

Summary:

From his academy days on into his time as Chief Enforcer, Feral is haunted by the memory of a special tom. Years after their first meeting, Aras, now a famous spy, returns to claim what is his.

Categories: [Swat Kats](#) Characters: Chance, Feral, Jake, Lt. Commander Steele, Mayor Manx, Original

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Chapter 1 by ulyferal

Chapter 1: Academy Days

His heart thumped with excitement as he stared up at the Enforcer Academy's main building. This was his first day here and he couldn't wait to find his dorm room and get settled in.

He moved toward the entrance with hundreds of others. It took a good hour before he had his schedule, required books, and room key in paw. Striding across the quad he saw he was in the front building and entered a sunlit foyer. Heading up the staircase with several others, he soon reached the third floor and was checking the numbers on the doors.

About halfway, he found his own room, the door already open. He peered inside and found his room mate was already there from the stuff cascading off one of the beds.

"Oh Hi! I'm Derek Chainer. You my new room mate?" Asked a goodnatured tuxedo tom who appeared from behind the door.

"Uh, yeah...I'm Ulysses Feral. Nice to meet you," Feral said shaking the paw extended toward him.

"Welcome to home away from home!" Chainer said, throwing his arms out wide and grinning.

Feral couldn't help but smile at his enthusiasm. Walking in, he dumped his stuff on the other bed with a sigh of relief.

"Yeah that's how I felt and we still have to get our other stuff as well," Chainer smirked. "But before we do that, care to join me for lunch? I'm starving."

"Good idea, so am I," Feral said, warmly.

The two of them stepped out of their new room and locked it. Avoiding all the others still getting settled, they made their way out of the building, heading for the cafeteria in the center of the quad of dorms.

It was noisy and a little rowdy inside as they grabbed trays and went down the line. The food smelled wonderful and his stomach growled loudly. They took their filled trays and found a two seater table against one wall near a window.

Each studied the room around them, taking in the various students and faculty members. At first they just concentrated on their food but when their trays were nearly empty, Chainer started asking questions of his new room mate.

"So what's your career goal?" He asked, sipping his milk.

"Officer track, pilot," Feral said, munching on some chips.

"Really, I'm for officer track too but as a gunner," Chainer said. "What's your first class?"

"Physics." Feral said, grimacing.

"Not your thing, huh? I love it! If you need help, give me a yell," Chainer offered.

"I may have to take you up on that. It's definitely not my strong point. I'm more a paws on kinda person, ya know...see how things work by actually getting my paws dirty," Feral explained, shrugging.

"Oh yeah! One of those pilots who knows how to repair their jet but couldn't be bothered with the dynamics of flying it," Chainer said, smirking.

"Pretty much!" Feral chuckled. He could tell he was going to get along with Derek just fine.

As the weeks went by, he was very glad to have Derek as his room mate. They did get along well and enjoyed each others company but didn't really hang out together that much outside their room. They had different interests and hobbies so developed different circles of friends.

What was really important, was the mutual respect they had for each others privacy. They invented a unique system of notifying each other when they wanted the room to themselves preventing any awkward problems or embarrassment. It was so simple no one guessed that was what the magnetic image of a jet on the door was about. When it was facing the left, the room

was occupied, the right it was safe to come in. Worked like a charm.

Feral learned Derek was strictly interested in she-kats while he played the field with both sexes. It made for some interesting conversations when they were alone together.

"Hey Uly, what's with the 'aw shucks' manner you get every time you see that new foreign exchange student?" Derek teased.

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," Ulysses said, nonchalantly.

"Oh sure you don't. Your tongue practically hangs out whenever he crosses your path," Derek snorted, amused. "If I was interested in males, I would have to admit he is rather hot. Maybe I should ask him to come around sometime..." he mused, a look of devilment in his eyes.

"Don't you dare!" Uly gasped, blushing furiously.

"I knew it! He's really got your number. I've never seen you so heated," his room mate laughed.

Feral threw his pillow at Derek to make him shut up. Later, when Derek had gone out, Feral sat on the window sill staring out at the quad and what do you know, the Kat under discussion happened to be walking by with a few others.

He stared at him in confused longing. Ever since the sultry looking exotic Kat had arrived at the school, Feral hadn't been able to take his eyes off him. The Kat did funny things to him and not in the same way others had.

It made that secret part of him sit up and notice and that could not be allowed to happen. He was always the dominant partner in all his sexual encounters, never allowing anyone to take that position with him. The main reason was that secret he kept tightly to himself. Allowing others to take the lead could expose what only his family, physician, and superiors here at the school knew...that he was a bit different from an ordinary Kat.

He was firmly reminded of that difference when he recently had to endure a very embarrassing lecture from the Chief Medical Officer of the Academy at the same time his classmates were being given instructions on proper comportment between sexes.

"Cadet Feral. You are being given this special briefing because of your odd gender. Unlike normal cadets, you have certain challenges that have to be dealt with in a different fashion. Hence this briefing to aid you in how to interpret the rules as they regard to yourself." The stiff and proper Major Ronler said bluntly.

"Yes sir." Feral said, trying to control the blush this conversation was bringing out in him.

"You will note in the regulations that females are allowed a twenty four hour medical leave when they go into heat. Hermaphrodites, such as yourself, don't have a significant heat so usually aren't troubled by it and can use a masking spray to avoid problems. You are expected to get said masking spray and use it. We don't need disruptions in class because male students are confused and distracted by a male class mate smelling attractive. If, however, your heat is strong enough that the spray will not hide it then you are expected to absent yourself. Understood?" He asked.

"Yes sir."

"Secondly, in the matter of pregnancy. The section concerning females on this subject applies to you as well. Pregnancy is cause for removal from combat duty until the end of the maternity period which is six weeks or as otherwise designated by the person's physician. There are no exceptions to that stricture. We would, of course, appreciate it if you could refrain from having that happen at all. It would be detrimental to you graduating with your classmates." He eyed Feral

sternly.

Feral just nodded his understanding while his face burned.

"Despite not having very strong heat cycles, you do have them and are expected to use protection if you chose to have sex during a cycle. Though it is more difficult for you to become pregnant that does not mean you can't. Clear?" He asked

"Yes sir!"

"Those are the only areas likely to cause you trouble. Do you have any questions, cadet?" He asked.

"Uhhh, sir? Does anyone but my superiors and you, of course, have to know about me?" He asked tightly.

Major Ronler's eyebrows raised in surprise. "No, but I fail to see why that matters. No one is going to cause you any problems if it were known." He said with a frown.

"I know sir. But I would prefer it not be released." Feral said more firmly.

"That is your choice and I will make a note of it in your records. Any other questions?"

"No sir!"

"Good. Return to class then." Major Ronler said returning Feral's salute as the cadet beat a hasty retreat. Ronler shook his head and made the promised entry in the shy cadet's records.

That had been humiliating and hard to explain why he hadn't been with the rest of his classmates during their briefings. He gave a mumbled excuse and brushed it off. Seeing his discomfort, no one asked again, much to his relief. What the Major had discussed with him really hadn't been a problem until now.

'That male is driving me to distraction and making me hot in areas I try hard to forget about,' he thought, annoyed. 'I'm just going to have to avoid him,' he promised himself.

For the next year he tried to do just that but year two found the male in two of his classes. The male's name was Aras Boniden and he hailed from the Tamloren Empire. He was the same height as Ulysses, but wasn't as broad. His fur was a beautiful tawny shade of gold tipped in dark brown with copper colored hair and tail. His eyes were an also that arresting shade of copper. He just made Feral melt even as he tried to maintain a stiff, standoffish manner whenever he saw Aras.

Aras had apparently noticed the dark brown tom trying not to stare at him on many occasions. He found the tom to be a challenge he intended to conquer before he left the academy. There was just something about him that drew him like a moth to a flame.

The more the tom tried to ignore him the more Aras desired him. He didn't quite know why. He wasn't without a following of fems and toms that sought his favor and warmed his bed. But the one known as Feral was far more than he seemed and Aras had to know what it was.

In class, Aras always managed to debate any subject that Feral might bring up forcing Feral to defend his opinion vigorously. Class mates could see the sparks flying and it was always entertaining when the pair squared off. The classes were more informative when the two got into it much to the teachers amusement.

The pair in question never seemed to be aware of the sexual undercurrent that thrummed between them as their class mates and teachers could.

Despite his efforts, Aras never managed to get Feral alone for any reason. Feral was terrified of what would happen if he did. So the next two years flew by with the two of them sparring whenever their paths crossed.

Graduation was a relief and a joy. Feral was glad to be done with all the class work and ready to move to a position waiting for him at Megakat Enforcer Headquarters.

Right now, though, he would be taking a much needed vacation at home before moving into an apartment of his own in the city. His friends were whooping it up at the after exam party that was being held outside in the quad just to the right of the cafeteria.

It had been decorated wildly with balloons shaped like jets waving gaily and streamers of blue and gray everywhere. Balloons also festooned the corners of the three tables groaning with food. A mini bar was at another table and large round table held dozens of pens in cups for people to stop and sign yearbooks, take pictures and chat with the staff who were wishing them all good luck. All around the quad tables and chairs had been placed. It was a great send off.

Feral had been at the center of the activity for several hours but now, as evening drew on and the party showed no signs of stopping, he decided he'd had enough and was tired. Besides, he still had some packing left to do and should go back to his room and get it done.

He had been standing in the shadows of his dorm, finishing his drink while watching his room mate, Derek, swing his girlfriend around dancing to the music that was playing when he was startled and nearly dropped his cup.

"Why are you all alone, Ulysses?" Came a familiar sultry voice from behind him.

That voice sent a shiver chasing down his spine with unexpected heat. He attempted to move away when two powerful arms wrapped around his waist suddenly and pulled him tightly against a very hard, hot body.

"Oh no. You aren't escaping me this time," the exotic tom murmured huskily in Feral's ear.

Feral shuddered at the feel of something hard and warm pressing against his buttocks above his tail. His heart began to race and his mouth went dry, a warmth beginning to build between his thighs.

"I don't know what you're up to Aras, but you better let me go," he warned, tightly, glad his voice was steady even if the rest of him was not.

"I think not. You will not cry out and draw attention to yourself, that much I know. Now, step back slowly..." Aras ordered, softly, stepping back and forcing Feral to do the same.

"What do you want?" Feral hissed, dropping his empty cup, and preparing to force Aras to release him once they had reached the corner of the building out of sight of the others and halted.

"Just this..." Aras whispered, darkly, pressing his face to Feral's neck so he could nip and nuzzle while his paws caressed up and down the hard chest that showed signs of becoming more massive as Feral got older.

Grinning wolfishly to himself, Aras felt his body harden with intense desire for the dark tom. It had taken him nearly the entire school year to finally discover what Ulysses had been hiding and once he'd known he knew why the tom's very presence caused him to desire him above all others. It had been a shock to realize he no longer wished to make Ulysses another conquest but instead wanted him as his mate. The dark tom's soul burned into Aras like a sun and he couldn't turn away from it.

His desired mate was shivering in his arms proving he too was affected by their chemistry. He

continued to nuzzle and nip the tom's neck while his paws caressed and sought Uly's most secret treasure. While one paw rubbed and kneaded the small breasts through the tom's t-shirt, the other paw had slid down into the jeans the tom was wearing.

Aras fingers stopped to caress the base of the dark, furry tail making Ulysses writhe and gasp then moved leisurely to ghost a finger across the furless pucker.

Feral thought he was going to scream when Aras began to touch him intimately. Only clamping his lips together prevented him from doing so. He couldn't bear for someone to find them like this. His mind was shrieking at him to leave, get away, but his body throbbed and begged for more. He'd never been touched this way before and he was completely on fire.

The pulse between his legs had increased to an intense throbbing and he could feel he was very wet...another unusual experience for him. His cock was hard and excited from being rubbed by his jeans.

Aras growled softly with need at the delicious scent rising from Ulysses to his sensitive nose. 'Oh he smells so fantastic. I truly wish I could take him now but it is too soon...this will have to be enough for now,' he thought, regretfully.

He momentarily pulled his paw from Uly's pants to reach down and release himself from his own tight jeans. He gasped a little when his hard cock met the cool air but not for long as he leaned forward.

"Move your tail!" He hissed hotly to his helpless captive.

Groaning, Feral did so though he wasn't sure why Ara wanted him to do that but the next moment he figured it out when something very warm slid between his thighs.

His groan turned into a whimper that was close to begging as the hard pole began a torturous rubbing motion against his pant's covered clitoris.

"Oh no...don't...!" Feral panted desperately.

"You want this as much as I do. We've been dancing together for years and this is the result. This is what we do to each other!" Aras panted. Keeping his rhythm slow and even, he moved one of his paws down the tom's front to caress the hard cock.

A groan of sheer need burst free from Feral and he couldn't help but spread his legs wantonly to get more friction from the now pistoning cock, completely out of his mind with pleasure and forgetting all of his determination to never be taken this way.

The friction and Aras' serious erotic attention was nearly more than he could stand but when the exotic tom bit his neck, Ulysses was completely undone, orgasming explosively, jamming a paw into his mouth so his cries wouldn't be heard.

Aras kept his fangs buried as his own orgasm shook him. It seemed to go on forever...more intense than anything he'd done with anyone else since he got here and he hadn't even taken his clothes off.

Feral trembled and shook, throbbing with pleasure that didn't seem to want to end. He'd never experienced anything like it before in his life. His mouth was dry and his body limp as he struggled to catch his breath. Aras still held him against his chest and he could feel both their hearts hammering.

Aras recovered first and murmured intimately in Feral's ear, "Now you will never forget me. I'm imprinted on your body and soul. You will remember my touch and scent...no matter where you find yourself in the years to come. When the time is right I will come back to claim you properly."

Feral blinked in shocked bewilderment at that odd declaration but before he could gather his wits, Aras quickly released him then slipped away in the dark.

Thoroughly sated and stunned, Feral stood there adled for a moment longer before the unpleasant sensation of soaked clothing and the reek of sex made him hurry to his dorm room for a shower.

As he washed, his mind couldn't shake the incredible interlude of minutes ago from his mind. Aras had been masterful, taking him with little difficulty, giving him the most erotic experience of his life and one he would never forget.

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Chapter 2 by ulyferal

Chapter 2: The Past Comes Calling

Commander Ulysses Feral scowled angrily as he stormed back into his headquarters after another humiliating encounter with his bane of existence, the SWAT Kats.

It certainly didn't help his temper when the Mayor rubbed the failure in his face very thoroughly. He growled to himself as he stabbed the button for his floor in the elevator. His officers wisely stayed clear of their infuriated Commander. They were smarting too from the defeat. It was painful to be constantly belittled by that pair of vigilantes.

Feral reached his office and angrily unbuttoned his coat and hung it up. Going to his desk, he flicked on his computer savagely and prepared to do a report of the incident...every little nasty detail whether he liked it or not.

As he was trying to compose it in as professional a manner as he could and leave out the emotions, he glanced at his calendar and his temper surged forward once again.

'Kat's Alive! That fool benefit is in two more days. I wish I could find a way to get out of that.' He thought miserably then shoved the thought aside and went back to his report.

More than two hours later, his miserable day got worse. An alarm reached him that Hard Drive had stolen something from a small private lab contracted to do some specialized research for the military.

Sighing in annoyance, he grabbed his coat and went to the flight line where his chopper was waiting for him. In moments, he and a squadron of choppers were headed north of the city.

Landing at the lab, Feral questioned the head of the project while his CSI looked for forensic evidence which, when it came to Hard Drive, would be damn little.

"What was stolen?" Feral demanded as he held his note pad and pen and glared at the nervous but belligerent scientist.

"I can't tell you that. You don't have a need to know." Dr. Balinar said tightly.

"And if Hard Drive finds a buyer for your precious secret item just how many Kats are going to die?" Feral snarled coldly.

Dr. Balinar paled and licked his lips. Feral just waited him out. Swallowing the scientist finally made a decision.

"He stole a prototype laser capable of disintegrating almost any type of material except agracite." He said unhappily.

Feral grimaced. "Of course. It couldn't be something as useful as a better transmitter or something that could actually help Kat kind." He said sarcastically.

Leaving the scientist, he went back to his office and gathered together his top special ops teams and had them chase down any lead they could get on who would be a likely buyer for the prototype.

Over the next two days the ops teams searched and Feral stewed, waiting for that weapon to be used against the city by one of its most dangerous criminals. What he didn't expect was the call he got to come running to a certain apartment in a rather nasty part of town.

He rushed off in his sedan and arrived on the scene. At least four patrol units were there securing the area and waiting for him. He strode to the main doors and met the officer who had made the call.

"So what do you have?" He asked, not having been told what this was about except it had to do with the prototype theft.

"You have to see this for yourself, sir. It's rather hard to believe." The officer said, firmly leading his Commander to the elevator.

When they reached the correct floor, the officer continued to lead the way down a hall to an open apartment door guarded by two enforcers.

When Feral reached the door and stepped through, he froze in the living area and stared in disbelief at the sight waiting for him there.

Hanging from the ceiling by his wrists was Hard Drive sans his surge coat which was no where in sight. On a the kitchen table beyond Hard Drive's hanging body was the prototype.

Feral looked from one to the other and back again in stunned amazement. Moving toward Hard Drive he hissed, "Who took you?" He demanded.

"I don't know who he was...get me down...I can't feel my wrists..." The criminal whined in pain.

"Cut him down!" Feral barked out.

Two officers jumped to do his bidding. Hard Drive dropped heavily to the floor but couldn't use his paws which hung limp in front of him. He whimpered in pain.

"Take him to headquarters, have his wrists seen to then book him." Feral growled as he made his way to the dangerous prototype and took it into his own paws.

Escorted by his officers he took the weapon downstairs and loaded it into his vehicle. He had two officers return with him to guard it on the back seat as they drove back to Enforcer Headquarters.

Feral questioned Hard Drive later that day but got no further answers from the techno thief. He was confused and frustrated by whoever it was that had taken Hard Drive out, insured the enforcers were summoned and, what was more stunning, allowed them to retrieve the dangerous weapon. Lack of answers to his questions made him angry and irritable.

He still wasn't in a good mood when he dressed carefully for the benefit being put on by the high society of Megakat City that night. He hated these things which only deepened his already bad mood. He wasn't even allowed to wear his dress uniform. His honor the Mayor insisted he wear a tux.

He tugged at the collar one last time before stepping out of his vehicle at the entry way leading into the Wilson Torg Manor House and handing his keys to the valet.

He walked up the steps and was barely able to be civil to the hostess as he went through the door. For the next few hours he mingled, satisfying the Mayor's requirement he meet and greet the elite of the city. Finally, his duty done, he slipped away to the gardens at the back of the mansion to get some much needed peace.

A pair of eyes watched the Chief Enforcer circulate the room. He bided his time sipping a glass of wine and charming the wealthy socialites without really telling them who he was or what he was doing there. He was exotically handsome and debonair causing many of the beautifully dressed she-kats to flirt with him, trying to catch his eye but his attention was focused on only one person.

He had come to this party for one reason and one reason only...and that was the dark tom disappearing out the french doors leading out to the gardens sometime after eleven p.m. Many females tried to halt his progress across the room but with a smile and a polite negative he eluded them easily as he made for another set of french doors further down from where his target had gone.

He quietly slipped through the doors and disappeared into the dark, avoiding the lights that dotted the gardens. He moved silently toward his target who was standing back in the shadows himself and staring pensively up at the night sky.

He watched Feral place his glass on a nearby table and cross his arms over his chest. The tom slipped up behind the Commander like a ghost then slid his arms around the powerful waist.

Feral had felt uneasy for the past ten minutes, his sixth sense activating, warning him of danger so when the arms came around him, he immediately whirled around and grabbed the wrists holding him and pinned the culprit to the nearby wall.

The moon behind him illuminated the face before him. His breath hissed out and he froze as he stared in shocked recognition.

"Hello, Ulysses. Long time no see." That familiar sultry voice from long ago said, a warm smile on his face.

"Aras?" Feral breathed out in amazement.

"Yes, it's me. Are you glad to see me?" He asked with a small smirk.

Feral shook himself and released Aras' wrists, stepping back to regain his composure.

"It's been a very long time. I heard you were some kind of hot shot spy." He said in a questioning tone while eyeing the tom he hadn't seen in nearly two decades. Aras was even more handsome in his maturity than when he was a callow youth.

"You've been keeping track." Aras smiled moving closer to Ulysses without seeming to. "I've been watching you too." He murmured, his voice going lower which did things to Feral's body he'd not felt in a long time.

Feral moved away uneasily, remembering how their last meeting had ended. Aras' smiled inwardly. He would not let Ulysses elude him tonight. He had special plans.

"I've heard things in your city have been a bit deadly lately?" Aras asked casually, standing at ease, leaning against the railing that ran around this area of the wide patio. They were invisible to the occupants inside and the few couples mingling in the gardens below.

"No more than usual." Feral said gruffly, watching Aras carefully. The reports he'd heard about the handsome tom were full of fantastic stories about his bravery, dangerous deeds, and deadly skills. He was also known as a master seducer but that wasn't news to Feral who well remember the tom's sexual prowess.

"Oh, I heard you ran into a very dangerous and near fatal problem that could have done a fair bit of havoc to your city if it had landed in the wrong paws." Aras hinted, looking away into the garden as if he hadn't landed a bomb in the dark tom's face.

Feral sucked his breath in and suddenly lunged at Aras, grabbing him by the collar and pulling him close.

"It was you! You were the one who caught Hard Drive and hung him like a prize turkey." He hissed in anger and surprise.

"Did you like that? I thought it was a nice touch. I was supposed to acquire that little device and the plans for making more to keep that very thing from happening. I let you make the arrest so that you could close the case but I intend to reacquire it for safe keeping. It's far too dangerous for these fool scientists to retain and use. I really wished they would stop making such instruments of mass destruction." Aras said, totally unfazed by his collar being pulled tight.

He was where he wanted to be...close and personal. He waited to see what Uly would do next.

Feral just stared at Aras in sheer disbelief. This tom had a lot of balls to do what he did then tell him he was intending to take the device again though he did agree with Aras assessment about scientists and their runaway inventions.

