

[Leopard Print](#) by [lopaka tanu](#)

Summary:

California's Mojave desert, sixteen years ago. Their's was a slave ship...

X-over Heroes/Alien Nation.

Categories: [Heroes](#), [Television](#), [Alien Nation](#), [Crossover/Multi-Fandom](#) Characters: Buck Francisco, Cathy Frankel, Peter Petrelli, Peter/Buck

Genres: PreSlash

Warnings: Adult Situations, Alien Conception, Anal Sex, Angst, Complete, Explicit Sexual Situations, Gender Bending, Hermaphrodite, Language, m/m, Violence

Challenges: None

Series: Spots and Dots.

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 10525 Read: 440 Published: 03/09/2011 Updated: 03/09/2011

Story Notes:

Follows the plots laid out in the show about Racism/Sexism.

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Author's Notes:

I do not own Heroes or Alien Nation.

"Dr. Frankel?" Peter glanced up from under his hair. The form stated this was the right wing, but he learned one could never be sure.

The blonde nurse didn't bother to look up from her desk. Using the hand not holding a pen, she pointed towards an office at the end of the hall.

"Thanks." Now that he knew the location, he could see a name place clearly stating it was her office. Feeling stupid, he let his eyes drop. They landed upon a strange red panel with white squiggling.

It took a moment, but he finally recognized it to be Tenctonese. There were so many strange things about being in Los Angeles he would need to become used to. Strangely, the one-point-one million aliens didn't bother him at all.

Why would they? Things like aliens were normal in a world where a man could blow up half a city just by sneezing. Not that he would be demonstrating that ability for anyone soon.

As he walked up to her door, a male New Comer went by.

Peter couldn't help but stare. This was his first true close encounter.

Much to his credit, the male merely smiled and nodded without slowing down.

Feeling foolish, Peter dropped his gaze. They were people too, no different... Okay, so they were really different. Still, it applied, they shouldn't be treated any differently. At the door, Peter composed himself before he reached up and knocked.

There was no hesitation in the reply. "Come in!"

Taking a deep breath, Peter turned the knob and pushed the door open. On the inside, her office looked like any other Doctor's office, right down to her uncomfortable looking guest chairs. Peter was almost disappointed by the lack of decorations.

Standing up, Cathy smiled warmly for him. She held out her hand. "Hi, I'm Dr. Frankel."

Reaching out to take her hand, Peter was struck by the similarities between them. She was so normal looking, aside from the spots and lack of ears, that it seemed unreal. He realized he was moving slow, having been distracted by thinking. With a firm resolve, he reached out and grasped her hand.

The moment he made contact, his body entire body seized. Only sheer force of will kept him from doing more than going stiff.

Mistaking his rigidness for discomfort, Cathy seemed to lose a little of her cheer. Taking back her hand, she let it fall to her side. "I'm sorry, did you not know I was a Tenctonese?"

"It's not you." Rolling his shoulder, Peter made a show of stretching out the muscle. "I think I pulled something sleeping on a cheap motel bed." He smiled for her, hoping that his act worked.

Not entirely convinced, she still nodded. "I see. Is there something I can do for you?"

"Yes, I'm here about a job, actually." Going for his messenger bag, he raised the flap and pulled out a folder. His nervous fingers nearly dropped it twice. Whatever had happened was wreaking havoc on his system. Eventually, he dropped it on her desk out of sheer desperation. "My name is Peter Petrelli, RN."

Cathy's eyes lit up with recognition. "Ah! I've been expecting you." She started to hold out her hand again, but realized they had done that already. Chuckling, she redirected it to pick up his file. "Your correspondence was very eloquent, I was almost surprised to find you were a man."

At his raised eyebrow, she shook her head.

He sighed. Apparently he wasn't the only one with misunderstandings. His heart was still beating a little too fast from the contact, making him feel a little warmer than usual. If it kept up, he would be sweating pretty quickly. Looking nervous over a simple interview was never a good sign for someone who would be called upon to save lives.

"Well, why don't you have a seat so we can discuss your reasons for being here." Gesturing to the uncomfortable looking chairs, Cathy's cheerful smile was back in full force.

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"Honestly, I don't see a reason why you can't start on Monday, if that's okay with you." Her tone of voice indicated that she didn't think it would be a problem for her, so it shouldn't be one for him. Standing up, Cathy moved around to the front of her desk, hand out.

Peter forced himself to smile and accept her hand. Unlike before, there was no electrical shock or pain. Relaxing in to her warm grip, he pumped her hand rather enthusiastically. "That sounds good to me."

"Wonderful. Check in with Nurse Vedrene at the desk down the hall. She'll put you in touch with our supplier and get you a scrubset and uniform." As she spoke, she escorted him to the door. "I look forward to working with you. I get the feeling we're going to get along well."

"I hope so too." Peter allowed himself to be led. She was taking charge and the fact she was

doing this gave credence to her words. He would have a place here after all. "It's not been easy leaving everything behind, but as I said, I didn't exactly have a choice."

"Our circumstances are different, but I understand, oh boy, do I." Upon reaching her door, she stopped. Cathy made no move to open it. "How is your family, by the way?"

"I don't know." Shifting his bag higher up on his shoulder, Peter used it to keep himself from having to look at her. "We, uh, haven't talked since it came out, actually. Congressman Petrelli doesn't have time for his crazy brother."

Sighing, Cathy put a hand upon his shoulder. She squeezed it gently. "I wish I knew how to help. Unfortunately, my specialty is New Comer Biology." After his nod, she gave his shoulder another squeeze, then leg to. Then, she went for the door handle.

Stepping back, Peter gave her room to open it up. Then he was having to jump back to avoid being run over by an agitated New Comer male in a police uniform.

"Cathy, we need to talk!" Spinning around, the officer look towards Cathy. He started to say more, but he noticed Peter first. His face twisted in anger. "I didn't realize you were busy."

"Actually, I was just leaving." Adjusting the strap on his bag again, Peter shot out in to the hall. "I'll see you Monday, Doctor Frankel." Waving over his shoulder, he tried to keep his head down. There was no telling what would set the male off in his current state.

Behind him, he heard the door shut. But not even that was enough to block out the raised voices. They were shouting in Tenctonese, which made it easier to tune out as he headed for the Nurse's station.

