

Summary:

A species under threat of extinction receives help from unusual sources and a certain important official wishes they had never offered to help at all.

Categories: [Swat Kats](#) Characters: Ann Gora, Burke, Calico Briggs, Dark Kat, Dr. Conway, Dr. Sinian, Dr. Viper, Feral/T-Bone, Jonny, Lt. Commander Steele, Mayor Manx, Murray
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Warnings: AU, Explicit Sexual Situations, Graphic Birth, Hermaphrodite, m/m, Miscarriage

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Story Notes:

My original A DREAM OF FREEDOM LOST had been written some years ago and turned out to be very popular but when I read it now, its sadly lacking in emotion and action. I know its unusual to do this but I decided to actually rewrite it. Hope you like this newer version of an old classic.

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Chapter 1 by ulyferal

Chapter 1: The Problem

Dr. Mewser was on his way to see Dr. Abi Sinian at the Megakat Natural History Museum on one of his rare days off. He'd put this mission off for some time but the danger his patient represented forced him to take action sooner rather than later. He hoped talking with her could help him come up with some way to save his patient and hopefully, others of his kind from the same fate he faced.

His patient of many years, had ignored his pleas to change his ways. Now some five years later since he'd become aware of the danger, he could no longer wait to take action even though it crossed the line of his Hippocratic Oath.

"Thank you for taking the time to see me, Dr. Sinian" He said, shaking her paw then taking a seat in one of the two stuffed chairs before her desk. He glanced around her comfortable, spacious office surrounded by the tools of her trade as she pattered near a small table with a tea service.

"You're welcome, Dr. Mewser, though I'm uncertain how I can be of assistance to you. Our fields aren't the same, after all." She smiled warmly, handing him a cup of tea and sitting down in the seat next to him with a cup of her own.

"We may not be in the same field, doctor, but we do deal with the history of Kats and other Kat-like species that live among us. And its in that area where I need your more experienced knowledge to address the problem I'm faced with," he said earnestly.

"Well, I'll certainly try to be of assistance to you."

Mewser nodded his thanks and launched into his problem. "You see, I've a patient whose condition is gradually deteriorating but if you were to look at him you'd think there was nothing wrong. He's strong and healthy looking on the outside but he's a ticking time bomb on the inside, as are many of his species."

Abi's brows raised at that statement, "Oh my, that sounds serious but I'm still uncertain as to how the knowledge I possess could help you aid this poor Kat."

"Well, you see he isn't a Kat but a Sabren. I'm sure you know the Sabren race is unique in its requirements for mating. Being born male in appearance but female for breeding, they must have a Kat male for a mate. Add to that is their astonishing ability to draw on the energy that flows around us into their bodies and use it as defense. Their main drawback though, is the way they must find a mate," he said, pausing to sip his tea.

"Oh yes, I know about that. In ancient times, social mores were more relaxed and taking many lovers was acceptable but as society changed, it became more difficult for Sabrens to go through many lovers to find their mate without being labeled someone with loose morals. Of course, for the Sabrens, the need to go through many lovers is a biological necessity not a desire. If they didn't dump energy through a lover it would back up in their bodies and effectively make them a walking bomb," Abi said, nodding in agreement.

Dr. Mewser relaxed a bit, pleased to be speaking with someone just as knowledgeable about this species as he'd become by necessity.

"But unfortunately, that reason got buried, Dr. Sinian, and the Sabrens made it worse by not raising a stink about it. The main psychological reason was so they wouldn't be perceived as different. So they kept their mouths shut and did what they had to in secret, pretending they are just like everyone else when they most certainly are not. That decision caused them to restrict the number of lovers they seek out, setting them up for failure in finding mates and, in turn, making them the very threat they had hoped to prevent. The next generation now suffers from those wrong decisions," he said, shaking his head at the folly of a whole species.

"I hadn't realized it had gotten that bad but then I deal with the ancient past not the most recent one. So the situation has gotten progressively worse with time?" She asked, getting upset.

"Oh yes, most definitely. Now don't get me wrong, there are Sabrens that have been brought up with healthy lessons on the importance of finding a mate but unfortunately they are in the minority. It's those numerous, ill trained, Sabrens that are unwilling to search for a mate by the hit and miss game of dating, refuse to have anything but meaningless, temporary sex or worse, be celibate, that are dying by the hundreds. Failure to dump their energy fully with a mate, insures they continue to build a greater energy store than they can handle then 'boom' instant combustion. Kat kind has failed to recognize what's happening and has chalked the odd deaths up to the rare and unexplained category," Mewser stated, grimacing unhappily.

Abi's expression showed her disgust and dismay at both races stupidity. "And because of that attitude, the Sabren species is heading for extinction. This is very serious news, Dr. Mewser."

"Yes, it certainly is. That's why I'm hoping you and I can come up with something that can save this race from destruction and save my patient as well," he said gravely, finishing his tea.

"I wasn't aware the problem had reached such epidemic proportions but I was aware of the Sabren's difficulty in finding mates. However, I've not heard of anyone coming up with a solution to the problem," she sighed unhappily, setting her cup down on the desk.

"I've had plenty of time to think about this and I'm hoping I've come up with a workable solution. The problem is I don't possess the abilities to design or invent it. I was hoping perhaps you might have the contacts I need to carry this idea forward."

"Hmm, its possible. Tell me what you've come up with and perhaps I can direct you to the right people." Her face showing interest.

"Since Sabren's are energy creatures, I thought there should be some way to use that ability of theirs to make a device that would allow them to find their compatible mate faster. What would

have to be done is to experiment on a Sabren and his mate to see what it is that causes them to know they were right for each. In other words, what is the frequency the Sabren body is using to determine this. I'm not a scientist so I don't know how to go about discovering this but if we find the right people to figure it out, then the next step would be to make a device the Sabren could wear that would sound off the moment that perfect tom comes his way," Mewser explained excitedly.

Abi blinked at him in astonishment. 'Such a simple solution! Why had no one thought of that?' She wondered, shaking herself mentally. Sighing at the blindness of them all, she said, "I'm truly amazed no one thought of that sooner, Dr. Mewser. I think you may be on the right track and I can think of someone, actually three someone's that could not only test this theory but build the device you're wanting."

"Really, that's wonderful. Who would they be?" Mewser asked, hope lighting his eyes.

"The one who could test your theory would be Dr. Conway at Bio Tech Labs in Enforcer Headquarters and for making the device would be Professor Hackle and Razor."

Mewser blinked in shocked surprise, "the SWAT Kat?"

"He's brilliant! Just look at the things he invents to fight crime with no help from anyone. Yes, he and Hackle, who is a brilliant inventor, are the only ones I think can do this for you for free and quickly without all the paperwork and government interference of other agencies. Speed is what you need right now, correct? Especially, if things are as dire as you say they are." A questioning lilt in her voice.

"You're right on all points, doctor. I won't look a gift horse in the mouth because time is of the essence," he was forced to agree.

"I take it your patient is in the danger zone for you to be so willing to accept any help you can find?" She fished a little for information.

Mewser grimaced unhappily, "oh yes, he most certainly is and it doesn't help that he holds a position of power. Losing him could be very detrimental to the city's welfare. Then there's the real fact that the amount of energy he's retaining could take out a significant portion of the city should his will power finally give out."

Abi gaped at him then blurted, "You're joking?"

"I wish I was but it's the truth! So you see, I'll make a deal with the devil if I have to because time is definitely running out," he said gravely, rising from his seat.

She stood as well. "Then I best get a hold of Professor Hackle and have him get with Dr. Conway as soon as possible. They know how to reach Razor and with luck and hope this problem will be solved very soon. I pray your patient's will power will continue to hold until they succeed."

"So do I. And let me speak with Dr. Conway, after all, I do work at Enforcer Headquarters," he told her. "Thank you for all your help. You've given me new hope," Mewser said warmly, shaking her paw.

"You're welcome but don't thank me yet until I've delivered on my promise. I'll contact the Professor today," she reassured him, seeing him out.

He left the museum with a lighter heart. Now all he needed to do was explain what was needed to Conway (really irritated at himself for not having considered the doctor in the first place) then wait and keep an eye on his patient, hoping there was enough time to save his life.

Dr. Sinian did as promised and contacted Professor Hackle that afternoon. The old inventor had

been shocked and appalled by what she'd relayed to him. Telling her he would set his own work aside and willingly work with Dr. Conway, she thanked him and hung up, with him already muttering to himself.

Less than twenty-four hours later, Dr. Conway's lab associates were surprised and curious as to why Professor Hackle was working with their superior and so secretly too.

Conway felt keeping the project secret would prevent a certain someone from learning about it and becoming angry. He and Hackle worked on it in Conway's personal lab. Much to their surprise, they found their volunteer Sabren couples among the enforcer population. The couples had been told not to discuss the project to anyone until it was released to the public. Since it would benefit them, the couples had no problems complying.

Dr. Mewser carefully explained what he knew about Sabren biology and what he hoped to accomplish, to Conway and Hackle. After two weeks of trial and error the pair found the frequency they were searching for. Now it was up to Hackle and a certain SWAT Kat to turn that information into a workable device.

Razor had been surprised and shocked at the reason and need for this kind of device.

"I never knew those odd explosions reported in the paper or on the news were caused by Sabrens literally blowing up. That's just wrong!"

"Yes, I know...very shocking indeed. But, you and I have a wonderful opportunity to right this great wrong. Thanks to an idea by Dr. Mewser, Chief Medical Officer for the Enforcers, Dr. Conway and I have isolated the frequency by which the Sabrens determine who their perfect mate is. All you and I have to do is design a device that will signal them when such a mate crosses their path. Right now they are at the mercy of actually having sex with every male they meet, something they dislike doing despite the fact their very lives depend on them doing it that way," Hackle said, sadly.

"Yuck! I don't blame them. I don't think I'd want to 'sleep around' as it were either. Okay, Professor. Let's get working on this," Razor said eagerly, his mind already tackling the problem.

T-Bone, who had been listening, just shook his head and told his partner he'd be willing to keep up with their other life while he focused on this project. Razor thanked him and began that very afternoon. For the next four weeks, he and Hackle worked to find the right, compact design that would be workable but easy to wear and not bad to look at either. The last consideration was necessary, because if it looked like a piece of electronics most would not be willing to wear it.

When they were ready to present the working model to the public, Hackle informed Dr. Sinian who in turn told Dr. Mewser. The two decided the best way to get the public involved with this project and sort of coax the Sabrens to wear the device, was to have the Mayor present the idea at a news conference.

Having been briefed on the project by Razor, Ms. Briggs immediately set up a meeting with all the parties involved, only telling the Mayor this was a serious matter that faced the city, to make sure he attended.

Less than a day later, the group met in the Mayor's conference room. Attending were Doctors Conway, Sinian, and Mewser, Professor Hackle, Razor and T-Bone, the Mayor and Deputy Mayor.

Manx was stunned and upset when he learned the explosions happening around the city were not an act of nature, an accident or caused by an omega.

He had paled visibly but despite his fear, he was more concerned with his image due to the loss of life and damage to his city more than the plight of some of his Katizens. Callie knew that for a

fact and was barely able to keep her annoyance off her face. At least he was listening as Dr. Sinian explained the reason for developing the device.

Then Professor Hackle explained how the device worked. "the principle behind this device is very simple. It identifies the specific Sabren's energy signature then it searches out a compatible biological energy signature of a male kat. It will give off a loud tonal alarm when a match is found. The Sabren wears this as a medallion around their neck."

He held up the device for all to see. It was the size of a pocket watch, round and smooth with no images on it, colored silver with a heavy duty silver chain. The mechanism that ran it was sealed inside making it waterproof and shock proof as well. He demonstrated the sound by flicking a switch at the top of the medallion. It let off a very loud tone making everyone's ears lie flat. He quickly shut it off.

"It's perfect. So all we need do is convince the Sabrens to wear them and hope for some quick matches to encourage all to use them. How many have you made?" The Mayor asked watching Callie examine the device in her palm.

"We just finished making about a thousand of them to start with. The Professor has contracted with a small manufacturer to begin production of them once they've proven their viability. He's also footing the cost," Razor told him before the Mayor could complain about cost and ask who was paying.

"There is one other thing, Mayor Manx. Razor and I have realized, as we worked on this project, that it's not enough to just help the Sabren's find a mate. Many will have large energy reserves built up. It seemed a waste to have such energy simply pass through their mate and into the ground. We propose collecting the Sabren's first mating energy output which is the strongest they will produce in their life. We can do this by virtue of building or converting a room at the Megakat Electrical Power Plant. This room would absorb all that energy and transmit it to the storage batteries providing free electricity to the city and significantly reduce the cost to the city," Hackle explained earnestly.

The others in the room were gaping at them in astonishment. It was Callie who managed to regain her power of speech first.

"That would be fantastic and definitely go a long way to gaining the public's acceptance of Sabrens as useful members of society. It will also encourage the Sabrens to come out of hiding and accept the medallion more readily. Excellent work everyone!" Callie congratulated them.

"Yes, excellent work! I'm proud of you all. Callie, set up a press conference immediately. Just let me know the time and place," Manx said echoing her, pleased by the outcome and about how it would make him look in the papers. He left them to finish the details.

Callie just rolled her eyes mentally, knowing she was now in charge of this project. Turning to the Professor and Razor, she asked, "How long do you think it will take you to build or convert a special room at the power plant?"

Hackle paused a moment to glance over at Razor who frowned in thought. "Well, we will have to go check the facility to see if there's something we can use. If there isn't, then we have to determine where to put it and how big a building we will need. Either way, we should have it done within about a week and a half, Ms. Briggs," Razor said cautiously. Hackle nodded his head in agreement.

"Wonderful! I'll contact the plant and get them to cooperate with you and do whatever needs to be done using the Mayor's authority to prevent any objections. You should be able to start as early as tomorrow if you wish."

"I don't know about tomorrow but we will get right on it Ms. Briggs," Razor assured her. "We will

also need to train the facility technicians on how to maintain the room as well as build extra safety features into the plant to handle the increased energy load."

"Well, it certainly sounds like you've got it all planned out, I'll leave you to it. Thank you all again for your hard work and especially, you, Dr. Mewser for coming up with the idea in the first place," she told the doctor as she rose from her seat, putting an end to the meeting.

"Thank you Ms. Briggs," Mewser said, blushing at the compliment then he cleared his throat and asked, "Uhhh, could I speak to you in private for a moment, ma'am?"

"Certainly! Where would you like to go to talk?" She asked eyeing him in concern.

"Uhh, somewhere we won't be overheard. The subject is rather sensitive," he said carefully.

Her eyebrows rose in surprise but led him to a small conference room. They stepped in and she locked the door.

"What seems to be the problem?" She asked.

"I'm sorry to seem so cloak and dagger, Ms. Briggs but the kat I need to speak to you about is well known and is in grave danger." He said uncomfortably. "You see, I've been his physician for the past five years and no one but me is aware he is a Sabren and he insists on keeping it that way. I'm actually breaking a confidence by revealing who he is but the danger is far too great for me to just keep my mouth shut and he's just stubborn enough to refuse to wear the medallion. I know for a fact he's failed to take even a temporary partner for months. My last measuring of his energy levels showed he held enough to lay waste to a mile wide area and where he works that would wipe out thousands of Kat lives."

Briggs gasped and stared at him in shock.

"Please understand, he isn't deliberately trying to endanger the city, it's just he isn't able to have sex with a stranger for the purpose of energy dumping, it's too demeaning and upsets him a great deal. I know something must have happened between his mother and him that makes him this way but he won't talk about it. He needs counseling badly but that too is ignored. Whatever happened in his past has twisted him up inside and made him firmly believe mating would be slavery. We're just lucky he's extremely strong willed or he wouldn't have survived this long."

"I'm so sorry, doctor. Believe me when I say, that I certainly don't hold it against you for having to break a confidence. We all have to at some point in our lives to help the greater good but it doesn't make it any easier doing it. Is this why you're telling me...because he's a threat to the city?" She asked, frowning in concern.

"Yes that's part of it but it's also because you know him and can order him to wear the medallion. He needs to be mated and soon!"

She blinked at him in confusion. "I know him? Who is he and why would he listen to me?"

"Oh yes, you know him only too well, Ms. Briggs. It's Commander Feral." Mewser said wincing at Briggs sudden loud exclamation of surprise.

"Commander Feral is a Sabren?"

He nodded solemnly. She turned and stared out the window beside her, her mind whirling at this new twist. Things had just become really complicated.

Sighing, 'well there was nothing for it', she thought, turning back to the doctor, "Alright, I'll speak to him but only after everything is in place. It will be easier to get his cooperation after the device has been announced and we have some Sabrens using it."

"I understand, Ms. Briggs. I only hope there is enough time left to get everything done and still find a mate for the Commander."

"We'll get it done as fast as we can and hope its quick enough doctor. Don't lose hope! You're right, the Commander is a very strong willed kat. If anyone can hold out he can." Briggs said, praying it would be so.

She unlocked the conference room door and said farewell to the doctor. Returning to her office, she called Ann Gora and other news crews then worked on the speech the Mayor would give during the news conference.

The plight of the Sabrens was big news and caused a tremendous upheaval among Kats and Sabrens all over the city. Some Sabrens were hostile while others were hopeful. But no matter how they felt about it, Project Sabren was launched. With Razor's help, Professor Hackle and the power plant crew got the Energy Capture Room, as it would be called, completed and operational in less than nine days.

It took a little time to convince the Sabren's to come out of hiding but once they did the devices proved themselves fairly quickly. As more and more Sabren's found mates and the city began to benefit from the surfeit of electricity created, the Sabrens finally began to be more comfortable being themselves as the public began to accept them more readily.

This was no fast fix. It took more than four months to reach this point and one Sabren in particular, was not happy about all these changes. Feral's severe psychological fear about being bonded to another made him highly resistant to wearing the medallion.

Despite his angry objections though, the Mayor insisted he wear it, once his honor learned Feral was actually a Sabren instead of a Kat. Feral complied only when he was on duty and likely to be called on it by his superior, but whenever he could get away with it, he left it off.

However, during those times he had to wear it, he was in a constant state of fear and anxiety, hidden only by his firm control over his emotions. Meanwhile, other Sabrens were enjoying their new acceptance among Kat kind and beginning the unraveling of decades of self destructive behavior.

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Chapter 2 by ulyferal

Chapter 2: Freedom Lost

As time passed, Dr. Mewser began to despair of Feral ever mating before he simply blew up, when a mate finally showed up in the most unexpected way.

On this day, Feral was wearing his medallion, since he knew Ms. Briggs would be very likely at paw, when he received the call on yet another omega sighting.

The call came in from a sharp eyed lab assistant at the Bio Chemical Labs who spotted something odd in a work area that had been closed for lunch. As he passed the door, his eyes caught sight of a green tail disappearing into a store room in the back corner of the lab and standing guard at the door to the store room was an ugly looking thing that was nearly as tall as the room.

Knowing immediately who it was, he ducked away, hurrying to his own lab down the hall and quickly dialing for help while putting out the alert to his fellow workers around him to evacuate.

His quick thinking allowed the enforcers to arrive in time to prevent Viper from making his escape. The omega, unaware he'd been spotted, had slipped out of the special lab where he'd stolen yet another katalyst and headed for the basement by way of the fire stairs. He was more

intent on leaving as quietly as he'd come in because he wasn't in the mood to deal with the enforcers this trip which was why he chose to do his thieving during the middle of the day when most were at lunch.

He'd made it to the basement of the building and was about to escape through one of the floor drains behind the huge pumping station cycling water for the building, when the enforcers caught up with him. A messy, noisy battle ensued ending with the SWAT Kats bursting in through the maintenance entry door from the outside and joining the fight.

They quickly took out the mushroom monster that was trying to protect its master and doing a really good job of it too except for not succeeding in getting Viper out of the building. It had injured a great many enforcers before the SWAT Kats arrival.

With a combination of a torpedo to the face and a scrambler missile amped really high, the monster screamed then combusted sending smelly vegetation on everyone near. During that moment of startlement, Viper tried again to get down the drain but was quickly sent flying against a wall by a spider chain missile which wrapped around him.

"What the heck? Razor, why didn't you use an octopus missile?" T-Bone asked in surprise as he and his partner walked up to the lizard to remove their netting.

"Simple...I was out!" Razor said with a shrug. The tabby pilot just snorted as he pulled at the netting to free Viper.

Several enforcers hurriedly came over to cuff the mutant Kat and take him into custody before he could put up a fight. The battle now officially over, the pair made for the exit they had come in at, carrying their netting. The enforcers holding the prisoner opted for the same exit rather than take Viper through the building. Feral, who had arrived at the tail end of the battle, was on their heels. Many of them were covered in nasty plant goo and stunk.

Furious at the pair's interference during an enforcer operation, Feral barreled past his enforcers to try and catch up with the SWAT Kats before they could reach their jet parked in the street a couple of blocks away.

Much to his dismay and disgust but no surprise, the press and Ms. Briggs were waiting when the group, with the SWAT Kats in the lead, walked through the fenced in, secured area and made for the front of the building. Many of the news crews scuttled backward at the appalling odor wafting their way as the enforcers got closer but Ann Gora was made of sterner stuff and stood her ground so that she and her camerakats could trump her colleagues and obtain a story.

As soon as they reached the street in front of the building, the SWAT Kats veered away to the right, avoiding the press, and heading for their jet. Feral never halted as he too swept past Ann and hurried after the retreating pair.

Callie, standing beside Ann, was briefly surprised when Feral steamed off without stopping to give her a report of what went on. She recovered quickly when she noted the reason and his obvious determined march after the pair of vigilantes. She sighed in annoyance as she hurried to a near run to catch up to the angry enforcer, knowing a row would erupt if she didn't interfere.

Ann Gora didn't hesitate to chase after her, Jonny on her tail. Anytime the Chief Enforcer, Deputy Mayor and the SWAT Kats mixed it up, it was prime news.

"Hold it you two!" Feral bellowed loudly.

The pair ignored his shout and kept heading for their jet. Really pissed now, Feral withdrew his laser pistol and fired at the ground just ahead of them.

Angry and annoyed, the SWAT Kats whirled around to stare at Feral, furious he had actually fired

on them without provocation. But the action had served the Chief Enforcer's purpose, it had halted them enough for him to catch up. Callie, Ann and Jonny arrived just as Feral strode within five feet of the two vigilantes, mouth open to deliver a reprimand.

"Screeeeeeeeee!"

Everyone froze in shock. Feral's mouth was hanging open in stunned disbelief, his ire forgotten. No one moved for a long moment as the sound continued to scream in an annoying fashion, all ears flattening in response.

It was Ann Gora who finally spoke up over the racket, "Isn't that a Sabren Mate Medallion sounding off?"

Feral grimaced angrily, snapping his mouth shut while reaching inside his shirt to pull out the offensive thing and shutting it off. Now he could hear his heart stuttering with fear in his suddenly quiet ears and his stomach rolled in intense anxiety.

Ann, Jonny, and the SWAT Kats gaped at Feral in shock. None had dreamed Feral would be a Sabren. Only Callie wasn't surprised at the Commander's unveiling but was dismayed and shocked at the possible candidates to be Feral's new mate.

The SWAT Kats stood shell shocked and unmoving, while poor Jonny could no longer hold his precious camera up because he was shaking too much. 'No way could he be Feral's mate,' his mind insisted. He was so upset that for the first time in his life as a camerakat, he wasn't filming.

Shaking her head, Callie moved closer to Feral. She needed to take control of this situation quickly. "Alright, we need to see who the medallion is calling to so I want you three to move back a ways from the Commander," she ordered firmly.

Giving each other furtive looks, the three seemed unable to move. Callie scowled in annoyance. She could understand their shock and dismay but this had to get done.

"There's no point in pretending it isn't one of you nor trying to leave. Commander Feral is a serious threat in his present condition. I've been informed, on good authority, that he's harboring a significant amount of energy," she told them grimly then turned to Feral and gave him a determined stare.

She caught a look of fury and panic in the big tom's eyes for just a second before his normal hard eyed look returned. At that moment, Dr. Mewser's warning of Feral's fear of mating flashed into her mind.

Callie felt a pang of anguished sorrow for the poor tom but knew she couldn't allow her feelings to interfere in such a serious matter. His present condition was a threat to the city and that was the only thing she could allow herself to focus on now. They would have to deal with Feral's psychological problems afterward.

"I'm sorry Commander. I was told how you felt about this but you and I don't have an option. For the sake of the city we both protect, you will do this," she said firmly, showing him with her eyes that she understood he was afraid but wasn't going to let that sway her.

Feral hissed at her angrily and briefly displayed unusually long fangs, obviously feeling cornered. That made Callie carefully get some distance from him but not back down. She couldn't forget that Sabrens were dangerous creatures and at this moment Feral's fear made him a threat to everyone standing nearby. When she was a comfortable distance from the fuming tom, she turned to the three that had been listening but still hadn't moved as she had ordered.

"This will be done now. Move!" She barked, putting a snap of authority in her voice.

The SWAT Kats jumped in surprise. Callie had never used that tone with them before. Still reluctant, the pair took several steps backward. Equally unhappy, Jonny still refused to move until Ann took his camera away and pushed him forward.. Growling under his breath he moved to join the SWAT Kats. Within moments, the three males were standing in an uneasy line some ten feet from Feral.

"Alright, Jonny! Walk forward until you're close to the Commander."

Each step Jonny took was slow and nerve-racking. He couldn't bear to look at the Commander's face so kept his eyes on the pavement until he found himself staring at the tom's military boots. Startled, his head came up and his eyes connected with a pair of unhappy glowing golden ones. They stared for a long moment before Jonny realized the medallion was quiet.

"Commander, you didn't turn the medallion back on," Callie reminded him sharply, standing beside Ann who was using the camera herself to record the events unfolding.

With extreme reluctance, Feral viciously turned the device on again. The silence continued. Jonny's loud sigh could easily be heard as he released the breath he had been holding. Relieved, he quickly scuttled away from the fuming tom to take the camera from Ann, trying his best to steady his still shaking nerves.

"You next, Razor," Callie shouted, reminding them there were still two more to test.

Giving his partner a quick glance, the smaller SWAT Kat slowly did as he was ordered. He was soon standing where Jonny had been moments before and nothing happened. Razor turned his head toward his partner and shot him a look of worry and dismay, it wasn't hard to know the result of this test.

T-Bone swallowed hard. Looking around, he saw no one else around. The enforcers were still cleaning up the scene well back from where they stood. No bystanders were that close even though there were a bunch of them standing against a building nearby watching but again, they weren't close enough for the medallion to function. He hadn't forgotten the distance Razor and Professor Hackle had set in the device for it to sound off.

That left only him! He felt a mix of emotions; fear, shock, humiliation, and over all that, a consuming fury starting to pour through him about his untenable situation. Callie's sharp command snapped him back to the moment before him.

"T-Bone! We're waiting!"

Feeling as if he were being sentenced to a fate worse than death, his fists clenched tightly, T-Bone walked stiffly forward. The moment he was within the medallion's signal range it screeched.

The two stared in horrified fascination at each other and couldn't move. T-Bone's brain had froze, unable to fathom how he could possibly be the perfect mate for someone who had made his life hell and who hated him with equal hostility.

"Hell no...no way...am I being forced to mate this pig-headed, stubborn ass!" He finally managed to blurt out angrily.

Humiliation at the rejection, fear, grief, then fury flashed rapidly across Feral's face leaving T-Bone blinking in confusion at some of those emotions but the last he understood only too well.

The furious Sabren's only response was to shut off the medallion violently. If it hadn't been made so well it would have been crushed in the tom's grip.

"I don't want a mate!" He hissed violently, his eyes beginning to glow with his rising ire. "I want

nothing to do with you! Just the thought of being intimate with your arrogant hide is enough to make me want to throw up!" He declared, teeth clenched so tight that the words were nearly unrecognizable.

T-Bone's anger was fading a little at Feral's adamant assertion that he'd rather die than mate. He was rather stunned by the tom's intense reaction. This had the effect of taking some of the fire and humiliation out of his own attitude. Before he could ask what they were supposed to do then if Feral was so opposed, Callie interrupted.

"I'm sorry you feel trapped, Commander and if there was some other way to help you accept this easier believe me, I would try and find it but it is far too late now. And as I said before, you no longer have a choice. You gave it up when you waited so long," she said bluntly, her expression making it clear she would no longer brook any more posturing on either tom's part.

"And before you try to argue about it or attempt to leave, you should know your eyes and body are beginning to glow. From what I've been told, you are now at a point of no return...dump your energy or blow all of us to kingdom come!" She said grimly. "Personally, I would rather live and I'm certain so would the Katizens that are still watching us from over there," Callie said, pointing to the bystanders.

Feral froze! His fear and anguish had made him forget about the innocent lives around him and the danger he represented to their continued existence. Swallowing down the bile that threatened to come up from his stressed out stomach, his shoulders slumped in defeat and resignation.

T-Bone stared at Feral in fear and fascination before being forced to look away. The big tom was starting to resemble a small sun. 'OMG! I'm supposed to mate that?' He thought in dazed horror. His fear filled thoughts were interrupted by Callie speaking again.

"Since the Turbokat is available, I suggest we get aboard and go to the power plant immediately. There's not a moment to waste."

T-Bone jumped in surprise when his partner pulled on his arm. Razor gave his buddy a mixed look of sympathy, sorrow and worry.

"Yes, Ms. Briggs," Razor murmured unhappily as he continued pulling on his partner's arm, leading him to the jet.

In a daze, his thoughts flying everywhere, heart pounding loudly in his ears, Feral contemplated his imminent demise. He followed the SWAT Kats to their jet, barely able to move one foot before the other.

Callie felt just sick inside. Feral's slumped shoulders and the look of hopelessness made her fear for both his and T-Bone's lives but she didn't have any other solution to solve the problem glaring them in the face. Feral was glowing so brightly now that no one could really look at him.

Razor lowered the cargo door and helped Callie and the news crew to their seats. Feral didn't look at anyone as he took a jump seat but refused to secure himself. Razor left him alone.

Climbing back into the cockpit, he closed the cargo door and made ready for takeoff. Only then did he realize his partner was just sitting in his seat not moving.

"T-Bone, come on buddy. Snap out of it and get the jet into the air!" He said sharply, trying to break through his friend's shock and rising fear.

The tabby shook himself a bit and moved in mechanical fashion to start the engines then took the jet airborne. Razor could only sigh in worry.

"Razor?" T-Bone's voice startled him.

"Yeah?"

"He doesn't want to mate! You heard him! How can I get him to do it anyway and how am I supposed to handle that much energy?" The tabby asked plaintively.

Swallowing down his grief at the sound of hopelessness and fear in his partner's voice, Razor tried to help his friend face the greatest challenge of his life and prayed the tabby would survive because he didn't know what he'd do without his partner.

"The Professor told me, what makes a male compatible is their ability to absorb their Sabren mate's energy and send it harmlessly outward except for the first mating which is so strong that they usually mate outdoors so the force of it is sent through the ground but the Kat is unharmed during the process. Once you mate that first time, your minds become linked and that is the bond they talk about," Razor explained the best he could.

"As for getting him to mate, you're always telling me how great you are in bed and how much your partners enjoy and are satisfied by your performance. I guess you're going to really have to step up to the plate and prove it now. Use all the skills you've learned over the years to win him over because I don't want to lose you buddy," Razor said sincerely. "I'm so sorry this has happened to you! You know I'd give anything to find a different solution to this but there isn't time for me to find one."

T-Bone absorbed what his friend had said as he piloted the jet toward the power plant. He could see it just coming up in his window. Taking a shaky breath to steady himself, he took his courage in his paws. Razor was right, there was nothing either of them could do about the situation. The fact it was going to change their lives significantly didn't matter right now. They could deal with the fallout later...if there was a later. He violently shoved that thought away. He couldn't afford that emotion right now. He even managed a wane smile at Razor's assessment of his sexual prowess. His friend was right, he would have to use every trick he knew to get Feral to cooperate for both their sakes.

"Thanks for the info, buddy and don't be sorry. It's not your fault this happened but the fates that control our lives. I'll do what I have to so you won't lose me, I promise" he said softly as he brought the jet down for a landing.

"I know you will but I still feel bad," Razor said unhappily. His partner didn't respond.