"Why would you think the thing would be safe in your paws rather than my evidence locker?" He snarled angrily.

"Really Ulysses...do you have to ask. Wasn't Dark Kat the one who stole the Metallikats heads from your evidence locker? Exactly how secure is that!" Aras snorted in derision. He didn't really want to rub Uly's face in it but he needed to make it clear the device was coming with him.

Feral reddened in embarrassment. Aras was right...damn him. "That still doesn't give you the right to steal it again." He said flatly.

"I'm not stealing it...you are giving it to me...legally. You know my agency is responsible for world peacekeeping. It will be much safer with us...trust me...besides I don't really want to pull rank on you and order you to hand it over." Aras said quietly but firmly.

Feral sighed in disgust and began to release Aras' collar but that wasn't in the tom's plan. As Uly's paws dropped free, Aras once more wrapped his own arms around the dark tom's waist.

"Now with that matter taken care of, I have other plans for this evening and you are a part of them." He said seductively as he startled Feral by leaning close and capturing his mouth in a heart stopping kiss.

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Chapter 3: Claiming a Mate by ulyferal

Chapter 3: Claiming a Mate

Feral felt his heart race as Aras pressed his body close and deepened the passionate kiss. It tasted like honey and set his body on fire. The long empty years in between fell away and it was as if time had never passed.

Aras nibbled and licked those delectable lips. Feral shivered and moved his body tighter to the tom's body. He was slowly being driven to distraction by Aras' erotic attention to his mouth. Every lick of his rough tongue sent another hot zing of fire down Uly's body. His womb tightened, his cock hardened and he grew very wet and swollen between his legs. All this from just a kiss!

Aras groaned...so hot...so tasty...Uly's scent...intoxicating. This was what he had missed all those

years. No matter how many fēms and toms he'd been with, no one affected him or touched his heart as this dark tom did. He moved his hips in a slow, rhythmic movement rubbing his hardened pole against the gradually hardening one of his soon to be mate.

Feral trembled and moaned as he got hotter and hotter. He was so wet and ready, he had completely lost all sense of time. All he knew at that instance, was just how badly he wanted to be taken by this tom.

Scenting Ulysses' readiness, Aras set his plan in motion. He began to dance his heated partner around the balcony for a few minutes. The swaying motion of the simple waltz step made them both even hotter.

He continued to move the big tom's body around until he had gotten him near the doorway he'd been maneuvering them toward. The door was opened to a darkened room and Aras swept them in, pausing only a moment to close the door behind them then waltzing his love toward a huge bed nearby.

He had cased the mansion and had found this unoccupied room. He had made sure to lock the hallway door and as extra insurance, placed a heavy chair under the knob. He did not want any kind of interruption. These were guest rooms and he'd learned the staff was not surprised when one might be occupied after a party. It made his plan perfect and now it was seeing fruition as he guided his besotted partner toward his goal.

Feral was completely unaware that they had left the balcony and were in a darkened room. The only thing he was able to focus on was Aras' lips and heated body against his own. He didn't even notice when Aras began to strip his suit off.

Aras was in a hurry to get to the body of the one he waited to take for so very long. He quickly divested Ulysses of his suit coat, tie, belt and slowly began to unbutton his shirt.

Feral sighed and moaned. He was getting very heated and desperate for completion of some kind. His paws roamed Aras' body and began to peel off parts of the tom's clothing though some part of his mind told him this wasn't a good idea because they were too exposed. That thought managed to finally register with him and he pulled back from the kiss with a gasp.

He looked around quickly and was surprised to find himself in a darkened room. Frowning in puzzlement he looked at Aras questioningly and that's when he realized he was nearly undressed. His eyebrows raised in shocked surprise.

"Aras what..." He began to stutter.

"Sssshh...It's alright. I've already found out this is a guest room and any of the party goers can use them and right now I intend to use this one with you." Aras told him in a dark, seductive voice that made Feral quiver with desire.

He had already gotten Ulysses' shirt open and was now running his fingers over the powerful chest and tweaking one of the already hardened nipples between one of his paws.

Feral gasped and shuddered at the intimate touch and forgot about his objections he'd been about to make when Aras took his mouth again in a more determined kiss.

Knowing they were safe from being interrupted, Feral began to strip Aras. Growling happily, Aras aided his disrobing by slipping his shoes off and dropping his pants.

His shirt was nearly off from Ulysses' nibble fingers. The dark tom had slid his paws under the t-shirt Aras was wearing and was running his fingers over the well defined chest.

'Mmmm, he's stayed fit.' Feral thought heatedly, pulling the golden tom's t-shirt completely off and

tossing it to the floor.

Aras pushed Ulysses' shirt off in one quick gesture then unzipped and allowed the pants to drop to the floor where Uly toed off his shoes and pants at the same time.

Now wearing only their underwear, Aras shoved Ulysses to his back on the bed. The air whoofed out of the tom's lungs when he hit the bed and again, when Aras dropped his weight on top of him.

In seconds, they were rolling and writhing their bodies together as they kissed and caressed each other. Normally, Aras liked to take his time seducing a lover but he'd waited far too long to have this particular tom.

He pulled his own underwear off then did the same to Ulysses, tossing them to the floor. The dark tom gasped at the feel of that very hot pole against his body. It felt so good. His inhibition against allowing someone to take him had vanished as his body demanded he allow this tom to take him anyway he wanted.

But one place in particular ached and throbbed for Aras' invasion. Some small part of his mind was stunned by his overwhelming desire to be taken by this incredible tom. He nearly changed his mind about losing his virginity but wasn't fast enough before Aras' took the initiative.

Aras' was growling with excitement. He left Ulys' mouth and moved to a new target. Licking and nipping down the broad expanse he paused only a moment to lick and suck the hard cock waving between them.

His target, though, was the rich aroma of female he could smell drifting up to him. He plunged his nose down to his lover's female genitals and began a concerted effort to drive the tom crazy.

Feral cried out in shocked surprise as his body reacted in hot response to Aras' tongue licking him there. He clutched the bedding under him tightly as waves of pleasure shot through him. It was so intense, he nearly lost his mind.

A sharp tingle of energy blasted him as he came hard, bucking and screaming. He trembled for some minutes after, his womb throbbing, his breath panting, and his heart drumming.

To his horror, Aras began it all over again. It was even more intense as he was so very sensitive now. Aras had to hold down the bucking hips as Ulysses cried out and tried to writhe away from the too over the top sensation. Aras grinned wickedly as he continued to torment his new lover. Ulysses came again with another sharp scream.

As he lay panting, trying to catch his breath, Aras reared up from his delicious target, leaned over to capture his still gasping lover's mouth and kissed him hard as he lined himself up with Uly's hot channel and thrust forward.

Ulysses cried out in Aras mouth at the sensation of being filled. He never felt the pain of his barrier being torn only the wonderful feeling of connection.

Aras held still for one blissful moment. This was what he'd been waiting for and it felt heavenly. Uly was tight and hot, making him moan with pleasure. He began to moved slowly, letting Ulysses get used to him.

Feral clung tightly to the tom thrusting hard within him. The sensation was indescribable. He moaned and whimpered as he was sent higher and higher.

Aras groaned and kissed Ulysses excitedly. At last he was taking his mate and they were soaring on a fiery comet's tail of pleasure. The sight of his lover's lust filled face made him harder than he could ever remember. He picked up his pace driving them to the peak.

Feral felt a tingle begin at his toes and quickly race up his spine, he clenched tightly against that hot invader and screamed his climax.

Aras tried to hold on but Uly's vagina clamped down on him and destroyed his resolve. He roared his completion, spilling his hot seed within his new mate.

They collapsed panting and trembling. Aras licked the sweat from Uly's face, enjoying the euphoria of truly great sex.

Feral panted and shivered from Aras' tender attention. He could still feel the tom's cock within him. It felt marvelous and the afterglow was better than any he could remember with other partners.

After catching his breath, Feral tried to move Aras off him.

"What do you think you are doing?" The golden tom rumbled, caressing Feral's chest.

"We should return to the party..." Feral began to say reasonably.

Aras grinned wickedly. "Oh no, I haven't begun to make love to you!" He moved his hips and began thrusting.

Feral gasped and moaned, his body catching fire from Aras' movements within him.

Over the next few hours, Aras made love to his mate. It was a glorious night and didn't end until an hour or two before dawn when they finally surrendered to sleep.

It was just turning seven a.m. when they awoke and used the shower. Aras used the opportunity to take his mate one more time.

Ulysses was soaping a washcloth when Aras slipped into the shower behind him. Taking the cloth from his mate, he began to wash the dark brown fur. At first, he just moved the cloth over most of the body in front of him but then he began to pay attention to more erogenous spots making Ulysses shiver and moan.

He moved the soapy cloth over the nipples until they were taut peaks then stroked down the powerful chest to the vee between the tom's legs. He soaped over the sensitive head of Uly's emerging cock before grasping the heavy ball sack and rolling it in his soapy paw.

Feral was panting and spreading his legs in languid pleasure as the sensations build up in him strongly. He gasped and whimpered when Aras reached his clitoris and lavished attention on it.

"Ohhh...Aras stop teasing...I can't take it...oh my god!" He uttered mindlessly, pleading for the golden tom to take him before he lost his mind.

"Hmm, not yet my wonderful mate." Aras purred evilly.

He continued to torment the dark tom. He plunged two fingers into Uly's vagina and another into his furless pucker. Feral writhed helplessly, his body totally on fire.

He came suddenly with a scream, his body jerking and trembling, his cock spraying the wall before him. Aras didn't give him time to recover as he grabbed the other's scruff in his fangs and plunged into Uly's still throbbing channel and began thrusting furiously.

Feral's paws were pressed against the shower wall while his butt was pushed outward giving Aras better access to him. He was flying higher than his jet as another strong orgasm raced up his spine and he roared followed immediately by Aras' own explosion.

The golden tom pressed his mate against the wall with his body as the two of them recovered their strength.

Turning his mate to face him, moments later, he nuzzled Uly's face and murmured, "You are mine! I love you more than life itself." He rumbled, kissing his mate.

Feral was a bit bewildered. Everything seemed to be happening too fast. He certainly was infatuated with Aras but love...he really didn't know the Kat that well to say that.

As if reading his mate's mind, Aras grinned. "You may not feel the same, my love but you will."

Feral blinked at him. "Why are you so certain we are mates?" He asked, troubled.

"It's something I just know, Ulysses. Trust me!" Aras said. "Now we need to get out of here. You have work to go to and I must leave as well." He said turning off the shower and stepping out.

They dressed quickly and discreetly left the mansion in Feral's car. At the Commander's apartment complex, Aras gave him a kiss farewell.

"Will I see you later?" Feral asked with a frown. There were things he needed to speak to Aras about one of them being what the Kat's plans were for the future and why he was included in them.

A look of regret crossed Aras' face. "No, sorry, my love. I only had time for a brief stop in your city. I have an assignment and must go. It may be quite some time before I am back again but be assured, I will return as often as I'm allowed. You are mine, never forget this despite our lengthy separations." He told his mate. "Right now I'll wait here for you to get ready for work. I still need that device." He said reminded Ulysses.

Feral sighed but went up to his apartment and got dressed for work. He returned to his sedan where Aras was waiting for him. The drive to Enforcer Headquarters was filled with conversation about the past, although Aras wouldn't discuss his work, he did talk about some of the personal highlights of his life since leaving the academy.

At headquarters, Feral took him to the secure storage area and signed over the device to him then walked Aras out to a taxi he had called. It would be more than a year before Feral saw or heard from his lover again.

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Chapter 4 by ulyferal

Chapter 4: Brief Visits

His claws dug into the wooden crate hard enough to sink in. He moaned hotly as a familiar body pressed down on him from behind and a hot, hard pole thrust into his very core.

"Oh God! Faster Aras...please!" He begged, writhing and pressing back against Aras' body. He'd completely forgotten that he was basically in the open in a warehouse where any of his enforcers could possibly walk in on him.

"Hmmm, my mate, you are soo hot. I love how your body welcomes me no matter how long we are apart." Aras crooned as he worked them both to a hot conclusion.

Ulysses panted frantically as he felt a rapid fire tingle race up his spine. It felt soo wonderful but he didn't dare release the roar building in his chest. He squeezed tightly against Aras and clamped his jaws shut as he climaxed and saw stars. Aras sank his fangs into Ulys neck ruff to keep his own roar of pleasure from escaping.

Their bodies trembled for several long seconds before going limp like rag dolls. Feral's eyes were closed as he heaved for breath. Aras' weight felt warm and comforting draped over his back. Even though the wooden crate was digging into his chest he was disinclined to move.

As he enjoyed the afterglow, his mind went back to the call he'd received that had sent him to this warehouse in the first place.

The afternoon before...

"Commander! We've gotten a strange call from an independent experimental medical lab. They say a crazed employee has made off with a disk that contains a variety of projects. What's causing a panic is one of those projects is an experiment in germ warfare. In the wrong paws, millions of Kats could die." Sergeant Klawnsner reported, urgently.

"What! How could this employee get his paws on something so sensitive?" Feral asked in disbelief.

"Apparently sir, this employee had been one of their most reliable scientists. They really don't know why he's gone crazy. They only discovered the theft and who it was just an hour ago when a co-worker of this guy reported the fellow was acting odd." Klawnsner told him.

"Anyone know where he's made off to?" Feral asked as he got up from his desk and went to get his coat on.

"No sir!"

"Wonderful!" Feral said, sarcastically turning to leave with the Sergeant in tow.

He spent the rest of the day interviewing the lab workers then the next morning sifting through the night patrols reports. He'd already put out an APB on the scientist known as Carl Ranner.

They got lucky the next morning. A sharp-eyed patrol Kat had been doing his rounds near the warehouse district when he spotted a suspicious character. He tried to accost the suspect but he was given the slip. It wasn't until he reported in the incident when he was going off shift that he had a strong suspicion that he'd seen the one they were looking for.

Feral gathered a team and went down to search the area. It took over three hours but they finally succeeded in cornering the scientist. He had been attempting to sell the laptop to a fence in one of the warehouses. It was learned later that he was in debt for a compulsive gambling habit which somehow had been missed during his security clearance workup.

Irritated, Feral had told the company they would be required to redo all their clearances to prevent a repeat of this. They were angry and upset but didn't argue with him, just relieved the data had been retrieved.

It was late afternoon by the time Feral had cleared the scene. His enforcers were finishing up outside and his personal assistant had already left, when he prepared to leave the building and do the same.

It was just as he was about to reach the door that lead out to his vehicle, that he was grabbed from behind. Even though he began to spin around, the other grabbed him by the scruff with their fangs. He made a soft cry of surprise as his body went limp instantly.

Mentally, he cursed his body. He had been told by his physician that reaction was typical in females and, in some instances herms of both males and female persuasions. It was just a very old reflex action when males were the dominant one in mating when their species were first around.

Feral had retorted in annoyance that he was the dominant one in all his relationships, this was before Aras had reappeared in his life once more.

Dr. Mewser's response was, "Hardly matters how you conduct your sexual life, Commander. Your reflexes when you allow another male to take you will still be a submissive one, whether you like it or not due to your being a male herm." Feral had not been happy about that but there wasn't much he could do about it.

So here he was completely submissive to whoever had him by his scruff. It wasn't until a pair of paws began to caress him intimately and with definite familiarity that he realized who it was.

He shivered and moaned as his lover, Aras, made his body sing with erotic joy. It always surprised him how the golden tom managed to wring every ounce of intense pleasure from his body. No one had ever made him feel that way.

Those times Aras returned to Megakat City were always spent making hot, intense love. Aras was never able to stay longer than twelve hours which was beginning to be hard to accept. Ulysses couldn't say he was in a relationship when he saw his lover maybe only once or twice a year and yet, he never desired another's company.

Aras always had the habit of catching Ulysses by surprise when he dropped into the city. This time was no exception. Within minutes, he had the dark tom whining and begging to be taken. At first though, he merely teased his mate, running his paws over the sensitive breasts and pressing his hard, pants covered erection against the other's tail until his mate was writhing uncontrollably.

The golden tom could feel his mate getting close and he knew just what to do to push him all the way over. He opened his pants and freed his hard pole. He placed one paw over the tom's hard cock and the other was set to rubbing the raised nipples through Uly's shirt while his own cock slipped between the dark tom's pant covered thighs. He moved his hips, setting up a tormenting rhythm that rubbed against the other's clitoris.

Feral gasped at the feel of that hot pole thrusting between his legs. The good feeling he'd been experiencing now jumped to a fiery level and he just couldn't help himself as he pressed down to get more of that exquisite sensation against his sensitive female genitals. Only a few moments of that could he stand before lightning shot off within him.

He cried out softly and shivered with pleasure in Aras' strong arms. Grinning wickedly, Aras quickly undid Uly's belt and lowered his zipper on his uniform pants. Then pulled pants and boxers down in one swift tug. Before Uly could object, Aras had found the tom's hot channel and thrust forward in one hard push.

Feral cried out at the sudden joining then moaned and growled as Aras set a punishing pace, pushing them to the peak and hurling them both over in minutes.

As his mind returned to the here and now, he felt the cool breeze blowing across his bare ass and legs. His face blushed as he stood up suddenly displacing Aras who chuckled as he stepped back to allow his mate to pull his clothing back in order. He tucked himself away and waited for Ulysses to be more presentable.

Sighing, Feral looked askance at his errant lover. "So you're back again, eh?"

Aras gave his mate a roguish look. "Yes, for a few hours." He said huskily, though his voice was tinged with regret. The golden tom moved closer and drew the dark tom into a deeply passionate kiss.

Feral didn't try to pull away. He missed his lover and treasured all the minutes they could have together despite being, at times, annoyed at Aras' continued absences. Aras being a spy and he being an enforcer never allowed much in the way of being allowed a normal kind of relationship

and he was resigned to this being how it would be for however long their arrangement would last.

Aras released his mate and walked with him to the door and out to his car. No one was around, his enforcers having already departed. The golden tom suspected his mate still thought of their odd relationship as a temporary one. Uly never acknowledged they were mates. Whenever he did talk about them, he would address Aras as his lover but never as his mate.

He sighed mentally. It wasn't his fault that he couldn't be around as much as he would like. Though he knew his mate could protect himself, there was always a possibility that some of Aras' bitterest enemies could find a way to hurt him badly by doing something to his mate. So he had to reconcile himself to visiting his mate very infrequently and carefully so others would not know how much the Chief Enforcer meant to him.

They climbed into Feral's sedan and made for his apartment. As an enforcer, Feral was aware that their relationship had to be kept low key. He and Aras had never discussed it but it was obvious to him that their enemies could use their attachment against them so he never made a complaint about the looseness of their relationship.

Their habit was to go to his apartment and make love for hours, talk, sometimes share a meal, then Aras would quietly vanish yet again for another extended period of time.

Reaching his home and tossing his keys onto a table nearby, Feral took off his coat and hung it up, closing the apartment door and locking it. He pulled out his cell phone and notified his office that he would not be returning today.

"What would you like for dinner?" He asked quietly as he began to undress.

"Hmm, how about Indian with lots of curry?" Aras suggested with a wicked gleam in his eyes, watching his mate strip.

Feral gave a snort of amusement. Aras knew curry always made him a bit warmer than normal but shrugged and made a call to one of his favorite Indian eatery's then he went to his bedroom and put on a bathrobe, throwing his clothes in a nearby hamper.

When he turned around to return to the living room, Aras was already standing behind him...no surprise there, he thought before he was involved in yet another steamy kiss.

Morning found him alone as usual. Sighing wistfully, Feral got up and took a hot shower then dressed. A short note was left on his kitchen table. He picked it up and read it while making his breakfast.

"I so love seeing your handsome face while you are sleeping. All the cares you have resting on your shoulders are gone for just a little while from that wonderful visage. How I will miss it and the body that is so much a part of my own.

I am off again and as always I am torn with leaving you, my love. I carry the memory of you wherever my work takes me. It is all that sustains me during the long absences from your side.

My heart and soul are yours always, Aras."

Feral sighed again and felt a stab of loneliness. It was actually getting harder to part from Aras. As they got older, he felt keenly, the passage of time. As hard as his life was, he was beginning to wish for more stability in his personal one. Shaking his head, he pushed his growing unhappiness aside and left for work.

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Chapter 5 by ulyferal

Chapter 5: Aras Has A Plan

Aras sighed with boredom as his face held a false look of pleasure and oozing charm toward the wife of an important crime cartel leader. He'd infiltrated the leader's inner circle of confidants and was now simply biding his time until he could get the last of the information he needed to bring this cartel down. It had taken him nearly two months to get to this point. The mission was a familiar one and he allowed only a portion of his mind to focus on it.

He found as time passed, he was becoming more and more tired of this world of intrigue. In his mind's eye was a powerfully built dark brown Kat with golden eyes that stared back at him with the beginning embers of love. It had taken years for that look to be there but he treasured it's appearance after so long a wait.

Ulysses had only seen him as a fly-by-night lover but recently that had gradually changed. When he left his mate on his last pass through Megakat City, Aras had caught the look of wistfulness and unhappiness at their parting. It tore at his heart.

It had finally happened. His mate was in love with him with the same intensity he had always held for the stubborn Chief Enforcer. He knew it was nearly time for the plans he'd set in motion some five years before to come to fruition.

Aras smiled inwardly at his deviousness. Five years ago, when he took Ulysses that first time and made him his mate, he'd gotten his mate's signature on a paper Ulysses thought was for something else but in reality it was a Declaration of Mating form. He had taken it to a notary public then off to city hall to be filed as a permanent record. He had slipped into the records office late at night and filed it himself since he didn't want anyone to know about Feral's status change until he was ready to make it public.

Ulysses would be furious to know he'd done that behind his back but Aras didn't feel guilty. He had known unswervingly that Ulysses Feral was his mate and had no desire to wait for his mate to feel the same, he wanted it set in stone.

Now as he took the she-kat for a spin on the dance floor, he made a mental note to check his calendar. He needed to be in Megakat City for a very special date and he could not miss it if his plans were to go forward.