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Setting down the phone receiver, the blonde woman finished filling out the receipt stub. When done, she tore it off and held it up for Peter. "Here is your confirmation number. Don't lose it or you won't get your clothes."

Peter knew why, too many people were impersonating Medical staff now that it had become a very real legal threat. What would compel a person to do it was still a shock to him. Most of the cases in New York were the crazies or a rare gangland hit.

Here, it was human racists trying to kill Tenctonese. Last month, a woman had tried tainting the entire batch of New Comer blood at Mercy Clinic, the largest free clinic for New Comers in Los Angeles. That was part of the reason he had decided to even apply here. With a lack of qualified people, he was certain to get in.

He had been right.

So he would be back to training under a Doctor's intense tutelage like a first year, it was nothing he couldn't handle. Sure, there were the long hours. Thankless tasks he would have perform. Probably would even be called upon to do even the most menial of tasks.

He had done all that and more.

When it came to pride around patients, there was no such thing.

Holding the slip of paper, Peter never felt so far behind in his life. He had gone through all this before, now he had to restart in a completely different environment. It wasn't that he couldn't handle it, it was just, everything he had done up til now had been invalidated. And that was the

real killer.

He must have been standing there like a dork because someone bumped him from behind. Suddenly looking around, he found the person who had hit him.

The New Comer man from Dr. Frankel's office was already walking away.

"Hey!" When the man didn't slow down, Peter decided to follow him. Picking up his speed, he quickly caught up with him. Jumping in front of him, he put up a hand to stop the officer. "You hit me back there."

Fuming, the officer narrowed his eyes at Peter. His fingers went towards the riot baton on his belt. "Get out of my way."

Peter held up his hands. There was no reason to be threatening. "I just want an apology."

"I'm sorry." It looked like it galled the man as he bit it out through clenched teeth.

Holding out his hand, Peter thought he would push his luck. "My name's Peter."

Snorting, the officer looked down at the offered hand. When he looked back up at Peter, he was still pissed, but there was also amusement on his face. Shaking his head, he pushed passed Peter.

Unable to help himself, Peter actually checked the New Comer out. The way his uniform clung to him in all those right places confirmed a few of his curiosities. He justified his continuing stare by telling himself he would need to find all this out sooner rather than later.

By the time the officer had gone around the corner, Peter was feeling a little flushed. Pinking, he forced himself to turn away. He had to go the other way anyways. The bus stop was out the front entrance.

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Los Angeles was totally different from New York in every way imaginable. That wasn't even including the actual, honest to god aliens walking the streets. There was something to be said for living in a place where one wasn't the biggest freak.

Hell, the aliens were normal in comparison to some of the human denizens.

By the time Peter had passed his third female Marilyn Monroe, the shock value had worn off. It wasn't the movie star look or the expensive clothes, it was the lack of Adam's Apple. In New York, the only people who looked like that wore too much makeup and could kick his ass nine ways to Sunday.

And freaks. There were more crazy people per square mile than he had ever seen. Not even the Bronx had this many kooks. It was no wonder people thought LA was on the fast track to hell.

Popping a couple of ibuprofen, Peter held the cold glass of some lemony tasting drink to his forehead. He hadn't asked the delivery guy what was in it, just that it be cold and taste like a lemon. It tasted more like lemon furniture polish than lemons, but it was the thought that counted.

There had been so much crap in the past three weeks. It was hard to know where to start. At this point, Peter was almost certain he would never get over it all.

How did the boy who cried wolf face the world afterwards?

He wasn't in Los Angeles because it was the furthest he could go to get away from the bad press. New Comer trauma med was the only place willing to take him. It wasn't... hell who was he kidding?

Taking a drink from the cold lemon piss, he slouched down on the motel room couch. It would be a long weekend, but at least his clothes would be ready for him on Sunday. Raising a hand, he pointed a finger at the television set.

A shooting motion turned it on. Twirling his finger caused the knob on the ancient set to turn. He flipped through the channels, searching for anything of interest. Finding nothing, he desperately spun the dial until it stopped on something random.

Two Tenctonese women were passionately fighting with each other over the back of a couch. There was something rolling around at their feet, but he couldn't be bothered to make it out. The writing was in red, so it was probably alien anyways.

Closing his eyes, he summoned the strength to float out of his chair. Levitating, he drifted over to the bed. Once above it, he released his concentration and fell on top of the thread bare covers.

He was asleep within seconds.

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Saturday was spent going over the medical texts he had bought for his new position. Cathy had said she would teach him everything he would need to know on the job, but being a little prepared before hand wouldn't hurt.

Thank the gods above that there were delivery men who accepted credit cards. Not having cash fucking sucked. Then again, that really wasn't his fault either.

By the time the words had started to look like gibberish, Peter had to give up. There was just too much to learn in just one short weekend. It was going to be a long internship, but well worth it.

Stretching his arms over his head, Peter glanced at the time. He was slightly alarmed to learn it had been fifteen hours since he started. At least it hadn't been spent veged out in front of the television. Though, that had its merits too. It would probably have been his last chance for a long time to come.

Oh well, there was always Sunday.

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Sunday dawn bright and early, complete with traffic noise and fighting in Spanish. Didn't these people go to church? Damn, even the local Puerto Ricans in New York left off for Mass. It was supposed to be the one day he could sleep in.

Just to be a shit, Peter launched several of his text books across the room against the motel wall. That shut them up for all of two seconds, then they were pounding on the wall and yelling at each other. He was tempted to do more, but figured someone else could do a better job.

Raising his hand, he summoned the phone to him. Clearing his throat, he dialed three numbers. When the line was picked up, he stretched his vocal chords. "If you do not come pick up these pendejo, I will kill him! I swear to god I will. Stupido! Tu madre es una puta!"

"Ma'am. Can you please..."

"Chinga tu, maricon! You think I am..." Slamming down the receiver, he eased his throat back to normal. Being able to mimic others was a gift he had discovered after an encounter with... Well, the asshole was dead now.

And if a domestic violence call was answered properly, his noise problem would be too.

Sending the phone back to the stand, he rolled over on to his side. Peter pulled up his covers and buried his head in the pillows to wait for the police to arrive.

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A knocking at his door awoke him. For several seconds, he considered not answering it. Unfortunately, the person on the other side seemed to be able to read his mind and knocked again, more insistent. After a third bang, he figured there was no going back to sleep this time.