As soon as the jet set down, Callie called the facility manager and warned him of the situation. When the cargo door let down, they were greeted by the manager, his face grim but professional as he gestured for the group to follow him inside while keeping his eyes averted from Feral's incandescence.

In self defense, Razor and T-Bone had pulled down their polarized visors on their helmets to block most of the brightness while Callie, Ann and Jonny could only keep their eyes averted which didn't help much. Even Jonny's ever present sunglasses weren't enough to keep out the blinding light.

They walked into a large room. A huge control console dominated the right side of it with technicians sitting at every station. At the rear of the room, not far from the control station, was a large concrete bunker with a heavy door that had a large wheel to open and close it. The door was open halfway and inside they could see a rather nice bedroom.

On one wall was a comfort station which held a thick long cupboard also made of concrete with a small wheel to open it. The manager went over and opened this to display four shelves. The top shelf held several bottles of water, the next had towels and some lube, the next two shelves were empty which, he explained, would hold their clothes and the bottom was for their shoes.

He told them the cupboard was made of concrete so that the energy being captured in the room would not destroy their things or the water.

Against the other wall was a bed firmly anchored to the wall. It was king-size and tastefully made up with fire-proofed clean linens and pillows of deep blue. There were no carpets but the floor was covered in a springy rubber surface colored black. The walls were bare of decorations but was colored in a swirl of various hues of blue like an ocean, covering all the walls and ceiling. The light glowed from recessed lighting, the coverings made of unbreakable glass.

"When you are finished, simply press this button..." he paused to show them a very large red button near the door, "... and you will be let out. Until then, you will be sealed in. Any questions?" He asked politely trying to ignore the obvious fear and unhappiness of the pair about to use the room.

This wasn't the behavior of any of the Sabrens that had gone before them and it made the manager uneasy. The fact the Sabren was glowing so brightly they couldn't really look at him was extremely unsettling. When both grimly shook their heads, he gestured them to enter then sealed the door behind them.

Throwing his visor up so he could see better, Razor moved to the controls that monitored the amount of energy being expelled and sent into the electrical grid. As the facility manager joined him, he made his concerns known.

"Feral is supposed to harbor tremendous energies. You might want to bring the backup stations on line and be ready to take a sudden overload so we don't blow the system." He warned.

"Right! We'll get on it. Jerry, turn on the backup systems and put them on stand by mode. I want you and Derrick to stay by them in case we need to activate quickly." The manager ordered two of the facility techs.

Callie and Ann Gora stood and watched as the station crew got ready. Callie stared over at the block room and prayed things worked out. She couldn't bear for anything to happen to either male but especially T-Bone. His partner would be devastated and the city would be at the mercy of the omegas if they lost the SWAT Kats.

Ann didn't know what to think. She got the strong sense things were very wrong about this particular mating. She hadn't missed Callie's words to Feral about understanding what the tom felt about being mated nor Feral's extreme reaction. She didn't think it was just the animosity between the Chief Enforcer and the SWAT Kats. No, there was something more going on.

Ann just knew there was a story there but it was one she wasn't going to get right now as everyone waited and hoped both males survived the next few hours. She'd taken note of Callie's tone of voice and what she'd said there seemed some doubt the pair would come out alive.

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Chapter 3 by ulyferal

Chapter 3: The Mating

The moment the door closed, Feral felt trapped. His heart rate sped up to match the energy he felt pushing at him strongly.

'I want out of here!' His mind screamed hopelessly as his body began to pace frantically back and forth, his eyes blind to where he was going but somehow managing to miss the bed as he went from one wall to the other ceaselessly.

T-Bone had walked toward the bed and sat down. He needed to settle himself before he could

even think about initiating sex with someone he didn't like nor was liked by. He hadn't looked at Feral yet. He flicked his gaze up as the tom came past but was forced to look away immediately. Even with his dark visor, Feral was simply too bright to look at for long. The room, he noticed, didn't need the light overhead...Feral was bright enough to illuminate it all by himself.

He swallowed. That one glance, though, had shown him a near panic stricken tom who definitely didn't want to be locked in here at all. He almost acted claustrophobic but T-Bone knew that wasn't it. He'd only an inkling of the problem, from what he'd heard Callie say earlier, on how Feral felt about being mated and it hadn't been good.

But what exactly was Feral's problem? Perhaps, he should ask and see if he could get some idea how he could help the tom accept the inevitable. That is, if he could get the tom's attention. Frowning in concern and noting Feral's pacing was speeding up like a runaway freight train, T-Bone got up and attempted to halt the tom's pacing.

He matched the tom's pace and grabbed an arm, planning to make Feral stop but instead he was dragged along. It was like trying to hold a charging bull. The strength being demonstrated was not what he expected and made the tabby realize Feral had been hiding a lot about himself.

Rather than continue to be dragged along like a rag toy, T-Bone released the tom and decided the direct approach might get him the results he was after. He simply stepped in front of the frantically pacing tom when he returned his way and was promptly sent sprawling to his back with said tom driving the air out of his lungs with his heavier body.

Stunned only a moment by his sudden fall, Feral was pushing himself up and off the tom, a sob of fear and anguish escaping him as he scrambled to his feet and returned to his frantic pacing.

Shocked and more than a little worried about Feral's state of mind, T-Bone jumped to his feet before the big tom could blindly walk on him. He moved to stand beside the bed and waited until Feral got close to him again then snatched the tom and tossed him onto the bed, hard... following with his own body to pin Feral down firmly. The dark tom struggled violently but the tabby had wrapped his arms and legs around the huge body, tightly, to prevent being thrown off.

T-Bone was expecting to have to fight to contain the tom but was further shocked when Feral suddenly ceased his struggles and went limp. The body he was holding had begun to tremble violently. He realized to his horror, the tom was sobbing like a lost kitten.

"Aw please don't do that! Come on Feral, it can't be that bad. Talk to me!" T-Bone begged at his wits end. It felt so wrong to hear the proud tom cry as if his life was over. "It's not the end of the world," he said helplessly, at a loss at what else to say.

"Yes it is! I'd rather die than be a slave!" Feral suddenly choked out.

T-Bone's mouth dropped in shock, "Slave? What are you talking about?"

"What would you call being forced to...to... have sex to survive...being forced to..to.. mate with someone who...who... isn't your choice ...for...for the rest...of..of your life... to bear kits when you...you... aren't ready for...for... them... knowing the first born...is...is always another Sabren who will...will...suffer your fate as well...how...how...can that be anything but slavery?" He stuttered through his sobs, grief and anguish clear in his voice.

Horrified T-Bone suddenly released Feral and moved away. He stared blindly at the far wall, his mind trying to understand.

Feral never tried to get up. Instead he curled into the tightest ball he could make his body take and continued to sob inconsolably into one of the pillows.

T-Bone felt sick listening to the sobbing. Never in his wildest imagination could he have dreamed

Feral would feel this badly about what his biology demanded of him. The poor damn tom truly felt he was losing his freedom in some fashion by being mated.

'Crud! Someone had really messed with this Kat's...uh Sabren's head,' he thought in dismay. 'Now I'm stuck with the result.'

The Commander was in intense emotional pain and T-Bone was at a loss on how to help the Sabren cope with it, after all, he wasn't a shrink and it was clearly obvious the big tom needed counseling badly. Shaking his head in helpless frustration, he moved closer to the tom and began a gentle caress to help soothe and comfort him in some small way.

What the hell was he going to do? He sure as hell didn't want to die but if he didn't do something about this situation really soon, they both were going to do just that. Swallowing his fear and focusing on what he had to do for them both to survive the next few minutes, T-Bone gathered his courage and began to do what he knew best.

Jake might have been making light fun of his partner's sexual prowess but truth be told, T-Bone was rightfully proud of his skills in bed with both sexes which was a good thing because he was going to need every erotic trick he'd learned since he'd turned sixteen to save both their lives.

He moved away from the tom and quickly stripped his clothes off and put them in the odd cupboard. In the bottom he placed his helmet and squinted against the sudden brightness. Returning to the tom's side, he struggled to get as much of Feral's clothes off as he could. Being curled tight made the task nearly impossible.

He did manage to pull off the boots and was glad they both had taken their weapons, his delta pack, and Feral's coat, off before entering the room. But even so, trying to get the rest of the clothing off was proving to be a challenge. It didn't help that it stunk too.

The tabby had to force his fingers into Feral's curled body to get a hold of his belt and undo it then unzip the pants. It took a lot of tugging and pulling to remove the pants and boxers. Next he managed to undo the tie and pull it free before attempting to unbutton the tom's shirt and that was when Feral finally noticed. Though emotionally overwrought, the Sabren still had the presence of mind to resist this last bit of clothing being removed. Trembling, he snarled and clung to his shirt tightly.

Sighing in frustration and having no more time to waste, T-Bone let Feral keep his shirt and tee while he put the rest of the clothing away in the closet then closed it up. Returning to the bed, he felt the tom's rear area with gentle fingers.

It would help if he could see what he was doing but the now ridiculously brilliant light made it impossible and warned him time was running out.

Starting at the shoulders then working his way down, T-Bone began a soothing deep massage. Though time was running out, he knew he couldn't hurry this sort of thing.

As he continued to massage and try to relax the tensed up tom, T-Bone noticed being this close to Feral was making him incredibly hard. His own body was tingling with erotic heat and he hadn't touched himself. The energy Feral was throwing out was obviously affecting him. He began to understand what his partner had been trying to explain.

Perhaps things wouldn't be so bad after all but he was careful not to get over confident. He still had to get Feral to join him.

He shivered suddenly. 'Woah! That feels incredible,' he gasped mentally in surprise.

Now hot and ready, T-Bone kept his fingers caressing and massaging as he moved his own body to curve snugly around the tom's back. He pressed his hard, hot cock gently against the

tightly held thighs and began an insistent, erotic tapping with the mushroom head. Meanwhile, his fingers sought out all the erotic spots he knew would drag a reaction from Feral.

At first, Feral was too wrapped up in his own misery to note what T-Bone was doing. However, eventually, the tapping against his thighs, the pressure of a warm body wrapped around him and the insistent caresses, couldn't be ignored and felt incredibly wonderful, sending lightning bursts of heat up his spine.

Unwillingly, he moaned his obvious pleasure and relaxed his body more. This allowed the hot pole to penetrate the space between the thighs a little more. That brought a heated demand from his body that Feral couldn't ignore. He opened his thighs wide, inviting the tabby in.

Taking the invitation, with relief, T-Bone pressed forward but ignored the now wet and swollen clitoris. The tabby knew Feral wasn't quite ready for that yet so he simply moved his hot cock back and forth, rubbing the rectum entrance, across the mouth of the clitoris, then tapping the ball sack gently, over and over again until Feral was practically begging...not verbally...but definitely telling the tom with his body that he wanted more of that wonderful friction.

The sensations sent waves of shuddering pleasure along his nerve endings. Feral had not been touched for so long he could no longer resist the call of his body to let go and enjoy what was being done to it.

Encouraged by the tom's increasing moans and growls of need, he continued to torment him for just a little while longer until he was certain the tom was completely ready for his invasion. Finally, he judged it time and it was a good thing, as he couldn't hold out much longer. He was harder than he'd ever remember being at any time in his life. Guiding his shaft into Feral's hot channel, he thrust firmly until he was completely seated before beginning a hard, fast rhythm. There was no time to let them savor the union right now.

Feral gasped and shuddered, the intensity of the mating driving him crazy. Wanting T-Bone deeper and needing more control, he rolled to his knees and paws.

T-Bone kept a firm hold on the tom and moved smoothly to his knees as well without missing a beat. Pleased with the new angle, the tiger tom reared up further and leaned over Feral to grab his ruff in his fangs.

Feral gave a wild cry as T-Bone set a brutal pace. Not to be outdone, the dark tom pushed back with each of the tiger tom's movements increasing their pleasure, his cries turning to loud growls and roars.

As he rose to orgasm, the intensity was actually painful. Too much energy was built up causing a strong rush through his body that was near pain. He dug his claws into the bed as he came with a harsh scream, his pent up energy roaring through him in an unstoppable wave.

T-Bone felt as if fire was being poured through him as well as intense pleasure. As soon as Feral climaxed, the tiger tom was forced to release the dark tom's neck and roar his own release as it was squeezed from him in a torrent of unbelievable pleasure and pain.

It was minutes not seconds before the wave of energy eased off and both males collapsed to the bed heaving frantically for air. Feral whimpered, his body stinging him with continual bursts of residual energy and something more. He realized in that instant, he'd been forcibly shoved into a heat cycle. He hadn't been aware he was that close or was it due to the mating? He knew too little about his own biology to know for certain.

It hardly mattered, it was a heat cycle, no mistaking that intense urgency. He moaned in distress, pushing upward to displace T-Bone but the tom, though weak still, clung to him and refused to pull free.

With a sob of defeat and unable to fight his hormones, Feral's inner muscles clamped down on T-Bone's cock and his body threw erotic energy into his new mate.

The tiger tom gasped at the pressure and the return of lust by more energy spikes shooting through him. Surprised and not quite ready, the tiger tom found himself thrusting once more, his nose filled with the unmistakable scent of a female in heat.

At least he could see now since the orgasm they'd shared had reduced some of Feral's blinding brightness. However, he was disturbed by a new phenomenon. Though they had shared an incredible moment, Feral was still miserable if his renewed sobs of misery were any indication.

This should have caused T-Bone to wilt since he didn't get off on causing pain even if it was only emotional but Feral's biology insured he stayed hard and the heat scent pushed him into rut so he could only continue even though his heart really wasn't in it.

Taking the unwilling was just wrong but there didn't seem to be anything he could do about it as he began to feel the beginning of a strong orgasm building. He was actually relieved since it made him miserable to take such an unwilling partner.

A scream from Feral warned him that a tidal wave of energy was about to hit again. Moments later, he cried out and grit his teeth as he came, pouring his seed into Feral and shuddering from the feeling of intense, near painful tingling, like ants, crawling over his body as the energy stream rushed through him again.

Outside the chamber...

"Power input reaching critical levels. Switch to backups now!" Shouted the facility manager as the instruments indicated a massive wave of energy hitting the circuits. "Good lord will you look at the amount of amps?" He breathed in shock.

"Yeah! Well I did say it could be bad," Razor said while not taking his eyes off the dials. "Watch it! That backup has reached its limit. Start the next one!" He warned, causing the technicians to scramble to insure the backups were able to handle the tremendous surge.

Finally, moments later, the surge subsided. The turbines whined as they took the surge to the storage batteries outside.

"We can't relax yet. The next surge could be just as strong." Razor said tensely as he continued to watch the monitors anxiously.

"Will the generators be able to keep up, Razor?" Callie asked nervously.

"It should Ms. Briggs. We'll stay on top of it. I just hope T-Bone is okay. I find it hard to believe a kat can stand that much energy pouring through his body even though it was explained to me that the bonding made it possible." Razor said worried for his partner.

"I know Razor. It sounded strange to me too. I only hope our sources were correct and they both get through this alright." Callie sighed as she stared at the sealed door.

"Be alert, another surge coming!" The manager said suddenly. Only one of the backups was necessary this time when the surge subsided minutes later. "Well that one wasn't as bad. They should continue to decrease from now on," he said more calmly.

"I'll just stay a while longer to be sure," Razor said quietly. The manager just nodded. Callie took a seat and waited with them. "It looks like they made it through the worst of it, thankfully," he sighed in relief.

Callie gave him a wane smile, relieved as well. Ann, who had waited patiently, now chose this

moment to interview the deputy mayor.

"I'm glad to hear the Commander and T-Bone will be alright. Would you be willing to let me interview you now?"

Callie could only sigh but nodded her head in a yes gesture.

Straightening and signaling Jonny to begin recording, Ann asked her first question, "Ms. Briggs, what emotional issues is Commander Feral suffering that had you concerned?"

Callie grimaced mentally while her face retained its smooth professionalism. "I'm afraid that's personal. If the Commander wants you to know about it, he'll tell you himself, Ann," she said, firmly closing the door on that line of questioning.

Undeterred, Ann decided to pursue another line of inquiry. "Alright, fair enough. Could we discuss the reasons Sabrens are having so many emotional issues about mating? I know it was brought up at the first meeting when this project was begun but I would like a little more in-depth information," she said.

"Well, actually Dr. Mewser and Dr. Sinian are the experts on that subject. I only know what they told me," Callie demurred.

"I'll be sure to speak with them again but right now while we wait for the Commander and T-Bone to come out, could you give me your insights on the subject?" Ann asked.

Callie sighed. She might as well as she had nothing else to do right now and didn't want to leave. So they spent the next hour going over the Sabren issue and how it would affect Kats in general as well as the hopes she had in helping the Sabren population recover from near extinction and receive the counseling many of them desperately needed to prevent them from seeking an early grave.

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Chapter 4 by ulyferal

Chapter 4: The Bonding

Inside the chamber...

The newly mated pair lay exhausted and breathing hard after that last major orgasm. This time T-Bone didn't hesitate to disengage from Feral to get some much needed rest. He'd never been so wrung out this early when he was with someone.

Feral lay inert and unresponsive for quite some time. When T-Bone had recovered enough to be able to sit up, he reached out to Feral's side and began to stroke him gently. The body under his massaging fingers twitched with tension rather than being relaxed. He sighed mentally to himself as he tried to think of a way to help the distressed tom relax and enjoy himself more.

His nose told him they were in for a long mating and wondered if this was normal for Sabrens. Frowning he also noted, Feral was still glowing when he'd been told that disappeared after the first mating and they had gone at it two times. There was a lot he simply didn't know and now that they were bonded, he would have to do some research so he could take care of the big tom better.

He shook his head at that thought. He couldn't believe how quickly his feelings had changed toward the annoying Chief Enforcer. He supposed the bonding had a lot to do with that. As his fingers continued to caress the hip bone under his paw, he listened inside himself.

To his surprise, he felt another's emotions pressing against his own. It felt odd to no longer be

alone in his own head. As he listened to that other mind's emotions he could finally feel just how desperately unhappy, even scared Feral was.

He shook his head in amazement and sorrow. This bonding thing was going to be hard to get used to. Feeling so clearly how depressed and defeated Feral felt made him realize just how unhealthy the Sabren was and how much damage he'd done to himself by suppressing all that emotional trauma which had now been forced out into the open. The tom was very sick and he, as Feral's new mate, had to do what he could to make him better or he would end up being just as sick.

'Crud! Are we in for a long haul,' he thought sadly. Looking down at the tom under his paws, he sighed again and moved to his knees so that he could do a more thorough massage. He gently coaxed the tom to give up his now tattered shirt and was surprised the tee underneath was still intact, then pushed Feral to his belly and began rubbing and digging into the tense muscles with more intensity. All the while he worked, the dark tom made no response but T-Bone persevered.

By the time T-Bone had reached Feral's buttocks, the big tom finally showed a response by shuddering and sighing.

"How are you doing big guy?" T-Bone asked quietly working his way down one of the powerful legs.

Feral turned his head a little to stare at the tiger tom. "Why are you doing this?" He warily.

"You are too tense and uncomfortable, that's why. Besides, I had nothing better to do," T-Bone said simply, without sarcasm.

Feral blinked then turned back forward again unable to come up with a response.

"Just relax and let me finish your back then I'll have you roll over and I'll do your front." T-Bone told him. "Would you like some water before I continue."

"Yes, please!" Feral murmured.

T-Bone grabbed the shirt and tee and padded across the room to the special closet. He opened it then put the clothes in before grabbing two bottles, pausing to get a washcloth he found within. He wet it with water from another bottle.

Returning to the bed, he gently washed Feral's face, to the big tom's surprise, then handed him a bottle of water. T-Bone drank his quickly and returned to his massage work. Feral sipped his water, silently.

Some minutes later he gently signaled Feral to roll over. The Commander did so and stared at the ceiling, his distress still visible on his face.

Noticing it, T-Bone said, "Hey, I'm sorry this is soo hard for you, Feral. You really should have talked to someone before it got to be so overwhelming."

"No one I trust enough to speak to."

"So you held it in and it's now tearing you to ribbons. It bothers me a lot to see you in this kind of pain and know there is nothing I can really do for you," T-Bone said honestly as he began massaging one of Feral's feet.

"Why should you care at all? You've always hated me!"

Shaking his head in annoyance, T-Bone halted his work and leaned toward Feral's face.

"Because I'm your mate now, remember? And the bond makes sure I can feel what you're feeling."

Look inside yourself and you'll feel me there. I'm no longer your antagonist but your mate. We both have to get used to that fact now. As much as you hate being mated, there is no going back. My job now, apparently, is to see to your well being so that you aren't a menace to society. That's actually kinda funny since that was what you always said of me and Razor, but you are a bigger threat than we could ever be," he said, mildly amused at that fact.

He leaned back and returned to his massage work while Feral lay in stunned amazement. He did as T-Bone suggested and listened within himself and there inside his head was another person's emotions. Their feelings came through as concerned and caring. He was floored. He'd heard about the bonding and what it was supposed to be like but hadn't believed it.

Well he couldn't deny it now since it was painfully obvious he was no longer alone. That confused as well as made him feel warm inside. He swallowed a new lump of emotional pain. This was why he hadn't wanted to be bonded, it hurt too damn much and now he had to be concerned with someone else's well being besides his own. He didn't know if he liked that or resented it.

'Kat's Alive! I am so messed up!' He exclaimed bitterly to himself.

T-Bone felt the sudden spike in anguish from Feral and winced mentally. 'Crud, that hurts! How the heck does he stand feeling like that?' He wondered worriedly as he continued to work his way up Feral's torso avoiding his genitals for now. 'When we get out of here, straight to a counselor or shrink he goes. There is no way I can put up with that continually. I'll go mad myself.'

Adding to his physical touch, T-Bone tried, for the first time, to attempt to pour soothing thoughts through their link.

Feral gradually began to feel a warm blanket of soothing emotions press against his wall of anguish. At first, he resisted it but it kept beating gently against his barrier until he finally allowed it to flow over him. He felt everything in him relax for the first time in a long time, his troubles were still lurking in the back of his mind but right at this moment, he felt warm, comforted and no longer alone.

T-Bone felt Feral finally relax in body and mind. Smiling in triumph that he'd managed to be successful in his first mind touch, the tabby finished up his massage by doing the tom's chest then going down each arm and doing every finger. By the time he'd finished, Feral was nearly asleep on the bed.

Pleased with the results, T-Bone now began his seduction of his new mate. Feral still needed to dump energy and it was time to get to it once more. He began by pinching each nipple gently and rolling them between his fingers. Feral sighed and twitched.

Next, he lowered his face to the Sabren's and licked his facial fur causing him to shiver and crack a sleepy eye open to stare at T-Bone. Grinning wickedly, T-Bone continued his grooming of Feral's face then moved slowly back down the dark brown body, licking a path toward a hard nipple. Flicking his tongue against it made the big tom moan.

Moving further down the Commander's body, the tabby began laving the genitals. Feral's groans grew louder and his hips moved restlessly. As Feral's cock emerged and slowly hardened, T-Bone licked it like an ice cream cone while at the same time using his fingers to gently caress Feral's clitoris.

Feral gasped and gripped the sheets with his paws. What T-Bone was doing was indescribably wonderful. He never had a lover treat him this way before and it felt incredible. He began to mew and plead for the torment to stop but T-Bone just grinned and continued to show the Commander just how good he was at driving a lover out of their mind.

As Feral got wet and slick, the tiger tom slipped his fingers into the hot channel and began to

thrust slowly while still sucking and licking the huge cock. Feral's cries increased as did his body's energy levels. He writhed and wailed for release.

Figuring he better not take a risk of getting Feral's energy levels too high, T-Bone raised up from his delicious task, lined himself up and sank in slowly. Crying out again, Feral raised his hips to deepen T-Bone's plunge.

Pleasure instead of pain washed through Feral's body as well as an energy surge that only enhanced the purely blissful sensations.

Laying down on Feral, T-Bone plundered the tom's mouth with his tongue driving the already crazy in lust, Sabren over the edge. Feral clenched around T-Bone's shaft and shouted his climax into the SWAT Kat's mouth. T-Bone pulled his lips away and growled his own climax. Rippling waves of tingling pleasure washed through both toms for several long seconds.

When it finally ran its course they both collapsed and panted. T-Bone laid his head on the big tom's chest and heard the fast drumming of his heart.

"That was much better!" T-Bone grunted in pleased satisfaction.

"I agree! Surprisingly!" Feral sighed, totally limp and sated.

"Never had a complaint yet," the cocky tiger tom said, smirking.

Feral rolled his eyes at the confident tom even though it was deserved. Some of his anguish had been eased by T-Bone's persistent efforts much to his surprised pleasure.

'Well idiot! That's why he's compatible with you!' He chastised himself then sighed as T-Bone nuzzled his neck.

Outside the chamber...

"Well that one was not as strong as the first two. Looks like they are still okay despite the obvious intense start," Razor murmured more to himself than anyone else.

"How long do you think they'll be in there?" Callie asked looking at her watch.

"I've seen some couples take as long as four hours, Ms. Briggs and others all night," The facility manager said shrugging his shoulders. "There's just no telling. It takes as long as it takes."

"Well, I've got to get back to city hall. Please let me know when they do finish and ask the Commander to get with me in the morning," she requested. There was no point in staying when it seemed obvious the pair was okay and had survived their initial mating which had been the main concern.

"Of course, Ms. Briggs," he nodded, agreeably.

"I think I'll leave as well since I do have other things I have to get done," Razor sighed, relieved his friend was okay. "I'll leave a cyclotron for T-Bone," he told the manager.

"I'll let him know, Razor. Do you want to be notified as well when they come out?" He asked.

Razor frowned a moment in thought then shook his head. "No that's alright. T-Bone will get back to me as soon as he's able."

The facility manager nodded his understanding.

"I would like to be notified, though," Ann sang out. The facility manager looked surprised but accepted the business card she handed him.

"Do you three want a ride back to city hall?" Razor asked politely.

"That would be great, Razor, thanks." Callie smiled.

"Would you mind dropping us back at the Bio Chemical Labs, Razor? Our van is still there," Ann asked.

"Sure no problem, let's go," Razor said as he headed for the door.

She and Jonny followed Callie and Razor out to the jet. They waited patiently as the SWAT Kat rolled a single seater bike down the ramp and parked it near the door of the facility. Finished, he gestured for the group to get aboard and soon they were airborne and heading back into the city.

Meanwhile, back inside the chamber...

"Hmm, I'm feeling a little heated again," Feral sighed in dismay. "I'd really like to be done with this and get out of here."

"Yeah, so would I but heat cycles can last a while and since this wasn't a planned one there's no telling how long it will last. Don't worry though, I can take care of it since your energy seems to keep me perpetually hard. Handy skill that is," T-Bone said musingly as he caressed the tom's chest gently.

They had been laying side by side and trading gentle caresses. Though, T-Bone had been the initiator, Feral found comfort in returning the favor as he let his fingers begin to know his mate's body better.

Staring at the ceiling, Feral thought about what he was feeling laying close to his former antagonist, "This feels soo weird being held by you and enjoying it." It was really strange allowing this male to take so many intimate liberties with him that he'd never allowed any other male to do.

His thoughts were distracted by T-Bone rearing up and giving him a deeply, passionate kiss. Their first, since they'd started their bonding. It felt remarkably good, the tabby showing his prowess at kissing so well that Feral felt his toes curl and his body heat up with need again. He melted into the embrace and began moving his hips restlessly as he felt the hard tip of the SWAT Kat's impressive tool against his right thigh.

Smiling to himself, T-Bone awakened Feral's buried sensuality with many erotic touches and passionate kisses. Feral began to react hotly and more urgently, pressing his body for more contact and relief from the growing ache between his legs. T-Bone could feel the big tom's readiness and slid into the hot sheath.

Feral panted and moaned frantically as he moved his hips to match T-Bone's rhythm, demanding deeper thrusts. T-Bone obliged by pulling Feral's legs up to his waist and changing the angle. He leaned down to trade passionate kisses as they raced toward a fast climax together.

'Gods! This felt soo good.' He groaned, writhing in his mate's grip. His body was on fire and T-Bone was sending it higher and higher. It had never felt this way before and though it still was slavery to his mind, his master was at least very sexually accomplished and cared how he felt. He would just have to accept that his freedom was lost.

A tingling sensation rose from his toes to his head and his body tightened as his energy flowed through his body. He felt like he was flying as he soared higher and higher until finally it burst like fireworks. He trembled and shuddered in waves of sensual pleasure and cried out again when he felt T-Bone's cock get larger and he began ramming his mate harder into the bed before roaring and filling Feral's well used channel with hot seed.

The next few hours went by in a blur of soaring pleasure. They finally collapsed into slumber, thoroughly exhausted a couple of hours before dusk. Feral was the first to awaken. Though still very tired, he was also incredibly sated. T-Bone lay on his back in languid exhaustion, still slumbering when he sat up to look at him. Feral didn't blame the SWAT Kat one bit, if there was a choice he'd just lay here too but this wasn't home and that's where he'd rather be...besides he was famished.

"Come on you! We need to get dressed, leave this place, get something to eat and bath...and not necessarily in that order," Feral rumbled as he shook T-Bone's shoulder. A groan greeted his efforts.

Smiling in amusement, Feral climbed stiffly off the bed and made for the cement closet. Opening it, he took out two more water bottles and carried them to the bed. "Here, have a drink then get up so we can get out of here."

"Crud! What a workout! Don't recall being this sore before," T-Bone groaned, accepting the water as he sat up. "I'm hungry too!" As if to make a point his stomach chose that moment to rumble.

"Well we aren't going to be able to eat until you pull yourself together and dress," Feral said unsympathetically.

"Yeah, yeah! Don't get your tail in a knot!" T-Bone snorted companionably as he downed the water then climbed off the bed and walked back to the closet with Feral.

Feral grimaced unhappily when he discovered he had a tee-shirt but no shirt.

Noting his expression, T-Bone snorted, "well, you wouldn't let me get it off you and your own energy and our activity ripped it to shreds. I was surprised your tee-shirt survived as well as my mask."

Feral could only shake his head as he put the rest of his clothes on, feeling weird with just a tee-shirt on.

Finished dressing, T-Bone gave his mate an amused look. "You sure look funny and you stink as well."

"Thanks loads," Feral said dryly as he headed to the door and began to reach for the red button to signal for their release.

T-Bone's paw was suddenly there preventing him from pushing it. Feral eyed him in surprise, a questioning look in his eyes.

The tabby said nothing as he suddenly pulled Feral toward him, wrapped an arm around the big tom's waist and gave him a passionate kiss. Not resisting, Feral leaned into it happily then T-Bone released him gently and stepped back.

"I wanted to make sure you didn't try to write off what just happened. We may not be what each other wanted but we no longer have a choice and I don't want the rest of my life to be full of regrets and what ifs. This is what it is. So that being said, how do you feel?" T-Bone asked seriously.

He stared at the SWAT Kat for a long moment trying to digest the tabby's firm declaration.

"I still feel like a slave but for a master, I could have done worse. No matter our differences, you were able to get past them and treat me as a lover rather than a stranger. I am very grateful. However, I can't ignore my feelings about my freedom being gone and how much that hurts. Give me time to accept my loss is all I ask," He answered honestly.

"Of course I will! However, you do need help and I insist that you seek some out as soon as possible. It hurts me too when you feel so conflicted and my life depends on me having a clear head and not be emotionally twisted up as you are now. I promise to be there whenever you need me when things become more than you can cope with. I also need to understand what it means to be mated to a Sabren but I have a feeling you don't know that very well either so I need to find a more knowledgeable Sabren to explain it to me. We have a lot of talking and learning to do between us. That's the best I can offer you as a plan for us, starting right now," T-Bone said seriously, giving Feral an encouraging hug.

Surprised again by the depths he was finding within his mate, Feral was speechless. "That's the most sensible plan I've ever heard. Never knew you were good at things like that," he was finally able to say.

T-Bone snorted, half insulted and half amused. "You never bothered to know me that well in the first place and as back handed compliments go, at least you're sincere."

Feral gave a snort of amusement himself before reaching out for the button and pressing it. Within moments, the door opened and they were met by the facility staff. The manager approached.

