were broken with jagged edges, some had holes through them, others had long, ragged gouges along them. Stepping further into the room she choked as she saw the remains still affixed to the wall, shackles and chains wrapped around the mummified figures.

“Dead. No wonder it smelled bad.” Rogue snarled her gaze scanning the area. “Cloos door. No need to let the disease and death out.”

“Who were these people? Why would anyone do this?” Kitty whispered in horror.

“Pain bringers. Experiments.” Rogue nudged a bone with her toe.

Stunned beyond belief Kitty stared at the evidence of cruelty even as she wondered about her own mind frame. From day one she’d been trying to think of a way of getting back to New York, a way of getting away from the ruthlessness of her captors. Now she wondered if she was really that strong to survive this sort of hell.

The muted sounds of the baby drew her out of her daze and she pushed the door closed as Rogue walked away. Leaving the horror behind the door she hurried to take care of Nicholas and Lily.

“We’ve been looking for nearly a month. Don’t you think we should call?” St. John demanded as he parked in yet another rut filled parking lot. “Maybe the teams already got her.”

“We’d know.” Bobby snapped slamming the door open and heading for the motel’s office. He had a hunch that Kitty’s abductors had taken her to the military base a days drive west of their current position. Why he’d thought of that place he didn’t know but he would follow



his gut.

With the keys secured he stalked back toward the jeep. He had to convince them to give it another day, two at the most before calling in the big guns.

“So?” Peter asked as Bobby grabbed his bag.

“Two rooms, here’s a key. Look guys I know we’ve been looking a long time but really what’s a couple more days? She’s probably at that facility we heard about three days ago.”

“Fine. We’ll drive up there take a look around and if she’s not then we’ll phone home.”

“I know she’s there. Something tells me she’s close.”

“Sure.” St. John glanced at his friend. “Come on. Might as well get a good nights sleep before we head out in the morning.

“Yeah a good nights rest will improve the outlook. Fresh eyes and all.” Kurt drawled before slipping soundlessly off the car.

Laughing at Nicholas who splashed in the shallow waters at the lakes edge Kitty glanced at baby Lily. Both kids were happy, healthy – even if Nicholas tended to be much more feral than any other toddler she’d ever seen.

“Time to go little ones.” Kitty called even as Nicholas tensed and growled. His hazel eyes focused on the ridge above them.

Turning she didn’t see anyone but experience had taught her to trust the little boy’s superior senses. Fearing for the children’s safety she grabbed up Lily. “Nicholas. Come we have to get to Momma.”

“Smell people.” The boy growled anger flashing in his eyes.

“Not good.” Kitty whispered snagging his hand. “Come Momma is waiting for us.”

Running through the thick brush Kitty could feel the gaze of someone upon her. Desperation and fear kept her from turning around. Instead she shifted Lily in her arms and pulled Nicholas a little faster. Ducking under the stone ledge that they used for cover during the rain she gasped for breath.

“Kitty! Kitty wait!” the familiar voice had her pausing at least momentarily. A few seconds later a familiar blue face appeared. “I wasn’t certain you had heard me.”

“What are you doing?” Kitty hissed. “Looking to get killed?”

“No. We’re concerned for you. The others are up near the road. We figured I’d cover more ground.”

“Teleporting is not the way to do it.” Kitty clutched the children. “Go away.”

“Kitty we’ve come to take you home.” Kurt stated even as he glanced at the boy who stood growling softly.

“I can’t.” Kitty muttered. “They need me.”

“They don’t need you. The Professor can help you deal with the memories...”

“Memories? Of what?” Kitty snapped angrily. “Go now Kurt. Please for the love of God just go. If she finds you here it’s gonna go bad.”

“Obviously you’re traumatized by the treatment you’ve endured. At home you can heal!” Kurt grabbed the little boy. “We’ll take the children and go.”

Kitty shook her head fiercely. “No. You can’t be serious.”

Kurt smiled at her in what he hoped was a reassuring way before teleporting him and the boy back up to where the others were waiting. “She’ll be along shortly.”

Hissing in pain as the boy bit him he struggled to hold him. “Ouch you little monster you bit me.”

“I’ll say.” Bobby whistled at the blood moving down his arm.

“Piotr take him.” Kurt handed the boy off and checked his arm. “Damn he’s got sharp teeth.”

“KURT! KURT BRING HIM BACK!” Kitty’s faint scream had the boys shifting.

“She’s gonna let ‘em know we’re here.”

Kitty screamed in shock when a rough hand grabbed her. Turning she stared into Rogue’s furious gaze. “They took him!” She cried pointing. “I tried to stop them.”

“Who?”

“From the mansion...” Kitty started only to be shoved at the facility.

“Get inside.”

Moving through the brush Rogue hurried toward her son. The new bad ones had taken him and she’d get him back. Wishing that Wolverine was close by she hunkered down by a large tree and watched as her son struggled in the impressive grip of a tall, muscular male.

Quickly assessing them she growled softly, noting the way Nicholas seemed to pause. Obviously he’d heard her.

“Momma’s coming.” She growled slowly before sliding through the foliage.