Climbing out of bed, he pulled up his boxers so that they only hung off his hips. He took a moment to scrub his face before standing up. Yawning, he walked over to the motel room door.

He turned the handle just as the annoying one banged on the door again. Standing there, sunglasses obscuring his eyes, was a New Comer police officer. Behind him, three other patrol cars were parked haphazardly in the lot.

Pushing his hair off his face, Peter grumbled. "What?"

His lip curled, but he kept any remarks to himself. "We received a domestic disturbance call from this motel room. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?"

"Sorry, I've been asleep." Scratching his ass, Peter blearily peered at the man. They were almost the same height, what little he had on the man was discounted by the sheer broad muscle of the officer. "Is that all?"

"No." Reaching up, the officer removed his sunglasses. He used his chest to help fold them. "Do you realize abusing the nine-one-one system is a criminal offense?"

"Do you realize I'm half asleep and have no idea what you are talking about?" To emphasize his point, Peter opened his mouth in to a full yawn. Clearing his throat, he leaned against the motel room door. "If you want to come in, I charge two hundred an hour. Otherwise, you're wasting both our times, officer."

Gritting his teeth, the New Comer shoved his glasses in his uniform shirt. He reached in to his pocket and pulled out a pad and paper. "Do you mind if I come in and have a look around?"

"It's cash, up front." Pulling back from the door, Peter stepped aside. If the alien wanted to look inside his motel room, he would oblige for now. There was nothing to hide.

Shaking his head, the officer stepped inside. He blinked a couple times to adjust his eyesight. When he could see, he noticed the general disarray of the motel room. "Are you certain a fight didn't take place in here?"

"I start a job at the New Hope Medical Center tomorrow. You should have seen my place when I was only a first year. This time, I've already got accreditation, which means only half the paperwork." His joke fell flat when the officer only stared at him. His half smile slipping from his face, Peter turned to examine the rest of his room.

The books were scattered across the floor, having fallen there after he had sent them flying.

Amusement over that made him smile again. That had been a spur of the moment idea, but it had probably scared the shit out of his bickering neighbors.

A throat cleared behind him, reminding Peter he wasn't alone in the room. Sighing, he walked over to the books. "If you don't mind, I'm going to pick a couple of these up. Feel free to examine them, and by that, I mean pick a few up."

"You are certainly asking to be hauled in." Unable to tear his eyes away from Peter, the officer continued to follow his every movement. "Did you hear anything unusual this morning?"

"Aside from the violent fighting next door? Not a thing. I was kind of a little drunk last night when I passed out." He waved a hand in the general direction of the waste basket. It was loaded with those lemon pledge drinks. "They taste like lemon piss, but it was cheap."

Nodding, the officer could see that there were quite a few of them. "Is that when you got the tattoo?"

"Huh?" Setting his books on the provided dresser, Peter frowned. "I don't have a tattoo." A soft touch on his lower back had him gasping. The fingers trailed along the lower part of his spine causing him to shiver in response. Moaning, he closed his eyes and arched in to the touch.

Quietly, almost experimentally, the officer made low noise in the back of his throat.

Peter's legs grew weak, as gasped in a breathy moan. Suddenly, the touch was removed from his back. The intense pleasure caused by it took several breaths to abate. By the time he had calmed his body enough to think rationally, he had to sit down. "Whoa, what the hell was that?" Panting, he turned to look up at the officer.

Adjusting the front of his pants, the officer wouldn't meet Peter's eyes. "I think I got everything I need here." He shoved the pad and pen in his back pocket. Pulling out his glasses, he all but fled the motel room. The door slammed shut behind him.

Still sitting there, Peter continued to breathe heavily. If a male New Comer's touch felt like that, he was definitely cruising the bar scene later.

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Sitting on the D in the Hollywood, Peter swung his feet. He was invisible at the moment, so no one could see him. Not the many tourists behind him, taking shots with their cheap cameras. Not the police helicopter that flew within a thousand feet searching the hill for someone. Not even the drunken teenagers who came to spraypaint their names on the security fence protecting the sign.

At night, L.A. was a city almost as alien to him as a million of its inhabitants were to the planet. In New York, they would just be experiencing the first heavy snows about now. He could really live without the ass biting winds. There was just something about living through the winter that made the warmth of spring better.

Not that he would be going back there any time soon.

It was a going to take some getting used to, he guessed. There had been a period of adjustment when he left his family home for college. It was just something he would learn to live with.

Sighing, he realized it was getting late. With his job starting in the morning, he needed to get to sleep early.

Dropping his invisibility, he rose off the sign. The loose shirt he wore flapped about his skin as he

pointed himself towards the city. Shooting off, he closed his eyes just so he could enjoy the sensation of the wind against his skin.

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Peter chose the alley behind his motel to come down in. The moment his feet touched the pavement, he immediately switched to invisibility. There was nothing but rats and roaches in the alley, but he wasn't taking any chances.

He walked out on to the street. After checking the road for traffic, he ran across the street. He ducked inside the alley between a liquor store and a ninety-nine cent store. Crouching down behind a dumpster, he released his hold on Claude's ability.

Standing up, he shook his head to put his hair in order. A quick swipe removed any bugs from his shirt, then put it in order. After a quick check of his appearance, he strolled out of the alley.

Once again, the road was near empty and he had no trouble getting across. Walking up the front walk to his motel, he passed by a couple of kids in sagging clothing and shook his head. There were still idiots around, apparently.

He took the stairs up in to the courtyard of the motel. Actually, it was flat area with a little scrub grass between the parking lot. His room was across the parking lot.

Crossing the lot, he checked out his neighbor's room. The lights were off and no one was sitting outside the door. Either they had moved on, or they hadn't been able to make bail. That meant he could get some sleep after all.

Feeling a little lighter, Peter didn't hear the footsteps. He was at his door before he noticed anything. By then, it was too late. Spinning around, brought up his hands to defend himself. If need be, he could fry or flatten anyone with a single thought.

"Whoa! Sorry!" Holding up his hands, the New Comer stopped a couple feet away.

It took Peter a moment to recognize the man. Frowning, he took in the jeans and tight pink tshirt he was wearing. Something in Tenctonese was written on it, but the arrow pointing down pretty much gave the gist of what it said. "Let me guess, something the department wouldn't approve of?" He pointed at the shirt.