"Congratulations on your new bond!" He said politely. "Razor went home and said he left the cyclotron for you, T-Bone. Ms. Briggs wanted to be notified when you emerged, as did Ann Gora of Kat's Eye News. Both have been notified as they'd asked. Also, Ms. Briggs wished to speak with you tomorrow morning, after you get into work, Commander," he relayed all the messages he'd been given then asked, "did you find the room satisfactory?" He pretended not to notice the Commander's missing shirt. One of his assistants handed the pair the rest of their belongings.

"Yes, thank you. How much energy did you capture?" Feral asked curiously as he pulled his coat on and buttoned it.

Smiling broadly the manager said, "You are truly amazing, Commander. The power you generated will provide the city with enough electricity for at least two years!"

Feral's eyes widened at that and he blushed in embarrassment. T-Bone just gaped then recovered quickly and slapped Feral on the back, a huge grin on his face.

"Wow! Now that's doing your civic duty, Commander."

"Uh right!" Feral muttered still a little overwhelmed. "I want to go home now but I came here aboard the Turbokat."

"No problem. Come on! The cyclotron can seat us both, though it will be a bit snug!" He smirked.

Feeling himself blush, Feral quickly hurried toward the door to the outside. Chuckling to himself, T-Bone followed after him. Dusk had fallen, the sun casting a red glow over everything as it disappeared over the horizon, putting an end to a very strange day.

Releasing the security system on the cyclotron, T-Bone pulled an extra helmet from a concealed storage area and handed it to Feral. He climbed on the bike and started it, waiting for Feral to climb on board behind him. It was a tight fit as T-Bone had warned it would be.

The tabby smiled at the feel of his mate pressed close to him and his arms coming around to hold on. Moments later they were roaring toward the city and Feral's apartment building.

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Chapter 5 by ulyferal

Chapter 5: Alone Time

Street lights began to snap on as T-Bone navigated through sparse traffic to Feral's modest apartment building a mile from Enforcer Headquarters. Reaching the old fashioned brick edifice, he slowed his speed until he spotted what he was looking for and gunned the bike briefly as he quick turned into an alley running beside the building. Finding a cluster of dumpsters along one wall, he cruised by them then parked his cyclotron on the far side of them, pulling close to the wall before turning off the engine.

Soft sounds of the evening filled their ears once his special bike went silent. Distant traffic, a dog barking, people talking from somewhere out of sight, and the soft ticking of the bike's cooling engine were all they heard as they sat there for a moment.

On the ride over, Feral had let himself relax and enjoy the feeling of satiation but it didn't last. As the endorphin high left his body, the emotional issues he'd tried to shove to the far reaches of his mind began to sneak insidiously to the forefront once more, tormenting him with cries of anger, shame, and the newest voice...grief at the loss of his freedom. He wanted to hide...hide from the world, his mate, and most of all from himself.

T-Bone's pleasant endorphin high was slowly being pulled away from him. At first he hardly noticed since his attention was on his driving, but by the time he parked, a very noticeable wave of pain, anger, and unrelenting sorrow crashed in taking away the last traces of his good feelings.

He grit his teeth against the emotional tidal wave that flowed through their bond making him sick at heart and a little bitter as well.

'Damn it! Why couldn't he have stayed in a good mood until tomorrow when we could have seen someone that could help him? No, we have to crash now which leaves me trying to keep him from self destructing. I can tell he's already trying to withdraw,' he sighed unhappily to himself.

It was hard, but he managed to block some of the grief that was wailing loudly in his head. Trying to ungrit his teeth, he took off his helmet and turned as far as he could, considering he was squished rather tightly in his seat by the tom's body, and stared into Feral's eyes.

Those golden eyes were unfocused, reflecting only deep emotional pain. It was obvious he wasn't even aware they had arrived at his home.

Sighing aloud, T-Bone leaned close and nuzzled the bigger tom's face while at the same time sending soothing emotions into that troubled mind. Feral blinked in surprise as that feeling of warmth and comfort he'd felt at the plant poured over him, easing his anguish somewhat.

He found himself staring at the tabby's masked face, confused, then realized in a rush, they had stopped and T-Bone was twisted halfway around to study his face, the tabby's reflecting deep concern.

"Sorry!" He muttered feeling his face burn with embarrassment that he'd been so out of it he hadn't noticed he was home. He removed the helmet and prepared to awkwardly get off the bike.

T-Bone put an arm out to stop him. Feral eyed him, puzzled.

"You sure you don't want me to stay?" T-Bone asked softly, caressing a cheek with his finger. "I can feel you crying inside. I'm not so sure you should be alone right now."

Feral looked away uncomfortably, swallowing hard, disarmed by T-Bone's genuine tenderness and concern for him. He turned his attention inward and immediately got a sense of wrongness. It felt as if his emotional controls he'd worked all his life on developing were being stripped from him somehow. Yes, he was feeling unhappy but falling into a depression this intensely, so quickly, just wasn't like him. What was happening to him?

A warm arm wrapped around his waist jerking him from his introspection. He sucked in a breath and stared at his mate, questioningly.

"Your emotions are all over the map there big guy. I'd better stay. Come on, let's get up to your place. However, I don't want to leave the cyclotron here so... you got a better place that will be out of sight from everyone?" T-Bone asked, gently releasing the tom.

Shaking himself mentally, Feral got a grip and focused on what was asked right this moment and left the rest alone. "There's an underground parking garage. Entry is at the front of the building. Park in my spot," he told the tabby in a rather staccato fashion.

Nodding, T-Bone gestured for Feral to put his helmet back on while he did the same. He started the engine then took off to go around the building. Moments later they were going down the ramp. Feral indicated his spot which was not far from the elevator shaft. He pulled in and shut off the engine, taking off his helmet. He climbed off and aided Feral in doing the same. He stowed the helmets in a storage area of the bike while Feral went over to a storage box in front of his parking spot and retrieved a tarp which T-Bone draped over the cyclotron.

The tabby put a comforting arm around the tom and they walked to the elevator, stepping on when the doors opened.

For reasons he could no longer fathom, Feral found he didn't want the tom to leave after all. It had felt incredibly wonderful to be held and cared for, something he'd not had in far too long. He was relieved the tabby refused to be put off by his mate's emotional overload. Rather than be a bad thing, Feral realized it was the single most important thing his mate could have done at this difficult time.

As the elevator rose to the third floor, T-Bone asked, "Do you have something we can whip up to eat or should we order out?"

"Uh, I think we should order out. Chinese or Italian?" Feral asked distractedly.

"Hmm, Chinese sounds good with ribs on the side," the tabby answered, amused by the sudden look of disgust on Feral's face.

They reached his apartment door without encountering any of his neighbors, to Feral's relief. He didn't want to try and explain why the SWAT Kat was here. He unlocked the door letting T-Bone quickly slip in past him. He followed and tiredly removed his coat and weapons harness, hanging them up. He slowly removed his tie as he walked to his bedroom to put it away and to remove his boots. Taking a whiff of himself, he grimaced at the nasty smile from the plant that had exploded over him and decided to ditch the clothes. After stripping, he slipped on a robe.

He returned to the living area to find T-Bone had removed his own weapon's harness, backpack and gloves so he was just wearing his G-suit. The SWAT Kat had found the remote and was tuned into the news. On the screen, Ann Gora was just coming on with a late breaking story. He froze when he heard his name and T-Bone's.

"Kat's Eye News has just been informed that a new Sabren couple has supplied the city with two years worth of electricity. Mayor Manx is naturally ecstatic about this windfall and has informed me that the savings will be passed down to the katizens in the form of reduced electrical bills. This is certainly good news. Ever since the introduction of the Sabren Project, Megakat City has been enjoying the benefits of a nearly constant renewing resource.

The big story though are the identities of the newest Sabren couple. Even I was totally shocked by who they were. Our own Chief Enforcer Ulysses Feral is the Sabren and his new mate is none other than T-Bone of the SWAT Kats.

One wonders how this is going to work out considering their history of antagonism toward each

other. According to Deputy Mayor Briggs, who was on hand for the bonding, it wasn't a happy union but necessary since Commander Feral was carrying a dangerous level of energy. We here at Kat's Eye News will keep you informed about this most unusual pairing. This is Ann Gora saying goodnight."

Both males stared in stunned disbelief.

T-Bone recovered first, "Uh, I guess they had to announce it because of who we are but... Crud!...couldn't they have waited a little longer?" He said, feeling his privacy had been invaded.

"If they had, the release could have been laced with far juicier tidbits about our mating we really didn't want aired on TV. So this was probably for the best, although, it still makes me feel violated in some way," Feral said thickly unable to process this new turn of events, sending his already overloaded emotions tumbling even further.

Unable to move, he remained standing behind the couch, rubbing his temples with his eyes closed. A painful throbbing had taken up residence inside his skull to go with his empty stomach.

Blocking the pain as best he could, T-Bone got up quickly and went around the couch so that he could pull Feral into a tight, comforting hug...once more sending soothing emotions to try and ease the pain as best he could.

Feral didn't open his eyes but he did hug back and put his head on T-Bone's shoulder trying to breathe and not think at all. He could feel the tom's paws caressing his back in soothing circles which felt so good. Suddenly both their stomachs growled.

Pulling back a little, T-Bone smiled in tired amusement and nudged Feral's face up with his chin until the bigger tom was forced to raise his head and open his eyes.

"Think we better order the food and try to get some rest. You know a hot bath might be just the thing to help ease you more. Why don't I go get it started and you order the food, take some aspirin and sit for a little while we wait for it, okay?" T-Bone urged him quietly.

Squinting his eyes in pain, Feral took a little longer than normal to actually understand what T-Bone had said then nodded his agreement, heading for the phone in the kitchen to order dinner.

Sighing in worried concern, T-Bone headed for the bathroom. Opening the door and stepping in, he was pleased to note the tub was very large and would be able hold both of them. He turned the taps on full. He looked around for something to add to the water and finally found some Epsom salts that should help with Feral's soreness and both their aching muscles.

As the tub was filling, he tried to get used to the fact he could sense Feral's emotions. At the moment blank despair was the overwhelming one making an appearance. It drowned out all the others he had been exhibiting on the ride home.

It was so intense, T-Bone found himself rubbing his own temples trying to get some relief. He wasn't a shrink but he was the only thing Feral trusted right now and that was just weird.

How had he gone from hating this kat's guts this morning to feeling an intense need to protect and care for the obviously depressed Sabren. This bond thing between them was strong and he guessed it had to be to keep a Sabren's mate from wandering or leaving altogether. He really needed to talk to someone about this more.

He sighed and shook his head. All that would have to wait. Right now they were just plain tired. When the tub was filled, he closed the door to keep it warm and made his way back to the living room. He noted the food had arrived and was sitting on the dining room table. Feral was sitting with his head lying back on the cushion of the couch with his eyes closed.

Walking over, T-Bone stood behind the tom and began rubbing Feral's temples gently. The big tom didn't move but T-Bone was grateful when he began to feel some relief from Feral's unrelenting pain. Removing his fingers, he leaned down and nuzzled the tom, cheek to cheek.

Golden eyes opened and looked sleepily up at him.

"Come on big guy, let's get our food and take it to the bathroom. We can eat and soak at the same time," he coaxed, managing to get the big kat up and moving toward the bedroom.

T-Bone left Feral to undress while he went to serve up the food and pour glasses of milk. He ferried one meal into the bathroom where Feral was already in the tub then left for his own food. He set his dishes on the dresser while he stripped his clothes off, except for his mask, then walked back into the bathroom.

Meanwhile in the bath, Feral was groaning at the wonderfully hot water that was bringing blessed relief to his sore body. It even managed to force his mind to stop running in circles and rest, at least so he could eat without getting an upset stomach. The food tasted great and was just what he needed right now.

He was nearly halfway through his meal when T-Bone came in nude and carrying his own plate of food and glass of milk. He froze with his fork nearly to his mouth as the tom climbed smoothly into the tub with him.

T-Bone sighed in relief as the hot water eased his body. He put his milk on the tub edge and dug into his food. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Feral go back to eating after his momentary shock. The tabby smiled to himself, he wasn't surprised Feral had not heard him when he said they would share the tub but was glad he didn't raise a stink about it when he did realize it. In his mind, he could tell the bath was giving the big tom much needed relief and that was all to the good as far as he was concerned.

They ate companionably until every drop of food was gone and milk drunk. Setting their plates on the floor outside the tub, they lounged back and enjoyed the silence and warm water.

Feral felt so relaxed that he nearly slipped down completely into the water. A soft chuckle jerked him alert.

"If you're trying to drown yourself, you're going to succeed really soon. How about coming over here and laying on me," T-Bone coaxed in tired amusement.

Staring at the tom rather blearily, Feral began to do as asked, moving to the other side of the tub, muttering, "Uhhh, maybe should call me Ulysses since we are mates."

"Huh! Yeah, you're right. We are about as close as two kats can get, except you don't know who I really am," T-Bone agreed as he pulled the tired Commander around and leaned him against his chest. Grabbing the soap nearby, he washed Uly's fur.

"I'm going to dump some water over your head," he warned so Feral wouldn't be surprised. His mate sighed and nodded, closing his eyes. T-Bone poured water over the dark head, soaped it and rinsed it out. Finally he got the nasty smell from the tom's fur.

Finished with the wash, he settled back and began a soothing caress up and down Feral's soft furry chest and nuzzled his neck tenderly. Feral purred in pleasure at all the attention, feeling at peace for the moment. They stayed that way until the water began to cool.

Sighing in regret, T-Bone murmured, "time to get out, I guess."

He carefully pushed Feral to an upright position and encouraged him to climb out of the tub. Feral groaned reluctantly but did get out and move toward the dryers. T-Bone grunted and heaved

himself out, careful not to step on the dishes then turned to pull the plug to the tub. He stepped over to join Feral under the dryers, combing the tom's fur with his claws to help it dry faster since the dark tom had longer fur than he did. As soon they were both dry, T-Bone pushed Feral to the bedroom and toward the bed.

Once the tom was situated under the covers, T-Bone went back into the bathroom, picked up the dishes and took them to the kitchen. Insuring the apartment was locked up and lights were turned out, he returned to the bedroom.

Feral was already asleep when T-Bone slid under the covers behind him. He flicked off the light then spooned Ulysses, placing an arm around his waist and quickly surrendered to sleep as well.

Dawn's early light was spilling over the entwined toms when Feral stirred. His bladder was urging him to get up. Pushing the blankets off, he registered the arm and leg twined around his body. Foggily, he remembered he was no longer alone and gently moved his mate's limbs off him. He staggered to the bathroom to relieve himself.

Cold, he hurriedly climbed back under the covers and snuggled closer to his mate's warm body. T-Bone rumbled in his sleep as he wrapped himself around his chilled mate once more. Sighing, Feral drifted quickly back to sleep, strangely happy to be sharing his bed with someone for the first time in his life.

It was hours later, when the two tom's finally began to awaken. Feral groggily realized it was some three hours past the time he normally would have been at work. Shocked, he attempted to get up but was prevented by a powerful arm pulling him back down.

"Where do you think you are going?" T-Bone rumbled.

"I'm late for work!" Feral stated angrily and tried to get up again.

"You're the boss and you've just been through a traumatic event. They can handle things for a little while. We need to spend a little more time together. Now come here and let me show you what I mean." T-Bone growled, suddenly pushing Feral flat on his back and climbing on top of him. Before Feral could react or protest he was being kissed passionately.

Any protest he might have had went out the window as his body reacted to the SWAT Kat's determined efforts to make love to him. He moaned and writhed under T-Bone's powerful body as their tongues dueled. A hard cock was pressing into his belly with his own stiff member rubbing against it. He groaned, undulating his hips to increase the rubbing sensation. T-Bone moaned at the sensation of Feral's body fur brushing against his swollen member.

Growling with desire, Feral raised his legs to wrap around T-Bone's waist in a silent demand for his mate to take him now. Accepting the invitation, the tabby pulled his hips back enough to free his cock then plunged it into Feral's female sheath.

He groaned hotly as T-Bone began a steady, deep thrusting. It didn't take long for them to reach completion together. The warm rush of energy fired Feral's orgasm and sent him flying, dragging T-Bone along for the ride. A brief flash of light accompanied the orgasm but neither male noticed.

They lay panting, gently caressing each other and trading light kisses.

"How are you feeling now?" T-Bone purred warmly as he groomed his mate's face.

"Wonderful. You do that soo well." Feral purred in return. "I still need to get going but thank you for the pleasant wake up call." He kissed his mate deeply then, with regret, pushed him off and once more tried to climb out of bed but once again T-Bone stopped him.

"Crud, T-Bone! I may be the boss but I have to set an example. I need to get to work." He huffed

getting irritated.

T-Bone sat up but didn't release Feral, giving his mate a serious expression. "No! It's more important that we discuss what we're going to do with our lives now. The press are going to be all over you when you get to Enforcer Headquarters and I wouldn't be surprised if they asked how we intend to handle being mates when we are technically on opposite sides of the Enforcer fence."

Feral stilled as he realized T-Bone was correct. They had many things to talk about with that being just one of many important matters they needed to iron out between them before others demanded answers from them.

Sighing in resignation, Feral conceded his mate was right. "Alright, let me call my office and sign out for the day as well as call Ms. Briggs. She had said she wanted to see me this morning."

"Oh yeah, that's right, she did. I should contact Razor too, he'll be concerned," T-Bone nodded as he climbed out of the bed, relieved Feral had understood the importance of their needing to talk.

It was going to be a long day and not necessarily a pleasant one.

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Chapter 6 by ulyferal

Chapter 6: Meaningful Discussions

Surprisingly, T-Bone approached the discussion in a professional manner covering all points quickly and efficiently. Feral gained a grudging respect for his new mate besides the new feelings he was having for the cocky tabby.

By late afternoon they had covered most everything that would be an immediate problem. Any other difficulties would be addressed as they occurred.

First, the SWAT Kats' identities. T-Bone declined to be forthcoming since it wasn't his decision alone. Razor had to be consulted and Feral had to admit he admired his mate's loyalty to his partner.

Second, how he as Chief Enforcer, would treat the SWAT Kats from now on. Unless they truly broke the law (minor infractions didn't count nor did property damage), he would tolerate their existence as he did now with the exception that he would no longer threaten or make an effort to arrest them.

T-Bone understood the position he was putting his mate in by making Feral 'sit on the fence' between his enforcers and them. The Commander still could not publicly sanction their existence either and T-Bone accepted that without a qualm. Further, Feral would notify his enforcers of the new rules regarding the SWAT Kats with an added proviso that his mate would be permitted free access to his person at any time. This did not include Razor which should soothe some of his ranking officer's ire about the new rules.

Third, living arrangements. For now they would continue to live apart with T-Bone having free access to Feral's apartment whenever he wished. Feral would make him a key as soon as possible and T-Bone told him he would be around a lot at first because he felt Feral needed closeness right now to help him cope with his feelings of loss.

Fourth, counseling. T-Bone repeated his demand that Feral seek professional help. He would brook no hesitation on Feral's part on this point, stressing just how much the dark tom's emotional problems were mounting despite the calm they seemed to be having at the moment. Though reluctant, the Sabren agreed.

Fifth, handling the press and what to tell the Mayor, Deputy Mayor and the public. They agreed that giving out the new arrangement between enforcers and SWAT Kats was the only thing the public needed to know. Everything else was no one's business but their own and Razor. Ms. Briggs might have a need to know more about their situation but they would decide that on a case by case basis.

"Well that's it for now! Let's order lunch, I'm starved," T-Bone said stretching, actually surprised and pleased that they were able to come to an agreement on nearly everything without any major blowups between them and in only four hours time too.

"Humph! You think about food a lot...don't you?" Feral grumbled but there was a teasing glint in his eyes.

"Hey! I need to keep my strength up if I'm to keep you safe and healthy," T-Bone smirked lecherously.

Feral felt his face burn at T-Bone's obvious innuendo. He couldn't remember ever blushing before. To save face, he got up from the couch and made a call to the local deli for lunch to be delivered.

T-Bone, meanwhile, turned on the TV and was pleased to find a Scaredy-Cat Cartoon on. He settled further into the comfortable couch and began to watch.

Feral went to the kitchen to get some sodas, ears pricking up at the sound of laughter. Puzzled, he returned to the living room to find his mate choking with mirth at something on the TV. He lobbed a soda to his mate who caught it deftly without really looking then sat down next to him.

He never watched much TV so was strangely captivated by the idiotic cartoon. His eyebrows rose when he was treated to T-Bone's loud guffaws. He found himself smiling at his mate's merriment more than the shows wacky nonsense.

The show was over by the time the doorbell rang with their lunch delivery. Feral stretched then got up to pay the delivery kat, closing the door behind him and carrying their meal to the coffee table. A news flash was just coming on when he sat back down. He rummaged in the bag as he listened, handing a sandwich to his mate then pulling one out for himself.

"Crud, I wonder what's going on now?" T-Bone grumbled as he accepted his sandwich from Feral.

"This is Ann Gora from Kat's Eye News and I'm standing in front of Enforcer Headquarters where we have been informed by Lt. Commander Steele that Commander Feral had called in absent for the day. We had wanted to interview him about his and T-Bone's new relationship but it seems the two are apparently spending time getting to know each other better. We'll try again tomorrow and keep you abreast of any new developments. For those of you unfamiliar with what's going on a quick recap is the news of Commander Feral's true species being revealed as a Sabren who had recently mated with the SWAT Kat known as T-Bone. This is Ann Gora reporting live for Kat's Eye News."

"Well, tomorrow should be fun," Feral said sarcastically, taking a bite of his sandwich.

"You want me to be there with you?" T-Bone asked eyeing his mate in concern. "Before you say no, remember they are going to try and interview me anyway."

"Hmm, you're right of course. I'll contact you when they want to talk to me," Feral sighed in unhappily agreement.

"Great! And speaking of contacting, I'll get Razor to whip up a special communicator for you to use that will be a private line between us only," T-Bone promised. "You done with lunch?" He

suddenly asked as he downed the last of his soda.

"Huh?...Uh yeah, I guess so," Feral muttered eyeing T-Bone questioningly as the tabby shut off the TV.

"Good, I want dessert!" He growled, pouncing on his mate and kissing him senseless.

For the next thirty minutes they made out on the couch. Feral panted with excitement at all the kissing and nipping T-Bone was doing to him. It felt soo good. Panting as well, T-Bone raised up and looked into Uly's glowing eyes seeing intense desire there.

"Come on, Uly, let's take this into the other room," He growled hotly, dragging his mate to his feet and pulling him into the bedroom. He laid burning kisses on Uly's face and throat as he pulled the Sabren's clothes off, Uly doing the same to him. Panting with desire, T-Bone shoved his mate sprawling to his back onto the bed and dropped down on top of him.

"Are you ready for me, kitten?" He rumbled deep in his throat as he probed his mate's vaginal opening. "Yep!" He crowed triumphantly as his fingers came away dripping. He plunged his steel hard cock into his mate without further preparation, swallowing the sudden cry of surprise from Uly's mouth with his own mouth in a burning kiss.

Feral's body jolted from the sudden joining. Fierce pleasure rushed through him as he wrapped his legs around the brawny tabby's body, drawing him deeper with each thrust. Meanwhile the wicked tabby's tongue was doing marvelous things to his mouth that had his head spinning.

T-Bone was obviously not interested in the scenic route right now as he pounded his mate hard and furious, chasing the fire he was building to its peak then feeling Uly's sheathe squeeze him at just the right moment to sent them hurtling over the edge together. A bright burst of light nearly blinded him as they climaxed then it vanished almost instantly, leaving its unmistakable presence in his retinas.

As he lay panting atop his mate, T-Bone blinked in surprise. "Will that always happen when you come?"

"Uh, will what always happen?" Feral mumbled dazedly, not having seen the glow because his eyes had been closed.

"You burst with light when you climax. I just wanted to know if it will happen every time we have sex?"

"I don't know since I've never had it happen before." Feral drawled lazily, totally unconcerned and enjoying his endorphin high far too much.

"Hmm, I wonder if it has to do with how strong an energy drawer you are because I read other Sabren, after their initial mating, don't glow hardly at all," T-Bone mused, thoughtfully.

"I really can't say." Feral murmured, now curious if T-Bone might be right but wasn't certain how they would test the theory.

The tabby suddenly grinned evilly. "Well, let's just do it again, shall we, and see if you go off like a sunburst again!" And so saying, he swooped down and captured his mate's mouth again, stealing Feral's breath away.

After a couple of hours of play, they discovered Feral did indeed flash briefly on each of his releases.

"Well we certainly know when you're coming!" T-Bone quipped, smirking.

"Ah, T-Bone that was just bad!" Feral groaned at the terrible pun.

T-Bone smacked his mate on the butt and climbed off the bed. Instead of being tired, he was invigorated and restless, he briefly wondered if it had to do with the energy Uly poured through him.

'Damn, I really need to get all these questions answered,' he thought in frustration.

"Come on! I'm feeling antsy being cooped up here. Let's go for a run," he urged his mate, grabbing his g-suit and pulling it on.

"Go for a run?" Feral stared at his mate from the bed in shock.

"Yeah, run! It will help you sleep better and clear your emotions a bit," T-Bone coaxed.

Feral shook his head but got up and went to his dresser to rummage through it for some sweats and a T-shirt. He dug out his tennis shoes and sat on the bed to put them on.

"Gotta pair I can wear?" T-Bone queried, since he didn't wear shoes in this outfit.

Feral returned to the closet and found a pair for him. T-Bone sat on the bed to put them on and found them to be only little big but tying the laces tight helped keep them on his feet.

"Know where we can go so we don't get mobbed by the press and the curious?" T-Bone questioned as he tied the last lace.

Feral paused a moment to think. "Hmm, well only place I can think of where we won't be bothered is the enforcer track," He said thoughtfully as he stood up.

"Huh! Well they do have to get used to us being together sooner or later. Sure why not," T-Bone agreed with a shrug. "Anyway, you'll be able to bring your hummer back as well."

"True!" Feral agreed as they left the apartment.

No one saw them as they walked to the elevator, took it down to the parking garage, and stepped out to walk toward T-Bone's covered bike. Pulling the cover off, he handed it over to Feral who put it back in his storage unit. He took the helmet T-Bone handed him as he got on behind the tabby.

They were soon zooming through the late afternoon city traffic easily. Within minutes, they arrived at Enforcer Headquarters where T-Bone parked his cyclotron beside Feral's hummer. Many eyes followed them as they walked side by side through the huge doors of the building and across the lobby to the bank of elevators. There was no one in the car with them as they ascended to the sixth floor gym.

There were only a handful of off duty enforcers in the gym at this hour, so they walked to the track undisturbed. After doing some stretching exercises to warm up, they began a steady ground eating lope easily keeping pace with each other.

By the time they went around the track five times, more off duty enforcers filled the room. Many eyes watched the odd pair as they swept around the track together. They did ten more laps before walking two laps to cool down. They finished and walked to a basket of clean towels, wiped down a bit, and grabbed some bottled water before walking through the gym for the exit.

"Glad to know you keep fit, Uly!" T-Bone teased his mate.

Feral snorted. "Glad you could keep up with me." 'Wonder what he'd think if he knew I could move faster than the eye could follow?' he mused, smirking to himself.

"Hah! I could out race you but I didn't want to. Felt nice to pace along beside you, seeing you sweat and smell your musky scent. Quite arousing!" The tabby said darkly, a smirk twisting his lips.

Feral felt his face heat yet again. "Wish you didn't do that to me!" He muttered, uncomfortably, as they reached the exit door.

"I like how you blush for me," T-Bone purred heatedly. They were forced to pause a moment at the suddenly opening door. The tabby chose that instant to pull the big tom's head closer to him and deposited a hot, passionate kiss on his mate's surprised mouth.

Lt Commander Steele was just walking in when he caught the SWAT Kat kissing Commander Feral. He stopped and gaped in shock.

Feral's face was blushing when his mate released him. T-Bone chuckled, slipping an arm in the big tom's and pulling him through the still open door, ignoring the shocked officer standing there as they swept past him.

"Now I think I've seen everything!" A major in the combat squadron commented still shaking his head in amazement as he came up alongside the still stunned Lieutenant Commander. "Who would have thought the Commander would be seen with a SWAT Kat much less be mated to one. It's still a shock to know the Commander isn't the same species as us at all. Did you know he was a Sabren, Steele?" He asked.

"Are you kidding? He kept that secret very well but this...this is just disturbing," Steele managed to blurt out.

"It might seem disturbing but you better be careful saying that out loud. He's a powerful Commander, the best we've ever had and from what I've heard an extremely powerful Sabren. I wouldn't want to get on his bad side by saying something derogatory about his mate," The major said warningly as he left the gym, leaving a pensive Steele chewing on that bit of wisdom.

Still linked arm and arm, Feral and T-Bone walked out of the building just as the evening shift was coming on which meant there were quite a few gawking enforcers around to see them leave.

Just as they reached his hummer, T-Bone finally released Feral who walked to his driver's door as his mate went to his cyclotron. Feral had just unlocked his door and was preparing to get in when someone called out his name. He paused and looked around. T-Bone had been putting on his helmet and he too paused, looking behind him at the origin of the voice.

Ms. Briggs was hurrying toward them from her car she'd just parked behind them

"Just a minute you two!" She hailed again as she quickly closed the gap between them.

"Yes Ms. Briggs?" Feral asked coming back around his vehicle to stand near T-Bone.

She stopped near them and stared at the two for a moment before she spoke. "I'm sure you know the press have been hounding the Mayor and I about the odd situation you are in. Though the Mayor had insisted you come in and make a statement, I was finally able to prevail upon him that adjustments had to be made between you and that you had a right to be left alone long enough to do that. Unfortunately, I won you only a day," she said, annoyed to be put in the middle of this mess but knowing it wasn't their fault. "So, have you been able to come to an accommodation? It seems you're getting along well so far...at least you're not hurling curses at each other," she said, making a small joke to ease the tense situation.

They glanced at each other for a moment then T-Bone said, "Well, it was rough at first but we've come to some agreements that should help us adjust. We also ironed out any difficulties that could cause problems between us and the enforcers. Please understand, Ms. Briggs, we only

intend to discuss that issue and nothing else with the press. Our personal problems are our own business and not the public's," T-Bone insisted quietly.

Feral was pleased T-Bone had said that but kept his face a blank mask as he added, "As he said, it hasn't been easy but we're as ready as we can be to meet the press and we'll do it together. Call me tomorrow with a time and I'm assuming it will be in the Mayor's press room?"

Callie gave a sigh of relief and commiseration, saying, "Yes it will be and I'm glad you were able to come to some peace between you. I completely understand about personal questions. However, you know as well as I do that the press doesn't always listen. I will make it plain to them that personal questions are off limits and that's the best I can do. At least the Mayor will be pleased you are willing to do this tomorrow. I'll call the press tonight and schedule the conference for first thing tomorrow morning. I'll see you both then." Nodding at them she turned away and headed back to her vehicle. They watched her pull into traffic and disappear.

"Well, I guess that took care of talking to Ms. Briggs," T-Bone said with a snort of mild amusement as he climbed aboard his bike. "I'm off to talk to Razor. Might as well get that done now before he gets too concerned. I'll probably have dinner with him too so don't wait up for me and get yourself something to eat as well. Try to stay calm and not think too hard about your problems. I won't be too late so don't lock me out," he told his mate then pulled the tom down to him and gave him a parting kiss. "See you later, Uly," he said, smiling as he put his helmet on then started his engine.

Feral stepped back and watched his mate swing his bike into traffic then he too disappeared. For a moment he suffered a spasm of anguish at his mate's departure. He grunted in surprise at that sensation, not happy to be that dependent on his mate for keeping the bad feelings at bay.

Firmly pushing those unfamiliar feelings aside, he realized since T-Bone was going to be busy elsewhere there was no reason for him to go home right now. He did miss a complete day of work and he had no doubt his desk was buried under paperwork.

Having made his decision, firmly convincing himself it wasn't because he didn't want to be alone, he relocked his hummer and walked back up the stairs to reenter headquarters. A couple of hours of solid work should catch him up rather quickly and he could order in some food as well.