Far away...

Commander Feral found himself staring out the window of his high rise office for what seemed like the seventh time that week. His mind kept drifting to his absent lover. Ever since Aras' last departure some months ago, he'd found himself, for lack of a better word, moping.

He couldn't understand it. They'd had this strange relationship for nearly five years but for reasons he couldn't pin down, he found himself missing the golden tom more of late.

Shaking himself yet again, he turned back around and applied himself to his work.

Only days later, Feral woke hot, swollen and wanting toward dawn. Moaning to himself, he threw his bedding aside and got up to take a shower. When he tried to dress, however, he found his clothes felt confining and made him irritable. Confused, he never connected the sensations with the onset of a heat cycle.

He rarely noticed his cycles since they were very mild and barely recognizable as such. He didn't even need a masking spray because it was just too light to attract a male's attention. Today, however, he was going to find himself very noticeable.

When he made it into his office, he was in a touchy mood that his assistant, Sergeant Fallon picked up on immediately. He quickly spread the word and Feral found himself surprisingly

unbothered much of the day, allowing him to catch up on officer's performance reports. Something he loathed but knew he had to get done.

Sergeant Fallon briskly moved paperwork in and out of the Commander's office, keeping his superior in a fairly even tempered mindset. On one of his pass throughs he detected the whiff of female heat pheromones. He had blinked in surprise but made no comment or allowed any facial change as he picked up more reports and departed. He was surprised to have discovered something about his superior that probably only his doctor knew. He filed it away mentally. What his Commander was sexually was no one's business but his own. The only thing he did with the information was to insure no male besides himself intruded on Feral today.

'No sense borrowing trouble.' He'd thought.

So it was that by the end of the day, Feral hadn't been troubled by anyone and the only person he interacted with was the Sergeant. He might have been horribly embarrassed to learn his secret was known by Sgt Fallon and relieved at the same time that the sturdy Kat was being very discreet about the knowledge he'd gained by accident.

By the time he left his office for home, Feral was not as irritable mentally, but physically, his body was becoming a real torment to him. He stopped briefly to pick up some take out then headed home quickly where he stripped all his clothes off with relief.

He was annoyed at not knowing why he felt so uncomfortable. He sat in his recliner and tried to watch some TV while he ate his food. Cleaning up his apartment in the buff, didn't ease his rising tension. Closing up for the night, he went and took a shower then crawled into bed but sleep was almost impossible to attain.

It was nearing eleven p.m. when Aras arrived at his mate's apartment. Using a key he had made some years ago, he entered his mate's home. He turned no lights on as he crept through the silent apartment. He paused at the recliner and undressed completely then moved silently into the bedroom.

On the bed his mate was tossing and moaning. Sniffing the air, Aras grinned ferally. Oh yes, his timing was perfect.

Ulysses had kicked off his bedding in his restless sleep making it easier for Aras to climb on and immediately lay atop his thrashing mate. Uly's eyes snapped open and stared up at the golden tom whose eyes gleamed in the moonlight shining through a crack in the curtain.

Before he could gather his wits, Aras took Uly's mouth in a passionate kiss. The dark tom moaned and moved restlessly under the golden tom. Aras tapped Uly's lips with his tongue, demanding entrance and when he did, the golden thrust his tongue in and out to mimic what he intended to do very soon to his mate.

Feral's body burst into flame. He dug his claws into his mate's buttocks, feeling the other's hard cock pressing against his own hardness. But it was his swollen and wet womb that demanded attention. He wanted that hard pole and he wanted it now.

He twitched and bucked trying to get Aras to cooperate but the golden tom had other plans. For once though, Feral upset those plans by wrapping himself tightly around his mate and flipping them.

Now Feral was on top, much to Aras' surprise. "I need you now!" He growled hotly, quickly raising his hips and plunging down on the hard pole of his mate.

They both groaned at the wonderful sensation but Feral was too anxious and needy to wait to savor their joining for long. He began to rock hard and fast on his Aras' cock.

Aras was hard put to keep himself within his frantic mate. Uly's heat cycle was driving the dark tom mad with desire. The only thing he was focused on was relieving the intense ache in his womb.

Aras surrendered to his mate's urgency and enjoyed the ride. He dug his fingers into his mate's hips and thrust up with his own hips so they met with a hard, wet, smacking sound. It was a wild, rough ride ending in twin roars of completion.

Feral collapsed, panting hard on top of Aras. The golden tom caressed his mate's back as they rested. The break was short lived as Feral's body demanded he start again. Aras' cock was semi-hard within him and the dark tom tightened his channel, squeezing the golden's cock to hardness. Aras' groaned in pleased surprise at his mate's enthusiasm.

Aras' claws stroked down his mate's lower back to above Uly's tail sending ripples of fire up his mate's body. Feral growled and shivered at his mate's expert touches. Panting, he urgently tried to ease the need that kept screaming at him. Some part of his mind was stunned by his wild and out of control behavior, wondering what the heck was going on but it was shoved aside with another shattering orgasm.

They mated for several hours until finally, Ulysses collapsed in exhaustion and fell asleep instantly. Smiling tenderly, Aras stared down at his mate, caressing the dark furred face gently for several minutes. Then, regretfully, he got up and went to the bathroom.

After a quick shower, he dressed, paused at his mate's side briefly before turning to the door, crossing the dark living area and exiting the apartment door as silently as he arrived.

Feral yawned and stretched just minutes before his alarm was to go off. He felt a bit sore but sated. Looking around, he was mildly disappointed when he noted his lover's absence. Shoving his bedding off, he headed for the shower and got ready for work.

As he was driving to work, he thought about the night. He frowned in confusion. "Why was I so needy last night? And how did Aras just happen to come to me at that moment?" He mused.

Something about it didn't feel right and he could sense the answer was floating in his mind just out of reach but before he could try to bring it forward, his radio sang out and he was off to another emergency, the suspicion shoved to the back again and temporarily forgotten.

He was going to regret that in about two months time.

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Chapter 6 by ulyferal

Chapter 6: A Plan Comes to Fruition

Some seven weeks after that wild night with Aras, Feral found himself, cranky, nauseated every morning and getting tired more easily.

It was Wednesday and it hadn't started really well for Feral. Skipping breakfast and his favorite coffee because it just left him too nauseated, he worked on his desk load of paperwork before he was expected at a dedication at the Megakat Natural History Museum later in the day.

Grumbling unhappily, by eleven o'clock he was parking on the side of the museum. He walked around to the front entrance, through the groups of tourists and school kittens then on up to the fourth floor wing.

Mayor Manx and Ms. Briggs with the press and other interested parties were gathered before the doors to a new exhibit hall. Dr. Sinian stood to one side of Callie. Feral moved around the crowd and made his way to stand behind Ms. Briggs.

She handed the Mayor his speech and muttered, "Glad you could make it Commander."

He growled under his breath and put on a bland face. Mayor Manx approached the mike and began his speech about the new Medieval Wing dedicated to Queen Callista and the newest acquisition, the Nuada Stone.

The Mayor had finished his long winded speech and had opened the doors behind him to reveal the new exhibit. Unfortunately, there was an uninvited guest inside already. Holding aloft a gleaming purple stone, the Pastmaster whirled and hissed at them.

There were screams and the immediate stampede of katizens away from the scene. Callie shoved the Mayor behind the open door as Feral charged forward with his laser pistol drawn. He was immediately sent flying back out the door and against the hall way wall by a blast from the little gnome's watch.

Shaking himself, which set his stomach to lurch unpleasantly, Feral climbed to his feet and charged back in. Ms. Briggs hadn't been idle as she quickly signaled the SWAT Kats to come.

Feral ducked down as a beam came at him again. The Pastmaster was already climbing aboard a mini-dragon and preparing to leave. The Commander surged up from his hiding place behind a knight's armor and fired his laser, managing to knock the wizard off his mount and sending the stone he'd stolen flying across the floor where Dr. Sinian managed to retrieve it then hide herself behind a display.

Screaming in fury, the Pastmaster prepared to blast Feral to pieces, fortunately for the Commander, the SWAT Kats arrived through the transom windows high in the ceiling. The Pastmaster's shot veered off enough by the distraction of their arrival to cause Feral to merely spin around and hit the suit of armor which fell on him.

The SWAT Kats, meanwhile, were sliding down their grappling lines, firing at the ugly troll with their glovetrix, sending him scurrying for cover himself. He turned his watch toward his nemesis' trying to take them out.

Razor fired a new weapon at the Pastmaster and ended the conflict finally by using a variation of his torpedo missile. The gooey green stuff allowed the wizard to move but in very slow motion until it dried and made him look like a statue. His single eye glowed with helpless fury. His watch had been knocked from his paw by a well placed shot from Feral still sprawled on the floor.

"Nice shooting, Commander." T-Bone drawled as he and Razor helped extricate him from the suit of armor. Then they approached their prisoner.

"Here you go, Feral." Razor said, tossing a bottle toward Feral who caught it effortlessly.

"What's this SWAT Kat?" He growled in annoyance, studying the bottle.

"The desolver to remove that gunk from the Pastmaster, otherwise he will remain a permanent part of this exhibit, which, actually, isn't a bad idea." Razor explained, smirking.

Feral snorted and mentally agreed with Razor, too bad he wouldn't be allowed to do it. Sighing in disgust, he called for reinforcements to remove the prisoner.

"Thanks for your help, guys." Ms. Briggs said as she came from behind a pillar where she had been taking shelter.

"Yes, thank you very much." Dr. Sinian said in relief, still holding the stone.

"You're welcome, Ms. Briggs, Dr. Sinian." T-Bone said gallantly.

Feral growled softly and was about to say something biting to the arrogant tom when a familiar voice interrupted.

"Looks like I missed all the fun!"

Everyone turned to see a handsome golden tom standing in the door and watching them. Mayor Manx came from behind the door and frowned at the tom in recognition.

"Why are you back in my citaa?" He demanded.

"Hello, Mayor Manx. I have personal business here. I intend to petition for Katizenship to your fair city." The tom said with a wide smile.

"No way. I'll not have an international spy setting up housekeeping in my town." Manx huffed angrily.

"I'm afraid you don't have an option, sir." Aras said firmly, reaching into his coat and handing a document to Ms. Briggs who had approached them.

Callie frowned in confusion but read the document quickly. Her mouth dropped open in shock and she turned to look at Feral in confusion.

Frowning, Feral returned her look with a puzzled one of his own. She handed the document to him. He scanned it, his own eyes widening in shock.

"What does it say?" Manx demanded.

"It says Commander Feral and Mr. Boniden were mated five year ago. That is a Declaration of Mating, legally signed and filed at city hall." Callie said, still stunned by the news.

Mayor Manx looked scandalized. "That doesn't mean he is automatically granted Katizenship!" He blurted sharply.

"You would keep a father from his kitten?" Aras asked archly, cocking an eyebrow at Manx.

"Kitten?" Mayor Manx shouted.

Feral just gaped at his mate.

"Sorry, love. I took the liberty of getting some of your blood while you slept last night and had it tested by your own Bio Tech Labs. I allowed only Dr. Conway to do the test, insuring your privacy. I received the test results just an hour ago." Aras said handing another paper to Ms. Briggs.

Callie stared at it blindly for a moment before actually reading it. "Positive!" She breathed. The SWAT Kats and Dr. Sinian gasped in shock and turned to look at Feral with new eyes.

Feral felt the blood drain from his face. Aras moved quickly to his mate's side and touched the shocked face, tapping it lightly with his fingers.

"Breathe, my love, breathe...you do not want to faint and ruin that famous cold emotional facade do you?" He chided gently.

Feral took in a gasp of air and stared at his mate with a mixture of shock and fury.

"You...you were here two months ago...it was deliberate...you knew I was in heat even though I didn't..." Feral fairly stuttered in outrage.

"Guilty! I had monitored your cycles each time I was with you and judged it was time to procreate.

I knew from research I'd done that having fairly frequent sex would cause you to have an intense cycle. I just monitored you until you did." He told him bluntly. "If I had let you decide when you wanted or not to be pregnant, it would have been too far past your fertility period in your life, which is short for an hermaphrodite, and the chance would have been missed." He concluded.

"Okay, that's not very kosher." T-Bone said drily.

"Yeah, I'm not so sure that was a very nice thing to do to someone you call mate." Razor murmured in agreement, shaking his head.

The golden tom ignored them and took Feral into a warm embrace, looking into his golden eyes with sincerity. "You were mine that very first time at the academy, long before I finally took your body." He said softly.

Feral pulled back and Aras released him. "We were very young...what did we know. Then two decades later you told me we were mates but I found it hard to believe. You're a spy after all. Taught to lie and deceive." He said, not willing to believe him.

"Have I ever lied to you, Ulysses?" Aras asked seriously.

"How would I know?" Feral retorted.

"Now who isn't being honest? You have the instincts of a good enforcer...you would know!" Aras said firmly, no doubt in his voice.

Feral swallowed and lowered his face. 'Yes, he would know.' He thought realizing for the first time that Aras had been truly serious when he'd told him he loved him. He raised his head and stared into Aras beautiful eyes.

"Are you retiring from the spy business?" He asked the next question that troubled him.

The golden tom looked at Feral in askance. "Spies can never retire, you know this. Let's just say I'm on a leave of absence with no expiration date. If they need me for a world wide, catastrophic disaster then I'll go, but nothing less than that. They didn't like it but agreed to my terms."

"And the danger? The enemies that always seek us out and could use each other as bait?"

"We both face danger in our work lives but it doesn't stop us from loving each other or being together. We simply accept what we can't change, watch each other's back, do our best to protect each other and just live and be happy." Aras said seriously.

Feral could only stand silent and try to absorb all this. He really should be angry at the high handedness of his new mate. He knew, Aras had tricked him into signing that Declaration but he couldn't find it in him to be that upset about it. Life with Aras was never dull and the sex was always hot.

What made their strange relationship work so well was they respected each others skills. Aras was correct, they understood very well the risks they took each day in their jobs and didn't allow it to interfere with their need for each other. It was indeed a part of their life.

So, really, he didn't have anything to complain about except for Aras making him pregnant without his say so. That was a bit much to take though he did understand his mate's reasoning. Still it was his body they were talking about which was suffering the miseries of pregnancy.

He grimaced at that last thought. "That explains why I've been feeling so crappy for weeks now." He finally grumbled aloud.

His mate gave him a commiserating look. "I'm sorry love, morning sickness?"

"Well breakfast has lost its appeal and coffee just doesn't agree." He complained with a sigh.

"The price of pregnancy. Not a real pleasant part of it either. Hope it gets better for you as it progresses, Commander." Ms. Briggs said sympathetically, though still taken aback that the Chief Enforcer was actually pregnant.

Mayor Manx was still upset at having a spy living in his city. "I still don't see why I should allow you to become a Katizen. Despite your...ah...relationship with Feral." He fumed.

"Unfortunately, Mayor Manx, our city charter says he is automatically a Katizen by being mated to one." Callie told him firmly before Aras had to defend himself.

"I still don't like it but there's nothing I can do about it." Manx snapped, turned on his heel and left in a huff.

"Guess I better soothe his ruffled fur." Callie sighed. She paused to pat the Commander on the shoulder warmly and congratulate the pair then hurried off after his honor.

Dr. Sinian gave her congratulations as well before leaving them to put the stone back in its exhibit.

The SWAT Kats had been standing listening the whole time. They looked at each other and shrugged.

"Well congratulations, Commander. Take care of yourself, though I have to admit, the thought of you being pregnant is just too weird." T-Bone said shaking his head.

"Yeah, I don't envy you. I heard hermaphrodites have a terrible time being pregnant. Hope that's not true of you. Anyway, we'd better get going T-Bone, I hear the enforcers arriving." Razor said turning back to the center of the room.

"Right! See you around Commander." T-Bone said waving at the enforcer before joining his partner.

The pair rappelled back up to the roof and moments later, the Turbokat was heard taking off.

Feral's enforcers arrived and he gave the bottle Razor had given him to his second, gave instructions and told him he was going home.

Without a word, the pair walked to the stairs and headed down to the lobby. Passing Kats returning to the museum now that the danger was over, they made it through the door and down the steps. Walking around the building, Feral unlocked his sedan and climbed in with Aras doing the same on the passenger side.

Neither spoke on the drive to Feral's apartment. Aras knew his mate was angry with him but he hadn't missed the look of relief as well that he wasn't leaving again. His plans had come full circle and he couldn't be happier.

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Chapter 7 by ulyferal

Chapter 7: Being Pregnant is Truly a Pain

Arriving at his apartment, Feral parks and climbs out. Aras does the same and waits for his mate to join him near the elevator. They travel up to his floor and step out into the quiet hallway. Most of his neighbors are at work. Unlocking the door, Feral steps through, hearing the door closing and being locked behind him.

A pair of paws help pull his coat off and hang it up while Feral pulls his gun and harness off. He sighs as he locks up his weapon. Aras is already out of sight and he can hear him pattering around in the kitchen.

Instead of following him, Feral heads to the bedroom and changes into something more comfortable then goes to the kitchen. There he finds Aras setting the table with food. The golden tom gestures for his mate to sit down while he gets the tea kettle from the stove where it is whistling merrily.

Feral sits down and notes a chicken sandwich awaits him with a side of crackers and the smell of pungent ginger tea fills the air as the hot water hits it.

"Drink your tea and eat these crackers first before eating your sandwich, love. It will ease the nausea." Aras told him as he pours a glass of milk for himself then sits down across from the dark tom.

Feral sighs and drinks the hot tea carefully, followed by a cracker. They don't speak as Aras takes a big bite of his sandwich and observes his mate closely.

The afternoon had been too full of shocks for Feral and he needed time to absorb the enormity of it all. He was grateful Aras kept silent. He let his mind mull over everything that been said and was still stunned by it all but in the end, he realized he was just grateful that Aras would now be around all the time.

Suddenly that very thought caused him to pause before taking a bite of his sandwich. He looked up and stared at the golden tom. Sensing a sudden stillness in his mate, Aras looked up and met his eyes questioningly.

"What do you plan to do now that you're not actively a spy?" Feral asked.

"Oh, I have ideas, none I want to pursue just yet. I have plenty of money so that's not a problem. Perhaps I'll just take time to get to know the city, go shopping for kitten things and check out the needs of a hermaphrodite during pregnancy. That SWAT Kat was right, it is a difficult thing for a male herm and I want any problems to be solved quickly and efficiently. I think it is important to find a specialist." Aras mused.

Feral blinked. He was just getting used to the idea of being pregnant. He'd not got far enough to think about needing a specialist. He grimaced. He really could have done without this major complication in his life right now. Another thought struck him and he groaned.

"Are you alright my love?" Aras asked in concern.

"I just realized I will be removed from combat duty due to my condition." Feral said bitterly.

"Oh, yes that's in the regs isn't it? I'd nearly forgotten about that." Aras said sheepishly.

Feral just growled at him and took a vicious bite of his sandwich. Aras just shrugged and had the sense not to comment further on it.

When they finished with their meal, they went to the living room and watched some TV. Aras made a move to cuddle something they never really had time for.

Feral found he like that and soon they were necking like a pair of teens. Soon it became a little too heated and the action sped to a fast conclusion on the couch with Feral on his back with Aras grinning down at him.

"I love you, Ulysses." He murmured nuzzling his mate's sweating face.

"I love you too Aras. " Feral said for the first time, sighing happily, hugging his mate to him.

Smiling warmly, Aras help Uly up from the couch, they gathered their scattered clothing and took a slow hot shower together before falling into bed to cuddle closely. Feral had to admit, he loved the feel of Aras against him and knowing he would be there when he awoke made his heart feel wanted and no longer lonely.

Aras was feeling the same way as Ulysses. He felt a tremendous sense of peace knowing he wouldn't have to leave in the morning or any morning after this. He hugged the dark tom even tighter against his chest and nuzzled Uly's neck.

A deep purr of contentment issued from his mate and Aras sighed with joy, joining his purr to the chorus. They fell asleep clinging to each other.

Their first morning as an actual couple was interesting. Feral awoke before his alarm as was his wont. Aras smiled sleepily at the dark furred backside as it left the bed for the bathroom.

His contentment was shattered moments later when he heard the distinct sound of retching. He scrambled out of bed and hurried to the bathroom. Ulysses was flushing the toilet and going to the sink to rinse his mouth out. He looked pale and miserable.

"Oh, my love. I'm so sorry you're feeling so poorly this morning. I'll make you some ginger tea and get some crackers. Just take it slow getting ready for work." Aras said quietly, nuzzling Uly for a moment then leaving him in peace.

Feral sighed. How he hated being sick to his stomach but it was nice to have someone there to take care of him. He stepped into the hot shower which helped some.

Aras appeared in the bedroom carrying a mug and a package of crackers as Ulysses left the bathroom for his dresser. He smiled his thanks and drank some of the tea before getting his underthings on. Then he took his drink and crackers to the bed and sat down to eat for a moment.

The golden tom eyed him in concern as he got dressed as well. "I think my first priority of the day is to get you a doctor's appointment. I know nausea is part of the picture but you do need your first prenatal visit done anyway." He said firmly

Feral halted with a cracker raised to his mouth and stared at Aras in consternation.

"Don't look at me like that. I know very well you'll get too busy to take care of it and I'm free and will get it done. Expect it to be soon." Aras said with a snort.

Feral sighed and said nothing, continuing to eat his crackers and drink his tea. Life with Aras had begun, he realized, and wasn't certain if that was a good or bad thing. Only time would tell.

Four days later, he was laying on his back on a rather cold exam table while a friendly but efficient specialist by the name of Dr. Phillip Langer did some really embarrassing things to him.

When he'd first stepped into his new doctor's office he nearly backed out again as he stared horrified at the room full of pregnant patients. Most of them were female but there were at least two that were males.

Aras cooed softly to him and pushed his reluctant mate forward. Swallowing hard, Feral straightened his shoulders and walked firmly up to the receptionist desk. In short order, he was handed a clipboard with new patient info forms and a cup for a urine sample.