"Huh?" Looking down at his shirt, the officer shook his head. "Sorry, this, it was just something I had in my locker." When he glanced up, he had a half smile. "I don't normally wear something like this. One of the guys had a bachelor party last week, I forgot to get it out of my locker afterwards."

"Yeah." Glancing over the man's shoulder, Peter made sure they were alone and it wasn't something else going on. "So, why are you stalking me?"

"I'm not!" He raised a hand to focus himself. Clearing his throat, he took a quick breath. "I just wanted to, uh, apologize. For earlier." Unable to meet Peter's gaze, he sucked in a breath through his teeth. "It was inappropriate and I should not have done it without your permission."

Whatever had the New Comer tied up in knots must have been bad. But for the life of him, Peter could not recall anything that might have qualified for an apology. There hadn't been any harassment, well, not beyond anything normal.

Except.

Shivering at the memory, Peter hadn't realized he closed his until he opened them again. He found the New Comer staring at his neck, more importantly, the sides of his neck. The parts that were currently tingling. Mouth feeling dry, he swallowed to wet it. "You want to come in? Tell me what you were thinking about."

"I don't..." He cast a quick look over his shoulder. When he faced Peter again, he took a shuddering breath. "Yes."

Peter nodded. "Great." His gut felt tight, making him sick with anticipation. Spinning, he crossed the small distance to his room. He pulled out his key and stuck it in the lock. Turning it and the handle, he pushed the door open.

The moment he was inside, the man was on him. He hadn't even had time to close the door. Mouth latched on to his neck, the New Comer started to hum against his skin.

An instant thrill went down his spine, straight to the end of his dick. Moaning, his knees started to feel like they were made of jelly. He tilted his head to give the man better access as hands slid up his back.

His voice going deeper, he massages small circles in to the small of Peter's back. He pushed them forward a couple steps, then stopped. With a growl, he kicked the door shut.

Peter had only a second to wonder what the hell was going on before the New Comer was back. Now, he was on the other side of his neck. His muscles tensed, body tightening under the man's ministrations. Unable to breath, his mouth kept gaping.

When eventually he was released, Peter cried out and fell forwards. He didn't get the chance to land before he was caught up again. Spinning in his arms, the man knelt down, easing Peter to the floor.

Moaning, he had to let Peter go long enough so that he could pull his own shirt off.

Peter could only watch, too drunk under the new sensations coursing through him.

Unbuttoning the front of his pants, he unbuckled his belt. Then he was back at Peter's neck, humming in to his throat. Kissing his way up, he nipped at the skin over Peter's cheek.

Eyes closed, Peter moaned. "What...'s your...name," he finished, breathless.

"Buck." Pulling back, he grabbed the hem of Peter's shirt. His lips were swollen and his eyes half lidded in pleasure. A dark pink flush colored his features. "Lift up."

Raising his hands, Peter sat up. His shirt was tore off in one quick move, barely even touching his hair it went so fast. The sensation of the bare carpet tickled the small of his back as he laid out flat.

Buck growled, grabbing the front of Peter's pants. He almost tore the zipper open in his haste to open them. Moaning, his voice increased in pitch.

When he reached a certain note, Peter body tensed. He started to moan again, which seemed to be the right thing as Buck increased his speed. Soon, Peter's pants were tore from his body along with his boxers.

Lowering himself between Peter's legs, Buck ground himself against the human's bottom. He started to whisper something, his voice almost a harsh hiss. Clicking his tongue, he pressed a kiss to Peter's throat. His hands found their way under Peter, rubbing at his back again.

Wrapping his legs around the New Comer, Peter arched as close as he could get against him. Buck's arms encircled him, bringing him up in to Buck's lap. He could feel the hard length of the other against his bottom through the rough denim.

Wide eyed, he had barely a moment to consider this before Buck was shoving his pants down. It was big, much bigger than anything he had ever encountered before, and slick too. Then, Buck was humming against his neck again and Peter forgot himself.

Burning hot, the large mass of Buck's cock slid up inside him. He cried out from the pain, straining to ease his passage. To no avail, Buck continued to slide deeper inside him.

His body felt too hot. Panting, he clenched his eyes shut and let his head fall back. Too much. It was too big, too much sensation. The hands on his back, the humming on his neck. Buried deep, he was completely saddled deep within Peter.

Then he started to move.

Screaming, Peter's body shook through his first release.

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Peter awoke to the sound of a zipper being cinched shut. Moaning, he blinked. Rolling on his side, he found the bed beside him still warm and smelling of spicy sweat. His mind instantly supplied a name to the scent. "Buck."

A few seconds later, the bed sunk beside him. Opening his eyes, he found the New Comer staring at him.

Licking his lips, Buck glanced over Peter quickly before settling on his face. "Look, this...it shouldn't. We shouldn't have." Exhaling in exasperation, he slapped the bed. "I can't do this. I don't even know why it happened. It's just, you were all I could think about yesterday after, you know. But, I'm better, it's over now, out of my system."

Nodding, Peter continued to lay there. He watched Buck run a hand over his scalp. His own fingers itched, wanting to feel the smooth skin, run over those spots. "I understand."

"Good, that's good." Standing up, Buck fingered the belt loop on his jeans. "I have to get going. Gotta get be at work in a hour." Jerking a thumb over his shoulder, he continued to fidget. "Gotta go."

"Okay." Peter gave a small wave.

That seemed to be the signal Buck was looking for. "Bye!" With that, he turned and all but fled the motel room.

Long after the door had closed, Peter lay there. His body still felt too exhausted to do more than blink.

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The hissing of the breaks caused Peter to jump. Glancing about the bus, he realized he had gotten distracted by his own thoughts. The world held a strange, almost surreal feeling about it. He had sex with a New Comer.

Incredible sex.

He was a man, and he had sex with a man from another world. Snickering, Peter glanced out the window. The next stop would be the hospital.

What had gotten in to him the day before? He never jumped in the sack with someone he had just met. Jesus Christ, he hadn't even known the guy's name before he was almost buried balls deep inside him. Speaking of balls, New Comers didn't even have them. It was a seminal pouch in the place of the scrotum that produced both lubricant and seminal type fluid.

He knew that thanks to the books he had only read the fucking day before!