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Chapter 7 by ulyferal

Chapter 7: A Gathering Storm

T-Bone raced back toward the salvage yard and home in ten minutes flat. Signaling the secret doors to open he drove into the hangar. Shutting off the cyclotron, he climbed off and dropped his helmet onto the seat. He went to his locker to change and was soon climbing the ladder toward the garage above.

He found his partner closing up shop. Staying silent, he joined him and together they shut the gate and locked the doors then went up to their apartment.

"Didn't know if I was going to see you at all today," Jake said quietly as he headed for the kitchen.

"Oh, I intended to stop by to talk to you, I just didn't know when that was going to be. Why don't we order some dinner and we'll talk, okay?" Chance asked his partner as he took the milk Jake had handed him.

"Alright...pizza okay?" Jake asked as he reached for the phone.

"Sure. Make mine with tuna topping," Chance answered easily then wandered into the living room.

A few minutes later, Jake joined him. They sat for a moment staring at each other then Chance sighed. Jake looked so uncomfortable.

"It's alright buddy, just start asking and I'll try to answer as best I can," Chance coaxed his friend.

"Though you told me on the phone that everything had gone okay, I still got the impression that it wasn't that easy, so why don't you tell me what really happened," Jake murmured quietly, settling back to listen.

"Well you saw how he reacted when we reached the plant and you heard what Callie said even though she didn't come right out and say what she meant. At least I had a forewarning that things might go bad beyond just the fact we hated each other. However, never would I have guessed just how complicated it was going to get in reality between Feral and me nor how dangerous," Chance began his tale.

"Yeah, what was with that? What did she mean by 'knowing how bad Feral felt about being mated'?" His partner interrupted, bothered by the statement and worried what it meant for his partner.

Chance shook his head and took a swallow of his milk. "I don't think even she was aware just how bad the 'problem' was," Chance made quote marks in the air when he said that. "I was the unfortunate one to discover how screwed up Feral's kittenhood had been. I tell you buddy, that tom needs a shrink badly! He truly thinks mating means becoming a slave and losing all his rights to his body."

Jake spewed the mouthful of milk he'd just drunk all over himself. "What?" He blurted in shock, dragging out his handkerchief and wiping himself off.

"You heard me! I was in just as much shock as you are now only I was the one stuck with an emotionally damaged Sabren whose energy load was through the roof. There was no time for me to try and get into his head and, anyway, he lost it completely when I pinned him to the bed."

Jake gave him confused look. "Say what?"

"Well, I had to do that! I couldn't get his attention. He completely ignored me and began this frantic pacing, like a runaway train. So to be able to talk to him, I had to yank him onto the bed and pin him there. However, I got a shock when he suddenly quit fighting me and broke down sobbing like a lost kitten. I tell you buddy, that just made me sick inside. I didn't know what to do to help him."

Jake could only gape at his friend then shook his head. "Then how did you manage to get him to mate with you? I know you did since I saw the evidence on the power grid and the fact you're sitting right here." he exclaimed, amazed his friend hadn't died.

Chance grimaced unhappily, "well..." suddenly the door bell rang. "Hold that thought while I get our dinner," he said quickly, jumping up and heading down to the garage then out to the gate for their food. Less than five minutes later, he returned with two pizza boxes which he plopped down on the table, quickly pulling one open and grabbing two huge pieces, beginning to eat them hungrily.

Jake reached over for his favorite one and did the same. After their hunger was assuaged a bit, Jake demanded, "Come on, Chance what happened next, I'm on pins and needles here."

Chance quickly chewed the bite he'd taken and went on with his harrowing tale. "Here's this huge tom, sobbing and curled in a tight ball on the bed. His body was so bright I really couldn't see him clearly anymore. The only thing I could do was what we were in there for...sex. So I went to him and began pulling his clothes off. I managed to get everything but his damn shirt and tee

off. He came out of it enough to cling to that like a kitten with his favorite blankie," he shook his head at the image still in his mind.

"Anyway, I let him keep that on and began a little seduction even though I could see we were running out of time. That's when I discovered the secret of what it means to be with a Sabren...by the way have you ever been with a Sabren?" Chance paused to ask his buddy.

Jake's eyebrows shot up at the sudden question. "Uh...no but that's because I've never met one until now. Why? What's so different about them besides the obvious?"

"That energy they throw off makes you horny as hell...or maybe that only happens with their mate...I don't know! I've never been so hard so quickly in my life. Even if my mind wasn't ready, my body was miles ahead and ready to go. That actually saved me some time because that energy didn't do the same for him. But as you saw by the power surge, I did succeed," the tabby said triumphantly, taking a healthy bite of his pizza.

"Huh! Well that's a handy trick alright. But how come you two took so long after that? I thought you'd just be another hour then leave to...you know... take it up again at home," Jake asked, curious.

"Unfortunately, that first orgasm was so powerful it pushed him into an early heat cycle," Chance said, shrugging.

"Whoops! Say no more," Jake said making a warding off gesture. "So did he settle down emotionally after that first time?"

The tabby sighed and shook his head. "Not really, it was a bit of a struggle for a little while longer but finally he went with it and relaxed. By the time we could finally stop, we were exhausted. I have never been that wrung out in so short a time just having sex. Those orgasms nearly turn you inside out, they are that powerful."

"I never heard anyone complain about a world turning orgasm before," Jake snorted in amusement.

"Oh yeah? Well you haven't been at the receiving end of something like that, but I'm not complaining. The multiple rides were incredible."

Jake chuckled at that then a more serious thought slid into his mind and the smile disappeared as he asked, "How do you feel about all this, Chance? You hated Feral but now you're mated to him. Has that messed with your mind?"

The tabby eyed his friend for a long moment as he thought about his answer. "You'd think it would, right? But this bonding thing ensures you feel how your mate feels. There are no secrets, emotionally, from each other. It's an indescribable feeling knowing I'm no longer alone...there's someone else always there in my mind sharing emotions, especially during sex. However, the down side is when one of us is feeling really bad then both feel it. Weird, huh?"

"I would say so. Though, I'm more concerned about how this will effect us as a team. Can you explain more about what this bond is like for you? Is it telepathic?" Jake asked in concern.

"No, not telepathic...uh...more empathic...if that's the right term. We can't actually see or hear what each other is doing but we can certainly feel what the other feels. Right now, Ulysses is severely conflicted...his emotions are all over the place and it hurts me by extension," Chance said seriously. "And the sad thing is, I'm afraid it's only going to get worse until he gets some help."

Frowning, Jake said, "I don't like this! If he's as ill as you say, it could seriously interfere with you and put us both at risk."

"I understand, Jake. If he has an episode of severe depression, I'll be so distracted it will put us both in danger, I get that, but, luckily, if you can call it that, I found I have some control over our problem. I can block him somewhat and am able to send soothing thoughts to him to help overcome his pain. However, I'm going to need some training on how I can make this blocking and helping technique stronger. Right now, I'm just fishing in the dark on what little information I know about Sabrens," Chance said seriously.

"Don't worry!" He said when he saw Jake's frown. "That's one of the first things I'm taking care of as soon as I can...finding an expert. I also insisted, during our discussions this morning, that he get immediate counseling," Chance assured his concerned friend.

"I'm glad to hear it and I hope he doesn't drag his feet on it and you're right, you need all the information you can get on these guys," Jake said with some relief. "And speaking of discussions, what did you guys decide about our SWAT Kat personas and does he know who we are?"

"No. I told him that wasn't my decision alone to make and he respected it. As for how we're going to be treated by the enforcers, the watch word is 'tolerate'," Chance smiled at that. "If we don't cross the line into true law breaking, Feral and his enforcers will not harass nor try to arrest us. However, there is one thing I had to agree to so his enforcers won't resent what he's having to do for the sake of his mate," he paused to finish his pizza and drink his milk down in one go.

"Oh, and what was that one thing?" Jake asked carefully.

"I'm permitted to be at his side at any time but you don't have the same privilege. What the enforcers must learn is my access to Feral is not negotiable. His biology demands his mate be able to reach his side at a moment's notice when he's used energy for whatever reason. I am the only one that can help him dump it and it must be done immediately. In Feral's case, he's far more powerful than any known Sabren alive today so his power levels are much higher and more dangerous," Chance said gravely then flashed a sudden smile.

"You know what's freaky? He actually glows after every orgasm and, from what little I know about the subject, that is not normal for the average Sabren. My mate is one of a kind. So if Ulysses needs me only I can blithely walk up to him anytime, anywhere including Enforcer Headquarters without being challenged."

"Oh, FYI buddy, I really didn't need to know that. Anyway, the stricture is okay with me and completely understandable though it will make responding a bit more challenging when we're needed as the SWAT Kats but nothing we can't handle. I take it you're going to need a comm device for him?" Jake asked.

Chance flashed him a grateful smile. He'd been afraid his friend might be upset at the stricture and was glad he wasn't. He was also pleased Jake had thought of the comm before he had to ask.

"Yeah, I do. I was going to ask you about that but like always, you're a step ahead of me."

"I try. So due to the bond, you and he are lovers instead of enemies?" Jake asked, finding this really hard to accept considering their long history of animosity.

"Yeah, though we're not 'in love' yet. Surprisingly, we do get along alright...so far. I doubt things will be all sweetness and light all the time but the bond will insure we can't hurt each other too badly nor leave the other for any reason except death. That much I can feel with certainty deep within me," Chance said thoughtfully.

"Wow! I don't know if that's really cool or creepy," Jake said, shaking his head.

"Huh! You should see it from my side of the fence," Chance snorted. "There are fringe benefits

though. Feral is really a great lay and I can get him to blush for me all the time," he snickered in very male amusement.

"Feral blush? You've got to be kidding," Jake snorted in disbelief.

"I kid you not! He's actually very shy about sex but I can make him a puddle of goo in an instant with just a kiss and he never says no," he chuckled at first but then his face slid into a pensive frown. "I just wish he could get over what his past has done to him. It's so painful to feel him in so much anguish and feeling lost."

"Then make sure he doesn't put off getting help for both our sakes," Jake warned quietly. "Now, how are we going to manage the garage if you have to nursemaid Feral until he's better?"

"Oh, sorry, I hadn't really had a chance to figure that out yet. I'm so wrapped up in his immediate problem..." Chance began, spreading his paws helplessly.

"I know. Fortunately, we aren't that busy but you know as well as I do how quickly that can change," his friend warned.

"Yeah, of course. Well, look...he and I are expected at a press conference tomorrow morning. I don't know the time yet because Callie is setting it up. When that's over, I should be able to let him go to work and I'll return here. At night and weekends, I'll be with him...at least until he's more stable. Will that work for you?"

"Okay, that's sound doable. I just hope no SWAT Kat emergency comes up," Jake said worriedly.

Chance sighed and said, "So do I. I'm not ashamed to say I feel a tad overwhelmed right this moment. But then my life has just been turned upside down and I really haven't had time to adjust to it yet."

Jake reached out and patted his friend's shoulder, comfortingly. "I know, buddy. I'm here if ever you need me...you know that!"

Chance gave his best friend a wane smile. "I know, thanks. Oh, there is one other thing or maybe two other things. Because of who and what Feral is, once his emotions aren't clouded by his current problem, his nose is going to recognize me the instant he encounters me in my civilian persona. The jig will be up and I want you to be prepared for that. There isn't anything I can do about it except to try and keep this side of me from him as long as I can."

Jake grimaced but said resignedly, "Honestly, I had forgotten about that. You know he should have picked up on us long since but it probably didn't occur to him however, now that you're mated, it soon will. I'll get used to it since I certainly don't have a choice anyway. Luckily, there's no way he'll do anything to me since it will hurt you. It will just be weird is all. You do know this will place Feral in an even worse position...knowing who the SWAT Kats are but being unable to do anything about it." He smirked a little at the thought.

"Huh! I hadn't realized that. That could put his career in jeopardy!" Chance exclaimed, not really amused by this as his friend was. "We'll just have to be very careful not to slip up in that direction. His career is everything to him."

Jake blinked in surprise and lost his smile. "I'm sorry, Chance, of course I'll do my part in protecting him from getting into trouble. I may not like him but he's your mate and I do care about what happens to you."

"Thanks. The other thing is, since he did go into heat, he's probably already pregnant. That's going to really send him over the edge, so I want you to be prepared for me having to do some major paw holding and emotion-controlling at that time. Hopefully, he'll have had enough therapy by the time he gets the news that he'll handle it okay...I hope."

"Why would being pregnant upset him that much?" Jake asked confused.

"Because the first kit is always another Sabren and the way he feels about mating it will just make him feel guilty to have brought another one into the world knowing what it faced," Chance said grimly.

"Ugh! That's just going to be ugly. Crud Chance, you really have your paws full," his friend said in commiseration.

"I'll get through it, I don't exactly have a choice," Chance sighed. "I better go pack a few things for my stay with him," he said, getting up from the couch and heading upstairs.

Jake could only watch his best friend leave, shaking his head at all the changes Chance had been forced to endure and the new relationship he would have to learn to get used to, himself included. It will be really weird having his partner so close to their once fiercest antagonist. Fate was really strange at times. Letting it go for now, Jake decided to go to his workshop and get a comm tuned for Feral's use.

Chance returned a short time later, dropping a bag onto the couch. He noted Jake's absence and guessed where he'd gone. He went down to their hangar and there was his friend holding two devices in his paws.

Jake turned when he heard Chance arrive. "Well here you go, buddy. I have a lot of these on hand since Callie is always having them broken and needing a replacement. All I had to do was change the frequency in this pair so now they are set for just you two," he explained, handing them over.

Chance took them and smiled at his friend, "Thanks Jake. This will set my mind at ease a bit when I'm not with him."

"You're welcome. You going to leave now?" Jake asked getting up from his work bench.

"Not yet! I'm betting Uly went back into his office and is working on reports so I'll stay and watch some TV with you for a little while longer," Chance said, putting the comms in his G-suit to take to Feral later.

The two headed back upstairs and turned on the TV.

While Chance was bringing his partner up to date, Feral was doing exactly what Chance had suspected, clearing reports that had accumulated during his absence. It kept his mind occupied and away from his emotional turmoil.

He'd been able to keep his anguish at bay by trying to get to know his new mate but that hadn't lasted long. Now as he worked at his desk, the emotions kept trying to disrupt his concentration.

'What is wrong with me? I've never had a problem handling my emotions before yet now I feel all my controls slipping from me like sand through a sieve. Something's very wrong but I don't know what it could be,' he thought worriedly.

Again he pushed the sudden wave of emotions that tried to swamp his weakening control to the back of his mind. Refocusing his attention, he was shocked to realize he was holding a report in his paws in a death grip and he was panting as if he'd run a marathon.

Forcing his paws to relax, he dropped the file and whirled his chair violently around until he faced the window and the gradually darkening sky. Forcing his mind to blankness, he concentrated only on breathing in and out slowly and deeply. He did this for over fifteen minutes until he felt in command of himself once more.

Turning slowly back to his desk, he refused to allow his mind to wander and focused on the work still waiting for him. Working diligently, he soon cleared his desk just as dusk fell completely.

He cleared the desk, putting work that still needed more information, in a locked drawer while picking up the rest of the files and taking them out to his secretary's desk. Returning to his office, he pulled his jacket off the coat rack and pulled it on. Turning out the lights, he stepped out of the room and locked it. His mind still carefully blank, he walked to the elevator and took it down to the main lobby.

He walked down the stairs to his hummer, unlocked the driver's door and climbed in. Soon he was pulling out and driving for home. Keeping one's mind blank takes hard work and he was very tired. Because of that, grief was trying to slip through his controls again. He gasped and shuddered, his paws gripping the steering wheel hard.

'No!' He cried loudly in his mind. 'No, I will not lose control...not now when others could be harmed,' he said over and over again, trying to breathe slowly and focus while attempting to get home as quickly as he could.

Back at the garage, T-Bone prepared to leave. He strapped his bag to the bike and was about to say goodbye to Jake when he froze.

"Uly! Take it easy, breathe through it, don't let it overwhelm you! I'm coming...hold on!" He called to the air, his mind instantly with his beleaguered mate.

Jake came to his friend's side and watched the anguished face in worried concern. He dared not disturb Chance as he struggled valiantly to help his distant mate.

In his hummer nearly half way home, Feral felt his mate's touch and he frantically reached out for it, allowing his mate to help him push the sorrow back yet again. Trembling, his eyes beginning to tear, he managed to keep control of his vehicle and make it to his parking garage then to his space where he put the vehicle in park. Returning his paws to the steering wheel, he didn't move while his hummer continued running.

Coming back to himself, his heart pounding in panic, T-Bone quickly started his cyclotron.

"T-Bone!" Jake shouted.

His face frantic with worry, T-Bone whipped his head around toward his partner, a questioning look on his face.

"What's wrong?"

"Uly, he's having a break down. I've managed to help him control it until he got home but I've got to get to him as fast as I can. Tonight is going to be bad, Jake!"

"Call me if you need me," Jake said anxiously.

"I will!" T-Bone promised, then turned his bike and roared out the exit. Soon he was racing through the city at a dangerous rate of speed, everything streaming by him in a blur, his mind totally focused on reaching Uly in time.

Sitting in his still running hummer, Feral rubbed his face and clung desperately to his tenuous connection to T-Bone. He held onto his emotions as if they were some heavily filled bowl teetering on a shelf that could fall at any moment if he turned his attention away. Peripherally, he could just sense his frantic mate hurrying to his side, sending a constant stream of warmth and encouragement that was spoiled by T-Bone's own fear and anxiety.

Somewhere in his mind, he felt hysterical laughter welling up at this incredibly ridiculous

situation. Of all the things fate could do to him, this was the height of hubris, the Chief Enforcer of this city, needing his former enemy to help him keep from losing his mind. If it wasn't so real, he'd think this whole thing was just a nightmare that he'd wake up from any minute now.

Suddenly, his door opened and a gentle finger caressed his cheek. He swallowed hard as a rush of relief poured through him making it easier to hold those deadly emotions at bay a little longer.

A warm voice spoke softly, carefully in his ear, "hey big guy, it's going to be alright, I promise. We'll get through this together. Breathe nice and slow."

Feral felt a large body lean against him while a familiar arm reached across his chest to turn off the engine and pull the key out of the ignition then undo his seatbelt. Suddenly, there was silence except for his loud breathing and the sound of his mate's light panting beside him.

That same arm withdrew then slid along his shoulders, the fingers gently pulling on him. "Come on love, turn yourself and get out of there. We need to get up to your apartment before anyone sees us," T-Bone urged.

Trembling a bit but much steadier than he'd been moments before, Feral kept a death grip on T-Bone's link to him and forcibly moved his body from his seat until he was standing beside his mate.

T-Bone closed the car door, set the security alarm then, taking Feral's paw in his own, he tugged the tom over to his cyclotron so he could set its security too. He wouldn't worry about covering it, no one could really tell it belonged to a SWAT Kat since no one ever got close enough to get a good look at them. Close up it simply looked like a souped up bike.

With that task done, T-Bone released Uly's wrist and wrapped his arm around the tom's waist instead and guided him toward the elevator. Luck was with them, they met no one on their way up nor when they walked down the hall to Feral's apartment.

Relieved, T-Bone searched his mate's pockets and found the apartment key. He quickly unlocked the door and hustled them both inside where he relocked the door. Finally out of view of everyone, he released his mate and quickly divested him of his coat, weapon, harness, and tie, placing them on a nearby chair, not wishing to take time to put any of it away right now.

He guided a nearly catatonic Feral to his bedroom and stripped both of them of their clothing. During the whole process, Feral made no sound and moved to his mate's whims like a rag doll. It was very disturbing to T-Bone. He prayed a hot shower would help because he didn't know what else to do and there was no time to call for help even if he knew who to call in the first place.

He tugged Uly toward the bathroom where he started the shower. The next few hours were not going to be fun. He hugged his mate closely as he waited for the water to get hot.

Feral felt detached from his emotions at the moment. It felt rather good, actually, and was much better than that heavy lost feeling laced with sharp stabs of pain that was his grief. He wished he could stay here until he gained some kind of control but in some far recess of his mind he knew this was only a lull before a very nasty storm.

As if that was a signal inside him, grief slipped through his numb mind making him whimper suddenly and his body to shake, his eyes were tightly closed but he could hear and feel his mate murmuring to him as he was pushed toward the shower. The next moment hot water streamed down his body, destroying his last tiny hold on his shield against his raging emotions.

T-Bone pressed his mate against the far wall then reached up and turned the shower head toward them. He wrapped his arms around the tom and held on, every now and then nuzzling and nipping the tom's neck, all the while he tried desperately to fill Uly's mind with soothing thoughts.

Uly's body began to shake and tremble harder as tears ran down his face. Sobs broke free next then roars of anguish came after with him pounding the shower walls to try and get rid of the soul destroying feelings he couldn't bear. Screams replaced the roaring as rage and grief conspired to rip him apart but all the while a warm voice continued to pour words of comfort over and over against the storm. He struggled to let it all go and just listen to that welcome voice, clinging to it like a life preserver.

T-Bone held onto his badly out of control mate while tears of sorrow poured down his own face at his own helplessness at being unable to do more for Uly. But he didn't give up as he poured every good thought and emotion he could into his struggling mate's mind. It terrified him and hurt like knives plunging into his own brain at all that anguish pouring into him from his mate. He didn't now how Uly was bearing it.

Just as the tabby thought he couldn't take anymore and was growing exhausted, the emotional storm finally began to abate. He heaved a sigh of relief, shuddering slightly as the water began to cool. Reaching out blindly to the side, he hurriedly turned off the faucets then tugged on his mate to leave the shower stall.

He managed to get the limp and exhausted tom under the dryers. He grabbed a towel and hurried the process by rubbing down the tom's lower body while his own fur dried, untended, due to it being short.

Finally dry, the tabby wrapped a steadying arm around his mate's waist and walked him to the huge bed. Using one hand, he yanked the bedding down then tucked Uly under the covers. Leaning down, he gently nuzzled the tired cheek.

Feral really looked like hell! It was shocking what an emotional storm of that magnitude could do to someone.

"Have you eaten at all tonight?" He asked quietly.

"No, I... my stomach was in knots," Ulysses whispered, his voice hoarse from the screaming.

"Let me see what you've got in the kitchen and I'll rustle something up. You can't sleep on an empty stomach. Rest but try not to go to sleep yet," T-Bone murmured then left for the kitchen.

Ulysses felt burned out and his throat was raw. He didn't want to think what might have happened if T-Bone hadn't been here with him. He shuddered and turned his mind quickly away from that direction and tried to keep it blank until his mate returned.

T-Bone found the makings for a tuna sandwich and some tomato soup. He also found some chamomile tea adding some honey and lemon to help soothe Uly's throat. Finding a tray, he loaded it up and carried it into the bedroom.

"Here you go," he said as he set the tray down then helped Uly to sit up. He placed the tray in front of the tom. "Here, drink some tea, it'll soothe your throat so you can eat," he encouraged, picking up the cup and holding it so the exhausted tom could drink it safely.

Feral sighed gratefully after drinking a healthy amount of the tea not resenting the tabby keeping hold of it as he knew he wasn't very steady. His throat did feel so much better afterwards.

Seeing Uly looking a little more alert, T-Bone set the cup down and thrust a sandwich into the tom's paw. "Okay eat up now. We both need our sleep after that session," he said with a wane smile, rubbing Uly's back in soothing circles.

Not arguing and realizing he was hungry, he ate the sandwich without complaint except he found he couldn't finish it, his emotions having played hell with his stomach.

"That's alright, at least your stomach isn't empty. Here finish the tea and we'll hit the hay," T-Bone said easily. When Feral had finished the tea, T-Bone set the tray out of the way then crawled under the covers with his mate.

Feral slid down until he was laying flat once more and sighed gratefully when he felt T-Bone press himself against his back then wrap one arm around his waist. He felt so very drained but at least it seemed the storm was over for now. He prayed it wouldn't return and allowed himself to fade away into deep slumber.

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Chapter 8 by ulyferal

Chapter 8: The Mind is a Fragile Thing

T-Bone woke first, which was unusual since he was never known to be an early riser. Concern for his mate had him waking to check on the dark tom.

Sometime during the night, Ulysses had rolled to face the tabby. T-Bone stared at the still ravaged visage. Sleep hadn't managed to erase the hell the tom had gone through the night before. Frowning in concern, he truly wished they could just stay here for the day. He had a very bad feeling about allowing Feral out anywhere until he was seen by a specialist.

Before he could make a decision it was taken from his paws by the ringing of the phone on the other side of Feral. The dark tom jerked awake, eyes staring in a rather panicked manner.

"Shuuu...easy, it's just the phone," T-Bone murmured to him, caressing his face and feeling the tom's heart race as he leaned over the big body and snagged the phone. He didn't dare answer it for fear of letting others know he was staying with the Commander in his apartment, so handed it to Ulysses.

Still shaking from his jangled nerves, Feral took the phone and growled into it, "Feral!"

"Commander?" Came a light feminine voice, questioningly.

"Oh, yes, Ms. Briggs, sorry, I just woke up," he apologized gruffly.

"Uh, that's alright. I was just calling to let you know the press conference is set for nine o'clock. That's in an hour. Are you two still going to show?" She asked in concern. Something about Feral's voice hadn't sounded right to her.

Feral rubbed his face. The last thing he wanted to do today was go to a press conference but the public was getting antsy and the Mayor was adamant they speak to the press as soon as possible.

"We'll be there Ms. Briggs, don't worry. Thanks for calling," he finally said.

"You're welcome, see you there," she acknowledged then hung up. She stared at her phone, uneasiness settling over her. She had a bad feeling things were not going to go well.

T-Bone echoed that sentiment in his next comment, "we really shouldn't do this today. You aren't really stable and don't try to lie since I can clearly feel you're not really altogether this morning," he warned quietly.

Feral sighed. He didn't need his mate to tell him that. He knew he was still very much wrung out from last night and certain he shouldn't go the press conference. His control was, at best, very tenuous and this could push him over the edge but he really didn't have a choice either.

"You know we don't have a choice but I agree, I'd rather not do this either," he said heavily,

pushing the bedding off himself and climbing to his feet.

T-Bone did the same and hurried to the dark tom's side as they headed for the shower.

In compensation for how rotten he felt they took a long shower with T-Bone gently but firmly giving his mate a soapy massage. He felt more loose and relaxed by the time they went down to his hummer and drove to city hall together.

Choosing to slip inside unnoticed, he and T-Bone opted for a rear entrance used by city employees and their elevator that got them to the Mayor's top floor. Here the halls were only moderately occupied by office workers who gawped at them as they passed.

Waiting for them outside the conference room was Sgt Fallon and Lt. Commander Steele. They both eyed the pair with differing expressions. The sergeant was worried and concerned while Steele barely hid his disgust at the sight of T-Bone.

Not saying anything to the pair, Feral opened the door and a wall of noise greeted them as they made their way to the podium. As per usual for something this exciting and unusual, the room was packed.

Shifting his shoulders, the only outward sign that he was uncomfortable and uneasy, Feral took his spot next to Ms. Briggs. T-Bone stood beside him with the sergeant and Steele taking up positions directly behind the pair.

Mayor Manx started the briefing by reiterating what had taken place the day before and it's results before allowing Feral to state what action he was taking to handle his obvious conflict of interest between the SWAT Kats and the enforcers and between T-Bone and himself.

Clearing his throat, Feral explained what he and T-Bone had discussed. "My mate and I have agreed to halt all hostilities between the enforcers and the SWAT Kats. Unless, they blatantly break the law and, that doesn't mean minor infractions and property damage, my forces will not harass or arrest them. Vigilantism is still wrong but not illegal, so if they don't break the law they will be tolerated," he told them uncompromisingly.

"As for T-Bone and I, because my need to dump energy is greater than my fellow Sabrens, my mate must have unlimited access to my person at all times, without exception or challenge. However, his partner Razor is not included in this agreement, except for emergencies which would be determined as they occur. As for anything else, that's private between him and I."

As soon as he ceased speaking the press hammered them with questions.

They fielded all questions with quiet ease. Any question that asked about their personal life was ignored, without exception. One reporter, however, simply wouldn't take no for an answer and persisted in asking very personal, obnoxious and rude questions.

Only a few of the other reporters echoed him but T-Bone and Feral steadfastly refused to answer or respond to his rude behavior. Finally, the guy asked a question everyone wanted the answer to and it brought the crowd to a silent halt as everyone waited to see if this would be answered.

"How can you legally remain the Chief Enforcer when your loyalties are going to be divided between your mate and your enforcers?" He demanded snidely.

During the whole press conference, Feral had managed to stay calm and keep his emotions contained but as time passed and a few reporters became more and more persistent, it began to get harder for him to retain his calm state.

This last question was the last straw! He felt cornered and harassed. The combination was lethal and broke through his fragile defenses allowing his fury and grief free rein. T-Bone only had a

moments warning when he felt Uly's emotions crash violently against his own.

He had been furious at the little weasel and wanted nothing more than to jump off the podium and smash the fool's face in but that would only bring the full wrath of the public down on them. He grit his teeth and remained as polite and remote as he could.

But when Uly's mind went ballistic, he reacted quickly and whirled around to shove his mate against the wall behind them, both paws going to his mate's face and staring into those now glowing, wild eyes. The big tom shoved against his mate and roared.

The tingling against the tabby's body warned him Uly was drawing energy to attack. Eyes wide with fear for the crowd's safety, he shouted over his shoulder.

"EVERYONE OUT OF HERE...NOW...RUN!"

The room had gone silent in stunned surprise when T-Bone suddenly shoved the Commander backward but when Feral roared and the SWAT Kat shouted for them to run, the air was instantly filled with screams, curses, and shouts of fear. Turning nearly as one, the pack of press charged to the exit, except for Ann Gora and her camera kat and Ms. Briggs. The Mayor had fled to his own office at the sound of the Sabren's roar, crying in terror.

Steele and Fallon were caught off guard by the sudden change from peaceful but noisy news conference to utter chaos with an out of control Sabren, that happened to be their boss and a mob of frightened Kats racing for the doors.

But their shock was gone in a second and their training took over. Jumping down from the podium, the two spread out and made sure everyone made it out the door. Steele, returned to force Ann Gora and Jonny to leave as well, shoving the door in their faces.

They hurried back to the tense scene on the podium. Ms. Briggs had opted to stay but had jumped down from the podium and moved a prudent distance from the pair.

"T-Bone do you need help?" Callie called to the brawny tabby whose back remained turned toward her.

"No, just go Ms. Briggs. Make sure no one comes in here," T-Bone gritted not taking his attention off his volatile mate.

Steele was reluctant but he had no idea what he could do to help his superior that his mate couldn't so he coaxed the deputy mayor to leave with him and Fallon. They went through the door to the mayor's offices. He ordered Fallon to go guard the other door and he would do the same here. Now all they could do was wait and see what would happen.

When he heard the door close, T-Bone nearly sagged in relief. Now all he had to do was defuse the energy his mate was building. Pouring a message of safety and peace in a steady stream, he hoped desperately that he could reach his mate's still sane mind somewhere in the chaos.

It hurt...a lot...fighting against the agony Uly was feeling but T-Bone didn't give up. Finally, a glimmer of sanity reached out to him but by that time Uly was glowing like a miniature sun.

Coaxing his mate, T-Bone pressed Ulysses to the carpeted floor of the podium, he unzipped the tom's pants and pulled them off to reveal Feral's furry butt. Releasing himself, he plunged in without preparation. It didn't take more than ten minutes to bring them both to painful orgasms, the room lighting up like a starburst.

For long minutes after, T-Bone lay draped over Feral's body while he recovered. When he could move, he raised up and tucked himself away then tugged his mate back to his paws and knees so he could pull his uniform pants back up. Getting him to his feet, however, was another matter.

"Come on Uly, you need to stand up," he pleaded softly as he pulled on the body but there was no response. He could yank Feral to his feet but would have difficulty holding him there by himself. His mate's head hung down, eyes closed, mind in complete shutdown. That more than anything scared T-Bone witless.

He reached up and tapped his helmet, "Razor!"

"Yeah, buddy! What's wrong?" Razor answered promptly.

"Uly's had a complete melt down! I've got to get him to a hospital. We should never have tried this especially after what happened last night. Get here on the double!"