Sighing, he made an effort not to look around and headed for the only seats left in the waiting room. He could feel the curious looks he was getting as he laboriously filled out the forms. When he was done, Aras took it back to the receptionist while he went to the bathroom.

When he returned they continued to wait some twenty minutes. Feral shifted nervously, wishing an emergency would take him away from here. Suddenly his cell went off and he quickly pulled it out. Perhaps his wish would be granted, unfortunately, it was only Steele asking about a certain report the Mayor's office was asking for. He growled a response and hung up in irritation.

Only moments later he was being called in. The nurse took him through the hall and stopped at a scale. She eyed him a moment and shook her head.

"No way can we weigh you with all that you're wearing and I don't doubt you are probably wearing a weapon as well. Come on, Commander. We'll just have to get you undressed then take care of these check in items." She said briskly then led them to an exam room. She pulled out a hopelessly short gown and instructed him to get changed.

Growling under his breath, he began to pull his clothes off. Aras helped by hanging his clothes and coat up then he personally took charge of his mates rather formidable laser pistol in its harness. Soon Feral was completely changed and trying desperately to cover his body a little more. It was a hopeless cause. Aras commiserated with him and helped by keeping close as the nurse returned and marched Feral back out to the scale.

"Much better." She said, writing down the information. They returned to his room where she took his blood pressure and pulse, asked a few more questions then left them to wait for the doctor.

Dr. Langer came in some five minutes later and shook their paws. He gave Feral a thorough outer exam before having the tom lay down and put his feet in the stirrups. There was a moment of difficulty when the doctor had to stretch the devices to their limit to handle Feral's great height.

Which brought them back to this moment where he had his legs spread wide and was staring hard at the ceiling. Throughout his enforcer career, this was the single most humiliating exam he had to undergo only this time it was more intrusive. He winced as the doctor probed a bit with his gloved fingers and hemmed to himself unhappily.

That wasn't something he was eager to hear. The next instant he heard the snap of gloves being pulled off and tossed in the trash then the doctor washing his paws.

"You may sit up Commander. I need to do an ultrasound so unfortunately you can't get dressed. The nurse will escort you to the ultrasound room. I need you to drink this all down first then we'll have to wait about fifteen minutes before doing the procedure." Dr. Langer said handing Feral a large container of something then he left the room.

Feral sniffed the contents and grimaced. "I hate cranberry juice." He complained.

"Sorry love. Drink it all down." Aras said without sympathy.

Giving his mate a dirty look, he drank it as fast as he could. He made a horrid face and felt like spitting it out. Aras took pity on him and gave him a drink of water to clear the taste from his mouth.

Aras sighed as his mate sat silently glowering at the far wall not willing to talk as they waited. He was really grateful when a nurse finally came for them and led them down to another room. This one was larger, had a big bed and beside it was some elaborate equipment. Looked a bit like a computer with monitor.

Feral was told to lay down. A sheet was pulled up to cover his lower extremities while his gown was pulled up to uncover his belly. The doctor returned and the lights were dimmed. He spread a cold jelly across Feral's belly then took a wand like device in his paw as he flicked on some switches on a machine beside him. The dark screen lit up though there was nothing to see on it.

"It's actually too soon to see the foetus but this ultrasound is for me to see your uterus and vagina

and see if everything looks alright." Dr. Langer explained as he began to rub the wand over Feral's belly. On the screen some odd things showed up. Neither Aras nor Feral could make anything of the images but the doctor apparently knew what he was looking at.

Ten minutes later, they were done. The doctor had him go back to his room and get redressed then the nurse would bring him to his office where they would discuss his case.

By the time they went into the doctor's office, Feral felt like he'd been here all day. They sat down before his desk in surprisingly comfortable chairs and waited for him to speak.

"Well, Commander everything looks good. The only concern I have is your vaginal canal. It looks too small. It may not be a problem if the kitten isn't very large but it is of concern. If the kitten exceeds more than five pounds you will have to have a C- section and that is a serious concern for you. Your internal female organs are laid out like most herms, totally opposite of a females hence the challenge in managing your pregnancy. You'll suffer problems females normally have no difficulty with such as on-going nausea, dizziness, fainting, difficulty urinating which can be a serious problem and, of course, the pressure the growing kitten will have on your internal organs which don't move as much out of the way as they do for a female. Your uterus is set further back and upward which can and does tend to cause breathlessness which in turn is the reason for the more frequent fainting spells. Some of the problems occur simply because you're male and don't take the precautions a female takes for granted." Dr. Langer told him seriously.

"You especially are going to cause me a lot of premature gray hairs. Your job alone is so stressful, I'd be hard pressed to aid you in keeping the pregnancy viable let alone trying to keep it till delivery. Frankly, Commander, I haven't a very good feeling about this pregnancy simply because of who you are. I must ask you, are you committed to keeping this pregnancy or will your job be more important?" Dr. Langer asked, his face grave.

Feral blinked in shock. He hadn't really thought this would be that difficult, just a nuisance but not so difficult that the odds were so bad he could lose this kitten without doing anything but do his job. He turned to Aras with a troubled expression. His mate was pale and worried which surprised him even more. Aras had seen and done many things in his life yet he looked absolutely horrified now.

The golden tom reached out and took his mate's paw. "My love, I'm truly sorry. My research had not prepared me for this eventuality. I don't want to risk you but I would like a legacy of my body. However, this is your body and if you feel you cannot do this, I won't think ill of you. I know how much your career means to you and how important you are to the city's defense." He said solemnly.

Okay, that didn't make him feel good at all. It made it seem his career was more important than this life he was carrying. He lived to protect katkind. What kind of leader was he if he could willingly take the life of something so small and helpless for the sake of duty. The fact he hadn't consciously decided to be pregnant in the first place didn't matter now. The deed was done and he was carrying new life. He swallowed, 'Oh God! I don't know if I can do this but I can't just kill it either.' He felt like throwing up as it was he needed to pee badly and used that as an excuse to give himself a few minutes alone.

He was shaken but firm when he returned to the doctor's office. "Okay, I'll do this but you're right it is going to be very hard since my job is dangerous and difficult. If its any consolation, my condition automatically removes me from combat duty by regulation. I'll be confined to my office and other duties not combat related." He told the doctor.

"Well, that's good to know. I know though, that will only be half the battle but we'll see how it goes. My nurse will get you set up on a regular checkup schedule. Here's a diet sheet to follow, a guideline on what symptoms to expect, my phone number in case of problems, and a prescription for prenatal vitamins which you must take religiously. Also, you will require a blood transfusion

once a week for the first two months. Unlike a female, you don't produce enough blood platelets yet to handle the growing fetus. Your body and the vitamins will gradually help you catch up but at first the transfusions will prevent any stress on your vital organs. The nurse will set you up with your first transfusion now. It will be part of your visits for the next two months. Any questions?" He asked.

Feral felt bewildered by all the information but mutely shook his head. The doctor gave him a sympathetic look before the nurse took them away for the transfusion.

Finally, they were leaving the doctor's office after being there for some three hours. Feral felt rung out emotionally and queasy. Aras suggested he check in and see if there was anything he was truly needed for at work and if not, he should go home and rest. Feral started to object. He never stayed when he was perfectly healthy and there was work to be done but then the doctor's words came back to haunt him. This was exactly what he warned Feral about.

"Listen to your body! I can't stress this enough. If you feel tired and drained, take a nap or go home. Ignoring the signals your body gives you that you're too stressed and 'toughening' it out is not an option in this case." Dr. Langer had stressed.

Sighing in resignation, he called his office, finding out there was nothing major going on at all. Telling Steele he would be home if he was needed, he allowed Aras to take him home.

This was going to feel strange and he didn't know how he was going to keep it up but he knew Aras would be right there to insure that he did.

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Chapter 8 by ulyferal

Chapter 8: The Trials of Pregnancy

True to his word, Aras kept a close eye on his mate while he learned the ins and outs of his new home town. He would bring Ulysses his lunch, mildly urge him to take a nap before heading out to see some new sight.

Feral felt like he was wearing a tracking device by the easy way Aras seemed to know exactly where he was at all times. He actually searched his clothes and himself for such a device because he just couldn't see how Aras knew he was at city hall or at his desk or in his car.

He'd be really pissed if he learned he was indeed wearing a tracker in an inconspicuous place on his body. Aras knew his mate couldn't be trusted to stay in his office or to eat and rest regularly every day.

It wasn't that Uly was careless or didn't care, it was simply because he was male and the Chief Enforcer. He just got too busy to pay attention to his personal needs all the time and possessed a male's ego that ignored any bodily discomfort. So Aras appointed himself, his mate's watchdog.

He hadn't told Ulysses, but he was looking for a house for them. Feral's apartment was not big enough for a growing family. He'd spent the next couple of months looking at houses that were outside the city but not so far Ulysses couldn't get to work quickly.

While he was doing all this, he soon learned very quickly, why medical personnel hated having Feral as a patient. Aras was fast losing his famous composure with his mate. Ulysses ignored his many attempts to get him to relax and stay calm. The reason for his increased concern was his mate's pregnancy was not going well which made the dark tom's already famous temper, spike even more readily.

As his waistline expanded, Feral became more and more irritable. Despite the incredible sex, he was not happy being pregnant. The common symptoms of pregnancy were magnified in him.

Instead of occasional nausea, he was plagued by it every day and not just in the morning. Instead of being a little tired, he was so exhausted from just working a couple of hours, his sergeant would find him completely out of it, slumped asleep on his desk, papers everywhere. He was so irritable, his officers found novel ways to never be in his company for any reason except by direct command. Feral particularly hated getting blood transfusions but, fortunately, on his last visit, Dr. Langer told him his body had 'caught up' finally and was producing enough to halt the transfusions.

Being pulled from combat duty had made him more like a rapid wolf or a bear with a thorn in it's foot. He would prowl restlessly every floor of the building when he wasn't so exhausted he was forced to nap, which he hated since it put him further behind on his work. And the absolutely most embarrassing thing of all was the fainting.

No matter how much rest he got or how hard he tried to curb his temper, anything would set him off and that would send his blood pressure up then it would plunge alarmingly, resulting in fainting or when he would have to be more active to avoid danger thus forcing him to need more oxygen, fainting would occur due to the kitten pressing against his lungs.

He'd lost count of the number of times he'd either came close to fainting or completely collapsed to the horror and upset of his enforcers.

The worst culprits for causing his fainting fits were, of course, omegas and the SWAT Kats. His frustration in not being able to be at the front lines, made his temper more intense. Because of this, Sgt Fallon made sure he was never away from Feral's side. And, even though Feral made every effort to avoid trouble, the omegas always managed to find him.

Today was no exception. He sighed as he watched in disgust as the Metallikats trashed a weapons demonstration at Pumadyne. The Commander was there to observe the test firing of the weapon when the robotic pair descended on them in their repaired Metallikat Express.

"You haven't learned to drive any better since being put back together!" Molly snorted as their vehicle slammed through the guards at the gate.

"Shaddup! Where are we supposed to go?" Mac growled as he sped across the huge complex's parking lot.

"To your right and down to the last building back there. That's where the firing range is." His mate told him.

Enforcers on scene with Feral and the security for Pumadyne were firing everything they had at the racing Metallikat Express without making a dent in it.

"Molly, knock some of those fleas off my back." Mac shouted in annoyance.

"They're not doing us any harm, why waste ammunition?" Molly complained, but did fire some of their rather formidable armaments at their attackers.

She made some devastating holes in the defense forcing them to take cover. Mac finally reached the site of the demonstration and drove right up to the platform where the weapon was mounted.

Halting their car in a spray of gravel and leaving the engine running, Mac and Molly jumped out and ran up the steps to the platform.

"We'll just be taking that." Mac laughed evilly as he knocked the scientists off the platform to hit painfully on the ground. "Grab the thing and let's get out of here, Molly."

"Keep your tin shirt on." Molly growled as she carefully detached the weapon from its mount.

Mac provided cover for her as they ran back to their vehicle and took off again.

Feral had been forced to take cover when the pair had arrived much to his fury. He summoned back up and as he tensely waited for his jet squadron to arrive, the SWAT Kats got there first. Snarling helplessly to himself, he watched as the Metallikats and the vigilantes mixed it up.

Feral and everyone else on the ground was forced to take shelter behind the concrete barrier of the target range to keep out of the line of fire as missiles from the Turbokat mixed it up with the lasers and missiles of the Metallikat Express.

The Metallikats had torn out the security fence near the firing range and gotten only half a mile from Pumadyne before the SWAT Kats finally got the upper paw by using a boring missile to get through the car roof then tossing a specially hyped up electro grenade that scrambled the two robot's circuits.

The pair screamed in pain then shut down. The Metallikat Express continued on its course driverless until Razor managed to hitch a ride and bring it to a halt. The weapon, unfortunately, had been fried by the grenade as well.

Razor quickly repelled back up to the jet and the pair shot away across the sky. Feral's enforcer squadron had just arrived...too late.

Of course, the end result had caused Feral to become totally incensed, the worst thing he could allow himself to be and paid for it by fainting dead away in Sgt Fallon's arms. The Sergeant sighed in resignation as he signaled other enforcers nearby to give him a paw.

When the Commander woke up some fifteen minutes later, he was aboard an ambulance. He frowned in annoyance and tried to sit up.

"No sir. Stay down!" A firm voice told him, pressing his shoulder down.

Feral turned his head and glared at the medic.

"Sorry, Commander. You were out too long this time and the docs back at the hospital want you checked out, so please don't give us a hard time about it." The medic said flatly, all too familiar with Feral's dislike of being at the mercy of medical orders.

Feral growled in his throat and laid back down. He hated this but he had to admit he really didn't feel that good. He soon had to endure tests, needles, and a few hours stay in the hospital until he was more stable.

This was where Aras found him. He came into his mate's room and sighed.

"Ulysses. I hear you had a rather traumatic day." He said quietly, coming to his mate's side.

Feral growled at Aras in annoyance. "I hate fainting. This time I didn't wake up for fifteen minutes so they felt I needed to be hospitalized. You are the reason I'm in here."

Aras sighed again. "Uly I am sorry you are having a terrible time with this but you did decide to continue this despite the risks. Believe me! Your fragile health while you carry our kitten scares me. You must try to take it easy. It's not forever." He pleaded quietly.

The dark tom turned away from Aras and stared at the ceiling. Yeah, he'd made the decision but it was the only one he could make. But it was so very hard to deal with all that entailed. He truly hated being so 'fragile' as Aras put it. Pregnancy was supposed to be just another stage of life but in his case it was more like life and death.

Aras leaned over him so that he had to look at his face. The golden tom was very concerned and

it showed in his eyes.

"My love. I am truly worried for you."

"I know, I worry too." Feral said heavily, raising a paw to touch Aras' cheek. "I just hate being this weak. I'm too used to being strong and doing what I need to. This just scares me."

"I know love, I'm sorry. I will never allow this to happen again, I couldn't bear it. But for right now, please, you must take more care. You have no choice." Aras murmured gently, leaning down and kisses his mate.

Feral let out a drawn out sigh. "Aras, I don't go looking for trouble, it finds me."

Aras dropped his head and sighed as well. He lifted his head and looked out the window for a long moment in thought. Uly had a point. Trouble was always finding him so really the only option was to take him away for now. He sighed mentally, 'Oh yeah, this will go over well.'

He looked back at his mate. "I know you're going to hate this but it's the only option to see you through the last three months safely." He said carefully.

Feral eyes narrowed. He had a suspicion what Aras was about to suggest and his mate would be right on how he'd react to that. "Let me save you the trouble. NO!"

Aras stared at him, tight-lipped. "I'm willing to listen to an alternative that will allow you to keep this kitten."

Feral started to open his mouth then shut it again in angry frustration. He really didn't have another avenue. Even if he tried to remain in his office all the time, trouble still managed to find him. He felt trapped and he really hated that feeling. He couldn't blame Aras because he had made the decision to keep the kitten so it was up to him to ensure its safe arrival.

"Fine. What did you have in mind." He ground out.

"It gives me no pleasure to take you from your important work. If it will make you feel easier about this, I have a few favors I can call in to insure your city stays safe during your absence." Aras suggested softly.

Feral grimaced. "I don't want any spy shenanigans here."

"No, nothing like that but they would insure your second doesn't end up losing you your command and your city." Aras reassured him.

It was his mate's turn to stare out the window, teeth grinding in aggravation at the way his life had been taken from his paws. Steele was the worst at command, he'd seen in a while but there was no way to replace him at this time. He flicked his gaze back at Aras.

"How do you intend to do that?"

Aras shrugged casually. "I can get someone who is very good at fluffing someone's ego while ensuring certain 'suggestions' are followed to keep the enforcers going with a minimum of interference from Steele's ineptitude."

"That would be a miracle." Feral muttered in disbelief then sighed. "I still don't like it but I don't see a choice."

"I'll take care of arranging things. As soon as I firm up where we are going, then I'll speak with Dr. Langer about a referral for a specialist in our temporary residence. When that is set up only then should you speak with the Mayor about a leave of absence. I'll be sure you have a strongly

worded advisement from Dr. Langer that this is required to ensure the safe delivery of your kitten." Aras said briskly.

Feral shoved his head back against his pillow and stared up at the ceiling. "My life stopped being my own when you touched me that last night at the academy." He mused heavily.

Aras' mouth twitched with a small smile at that admission. His face was serious though, when leaned over his mate and kissed him tenderly.

"I'll be by to pick you up when you're released, my love. Just rest."

Feral just sighed and made no comment as his mate straightened then left the room quietly.

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Chapter 9 by ulyferal

Chapter 9: Preparing for an Enforced Vacation

Aras called his contacts and was relieved when his 'friend' was free and intrigued enough to be willing to take on the 'babysitting' job of keeping a huge city safe and in one piece. His friend arrived on a red-eye flight and slipped into Feral's office without much fanfare.

Feral was still not happy about this strange way of watching his office but he soon warmed up to the lean, quiet tom. The Kat was efficient, economical with his words, and very sharp. He was so non-descript that he nearly faded in the background but when he did speak, one found themselves listening to the soothing and understanding tenor voice. It was nearly hypnotic and held your attention.

Steele was like putty in this Kat's paws when, the inept second in command was introduced to Jason Brown and told he would be a temporary new assistant from another country that was learning about how a big city's defense was handled. Steele never guessed that Brown had forgotten more about security and the spy business than Steele had ever learned in the academy. Feral had to admit, he felt a bit more easy about letting go of his command temporarily.

Aras was relieved but he knew his mate could still worry and obsess while he was on 'vacation' so he went one step further and obtained two of the latest in electronic marvels of the age to ease his mate's guilt at being away from his post.

Laptops were still the Cadillac of the computer world. Only the very wealthy could afford one and Aras had purchased two. A colleague of his programmed both computers and made them ready for Feral and Brown to use.

Now, despite how far away he would be, Feral would be able to keep tabs on what was going on in his city. Aras gave his mate the laptop at the same time he gave Brown his and had them learn how to talk to each other and set up special passwords and accounts to handle the information they would transmit to each other.

His mate grinned like a kitten though he had some hesitation at the expense of his new toy. Aras just reassured him that the cost wasn't a hardship and that he just wanted his mate happy and relaxed. Feral sighed, still thinking it was a rather extravagant gift but enjoying it anyway.

Aras' next task after making the arrangements for their temporary retreat, was to convince Dr. Langer of the benefits of his patient going somewhere quieter.

Langer was put out at first, but when he learned his patient was leaving his job as well as the city for the rest of the pregnancy, he sighed in relief. He'd still harbored doubts Feral would be able to keep the kitten after all the problems that his patient endured over the past two months. The last three were going to be even more difficult for the Commander but going somewhere quiet gave

him a better chance of succeeding.

Now the only difficulty was finding a specialist in the country they were going to and getting that physician to be willing to take such a high risk patient. It took more than an hour of tracking down the doctor Langer knew, then another hour and a half convincing the doctor to take Feral on. Finally, everything was settled and Langer drew up the documents necessary to get Feral medical leave from the Enforcers. He promised to transmit Feral's medical history to his new doctor asap.

Aras already knew the Mayor would not like it but, thankfully, medical orders superseded all other authority.

Sighing in relief that the important arrangements had been made, though it had taken more than two weeks to accomplish, Aras turned his attention to the more mundane things that needed doing in preparation for a trip of some duration.

On Thursday morning, Aras dropped Feral's medical leave request on the table beside his mate as they were finishing their breakfast.

Feral frowned over at Aras questioningly.

"That's your medical leave request, I promised. Take these to Mayor Manx today and by Monday we will be off to our temporary new home." Aras told him.

"Humph! So where are we going?" Feral grumbled as he got up from the breakfast table and went to get his coat.

"That's a surprise. Now while you're at work, I'll be packing what we need to take and handling the closing of your apartment. I'll let the building security know you'll be gone." His mate said briskly, helping his mate on with his coat.

Feral's clothes had to be widened to accommodate his increasing girth. His coat couldn't be buttoned, much to his disgust. It made him feel untidy and unprofessional.

"Don't forget the fridge has to be cleared out and the mail transferred." Feral rumbled as his mind ran over everything that needed to be done for such a lengthy absence.

"Don't worry. I'll even make sure your vehicle is given a startup on a regular basis. I'm sure your very excellent assistant, Sgt Fallon can be counted on to keep an eye on things for you."

Feral nodded and sighed in resignation. "Alright, see you later." He picked up the file with the documents and left his apartment.

Aras had been right, Mayor Manx wasn't happy.

"How can you leave when those horrid omegas could attack at any time." The portly Kat shouted, slamming his pudgy fist onto his expensive desk.

"Believe me! I have no desire to go on medical leave but I have no choice." Feral said flatly.

"Mayor Manx, you don't want to be responsible for Commander Feral losing his kitten simply because we can't make the effort to be without him." Briggs interrupted sharply. Anger and disgust making her eyes flash with fury.

"Ahh, I didn't say that Callie...it's just so sudden." Manx raised his paws and backing off a bit in the face of her outrage.

"The doctor made it very clear that the Commander must be away from all this stress and danger

if he's to have a successful end to his pregnancy. He's already insured his second is up to date and ready to take command. You have no authority to refuse since the doctor's authority trumps yours." Callie said flatly, her arms crossed over her chest.