If he was being tested on how to learn about, seduce, and then fuck a New Comer, he would be receiving full honors. He figured that Buck had gotten as good as he gave. There didn't seem to be any complaints, he had even been up for a second and third go before going comatose.

At least Human and New Comer men were alike in that fashion.

The bus' breaks hissed again. Rising from his seat, Peter winced. Carefully, he made his way to the nearest exit. He smiled at the coin lady before stepping off. He certainly hoped Dr. Frankel didn't have him walking a lot today.

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By the time he made it to the second floor New Comer wing, Peter was certain his body would give out. His legs ached, his lower back was spasming, and his insides felt like they were swollen. He had to stop for the seventh time since entering the building just outside the stairwell.

Leaning against the wall, he breathed steadily through his teeth. He had to wait out the worst of the pain before he could continue. Unfortunately, that didn't happen soon enough for others to notice.

Coming up behind him, Cathy stopped a short distance away. "Are you all right?"

Glancing over his shoulder, Peter waved at her. "Just a little sore."

When she saw who it was, she gasped. She walked around to stand in front of him. "Where are you injured?"

"Just a few strained muscles in my lower back and legs. Nothing to worry about." He bit his lip when another spasm hit. Closing his eyes, he forced himself to straighten up. As he did, the pain in his legs increased for a moment before reducing. When it had past, he opened his eyes to see her staring at him, alarmed. "It's getting better."

"You don't look it." Reaching up, she pressed her fingers to his neck.

Hissing, Peter drew back. She had touched one of the points Buck had hummed into.

For several seconds, Cathy stared at him in confusion. "How is this possible?" She frowned at his blank expression. "You are Human, are you not?"

"Of course." When she reached up to touch his neck again, he slapped her hand. "Don't."

Sighing, she tilted her head to get a better look at his neck. "Did you copulate with a New Comer last night? There is no need to lie, Peter, I have seen these types of injuries before." Walking around to examine his back, she shook her head. "Just, never in a human."

Too shocked by the revelation, Peter could only nod. When that sent a pain through his neck, he cleared his throat. "Yeah. It was something else, I can't really explain it. We just...happened." Reaching up, he started to massage the stiff skin around the sore spot. "Is it normally this painful?"

"Mine first time was, yes." Coming up within touching distance, she carefully made sure he knew she was there. "May I raise your shirt?"

After a pause for consideration, Peter nodded. The moment she raised his scrub top and shirt, he felt the cool hospital air. It caused him to shiver. This sent a wave of pain through him.

Cathy moved quickly, pressing her palm to his lower back.

The relief was immediate. He groaned, lowering his head to his arm where it leaned against the wall.

Swallowing, she continued to stare at him in shock. "How does this feel?"

"Good. The pain is almost gone." Now that the adrenalin from the pain was gone, he felt sluggish, his tongue thick. This made it hard to concentrate. Her closed fist was placed gently against his temple, easing some of the disorientation. "What is this? Is it a Tenctonese healing touch? Whatever it is, I'll pay you to keep it up."

"Something like that." Her voice held a hint of hysterical laughter. Breath hitching, she leaned even closer. Cathy continued to press at his lower back while she cleared her throat. "Tell me something, Peter. When you and this New Comer man were intimate, did he seem to know what he was doing? This is very important, I need to know."

Peter nodded his head against his arm. Unlike before, the pain didn't flare so much as just ache in his neck. Whatever she was doing went all through him.

"That's good, it's very good. It could have been a lot worse." Matching their breathing, she slid her fingers up his spine. "I am going to let go now, Peter. Don't flinch when the pain returns, or else what I've done will be undone and it will come back worse. Okay?"

"Okay." It took all his will not to brace himself against the coming pain. When she let go, it was quick. The pain came on like a dull burning, but no where near as bad as it had been before. His legs were the only things that still stung like before.

He sobbed in relief, reluctantly pushing off from the wall. "Thank you." He took a hesitant step forward before turning to face her. Upon seeing her expression, his stomach nearly jumped in to his throat.

"What are you?" The moment the words were out of her mouth, Cathy look horrified. Covering her face, she hissed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that. It's just, I have never met someone like you. Your reactions, the symptoms, my techniques, none of those are normal for a human."

Peter stared at her. How could he tell her the truth? It wasn't just his secret, there were so many others at stake. As a Doctor, she would want to know more. That kinda scrutiny would be definitely dangerous. It was bad enough having a fringe scientist like Mohinder after him.

A fringe scientist. The thought caused Peter to chuckle. Cathy was a doctor of New Comer anatomy. There wasn't a more outer boundary in the field of general practitioners. In all the world, there were only ten true New Comer doctors. If she said anything, no one would listen.

There would be no true harm if he showed her a little bit.

Raising a finger to his lips, he shushed her. He did a quick look about before opening his palms. A quick tug with his mind and her pen came soaring in to his hand.

Gasping, Cathy stared wide eyed at her pen. "How did you do that?"

"It's magic. I picked up this little trick from a man I met on the street." Concentrating, he made the pen disappear. Holding out his hand, he waited for her to do the same before dropping the pen in to her palm. The moment it left his hand, the pen became visible once more. "Taadaa!"

"Magic." She sounded more delighted than anything. Clutching the pen, she looked back up at him. "Is that all you can do, or is there more?"

"There's more, but its enough for now." Stepping in closer to her, he was no more than a breath away. He lowered his voice so only she would hear him speak. "This has to remain a secret between us. The only reason I am letting you know is because if I have to trust someone, you are the best candidate. Besides, if you did say something, no one would believe you."

Cathy nodded. She wanted to protest, but it was most likely the truth. "I'll keep your secret, provided you do nothing illegal."

"I wouldn't have it any other way." Smiling, he stepped back. He adjusted his scrub top and shirt, putting them back in to a more comfortable position. "So, Dr. Frankel, what are we doing today?"

This threw her for a second. Then she got herself under control. Setting her expression in to a determined one, she smiled. "I had planned on going over New Comer circulatory and lymphatic systems, but a study in reproduction would be more beneficial. I get the feeling you'll be needing it soon."

At her words, Peter frowned. There was something about her expression that annoyed him. What, did she expect him to go on a fucking spree? It had been a one time thing, three times.