"Gods! I'm sorry T-Bone, leaving now, be there in five!" His friend said, worry for his friend in his voice, before cutting the connection.

After reaching his partner, T-Bone left Uly where he was and hurried to the Mayor's door. Bursting in, he startled Steele and Manx. Steele jumped and pulled his weapon while his honor shrieked and hid under his desk.

When he realized who it was, Steele, put his weapon away and snarled, "Where's the Commander...what have you done to him?"

"Stuff it, Steele!" T-Bone hissed, angry and afraid for his mate. "My partner is rushing here with the Turbokat. I need to get Ulysses to the hospital as fast as I can...I..." he was forced to pause as he rubbed his aching temples. "Crud! He's in such an emotional mess, he's making me hurt on the rebound. Right now he's shut down and that hurts too!" He moaned. "I need help getting him to his feet. He won't stand up!"

Steele frowned in disbelief and hurried into the other room, spotting Feral's form behind the lectern still on his paws and knees, his shirt hanging out from his pants. He was shocked. Going up onto the podium, he approached the tom cautiously. Feral's face was hanging down. Steele squatted and tried to see his superior's face, what he saw made him swallow in fear, Feral looked like hell.

T-Bone quickly dropped down beside his mate and hugged him, murmuring words of comfort and trying to encourage him to stand.

Steele could only shake his head as he helped the SWAT Kat gently force the big tom to his feet by hooking their arms around Feral's and tugging upward. Finally, Feral rose to his feet but swayed, eyes still closed, face empty.

Steele released Feral but snatched at him again when the tom swayed dangerously, tugging the SWAT Kat nearly off his feet. Feral's eyes snapped open but the glassy look made Steele's heart sink. The SWAT Kat had not been exaggerating, his superior was really sick.

T-Bone reached his free paw up and gently tapped his mate's face while sending waves of good feelings but the response he got was a barely heard moan and twitch of facial muscles.

"Uly?" He pleaded softly.

For just a second, Feral's eyes seemed to see him but the stare was a flat, dead one. "I don't want to fight anymore. Let me go," he whispered thickly, no emotion in his voice.

A thrill of fear raced down T-Bone's spine. His mate was asking to be allowed to die. Noooo! It would mean his death as well. But more than that, he didn't want this thing they'd begun to be destroyed and if there was a kitten...oh god!

"Uly, no please, it's okay, we'll find out what's wrong and get you help. Don't give up! Please

love!" He pleaded anxiously, caressing the exhausted cheek, tears of his own soaking his mask.

Uly's expression remained blank and he continued to sway on his feet while those around them looked on in horror by what was said by the pair.

Manx had joined them and paled when he realized what Feral meant by that statement. "What's wrong with him?" he asked in a hushed voice. "Is he crazy?"

"That's what I want to know," Steele muttered, uncomfortable and scared by Feral's strange behavior.

T-Bone swallowed. "He's...there's something wrong with his emotional controls...ever since we mated, he's been unable to cope and suffered a break down last night. I knew we shouldn't have attempted this meeting..." he choked, tears making it hard for him to speak.

Callie came to his side and gently rubbed his back trying to offer comfort to the obviously anguished SWAT Kat. "I'm sorry T-Bone, hopefully the doctors can find out what's wrong and help him get better," she said, staring at Feral worriedly. It sent a shiver down her spine to see the Commander like this.

Swallowing again, T-Bone reached up and tapped his helmet radio. "Razor, where are you?"

"Just arriving buddy! Need help?" Razor's voice came quickly to his grateful ear.

"Yes, Mayor's conference room, hurry!" T-Bone begged him.

"Roger. Be right there." Razor said anxiously, not liking the near panic in his partner's voice..

"T-Bone, keep us informed of Commander Feral's condition please." Callie requested quietly.

"Yes we need to know how long he's going to be out of commission. The press is going to have a field day with this, Callie." Mayor Manx said in concern.

"I'll take care of them, Mayor. I'm more concerned with Commander Feral's welfare right now," Callie said angrily at the Mayor's self-serving callousness.

He jerked back and cringed at her unexpected anger.

"I'll let you know as soon as I can," T-Bone promised distractedly, sighing in relief when his partner burst into the room from the direction of the Mayor's office. He'd seen the press hovering around the hall and chose this entry point instead.

Razor hurried up and took Steele's place holding Feral up on his feet. One look into that flat expression shocked the smaller SWAT Kat. This was no simple break down he was thinking.

"T-Bone! There's press all over the hall, I managed to slip by them but that's not going to work going back to the roof stairs," he said hurriedly.

Grimacing, T-Bone dithered. His head was nearly exploding from the pressure it was under from his mate. Before he or Razor could come up with a solution, Steele surprised them and stepped forward.

"I'll get them out of here, just wait about five minutes, okay?" He asked, concerned whether the Commander could wait that long.

"Alright, as fast as you can please, he's not holding together well!" T-Bone said, relieved and surprised by Steele's initiative.

Steele just nodded and ran for the doors Sgt Fallon was guarding. He pushed outside and soon

they heard his voice shouting at the crowd to leave the building now. It seemed to take forever but in reality it was only the promised five minutes before Steele hurried back in.

"The way's clear!" He said quickly, holding the door for them.

T-Bone and Razor pulled Feral along as fast as they could get the tom to move. It was a slow, painful procession that walked out the conference room, down the hall and up the stairs to where the Turbokat was parked.

Razor signaled the cargo doors to open and they coaxed the Commander up the ramp and into a seat. T-Bone took the seat next to his mate and hugged his body close as the doors sealed again and Razor took the pilot's position.

The jet raised straight up then moved forward quickly, Razor understanding the need to get them to the hospital as quick as he could.

'It feels strange being a passenger,' T-Bone thought inanely, pressing his head to his mate's shoulder.

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Chapter 9 by ulyferal

Chapter 9: Meltdown

"Calling M.T.C this is the SWAT Kats with an emergency," Razor radioed the Trauma Center.

"Roger SWAT Kats! What is the nature of your emergency, over?" Came the efficient voice of the on duty medic.

"We have a Sabren in severe emotional distress. His mate is with him. Patient is Commander Feral, over!" Razor responded.

"Roger, Trauma 1 acknowledges! What's your ETA, over?" The medic said briskly.

"Two minutes, clear," Razor said as he landed the Turbokat onto the hospital chopper pad.

As soon as he shut engines, a medical team with a gurney rushed to the rear of the jet and waited as Razor lowered the ramp. T-Bone nodded at the team as they rolled the gurney up the ramp and moved to his side.

"I'm his mate. He's been suffering lack of control over his emotions and has had two major break downs. One last night and just fifteen minutes ago," he said tightly, his face showing how much pain he was enduring from his mate's mental condition. "He's not communicating at all."

"Right! We'll look him over inside and you as well. Fortunately, we have a Sabren physician on duty right now and he's been called." The trauma doctor said calmly.

He quietly directed his team to lift Feral to the gurney then led the way through the ER doors with T-Bone walking close beside the gurney and Razor following from the rear. As they entered the trauma bay, they were met by a powerful looking tabby Sabren.

"I'm Dr. Kenton, the Sabren physician on call. We need to take Commander Feral to the secure room where we treat Sabrens. Please follow me." He said as he led the way down a corridor to a pair of heavily reinforced doors. When the SWAT Kats went into the room, they saw it was fully equipped and much the same as an ordinary trauma bay except for having reinforced walls of some kind of absorbent material similar to what was used at power plants and rubberized flooring.

Razor stayed near the door and out of the way as Dr. Kenton began his examination of Feral and insisted T-Bone sit on a second gurney nearby. Other medical personnel gently stripped the Commander of his clothes and put on hospital p.j.s. While he checked Feral over, the doctor quietly asked T-Bone many questions concerning their mating and the incidents of loss of control.

"It wasn't a mutual decision to mate but a forced one due to his harboring a dangerous level of energy. In the chamber he went to pieces and wanted to die rather than mate. Apparently, from what I was able to get him to tell me, he thought mating would make him a slave. I did what I could for him to make the mating as easy as possible. However, not too soon after, when we went to his home, he began to have control issues. I don't really understand why. Not really being familiar with Sabrens, I did my best to try and soothe him by sending good feelings over our bond. It seemed to help somewhat but by the next evening he was crashing.

We had a horrible session of pain, grief, and anger that nearly ripped us both apart. He wasn't looking to great by morning despite sleeping through the night. Unfortunately, the press conference broke through his hard won control and sent him off the deep end again only this time he didn't come back all the way and all I could get from him before he completely shut down was he wanted to die," T-Bone briefed him. "Doc, I've gotta say I'm scared and hurting! I don't know enough to help him and I hate it!"

"What are you feeling from him right this minute, T-Bone?" Dr. Kenton asked gently.

T-Bone rolled his shoulders uncomfortably and winced as a sharp pain stabbed through his brain. "Uh, pain, emptiness, and despair!"

Kenton nodded gravely. "You are right to be concerned. His feelings of being trapped and thinking he is a slave, is, unfortunately, something I've heard before from maladjusted Sabrens whose mother's were also unhappy and uneducated on their biology. We'll deal with that issue later. For now, it appears Commander Feral is suffering a psychotic break with reality. We have to shock him back to reality and it won't be kind. Anti-psychotic drugs are not well accepted by Sabren biology but we've not been able to find a more suitable substitute. So this is not going to be pleasant for either of you," he told T-Bone then went to one of the nurses standing by and ordered a couple of medications.

"I understand, doc. Just do what you have to," T-Bone muttered as he huddled miserably on the gurney and stared at his mate's face. It was disturbing to see those eyes staring at the ceiling blankly.

The nurse returned and handed the doctor a pair of hypos. The first one he turned and gestured to T-Bone.

"This will ease the pain you're having and allow you to be able to continue helping your mate," he said. T-Bone blinked at him a moment, his brain in so much pain it was getting harder for him to understand what was being said. Razor came over and gently rolled his partner's sleeve up allowing Kenton to give the injection. It worked quickly and T-Bone sighed in relief, his headache easing significantly. Also relieved, Razor moved back to the door to stay out of the way.

"Good! I'm glad you feel better, now come stand by your mate before I inject him," Kenton said.

T-Bone slid off the bed and moved to his mate's side. A pair of nurses help lift Feral to a seated position. When everyone was ready, Kenton injected Feral in his right arm. Another nurse brought over a basin and gave it to T-Bone. "Here, you might want to hold this...the drug works very quickly," she warned.

T-Bone moved the basin in front of Ulysses' face and watched as his mate's eyes widened abruptly then the big tom lurched forward and began heaving. T-Bone held the basin firmly and waited grimly while his mate heaved his guts up. It seemed to go on a long time but finally it

eased off. A nurse brought a cup of water and took the basin from T-Bone.

"Here Uly, rinse out your mouth then drink," T-Bone instructed, using another basin he was handed. Feral blinked sweat from his eyes and shakily took the cup, took a mouthful and spit it out then drank the rest. The nurse took the cup and basin while T-Bone hugged his mate.

Feral was panting and looked miserable but alert and aware once more. "Kat's Alive! Just shoot me why don't you!" He moaned hoarsely, hanging his head in misery.

"I'm sorry Uly but it was the only way to snap you out of that deep funk you'd fallen into," T-Bone commiserated with his sick mate.

Feral leaned his head into T-Bone's shoulder and muttered, "I'm sorry to have been so much trouble for you."

"It's not your fault."

They were silent for a moment while Feral tried to recover.

"Seems weird!" He muttered finally.

"What does?"

"I've never apologized to you for anything over the years and now I've said I'm sorry several times over the last forty-eight hours," he sighed, pensively.

"So you have, but this is for an entirely different reason and I'm your mate so think nothing of it," T-Bone assured him, soothingly as he caressed the tom's back.

Dr. Kenton watched and listened to the interplay between the pair and was pleased to see that the two's bonding hadn't been damaged by what they'd endured. It would make treating the Commander that much easier.

"Hello, Commander. I'm Dr. Kenton. Glad to see you are with us again. I want to admit you to our psych ward for little while and have a Sabren therapist have a chat with you. I understand you've succeeded in keeping your freedom a very long time so mating now had to be very difficult for you. It's really not that bad being bonded and you have been very fortunate to have an extremely caring mate even though you were antagonists before that happened. Let's see if we can help you adjust to your new status and ease your grief a bit. Will that be okay with you?" He asked warmly.

Feral eyed the doctor warily but nodded slowly in agreement. T-Bone hugged his mate tighter in relief. This was what he'd wanted for Ulysses and now he was going to get it. He just wished it could have been more voluntary.

"Doctor, I don't think my difficulties with being mated is why I'm having problems with controlling my emotions. I can feel something is wrong but I can't tell what it is," Feral said slowly.

Dr. Kenton frowned and rubbed his chin. "Hmm, might be a metabolic problem. I'll order some tests run to see what's going on. You may be right and this is not a psychological problem but a physical one. Though, you are in need of counseling, there's no question of that but if you're having additional problems with your biology then we need to fix it quickly," he said thoughtfully.

Feral nodded in relief. He hated counseling but he had promised but this other problem had him scared and he wanted an answer to it quickly.

"T-Bone, I'm sorry but you need to remain here as the Commander is going to need you during this initial round of diagnostic tests and he'll begin to receive some counseling as well. He's not

safe alone without you since he will become upset during the therapy sessions. I know this will be inconvenient for you and I sincerely hope your services for the city won't be needed during this time," Kenton said, understanding the position this put the SWAT Kat in.

"Yeah, it's a bit of a problem but Razor will do the best he can and, yeah, I hope the omegas stay quiet for a little while too, with both of us gone," T-Bone said, understanding the need but feeling guilty nonetheless as he gave his partner a look of apology.

"Don't worry about it, T-Bone. I'll hold down the fort till you get back. You just focus on your mate. I'll leave now. Anything you want me to bring you two?" Razor asked as he reassured his partner.

"No not right now, Razor, thanks. I'll contact you if I do," T-Bone said gratefully, bidding his partner goodbye.

Razor slipped out and the doctor gave orders for Feral's transfer to the psych ward. T-Bone stepped out of the way as they prepared his mate for the move. He took a moment to call Ms. Briggs to bring her up to date then followed the gurney on it's journey upstairs.

Twenty-four hours later, after all the tests then his first therapy session, Feral went into melt down again. T-Bone was beginning to think he was never going to rid himself of the constant headaches caused by his mate's grief and pain. But what was more frightening were the increasingly downward spiral of emotional breakdowns that left Ulysses losing ground with reality more and more.

After another twelve hours, Ulysses was no longer communicating with anyone, not even his mate which caused T-Bone agony of mind and spirit. Dr. Kenton brought him the news that Feral was suffering some kind of energy reversal. Meaning his power was eating him alive and they didn't know how to stop it.

While the doctors scrambled to find a cure for Feral's condition, T-Bone was left exhausted from trying to deal with his nearly psychotic mate. Uly had to be kept doped up to keep him calm. Only T-Bone's presence helped Uly cling to what little sanity he still had left. It meant the tabby couldn't leave his mate's side and it was beginning to wear on him.

So he didn't need what happened next. Dr. Viper apparently was looking for an experimental drug being used in a test program by the Psychiatric Department of the hospital for helping schizophrenics. He wanted the formula for plans of his own.

To that end, he had his mutations cause a riot among the unstable patients in the psych wing, sending patients and medical staff running everywhere in terror. Under cover of the chaos, Viper slipped in.

T-Bone had heard the screams outside the secured room Feral was being kept in and went out to investigate. He was immediately set upon by two of Viper's horrors. He fought hard but was eventually thrown against a wall, knocking him unconscious.

Despite his condition and being doped to the gills, Feral sensed his mate's fear then the sudden blankness through their bond. Terror ripped through him! He tore free of the restraints that tied him to his bed, stumbled to his feet then charged his room door, tearing it off its hinges. Nearly falling out into the corridor he paused a moment to stare blearily at the bedlam going on around him.

Seconds later, he spotted his unconscious mate slumped against the far wall. Roaring in anguished fury he raised his fists into the air and began to draw energy as he ran to his mate's side.

Viper made the mistake of coming out of a far room at that very moment attracting the attention of the crazed Sabren. Giving a roar of fury and beginning a charge down the hallway, Feral bore

down on the mutant. Shocked at the sight of a glowing Commander, Viper sent a cadre of his plant creatures to either kill or at least stop the insane Sabren from catching him while he made his escape.

However, his creatures were no match for an out of control Sabren as Feral gathered energy and incinerated the plant things with little effort. After clearing a path, Feral was totally focused on one thing...getting Viper as he barreled down the hall.

Having seen the mad look in Feral's eyes and watching his creatures get barbequed, Viper made the smart move and ran. Unfortunately for him, he chose a dead end hallway to run down. With no where to go he desperately tried to make himself a smaller target when the Sabren came charging toward him.

Back down the corridor they'd left, T-Bone was groggily regaining consciousness. He sat up and rubbed his aching head which was also ringing from an overload of emotions from his mate. He quickly looked toward Feral's room and saw the door blown out. He heard a shriek down the corridor and staggered to his feet to run in that direction.

When he arrived, he found his mate firing energy bursts at Viper who was barely able to duck the blasts as he ran from side to side where he was trapped in a dead end corridor. As much as he hated that lizard, T-Bone couldn't let Uly just kill him. He raced up to his mate and wrapped himself around him.

Feral snarled and started to turn his attention to this new attacker but a quick sniff and some part of his mind still recognized his mate. The anger and fury blew out of him like a candle much to T-Bone's startled surprise. What shocked him more was Feral was acting like a kitten as the big tom turned in the tabby's arms and buried his head in his shoulder, beginning to whimper, his need and desire to be comforted obvious.

Confused, T-Bone could only pat and rub the big body pressed against him, speaking soothing words while he did so, "it's alright love...I'm okay...take it easy now." He kept his eye on the still huddled Viper who watched them curiously. The mutant made no move to try and get past the pair. He'd already figured out what Feral was and knew better than to try and slip by the powerful Sabren.

"Don't like it here! Take home?" Feral suddenly pleaded in a childlike voice.

Horrified, T-Bone stared at his mate's head in shock. Feral looked up at him, eyes filled with tears. What the hell was going on? What was happening to Uly's mind?

"Oh God! Uly please come back to me. I can't bear this anymore." T-Bone cried in anguish, shock being replaced with grief at the possible loss of his mate's mind.

Viper spoke up cautiously. "I would venture to guesssss, SSSWAT Kat, that your SSSabren mate'ss power has turned on him warping hissss mind."

T-Bone jerked his attention to Viper in shock. "How do you know that? The doctors have only just realized that could be his problem," he demanded, suspiciously.

"I can guesssss and I have sssseen sssomething like it before," Viper assured him. "I might be able to help him."

"Why would you want to do that? You obviously want something for yourself," T-Bone snarled, furious but not able to stop the hope flaring through him. But to allow a known criminal to help find a cure was very disturbing.

"Of coursse I want ssssomething. My freedom, naturally. I help the pitiful doctorsss heal Feral and you let me go," Viper said coldly.

"How can I trust you not to kill my mate?" T-Bone growled, hating himself for bargaining with this piece of crud.

"You can't! But ass I ssssee it, you have no choice. Either you let me help or your mate continuesss to deteriorate into mindlessssnesss and will have to be desstroyed due to hisss inability to control hisss energy any longer," Viper said callously, it mattered little to him if Feral died or not, all he wanted was his freedom.

"You vicious..." the tabby began to snarl but cut himself off. He really didn't have a choice. Though crazy, there was no doubt Viper was a genius. If anyone could find a cure it would be him and if Uly continued to deteriorate at this rate, he would be mindless before another day went by. Cursing violently he snapped, "fine, you have a deal. Just wait there while I call for help. Uly may be out of it but he's still fast."

"I'm not sssstupid, SSSWAT Kat. Jusst never knew the fool enforcer was a SSSabren." Viper snorted, relaxing against the wall, the picture of innocense.

Scowling, T-Bone tapped his helmet and called Razor. His partner responded quickly and after a brief conversation said he would be there right away. While he waited, the hospital staff had regained control and peace reigned once more on the floor. Dr. Kenton strode down the corridor toward them. He eyed Viper warily as he came abreast of the couple still blocking the hall.

"How is he, T-Bone?" He asked as he examined Feral the best he could with the Sabren wrapped tightly around his mate.

"It's bad doc. Uly has somehow regressed to the mind of a kitten. Viper has corroborated what you were thinking, that Ulysses' energy has turned on him and says he thinks he can help cure him," he explained unhappily.

"Really...I'm sorry to say we are no closer to finding a cure though we haven't given up. Are you sure you're willing to trust him to find the cure?" Kenton asked, worriedly.

"No, I don't trust him but I suspect Uly hasn't got much time," T-Bone said reluctantly.

Dr. Kenton grimaced, "unfortunately, I'm afraid you are right. His mind is deteriorating faster than we predicted."

"Then we have no choice. For his freedom, Viper is willing to help you develop a cure."

Very unhappy, Dr. Kenton eyed Viper warily, a questioning look on his face.

"I've ssssseen sssomething sssimilar and have an idea how to cure it but I will need the use of the Bio Tech Labsss and Dr. Konway to come up with it," Viper answered his unspoken question.

Biting his lip in consternation, Kenton turned his attention back to T-Bone, "Fine, we need to do this quickly. How do you plan on keeping him a prisoner and getting to the labs?"

"I've called Razor. He's on the way. Viper will have to submit to being restrained and we will go to the labs in the Turbokat. Maybe you should contact Dr. Konway to forewarn him about this and what will be needed?" T-Bone suggested.

"I'll get right on it and Feral will have to be sedated for the flight. We can't have him panicking. I'll be right back when I've gathered what I need and called Dr. Konway," he said as he turned and quickly left back down the hall.

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Chapter 10 by ulyferal

Chapter 10: Viper Develops a Cure

Twenty minutes later, Dr. Kenton was ready to leave, Razor had arrived, and the only problem they were faced with was trying to get Feral to allow a shot to be given. He was resisting like any three year old would.

T-Bone had escorted his mate back to his room to wait while Razor guarded Viper with two of the hospital's security guards. Viper hissed but submitted to being handcuffed.

Now T-Bone was doing his best to try and coax his mate to allow Dr. Kenton to inject him.

"Nooooo!" The big tom wailed, holding his arms tightly to his body and backing away.

"Come on, love...it's to help you...please..." the tabby wheedled but to no avail. Sighing in dismay, he looked over at the doctor.

"Why don't we wait until we get to the labs, it might be easier to get him to do it then."

Dr. Kenton sighed as well. "Fine, no point in upsetting him any more than necessary. We'd better get going," he said resignedly.

T-Bone nodded then turned back to his mate. "Okay, no shot right now. Let's go for a ride on my jet. Would you like that?" He asked, feeling strange and awkward talking kitten talk to a grown tom.

"Yeah, go ride!" Feral cheered, clapping his paws and allowing T-Bone to wrap an arm around him and lead him out.

Only ten minutes later, the odd looking group was winging its way to the Bio Tech Labs with T-Bone again forced to ride in the cargo hold with Feral who was excited and a little afraid as he clung to his mate.

Viper was harnessed to his seat and the hospital guards went along to watch him for the SWAT Kats. When they arrived at Enforcer Headquarters, Steele and Sgt Fallon met them. They were shocked by Feral's new behavior and pleased to see Dr. Viper but extremely unhappy to learn they couldn't just lock him up.

"You're going to allow him to do what?" Steele shouted, shocked.

"He's deteriorating too fast and Viper is his only chance to recover or do you want to be the one that puts him down once his memory is completely gone?" T-Bone shouted back, his face a mask of anguish sorrow and worry.

Steele shut up instantly, horror on his face as he realized just how precarious his superior's condition was and what would have to happen if they failed to save him. He really looked at the SWAT Kat for the first time and could see the toll this was taking on him as well.

"No, I don't but I don't like this," he said, in a more subdued fashion.

"I know, neither do I," T-Bone responded resignedly.

Nothing more was said as Steele and Fallon took over guard duty with Razor for Viper, releasing the hospital guards to go back to work. The group received concerned and unhappy looks from all the enforcers they passed as they made for the labs.

Dr. Conway had quickly set a work space up, contacted some technicians to assist and set up a secure room for Feral with a bed.

After brief introductions between doctors, Conway led them to the room where Feral and T-Bone would stay while they waited. Razor, Steele, Fallon and their prisoner, Viper, waited in the main lab.

Now it was time for the dark tom to be sedated, it would be easier for all but especially for the tom that he be asleep during the long process of finding a cure. But when Dr. Kenton prepared the injection and attempted to administer it, they met with the same resistance as before.

"Don't want! Can't make me!" Feral sulked trying to pull away when Dr. Kenton approached with the needle.

"It's alright. It will make you feel better, I promise. Please do it for me...hmmm?" T-Bone coaxed his mate gently nuzzling his face.

"Nooo...don' like needles!" Feral whined pitifully burying his face in his mate's chest.

"I know. Nobody does but you won't feel anything but a sting. Come on sugar!" T-Bone pleaded softly his heart tight at how far his mate's mind had gone.

Dr. Conway fought to hide the horror he felt at his Commander's behavior. He'd been told only the bare bones of what was wrong but being faced with the actual thing was a shock. The clock was racing and they had very little time to save the dark tom. He watched worriedly as they coaxed the reluctant Commander to accept the shot, anxious to get started on a cure before it was too late.

After several more minutes of pleading, Feral finally submitted and was soon sleeping peacefully. Sighing gratefully, T-Bone exhausted as well, decided to use the time trying to get some rest rather than stew and pace waiting for the cure to be made.

Relieved to be getting started at last, Conway hustled Dr. Kenton off to a lab area he had prepared. Razor followed with Viper as Steele and Fallon kept guard near the exit. The odd group got to work immediately.

Surprisingly, Viper went to work without any arguments or snide remarks. The others treated him like a fellow scientist and things moved along rapidly. As they determined what he was doing, Kenton and Conway willingly let Viper lead the way in the research needed and conducted the experiments themselves letting their assistants to the scut work so things moved along quicker.

It took some three hours but finally a weird blue colored fluid had been produced and put in a needle to be injected into Feral. The doctor's were still reluctant to have anything to do with something a criminal mind had come up with but it had been tested as best as they could in such a short time and there really wasn't any choice about using it.

The three made for the room their patient was sleeping in. T-Bone woke immediately and watched them approach. Dr. Kenton was holding the injector filled with an odd blue liquid.

"That's it?" He asked anxiously, eyeing it with trepidation.

"Yes. At least we hope so. Unfortunately, there is no time to test it further to be sure. The Commander can't wait any longer," Dr. Kenton said sadly.

"I will warn you. It isss not going to be painlesssss. The serum will reverssse his energy and hopefully resstore it to itsss correct configuration within hiss body but it will hurt...a lot!" Viper warned bluntly.

"Ah Crud! He's suffered soo much already!" T-Bone exclaimed disheartened.

"No choice. It isss the only way!" Dr. Viper hissed.

"Damn! Well do it quickly and I'll do my best to help him. You probably should all leave as soon as you give it. No telling how he'll react," T-Bone sighed as he looked down at his still peacefully sleeping mate.

"We know, that's why I picked this room. It's insulated and we'll seal you in," Dr. Conway told him quietly.

With nothing left to do, Dr. Kenton reached for Feral's arm and injected the solution then the three quickly left the room. The door was sealed behind them.

Everyone quickly left and went to the security screen that was linked to a camera in the room so they could observe what would happen. Steele and Fallon joined the group at the screen. For security sake, Razor latched Viper to a nearby pipe so he couldn't escape while everyone's attention was on the screen. Viper didn't complain as he was interested in seeing the results of his work.

In the room, nothing seemed to happen for some minutes, then suddenly Feral's eyes widened as he woke abruptly then he was airborne as he launched himself from the bed to a nearby wall where he began to try and claw his way out, screaming the whole time.

Shocked and surprised, T-Bone flew to his mate's side and tried to help him as best he could even though pain roared through him as well. Both tom's faces reflected the agony they were enduring.

Razor moaned softly, wishing more than anything to be able to help his friend but all he could do was watch in horror.

Viper took a perverse glee in seeing the pain on the two's faces but was smart enough to hide his mirth.

Konway turned his face away as did Sgt Fallon, though the latter didn't take his eyes off the prisoner. Dr. Kenton watched, his face grave as he prayed for their agony to be short. Steele couldn't look away, it was like watching a train about to smack into another and there was nothing you could do but watch it happen.

But all too soon, Feral's body began to glow far too brightly for anyone to watch. The technician was forced to close the screen or risk burnout. Now all anyone could do was wait and hope the two walked out of the room alive.

Inside, T-Bone screamed, echoing his mate's roars of agony. His eyes were watering from the brightness that got through his closed eyelids and mask. He could feel the energies rising higher and higher and it was a race to see if they would die before his energy flow was restored.

Then suddenly, Ulysses stopped screaming and slid, exhausted to the floor with T-Bone clinging to him. Both lay there panting for air, while Feral's energy ran like stinging ants over T-Bone's body.

Groaning, he knew he had to take Uly now despite how out of it they both were. Moving a body that felt like lead, T-Bone reached around his mate's waist and grasped his hospital pj's, pulling them down along with his boxers. Feral groaned as his mate moved and pulled his body into a position for a quick mating.

Getting Uly up on his knees took some doing but the tabby finally managed it then pulled himself out of his g-suit, reared up over his mate's back and plunged in. They moaned in unison as T-Bone seated himself completely within Uly's hot channel. Wasting no more precious time, he set a fast, hard rhythm bringing them to a violent orgasm with the energy rolling off them in waves. T-Bone buried his face in his mate's neck fur when they reached orgasm to spare his eyes from the

sunburst that filled the room.

They lay completely spent for some minutes then Feral let out a deep sigh and turned his head toward his mate who was laying splayed out with his head tucked against Uly's neck and shoulder.

T-Bone felt his mate move so opened his eyes to see how the tom was doing and was pleased and relieved when a pair of gold eyes looked at him with normal intelligence gleaming from them.

"Oh Uly, is that you in there, love?" He asked hopefully.

"I'm okay."

His eyes welled with sudden tears of joy as he leaned closer to kiss his mate. Feral sighed with pleasure both for feeling so much better and for, finally, feeling in control once more. A great deal of the heavy, depressed feelings had departed as well.

"We'd better get to our feet and get out here or they'll get very worried," T-Bone sighed as he rolled off his mate and slowly got to his feet. He set himself to rights then aided Uly to his feet and helped him pull his clothes up.

Tired but happy, the two went to the door. T-Bone banged hard to let those outside know it was safe to open the door.

Outside, everyone except for Viper startled when a banging started at the door to the room. Hurriedly, Dr. Conway went to it and worked the lever to open the heavy door. Out stepped a tired pair who smiled at everyone, demonstrating that things were now okay with Feral.

"It's good to see you sir," Dr. Conway said, extreme relief lacing his voice.

Others murmured their agreement to that except for Viper.

"I've kept my part of the bargain now you keep yours!"

Feral blinked in confusion and asked, "what bargain?"

T-Bone grimaced knowing his mate was not going to be happy with what he'd had to do. "Viper had a good idea what was wrong with you and how to fix it. The doctors were still trying to come up with a way to do it but you were running out of time so I made a bargain with the creep...he makes the cure to save your life and he gets his freedom."

"What? Are you all nuts?" Feral demanded in shocked anger.

"No, just didn't want to lose you," T-Bone said quietly, leaning closer to nuzzle Feral's face.

Feral blushed, uncomfortable with the display of affection before others. Though unhappy about the deal with Viper, he understood why T-Bone did it. He eyed Viper with bitter eyes.

Viper didn't care what Feral thought of it all, he just wanted gone...now! "Let me go!"

Razor wasn't happy about this part of the deal but a bargain had been made and he never welched on a bargain. "Yeah, yeah! I know Viper but I'm not letting you go here. Let's go!" Razor snapped, reaching forward and releasing the handcuff then hooking it back on Viper's other wrist.

"Where are you taking me?" Viper demanded.

"Back to the swamp of course. We know you have a lab out there somewhere. No way am I letting you wander around near here so let's go!" Razor ordered.

Knowing he was going to go home, Viper relaxed and did as he was told. Suddenly, Steele came forward and eyed Viper with distaste.

"You need guards on him while you fly him home. Let me send four with you and you just drop them back off when you're through," he offered.