"Very well. I truly hope its not longer than three months, Feral." Manx said reluctantly as he signed the leave document and handed it back to Feral.

Feral took it from him. "I certainly hope not." Then he turned to leave. As he went down the hall to the elevator, he was surprised to see Ms. Briggs just behind him and signaling him to wait.

She gestured for him to step into an empty office for a moment. He did so, a puzzled look on his tired features.

"Commander, we both know your second is incompetent so have you made arrangements in some way to insure the city is safe and the enforcers don't revolt?" She asked, a deep frown of concern on her pretty face.

"As a matter of fact, Aras did. I didn't like the idea at first but now, I have to admit his idea should work." Feral responded.

"And that is...?"

"An old spy friend of his that's partly out of the game now and was interested in handling a city this size just for a challenge. Boredom apparently was the reason for part of his decision. The Kat's credentials are impressive and I was pleased at how quickly he'd picked up what needs to be done in my command. He has Steele around his finger already. I will be in touch by laptop nearly everyday so I won't be out of the loop. That's the best I could do." Feral said spreading his paws and shrugging his shoulders in a sign of resignation.

"Well that's good to hear. What's his name? I'll get in contact with him so he and I can work together when need be." Callie sighed in relief.

"Jason Brown. Here's his cell number. Thank you for being so understanding and willing to accept this situation. We don't see eye to eye on a lot of issues but I'm glad we do on this." Feral said in pleased surprise.

"So am I. Just take care of yourself, Commander and try not to worry about us too much." Callie told him sternly. She pointed a finger at Feral's expanding belly. "That is all that should be on your mind for the next three months. Have a safe trip."

"I'll try Ms. Briggs and thank you."

She just smiled and waved him off as she turned around and went back down the hall to her office.

Feral smiled to himself, 'Well that certainly went better than I expected. Maybe I will be able to get some real rest on this enforced trip. We'll see.'

He returned to his office and completed the last of the projects he had been working on personally, brief Steele on what cases required close monitoring and reports that required completion over the next few weeks (though it was really Brown he was directing his comments to).

In an easier state of mind, despite knowing he wouldn't be back for three months, Feral headed home. Aras was waiting with dinner for him. Giving him a warm kiss, he helped his mate undress then walked him out to the kitchen where they enjoyed a quiet meal.

Aras told him everything was ready to go. This weekend they would relax, do laundry, final

mailing of bills, and tidying up before leaving Monday morning.

"Your car keys will be left with the security guard and he'll hand them over to Sgt Fallon when he arrives in the evening to make sure everything is secure." Aras told his mate.

"Good. I was pleasantly surprised to receive support from Ms. Briggs when the Mayor tried to be difficult. She caught me before I left to ask about Jason so that she could form a loose liaison with him so the two of them can keep things running smoothly. We may not like each other but its nice to see her set that aside and look out for my enforcers." Feral said happily.

Aras smiled. "That's good to hear, my love. Now you won't worry as much. So, let me get the dishes and you go sit in your recliner and rest a bit before we head to bed." He shooed his mate as he cleared the table.

Feral smiled back and walked out to the living room to watch some TV.

When they'd showered and went to bed that night, Aras caressed his mate's belly. At certain points during his pregnancy, Ulysses didn't want sex and his mate respected that but tonight, the dark tom was in a mellow mood and accepted Aras questioning touch.

Because movement was difficult for his mate, Aras took the dominant role. He reared up so that he could give his mate a kiss without the tom having to roll from his side. His paw caressed the enlarged breasts, titillating them gently as they were very sensitive now. The nipples took no time to harden into taunt peaks. Ulysses moaned and sighed in pleasure at Aras' familiar and erotic touches.

His mate continued to stroke and caress Ulysses as they kissed. Sometimes, like now, Feral really liked the slow, gentle lovemaking. It soothed as well as aroused him. It really didn't take Aras long to fully heat up Uly then slide himself home in that welcoming sheathe that still was able to grip him tightly and bring him such pleasure. Their orgasm was a gentle wave of shuddering pleasure.

They lay quietly just catching their breath. Feral was nearly asleep when a hard thump got his attention and made him groan in pain.

Aras rose up again behind his mate and placed a palm over the huge belly, massaging the spot that was rippling visibly.

"Seems our little one wasn't happy about our recent activity, love." He said in mild amusement.

"I got that already. Geeze that hurt." Feral groaned.

"I'm sorry love, seems we have a very strong and vigorous kitten." Aras murmured leaning over to kiss the spot where the limb had hit its mother. It seemed his massaging and voice worked because the kitten quieted.

Feral just sighed and tried to relax again. Aras massaged his mate's back down to his buttocks gently to ease him into sleep. He was rewarded by a soft snore. He smiled and settled down behind his mate and was soon asleep.

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Chapter 10 by ulyferal

Chapter 10: An Isle of Safety...or Not?

Feral sighed as he sank into his plane seat and tried to just be. Despite getting a pretty good night's sleep, the last minute things of closing the apartment, the drive out to the airport, check in, and finally boarding had exhausted him.

Aras took his mate's paw and caressed it to soothe him. "Try to take a nap, love. The flights only a couple of hours."

Feral just sighed and tried to get comfortable. The rumble of take off gave way to the constant roar of flight which finally lulled him to sleep.

When there was a distinct change in the engines noise, Feral awakened. He blinked and looked around to get his bearings.

"Good timing, Uly. We're here." Aras smiled warmly when his mate turned to look at him questioningly.

Feral grunted and shook himself more awake. Unfortunately, he didn't feel rested. They deplaned and headed through the airport. The dark tom sighed in annoyance and surprise when he realized where they were.

"Sandaval Bay?"

"Yes. I have a little bungalow on the beach away from everyone." Aras told him cheerfully as he pushed his way to the outdoors and hailed a taxi for them. Feral had no comment to that and resigned himself to enjoying his 'vacation'.

It took about an hour and half to drive to the bungalow Aras had spoken of. It was remote. There wasn't another house for several miles. He had to admit, it did have a spectacular view of the beach from its perched position on a small bluff with shade trees at the sides and front of the building that effectively kept it cool from the scorching sun.

The taxi pulled up into the circle drive and helped them off load. Moments later, they were alone. Aras forbid his mate from carrying their luggage, leaving them sit on the sidewalk as he hustled Ulysses to the front door that he unlocked with a flourish. With a broad smile, Aras made a grand gesture for his mate to go on in.

Sighing at being coddled already, Feral stepped into his temporary new home. The living space was spacious with an open floor plan and it was already furnished. It had a wood floor and across from the front door was a huge picture window that had an incredible view of the bay. Before the window was a conversational area consisting of a huge couch, a special kind of sloop chair and a glass coffee table with a vase of beautiful flowers as its centerpiece. A short distance from the window were some sliding glass doors leading out to a deck he could just see through the closed gauzy curtains.

To the left of the entrance was a small area that held a desk, filing cabinet, and bookcase which, at the moment, was empty.

He was surprised to note, there were some boxes on the floor beside the desk. Curious he went over and found they had come from his home. Aras had the foresight to ship Feral's home office here. It warmed him inside that his mate did this without being asked. It would make his enforced vacation much easier to bear, but then that was probably his reason for doing it.

A curved breakfast bar separated the living area from a fully equipped kitchen. To the right of the entryway was a short hallway leading back to a very large master bedroom resplendent with a huge four poster bed that had curtains draped artfully at both sides. Painting of sea scenes were on a couple of walls while facing the bed was a large flat screen TV mounted on the wall. To the right of that was a doorway.

Feral strolled casually over to it and looked in. It was a marvelously large and decadent bathroom. A privacy window, that allowed one to look out but no one to look in, was to one side of the jetted tub which was big enough for four people. Toward the back of the bathroom was a

long counter with two sinks and mirrors. The toilet was to the right, discreetly hidden in a corner cubby. To the left of the sinks was a big walk-in shower with two heads pointing toward each other. Just off the door leading into the bathroom was a walk in closet.

He stepped back out just as Aras arrived with their luggage and went into the closet area setting his burden inside. He would unpack later. He walked back to his mate and spread his arms wide.

"How do you like it?" He asked, grinning.

"It's spectacular." Was the only answer Feral could think of saying. The place was just amazing.

Aras' smile grew wider and he came close for a hug and a kiss which Feral willingly returned. Pulling his face away slowly, Aras murmured, "Only the best for you, my love."

Feral could only hug his mate tighter in response. No one had cared for him on this scale before and he was a bit overwhelmed. 'Of course, pregnancy hormones could be to blame as well for his rather emotional reaction.' He thought with a snort of amusement.

Releasing his mate, Aras took Ulysses' paw and pulled him toward the living room again. He went to the sliding door and lead the dark tom out to the deck. It had a bright canvas awning covering it and there were comfortable outdoor furniture set about.

To a thickly cushioned lounge, Aras pushed his mate. "Now I want you to relax and take a nap. I'll bring you something to drink. The trip would have made you even more tired despite your short nap. No arguments." He said sternly as he made Ulysses comfortable by taking off his jacket and shoes.

Feral sighed and lay down on the lounge. 'Ohhh, this feels nice and comfortable.' He thought in surprise. The cool breeze and warm sun felt good as well. The kitten had been banging around for some time during the trip but seemed to want to rest now, much to its mother's relief.

Aras disappeared inside and returned some ten minutes later, handing Uly a magazine and a glass filled with some kind of juice that was nice and cold.

'Well, I could certainly get used to this type of treatment.' He thought, relaxing and sipping his drink while he studied his surroundings. The sky was a clear aqua and the waters a brilliant blue with small white caps. The sand was nearly blinding and almost pristine. Sea birds soared and called overhead. It was like a dream.

An hour later, Aras had finished unpacking and putting away their clothes as well as setting up Uly's home office then going to the kitchen to prepare them lunch.

Carrying the tray of food out to the deck, he was pleased to see his mate sound asleep. He set the tray on a wood table and sat down on the wicker couch nearby. He relaxed for the first time in days and enjoyed the beauty around him. He was glad he had this place. It was perfect for getting his mate to rest and relax. The pregnancy should be less difficult for him as he de-stressed.

Wouldn't hurt him either. He'd been on heightened alert for far too long and hadn't taken a leave for longer. A break from all their cares and worries was just the thing they needed.

He sighed and stretched his entire body. "Hmm, that feels good." He muttered then reached over for a sandwich and lazily watched the waters and his mate.

An hour later, Uly woke and hungrily ate the lunch Aras had covered waiting for him. A little later they went down to the water and played like kitten. Feral especially like it because the weight of the kitten was raised off his kidneys, making him feel light.

When the sun began to set they returned to the house where Aras grilled some steaks on the deck and they watched the sunset before going in and rinsing off then making slow love. As the moon rose, they lay in the jetted tub and drank wine while relaxing together.

By the time his head hit his pillow, Feral was feeling very mellow and quite relaxed for the first time in a very long time. 'I guess Aras was right. I needed this.' He sighed as he felt his mate wrap an arm around his chest as he drifted off to sleep.

For the next few weeks, they enjoyed the sun, sand and beach. Feral swam daily, rested and relaxed. He spent only a couple of hours working on enforcer matters before heading out for some other activity that was more enjoyable.

So far, Megakat City was calm and peaceful so Feral had very little to worry about and the spy-helper Aras had left to watch his second in command was doing a fantastic job according to his assistant Sgt Fallon.

Unfortunately, his idyllic enforced vacation was about to hit a bump in the road. Things might have been calm in his home town but that didn't mean other troubles wouldn't come calling for a certain former spy.

They were in town, the third week of their vacation, when Feral had a near fatal accident. He and Aras were shopping in the fresh air market that lined the beach front. Arms full of fresh fruits and vegetables, Feral had begun to walk toward the little jeep parked next to the store. It was a rather odd looking vehicle. Feral suspected it had bulletproof glass and it had some strange button and knobs that you wouldn't normally see on a car's dash either. Aras kept it locked in the garage at their residence.

Out of no where, a small sports car with darkened windows came speeding around a far corner and raced down the street. Just as it past the open air market, it swerved sharply toward the sidewalk and Feral.

His senses sharpened by years of danger in his job, had warned him just seconds before. He'd heard then seen the car out of the corner of his eye. He dropped the bags and leaped backward which placed him between two parked cars.

The sports car violently scrapped against one of the cars, tearing its bumper off then the driver jerked the wheel back toward the street and roared off, turning at the end of the street and vanishing.

Aras had been some feet behind his mate and was just missed by the attacking car. Dropping his own groceries, he hurried to his mate who was struggling to get to his feet. The pregnancy making him awkward and feeling ungainly.

"My love! Are you alright?" He asked, his heart still slamming in his chest at the near miss. He helped Ulysses to his feet and was relieved that the tom had suffered nothing more than scrapes and bruises but he was still concerned since stress wasn't good for the kitten.

"I'm okay, Aras. Just shaken a bit. That looked deliberate." Feral growled in a low voice. He didn't want the people who had gathered around them to hear his comment.

"Yes it did." Aras growled with barely restrained anger. The ones who had witnessed the incident had called the local police so Aras and Feral were forced to wait and speak with them.

Once learning that Feral was a fellow officer, they listened to his professional report, asked only a few questions, then questioned witnesses before allowing them to leave.

But before they could get home, Aras insisted on a stop to see the doctor first. Feral grumbled but knew he wouldn't win this argument. The shop keeper felt badly for them and willingly replaced

their perishable groceries. At least they didn't have to shop all over again. Their afternoon was ruined, though, and after Feral was given a clean bill of health, they returned home where Aras insisted Uly take a hot bath to soothe his bruises.

Feral only agreed as long as Aras stayed at his side so they could talk about what had happened. It wasn't long before the tub was filled with hot water and a soothing bath salt was added then the jets turned on. Once Feral was ensconced comfortably, only then was Aras willing to sit down and talk.

"I suspect someone is after you." Feral said shrewdly.

Aras sighed and narrowed his eyes. "Nothing gets past you, does it love?"

"Not usually. None of my enemies knew I was leaving town much less where so I know they aren't after me but you are a spy, even if you're presently inactive." Feral grunted, letting the water soothe away his hurts.

"Well, you're right. Someone is after me though I have no idea who. There are only a few that would use this method, that of going after someone close to me, so that narrows the list a bit. Only those that have a sadistic bent and would get a kick out of seeing me in pain would take this route." Aras said darkly, his brow knitted in thought.

"Hmmm, guessed as much. So it seems we are now on alert again and looking for either an assassin or the enemy himself for a more personal touch." Feral muttered.

"Wish you weren't so astute, my love. Ignorance is bliss and all that but then I wouldn't love you so much." Aras sighed rubbing the bridge of his nose. Looking down at his mate half drowsing in the tub but very much aware, he now wished he knew of a place that he could stash Ulysses but knew there was none except for one.

"I'm not going into a safe house so nix that idea." Feral eerily read his mind.

Aras snorted. "We're far too good at this you know. Can't keep a secret from each other very well, though I did manage to when I took you...both times." He snickered softly, leaning down to kiss his love's mouth.

"I'll concede that. You were down right sneaky alright. So now what?"

Eyes narrowing again, Aras' face reflected anger and determination. "Have to reach out and talk to some of my contacts...see what's in the wind...meanwhile, you stay low and don't make a target of yourself."

"Don't plan on it, but hiding in a house with so many glass windows is not a very good way to stay out of sight." Feral snorted in grim amusement.

Aras sighed in aggravation. "Too true! But I wasn't thinking of that when I bought this place nor when I decided to bring you here. I know you don't like this but there is a really interesting safe house that isn't that onerous that you might not mind staying at for a short time...what do you say?"

"Do I have a choice?...Don't answer that, of course I don't. Leaving tonight?" Feral asked in resignation.

Aras rose to his feet but reached down and caressed his mate's face gently. "Afraid so. Finish your bath, love. I'll pack our bags and we'll be off. By the way, my car is bulletproof and the garage door has an alarm. I'll run a bomb and bug scanner on the car anyway though, so don't worry." He left the room and went to pack.

Feral sank deeper in the water and sighed. 'Some vacation.' He muttered to himself.

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Chapter 11 by ulyferal

Chapter 11: Headquarters of the Aristal Global Protection Agency

Feral waited while Aras checked the car for any nasty surprises then climbed in when he gave the all clear. Evening had fallen as they drove away from the place he'd barely been at a month. He watched the waves hitting the shore as Aras took a coast road to wherever he intended to go.

The drive was over an hour and led to the airport. Feral grimaced as he realized they were leaving Sandeval Bay. He hoped Aras remembered to repack his office, he didn't intend to be cutoff.

Aras drove through a gate that proclaimed it was for private corporate jets. He pulled up to a small gulf stream that was running engines in preparation for takeoff. A figure appeared from within and quickly took charge of their luggage as Aras escorted his mate aboard.

The interior was plush with all the luxuries of the wealthy. Feral sat in a very comfortable captain's chair with lots of leg room. He heard the heavy door of the jet clunk shut and the engines rev up. Soon they were moving off toward the runways.

A pretty stewardess came from the rear of the jet with a tray of drinks and finger foods. As she offered them to Feral, he noted she wasn't an ordinary stew...no stewardess he knew of had a

Beretta92FS tucked in the back of their skirt.

"Nice piece," He rumbled as she served Aras.

"Thank you, Commander. Is there anything else you'd like before we takeoff." She said with a warm smile.

"No, thanks." Feral said, holding the club soda she'd given him.

She nodded and returned to the rear and her seat. The Captain's voice came over the speaker, asking them to buckle their seatbelts, warning they were cleared for takeoff.

He watched the lights of Sandeval Bay vanish as they headed out over the water. Sighing, Feral decided he might as well sleep, no way would Aras tell him where they were going. To his surprised pleasure, his seat leaned quite a ways back, allowing a more comfortable position for sleeping.

It didn't take long before he dropped off. Aras watched his mate through hooded eyes. He was pleased when Ulysses fell asleep, with a little luck, he wouldn't wake until they arrived at their far away destination. He couldn't sleep, so took out his cell and began to make some calls.

Dawn was peeking through the jet's window, waking Feral. He yawned and looked around. Frowning, he realized they were still in the air. Before he could voice a question, the stewardess appeared and smiled down at him.

"Good morning, Commander. Would you like some crackers and camomile tea first then a light breakfast?" She asked.

He blinked at her for a moment, looked out the window then over to the other seat. Aras wasn't there. 'Must be in the head.' Feral mused. "I guess that would be a good idea, thanks." He finally said to her. She nodded politely and vanished into the galley.

Moments later, Aras appeared. "Good morning, love." He said warmly, coming to his mate's side and giving him a kiss.

Before he could straighten up, Feral suddenly grabbed the collar of the shirt Aras was wearing and pulled him close so their faces were nose to nose. "Where are we going?" He growled.

Aras' eyes looked down at his mate's grip on his shirt then up to his eyes. Ulysses was annoyed but not angry...at least not yet. Sighing, he reached his paw up and gently caressed his mate's fist on him.

"Easy love. We will be at our destination in another hour. I'm afraid you aren't allowed to know the location." He said quietly, a deadly seriousness in his eyes.

Feral paused a moment longer, then released Aras and slumped back in his seat in resignation. His mate was in charge here but some day soon, Feral promised himself, he would turn the tables on Aras.

At that moment the stewardess returned and set up Feral's anti-nausea meal before him. He picked up a cracker and viciously chomped it, pointedly ignoring Aras.

Shaking his head, Aras moved back to his seat, thanking the stew for bringing him a cup of coffee. He wouldn't eat breakfast until Ulysses had eaten his soother first, he certainly didn't want to cause his mate to toss his dinner back up.

They sat quietly, neither saying anything to each other. Aras' mind was on the results of his phone calls. He hadn't been able to get a line on who could have threatened his mate, no one at headquarters could answer any of his pointed and angry questions, but his superior promised to look into it and hopefully have something to tell him when he landed.

As Aras had promised, the wheels of the jet touched down an hour later. Through the window, Feral could see high mountains surrounding them. He had no idea where they were. Some fifteen minutes later they were walking down the stairs to the ground.

The landing strip was small and there were only a couple of hangars nearby. No other building was in sight. Feral turned to Aras and frowned in confusion. He held his tongue though and waited to see what was going on.

A good sized, well-armored jeep came racing from between the hangars toward them. It halted just a few feet from their luggage. A pair of well-armed Kats in business suits stepped out of the jeep and stood guard while a third climbed out of the driver's seat and grabbed their luggage, loading it in the back. Aras gently urged Feral toward the vehicle. They climbed in, the guards did the same, one riding shotgun, one sitting on a jumpseat before them and the third taking the driver's seat.

They were soon zooming off toward a hidden destination. It was far colder here than it had been at Sandeval Bay and Feral found himself shivering a little.

The jeep drove between the two hangars, at the end of the alleyway was a strange platform. The jeep stopped on it and suddenly they were going down, it was a huge vehicle elevator. The walls going by were thick concrete, lit by lithium strips.

The ride took some ten minutes and made Feral feel a bit creepy and nervous. It was obvious, their destination was very far underground. Finally, the platform came to a stop and a door opened revealing a huge well lit open area that was obviously a combination vehicle and aircraft hangar area. Their jeep drove off the elevator and made for a far wall where several doors were.

Feral looked around. Above the floor was a suspended tower that look just like one that handled aircraft but this one obviously controlled the activity going on around them on the floor. He could

see security was very tight here by the number of guards and security cams visible.

The jeep stopped and deposited them at one of the non-descript doors. Aras led him toward the right hand door and opened it. Inside was a receptionist who had the responsibility of screening all who entered. There was a bank of security monitors to one side of her and a com center before her.

She smiled at Aras and eyed him with curiosity. "Aras...so good to see you again, though it is a surprise."

"Hello Carol. Yes, it is an unexpected trip. Could you give my mate, Ulysses a visitor's pass please." Aras asked as the receptionist who was armed just as the stewardess had been, pinned a strange badge on Aras' shirt label.

"Ahh, so this is who you gave up your career for. He's a fine catch, Aras. Congratulations." Carol said warmly. "We have to scan him first."