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By the time noon rolled around, Peter felt too green around the gills to possibly eat something. Who knew there was so much disgusting information on New Comer reproductive organs? The most horrible was the seminal pouch rot. The mere thought of it caused his nuts to go back up inside him.

Washing his face in the bathroom sink, Peter ran a soaked paper towel in the cool water. He placed it against the side of his neck. While Cathy's technique had eased most of the pain, there was still a dull ache. She had had to reapply the pressure pushes three times. Each time had amused her more.

If he didn't know better, he would say she was getting a kick out of seeing him lose his 'Tenctonese virginity'. He could stand to put up with a little teasing, but if she mentioned anything about him becoming a woman, he would certainly wipe her mind of the whole thing. He wasn't certain he could do it, but if that Haitian could, he would definitely give it a try.

Just as he had suspected, she had implied that he would most likely go out and do it again. She had gone over proper techniques if he were to be with an inexperienced male. Dr. Frankel even discussed the best forms of protection with him. Apparently, abstinence wasn't an option she considered.

Examining his neck for bruises, he saw something. Frowning, he twisted his neck to the side. When that didn't reveal it, he shifted his entire body. The paper towel slipped from his fingers.

With shaky hands, he raised the back of his scrub top and shirt. Closing his eyes, he let them drop.

Was there no end to his problems?

It was no wonder Dr. Frankel and Buck both had been so enamored with his back. The people on the bus, that woman in the lobby. All of them had seen the physical manifestation of his abilities. That had to be the explanation, it was the only thing that came to his mind.

If he could mimic a special physical ability, why not a physical trait as well?

Suddenly feeling very sick, he rushed to the toilet. He didn't have a chance to shut the door behind him before he was on his knees.

~~~~~

Still feeling a little shaky, Peter wandered down the hall back towards Dr. Frankel's office. If he didn't start feeling better, he would ask her if he could leave early. He was certain she would agree. She was just the kind of person who would.

It wasn't like he was much help to her yet anyways. He was still a month away from being able to deal with the patients.

Passing Vedrene's desk, he smiled for her. She didn't bother to look up from her records. Every time he saw her, the woman had her nose in one form of paper work or another. It was just plain sick. One day, he knew they would find her having sex with a filing cabinet.

Snickering, he continued on to Dr. Frankel's office. Her door was open, which was unusual. Every time he had been there, she kept it closed. Walking up to it, he raised his hand to knock just in case.

That was as far as he got.

Sitting in one of the uncomfortable chairs, Buck was fiddling with his hat. Staring at his hands, he seemed upset.

Peter had a feeling he knew what about.

Having spotted Peter, Cathy smiled. "Ah, there you are. We were just about to head to lunch. Would you care to join us?" She quickly looked to Buck. "If that's okay with you, of course."

"Actually..." Buck glanced up, his face a little pinched. That is, until he saw Peter. He actually dropped his hat in his lap. Standing up, he knocked it to the floor. "You're here. What are you doing here?"

Thinking fast, Peter held up his scrub top. "I work here. What about you?"

"You two know each other?" Rising from her desk, she was surprised when neither of them would look at her. Then it occurred to her why. "Oh, I see. Perhaps it would be best if..."

"No, I'm fine with it." Bending down, Buck picked up his hat. Staying down near the floor, he cast a glance Peter's way. Then he dropped his eyes again. The skin around his cheeks was a dark pink.

Unable to contain it, Cathy snorted her amusement. "Well, Peter, I guess that leaves it up to you."

"I guess so." Shrugging, Peter glanced about the office. Without Dr. Frankel around to explain it, there was no real purpose to remaining to study. And his idea about going home early was already out the window.

Clasping her hands together, Cathy smiled. "Wonderful. I think this will be educational for all three of us."

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Buck was at the wheel, but they were taking Cathy's car. For a doctor, she had a modest car. The old Lincoln hadn't been in fashion for almost two decades.

In the back seat, Peter kept his watch between the passing cars and the back of Buck's neck. The more he saw of them, the more he wanted to run his fingers over the New Comer's spots. It was very disconcerting, making him bury his hands in his lap.

For her part, Cathy kept her attention split between the mirrors watching Peter, and on Buck. When it appeared they weren't going to say anything, she decided to pick it up. "As you were asking earlier, Buck, I think I have an answer now. It wasn't until I saw Peter in my office that I even knew what you were talking about."

"Aunt Cathy, please." He cast her a quick pleading look before focusing back on his driving.

"No, I think this is very important to you, both of you. There are some things you both need to know." Her amusement over the situation would just have to wait. While she had them both basically at her mercy, she was going to go ahead. "As the sexually dominant, young women of our species going through their first cycles emit pheromones. This is to elicit a response from the males of their age group. Since so few males at that age are interested in sex, this developed as a way to signify her budding sexuality and stimulate a partner."

"But I thought that only worked on juvenile males. By the time I reached adulthood, I should have developed an immunity to it." Turning the corner, Buck glanced up in to his mirror at Peter. He seemed a little angry, but more curious. "What does this have to do with Peter? He's a human male."

"Yes, but his spots." Biting her lip, Cathy physically looked back at Peter. It was clear she wanted to talk about this, but was conflicted by the promise she had made.

Closing his eyes, Peter sighed. He nodded once.

Smiling, Cathy looked back at Buck. "Peter's not human. Well, not what we've been lead to believe is a normal human. He's some how been able to copy my physical essence in to himself. Essentially, I am now a part of him." She was positively glowing as she spoke. "The nearest I can figure out, Peter is going through a similar change as I did during my first cycle. The pheromones he is releasing are different, which means you have no defense against them, and thus, why you two had sex."

"So he's becoming a woman?" The only thing spared Buck from pain was the fact he was driving. Buck tapped the wheel to emphasize that point.

"Not physically, no." Frowning, Cathy looked back at Peter. "I don't think."

Peter was going to kill them. Both of them. As if having his sex life discussed wasn't bad enough. Now, they were questioning his sex all together. He was a man, damn it!

Even if he did smell like a woman to a horny alien.

"I'm not exactly sure what physical changes he is going through." Her voice took on a more serious tone. "Until we can be certain, I suggest in any future copulations you might have, that you use protection."

Face burning hot, Peter glared out the window. Oh dear sweet lord.