Razor stared at Steele in surprise but nodded. "Good idea, have them meet me on the flight line."

Steele gave a nod then moved off to make a call. Feral eyed Steele's back in amazement. This was a side of the usually incompetent first officer he'd never seen before and he didn't know what to make of it.

"A competent Steele...what is the world coming to?" T-Bone murmured for his mate's ear only, amusement in his voice.

Feral couldn't help but smile at that comment then murmured back, a small smirk curling his lip, "I'd almost think I'd awaken in a new world."

T-Bone grinned. He felt tired but great and he realized it was because he felt no more pain nor unbearable grief weighing him down which meant his mate was feeling much better in his mind as well as his body though he knew Feral's other problem about the mating itself was still there but it was more manageable, finally, so it had been his physical problem that had colored all the rest and made life hell for them both.

Somewhere south of the city...

The Turbokat dropped down to a fairly sound piece of ground. Calling down to the cargo hold, Razor ordered the enforcers to released Viper as soon as he lowered the ramp. Minutes later, the mutant lizard took off at a run and soon vanished into the nasty swamp.

Mission completed, he took the Turbokat back into the air and returned rapidly to Enforcer Headquarters. Landing, he let the four enforcers out, closed the cargo hold, then headed back up to the Bio Tech Labs to see how his partner and Feral were doing.

While Razor was off on his errand, Feral had to put up with a battery of tests conducted by Drs Konway and Kenton. He endured blood draws, x-rays, and other specialized tests. By the time Razor returned, they finally released Feral to go home and rest for the day before returning to work.

Razor was thrilled to see his partner well and safe. For his friend's sake, he was also glad Feral was well once more. It had been a near thing and he was glad it was over. His partner looked worn out but happy. He dropped them off on Feral's apartment roof an hour later and wished them a good night, grateful to being going home himself.

Finally alone and settled on the couch in Feral's apartment, the two just sat and held each other for a long while too tired to do anything else.

"Do you really feel okay?" T-Bone asked quietly.

"Yeah, I do! I'm soo sorry to have put you through all that. I felt my mind slipping away and it was frightening. I've never felt so helpless before and hurt so much either," Ulysses murmured.

"I don't blame you. I'd have been terrified too," T-Bone said gently caressing Uly's paw in his own paw. "So we're finally okay now?"

"I think so. Now maybe we can finally try to get a life going, a strange one, but a life of some kind," Feral sighed, closing his eyes and laying his head back on the couch.

"Sounds like a plan!" T-Bone agreed and leaned against his mate, closing his eyes as well.

Enforcer Headquarters, Bio Tech Labs...

Dr. Conway and Dr. Kenton spent the next couple of hours putting all the information they'd collected on Feral's case which contained all the tests done, the formula for the cure, lab results and any other pertinent data combining it into a cohesive report.

Dr. Kenton would take it with him to store in the Psych Records for use if another case appeared. The condition would be called the 'UF Syndrome' after Commander Feral who was the first test case.

Dr. Kenton planned on writing a medical article on it, sharing the credit with Dr. Conway and, though they were reluctant to, they added Dr. Viper as co-inventor. They didn't want to incur any animosity from the insane scientist at some later date.

Two days later...

After getting some much needed rest after the event that nearly took his life, Feral happily returned to work as did T-Bone. Poor Razor had a tough time trying to keep up with the garage and was greatly relieved to have his partner back at work.

It wasn't until a few days later that Ms. Briggs called Feral.

"Feral!" He barked into his phone.

"Commander...Ms. Briggs here. I need to have you do another press conference. We need to undo the damage of the first one. I hear things are well with you, which I might add, I personally am very glad to hear, and that it is safe for you to do this," she said briskly.

Feral sighed to himself, he should have known he wasn't off the hook as far as the public was concerned. "Yes, Ms. Briggs, I understand. When do you want to do this?"

"Well, obviously as soon as possible. How about nine tomorrow morning?"

He checked his calendar and discovered to his disgust, he was free at that time. "Works for me. See you there," he told her reluctantly.

"Excellent, thank you Commander. See you tomorrow," she responded then hung up.

City Hall...nine o'clock...

So the next morning here they were again facing the same wall of press, the difference this time was Feral's obviously calm and relaxed demeanor.

Without the Mayor, Ms. Briggs began the session. "Thank you for all being willing to come back after what happened last time. The Commander and T-Bone will explain what happened but remember, no personal questions will be tolerated so keep that in mind," she said firmly then moved away to give the mic to Feral.

"I must apologize for my behavior at the last press meeting. It was learned that my own energy had reversed itself and was feeding on me, causing my loss of control over my emotions then, subsequently, my sanity. By the time a cure was found, my mind was that of a kitten," he explained.

"I thank the courage and determination of my mate for keeping me from harming others and giving me comfort when I needed it most at the cost of his own sanity. The choice he had to make to save my life was made for love of me even though it meant letting a criminal be free. I don't

hold that against him and am just grateful to still be alive. Since I wasn't aware during much of what went on after the press meeting, I'll let T-Bone fill you in," Feral said quietly turning the mic over his mate.

"It was a nightmare for me trying to hold onto my own sanity while Ulysses was fast losing his. Dr. Viper had come to the hospital where we were in the psychiatric wing to steal some new medicine they were testing. I heard the commotion his creatures were making and came out to investigate and was knocked out. When I came to, I found Uly attacking Viper. Though it galled me, I saved the miserable thing and at that moment I learned just how far Ulysses' mind had gone. It was then Dr. Viper spoke up and said he could cure my mate but the price was his freedom," T-Bone grimaced at that memory.

"Well, I really didn't like making a deal with a criminal but when I checked with Dr. Kenton, Uly's doctor, I found out they weren't any closer to figuring out a cure and my mate was running out of time. So we were forced to make the deal. Surprisingly, the creep did as he promised and with the help of Drs. Conway and Kenton, Viper created the cure. The result is standing here healthy and fine once more," T-Bone said, glancing warmly at his mate.

"Where is Dr. Viper now?" Ann Gora asked, jumping ahead of her peers as usual.

"Razor released him back to the swamps where we know he has a lab somewhere hidden. Don't worry! We will get him next time!" T-Bone promised.

"So everything is alright between you two now?" Ann asked studying both of them.

"Yes, though we have a long ways to go before we are used to each other. This is still odd after all. But now we have the time and I'm no longer so stressed about the bond." Feral said.

"Do you plan to co-habitate and how does Razor feel about this?" Ann pressed on, annoying her colleagues.

"That is personal and none of the public's business. As for Razor, he is slowly adjusting to my mating as well. We'll be alright! Now that is all we had to say. This conference is over. Thank you for coming!" T-Bone said politely but firmly. He and Uly ignored any further questions and left together. On the street they parted ways with a lingering kiss. They would see each other later that evening.

Feral returned to his office feeling better than he had for a very long time and he was gradually learning to accept his bonding without as much angst.

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Chapter 11 by ulyferal

Chapter 11: Turmoil's Mistake

Two months later...

It hadn't been easy but Feral and T-Bone had managed to settle into a more or less stable pattern of seeing each other regularly. T-Bone was very discreet, making an effort to not allow anyone to see him coming or going from the apartment or Enforcer Headquarters. So far it had worked out well and preserved their privacy as well as appeased the enforcers.

However, a part of their agreements with each other had not yet been fulfilled. Feral had still not sought counseling outside the enforced one he endured within the hospital. Things had gotten hectic with the omegas and other criminal activity that it got shoved aside.

Although, he still felt strongly about his mate getting help, T-Bone didn't harass Feral about it since things seemed to be calm and easy at the moment in his mate's mind. He settled for

keeping a close watch over Uly. The other things that didn't get done was a more personal mission of T-Bone's and that was finding out more about Sabrens. That lack of knowledge was going to come back and bite him in the tail very soon.

Feral's enforcers were still a bit disgruntled about their Commander's lenient stance on the handling of the SWAT Kats issue, even if they did understand the need for it. For their part, the SWAT Kats did their best not to rile the enforcers too much when they responded to some omega attack. They chose to just do the job and leave, making no smart remarks as had been their habit.

Razor had to admit, not having to avoid being arrested made their lives a little less stressful and fighting crime their way, much easier. Another thing that happened only a month after their mating was Feral managing to find out their identities totally by accident. It wasn't as world-shattering as Razor feared it would be and was actually kinda funny, according to Chance who told his friend about it later. Feral blundered into the secret when he came upon Chance delivering an enforcer sedan back to the motor pool one day.

"Furlong! What are you doing here!" Feral growled angrily seeing the former ex-enforcer at the motor pool.

"Hey cool your jets, Commander! I'm just delivering one of your vehicles back to you. I do run a garage you know," Chance parried, while trying to keep a safe distance and remain upwind from his mate.

"The motor pool officer should have retrieved it. We don't need added fees from you for delivery," Feral huffed still approaching.

"Delivery service is free. We never charge for it."

"Hmm, very well, just don't let it happen again. The motor pool officer has a responsibility to ..." Feral broke off as his sensitive nose picked up a very familiar scent. His eyes widened and his eyebrows rose to his hairline.

Moving even closer, he lowered his voice and hissed, "why you little devil you... and right under my very nose too!"

Chance sighed in resignation, giving his mate a very tiny smirk as well as a look of disgust as he said softly, "you and that sensitive nose! You would have been better off not knowing...now back off before we both get caught, you big loon!"

Feral snorted to hide a smile of his own then said softly, "we'll talk about this tonight,"...then raised his voice for the benefit of those that might be listening and said, "just remember what I said, no more deliveries."

"Whatever you say, Commander!" Chance said in mock anger, pretending to scowl as he turned and left.

Later they had a good laugh and a more sober talk about how dangerous it was for Feral's career to know who they were but he seemed to accept the threat with ease and promised to take due care in keeping this a secret, much to Jake's relief. It helped that the Commander didn't demand to see the hangar or drop in to visit the garage for any reason, except under extraordinary circumstances. However, the revelation of who they were had a positive side...it removed the last barrier in their relationship. Feral was pleased to be able to finally see his mate's beautiful green eyes.

It was good timing too since Turmoil decided to make an appearance a month after escaping from Alcatraz Prison. Knowing who the SWAT Kats were, allowed Feral a safe haven, by way of their hangar, for him to dump higher levels of energy than his apartment...which wasn't. The reason being, was when fighting omegas, Feral had a tendency to draw large amounts of energy

during battle and using it with deadly efficiency against their enemies but requiring dumping immediately afterward so he usually left with the SWAT Kats to do that.

In the air above Megakat Bay...

"Crud! Where did she get this many pilots together so soon after escaping jail?" T-Bone snarled as he threw the Turbokat into a violent maneuver to avoid a fleet of jets converging on them.

"I don't know buddy but we are definitely out numbered. Maybe a spray of improved matchhead missiles will clear a space for us. Missiles away!" Razor shouted.

"Bingo!" He crowed seconds later when his shot took out five of the attackers.

As T-Bone lined them up to try for another cluster of fighters, he caught, out of the corner of his eye, a formation of enforcer jets coming up from just behind them.

"Don't look now buddy but the enforcers have decided to join the party," He growled as he steadied the jet for Razor's next shot.

"I see them and for once I don't mind their company. Get above that group of fighters, T-Bone," Razor ordered.

"Roger!" T-Bone barked as he quickly took the Turbokat into the clouds above their target.

"Drop top missiles away!" Razor boomed through the mic. Seconds later the burrowing style projectiles shredded the fleet of jets below them. "Yes!"

"Good shooting Razor!" Came a familiar voice. "If you don't mind we'll give you a hand as well," Feral said, mildly sarcastic, then commanded, "Squadron spread out and take out Turmoil's fighters!" He received a quick blitz of acknowledgments as his fighter squadron picked an attacker and began to make a dent in Turmoil's fleet.

"We'll leave you to the jets then while we go for the carrier, Feral!" T-Bone sent quickly as he pulled the Turbokat into a steep ascent to catch the now fleeing aerial base.

"Roger, watch your tail, T-Bone," Feral warned as he pursued his own target.

"Look out T-Bone, she's got some kind of high-powered laser she's trying to nail us with," Razor warned as he used smaller armaments to knock down the few fighters trying to guard their fleeing ship.

"She won't tag me!" T-Bone gritted as he put the jet into some sharp twists and turns avoiding the red beam.

They quickly caught up to the flying base and as soon as they were above it's flight line, Razor began strafing the roof machine gun turrets. By the second pass, he was able to take out the laser cannon as well.

Now that they could land safely, T-Bone swooped down and landed near the tower. Opening the canopy, they jumped out and ran for the hangar doors. Using a mini-matchhead missile, Razor blasted the doors open knocking a squad of Turmoil's officers off their feet. They charged in over the fallen bodies and rushed across the hangar floor for the stairs leading to the command center.

Using their shields and a judicious spray of cement shot and tarpedos they nearly managed to incapacitate Turmoil's troops but a well-placed last defense squad of four troopers raced from behind a parked tank and shot an electrified net over the pair before they could reach the stairs. Despite their shields, the net was too powerful and they were shocked into unconsciousness.

After being informed of their capture and leaving orders for her pilots to continue harassing the enforcers, Turmoil came down from her command post to the hangar. She stalked angrily down the stairs until she stood with her fists on her hips over the helpless SWAT Kats.

"Now I have you both at last." She growled triumphantly as she gave T-Bone's limp body a vicious kick to the ribs. "Take them below!" She barked.

Returning to her command center, she noted the skies were nearly clear of enforcers. "Recall all pilots!" She ordered her second in command then fired an order to the navigator, "set a course for outside the city's jurisdiction immediately." Her officers quickly jumped to obey her.

Feral's attention was split by the unexpected silence of his mate's emotional carrier wave as well as the sudden retreat of Turmoil's fighters. When, in the next instant, the huge flying airship began to move away and pick up speed, he knew something had happened to his mate.

With a howl of fury mixed with fear, he pushed his jet to its limit to attempt to catch the retreating aerial base. All his dials were flashing warnings as he managed to reach the flight line and literally drop the now floundering jet to its surface having nearly fried it's engines.

Ignoring the smoking cockpit, he shot the canopy back violently and jumped down, running full tilt for the doors Razor had blasted open and rapidly drawing energy to fight with. A small group of troops were guarding the entryway as others were doing repairs when he ran up on them firing energy bursts with devastating effect. The troops went flying, smacking into the walls and parked vehicles hard but even in his fury he didn't use enough force to kill.

Turmoil was alerted to the sudden invasion below in her hangar but had trouble believing the reports of it being a single intruder causing the chaos and laying waste to her highly trained troops. She hurried down from her command center to see for herself what was going on. When she arrived on the landing high above the hangar floor, she was stunned to see it was Commander Feral causing the problem or at least it looked like him.

She watched in disbelief as the maddened enforcer, glowing like a beacon, fired potent energy bursts at her troops, sending them flying in all directions. No one was able to land a shot on him that his energy didn't repel or destroy.

"What is going on? How is he doing that?" She demanded of no one in particular.

One of her ranking officers standing with her, a Lt. Tangier, sucked in a shocked breath and said in a shaken voice, "My captain that is a Sabren. The only reason he would be acting that way is if his mate is in danger."

"A Sabren? What the hell is a Sabren? Then that can't be Feral though he's dressed as a Commander because I fought the Chief Enforcer before and he had no such powers!" Turmoil snapped in disbelief.

"That maybe true, ma'am, I wouldn't know. All I can tell you, is that is definitely a Sabren down there. I've seen them in action in my own homeland. They draw energy from the world around us and use it in defense of their mates. They can generate enough energy to be able to blow this ship into little pieces. They are not someone you want to tangle with, believe me. If it is Commander Feral, then he may have recently mated. His behavior indicates we've taken his mate and he'll take us apart looking for him," her officer elaborated while staring in fear at the creature bellowing below them.

"We've only taken the SWAT Kats...no she-kats, so it makes no sense for him to be attacking us," Turmoil said, frowning at the damage Feral was doing and failing to hear her lieutenant say what gender the mate was.

"Their mates are male, my captain," Lt. Tangier corrected her carefully.

Turmoil jerked her head to the side to stare at her officer in blatant surprise, "What? Then one of the SWAT Kats is his mate? Preposterous..." A particularly loud explosion tore her attention back to the creature below her. The supposed Commander had blown up a row of tanks.

Sucking her breath in, she turned back to Lt. Tangier and regarded her appraisingly for a moment. Deciding the she-kat was telling the truth and had past experiences with these creatures, she would do well to heed her warning. Disgusted and annoyed Turmoil barked out an order.

"Bring the SWAT Kats here to me on the double!" She shouted to her guards then bellowed to her troops below, "keep him busy, I don't care how!"

Taking their Captain at her word, several troops used a Gatling gun to try and pin the Sabren in one place and keep him from advancing any further.

Furious, Feral drew even more energy and blasted the gun to melted slag. But the troops efforts had paid off as Turmoil's officers arrived with the SWAT Kats in tow. Now she had a bargaining chip. T-Bone and Razor were still a bit groggy from being shocked and were fairly easy to keep under control. T-Bone in particular was wincing in pain from the kick to the ribs.

On the hangar floor, Feral had already sensed his mate was conscious and in pain but still didn't know where he was. Having made a breathing space in the battle, he took a quick moment to look around. A shout from above him snapped his attention upward toward a balcony.

"Is this what you are looking for Commander Feral?" Turmoil shouted, imperiously.

Feral could see that T-Bone and his partner were a little woozy on their feet but generally alright much to his relief. He had a fairly good idea what Turmoil was going to ask but she wasn't going to get what she wanted...he'd make certain of that. Without warning, he moved.

Turmoil blinked in shock. Feral seemed to have disappeared from where he'd been standing even though she'd been staring right at him.

"Look out my captain," Lt. Tangier shouted, taking out a knife and holding it to the closest SWAT Kat's throat while another of her fellow officers, after a seconds confused hesitation, did the same to T-Bone, her eyes staring fearfully down the stairs leading up to where they stood.

The Captain's heart was in her throat when she saw where Feral was. In that split second he'd gone from standing some distance out in the hangar, to nearly halfway up the stairs below her.

'Mein Gott! How had he moved so quickly,' she wondered in bewilderment but hurriedly got her attention back to the danger at paw and snapped a warning, "I wouldn't, Commander," reasserting her authority and shoving her fear aside.

Feral remained frozen where he was, his eyes gleaming like twin suns, his expression deadly and cold. He hissed, displaying formidable and retractable fangs. "Harm my mate and you will not have a chance to make a second mistake," he warned in a voice that sent shivers down everyone's spines.

Swallowing down the lump of fear that threatened to close her throat, Turmoil said carefully, "You have changed much since we tangled before, Commander. My lieutenant here, says you are something called a Sabren. Is that true?"

Feral ignored the question. "Shame you didn't do your homework before you decided to pull this stunt a second time, then you might have known what I was and who my mate is just by reading the newspaper...very sloppy of you," he drawled sarcastically, deliberately goading her.

She swallowed the insult, not daring to take the bait. "I have no wish to die today, Commander! My only desire now is to save my troops and leave this place. I will release the SWAT Kats when you let us go," she bargained.

"Sorry, fresh out of deals! You lost that chance when you took my mate," Feral said flatly. He leaned his body forward and growled threateningly, "I can move faster than any of you can blink to disarm your officers or incinerate you where you stand...your choice but I will have my mate and his partner now!"

Turmoil shuddered inside. This tom was unrecognizable as the Commander she'd known with his glowing eyes and body. She was convinced in that moment, he could do what he stated, coldly and efficiently. Angry and defeated, she did the only thing she could but it would leave a bitter taste in her mouth however, she had no desire to have any more of her well trained and intelligent troops killed in a no win battle.

"Surrender, everyone lay down their arms now and surrender," she barked loudly. Her orders were quickly obeyed and soon the sound of weapons being dropped could be heard as well as corroborating sounds of orders being repeated through the speaker system. The two officers holding the SWAT Kats removed the knives and stepped back quickly.

T-Bone wasted no time pushing past Turmoil and her officer to go down the stairs to meet his mate while Razor remained beside Turmoil. "I'd like our glovatrixs back," he demanded coolly.

Turmoil didn't hear him at first as she stared in open mouth shock at the brawny tabby now hugging Feral tightly. The dark tom dipped his head down and nuzzled his mate in obvious relief.

"T-Bone is his mate? I thought he only cared for females?" She finally blurted.

Razor snorted in amusement. "He likes both, actually, but apparently fate had decided he was Feral's compatible mate. You really blew it this time, Turmoil. Like Feral said, you should have done your homework. Now...our glovatrixs..." he repeated, impatiently.

Turmoil shook herself, turning to glare at the smaller SWAT Kat before ordering an officer to retrieve the SWAT Kats weapons. After only a few minutes wait, the officer reappeared and handed over the gloves. Putting his on, Razor gave Turmoil a cold look.

"If you know what's good for you, you won't make any stupid moves to try and escape. You already saw how fast he can move and he isn't that distracted he won't see you try," he warned then left her standing on the landing as he went down toward the two still hugging on the stair.

Raising his head from his mate, Feral turned his glowing eyes upward to stare at Turmoil. "Send this airship back toward Megakat City and land it on the outskirts of the airport." He ordered.

Glaring at him she nonetheless obeyed. "You heard him, set a course for Megakat Airport," She ordered. Lt. Tangier saluted and hurried back up to the command center.

Razor had reached the pair by this time. "Uhhh, do you think you could get off the stairs? I want to go outside to the Turbokat," he asked.

Blushing in embarrassment, Feral realized no way could Razor get close to them due to his high energy level. Not releasing his mate, he and T-Bone went back down the stairs and moved to one side allowing Razor to leave.

Once he reached the Turbokat, Razor leaped inside to use the radio. He contacted the squadron leader and notified them that Turmoil had surrendered and the ship was under Feral's command. He told them the ship was returning to Megakat City and to escort it when it reached their airspace. He received a quick, if a little reluctant, acknowledgment. He leaped out of the cockpit and returned to his partner's side though he kept a fifteen foot distance between himself and

them.

"Commander, I told your enforcers that you were in command and to meet us as we return to Megakat City airspace," Razor told him politely.

"Thank you, Razor. Would you mind telling them that I'm having the ship land outside the Megakat Airport so that port authority can clear the airspace there?" Feral asked.

"Sure, no problem. Uh...are you going to be able to wait to energy dump until we get back?" Razor asked in a low voice so that Turmoil wouldn't hear.

"Yes. I'm a bit uncomfortable but it's not that bad yet. Thanks," Feral replied, softly. Razor nodded and left to carry out his order.

"Wow! Are you ever intimidating and why didn't you ever tell me you could move that fast?" T-Bone demanded of his mate.

Feral blushed though it was hard to see it for his glowing body. "I'm sorry. I never thought about it."

"Well, crud, I think you and I need to have a talk about what you're capable of," his mate said firmly. "I don't want to get blind sided by you again, though, I have to admit that was a really incredible rescue."

"You're welcome."

T-Bone leaned closer and asked softly, "Are you sure you're going to be able to hold it?"

Feral nuzzled T-Bone again reassuringly. "Yes, I'll be okay," he murmured softly. "I was so afraid when I suddenly couldn't sense you. I went kinda crazy," he said a bit embarrassed.

"Awww, I'm sorry, love. Gee, that makes me feel real important that you would go crazy if I'm hurt. I'm all choked up about it," T-Bone teased his mate lightly.

Feral snorted and gave the tabby a playful shove. "You're so full of yourself!" T-Bone just chuckled while rubbing his sore ribs.

Turmoil eyed the pair with a combination of fear, jealousy, and angry resignation.

It took more than twenty minutes for the big behemoth to land at Megakat Airport and another hour for the occupants to be gathered up and hauled away. All that was left was the incident report and disposition of the airship.

"Hand that over to your second, Uly. You need to leave now," T-Bone urged anxiously, tugging on his mate's arm.

Feral sighed in frustration that he couldn't see the case to its end but he well understood T-Bone's concern. The energy load was getting harder for him to stuff down. Once it had been released during their first mating, he could no longer hold it for very long within him.

It was definitely time to leave and get rid of it. Leaving Steele to take care of the last details, he hopped aboard the Turbokat. T-Bone raised it on VTOL then went to forward motion sending the jet off like a shot to get them home as fast as possible.

It took another fifteen minutes for them to arrive at their secret hangar. With the skill of long habit, T-Bone glided the jet down its hidden ramp and onto its turntable. He shut down the engines and waited impatiently for it to reach the hangar floor. As soon as it did, he popped the canopy, Razor jumped down to allow Feral to climb out from the cargo hold.

"Come on love. I can feel the strain on you." T-Bone urged his mate as he led him to a special bunk room in the hangar where it would be safer for Feral to vent his energy.

Razor had built a mini containment room similar to the one at the power plant to capture the Commander's energy to stockpile in huge batteries located underground for the SWAT Kats use. It was only needed when Feral had gathered too much energy into himself and needed to vent it safely.

Shutting the door, T-Bone stripped down quickly. It was Chance who helped Ulysses remove his clothes and pull him down onto the comfortable bed waiting for them. Though there was some urgency, Chance made time to make it pleasant for them both. He kissed his mate deeply and caressed Uly's sides and rear. Moaning, Ulysses returned the attention digging his claws lightly down Chance's back.

His cock was hard and weeping as he rubbed it against Uly's eliciting sounds of excitement and urgency from him. Knowing he couldn't wait much longer he reared back and guided himself into Uly's hot female center. They both groaned as he seated himself completely. Chance began a fast rhythm to bring Uly quick relief.

Panting and kissing he pounded his mate into the mattress. The rush of fire was both pleasurable and a bit painful when they came moments later. The energy poured out in a wave for a few minutes leaving them quivering with the aftershocks for seconds longer. They collapsed panting and wheezing for air.

"Gods! That is just soo intense when you hold it too long." Chance gasped resting his face on Uly's chest.

"Yeah I know. I practically turn myself inside out." Ulysses heaved for air. He was completely limp and too weak to move. "Let's take a nap, shall we?"

"Sounds like a very good idea." Chance muttered, staying where he was.

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Chapter 12 by ulyferal

Chapter 12: You're What!

Feral's defeat of Turmoil and the SWAT Kats assistance in taking out her fleet, made the enforcers more accepting of the vigilantes. They had managed to keep casualties to a minimum though they still lost far too many jets. However, with the capture of Turmoil's airship, they gained some truly spectacular new tech and jets.

Doing something unusual for him, Feral made a motion to the courts for an exception in the law that said all property seized would be held in storage until after the trial of the perpetrators. He stated, since Turmoil was a well known criminal, there was no need to hold all her jets and weapons as evidence...just one of each should suffice to meet the law's requirements.

As for the rest, they could be put to immediate use by the enforcers as adequate compensation for the severe loss of equipment that occurred during the battle. Waiting for monetary recompense would take too long and would leave the city unable to protect itself...an unacceptable situation.

A further incentive was the fact, Turmoil's jets were far more advanced and only required being converted to enforcer specs to be ready for use. This would boost the enforcers abilities to keep the city safe, prevent loss of flying hours due to the shortage of jets, and save the treasury from having to cover any costs not recovered from the court case. A win-win situation.

Callie who'd heard about Feral's motion, hardily agreed and put the backing of the Mayor's office

behind his request. It hadn't been hard to get the Mayor to do it since the moment she mentioned it would save them money, his eyes lit up.

Though it did take a couple of weeks, Feral won his motion. His enforcers cheered and spoke his name in reverent voices at getting such fine jets and new weaponry. T-Bone had to live with his mate's justifiable puffed up ego at making such a coup, though he was secretly proud of his mate and relieved, because it meant Uly would be flying a better jet too.

Adding to Feral's elevated mood was the extra attention his mate was giving him. The incident with Turmoil had taught T-Bone just how much his mate cared for him and how far he was willing to go to save him from harm. It made for many a warm evening together.

Though the enforcers and the Mayor's office knew about the things that went on behind Turmoil's capture, the press and the public had been kept deliberately in the dark. Except for the Mayor giving out how much money was saved by reusing Turmoil's jets and weapons, no mention of just how close the SWAT Kats and the Enforcers were working together ever got out and that's the way Feral preferred to keep it.

It helped that he and T-Bone had managed to keep their personal relationship low profiled as well. Though much of the city was aware of their mating from that blitz of news at their initial mating, the event itself had gradually faded from the public's conscious mind due to the efforts of the pair to stay out of the camera's eye and not interact intimately with each other in public.

It was easier for the public to dismiss the original report of their mating as bogus since there didn't seem to be any continuous display of affection for them to see or hear about. This had the effect of keeping their private life...private, much to their relief.

Because of their efforts, Feral could see his mate openly without anyone being the wiser and this was a good thing since less than a week after he'd won his motion on the jets, he received some shocking and upsetting news.

Though he hated it with a passion, he was required, like all his enforcers, to undergo an annual physical. When the exhausting and lengthy procedure was done, Dr. Mewser told the Commander he was in excellent shape then dropped a bomb on him. Barely able to speak, he nodded to the doctor that he'd heard what he'd said, told him in a choked voice that he would get back to him about a specialist then left as if his tail was on fire.

He stopped at his office long enough to tell Steele he would be gone the rest of the afternoon then headed to the salvage yard.

Taking a back road so his destination would not be noted, Feral soon arrived at the Megakat City Salvage Yard. He drove in through the open gate then turned sharply around a huge pile of wrecked vehicles to hide his hummer. Leaving his jacket, tie, weapon and harness in the car, he climbed out, locked it and walked across the yard into the garage.

Chance was near the back rebuilding an engine while Jake was under a car near the entrance. He walked around Jake and headed for the car Chance was working on. His mate startled when he looked up and saw Ulysses staring at him, anxiety pouring off him in waves.

"What's wrong? You're broadcasting distress loudly!" He asked worriedly, noting his mate had stripped down to his shirt and pants. Chance wiped his paws on a rag then reached out for his mate who pulled back suddenly.

"I've got to talk to you...now!" Feral said in a tightly controlled voice then turned and strode purposefully toward their break/waiting room.

Puzzled and concerned, Chance walked up to the vehicle Jake was working under and paused to tap his friend's foot. Jake rolled out and stared up at his partner, frowning a bit in annoyance.

"What's the matter? I've got to get this linkage done before noon, Chance!"

"Ulysses is here and needs to talk to me. I think something's really wrong because he's really upset. I just wanted you to know we'll be in the waiting room."

"Oh, that's not good! He never comes here unless it's something bad." Jake said, looking over at the waiting area, a concerned look on his face. "You need me?"

"Uhm, not yet but I'll yell if I do." Chance muttered, his mind on his mate. He hurried off to their waiting area to get some answers.

He found his mate pacing back and forth in agitation. Moving swiftly to Uly's side, he enveloped the tom in his arms bringing him to a halt.

"Hey, what's got you so bent out of shape, love?" He murmured softly, trying to calm his seriously upset mate.

He'd learned on his own to set up a stronger block against his mate's emotional outpourings so it didn't intrude while he worked or fought as T-Bone but being this close overwhelmed those blocks giving Chance a pounding headache.

"I just came from getting my physical done this morning," Feral managed to choke out. "He told me I'm about twelve weeks pregnant."

"You're what?" Chance gulped in shock and leaned his head back, gaping in stunned surprise then shook himself for being an idiot. He'd known this was going to happen but had simply forgotten it with all that had gone on in between.

"I did come into heat when we first mated, remember," his mate said caustically then rubbed his face in distress.

"I know, love. I'm sorry, I just forgot. So you're still really bummed out about it being a Sabren, huh?" Chance asked, gently, pulling his mate toward the old couch and pushing him into the seat, while holding him close. Rubbing his mate's back, he offered all the comfort he could. The big tom didn't respond verbally, simply buried his head in his mate's chest and began to sob.

Chance sighed and shook his head. He could kick himself for not addressing this problem earlier but one thing or another had distracted him from the task. That still was no excuse for allowing his mate to skip on counseling so now the problem was squarely in his lap and could no longer be ignored.

"Okay, love, it's both our faults for not getting you into counseling. You shouldn't be so stressed out about this now that we've been mated for a couple of months and you've been happy, at least I didn't sense you were still unhappy about it. Was I wrong?"