Aras stepped in front of Feral suddenly. "Is the scanner safe for someone who is pregnant?" He asked in concern.

Carol's eyes widened and flew to Feral's belly and noticed the slight bulge there. Quickly regaining her professionalism, she frowned a moment in thought. "I'm not certain. Obviously the question has never come up. Let me call medical to be sure." She said and moved back to her desk. Placing a remote headset on, she pressed a button on her console.

"Yes, Carol at reception. I need a question answered, please...are the security scanners harmful to a fetus...I'm not joking...there's a guest who is pregnant here and I need to know...yes...then I guess you better send someone up that can do that...yes immediately...thank you." She cut the connection looked over at Aras. "They don't know what its affects might be so they are sending someone with a handheld they say is perfectly safe."

Aras relaxed in relief. "Thank you, Carol."

She nodded but was prevented from saying anything else by a signal from her board. She was soon speaking to someone about a shipment.

Feral tuned her out and looked around though there really wasn't anything to see in this small room. Their wait wasn't long before a large door behind the receptionist slid open to reveal two Kats. One was in a black suit, the other wore a doctor's coat. The doctor hurried forward, nodded at Aras and proceeded to run a handheld device over Feral's body, from head to toe.

"He's clean!" The doctor announced then returned through the door that slid open for him. Feral had time to notice that everyone seemed to have those small devices on their collars.

"Well that was quick." Carol said briskly as she once more approached Feral but this time held one of those devices though his was quite a bit different from everyone else.

"I'm to escort you to the Chief, Aras." The Kat in the black suit said politely.

"Thanks, Brian." Aras said nodding.

The three of them made for the sliding door and walked through. All Feral saw was a gleaming hall of metal with many offices leading off of it. They walked until they reached an elevator and climbed aboard. They went some seven floors up, to Feral's surprise then decanted to another floor that was carpeted and had fewer doors. They went to the one at the end, the door opened silently revealing a very nice reception area with a much older secretary.

"Aras, so pleased to see you again!" The she-kat said warmly, getting up from her desk to greet

him with a hug.

"Hello Orchid, it's great to see you too. This is my mate, Ulysses Feral." Aras introduced them.

"Welcome, Commander Feral. I'm pleased to meet you. We were all shocked to find our confirmed bachelor had taken a mate. You've made him very happy." She said.

"Pleased to meet you. I'm glad to hear that." Feral said politely, unsure what else to say. It was becoming very obvious to him that Aras had been well liked and much missed when he left the spy business. He hoped no one held a grudge against himself for that.

Orchid turned her attention back to Aras. "He's waiting for you. Go right in, your mate may go in as well." She said pressing a button on her desk which opened the door in front of them.

Aras nodded his thanks and strode forward, Feral followed reluctantly behind him into an office he wished he had. All the latest surveillance equipment was located behind the imposing older Kat that sat behind an enormous oak desk that was covered with files and reports. There was another wall covered in equipment he wasn't all that familiar with.

"Ahh, Aras, welcome. Sit please." The older Kat's pleasant tenor voice directed.

Aras did as ordered, gesturing for his mate to sit beside him in the comfortable chairs set before the desk.

"Sir, this is my mate Commander Ulysses Feral. Uly this is the Commander in Chief for the Aristal Global Protection Agency, Niles Saberforth." Aras performed the introductions.

Brilliant copper eyes studied Feral keenly. The dark tom felt like he was being dissected by the intense regard. Despite feeling out of his depth, he didn't glance away and returned the gaze with an intent one of his own.

Apparently, Mr. Saberforth was satisfied with what he saw because he released Feral from his gaze and turned it on his erstwhile former spy. He dug a file from the stack on his desk and tossed it to Aras who picked it up and began looking over the contents.

"That's all the information you requested. As you can see everyone you asked about can be accounted for. None of my operatives can identify who your mystery attacker was. You are certain it was not from Megakat City?" Saberforth rumbled questioningly.

"As certain as we can be sir." Aras responded not taking his eyes off what he was reading.

"Commander?" Saberforth cocked a questioning eye on Feral.

"No one knew I was gone, sir. Besides, our omegas want to take over Megakat City, which I fail to understand why, so they aren't interested in anything outside our borders." Feral answered, shrugging his shoulders.

Nodding his head, Saberforth leaned back in his seat. "From what we've seen whenever my operatives have entered your city, you're right about that. Huh! We can't make sense of those beggars reasoning either. There's a huge world, barely explored outside Megakat City yet they are determined to have that place." He shook his head at such single-minded stupidity.

Feral snorted. "Yeah, unfortunately, no one can understand, even we who live with it everyday."

Aras interrupted their light conversation with a sigh of disgust as he tossed the folder down. "Someone blatantly attacked my mate, that's a fact but trying to find who it was is a needle in the proverbial haystack. I thought for certain at least two of my former enemies were responsible but that's been shot down."

"Just because its not one of your more visible enemies does not mean there isn't someone out to either make you look bad or to hurt you." Saberforth said thoughtfully.

Aras frowned and stared at his former boss. "You don't mean here? That we might have a disgruntled member of our own team doing this?" He asked incredulously.

"When all else has been ruled out, your own house has to be the next culprit." Feral intoned, knowingly.

Saberforth cocked an eye of pleased surprise toward the enforcer. "Very good Commander and so very true, unfortunately. It's obvious you've dealt with this before, yourself. Yes, Aras, I do mean here. It's personal."

Aras sighed and rubbed his face. Feral felt for his mate. Saberforth had been correct, he'd had to face this very thing in his own enforcers once. No one wants to find out that those you trusted could harbor ill feelings against you and act on them. He leaned his face toward Aras and nuzzled him tenderly.

His mate turned his face and accepted the offer of sympathy and understanding.

"Alright, so an internal investigation is required but if I conduct it the perpetrator will just play it cool until its over. So what do you suggest, sir?"

"I have a team in mind that could discretely search around. It won't be one of our operatives but ones who normally work within our command who no one would suspect and who they wouldn't be afraid of revealing themselves to." Saberforth said briskly. He pulled another file from the pile. This one was very thin, holding only a few pieces of paper.

Aras accepted it and read the contents. His eyes widened as he looked back up and stared at the old tom. "Surely you're joking, sir! These two...they have no experience in this kind of thing..."

"They have more than enough for this task, Aras. They are the equivalent of a civilian CSI unit. Trust me, they'll find whoever it is. All you have to do, in the meantime, is guard your mate and do some training of new recruits to keep you busy." Saberforth said blandly.

"What? But sir..."

"You do not work here any longer, Aras. So I expect you to obey my rules on my turf, understood?" The old kat said in a voice of unmistakable steel.

"Yes sir." Aras knew when to back down. When Saberforth was this firm, he would not change his mind and would brook no argument.

"Good! Your quarters haven't been assigned to anyone so you might as well use them. I want you in the training area by eight o'clock sharp tomorrow morning. Commander Feral, you will be at his side. Who knows? You might pick up something useful. Dismissed." He said, returning his attention to his work.

Sighing, Aras stood up, followed by Feral and left the chief's office. Orchid nodded at them as they went by. His mate said nothing as they made for the elevator and went up another four floors. They decanted on a quiet floor, the halls carpeted, pictures on the wall, and to Feral's shocked surprise, one side of the hall was a wall of windows that looked out over a frozen landscape.

High, rugged mountains surrounded them, covered in snow. The sun burned down on them bringing no heat to warm the landscape. It was obvious they were in some very high mountain range somewhere but Feral was unable to fathom where.

"Beautiful view isn't it. Our headquarters is buried inside this mountain but they were smart enough to realize its workers needed to have access to natural light so these plus others on a recreation wing and the employee's residential wing are the only windows in the place. The glass is mixed with agracite making them nearly impenetrable. This, of course, is the agent's residential wing when they are home." Aras explained.

"It's amazing!"

"Here's my old room." Aras said, smiling as he opened a door to what amounted to a small apartment. It had an efficiency kitchen, nice size bathroom, bedroom, and living space. Because he no longer lived here, the walls were bare and it had an empty feeling to it. There luggage sat on the floor near the door.

"So this is my new home until you find the one threatening me, eh?" Feral sighed unhappily.

"I'm truly sorry, love. However, there are many things to do here, I promise. Why don't we eat and rest right now, then I'll give you a tour." Aras said, understandingly.

"Sure, I've got nothing else to do and I obviously can't wander around without you." Feral said flatly. 'Gee, seems more like a prison to me!' He thought unhappily.

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Chapter 12 by ulyferal

Chapter 12: A Femme Fatale on a Mission

While Feral and Aras settled into their quarters, an unhappy and angry female was making some plans of her own.

'I can't believe that fool botched the job.' She hissed mentally as she headed toward her office within the huge complex. She was normally out in the field but was forced to wait until a certain world incident made up its mind whether it was going to explode into a major problem or remain an administrative headache, wrangled over by its presently divided government.

Waiting was always part of the spy game so while one mission was being monitored another could be dealt with. In her case, though, the mission could go fubar in a matter of moments so she was being kept on stand by at headquarters until the problem made its direction plain.

The trim, well built and muscular, she-kat had a desk full of reports to do as many of the agents did. They were kept on the go so much their paperwork tended to fall behind. She sighed in disgust as she sat down behind her desk and picked up the first of many reports on cases she'd closed but the paperwork needed to be completed.

Unfortunately, her present temper prevented her from really focusing on her work. She leaned back and tapped a pencil on the edge of the desk while her mind worked furiously. 'It was such an easy set up and still he managed to mess it up. His excuse was the pregnant tom had reacted too quickly, saving himself, even though there had been no way he could have guessed he'd been targeted. Yeah, right!' She snorted in derision.

With that damn tom out of the way, she could have finally pressed Aras to be hers. She'd been a spy nearly as long as the golden tom and she'd felt time slipping away from her. She loved her job but it was beginning to lose its glamor and the allure of having a family was becoming more insistent.

She cruised the field of prospects and had finally settled on the exotic golden tom. She'd been furious to learn, quite by accident, that Aras had already set his sights on an hermaphrodite male in a seriously beleaguered city. It had taken some intense digging and keeping her interest secret before she learned why this tom was so important to Aras.

Apparently, Aras had attended a security academy when he was very young and this was where he'd met the tom. Something important happened there, but for reasons she couldn't discover, the golden tom hadn't done anything with the tom until nearly two decades had past then suddenly he made the tom his mate and filed a Declaration of Mating. He left again and only returning sporadically over a five year period until this year when he demanded release from his duties. The reason...his mate was pregnant and he wanted to be with him permanently.

This information had boggled her mind. Aras was well known as a careful spy who planned everything he did which was why he was still alive after all these years. But it still amazed her to find he had done the same thing when wooing his mate-to-be. Years of careful planning had succeeded in gaining him the object of his desire. She didn't doubt he had planned the pregnancy because her research of her rival had shown the tom to be very much duty bound and very unlikely to want to be tied down with a kitten.

So far Aras had attained everything she had desired for her own life and that had made her furious. The fact he had taken a male soured in her mouth. Everyone had thought of him as an excellent seducer of she-kats though she had known him to do males when the mission required it. It had never occurred to her that he might actually prefer a male. Though if she'd allowed herself to really think about it, she would have realized that someone who liked both males and females might be really turned on about a Kat who just happened to be both.

It didn't matter! She had set her sights on making him her mate and no weird male of both sexes was going to take him away from her. She needed a new plan.

Meanwhile, two scientists on the staff of A.G.P.A. were being given some personal instructions by Saberforth.

"You want us to spy on one of our own?" Dandy asked in shocked surprise. He was a small built calico with wild blue hair and equally loud clothing. A shocking blue silky shirt paired with a brilliant yellow pair of blousey pants. His pixie-like face hid a mind like a steel trap.

"Yes and very discreetly!" Saberforth said firmly.

"Uh, yes sir, but gee it just seems so wrong." Dandy's earnest face scrunched up unhappily.

Saberforth sighed as he studied his two whiz kittens. They were the smartest pair of scientists and the youngest Kats in the command. They were capable of digging up information from even the tiniest clue. That's why he knew they would be the best at locating their renegade spy.

"I know, Dandy but unfortunately, whoever this is knows Aras' personal life a little too well and the attack was meant to kill not maim his mate. It has to be personal and within house. None of his enemies made any attempt on Feral despite Aras' seeing the tom for over two decades. Also, even if one of his enemies had been so inclined records indicate none of the usual suspects were anywhere near Aras." Saberforth said gravely.

"Hmm, sounds like someone might be lusting for our handsome agent and was pissed to learn he was out of the mating pool. Rather a petty attitude if you ask me. Makes for a long list too!" Gerett mused, speaking up for the first time. He was a ginger colored tom with brilliant copper hair done in a mohawk. His clothes were just as flamboyant as Dandy's even though he was the quieter of the two.

Saberforth hid a smile behind his grim face. 'Oh yes, very bright they are and I'm so glad I grabbed them first before one of those think tanks got them.' He thought with a hint of pride. Aloud he said, "I think you could be very right there. He was rather popular with the she-kats and even the most professional of them was taken with him. Don't overlook the males though."

Both of the young Kats nodded solemnly. He could already see the wheels turning in their heads.

"Unless there are anymore questions, you're dismissed. Remember no one must know what you're doing and don't allow your regular work to fall behind, reduces suspicion that way." He warned them. "Also, any information you uncover will be brought to my attention personally. No memos or written documentation is to be generated and strictest care must be used when you discuss this case between yourselves...secrecy is extremely important here."

"Understood, sir." Dandy said brightly. Gerett nodded and the two of them left his office for their lab in the bowels of the complex.

Sighing, Saberforth drew one of the many files on his desk to him and began to work again. His two spies would ferret out the culprit in due time he was certain.

Having unpacked their suitcases and cleaned up, Aras escorted Ulysses through the huge complex as they headed for the commissary. Some areas were off limits to his mate but there were enough for him to visit that showed him just how big this agency's complex was.

They went through labs, recreation areas, commissary (where the food was excellent), botanical gardens that provided them with fresh air and food, transport area, and, his favorite, the weapons lab. They spent a bit of time there as Feral got to see some fantastic and nearly science fiction type of weaponry.

Their last stop was the huge training and workout area. It held an indoor obstacle course, work gym, pool, spas, and steam rooms. The training area had boxing, martial arts, and many other forms of fighting including street fighting. They went to the firing range and shot a few rounds before getting dinner and returning to their room for some much needed rest for Feral.

When they woke up later, Feral had been left a message on Aras's comm unit that medical wished to see him before he retired for the night. Sighing in disgust, he followed Aras to the medical wing.

It took up a whole two floors. One floor was all the medical procedures, the second floor was the psych ward and hospital recovery rooms.

Feral was quickly escorted to an exam room and made to strip. Growling irritably, he did as ordered and put on a surprisingly larger gown that actually closed in back then sat on the exam table.

A lean, gray furred, tom with white hair and mustache, strode in some five minutes later.

"Ahh, Aras...you are looking well." He said warmly.

Aras smiled. This was his favorite physician, even though medical was his least favorite area to be in.

"Dr. Snow, good to see you. This is my mate Ulysses Feral."

"A pleasure to meet the one who succeeded in making Aras settle down, sir." Snow said shaking Feral's paw.

Feral felt a little more comfortable. The Kat was warm and friendly and it was obvious Aras trusted him too.

"So why was I called in here." He asked.

"Ahh, well being pregnant and having to stay here, it was important that I have a current picture of your health. I've already e-mailed for your records from Dr. Langer so all I need is to see for myself since I will be handling your care while you are here." Snow explained.

Feral sighed but nodded his understanding and got ready to be poked and prodded again.

Aras just patted his shoulder comfortingly as Feral lay down on the table.

Elsewhere in the complex, the she-kat spy was surreptitiously checking to see where Aras was supposed to be tomorrow.

'Hmm, so our boss has delegated him to train raw recruits and his mate is to keep him company. That might work in my favor...' She mused to herself.

In the lower level of the complex a pair of sharp eyes spotted an anomaly in the computer traffic. They had already picked up the trail of someone though the person's identity was still unknown but it confirmed their boss' suspicions...it was someone within their agency.

Now all they had to do was pin the individual down. They got busy.

Back on the medical wing, Feral was gratefully pulling his clothes back on after more than two hours of probing, poking, and an ultrasound.

Dr. Snow smiled when they walked into his office once Feral was dressed. They sat in front of his desk and waited.

"Well, so far you are doing well despite doing something truly unusual. I know you've been completely briefed on what to expect and the difficulties you face being pregnant. I concur with Dr. Langer that getting away from your stressful job would help you continue the pregnancy more easily and he was correct. Your test results shows everything is very well with the kitten and your own health. So what I need you to do now is see my receptionist and set up a regular schedule of visits. You need to see me at least every week. Do you have any questions for me?" He asked.

"No. Glad to hear everything is going well. Thank you, Dr. Snow." Feral said politely. Aras shook his head as well.

"Excellent. Then I wish you both a good day. Light exercise will be good for you Ulysses. Nothing strenuous." Snow warned before seeing them out.

Sighing, Feral was glad to be done as they finished with the receptionist and went back to their quarters.

Aras thought some soft music and a rub down with an essential oil would help relax Ulysses for bed.

"Strip down love...no clothes...I'm going to give you a treat." He said warmly, leaning close to give Ulysses a kiss.

"Hmm...are you going to tell me what you've got planned?" His mate asked as he made for the bedroom and began to strip.

"Nope." Aras smirked as he disappeared into the bathroom.

Feral shrugged his shoulders and hung his clothes up. Though he wasn't too happy about being mewed up in this big complex the benefits weren't too bad. He stretched and laid down on his side since his belly was already protruding significantly.

Moments later, Aras strode briskly from the bathroom carrying a small towel and a bottle of something. He climbed onto the bed until he was on his knees beside his mate. He laid down his burdens beside him then pulled two of their pillows over.

"Here love," He said as he positioned the pillows under his mate's chest and groin area. "I want

you to roll over onto the pillows so I can do your back."

Feral complied and settled on top of the pillows, his belly now hanging between them, comfortably.

Aras carefully straddled his mate's legs and reached up to begin rubbing some essential oils into his mate's fur. He couldn't push as hard as he liked because of his awkward position but he did his best and Uly's groan told him it was enough.

Soft music filled the air as Aras gave his mate a very thorough rub down. Feral was drowsing by the time Aras finished his front. Smiling tenderly down at his nearly asleep mate, he leaned down and kissed Ulysses deeply.

The dark tom moaned and returned the kiss sleepily. Letting the kiss end naturally, Aras moved back and coaxed his mate to move to his side again. Remaining on his back was not recommended so Feral sighed in annoyance as he rolled heavily to his side once more and allowed Aras to place the pillows where they would help him be supported.

Settled once more, Aras reached down for the blankets and pulled them up to cover them. He slipped down to lay behind his mate, placing an arm around the expanding waist. He missed making love to his mate more frequently but the safety of their kitten was primary so he had to settle for the very occasional and very careful love making they were allowed. Sighing he allowed him to be lulled into sleep by his mate's regular deep breathing.

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Chapter 13 by ulyferal

Chapter 13: Some Not So Safe Training

When he rose at his normal time, his body felt heavy and unwieldy. Feral rumbled in annoyance at the loss of his former easy mobility. He rolled slowly to a sitting position and sat still as the world whirled for a moment.

His movement had awaken Aras who quickly moved to his side and sat up beside him. "Dizziness, my love?" He asked, as he rubbed his mate's back to increase blood flow.

"Yes," Feral sighed out. He was taking slow, deep inhalations, waiting for the world to stabilize. "I really hate this."

"I know, Ulysses. But look on the bright side, you only have two more months to go," Aras said, trying to cheer his mate up.

"Only...," Feral snorted derisively then changed the subject. "I think I'm okay now and aren't we due in the training area in forty-five minutes?"

"Yes, so if you're alright, I'll go get the shower going and order breakfast for us," Aras said, eyeing his mate carefully, waiting to see if Uly was really alright.

Feral merely grunted in response as he slowly got to his feet then sighed as everything remained steady. He made for the bathroom behind his mate's retreating back.

Thirty-five minutes later, both were dressed in sweats and t-shirts with tennis shoes and heading for the training floor.

Entering the nearly cavernous space, Feral quickly noted that nearly everything needed for fitness training for spies was in evidence. At the left side of the room was a glass wall where an Olympic size pool was located and where he could see underwater training with diving gear was in progress. In the large open area there was a huge obstacle course at the farthest end, close to

paw was a weight area, workout mats, climbing wall, climbing ropes in the center of the floor, sword fighting, and different forms of hand to hand fighting. Martial arts, he learned, was taught in a closed room off this one for safety reasons as were the gun and archery ranges which were located in the bowels of the facility.

Each area had a squad of twenty trainees being coached by a skilled agent. After checking in with the training commander, an ex-marine named Brady, Aras guided Ulysses over to the obstacle course.

A squad of trainees were standing at parade rest...waiting. Feral cocked his head at Aras questioningly as they stopped at the group.

"Since you are used to handling squads and have a loud, commanding voice, it was decided you should put these young Kats through their paces," Aras said in a loud enough voice the squad could hear him then he leaned close to his mate and whispered softly, "and under no circumstances are you to move to 'help' any of them as would be your wont on the more 'lazy' of them. You will stay right here and bellow and not exert yourself at all. Got it?"

Feral grimaced as he turned his head to glare at his mate. "Got it!" He ground out in annoyance.

Undaunted by his mate's sour response, Aras gave him a warm smile and a light pat on the back before turning away to head for the hand to hand area where his own squad waited for him.

Giving a huff of air, his only sign of how frustrated he felt, Feral filled his lungs and bellowed.

"Alright, listen up! I want you to run through this obstacle course in under 5 minutes. No helping each other. This is a test of how fit you are. Go to the beginning of the course."

The squad had jumped at the sheer volume Feral was able to produce. When he'd finished giving orders they scrambled to the starting point of the course and waited.

"Go!" Feral roared.

Over the next five minutes, Feral's voice flayed and humiliated each and every one of the squad as they struggled through the course as fast as they could. The course was grueling and much more difficult than the one used by his own enforcers.