~~~~~

The rest of the car ride to the restaurant had been extremely awkward. None were so glad that it was over as Peter. Between his boss and the man he had fucked the night before, things could not get any worse unless there were terrorists involved. Given the way Dr. Frankel kept looking at him, that was not far from the truth.

Thankfully, they were at the restaurant. Or, more like the slaughterhouse that masqueraded as one. It looked like something out of the fifties, if you attributed the neon Tenctonese writing to cool scribbles. As they walked in, Peter noted there were even Tenctonese waitresses in poodle skirts.

Taking the lead, Cathy walked over to a booth. She took the outer edge of one side, putting her purse in the spot next to her.

This left only the other bench open.

Neither Peter or Buck withheld their glares.

Standing to the side, Buck jerked his head towards the booth. He set his face, proving he wasn't budging on this one.

Rolling his eyes, Peter climbed in to the booth. He noticed the way Dr. Frankel was watching them in rapt fascination. This was not going to happen, he didn't care what she thought. Sitting down, he plopped in to the corner.

Buck took his seat with more dignity. He reached over Peter, taking a menu from behind the napkin holder. Ignoring the way the man was staring at him, he began to study the offered dishes.

So that was how it was going to be. Taking his menu, Peter noticed there was one entire page done in English at least. Of course, none of the offered meats for humans were cooked. In fact, for all the style of the diner, it might as well have been a sushi palace.

It was then he remembered that even the smell of cooking meat made New Comer's ill. Apparently, the diner owners didn't believe in sodas either as the only drinks on the menu were coffee and water. Sighing, he figured on a salad and some fruit. May be one of the donuts they offered, minus the entrails. And didn't that just sound disgusting.

Folding up his menu, he put it back behind the napkin holder. He was about to look towards the waitress as she approach, but then he found a menu in front of him. Looking over, he glared at Buck.

But Buck was busy checking out the waitress as she approached.

Taking the menu, Peter was unaware he was doing it until Buck cried out in shock. Looking down at his hand where it had touched the New Comer, Peter found his fingers frozen solid. Dropping the menu, he quickly pulled his hand under the table. He looked up to see if anyone had seen.

Having seen the whole thing, Cathy did her own more discreet search of the diner. Finding no one watching them, she sighed in relief.

His hand still a little sensitive, Buck scowled at Peter. He shook it out, trying to relieve some of the numbing sensation. "What did you do?"

"It was an accident." Peter kept his voice a harsh whisper. "When I am upset, I do not have complete control and abilities I don't know I have can sometimes manifest."

"Really?" Completely ignoring the look Buck gave her, Cathy was enraptured with Peter. "What else can you do?"

"Lots of things." Clearing his throat, he focused on the waitress as she arrived. "Hello."

Taking one look at Peter, she snorted. "Nice tats." Popping her gum, she pulled a pencil from behind her name tag and put it to the tablet in her hand. "What'll it be," she asked Cathy.

Smiling at the waitress, Cathy closed her menu. "I'll have the Opossum Potluck."

"And your males?" Popping her gum again, the waitress completely ignored Buck and Peter.

"Excuse me, I can order for myself." Puffing up his chest, Buck flexed the pec under his badge.

Rolling her eyes, the waitress muttered under her breath. When she focused on Buck, she let him know how bored she was with his attitude. "And for the little man?"

Buck glared at her, but ordered anyways. "I'll take the pig bars with a side of veal kabobs."

"And you?" She raised an eyebrow ridge at Peter in question.

"Fruit cocktail, garden salad, and apple crawler, no intestines." Peter didn't even bother meeting her stare. It was already bad enough he had to deal with Buck. What the hell was wrong with these people? Sixteen years on this planet and they were already behaving like humans.

"Right." Marking it down, she walked over to the main counter.

The moment she was out of earshot, Buck whirled on Peter. Pinning him bodily against the wall, he put a hand under his ear to keep Peter from ignoring him. "Do not ever do that again."

"I told you, it was an accident." Reaching up, Peter grabbed Buck's wrist. Giving it a little squeeze, he enjoyed the way the New Comer winced. "You're not the only one with advanced strength."

"Gentlemen." Cathy sighed when they continued to ignore her. "You are making a scene. If you do not calm yourselves, I will leave you both here." She looked over at the diners at the bar. Smiling, she gave an exasperated sigh. "Men."

The diners, all women, nodded their understanding.

Buck continued to stare Peter in the eyes, his teeth bared. That's why he didn't see Peter's other hand come up to press against his temple. When he felt the touch, a shiver went through him. Inhaling deeply, he pulled back.

Scooting towards the edge of the booth, he tried to put as much space between himself and Peter as possible. Keeping his gaze locked on the table, he cleared his throat. He tried to make it discreet, but he adjusted the front of his pants.

The ache in Peter's neck flared, pulsing in tune with his heart beat. Sucking in a heavy breath, his movements were even slower. When he turned to face Cathy, he knew he was flushed. It couldn't be helped.

Having been watching them both, Cathy forgot about her anger from a moment ago. This was much more interesting. She ducked her head to get a better look at Peter's neck. "Your NeeKfrha are slightly enlarged. A definite sign of sexual arousal."

By now, Peter knew he was beet red. She may not have been the best person to trust with his information after all.

Chuckling, she sat back. No matter how many times she dealt with it, human sexuality, or their embarrassment over it, always amused her.

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The salad had been rather disgusting. The lettuce was wilted, there had been no dressing, and Peter was pretty sure the tomatoes weren't really tomatoes. At least the fruit cocktail had been all right. It was pretty hard to mess up opening a can and dumping the contents in a bowl.

The donut, however, was perfect. Peter didn't normally indulge, because that was just what they were. Too much sugar, too much fat, too much gooey deliciousness, and he'd look like his father. He hadn't been fat, but he could never maintain his figure.

And if there was ever something a guy needed in the club scene, it was a trim figure. Finishing the last bite of the donut, he moaned. There had just been something so good about it. If he was right, it had been held together by the honey-apple center alone. Moaning again, he shivered.

Staring at Peter, Buck shook his head. "Could you possibly sound more obscene?"

Struck by the comment, Peter realized for that he had been rather distracted. Grinning, he snorted. Licking the tips of his fingers, he wiped them off on his napkin. "Sorry. It was rather good."

"Well, if you are done, we can pay for our meal and get back. I've got to be back on duty in fifteen minutes." Examining the check, Buck pulled out his wallet. "Your part comes up to seven-fifty."