“Damn it where is that girl?” Bobby snarled pacing around. “She should have been here by now.”

“Maybe she’s happy with them?” Piotr declared. “I mean she’s been with them a long time.”

“Shut up Metal brains.” Bobby snarled angrily. “Maybe we can trade the kid for...”

St. John barely had time to realize that there was someone behind him before his arm was twisted up behind his back and a firm, choke hold was on his throat. A low, feral growl chilled him to the bone a moment before the world went dark and he slid to the ground.

Shoving the body aside Rogue scrambled over the hood of the vehicle and crouched next to the blue man who was still bleeding. With an angry hiss at him she sunk her nails into his throat and jerked knocking him on his ass. Before he had time to react a swift kick to the head had him unconscious.

“Iceman...” Piotr glanced uneasily at his friend. “We’ve got company and it ain’t your ex-girlfriend.”

Hissing a warning at the pair Rogue eyed her son. He appeared to be furious and only a little scared. Growling softly at him she watched him take a submissive position, relaxing in the big man’s grasp.

Comparing both males before her Rogue smiled slowly, of the two the one holding Nicholas would prove to be a more able mate for Kitty thus reducing any concern she held about Wolverine wanting to mate the other girl. She would go easy on the big man. A quick touch and he’d be out cold, leaving only the other, slimmer male – no competition really.

Cracking her neck she eyed the one called Iceman steadily. She could smell his fear, smell his unease and played upon it. Growling softly she moved slowly, advancing and retreating in a slow, methodical method.

“Uh Colossus give me a hand here.”

“And how am I gonna do that? I got the kid.”

“Just do something!” Iceman backed up a step only to find himself backed against the jeep. The sudden rocking of the vehicle had him glancing around only to see Colossus slumped over the hood and the kid on the roof.

“Oh crap!”

With a low pitched snarl Nicholas jumped down and disappeared into the brush leaving Rogue and her quarry to play.

Pouncing on him Rogue held him steady for a second before she smashed his head into the ground, knocking him out. “Bad one come for you.” She muttered and moved to where the other man lays lumped against the jeep. Grabbing him she began the slow process of dragging him back to their lair.

Piotr groaned softly at the pounding in his head. Something told him not to open his eyes, that he wouldn’t welcome the sight that greeted him. Hearing movement he opened them a crack and found Kitty sitting on the floor a few feet away from him.

“Kitty?” He muttered.

“Yeah?”

“What happened? Where am I?”

Kitty glanced at him with a pained look on her face. “Locked in a cell. You’re lucky you know? She’d have killed you if she wanted to.”

“Why didn’t she?”

“Because you’re my new mate. As long as you’re alive I won’t want Wolverine.”

“Kitty that isn’t...”

“You want to survive? You want to see tomorrow I suggest you learn to deal with this. As of right now you’re subservient to them.”

“We have to get home.”

“To what? I can’t go back there Piotr. I’ve seen what happens in the real world and I won’t risk that.”

“What are you talking about?”

“This is the facility that created Wolverine and Rogue...my saviors.” Kitty muttered moving closer to him. “There’s a room full of skeletons with scars upon the bones. The very walls are stained with blood, and the carnage that’s here...Piotr trust me. You don’t have to like this situation but you do have to want to survive.”

“Will they kill me?”

“If you act submissive to them no. You try to be dominating and they will. They’re the alpha male and female in this pack.”

“So why am I here as a mate for you then?”

“Because Rogue’s pregnant again and she doesn’t want to risk my seducing Wolverine away from her.”

“We’re in trouble.”

Kitty shrugged. “Not really. Except your place and you’ll survive. Once this new baby’s born it’ll probably be easier to slide away than now.”

“How long?”

“Months.” Kitty grinned. “Until then you’re about to learn what real work is. Come on.”

“Where are we going?”

“I’m going to show you what your life is about to become.” Kitty replied. “And what Professor Xavier never mentioned in all his teachings.”

Piotr eyed Kitty with a feeling of unease. He didn’t like that idea.

The stench of a strange male overpowered even the rich aroma of the freshly killed meat Wolverine was carrying. Dropping it by the door he growled sniffing the air. Young, weakened, but of a breeding age a definite threat to his position as alpha.

A low purr drew his attention and he turned to see Rogue standing watching him. A soft,

loving look upon her face, her hands folded over her naked belly. Moving toward her he growled even as he pressed her against the wall. Sniffing, checking her over he snarled low in his throat at the faint smell of the man on his mate.

“Kitty’s.” She whispered in his ear, her legs going up to wrap around his waist. “The bad ones from the other prison came for her. I had to protect her to save her.”

“The cub?”

“Safe.” She nuzzled into his throat. “They are all safe...and now she has a mate of her own.”

“Does he accept her?”

“Not yet. But he will.” Rogue whispered staring into his gaze. “Come to our bed Logan. I need to feel you inside me again. It’s been too long.”

Smirking Logan glanced around. “Nicholas and Lily?”

“Sleeping. If they should awaken Kitty will tend them.”

Nodding he allowed himself to be led to their bed. He’d see what was what tomorrow. Now was about reclaiming his mate...reclaiming what he’d missed for the past few days and nights.

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