This course consisted of eleven events performed sequentially: low crawl under barrier, tire footwork, two-handed vault, 8ft horizontal shelf, horizontal bar navigation, hanging tire, balance beam, 8ft horizontal wall, 20ft horizontal ladder, 16ft vertical rope, and 350m sprint carrying a 6lb medicine ball for the first 120m plus it also had trainees dodge rubber bullets, blasts of water or air from hidden hoses, and gas grenades adding to its difficulty level.

He thought perhaps he should incorporate this one to replace the older established one of his city. The dangers of their city was far more than any other on the planet so perhaps this course could save the lives of more of his enforcers. He dragged his straying attention back to the task at paw when a tom clumsily fell from his climbing rope. He yelled at him to get moving.

Using a stop watch, Feral frowned as he noted the times as each trainee finished. Only three came in under three minutes, the rest took up to the five minute limit to complete the course. He scowled as he watched many of them throw up and/or wheeze trying to catch their breaths. A few had cramps in leg muscles and were sitting on the ground, faces grimacing as they rubbed out the pain.

"That was the sorriest performance I have ever seen. Looks like you dolts will have to go back to basics before running through this again," Feral snorted derisively. "Hit the showers."

Heads hanging down, the green recruits headed for the locker room while Feral got ready for the

next arriving group.

The morning went fairly smoothly for the both of them. Aras was sweating from his class and using a towel to wipe his face as he approached his mate who was finishing with the last group before lunch.

"They are soo going to hate you, Uly," he chuckled. "You ready for some lunch?"

Feral's nose twitched at the scent of his mate's sweaty body. "Going to take a shower first?" He asked casually.

"Nah! Coming back to finish so why clean up twice. What? You don't like my spicy aroma?" Aras said teasingly when he noted his mate's grimace.

"It's enticing but out of place right now," Feral snorted in amusement. "Besides, I'm starving."

"I'm sure you are," Aras smirked. "Our kitten is growing fast and needs its calories."

Feral only rolled his eyes as they moved toward the exit. They rode the elevator up to the living quarters floor where a large cafeteria and mini-mall was located. After, an admittedly, very good lunch, Feral was ready to get back to work. Though he wasn't allowed to do more than yell at the trainees, at least he wasn't too bored.

The afternoon went by without incident until an hour before quitting time. Feral had been just chastising his next to last group when a freakish accident occurred. The dark tom's back was to the climbing wall that was to his right when he heard a whistling sound but before he could turn to track where it was coming from, three trainees took him to the floor as cries of warning and dismay filled the air.

One of the trainees had thrown himself under the huge tom while the other two had pulled him to the floor. Just where Feral had been standing, another trainee had fallen from the climbing wall when the ring holding his rope snapped free from the top of the wall. The rest of the squad with Feral had managed to keep the tom from hitting the floor too hard and being seriously injured.

"Ulysses!" A voice yelled in fear from across the room. Seconds later, Aras arrived in time to help lift his mate off the tom protecting him from the floor. The others helped the distraught agent to roll the dark tom onto his back and into his arms. Feral had passed out from the sudden fall and was just beginning to wake up.

"Oh love, are you alright?" Aras said urgently, as he looked his mate over. Ulysses still looked dazed so he turned to the trainees. "What the hell happened?" He demanded.

"I don't know sir. I was nearly to the top of the wall when the ring holding my rope pulled out completely. I tried to twist my body but there just wasn't time." The trainee from the wall explained, grateful he'd managed to escape serious injury himself.

"We heard a snap and everyone turned to see what it was. Jason, Thomas and I saw the body falling toward Commander Feral and threw ourselves at him to knock him out of the way. Thomas made sure to cushion your mate from harm, sir." One of the three trainees that had protected Feral said earnestly.

"Thank you for your quick thinking. His condition is so fragile right now..." Aras said worriedly as he looked down at Ulysses.

"Ohh, what the hell happened?" Feral groaned, placing his paws over his swelling belly and rubbing it.

"You nearly got clobbered by a falling trainee. Are you okay?" Aras asked again.

"Uh...I think so...belly hurts some..." the dark tom said still a bit dazed.

It concerned Aras that Ulysses was taking so long to recover. Frowning, he looked around and was relieved to see a medical team hurrying toward them. Two other instructors and Training Commander Brady had reached the area of the incident and were questioning the trainees again and studying the equipment.

"Hey, Brady!" Aras called out.

The tom looked over at him questioningly.

"I want to know exactly what happened with that equipment. Have our CSI crew take a look and tell them its priority." Aras told him.

Brady nodded his understanding, his face angry and grim, as he got on his cell phone while the medical crew gently and quickly loaded Feral on a stretcher despite his weak objections.

As the stretcher was being rolled toward the elevators, Feral still felt fuzzy and his belly was beginning to cramp, sending waves of pain up his spine. He groaned and twisted in discomfort. He was hazy on exactly what had happened. All he could remember was being tackled to the floor and having his belly compressed by the body of another beneath him. It had sent the kitten upward, compressing his lungs and cutting off his breath, knocking him out cold.

Coming to had taken far too long to his mind and this constant haziness and pain in his gut were not normal.

The ride up the elevator was swift then he was being rolled down a corridor, voices were calling out numbers and explaining what had happened as he was wheeled into a room and many paws were pulling at his clothes and asking him confusing questions.

He should be able to answer but his tongue felt like lead and all he could do was hiss in pain again. He remembered seeing and hearing Aras near but now he couldn't hear anything but a low roar in his ears as yet another agonizing pain ripped through him.

Aras was forced back from Ulysses by the medical team leaving him to watch, helplessly near the door as his mate was tended to. The dark tom was now actively writhing on the bed in pain and unable to answer any of the doctor's questions. Faces were grim and urgent around Ulysses as Dr. Snow quickly snapped out orders.

'How could such a freak accident happen in the first place?' Aras wondered. 'Because it wasn't an accident...that would have been just too convenient. My unknown nemesis is responsible...I'm certain of it,' Aras growled to himself.

News of the mishap flew through the complex like lightning. Two scientists in their lab heard the news and gave each other a knowing, worried look.

Quickly they searched through various reports, videos, security, etc...until...

"Ah hah!" Dandy crowed in grim satisfaction.

"What'd you find?" His partner asked coming to his side.

"Watch as I play back this portion of the security cam in the training room." Dandy instructed his friend.

"Blackout!" Garret said flatly.

"Right. Wanna bet our target is responsible?" Dandy said as his fingers continued to fly over his

keyboard.

"No bet!" His friend snorted.

Suddenly a messenger burst in with a bag in his paw. "Orders from Agent Aras that these be given priority attention. This is what nearly caused Commander Feral and Trainee Ronson to be harmed." The messenger spit out quickly.

"Okay. We'll get right on it." Garret promised as he took the bag and made for another part of the lab.

Meanwhile Dandy continued to work at retrieving anything he could from the tampered security tape.

Director Saberforth received word of the incident as Feral was being rolled into the medical wing and demanded answers. Within minutes he was informed of what had occurred and what was being done to discover why it happened. He left orders that the parties involved get with him as soon as they had answers.

As he hung up from speaking to his pair in the lab, he sat back in his seat and frowned. 'Our traitor must be getting desperate,' he thought. 'Hopefully, we catch them before Feral comes to anymore harm...if he hasn't suffered too badly from this incident that is.'

He'd been told Feral was suffering early labor pains and that Dr. Snow was struggling to halt them since it was too early for the kitten to be born. Saberforth sighed worriedly. He offered up a prayer that the tom would pull through this crisis safely and since there was nothing else he could do about the affair, he returned to his heavy workload.

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Chapter 14 by ulyferal

Chapter 14: Threats on all Fronts

While the pair of scientists worked feverishly in their lab to pin down the culprit, Aras paced anxiously beside his mate's hospital bed. Ulysses was resting comfortably at the moment but he wasn't out of danger. To halt his premature labor, Dr. Snow had put the pregnant tom on strict bed rest and IV drip with medications to relax the uterus.

The drugs themselves came with their own risks but it was felt it was necessary to keep the kitten in the womb a little longer. So far Feral was tolerating the medication but it was too early to know if that would continue to be true. If he didn't have an adverse reaction then it was hoped it would stop the contractions.

An ultrasound showed the kitten to be healthy and in no distress but it also showed it wasn't big enough to be born weighing only an estimated three pounds and test results proved its lungs were still too immature so it was imperative that labor be stopped.

Feral had been drifting in and out of consciousness for some time until his blood pressure had finally been leveled off with meds but the drugs for halting contractions could cause his pressure to rise again so he was being closely monitored.

When he'd been installed in his room, he was alert enough to be told what he faced. Uly's face had blanched with fear and concern. Aras held his paw tightly as he spoke soothingly to his worried mate when the doctor had left them alone again.

"Easy love. Our kitten is fine as long as it remains where it is for a little longer and that's what Dr. Snow is trying to do. The drug and staying still is required for you to succeed in giving birth to a healthy kitten. I know how much you hate the idea of being bed ridden but it's necessary."

Feral closed his eyes and groaned in frustration. "One step forward, two steps backward, damn it," he growled unhappily.

"Unfortunately, very true my love," Aras sighed in commiseration.

They were silent for a long moment and Feral was nearly drifting off when he roused himself enough to ask, "exactly what happened in the training area, Aras?"

His mate briefed him on the accident with the climbing rope and holding ring coming free.

"Accident, heh?" Feral snorted skeptically.

Aras eyes rolled, totally agreeing with his mate, as he answered, "Yeah that's what I thought too. The lab guys are chasing a lead as we speak. We have no doubt our disgruntled agent is responsible, we just have to find out who it is."

"Meanwhile, I'm a perfect target, stuck here in bed with no way to escape," Feral growled in concern.

Aras shook his head, his expression grim but determined. "You are under heavy guard at all times Ulysses. Nothing is going to come near you but those who have been cleared for your care."

Feral relaxed only a little. He knew even the best security could fail but Aras had done all he could and that would have to be good enough.

Elsewhere in the complex, the disgruntled female agent causing the trouble, paced her office like a furious tiger. 'How can one Kat be so lucky?' She snarled to herself, knowing her office was wired. 'He's well guarded now in the medical wing and I can do nothing until that kitten is born. I will just have to be patient.' Giving a last huff of frustration, she took a deep breath to settle herself then returned to her desk and the work awaiting her.

Days pass and Feral's condition improved, the contractions had ceased some hours after they had started and the doctor felt it was safe to take him off the medications but he wouldn't budge on one proviso...Feral would stay in bed for the last eight weeks of his pregnancy.

"What the hell am I going to do in bed for nearly two months," he railed at his mate.

"I have a solution to that, my love. Here..." Aras smiled warmly as he produced a laptop from behind his back. "I received permission to allow you to connect with your command. The signal is heavily encrypted to protect this facility but it will allow you to get back to work."

Feral blinked in amazement as Aras placed the laptop on a rolling table and angled it enough for his mate to use from his bed.

Eagerly opening the screen and typing in his code, Feral was grinning happily as he waited for his program to open. He looked gratefully over at his mate and said, "You know me far too well, Aras."

"Yes, I do, my love. Have a good day 'at work' and I'll see you for lunch later," his mate said with a grin, leaning down to give Uly a quick kiss.

Feral grinned even broader as his office program opened. "Thanks. See you later," he said distractedly as he began to dig into his files.

By the look of the information on the screen, Aras knew Uly would be busy for hours. Pleased with his solution for keeping his mate happy, he left the room, paused to check with security before heading for his own office.

In the science lab, Dandy and Garret were zeroing in on their target. They had narrowed down the suspects and were now eliminating them one by one. It was a long and tedious process but one that was necessary if they didn't want to accuse the wrong person.

The real culprit thought she had been very clever and wasn't too worried about being discovered as she carried on with her duties. However, a chance encounter near the lab allowed her to overhear a pair of lab personnel say the, so called, 'dynamic duo' were suspected of conducting an internal investigation for their leader, Saberforth. No one knew exactly why nor who they were searching for but she had a bad feeling she did.

Furious and afraid, she returned to her office to get some privacy while she planned how she would get rid of her rival in such a way as to throw suspicion on others. It was obvious now, that Saberforth suspected someone in house for being responsible for the attacks on their Aras' mate.

Her plans would have to change and drastically. Waiting was no longer an option. She already had some vague ideas but now she needed to spend the next few hours seeing which of her plans were the most viable.

Though it might make her visible to the pair hunting her, she felt she had no choice. Using the cover of doing research for a mission she was supposed to go on in a month, she began checking certain things around the complex, including a trip to the medical wing but not where Feral was being kept.

By later that day, she had finalized one plan in particular and it required she act before night fell. She noted the time, it was just past four in the afternoon, time to get moving. Picking up some reports she needed processed, she headed off to set her plan in action.

Feral felt satisfied and no longer bored as he shut down his laptop for the day. He'd managed to clear dozens of reports, be a part of a planned meeting, and even spoke with Ms. Briggs by live messenger.

Ms. Briggs told him the city had been uncommonly lucky to have evaded any serious clashes with the omegas of late. The only ones that caused trouble recently were Hard Drive and some mob clashes, both easily handled by the SWAT Kats and enforcers, respectively. He was greatly relieved but knew that peaceful streak couldn't last too much longer.

He was in a great mood when Aras arrived to share dinner with him.

"You look pleased and happy, my love," Aras said warmly, as he leaned down and kissed his mate.

"I am, thank you. I got a great deal of work done and even got the chance to get an update from Ms. Briggs," Feral said.

"Really? And what did Ms. Briggs have to say," Aras asked amiably as he took a seat beside his mate's bed and started to eat his meal a nurse had brought in.

"Megakat City has been uncommonly quiet. Hard to say why...I'm almost concerned it is the quiet before a huge omega storm but that's just me and past experience," Feral said drolly.

"You might be considered paranoid, my love, but you've far too much experience with these thugs not to suspect something. Let's just hope for some continuing good luck that it will stay quiet for a bit longer," Aras said with jaded optimism. He had no doubt Uly was right but there was nothing either of them could do about it right now.

As they talked and ate their dinner, things were busy on the floor as shift change brought, meals and evening meds. A nurse bustled into Feral's room just as they had finished their food. She

smiled at them both as she came to the dark tom's side with a blood pressure cuff around her neck and his medical chart in her paws.

"Good evening, Commander. How are you feeling today?" She asked as she put the cuff on his arm.

"Very well, thanks."

"Wonderful...stay still a moment..." she said warmly as she took his blood pressure.

"Excellent...right where we want to see it. Any cramping or other discomforts?"

"No, I feel fine, if a little stiff from staying in bed," Feral said, with an annoyed snort.

She smiled in sympathy as she made notations on his chart. "Yes, I know. The only exercise you are allowed is stretching arms and legs several times a day and carefully rolling from side to side to keep limber but absolutely no getting to your feet," she told him firmly.

"I know," Feral sighed in resignation.

She gave him a gentle pat on the arm and left the room.

Aras was about to say something when all the power in the room went out, plunging the room into darkness. Both froze and went still. They could hear voices raised in consternation outside the door and a voice shouting instruction.

"Stay still Uly, I'm going to move your bed further away from the door," Aras said tightly as he moved carefully in the dark.

Feral wanted to object but there really wasn't anything he could do so stayed silent while his mate tried to ensure his safety. Aras leaned down at each corner of the bed and released the brakes. When he released the last one, he went around the bed until he was on the side facing the door.

Slowly, he began to push the bed sideways toward the far wall. He kept moving until the bed hit the wall with a small bump. Once he had made sure his mate was as far from the door as he could get him, he pulled out a tiny flashlight from his pocket and began to move the chair, tables, and medical equipment in the room to form a makeshift barrier between his mate's bed and the door to the hall. He grabbed the trays their food came on, dumped the contents on the floor before the door then went to Ulysses' side.

"Here, love, use these as a shield," he told his mate tightly.

Feral sighed at the flimsiness of the trays but it was better than nothing as he took the trays and held them along his body from head to mid body as best as he could. Meanwhile Aras' had pulled his weapon and was now standing near Uly's head, facing toward the door. Now all they could do was wait.

Just before the power went out, Dandy and Garret had finally identified their suspect. With data in paws, they hurried from their lab and made their way to Saberforth's office. They were permitted entry the minute they had shown up at the secretary's desk.

She nodded at them gravely as she released the door for them. They quickly piled into Saberforth's office. Dandy spoke first.

"Sir, its Tanith Jarwick."

Saberforth frowned at him in consternation. Jarwick was one of his top agents. For her to do something like this was just so out of character.

"Where is she now?" He demanded reaching for his intercom.

"In her office, at least when we checked before coming here, sir," Dandy responded instantly.

Saberforth tried to reach the agent but there was no response. He sent out an alarm just as the power went out.

"Crap! She's making her move, sir!" Garrett shouted.

Emergency lights came on in their leader's office. In the weird half light, Saberforth could be seen doing something to a portion of his desk. A section of it slid away and a screen rose up with an accompanying phone and keypad.

Saberforth picked up the phone as his fingers rapidly tapped out a code on the keypad below the raised screen.

"Rickens! Code Alpha One Nine! Activate now!" He ordered briskly to someone on the line then hung up the phone and turned his attention to the screen.

Dandy and Garret crowded behind their boss so they could watch in fascination. The tiny screen showed them the medical wing in infrared. They could see people fumbling around in the dark as the emergency lights were not working in this section.

"There she is!" Dandy said suddenly pointing to someone in the upper part of the screen.

"I see her," Saberforth said calmly. He seemed unmoved by the drama unfolding before them.

On the screen they could see Agent Jarwick moving quickly toward Commander Feral's room. She avoided running into people by staying next to the wall and wearing special infrared goggles. The camera watched her as she opened Feral's door and slipped inside where she immediately slipped on something on the floor.

Cursing but reacting as any well trained agent could, she rolled away from the slickness on the floor to avoid the shot aimed at her by Aras who had seen her with his flashlight. She stayed in a crouched position and lunged toward the tom she could easily see through her goggles.

They met partway in a confusing blitz of paws and body blows. Jarwick was trying to knock Aras out quickly and not harm him while attempting to get a shot at the male on the bed. However, she never reckoned with Aras' fierce desire to protect his mate.

The fight turned into a brawl on the floor as Aras kept his opponent away from his mate and closer to the door. Hissing angrily to herself, Jarwick pulled a syringe from her pocket and tried to inject Aras just as the door behind her was flung open and two powerful toms rushed forward to grab her by her arm and yank her away from her target.

She screamed in fury as they disarmed her. Moments later the power returned. Her face was ugly with hatred and anger as Aras got to his feet and went to his mate's side. He stared at her in confusion and anger.

"Why Tanith?" He demanded of her.

"You should have been mine. I've been with you on countless missions for years and we've shared good times together until he came into the picture. How could you take that male over me?" She hissed furiously.

"Tanith, there was nothing but friendship between us. I've known Ulysses since I was very young and loved him from that moment on. I took him as my mate years ago but didn't stay near for his safety. There has never been anyone else but him for me," Aras said firmly, shaking his head at

the loss of an agent over something like this.

She screamed inarticulately at him as she was dragged away. Aras sighed then turned to his mate, taking the trays away and leaning down to hug him.

"I'm sorry, Aras. It's hard to see someone self destruct like that. I take it she had been a good agent before this?" Feral asked softly.

"Yes. I would have trusted her with my life once. I just don't understand why she thought there was something more between us," Aras said sadly.

"I'm afraid I've never truly understood females even if I'm at least half one myself. It's just a mindset I've never grasped," his mate sighed and shrugged.

"I hate to say it, but I'm very glad the only thing you possess that's female is your genitals and your ability to carry a kitten. Your mindset is very much male, for which I'm eternally grateful," Aras said with a wane chuckle.

Feral snorted in amusement as he added, "Amen to that!"

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Chapter 15 by ulyferal

Chapter 15: A Kitten in a Nest of Spies

Now that the threat to his life was past, Feral had only the waiting for his kitten to be born. If it weren't for his computer connection with his home base, he would have gone quite crazy and tried to kill his mate for putting him in this position in the first place.

As it was, there were enough reports, meetings, and such from headquarters that he never noticed the passing days except for a near constant backache from being bed ridden. Aras would give him back rubs every evening and a bed bath (which he loathed). He'd give anything to be able to take a real shower or use the bathroom but it was far too risky.

He did suffer two episodes of spiking blood pressure but they were quickly brought under control. Regular ultrasounds, done at two week intervals, showed the kitten growing fast and putting on weight, much to everyone's relief.

Fall was fast approaching as the nights got colder in Megakat City but here in the hidden mountain retreat for A.G.P.A. Headquarters it was always bitterly cold. The sunny days that were present upon his arrival were gone, replaced by either cold gray skies or raging snow storms.

Today was one of those stormy days, though Feral was completely unaware of it since his room had no window, but his body knew it as it plagued him with lower back pain and a strange uneasiness that distracted him from his work.

He'd managed to eat breakfast but by lunch time he couldn't stomach the sight of food. The nursing staff went on alert and kept a much closer watch on him. As the day passed into evening, Feral grew more restless, finally giving up trying to work. He closed his computer with a snort of disgust and a grunt of discomfort as he shifted his body trying to find a more comfortable position without much success.

Aras appeared some twenty minutes later and noted his mate's irritable manner. He frowned in concern as he approached the bed and saw the untouched dinner sitting nearby.

"Is something wrong my love?"

"Just not hungry and I've been soo uncomfortable for the past few hours that I was forced to give

up trying to work any longer," Feral said in disgust.

Aras felt a cold shiver slide down his spine. It sounded like Uly was in the first stages of labor. He swallowed his nervousness and made understanding noises. His own dinner was sitting nearby but he'd just lost his appetite.

"Umm, I need to check on something...I'll be right back, love," he said, giving Uly a reassuring smile and receiving a grouchy scowl in return as the dark tom began surfing the TV stations for something to watch that would distract him.

Aras quickly slipped from the room and went to the nurse's station. It was shift change, so he had to wait a few minutes before anyone noticed him.

"Ah yes, Aras...can I help you?" A nurse asked.