Already pulling out his credit card, Peter stared at it with dread. One of these days, some time real soon, he was going to get the bill. Then he would really be up shit creek without a paddle. In the mean time, it had an unlimited available credit balance.

Handing it over to Buck, he felt the weight of being a little further in debt. Nursing school had been a cinch to pay off thanks to his last job. He had a new job now, less pay, but he would pay this off too.

Buck took the credit card and put it on the plate next to his money. He pushed it towards Cathy so she could add her own.

Putting her money down, Cathy raised it so the waitress would come and pick it up. "Well, this has been an informative meal. One of your humans have a saying, that 'if you wish to know a person, watch them eat'. I think today, you proved it."

Dropping his head to his hands, Peter really wished she would just shut up.

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Pulling in to the hospital parking lot, Peter never felt so relieved for something to be over in his life. There were just so many things worse that he would rather have been doing right at that moment. If that crazy bullshit had kept up for much longer, he would have flown home instead!

The moment the car came to a full stop, Peter was climbing out. If he didn't have to ride with Buck's simmering brood or Cathy's overly interested inquiries again, it would be too soon. Why in the hell was his sex life so interesting to her in the first place? Wasn't she famously involved in one of the few interspecies relationships?

He hadn't smoked since he was fifteen years old and Nathan had caught him, but that right then he was willing to risk the health hazards. Peter wasn't the only one to impatiently climb out of the car.

Slamming the door behind him, Buck held his police hat under his arm. He was too angry to give a damn if he squashed it. This had been a terrible idea. The next time he had a question, he'd look it up.

Seeing Buck's expression, Peter scoffed. What the hell had he to feel bad about? He wasn't the one who had stood out like sore thumb in the diner.

Having heard Peter, Buck turned to glare at him over the car. "Don't." Whatever he was warning Peter against, he couldn't decide. So, he left it at that. Slamming on his hat, he turned and marched off. His car was across the lot and he only had a few minutes to radio in before he'd get in trouble.

Peter continued to watch, taking special notice of the way his long strides tightened his pants against his ass. The swing of his arms, stretched his shirt over his broad back. Tugging on his collar, he exhaled through his teeth slowly. "How long will these hormones effect me?"

"The cycle usually last about a week in my people. You should be no longer." Having been waiting for Peter to acknowledge her, Cathy slung her purse over her shoulder.

"He is beautiful." Peter watched until Buck climbed in his car. Finally able to tear himself away, he faced Dr. Frankel. "Why are the assholes always so attractive?"

"He's not an asshole. Prideful, stubborn, some times prejudiced. He gets all that from his mother. Nice woman, but don't ever cross her." Smiling again, this time she wasn't looking at him like he was a lab subject. "Don't worry, all relationships have their problems. Mine with Matt is a testament to that."

This intrigued Peter. It was the first time she had mentioned her husband to him. "Did yours start out this badly?"

"Please. Matt still can't get it right some of the time." She started to chuckle, losing herself in a memory. "There was this one valentines day, our third I think. He gave me this small toy sized dog. A Chihuahua I think he called it."

"Oh man." Pets and New Comers didn't mix. Either the slave issue or their dietary matter. "Tell me you didn't."

Nodding, she cackled. "I did. The thing was so small, loud, and needy, I thought he gave it to me in leu of the standard candy. How was I to know he thought I would want a pet? I mean, after three years." Her laughter got the better of her and she had to lean against the car. "Though, I had to admit, it tasted horrible. But the worst part was his face when I told him."

"You'd have thought you killed his dog?" He avoided her playful swat. Holding his stomach, he was gasping from the laughter.

"To this day, he will not let me near any dogs we come across. I got him a cat, but he still sulks over that dog." She was finally able to calm down, sucking in large gasps of air. "Don't tell him, but as much as he complains, he really likes that cat. When the game is on, it's the only thing he'll let near him."

Slapping his thigh, Peter continued to shake. It was too much.

Cathy let him get it out of his system before she grasped his wrist. She started to drag him towards the hospital. "Come on, we're already late."

Shaking his head, Peter rubbed at his eyes. Oh, if this was the sign, he might just make it after all.

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Letting himself in to his room, Peter let his messenger bag drop from his shoulder to his hand. He was so mentally exhausted, all he wanted to do was curl up in front of the crappy last century television with a pint of mint ice cream. He had the ice cream in the bag in his other hand and it banged against the door as he closed it.

If he could just get to his bed, he would lay down and let his abilities do the rest. As he crossed the room, he untied his shoe laces with a thought. They slipped off his feet as he spun around. Rising up in to the air, he floated back to his bed. He landed with a soft thump.

The ice cream floated up to him, the lid popping off. A spoon from his travel box came flying to his open hand. With his toe as a guide, he turned on the television set.

Just as he was about to switch to some mindless so called teen drama, a knock came at his door. Rather than climbing out of bed, Peter floated up. He righted himself midair so that he looked to be standing.

Drifting to the door, he reached out with his spoon hand and turned the knob. Whoever was on the other side was about to get a rude awakening. Throwing back the door, he lost control of his concentration. He landed with a thump and his legs gave out on him.

Reaching out quickly, Buck caught him before he hit the ground. Staring at Peter with wide eyes, he took a quick breath. "Were you just..."

Peter nodded. "It's something I got from my brother." And there went the idea of keeping Nathan's secret just that. Oh well, it wasn't like they wouldn't have figured out his brother could do things too. Random anomalies this big didn't just happen once. "What are you doing here?"

That seemed to catch Buck off guard. Staring at Peter from a few inches away, he swallowed nervously. "I'm not really sure."

"Oh." Following the movement of Buck's Adam's Apple with his eyes, Peter licked his lips. He quickly became aware of the heat emanating from the New Comer.

His body tensed, especially the part now poking Peter in the stomach. "I would like," Buck paused to clear his throat, "to come in. If you don't mind."

Feeling light headed, Peter nodded. Floating up, he got his feet under him. He stepped back from Buck's arms. He let one hand trail along the New Comer's arm until their hands met. Lacing their fingers, he tugged him in gently. "Close the door behind you."

"Okay." Nodding, Buck followed him inside, a dazed expression on his face. He closed the door with a soft thump.

THE END.....

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