

# The Double Life of Kitty

By: Firingwall

“Don’t knock anymore things off the table, Miss Muffins!” Sally said, scratching behind the ears of her lovely, black cat. The small tabby merely purred in response, too busy laying on its side and licking its paw to do much else.

The young girl smiled and hurried to her parents’ side as they led her out the front door. They were off to the park for a nice, long, family outing after being cooped up inside for so many stormy, dreary days. Soon, their car could be heard roaring to life and the creaking, crunching sound of tires moving over loose gravel followed soon after.

Eventually, the sounds were gone, and the house was quiet. Miss Muffins looked up for a moment from her licking towards the doorway, but returned to her licking soon after, moving up to the rest of her front leg.

*Diiiiiiiiiiiiing.* The cat’s ears flickered, followed by her head shaking. Her eyes looked downward towards her neck as best they could. Upon it was a red collar with cute bell attached to it. It was a gift Sally had gotten her parents to give her last Christmas.

However, what the family didn’t know was that it was a bit more than a simple gift. The soft ding of the bell was much different than the normal ringing it usually made. It was, in fact, emitting a sound above human frequency that only pets could hear.

The cat flipped onto its belly and stood up, stretching out its front legs and then back, its tail swishing happily back and forth. With a flick of its head once again, the cat trotted from its spot in the sunlight and into another part of the house, the office.

The cat strolled along until it came to a stop beneath the desk in the room, pushed up against the wall and near the metal grate. The cat sat before it and looked at the grate, batting it gently on a few, seemingly random spots.

Seconds later, the grate shook and rattled. A low, robot voice emitted from it, “Identification please.”

The cat let out a soft meow. There was silence again followed by, “Identification please.”

The pet tilted its head and let out a soft, womanly sigh. “Fine... Agent Melody, reporting for duty.” There was no response from the grate. “...Agent Muffins, reporting for duty.”

The grate dropped, falling forward at the cat’s paws. She let out another sigh and strolled from the new opening in the wall. It was pitch black and despite the fact that she should have been passing into the outside world, the darkness went on and on as she walked along.

Eventually, the area brightened after a minute of walking, revealing a lab of sorts with tons of equipment. There was a large monitor and chair, like right out of the Batman comics,

with a row of metal, glass tubes with small outfits in them. There were plenty of other machines and gizmos around, all of them adding together to make for what had to be some sort of secret agent-like headquarters. The only difference, the room was house cat sized.

Miss Muffins sat in the middle of the room, glancing around once again. She licked her paw gently before yawning, mumbling out, "Alright, let's get down to business."

She let out a small huff and slowly moved up. She lifted her hindquarters, followed by her front legs, putting all of her weight onto her back paws. She wobbled and shook the entire time, barely getting a foothold at first. She spent a good few seconds holding herself up with the use of one front paw to get the hang of it.

Eventually, she found her balance. It wasn't great balance, but she managed it somehow on her back paws. She let out a soft purr, her ears flicking a tad. *Hard part done*, she thought, *next is easy~*

The cat took a deep breath and released it gently. She quivered slightly, muscles and bones creaking and numbing in some parts. Her front legs rose up gently as the head shifted forward, neck slimming down and down. From beneath the more human-like neck, her shoulder blades shifted away from the sides to the back.

Her front arms shook next, their insides reconstructing themselves in a more fitting, elegant shape. They widened a tad as the elbow joints shifted down the limbs, forming more definite and noticeable biceps. Bones radically changed within her wrists, giving them more flexibility and movement with the paws.

Miss Muffins shook her body gently, throwing a little wiggle into her hips as they shifted into place like that of a human's. She licked her chops as her chest pushed inward, her ribcage shrinking and extending less out than before. It flattened out as her inner organs and musculature restructured beneath, shape and structure also similar to that of a human's.

As her waist pushed in, she let out a soft purr. She shook her head to the left and right, ears flickering one more time. The shape of her skull shifted ever so gently, retaining the form of a feline's, but allowing for more facial expressions and movement. Her brow swelled just slightly, fur over them darkening to look akin to that of eyebrows.

Eyelashes began blooming around her eyelids as her muzzle twisted into that of a proud smirk. The fur on top of her head thickened, extending up and changing in texture. It grew out into a fluffy, curly tuft that looked and felt like human hair.

She patted the hair tuft gently with her paw, chuckling softly, "Much better!"

She reached around to the back of her neck to unhook her collar. She fumbled and futzed away with the strap, having trouble right away. However, such issue was quickly taken care of as her paws trembled. The spots where digital pads were extended forward, slimming up and

losing their roundish form. Their wrists' structure modified slightly as the forepaws' shape took on that of human-ish hands, just with retractable claws, pads, and fur.

With a new shape, her hands quickly undid her collar. She gently pulled it off her neck, brushing against something long and thick. As she worked the collar, more hair began sprouting from her head. It was long and wavy, completely white and shining under the lights of the room.

She set the collar on a nearby table and brush her elegant hair behind her ears. She cracked her neck again and stretched slightly, pushing her chest out. Beneath her chest fluff, small bumps swelled ever so slightly, adding to her elegant, female form.

“And there we go!” Miss Muffins declared with a bright smile. She kicked out her legs a tad, their shape turning slender as her knees popped out, becoming more obvious to the eye. “All ready to go and get this mission started!”

“Message from Commander Crackers,” the robotic voice from earlier spoke, echoing throughout the room.

“Put him on please~” the small, anthro cat woman stated. A monitor nearby flickered on as she hurried over to a glass tube. Within it, a black, latex-looking suit remained hung up.

Opening the tube, she pulled out the literal catsuit and slipped into it as a figure appeared on the monitor. It was a parrot man wearing some kind of suit. There was an air of importance to him as he stared strongly into the camera. He spoke with a strong, but squawking tone, “Agent Muffins. Thank you for taking the call so... are you still dressing?”

“Sorry!” declared the tabby, struggling a tad with sticking her tail through the full-body suit's tail hole, “I keep getting caught up in the change and-oof... nevermind. What is the mission, Commander?”

The parrot stared at her harshly, shaking his head in annoyance. Nevertheless, he sighed and explained, “The worst news possible. Your arch nemesis is still alive, and she is on the trail of Dr. Cameron Smothers. We already have Agent Yarn in position for protection, but the poor tabby is out of her depth.”

A shiver went up Miss Muffins' back, her fur ruffling up and her ears twitching like mad. Her tail stiffened as she let out a gruff hiss, finishing putting on her suit and agent belt at that moment. She growled under her breath, “That dang mutt. I thought she was finished when she darted across that highway last year...”

“...if this is too difficult,” Crackers said slowly, twiddling his feathery fingers, “I can assign some of our other best-”

“I'll do it,” the cat spoke ferociously, fire in her eyes as she put her gauntlets on, “Ms. Bones won't escape my claws again, I promise you that. I can be at the doctor's in no time. Thankfully, it's just across the street and my owners will be out all the day.”

“Good to hear,” the parrot replied, throwing in a simple nod, “I hope things do turn out well this time. If not for our sake, but the sake of the doctor and his family.” With that, the screen went off and another door opened, revealing an underground passageway.

Muffins looked towards the opening and took another deep breath. Her claws extended out from her fingers and toes, ready to be used on her enemy. This time, Bones won't destroy another family or pet again.

This time, Agent Muffins will finally put her enemy in a cell or in the ground like they deserved.

*THE END?!*