"I noticed Ulysses is restless, uncomfortable and refusing to eat...is he in labor?" He demanded, tensely.

The nurse gave him a small soothing smile as she replied, "We've been keeping a very close eye on him Aras especially when he refused lunch earlier so I'm not surprised he has refused to eat dinner now. In answer to your question...yes...he is showing all the signs of early labor. There's no need for concern yet and Dr. Snow has been notified. He said he would be coming by soon to check on him."

Aras let out the breath he had been holding. He was relieved the waiting was finally going to be over. "Thank you. I'll try and keep him calm. He's pretty irritable right now," he said, chuckling a little.

"I'm sure he is and its only going to get worse as the night wears on," she said, giving a small laugh. "Don't be surprised if he begins to snap at you rather nastily when the pains become more noticeable," she warned mildly.

"Oh, I don't doubt that and I'm prepared. I'll just go back to his side and do what I can," Aras said easily then turned away and returned to Uly's room.

Slipping back into the room, Aras went to sit in his usual place and grabbed his dinner. He realized he would need the energy for the long night ahead. Feral was engrossed in something on the TV and only glanced at him when his mate entered before returning his attention to the set.

About an hour later, Dr. Snow came bustling in with two assistants, one of whom was rolling an ultrasound machine in with him.

"Good evening, Commander. It appears you might be in labor so we need to check you out. If you would please assume the proper position for the ultrasound, please," he instructed Feral.

Feral's eyebrows raised in surprise. He hadn't connected the things he'd been feeling all day with the signs of labor. A little nervous now, he flicked off the set then cranked the bed down so that he was laying flat.

Dr. Snow came to his side and gently pulled Feral's pj top up and the bottoms down enough for him to run the ultrasound wand over the swollen belly. The lights in the room were turned off. Aras stood at the head of the bed and held his mate's paw as they watched the tiny screen.

Plainly visible was a tiny form that was head down and quite low in the pelvis.

"Excellent, the kitten is already in position for delivery. So let's take some readings now..." Snow muttered to himself as he took measurements. "Wonderful! Our little one is a decent weight and

the blood test done on you earlier showed its lungs were fully matured," Snow said, pulling the wand away and turning off the machine.

He wiped the gel off the dark tom's belly then tugged the pj bottoms to signal he wanted them removed. Feral lifted his hips a little so that the pants could be slipped off. One of the assistants draped a sheet over Feral's lower half as the bedding was pulled down.

"Alright, Commander...please set your knees up and spread your legs so I can take a quick look at your vagina," Snow ordered.

Feral blushed a bit but did as instructed. He kept his gaze toward the ceiling as Snow examined his most intimate area. He hissed a little at the doctor's light probing then moaned as a sudden cramping occurred across his abdomen.

"Easy...breathe in and out...don't hold it...that just makes the contractions more painful," Snow warned him gently. "I hadn't expected that to happen when I was just checking but it certainly confirmed what my check of your vagina showed. You are definitely in labor. You may put your legs down again and get as comfortable as you can. A nurse is going to place a fetal monitor on you as well as one to monitor your contractions. Right now there is no way to know how long you're going to take so we'll just get set up and watch. You just rest as much as you can because you won't be able to do so soon enough," Snow said warmly, patting Feral's leg comfortingly before stepping out of the room.

Aras helped Ulysses get more comfortable then the room swirled with activity as nurses came in and put things on the dark tom and set up lots of equipment around the bed. It all looked rather intimidating, increasing Feral's nervousness.

On the one paw, he was thrilled to be finally delivering this kitten but on the other paw, he was scared to death. Giving birth hurt! He'd only had that one sharp contraction so far but wasn't looking forward to more or the fact it was going to get much worse soon.

Aras could see how scared his mate was becoming and he did his best to give comfort but it didn't help that he was just as afraid as Ulysses. Such a pair they made but he knew they would get through this, after all, they had managed to make it this far.

Over the long agonizing hours, Feral struggled to not yell or curse as the contractions increased in intensity and pain. Aras did his part by rubbing his mate's back, offering ice chips, and holding Uly's paw at the risk of getting broken bones as the poor tom panted through each contraction. Dr. Snow came in every hour to check his progress.

After some four hours of labor, Snow's most recent check determined Feral had moved to five centimeters.

"You're making good progress, Commander. You have to reach ten centimeters before you'll feel the need to push and that might be several hours more yet. Get as much rest as you can. I'm pleased your blood pressure has remained normal. Let's hope it continues that way," Snow said as he pulled off his gloves and left the room.

Feral sighed in exhaustion. "Kat's Alive! I feel all wrung out and he says I have many more hours to go!" He complained.

"I know my love but just keep your mind focused on the end result. It won't be much longer," Aras said trying to be encouraging.

"Says the one who isn't trying to deliver something the size of a melon!" Feral snorted then winced as a small contraction grabbed his attention.

"I know love...I wish I could take your place...I really hate seeing you in such pain," Aras said,

feeling bad for his mate.

"Argh!" Was Feral's only reply as he frantically panted through the agony his belly had become.

Two hours later, Feral lay trying to catch some sleep, his face lined with strain. Aras caressed the dark cheek fur offering what comfort he could. The sound of the kitten's heart beat filled the room assuring them of its continued well being.

As another hour crawled by and Feral reached nine centimeters, alarms went off. The dark tom was struck with a nearly continuous string of contractions that sent his blood pressure soaring.

Dr. Snow returned with other doctors and nurses that filled the room to capacity. An oxygen cannula was placed in Feral's nose and drugs were pushed into his IV to control his blood pressure. The head of the bed was raised to allow Feral to breath better and to be in position for delivery. As the pressure increased, Feral felt a gush of fluids rush from him.

"Water's broke! Shouldn't be long now!" Dr. Snow warned as the end of the bed was quickly prepared.

Feral's fingers were gripping the bars that had been raised on each side of the bed in a near death grip. He writhed and cried out in pain as the contractions increased in intensity. For several long, torturous minutes that continued until he felt the unmistakable and overwhelming need to push.

The first hard push stole his breath away.

"Wait, Commander...don't push yet!" Dr. Snow warned. "Pant...pant!"

Feral stared at the doctor as if he'd lost his mind. Sweat was dripping into his eyes and desperation and pain climbed up his back as he tried to do as ordered but it definitely wasn't easy not pushing when everything in his body screamd he do so. He cried out in agony and his fingers were white as they gripped the bars.

Aras got a wet washcloth and wiped his mate's face off while speaking soothing words of encouragement to his laboring mate.

"Alright, Commander...you can push now...on the next contraction push for all you're worth," Snow directed the exhausted tom.

Relieved, Feral was only too happy to as another contraction roared through him. His face under the dark fur turned red as he pushed hard for a count of ten before he collapsed and panted hard for air then did it again and again for some thirty minutes.

"You're doing fine, should be over really soon. That last push allowed the head to crown!" Dr. Snow told Feral encouragingly. "Maybe one or more pushes and we'll have a kitten."

Privately, Snow was becoming concerned. Feral's blood pressure was soaring despite the medication but the kitten was within minutes of being delivered. He hoped the dark tom would stay stable long enough for it to be born.

Another contraction hit and Feral reared up again from the bed and pushed hard. Pain struck him and he nearly screamed as he felt like he was being split open then the pain was suddenly gone as the pressure stopped. He groaned in relief and collapsed back onto the bed.

There was frantic activity at the end of the bed then a strong, wailing cry filled the room as well as sighs of relief from many voices.

Aras smiled from ear to ear at the beautiful sound. He gripped Ulysses' paw while straining to get

his first view of his new kitten.

"It's a tom!" Snow sang out, smiling down at the exhausted mother. "Great job, Commander. Now just relax...I'm going to be doing a few things to help you expel the after birth and get your blood pressure under control," he explained as he worked. He gently pressed on Feral's belly for several minutes. With the birth, the doctor was relieved to see Feral's blood pressure dropping, things should go well now as he focused on the after care.

Feral was far too tired to care what the doctor was doing. His eyes had closed and all he could do was pant but his ears pricked up at the sound of his kitten. It was some minutes before something warm was being placed in his arms.

He opened his eyes and gazed down at the tiny bundle cradled carefully in his arms. The small kitten was a combination of dark brown fur with gold tips and a head crowned with a thatch of black hair. Feral thought he'd never seen anything so beautiful.

"He's gorgeous, love...thank you!" Aras said with heartfelt sincerity, his eyes shining with joy as he studied his new son.

"Yeah, he sure is," Feral sighed as he touched tenderly the very tiny paw that was no bigger than his small finger. "He's so small," he murmured in awe.

"Isn't he? I swear, I've never seen anything so tiny before," Aras breathed as he too touched the other tiny paw which twitched at his touch.

After fawning over their kitten for several minutes, the doctor gently ordered the little one put in the isolette so that Feral could be cleaned up and allowed to get some much needed sleep before their son began demanding to be fed. Though reluctant, Feral was exhausted and handed the kitten over to his mate so that Aras could put the kitten in its special bed.

It took another hour and half before Feral was finally sleeping in a clean bed, his fur washed in a real shower with Aras holding him so he wouldn't fall. He had managed a small amount food before succumbing to deep sleep.

Aras was exhausted too and fully intended to remain by his mate's side so had a bed brought in. He was glad he did as less than two hours later, his new son waited for his supper.

Crawling out of bed, Aras quickly went to his son's bed and changed his first diaper before carrying the tiny kitten to its mother who was still dead to the world. Pulling the bedding down then opening his mate's shirt, he gently figured out how to get his son to latch on to the dripping nipple.

The tiny kitten latched on hungrily. Feral groaned a bit but didn't waken or move. Aras stayed close as his son nursed for ten minutes. When he let the nipple slip from his mouth as he fell asleep, Aras gently picked him up, burped him then took him back to his bed.

As he climbed back into bed again, his tired mind reminded him that they would have to give their son a name tomorrow when its mother was awake then slid into slumber himself.

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Chapter 16 by ulyferal

Chapter 16: Returning Home

It was several days before Feral was released to Aras' quarters. During that time, his blood pressure was monitored and he and Aras were taught how to manage their kitten's needs under the guidance of a nurse.

Taking care of a new born kitten was a bit intimidating but both parents were fast learners. Now in their quarters, they finally had some privacy but sleep was something they were learning to catch in snatches between feeding times.

Feral, of course, felt the brunt of these times and trying to cope with recovering from giving birth. He felt wrung out and tired all the time and it made him very crabby. Aras tried to be as understanding as he could but every now and then he felt the need to slip out to take a break.

On one such escape, he had wandered to the community center where the cafeteria and shops were located. He was stopped frequently by agents congratulating him on being a father. He smiled and thanked them then managed to find a private spot where he could enjoy a little peace.

He had made sure to report in to his former boss the day after his son, Lancer, was born.

Orchid greeted him warmly, giving him a hug.

"Congratulations Aras. I hear it's a tom?"

"Yes and we named him Lancer," Aras said proudly.

"Oh, what a wonderful name. Is the Commander doing well?"

"He's exhausted but recovering quickly."

"That's wonderful, well he's waiting for you...go right on in," she told him, pressing the door release button. He gave her a cheery nod then walked through the door.

Saberforth stood up immediately and extended his paw to Aras. "Congratulations, Aras. I've heard from rumor central it's a little tom. How's your mate holding up under the never ending demands of a newborn?" He asked, smiling knowingly as they both sat down.

"He's exhausted and very crabby, sir. I do my best to be supportive and help as much as I can but I know neither of us realized just how demanding a kitten can be," Aras said ruefully.

Saberforth chuckled. "It is certainly a shock, I know by experience but the rewards are well worth the lack of sleep. What's your son's name?"

Aras couldn't stop the ear to ear grin he was sporting as he responded, "We named him Lancer, sir."

"A strong name that is." Saberforth smiled warmly at his former agent. "Being a father is very rewarding but in the beginning, you're going to wonder if you've permanently sacrificed sleep for the privilege," he chuckled again.

"So I've heard, sir and have already begun to experience that aspect," Aras said ruefully.

"I don't doubt it. So, how long does the doctor say the Commander will be confined to medical?" Saberforth asked.

"At least a few days. They want to keep an eye on his blood pressure to ensure it remains normal and that the healing process from the hard birth is continuing. We're also receiving lessons on kitten care. Despite all my reading, I seemed to be still ignorant of all the things one needs to know," Aras sighed, shaking his head.

"Ah yes, well...I found out that all the book reading and lessons were still not enough. Only the experience itself could teach you what you need to know about your particular special kitten," his former boss advised. "Well, you are welcome to stay as long as need be until the Commander has recovered enough to go home. You are returning to Megakat City, correct?" Saberforth

asked.

"Yes sir. That is my new home now," Aras nodded.

"Of course," Saberforth said noncommittally. "But I wish to impress upon you that even though you've retired from service, you are still bound by its rules. I will certainly do my best to keep our business from you but...well, a lot was invested in making you the best agent we have. There may come a time when I must call on you. Understand?" He said gravely.

Aras' expression turned grim. "Yes sir, I do understand. But, don't take this wrong, I hope it doesn't happen for a long time.

"None taken, Aras and I hope for the same," Saberforth said quietly. "Well, I won't keep you from your mate. He needs you more now than ever."

"Yes sir, thank you for allowing us to stay," Aras said, standing and preparing to leave.

Saberforth just gave a nod and a wave of his paw before returning to his desk full of work.

His former superior was so right. He was rather unprepared for the demands of being a father despite his lengthy studies on the subject and was very glad they were here where he could get advice on kitten care from the experts and extra help during these crucial first few days.

Feeling he had played 'hooky' long enough, he made his way back to the medical center. Stepping into his mate's room, he was relieved to see Ulysses napping and Lancer snoozing peacefully in his bassinet.

He walked quietly across the floor and stood next to his son's bed and stared down. His son was sleeping on his stomach, a tiny paw pressed against his mouth. He looked like a small ball of fluff, with his mother's longer fur and dark hair in an unruly thatch on his tiny head. From his father, Lancer inherited the beautiful golden colored fur with dark tips. Right now it was too early to know what color his eyes would be. To Aras, Lancer was the most beautiful thing in the world.

The peaceful interlude ended when Lancer stretched, yawned and began to jerk his limbs around, a soft querulous sound indicating his desire for someone to tend to him.

Smiling, Aras picked his son up and took him to a changing table. Lancer was a little louder with his demands to be fed by the time his father had him in a clean diaper and was carrying him to his mother who hadn't awakened.

He looked down at his mate with sympathy. Ulysses looked so wrung out still and he was loathed to wake him. He reached down with one paw and gently pulled on the bedding hiding the dark tom's chest.

Feral suddenly jerked awake, tired gold eyes quickly focusing on who was disturbing him. It was his mate and kitten standing before him. He groaned but shoved the bedding down and opened his nightshirt, flipping his bra flap down.

Aras lowered Lancer until he was comfortably settled in his mother's arms and latched onto a nipple, sucking hard. Ulysses groaned a little in pain at the kitten's forceful pull on his tender but full breast then sighed as his eyes began to drift closed once more.

Aras had learned very quickly not to disturb his mate with conversation when he was this tired. Sighing himself, he moved away from the bed and stretched, reaching his fingers toward the ceiling until he felt his spine pop, easing the tension he hadn't realized he had in his back.

Deciding to watch a little TV, he kept the sound low and settled down in a comfortable over stuffed chair. Some thirty minutes later, he got up to check on his son. Lancer was sound asleep,

Ulysses' nipple just inches from his milk coated open mouth.

Tenderly, he lifted his son from his mate's slack arms. He laid his son against his chest and used his fingers to gently tap the kitten's back to release any bubbles. Moments later, he laid Lancer in his bassinet, covering him with a light blanket.

Going back to his mate's side after grabbing a clean, dry breast pad on the way there, he gently removed the wet one from Ulysses' bra, replaced with the new one then snapped the bra closed, pulled the shirt back in place then the bedding. At no time did his mate stir.

Tossing the wet pad then washing his paws, Aras returned to the TV to relax and perhaps nap before dinner was served.

A week later, Ulysses and Lancer were strong enough to travel. Aras had spent the day of their release to making their travel plans and packing their bags. The day before they were to leave, his former fellow agents put on a kitten shower and farewell party for them.

It was a grand party with lots of food, champagne, speeches, and lots of useful gifts for the kitten. Their leader, Saberforth offered more words of wisdom and a wish for happiness for the three back in Megakat City. Two days later they boarded a special jet and were finally on their way home.

Lancer slept the whole way and, Feral, much to his dismay, couldn't help but nap part of the way as well, as he was still recovering from giving birth. That made him really annoyed and he said so to Dr. Snow who had given him his last postpartum checkup.

"I'm sorry, Commander but that is just how it is for all she-kat's that give birth. Your body has undergone a major upheaval and you must allow it time to recover or you'll end up in the hospital from overwhelming exhaustion which will set your recovery back even more. Do what I've instructed and you'll back to duty in about three weeks. Whether you like it or not, you must listen to your body if you want it back to its former fitness. There are no shortcuts," Dr. Snow said firmly to his stubborn patient.

"Damn. I have so much work waiting for me and being on my backside is really getting tiresome," Feral growled unhappily.

"Can't be helped. Have a safe trip home. If you need any questions answered, Aras knows how to get a hold of me," the doctor said by way of dismissal.

Aras sighed and stared out the jet's window at the passing clouds. Ulysses was going to be a real pawful when they got back. He could see himself constantly reminding the tom to rest and he knew he would end up being the primary caretaker for their son but he knew that would be the case in the first place so he had no complaints.

The arrival in Megakat City was unheralded just as Aras hoped. They had no desire to be mobbed by the press. They took a taxi to Ulysses apartment and with the assistance of the taxi driver and the apartment's security guard, they managed to haul all the things they had been given upstairs and into the apartment.

Aras gave both a hefty tip before closing the door firmly behind them. They were home again at last. He took their son from his mother who was already flagging on his feet from the long trip.

The golden tom was glad he had called ahead to have Sgt Fallon install the new bassinet he had ordered and outfitted with bedding so it was ready for the kitten's arrival. Also, it appeared the old enforcer had stocked the fridge, aired the apartment and did a little housework in anticipation of their return. He would have to thank Fallon for his thoughtfulness when he saw him next.

He laid their still sleeping son into his new bed, went to pull down the bedding on their master

bed, then went after his mate who was attempting to move some of the things stacked in the foyer to put them away.

"Leave that be, Ulysses. Come on and lay flat for a few hours. I'll take care of that stuff and order dinner," he ordered his mate, steering the dark tom toward the bedroom.

"Uhmph...alright, though it seems like I've already slept away the day," Feral rumbled irritably.

"Yeah, travel will do that," Aras agreed, glad his mate wasn't fighting him as he held Ulysses by the waist and walked him to the bedroom.

He helped the tom strip off his travel clothes and, in his underwear and bra only, Feral collapsed onto the bed gratefully. Smiling tenderly at his mate, Aras pulled the covers over the exhausted tom and left the room to put things away.

For the next couple of weeks, Aras felt like pulling his fur out. His mate was like a grouchy bear trapped in a cage.

Feral loved his son dearly but was hating being confined and his mate was bearing the brunt of his ire. The only thing that made any of it bearable was having access to his laptop and Sgt Fallon's regular visits with documents, reports, and news of the doings at Enforcer Headquarters.

At least twice, Aras had to forcibly confine his mate when an omega attacked. On those two occasions, Ulysses was furious at the golden tom for his interference but Aras would not back down and in both cases the enforcers and the SWAT Kats got the job down with few casualties and property damages.

Aras had done a good job of keeping their presence in the city a secret. Only certain individuals as well as Sgt Fallon knew Feral was even back in town. Aras absolutely did not want the Mayor's office nor the omegas to know the Commander had returned so that Feral would be completely recovered to handle the stress.

'You would have thought he'd been shot from a cannon,' Aras mused as he watched his mate rapidly get ready for work, three weeks to the day of their return to the city.

The dark tom had finally been given the green light to return to work without restrictions. Little Lancer was growing fast and was beginning to spread his need to be fed to longer periods allowing Ulysses to sleep better at night. Having pumped enough milk over that last few days, Aras would be able to meet his son's needs while his mother returned to work.

So it was, a happy and anxious Chief Enforcer, was giving his mate and son a quick, warm kiss before heading out the door at nearly a run. Aras shook his head in amusement as he shut the door.

"Well, my son, its just you and me now!"

Lance gave his father a milky grin. Smiling, Aras slipped his son into a sling carry and began the housework. They had been told their son would tolerate his mother's absence much easier if he spent long periods carried around. So Aras had picked up a sling device meant for that and today he would be getting used to carrying his son around.

Their lives fell into a comfortable routine. There was a spat of news on Ulysses when it was learned he had returned, that he was the mother of a son and that he was back on duty. The fervor died down after a few weeks which allowed Aras to be able to get out of the apartment and go places with their son. He took trips around the city, went shopping, the library, and looked into starting his own consulting business.

Feral found, after finally getting back to work, that he wasn't as stressed in his job as he'd once

been. He wasn't sure exactly why, though Aras seemed to think it was because he had a home to go to where he could drop his cares and just be. Feral wasn't certain if that was it but he didn't obsess about it too much. All he knew was he was happy. Even the SWAT Kats had a kind word for him the first time he encountered them when he'd returned to duty.

"Congrats, Feral. Heard it was a son. Way to go guy!" T-Bone called out to him as Feral was giving out orders to have his troops clean up a mess made by an invention from Pumadyne that had run amok.

Feral turned his head toward the burly SWAT Kat who was getting ready to start his jet engines but was giving him huge grin and thumbs up as was Razor. Surprised at himself, Feral simply nodded and smiled back before returning to his work. Behind him the Turbokat rose from the ground and roared off across the sky.

He found he tolerated the pair better than when he had left. They had done a good job keeping his city safe while he was gone so he couldn't hold the fact that they were vigilantes against them as much as he had before. Life was just too good lately for him to be upset by their antics anymore.

Whistling to himself, he made for his sedan and drove back to his office. He never stayed late any more since he had a kitten and mate waiting for him at home. That thought made him smile. Yeah, life was good.

~fini~

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