Feral sniffed and choked, accepting the handkerchief his mate handed him to blow his nose. "No! I...I...do feel happy with you it...it's just...it's still so hard to accept my loss of freedom. I try to ignore that and tell myself what I was taught was wrong but some part of me refuses to...to listen."

The tabby nuzzled his mate's face and sighed. "I'm sorry. It's obvious you really need help dealing with this immediately. I'll call today and find someone for you," he promised.

There was no reason their kitten had to suffer the way it's mother was doing now. Sabren's could now find a mate quickly and if their kitten was taught to accept that as a way of life and necessary to it's well being, it should never suffer the anguish Uly was undergoing. It was imperative Uly get help with his major issues before he passed them onto their kitten. No way did he want his son or daughter to be maladjusted.

Jake heard crying when he passed by the break area a few minutes after Chance had gone in there. Concerned, he carefully opened the door and looked in. He saw his partner holding his sobbing mate tightly. Worried and confused, he stepped in quietly and got Chance's attention.

"Anything I can do, Chance?"

Giving his friend a wane smile, he murmured, "could you make some camomile tea and bring a warm wash cloth?"

"Sure, be back in a jiffy."

Some ten minutes later, Jake returned bearing a hot cup of tea and the wash cloth. He placed the cup on the coffee table and handed the cloth to Chance. Uly had ceased crying in the interim and had laid his head in his mate's lap, completely wrung out. He sighed as Chance wiped his face with the warm cloth, sniffing occasionally, his eyes closed tight.

"Come on love, sit up a minute and drink some of this soothing tea, Jake made for you. It'll ease you a little," Chance coaxed as he helped his mate into a seated position. He placed the hot cup between Uly's paws but didn't let go until the tom had grasped it firmly, warning quietly, "Careful it's hot!"

Feral took a deep breath and let it out slowly before blowing on his tea and taking a careful sip. His eyes caught the look of concern from Jake, who was leaning against the doorjam leading out to the garage.

Gently rubbing his mate's back in soothing circles, Chance looked over at his friend, "Uly's just found out he's pregnant, Jake."

Jake's eyes widened in surprise and then narrowed again in thought, "oh, I see and he's still not in therapy, huh?"

Chance blushed in embarrassment, "no but we'll correct that immediately. I'll call the psych wing where he'd stayed briefly and ask for a reference."

"Good idea, you don't want the kitten to have the same hang ups as its mom," Jake murmured, non-judgmentally.

"Yeah, I was thinking the same thing. I could kick myself for not getting this done because I knew this was going to come up," Chance chastised himself.

"Aw, ease up, buddy! We have been really busy but now that its staring us in the face, we need to just take care of it is all," Jake soothed his troubled friend.

"I am right here you know," Feral said grumpily.

"Sorry love," Chance soothed quickly. "We're just very concerned about you. Are you going back to your office or..."

"No...I took the afternoon off. I was too upset to deal with work right now."

"Good, then go upstairs to my room and take a nap. I'll wake you later for dinner. By the way, where's your hummer?"

Feral sighed, drained the cup and set it down before rising to his feet. "I parked it behind that huge stack of wrecks just inside the gate."

"Oh good place, no one will see it there," Chance said, relieved, standing up too then giving his mate a kiss on the cheek. "Go on, get some rest!"

"Just in case, I'll throw a tarp over your vehicle, Feral, so no patrol spots it," Jake interrupted.

Feral nodded and sighed as he turned to go up the stairs to the guy's apartment while Chance made for their office to find a phone book. Jake headed out into the yard to cover the hummer before going back to work in the garage.

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Chapter 13 by ulyferal

Chapter 13: Necessary Medical Appointments

Two weeks later...

"Come on Uly you don't want to be late," T-Bone warned his mate as he waited impatiently for Feral to finish giving instructions to Steele.

Steele gave the SWAT Kat an annoyed look but wisely kept his mouth shut as he took the reports Feral handed to him then smartly turned and left the office.

Not anxious to go to his appointment, Feral gave his mate a disgruntled look which T-Bone just ignored. After locking his desk, Feral walked over to the coat tree to get his overcoat, but T-Bone had gotten it first and was holding it up for him to put on.

"You don't have to come you know," he grumbled as he buttoned the coat and led the way out.

T-Bone smothered his sigh. "Yes, I do. Tam Hartstone, your therapist, insisted I be there for the first session. Now stop scowling at me and come on. We're going by cyclotron and no arguments about it," he warned as he rode down in the elevator car with his sour mate.

When the doors opened Feral followed T-Bone as they strode across the lobby floor for the main doors. Many eyes followed them because it was still unusual to see them together. T-Bone's cyclotron was sitting on the sidewalk beside Feral's parked hummer.

T-Bone released the security on the bike and handed his mate a helmet. They mounted and were soon zooming toward a midtown address where the therapist had his office.

Arriving within ten minutes of their appointment, T-Bone secured the bike and walked with his mate into the modern building. He could sense Ulysses' discomfort and began a gentle stroking of the arm nearest him as they rode the elevator to the sixth floor. The elevator decanted them onto a quiet, carpeted floor with only a few doors along it. Walking down the hall they entered the third door on the left.

An efficient and warmly smiling secretary greeted them and asked the Commander to fill out some new patient forms. Still tense, Feral made low rumbling sounds in his chest as he sat down with the papers and filled them out. When he finished, T-Bone gently took them from him and returned them to the secretary.

Their wait was thankfully, short and soon they were being ushered into a pleasantly decorated office. Plants and images of ocean scenes were scattered around the room along with a very comfortable looking couch and a couple of thickly padded chairs of dark brown leather. The therapist's desk was made of a warm colored wood and was cluttered with the debris of his calling as well as some personal items; a sculpture and a framed picture showing the tom before them arm and arm with a handsome gray and silver tabby. On the far left corner of the desk was a laptop computer that was open and had a very nice scene of Megakat Bay at high noon on its desktop.

A powerful black and white, long furred, stripped male with green eyes and a warm smile was standing beside the desk waiting to greet them. He shook Feral's paw then paused eyeing the

tom for a moment questioningly. Feral eyed him back then moved his face forward. Reassured the therapist did the same until their noses met and a soft blue light glowed at their touch then they leaned back once more.

T-Bone blinked in surprise. He was guessing this was some kind of greeting between Sabrens but the last Sabren Feral was with, Dr. Kenton, hadn't done it. He wondered why. Obviously another one of those things he needed to know. This time he would not forget to ask someone. Perhaps the therapist could suggest someone. He'd keep it in mind for after their session.

He smiled hesitantly, as the therapist shook his paw as well, a little worried he might feel something unusual when he did, but it was nothing more than an ordinary paw shake. The therapist gave him an amused look as if he'd 'read' what T-Bone had been thinking.

"Hello, Commander Feral, T-Bone. I'm Tam Hartstone. Please have a seat and we'll chat for a bit," he said warmly.

Hartstone took a wing chair while T-Bone pulled Feral down onto the couch beside him.

"Before we start let me tell you something about myself." Looking quietly at Feral, Heartstone addressed his next comment to him. "I'm happily bonded to an artist. Some of these pieces are his work. I did not have the benefit of the new device that was invented but was fortunate to find my mate very early in my life. We've been together now a decade. I was taught being bonded was the most wonderful thing I could ever have happen to me which was proven to me when I bonded.

However, when I was doing my internship, I began to encounter a few Sabrens who were not so fortunate to have that education. They were very unhappy souls and it was then I decided I would dedicate my life to helping these poor unfortunate few. The trouble seems to begin very early with their own mother's attitudes toward being bonded. Our goal here is to help you to accept your mated status and to be happy with being bonded," he explained gently. "For this first session I want to hear how both of you feel about the bonding and the coming birth of your first kitten then we'll get into how I can help you. Shall we get started."

A little over two hours later, T-Bone and Feral left the therapist's office. T-Bone had paused while Ulysses waited in the outer area, to ask Hartstone how he could obtain information on Sabrens. Hartstone smiled and gave him the name of a professor he could speak with to get educated on the subject. Thanking him and tucking the piece of paper in his g-suit, he rejoined his mate and they walked silently to the elevator and maintained it all the way to the cyclotron, both wrapped in their own thoughts.

'For a first session it hadn't gone too badly,' T-Bone mused to himself. He glanced out of the corner of his eye at his mate.

Ulysses seemed a bit stiff lipped at the moment, he hadn't been very forthcoming during the session but he did seem to tolerate Hartstone so, hopefully, he would loosen up and get what was bothering him off his chest soon. He found out he wouldn't be coming to anymore sessions unless Hartstone deemed it necessary, which kinda relieved him. He didn't like head doctors anymore than his mate did.

Feral echoed his thoughts. 'Kat's alive! I hate being psychoanalyzed,' he grumbled to himself. 'I know I need it but it's hard to tell some stranger about your personal life especially when you don't want to talk about it at all but for T-Bone's sake and our...kitten...' just the word sent shudders down his spine, 'stop that, it's your kitten not some THING...' he strongly admonished himself sternly then shuffled his shoulders uncomfortably. 'Well, that certainly makes it clear how far I've got to go to be mentally healthy,' he thought glumly.

A week later...

As they walked into yet another medical building, this one located northwest of the city center and on the outskirts, T-Bone could tell this appointment was going to be far worse than the therapist one had been. His mate had been mute and quiet the whole trip to the Sabren OB specialist.

When they stepped through the door of the office, there were three other Sabren couples in various stages of pregnancy sitting in the waiting room. This medical facility catered only to Sabrens and their unique problems, pregnancy being only one of them. The couples eyed the celebrated pair with curiosity but no one intruded on their privacy.

T-Bone sighed and helped Ulysses go through another round of filling out forms. They had to wait about ten minutes but soon they were being ushered through the main door and led down a short hallway to an exam room.

"Please strip completely and put this gown on. When you're ready, please inform me so I can get your vitals. I'll be just down the hall at the nurses station," she told them briskly then left them alone.

"Here let me help you, Uly," T-Bone offered, reaching out to help remove the tom's coat.

Very quickly, Feral was soon dressed in the drafty gown and they were walking back down the hall. The nurse quickly and efficiently took his height, weight, blood pressure and pulse.

"Thank you, Commander. For your future information, you will be doing these things on each of your visits but you won't have to be in a gown. However, it would be appreciated if you don't wear too much of your...uh...police gear so we can get an accurate weight. Now, please return to your room...the doctor will be in to see you in a few minutes."

Sighing, Feral walked back to the room with T-Bone staying at his back to spare his dignity from the gaping gown. The exam table was cold to his bare bottom despite being soft and comfortable and the gown was too short. He felt sick about this whole business, though his mate did try to comfort him. He knew it wasn't fair to T-Bone but he just couldn't be happy about his condition.

The doctor came in with a warm smile on his face. Shaking the pair's paws, Dr. Ainsly quickly noted the unhappy demeanor of the Sabren. Sighing inwardly, he switched to a more professional, less personal, manner to help the reluctant Sabren through the experience more easily.

He hated it when he got these poor twisted Sabren's whose past had skewed their view of being mated and now bearing a Sabren kitten. The whole experience was nothing but misery for them rather than happy anticipation. It didn't help that this patient was also an important official of the city too.

'Well nothing for it but to help him get through this quickly,' he thought then introduced himself.

"I'm Dr. Ainsly, and though I'm not a Sabren myself, I have been thoroughly trained by them and have been practicing for twenty-five years," he stated, letting the Sabren know he was very experienced so he would be more at ease.

"I will be following your pregnancy closely so let's begin by having you answer some medical questions for me." Without waiting for an answer, he asked a battery of questions, including some directed toward T-Bone before finally ending with, "are you presently seeing a therapist, Commander."

"Yes. His name is Tam Hartstone and I saw him with my mate last week," Feral answered flatly.

Dr. Ainsly nodded and made the notation in Feral's chart. "I'm going to do a quick exam. Please try to relax," he murmured as he brought his stethoscope close to listen to Feral's chest.

The vaginal exam was extremely uncomfortable and embarrassed the hell out of T-Bone who remained standing at his mate's head, keeping his eyes glued to Uly's chest until it was over. Thankfully, the whole exam took only fifteen minutes. "Alright you may get dressed now. My office is two doors down. Please come there when you are ready," he directed and left them in privacy.

Sighing, glad that was over, T-Bone helped Uly redress. They walked to the doctor's office and went in. Ainsly was writing up his notes as they entered so they sat down and waited for him to finish.

Moments later he set his pen down and looked up at the most publicly known Sabren pair. He wished the Commander could enjoy his pregnancy but all he could hope for was an uncomplicated and quick one.

"So, Commander. Your exam shows no problems with your pregnancy. The kitten is developing normally and I foresee no difficulties with delivery," he said briskly. Since I have a suspicion you have not received any instruction on how your body work nor anything about pregnancy, let me give you some quick and dirty facts. I'll also be giving you some information that will cover what I'm about to tell you in more depth," Ainsly briefed them.

Eyeing them a moment, he noted Feral's stiff, unhappy posture and T-Bone's more receptive one. Nodding mentally to himself, he was reassured that at least the Sabren's mate was prepared to do what was necessary to support is mate.

"Unlike a Kat pregnancy, Sabren kittens mature in the womb much faster. Kat pregnancies are normally thirty-two weeks long but Sabrens are only twenty-four weeks. You are already thirteen weeks along so you only have another eleven weeks to go. Delivery for a Sabren kit can be either extremely fast or take up to six hours," he began his instruction but was cut off by a shocked question.

T-Bone and Feral had blinked at that but it was the tabby who asked anxiously, "six hours is rather fast so how quick would an 'extremely fast' one be?"

Dr. Ainsly looked at him dryly as he responded, "from the moment the contractions start, which are extremely painful by the way, to only an hour later when the kitten is born."

Both sucked in their breaths in shock.

"Yes, it's truly that fast, so I'm very glad you have a medical unit in your facility, Commander. Your medical officer will be required to receive training on how to manage your pregnancy and be prepared for a fast delivery, if that happens because you truly won't have time to even leave your office when labor begins. Also, because of that, you will be restricted to Enforcer Headquarters when you are in your final week. If the worst happens and you're not in a facility that can aid you then, you, T-Bone, will have to do what must be done so plan on getting trained as well," Ainsly said firmly.

T-Bone gulped and blanched at the prospect of delivering his own kitten without medical help. Feral didn't look all that happy about it either.

"What is the name of your Chief Medical Officer, Commander?" Ainsly asked, interrupting their frightened introspection.

"Uh...Dr. Mewser," Feral answered distractedly, still overwhelmed by what the doctor had told them so far.

"Now, if it's a slower delivery, you'll have some warning contractions, painful but not unendurable, that will tell you its time to get here for your delivery. Don't rush! You will have time

to get here, I promise. In both deliveries, T-Bone plays an important part so don't think you can skip the training," the doctor eyed the SWAT Kat pointedly. T-Bone nodded nervously.

"I'll tell you now, your part is far more than just coaching your mate through his contractions. No, you play a very vital part in making sure the delivery is smooth and as less painful as your bonding can make it," Ainsley assured him.

T-Bone sank back in his seat. 'Crud! This just gets better and better,' he thought shakily. He stared blankly when he saw the doctor pull some papers out and hand them over to Ulysses.

"Here's a prescription for prenatal vitamins and a diet sheet. Sex is not problem for Sabrens and is actually necessary to keep energy levels low. I warn you...no major energy drawing while you are pregnant. It can cause significant problems even death so don't do it!" He said firmly, eyeing Feral carefully to be sure he understood that stricture. "There are no other special requirements other than to remain at headquarters during your final week. You do not want to be caught away from medical assistance. Are there any other questions?" Dr. Ainsly asked.

The two sat there in stunned silence before T-Bone finally managed to speak, "Uhh, sounds like you covered everything."

Ainsly flashed them an understanding smile. "Yes, I know it's a lot of information and the whole thing sounds scary but, trust me, if you follow instructions everything will go fine. Make sure you read the information I gave you. Now, stop and see my nurse before you leave and she will set you up with a checkup schedule and a training appointment for you, T-Bone. I will need to see you, Commander, once a week for the duration of your pregnancy. Please don't hesitate to call if you have any questions that come up during this time. I want you to eat right and get plenty of rest...those two things are very important," he said firmly then escorted them out of his office.

Still a little bewildered, they stopped and made the appointments then left. They didn't speak, both wrapped in their own thoughts. T-Bone quickly returned Feral to Enforcer Headquarters and rode back to the hangar. He stripped his costume off and put on his work coveralls then joined Jake in the garage. They had at least six cars to do and the work kept his mind from thinking about all he'd heard earlier.

"Hi buddy, how did it go?" Jake asked coming around a truck wiping his paws on a rag.

"Please...could we talk about it later? My head is about to explode from all the information I had to take in, some of it down right scary," Chance pleaded.

"Oh, sure..." Jake said, a puzzled look on his face as he went back to his work.

A couple of hours later, with the cars completed and gone, they took a deserved break and relaxed in their waiting area, sitting on the old couch drinking cans of milk.

"Okay, so what happened to freak you out so?" Jake asked, sipping his milk.

Crud, where do I start...the fast pregnancy or the fast delivery or the fact I have to be part of the delivery..." Chance moaned, shaking his head at all he'd learned.

Jake stared at him in disbelief. "Well, the beginning would be good."

"Ha ha...funnie! I tell you Jake the whole business is scary. First Sabren kittens are born sooner than kat kittens by about eight weeks. Uly has only eleven weeks left before he delivers then there's the choice of fast versus super fast deliver...no in between, mind you," Chance told his friend as he paused to take a drink of his milk.

"Uh...what's the difference?"

"The fast is about six hours long while the super fast is an hour...tops!"

Jake's eyebrows rose to his hairline. "Woah! That doesn't leave any time..."

"Yeah, no time to go anywhere. If it's that type of delivery, he'll be dropping that kitten in his very own office," Chance said, only a little amused by that thought. "Oh, and what's worse...it's extremely painful too!"

"Ewww! And your part is...?"

"I have no clue but I'll be getting lessons on whatever it is...joy!" I can tell you, I'm not looking forward to it either."

"I bet! Well, let's hope it's the slower one then. And how is Feral handling all this?" Jake asked carefully.

Chance rolled his eyes. "He looks like he's heading for his own execution. I could tell the doc wasn't happy to get 'that kind' of Sabren. He's obviously had to deal with mentally messed up Sabrens before and it's not his favorite thing but despite his feelings, he's thorough and very professional. Uly's in good paws."

"That's good to know," Jake sighed.

"There is a silver lining though, we have to have sex frequently...like everyday...multiple times because it's bad for him to have too much energy during the pregnancy so it must be kept low. I will have to deal with his moodiness, though, which will get worse the further along he goes especially when he's in his last week where he's restricted to Enforcer Headquarters for his final week, which means so am I."

"Oh no! That's bad! How will you be able to get free if we're called?" Jake asked, concerned. "Not to mention handling the garage all alone."

Chance grimaced. "Well, I'm supposing I'll still work here during the day and sleep there. He does have his communicator and he's made sure Sgt Fallon and Steele know about it if he's unable to use it. The Turbokat can get me there fast even if it is the quick delivery. About the omegas, though, I just hope those creeps stay in the woodwork during that time."

"I'll just hope for the same thing to then. But if it does happen, I'll just handle it alone. Now that the enforcers have better weapons and jets, their support will ensure I can take whoever it is out...except possibly Dark Kat," Jake said reassuringly.

His friend sighed unhappily. "Crud! I'll be glad when this all over. Be prepared Jake. Uly is going to be very depressed and that will make me a grouchy tom to be around. It's a good thing he's required to see his therapist three times a week. I had wondered why so many visits but now I understand only too well. I've also gotten the name of some professor that knows everything about Sabrens so I need to make time to go see him."

"Man, that's rough buddy. I wish I could help in some way. Since I can't, I'll just try and keep your spirits up. Also, when you find out about Sabrens brief me. It's in my best interest to know about them too. Meanwhile, why don't we watch some mindless TV to relax you. It won't help to dwell on what you can't change...okay?"

"You're right, Jake and, yeah, I'll make sure you know as much as I do about these guys. So, let's see what's on," Chance said, trying to be upbeat as he turned on the TV and began to surf the channels.

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Chapter 14 by ulyferal

Chapter 14: Getting the Lowdown on Sabrens

Some days after the visit to the OB, T-Bone managed to get some time away from the garage and went to see a Professor Render at Megakat University. The Sabren taught advanced calculus but had made it a hobby to collect all data he could on his species. He was now considered the foremost expert on the subject. However, the tom never had time to publish the information in an easy to read pamphlet for non-Sabrens to read.

Not for the first time did T-Bone wish there was such a pamphlet, so many like him could use it rather than the massive loose leaf report and many notes the Professor had collected his data in. When Render had shown it to him, he could only gape at the plethora of paper..

When he arrived at the university, he received dozens of strange looks as well as squeals of delight from the she-kats as he strode across the campus looking for the Professor's office. After asking nearly a half dozen students who either gaped, squealed, or asked him for his autograph or both, he finally found the Sabren in a cramped corner office. The space was full of books and things. Under a sunlit window was an equally overlaid desk full of papers and books and sitting behind it was an old orange and cream striped tabby tom.

With eyes that were still sharp, the professor studied him, a frown on his face. "Ahh, I'm assuming you are one of those vigilantes. What brings you here to my small part of the world?"

"Uh, Professor Render? My name is T-Bone and I'm mated to Commander Feral," he introduced himself.

"Oh yes, I heard about that. A fine strapping Sabren is that one. Well, come in...come in...just find a seat...uhm...somewhere," Professor Render said, smiling broadly at the colorfully dressed tom.

T-Bone looked around the completely cluttered room until, finally he located a chair liberally buried under more papers and books. He transferred them to the floor and sat down.

"Now what can I do for you young fellow?"

"Well, sir. I may be mated to a Sabren but I know nothing about them and that's caused some moments of...uh...not so pleasant surprises. Dr. Hartstone, my mate's therapist, suggested I see you to find out more about them."

"Ahh, a therapist, heh? Commander Feral is one of those unlucky few with mixed up mother's?" Professor Render asked gently.

"Uh, I really don't know, sir. He's only just begun therapy and he's not spoken of his past with me yet," T-Bone demurred.

"Nearly all the cases I've heard about were due to their mother's poor training by their own mother or because the poor kitten was handed over to a non-Sabren to be raised when its parents were killed. Both produce incredibly damaged Sabrens. My condolences on being dealt that rather ugly surprise. Are things still rocky between you because of it?"

"Uh, actually no, thankfully. He's just really messed up about the Sabren kitten he's carrying."

"Ah yes!" Render sighed and shook his head, a sad smile on his lips. "Well, I know young Hartstone. A very good therapist he is. He'll help your mate get his head and heart straightened out...never fear," he said kindly. "So, you need to know more about your mate, eh? Well, I have all the knowledge that's out there, so fire away."

T-Bone couldn't help but smile at the Professor's apparent pleasure at helping others. He found he was liking the old tom a lot.

"What kind of abilities do you guys have? I already know Uly can move like the wind and has a ridiculously sensitive nose as well as those really long retractable fangs."

"Ah yes, that's a few of our abilities. All our senses are more acute than Kats, the fangs are a left over from our distant past, and we are all muscle. You'll never find a fat Sabren. It has to do with our faster metabolism and the energy that is so much a part of our biology. It's not just for use in defense, oh no, we utilize it to run our bodies as well. If someone, god forbid, figured out how to neutralize our ability to draw energy they would effectively kill us instantly," he said gravely, pausing to sip a cup that was hidden by two stacks of files.

"We can also use the energy to move things. To the uninitiated it looks like the psychic ability some of you Kats have, known as telekinesis." He demonstrated by making a gesture toward a stack of books and a light stream of energy reached out and snagged a small file, floating it back to him.

"Wow, that's cool and I can see how he could use it in his job now that he's out of the closet so to speak," T-Bone said, eyes wide in amazement.

"I heard he'd hidden what he was, really that was rather stupid and dangerous," the Professor said shaking his head at the behavior of this particular Sabren. "Anyway, you're correct, many of his abilities would come in very handy in his line of work."

"I could also see how it could be used for evil but I don't remember hearing anything about a Sabren going bad," T-Bone said, frowning in thought, surprised no one realized or had remarked on that fact.

"That's because of our high moral standards we live and die by. You will never find a Sabren willing to break that for any reason but one and that is a mentally defective person. Though extremely rare, a deranged Sabren, one who by his very nature could be deadly to those around him, is quickly identified and put to death. It is done quickly, humanely, and quietly by those who know the person. There is nothing illegal or immoral about our actions as living could only lead to their death at the paws of Kats when the stricken one uses their natural abilities to harm or kill. It is always done for the good of our kind and a mercy to the Sabren in question."

T-Bone couldn't help but shudder at that cool matter-of-fact statement. Though he easily understood the need, he still found it rather repugnant to kill a loved one rather than try and find a cure.

"But, why don't you try and cure the person?"

Professor Render gave him a compassionate look. "It does you honor my friend, to be so caring of others and want to save everyone if you can but you see, a deranged Sabren's power begins to run out of their control making it impossible to be near them. All the deranged Sabren's that have been destroyed also had no mates to help them while a cure was found. I heard how Commander Feral's power turned back on him. I've made notes of that in my journal because its quite possible those that had to be put down had this malady. The only reason he survived was you."

T-Bone blushed at the compliment and the realization that it was true. "Then I'm glad we were so fortunate to have found the cure so that others won't have to be 'put down' as you call it."

"Yes, young fellow, it was indeed a lucky thing and many will benefit from it," Professor Render said nodding gravely. "You and your mate have done a great service for Sabrens and it won't be forgotten."

"Okay, so what else is there about you guys?" T-Bone asked, wanting to move away from that subject. It had been a very traumatic time for them and he'd rather not hash over it again.

"Well you'll never find a Sabren lying, cheating, killing (except in defense and duty), being a coward or jealous, nor be avarice. We're simply incapable of expressing those things. Make no mistake, we can stretch the truth or lie by omission to save the lives of our family or because our jobs demands it but for no other reason.

Because of our physical abilities, you'll most likely find us in such places as the enforcers, police, paramedics, fire, security, or other protector services as well as enjoying working in construction and other heavy duty work. We are efficient fighters but as I said before, we only kill when we must. That's why no one in their right mind would think to attack the family of a Sabren unless they had a death wish," Render said firmly, taking another drink and leaning back in his seat to get more comfortable.

"If that's true, then how did you become a teacher and others become doctors?"

Render snorted, "I did say most not all. We are as different as Kats, except that more of us do choose the more physical and protector jobs out there."

"Okay, nice to know that. So, what about pregnancy and kittens?"

"Well, as you've learned, we usually become pregnant during the very first bonding with our new mate. Subsequent pregnancies occur every time we go into heat.

T-Bone's jaw dropped. "What? You mean I'll need to use a condom during his heat cycles to keep from having numerous kittens?...Wait, if that was true then you guys wouldn't be nearly extinct!" He paused, confused.

"Easy there young fella, yes we get pregnant after every heat cycle but due to our bodies need for energy, our cycles halt after five pregnancies. We're effectively sterile after that. No one really knows why, despite extensive studies into it. Also we can miscarry just as kats do and that does count as a pregnancy for our bodies. Another thing, unmated Sabrens don't get pregnant with anyone but their mate."

"Oh, well that's a relief," T-Bone sighed.

Render chuckled then added, "...and you can't use condoms...they burn up from our energy bursts so don't do it unless you want a fried cock from melted rubber, it'd hurt your mate's insides too."

T-Bone gave a horrified look. "You don't think we should know about that!" He squeaked in indignation.

The Professor just shrugged. "It's never happened before according to my data."

T-Bone could only shake his head in disbelief. "Okay, what about the fact the energy you guys put out causes us to get hard quickly without doing anything?"

"That too happens only with a mate," Render snickered.

The tabby blushed but nodded his head. "That's what I suspected but wanted to know for certain. So anything else earth-shattering I should know about?" Almost afraid to find out.

"Too broad a question. There are a myriad of facts about us but some of it is only of interest to doctors and the like, some of it is just interesting minutiae but not of much use for day to day living with a Sabren. So I'm afraid you'll have to be a bit more specific."

"Uh, well..." T-Bone paused to think what else might be of importance to him then remembered something. "Yeah, Dr. Hartstone did this strange greeting with Ulysses. A sort of nose to nose thing."

Render smiled, "that's a greeting like you said. It's used only to show that a fellow Sabren means no harm to a mate or kitten of a fellow Sabren. In this case, Hartstone was telling the Commander that, though he may cause emotional pain to one or both of you during the course of your therapy sessions, it is only for the purpose of helping that it must be done. You'll find a Sabren doctor will do the same thing before treating a Sabren patient."

"Uh...wait...Dr. Kenton at Megakat Trauma Center didn't do that with Uly when he was brought in," T-Bone objected.

The Professor frowned. "What were the circumstances?"

"Huh?"

"I mean, what condition was the Commander in when he arrived at the ER?" Render clarified.

"Oh, he was in complete emotional shutdown."

"Ah, yes, that means Feral was not aware enough to acknowledge a greeting. One must agree to do the greeting in the first place."

"Oh, okay that makes a lot of sense. Thank you," the tabby said, nodding to himself as he absorbed everything he'd heard.

"There are other times when that 'blue' aura you saw occurs...when a couple needs comforting from a loss or other tragedy, other Sabrens nearby will be aware of it by a discordant vibration in the energy flow and will go immediately to the distressed Sabren or couple's side and give them their energy laced with comfort and understanding to help ease them past their grief. This is also done with kittens that have suffered some kind of trauma as well," Render explained.

"Oh wow! What a wonderful thing that is. Wish we had something similar," T-Bone breathed in awe then frowned as he realized something. "There must not have been anyone in Uly's building when he went suffered a break down and there was only me to try and handle it. It was a nightmare," he murmured, shuddering at the memory.

Render frowned, an unhappy and concerned look on his face. "That shouldn't have happened. Someone should have been near...I'm truly sorry you had to go through that alone but thank you for being strong enough to handle it," he said sincerely.

"Thanks, so am I," T-Bone sighed pushing the unhappy memory to the side but it had brought to mind yet another thing he needed an answer to but it was far more intimate a question. "Uh, I do have one more question but it's very personal..." he said hesitantly, blushing a bit.

"Must be really intimate to get you to blush but I won't, so ask," Render smirked a little in amusement at the tabby's discomfiture.

"Uhhh, well every time Uly has an orgasm he flares brightly."

Render's eyebrows rose to his hairline, "Really? That's extraordinary. We haven't had a Sabren that powerful in more than a couple of decades. The last one past on about six years ago. Well, aren't we blessed and the fact he's a protector makes it even more beneficial for us all. I think young fellow, our problems with the omegas will soon be a thing of the past...mark my words."

"So Uly's unusual among Sabrens, heh? I thought that might have been the reason. I'm glad to have it corroborated and I agree with you, it looks like we will have peace soon," T-Bone said grinning.

"You are one very lucky Kat, congratulations. However, don't sell yourself short just because you have a powerful mate. From stories I hear, you are formidable in your own right."

T-Bone blushed anew at the compliment. "Thank you, I and my partner do our best! Well, it seems you've answered most of the questions that troubled me. If I think of anymore..."

"Then please don't hesitate to call me," Render said, smiling as he searched his desk for a moment then came up with a card and handed it to T-Bone. "My number."

"Thank you! I appreciate you spending the time with me and answering my questions," T-Bone said smiling, getting up from his seat and reaching across to shake the tom's paw.

"You're very welcome. May your energy flow with only happiness and joy," the professor spoke solemnly.

T-Bone cocked his head in surprise but smiled and returned the farewell, realizing it must be something Sabrens said to one another upon parting. "May your energy flow with only happiness and joy!" He returned with equal solemnity.

Professor Render nodded and grinned, pleased at the tabby's quickness at realizing the importance of what he'd said and willingly giving it back.

T-Bone left feeling pleased and better informed about his mate. He had a feeling he'd be repeating this information to his mate in the future because it seemed obvious Ulysses hadn't been taught much about himself. He sighed as he realized he would also be repeating it much sooner, as he'd promised to inform his partner on the subject as well.

Enduring the many looks, calls, and shrieks of delight once more as he walked out of the building and across the campus to his parked cyclotron. There were a cluster of admirers surrounding his bike when he shut off his security system. Many engineering students and just bike buffs eagerly asked him questions about his bike. He grinned with pride about Razor's work but didn't give out any technical information, disappointing his fans but he told them it wouldn't do to have others copy their design. With that, he climbed aboard, started the engine then roared off home.

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Chapter 15 by ulyferal

Chapter 15: Hormones and Dark Kat Too!

A month went by without incident. The therapy visits seemed to be finally helping Feral find peace so he didn't resent the OB appointments quite so much anymore to Chance's relief. The omegas had been quiet as well allowing them both to adjust to these new circumstances. That didn't mean things were going smoothly though. His mate was still very moody due to his pregnancy which was finally showing. The stress of keeping his mate calm and happy were beginning to weigh on him.

Today he was taking some personal time away from Ulysses. Running their personal obstacle course with Jake was a way for him to get some badly needed exercise to release some of the tension he carried almost daily now.

So far Jake was leading and he needed to buckle down and change that. Putting on more speed he sprinted past his partner reaching the mountain of trash first this time. Rapidly climbing up he snatched the rope swing and made it across the deep pool of water below (without the rope breaking this time) and raced on toward the next obstacle.

Jake was hot on his heels, only a minute behind, as they grabbed the poles and vaulted over the makeshift trash hill. Landing almost together they ran at breakneck speed toward the finish line. Putting on a spurt of speed, Jake crossed the line with Chance in a dead heat. Grinning with pleasure, they high fived each other as they walked back to the apartment.

"Radical, Chance. We've not done that in a long time," Jake said warmly.

"Yeah! It felt good."

"Glad we got out and burned some energy, buddy, because I gotta say you've been really uptight lately."

"Hmph! I did warn you I would be, Jake."

"Uh, yeah, you did. I guess I didn't realize just how much. Want to vent? I'm here for you."

"Humph! Are you sure you're ready for it?" Chance asked archly as they went through the open garage door and headed up the stairs. Jake nodded. "Okay, but don't say I didn't warn you. So where do I start," he mused. "Oh yeah, I'm getting totally wiped trying to placate him all the time. I love him to distraction but he's driving me insane with his difficulties handling the pregnancy."

"I thought he was getting better especially after seeing that therapist for weeks now. What's going on?" Jake asked, concerned as they walked into the kitchen and he reached into the fridge to retrieve two bottles of water, lobbing one to his partner.

Chance caught it and downed a healthy swallow before answering. "The therapy is helping but the pregnancy is moving so fast he's just having a hard time getting used to his changing body. Unlike a she-kat where the female has a lot of time to get used to the idea of being pregnant, Uly is being given no time to adjust. He's already showing and last night the kitten moved for the first time. I had to peel my mate off the ceiling because the sensation freaked him out. Uly just hasn't been in therapy long enough to really accept being a mother...now that just sounds weird...hearing Ulysses and mother together...hard to get my head around it." Chance ranted then shaking his head before finishing his water.

"Hu! I'm having a difficult time picturing it myself." Jake grimaced. "I'm also having a hard time seeing you as a dad." He snorted finishing his water too.

"I think I can be a good father. I just didn't plan on being one so soon. I can identify with Uly on that. Neither of us wanted a kitten now. After all, we are still trying to get used to each other and our lives are in danger all the time. Not a good time to raise a kitten." Chance sighed tossing his bottle in the trash then going to the living room and flopping down on the couch.

"I wish there was something I could do to help you, Chance. I hate seeing you this stressed out." Jake said as he joined him on the couch.

"Thanks, buddy! You've helped by letting me vent and I appreciate it. We'll get through this. It's not like we have a choice you know." He smiled gratefully at his best friend.

"Hah! That's the truth," Jake agreed. "Want to take a shower first? We could go take in a movie. We haven't done that in a while and it's a great stress reliever. At least the omegas have been giving us a break right now too," he suggested after a moment's silence.

"You know that sounds like a great idea but you go first. I want to call Uly and let him know my plans so he doesn't wait up on dinner. Long as I'm with him by eight it shouldn't be a problem. He knows I need a break," Chance said as he got up to use retrieve his comm unit.

"Great! There's a good sci fi movie playing. Why don't you check the times while I wash up?" Jake said enthusiastically, heading upstairs. Chance just nodded agreement while he waited for his call to connect.

At Enforcer Headquarters, Commander Feral heard something beeping in his pocket. He fished it out. "Yes?"

"Hi love. Listen Jake and I are going to take in a movie and then grab a bite to eat. Order you something to eat and I'll be home by eight. Okay?"

"Sure, go have fun, my love. I'll be fine," Feral told his mate warmly though he felt a stab of jealousy too.

"Okay, remember get something to eat and don't stay late at work, you need your rest. See you later love." The connection clicked off.

He sighed as he put away the comm unit. Times like this, he felt jealous of Chance's friendship with Jake. He hadn't realized just how lonely he'd been until his mate filled the emptiness. He squashed the sudden ache he felt.

'Damn hormones,' he cursed himself mentally, knowing the melancholy was caused by his pregnancy. The hormones had him swinging from one emotion to another, leaving him constantly off balance. He hated it! Suddenly infuriated with himself, he got up, locked his desk, and headed to the elevators. Stopping at the gym floor he headed to the lockers.

He changed into his sweats and headed for the weight room. An intense workout was called for to help him burn off the melancholy and frustration he was feeling over his burgeoning condition. He was already showing though it wasn't too obvious in his uniform, but it was in his sweats.

One could hardly miss it, since he normally had a flat, well muscled stomach but now there was an obvious ball sticking out from below his ribs. He ignored the stares as he went to the bench press and began a punishing workout.

Sweating, he went to the running track next. He ran five laps at Kat speed then five more at Sabren speed. Enforcers working out around him gaped as a blur raced around the track faster than any of them could see.

Finished with his run and not needing to cool down, he headed for the pool. The water felt soothing so he did a slower pace of laps for twenty minutes. Climbing out he headed for the locker room. Redressing after a warm shower, he returned to his office feeling emotionally calmer and peaceful.

Chance had briefly felt a burst of distress from his mate but it was a familiar sensation and only meant his mate was feeling a little down but by the time the movie was halfway through, the emotions coming his way were much calmer and relaxed. A smile of relief passed over his mouth in the dark. He sighed softly to himself and settled into his seat more comfortably and just enjoyed the show.

By the time he changed to his T-Bone persona and climbed aboard his cyclotron for the ride home, he was feeling happier and much more relaxed. It had been a great day but now he was ready to return to his mate.

Slipping into Uly's apartment unseen, he found his mate in his recliner with his feet up just finishing a chicken dinner while he watched TV. Pleased at the sight of his mate relaxed and enjoying his dinner, he walked up and gave him a kiss.

Smiling back, Ulysses returned it. Insuring the drapes were closed and he'd already locked the door to the apartment, T-Bone felt safe to alter back to his real self. He went into the bedroom and changed clothes. He now had more than half his belongings here since he was here every night. However, anything that would have told people he was also T-Bone was never left here.

Returning to the living room, Chance dropped onto the couch and sprawled out comfortably. "So how did your day go, love?"

"It was okay except for a brief bout of melancholy which I beat off with a nice hard workout in the

gym. That seemed to nip it in the bud and I was able to have a much better day after that. How was yours?"

"Great! Jake and I did our obstacle course and managed to finish in a dead heat...that doesn't happen often, believe me. Then we decided to take in a really cool sci fi flick and from there we went to our favorite restaurant where they serve Mongo Peppers and pasta. I feel really good now," Chance said with a sigh of pleasure.

"I'm amazed you can eat those things without burning your stomach out," Feral said shaking his head at his mate's weird habits. He set his empty plate aside. "I'm glad you had a good day. It's great that you have ways to dump excess stress and I know I'm causing you a great deal of it. It's hard for me to deal with all these damn hormones and not snap at you constantly. Some days I just feel all on edge," he sighed, annoyance tinging his voice.

"Then be glad your pregnancy is short, love. You won't have to put up with it too much longer," Chance soothed him.

"Huh! What a thing to be grateful for."

Chance just shrugged, smiling at his mate, then their attention was dragged to the TV by some antic of David Litterbin's. The rest of the evening was quiet and comfortable for once between them.

Three weeks later...

Dawn was barely peeking through Feral's drapes when his radio toned an alarm. Groggily, he reached out for it. Chance groaned unhappily beside him.

"Feral!"

"Sir, what appears to be a newly designed Fear Ship has appeared from the direction of the mountains and is bearing down on our building. And that's not all, sir, there is a squadron of heavy duty tanks heading down Megakat Boulevard for us as well. All squadrons have been scrambled to try and head them off," the dispatch told him urgently.

Feral sat up in dismay and glanced at the clock on his night stand, shift change was just taking place...a worst time for an attack to occur. "Have our combat ground unit put up a road block ahead of those tanks, evacuate the area, and tell the flight commander for the alpha squadron to harry but not attack that damn air ship. We can't afford to lose too many of our new jets to something they can't handle. I'll be there as fast as I can, Feral out!"

Having heard what the dispatcher had said, Chance was already up and headed for his clothes. He was scrambling on his T-Bone persona while his tired mate pulled on his uniform. His pregnancy was within weeks of completion and sleep had become difficult to attain. Last night was the first time he'd been able to sleep more or less peacefully which was going to be a good thing as this day was going to be a real wringer on his strength.

"It sounds like he's decided to take out the enforcers, building and all again but this time he's come really prepared," T-Bone ground out grimly. "Hope we can penetrate the shield he'll have around his ship. We were lucky last time but he's had time to fix that. I'm worried we'll be in for a very bad time."

"I'm afraid you may be right about that but hopefully some of Turmoil's new weapons will help," Feral muttered worriedly, shrugging his coat on while T-Bone tapped his helmet radio on.

"Razor, up and at em, buddy! Dark Kat is leading a massive offensive against the enforcers. Tanks and a new Fear Ship are heading for Enforcer Headquarters. Come get us from Uly's roof asap."

"Roger!" Came his partner's wide awake and worried voice.

"Love, I want you to be careful and don't draw any energy. I know it's a habit for you but you remember what Dr. Ainsly said about the risks to doing it now in your condition?" T-Bone paused to say to his mate, worry in his voice and manner.

"I'll try, but it won't do our kitten any good if Dark Kat takes over the city," Feral said heavily, having a very bad feeling he was going to have to do something really drastic to save them all from this terrible menace.

T-Bone stared at his mate's determined face and nodded. He knew, just like him, Uly would do what he had to because protecting the city was his life. He leaned closer and drew his mate into a desperate kiss. Feral sighed and gave the same intensity back. He was worried about his mate being taken out too. If either of them were killed, the other would die as well but he refused to think about that as they hurried from the apartment and made for the roof.

Razor arrived a few minutes after they reached the roof. He landed smoothly, got out on the wing and helped Feral get into the cockpit and seated beside him while T-Bone leaped into the pilot's seat. Minutes later they were airborne and heading for Enforcer Headquarters. As they swept over the city, they stared out the cockpit window and saw the army lead by Dark Kat's Fear Ship. The enforcers jet squadron was doing its best to keep the Fear Ship busy but Dark Kat was taking them out with very little effort. Their weapons having no effect on the shielding of the deadly airship. On the ground, the enforcers tank squadron had barely made it ahead of the rather faster moving enemy. No weapons fire had happened down there yet.

T-Bone took an oblique angle so they wouldn't engage Dark Kat until they off loaded their pregnant passenger. T-Bone helped his mate get down once he'd landed the jet on the flight line. Giving Ulysses a last minute hug, he jumped back aboard the Turbokat and was off to take on Dark Kat.

Sick with worry, Feral hurried to where his officers were waiting. Steele was there and gave him an update on how many crews were ready and how many were already at the battle scene.

"I want the bravo squadron ready to back up alpha if too many are lost from the sky. The same goes for the bravo tank squadron. They must be ready to launch at a moment's notice," Feral barked.

"They are, sir!" Steele said briskly, his face grim.

Feral was momentarily surprised by Steele's efficiency but said nothing more except to order a jet be readied for him. He ignored Steele's look of objection and the Kat was wise enough not to voice a reminder that the Commander's condition forbid him to fly. He knew his superior was just going to go anyway. Nodding grimly, he did as ordered and hurried off to take care of it personally.

Hovering over Dark Kat's army while avoiding the Fear Ship for the moment, T-Bone and Razor surveyed the enemy below them.

"It doesn't look good, T-Bone. I count at least a fifty tanks down there with some pretty impressive armaments," Razor reported grimly.

"We're going to have to leave the tanks to Feral. We've got Dark Kat and his Fear Ship to deal with since he's doing a good job of wiping the sky of enforcers."

"Yeah, I agree! Let's see what he's got!" Razor acknowledged as he brought all his armaments on line.

"Roger! One Fear Ship coming up!" T-Bone warned his partner as he maneuvered the Turbokat behind and just above Dark Kat's ship.

Dark Kat had apparently been watching for them because T-Bone hadn't yet got into position before the evil Kat fired some kind of energy weapon at them. The tabby just managed to swerve out of the way.

"What the heck was that?" He shouted.

"I don't know but I don't think we want to find out what it can do to us. Let me try something!" Razor said as he concentrated on his monitors. Firing a spread of missiles, Razor tried to feel out the strengths and weaknesses of the Fear Ship.

Back at Enforcer Headquarters, Feral launched his jet and joined his hard pressed enforcers. He fired experimentally at the jet but learned what his mate already had that the airship was impervious to their weaponry.

"Squadron, fall back, your weapons aren't having an effect. Half of you go assist the tank squadron holding back those tanks and half remain here to harry the airship but let the SWAT Kats do most of the direct fighting with it," he ordered over his radio.

Pulling back himself, he watched for some minutes and wasn't happy that Razor wasn't making any headway through Dark Kat's shielding. Moving off, he flew to where the tanks were engaging.

He was dismayed to see nearly the same thing happening below. Dark Kat's tanks shook off the lasers and small missiles from the enforcers like they were nothing. As he watched, the enemy tanks rolled over everything in their path and blasted the phalanx of enforcer tanks and cars into burning wrecks in seconds while the survivors retreated backwards as fast as they were able but still offering return fire the best they could.

They were outgunned that much was painfully obvious. Even using Turmoil's more high tech weaponry was having no effect on the juggernaut heading their way. They were fighting a defensive action trying to keep the tanks from advancing but they were losing ground quickly. He needed to come up with some strategy that would defeat this seemingly unstoppable force.

The only solution was one his mate would hate but one which had the only chance of working but it relied on getting the cooperation of some very reticent Sabrens for it to work. Some ways off he saw his mate barely holding off the attacks of the Fear Ship.

There just wasn't any other recourse. Having made up his mind, he hurriedly returned to base and took a chopper instead. He flew to the Megakat Broadcasting building and landed on one of their chopper pads.

He raced down to the main offices and buttonholed an executive asking for the boss but because it was still far too early in the morning for any of the leaders to be in, Feral had to deal with the night manager.

"Look, I've no time to waste. If you aren't aware of it yet, Dark Kat is attacking the enforcers with a massive squadron of tanks and his Fear Ship. At this moment we're losing, even with the SWAT Kats help. I need to do something quickly or we'll all be doomed when Dark Kat takes over," Feral told the tom urgently.

Eyes wide with fear, the manager asked in a shaky voice, "what can we do about it, Commander if you're not able to?"

"All I need from you is to help me send a mass broadcast to the city at large. I desperately need to get a hold of other Sabrens and call them to my side to see if we can stop this rampage," Feral

explained, feeling his mate's fear through their bond, making him tense and anxious.

Straightening his spine, the manager said stoutly, "whatever you need Commander, let's do it. Follow me!" He led Feral down to the main broadcasting area and opened the door to the news room that was broadcasting the morning news to the early risers of the city.

Gesturing for Feral to stand silently beside him, the manager took a headphone and mic and spoke to one of the newscasters who wasn't speaking at the moment. A startled look crossed the male's face but he smoothly recovered then broke in to his fellow newscaster's report.

"Excuse me, Ann, sorry to interrupt but we have to break for an emergency message from our own Chief Enforcer Commander Feral. We will go to a commercial while we set up. Please stand by!" He told the audience.

That was the signal for the monitors to go to a commercial. The manager turned to Feral and clipped a mic onto the Sabren's coat. "Okay, sir. Just say what you need to. I'll make sure all stations have been alerted to pick it up and transmit. Just give me a minute more to do that then we'll broadcast," he said then turned away to make some urgent calls on his cell.

Feral walked toward the news desk and nodded to the pair sitting there eyeing him with concern and curiosity. "What have you heard about the progress of the battle," he asked wanting an update.

Ann Gora spoke up quickly, "we were just informed the enemy tanks have broken through the enforcer ranks and are only a mile from Enforcer Headquarters as we speak. In the air, the Fear Ship has managed to continue holding off the SWAT Kats and destroyed most of the enforcer jets circling it. It too is within striking distance of your headquarters, Commander."

Feral grimaced unhappily. "Time is running out!"

"I'll say! So, what do you have in mind, Commander?" Ann asked worriedly.

"Wait and listen, you'll have your answer," Feral grunted noting the manager was returning to his side.

"Alright, Commander. We're all set. Stand here and when I give the signal, begin your request," he said stepping back behind the cameras, barking out commands in quick fashion then turning back to Feral and counting down, "ready to broadcast...on your mark, 1...2...3..." his finger made a 'go' sign.

Feral began his plea, "Attention all Sabrens within the sound of my voice. We are being attacked by a force we have no way of stopping with conventional weapons. To save our city from Dark Kat, I'm pleading with you to come join me and together we will use our energy to put a stop to this threat. If we don't succeed Dark Kat will win and no one will be safe. He will rule us with an iron fist. If you value our freedom and our way of life then meet me in front of Enforcer Headquarters immediately. We are out of time! Please I beg of you, for the sake of our mate's and kittens come help me protect our city. I'm risking my own unborn kitten to save this city so it will live free can you do any less? I'll be waiting!"

The manager called cut and Feral left the stage quickly. "Thank you but I must hurry back now. Keep broadcasting that for as long as necessary and pray we succeed," he said grimly then left hurriedly back to the roof and his waiting chopper.

As Feral flew anxiously back to his beleaguered headquarters, around the city his message was heard and many began to respond.

From various patrols around the city, seven enforcers ordered their Kat partners to take them back to headquarters immediately. They had heard the broadcast that had been transmitted to

their radios besides all the TVs in the city. Though surprised, their partners didn't hesitate.

Elsewhere, firekats, security guards, and those in other fields rushed to reach the enforcer building. The way in many places was blocked by enforcer barriers but the Sabrens found ways around them. No one was going to prevent them from getting to their destination.

By the time Feral returned to the flight line and jumped out of his chopper then took an elevator down to the main floor, over twenty Sabrens were waiting for him on the front steps. Feral burst out the main doors and stared in relief and joy at the number of Sabrens that had heeded his call.

"Thank you all for responding so swiftly. I want us to all join paws and quickly draw as much energy as we have time to, before those tanks and Dark Kat's Fear Ship reaches us. We'll take out the tanks first, hopefully, then remain firm and fire at Dark Kat's ship on my command. Are all of you mated?" He asked quickly. To his relief, every head nodded. "Good! I'll make sure you get to your mates quickly. Please join paws now. Excuse me while I contact my own mate!" He said reaching inside his coat and pulling out his radio.

"Dispatch! Put me through to frequency twenty!" He barked. Moments later, he was given the go ahead. "T-Bone! T-Bone do you hear me! Answer!"

There was a spat of static then seconds later a voice gritted out with the noise of battle behind it, "I'm a bit busy, Uly! Spit it out quickly!"

"Roger! On the steps of the enforcer building I've gathered as many Sabrens as I could reach. We will attempt to destroy the enemy. I'm going to need you afterward. Copy?"

"No! You can't raise power! It will endanger you and the kitten!" T-Bone roared.

"No choice! This is our only option and I won't have them do what I wouldn't do myself," Feral said firmly. "Wish me luck my love and see you soon!" He added then cut off the connection.

Turning to the group, he said grimly, "let's do this!" He grasped the nearest open paw and stood facing the oncoming enemy. Their bodies began to glow like miniature suns.

They were ready just in time. Up the street came the retreating line of enforcers being pushed back by Dark Kat's tanks and above them was the Fear Ship still being hounded by the Turbokat and what few enforcer jets were left. As the battling forces came closer to the building, Feral shouted over his shoulder to his officers standing behind the building doors watching.

Steele had been afraid for the Commander and stood by in case they could aid the determined Sabrens but remained behind the safety of the doors not wanting to get caught by the rising energy they could see being generated before them. He saw Feral turn his head toward them and shout something. He quickly opened the door.

"What do you need, sir?" He shouted back.

"Tell the squadrons, jet and tank, to withdraw immediately...hurry!" Feral shouted again.

"Yes sir!" Steele said quickly, reclosing the door and barking orders rapidly into his radio. Relieved, both squadrons obeyed quickly and moved their crippled and barely functioning line of enforcer tanks and rigs quickly down the street away from the enemy tanks while the jets veered away from the scene as did the Turbokat, though it did so more reluctantly.

Now unopposed Dark Kat's forces came bearing down on the line of glowing Sabrens. As soon as the tanks began to turn their turrets toward them, Feral gave the order to fire their energy. A huge burst of blinding light struck the line of tanks dead on. For long minutes, no one could see the battlefield then it was over. The tanks were turned to so much melted metal and all that was left was a line of brightly glowing Sabrens. Though exhausted, they remained steadfast, waiting

for Feral's next command to fire.

Above them, Dark Kat had been gloating on his success in fending off the Turbokat's attacks though he was a bit annoyed that he couldn't knock them out of the sky. T-Bone had been doing his best to avoid all of the criminal's attempts. Ignoring them for the moment, Dark Kat moved his ship down closer to his line of tanks to see how that battle was going. He was pleased to see them advancing on Enforcer Headquarters with ease.

Suddenly, he noted the enforcer line of tanks were retreating quickly away from them. Puzzled, he halted his ship and looked around him carefully. He hadn't lived this long without being cautious. His eyes widened as he noticed the enforcer jets were also retreating but what alarmed him most was the Turbokat was backing away as well.

Something was very wrong. Turning to the front once more, he searched the ground below him and finally noticed a glowing line of 'kats'? Wait! Those weren't kats he realized too late as a blinding light burst forth and swept over his tanks.

When he could see again, he was stunned at the sight...every one of his tanks were nothing but slag now. Shocked and furious, he stared at the still glowing line of what he knew were Sabrens. Since they weren't moving, he was afraid he was the next target and began to retreat himself.

Feral wasn't about to let him try to get away and barked the command to fire. Again a massive burst of energy flew upward and tagged the retreating airship. The energy lost some of its force as Dark Kat desperately tried to put distance between them but enough had reached his ship and now his shields were down and, literally, parts of his ship were melting around him.

In a panic, Dark Kat poured on all the power his badly damaged ship could muster and put distance between him and the deadly energy tearing his ship apart. So focused was he on trying to escape, he completely forgot about another enemy waiting for him in the sky above.

As his ship floundered upward, he landed himself in the cross-hairs of Razor's weapons and in one push of the button the Turbokat spat death at their enemy, blasting him from the sky.

T-Bone was grinning madly as he heard his partner crow, "Bingo!" loudly through his helmet radio. In the next moment though, he remembered the danger his mate was in and quickly took the jet downward to the enforcer flight line.

Below, crowds and enforcers were cheering madly. The Sabrens were taken indoors where they were quickly escorted to choppers that would take them to their mates quickly to dump their energy. There was no time to get names though Feral did recognize his own officers among the group and intended to give them commendations when things were quiet once more.

After ensuring all his Sabren brethren were taken care of he ran the elevator bank. His enforcers moved out of his way, allowing him to get to his office as quickly as possible. His own form resembling a glowing sun.

T-Bone landed the Turbokat so fast it bounced a little when it hit the ground. He didn't bother shutting engines, and leaving his partner behind, he raced across the flight line, enforcers quickly getting out of his way. It was a good thing Feral's office was only just above the flight line so he got there nearly the same time as his mate.

Dashing into Feral's office, he saw his mate tugging his coat off and hanging it up quickly. T-Bone shut the door behind him and pulled his mate close. The hugged tightly then went to the couch against the wall.

With T-Bone's assistance, Feral undressed quickly as did his mate. Tossing his clothes a distance away so his energy wouldn't damage them, he went to the couch and took a paws and knees position since his pregnancy made a frontal penetration more difficult and uncomfortable.

"I'm proud of you my love," the tabby murmured in his ear as he mounted his mate and gently but firmly thrust forward into his ready channel.

Feral could only moan when their bodies joined, too tired to speak. There really wasn't time for tenderness, so T-Bone began a hard, fast rhythm to bring them to orgasm quickly. Burying his face in his mate's neck and squeezing his eyes shut tight, T-Bone gave one last hard thrust and sent them both over the edge.

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Chapter 16 by ulyferal

Chapter 16: The Aftermath

Dawn...An Hour into the Battle for Megakat City...

Deputy Mayor Briggs had been rudely awakened by violent shaking and loud booms that shook her windows. Groggily lunging out of bed, she went to a window and saw just in the distance a battle raging.

Shock raced through her as she hurried to her living room and turned on her TV. Glancing at her wall clock she could see it was just after six a.m.. The news flicked on and she stood hugging herself as she watched Ann Gora report on the action near Enforcer Headquarters. Ann had just told her audience that Dark Kat was marching on the enforcers in his Fear Ship and had a squadron of some fifty tanks trundling down Megakat Boulevard then suddenly she was cut off by her co-anchor who said Commander Feral was there in the studio and about to make an announcement then they were told to stand by as the scene went to a commercial.

Callie stood there holding the remote in stunned disbelief. Clutching it tightly she stood waiting impatiently to see what Feral had to say. The commercial ended and Feral appeared standing before the two newscasters. She listened tensely while Feral made his plea to his fellow Sabrens.

Sucking in a breath of shock, Callie watched as Feral finished then left abruptly, presumably to return to headquarters to stand with his fellow Sabrens. She tossed the remote onto the couch and hurriedly went to her bedroom to dress.

Some ten minutes later, she was out the door and taking the elevator to the parking garage beneath her building. She zoomed out of the garage in her sedan and headed downtown. Knowing enforcer blockades would be in place, she attempted to go around the back way. That only got her within a few blocks of headquarters.

Parking her car, she got out, locked it then began to hoof the distance on foot. She was nearly knocked off her feet a few times by the shaking ground and deafened by the loud explosions of gun and missile fire. The area was deserted except for people hiding inside stores and eateries.

Passing one such place a TV caught her attention and she paused to see if anything new had come up. She went inside to see the screen better. The café was filled with patrons who made no sound as they all stared tensely up at the TV. On the screen everyone could see Feral and a line of Sabrens glowing brightly standing on the steps of Enforcer Headquarters.

She watched in amazement as the Sabrens with Feral saved the city and Dark Kat was finally destroyed by the SWAT Kats after the Sabrens had weakened the Fear Ship. For a moment no one made a sound then everyone was cheering madly and hugging each other for joy.

Callie's shoulder's slumped in relief. She went back outside and returned to where she'd left her car. Driving slowly, she was soon able to get to Enforcer Headquarters having been stopped only once by patrols. The public was not being allowed in the area until it had been processed and

cleaned up.

She pulled in behind Feral's parked hummer. As she got out and began to head up the broad stairs a flash of light jerked her attention upward. The glow was just dimming but she could tell it came from the general area of Feral's offices. Nodding to herself, she realized the glow meant Feral was in the process of dumping energy with his mate, T-Bone.

Enforcer Headquarters...Some thirty minutes after the battle...

Recovering from the serious power dump, T-Bone lay slumped on top of his mate, both of them panting with exhaustion. Suddenly, Uly's breathing changed and he began to tremble. T-Bone hurriedly got off his mate but before he could ask what was wrong, Uly lurched to his unsteady feet and rushed to the bathroom.

The sounds of vomiting reached T-Bone's ears as he scrambled to reach his mate. Uly was on his knees before the toilet and throwing up. He dropped to his knees beside him and began to rub his mate's back to soothe him until he could stop heaving.

But instead of just ceasing, Ulysses reared up, his eyes rolling to the back of his head, body falling to the floor and beginning to convulse. Frightened, T-Bone wrapped himself around Uly to keep him from hurting himself then freed a paw to frantically tap his helmet radio.

Outside Feral's office, Razor was cooling his heels as he leaned against the wall near the door and eyeing Lt Commander Steele balefully. Steele was giving Razor nasty looks as he stood near the desk. The Sergeant watched them both from the secretary's desk where he sat waiting for the Commander to be done.

Suddenly Razor's mic came to life. "Razor, send for medical help fast then get in here!" Came an urgent cry.

"Something's wrong! T-Bone calling for medical assistance and for us to get in there and help him," he relayed hurriedly as he yanked the door open and rushed inside. The Sergeant quickly summoned a medical team while Steele ran to follow Razor into the room.

When they entered, they saw only a pile of clothes but the open bathroom door quickly told them where the pair was. Running to the door, they were shocked and horrified to see a nearly naked T-Bone desperately trying to hold onto a violently convulsing naked Feral.

Not wasting time to ask questions, Razor squeezed in and took hold of Feral midsection as well as his flailing arms so T-Bone could better control Feral's head and shoulders. Steele, dropped to his knees and grabbed hold of the tom's kicking legs and held them still. Despite their efforts, it was like holding a bucking horse. It took all their strength to hold onto the sick Sabren.

Only minutes later, Dr. Mewser with his medical team appeared in the door. Though difficult to exam a violently moving patient, Mewser was able to get vitals on the tom then stepped back out of the room to make an urgent call.

"This is Dr. Mewser at Enforcer Headquarters. Give me Dr. Ainsly, it's an emergency." He demanded. He was connected quickly.

"Dr. Ainsly, what's the problem, Dr. Mewser."

"Commander Feral was forced to gather energy to save the city. He power dumped the energy and seemed fine but suddenly became violently ill and vomited for several minutes before going into convulsions which have not stopped. I've not administered anything as yet." Dr. Mewser told the specialist before spitting out the Sabren's vitals.

After a moment to absorb the information, Ainsly ordered, "Give him 20cc of magnesium push

directly into the heart immediately, I'll stand by."

"Right!" Mewser responded. He went to his medical kit and searched for the right ampule then withdrawing the correct amount he squeezed into the bathroom again. "Look out Razor!" he muttered as he moved to reach Feral's chest where his heart was. Razor moved his arms and body as best he could so Mewser could give the injection.

Mewser hovered tensely over Feral watchfully. After several more seconds of convulsing, Feral suddenly went still and lay panting. Moments later, he opened his eyes, confusion glinting in them.

Sighing in relief, Mewser reported into the phone, "He's stopped convulsing and has regained consciousness."

"Good. You need to give him IV fluids and another dose of magnesium in four hours. Strict bed rest for the next eight hours. Where is he right now?" Ainsly asked briskly.

"He's on the floor of his office bathroom."

"Don't allow him to go home. Keep him under close observation in your medical center. I'll be in to see him later today," Dr. Ainsly advised and after receiving acknowledgment from Dr. Mewser hung up.

Carefully stepping back out of the room, Mewser directed his team to load Feral onto the gurney.

Feral, meanwhile, had just begun to realize where he was. He was completely naked, laying on T-Bone, Razor was just removing himself from around his waist and Steele was leaning back on his heels after apparently releasing his legs. Feral stared up into his mate's face and blinked a question with his eyes.

T-Bone didn't answer as yet while everyone began to leave the room. A med officer came in and draped a sheet over Feral to spare him any further embarrassment then another med officer came in and together they lifted Feral with T-Bone's assistance out of the bathroom and onto the gurney.

Standing around his suddenly crowded office was Ms. Briggs, Razor, Sgt Fallon, Steele, the medical staff, Mewser and, of course, his mate who was somehow already dressed.

What he didn't know was Razor had thoughtfully grabbed his partner's things and had handed them to him while he was being loaded and made comfortable on the gurney.

When Steele and Razor had left the bathroom, they stayed out of the way of the medical team except for when Razor gave his partner his clothes. While they were waiting and watching Ms. Briggs had entered the room behind them.

For a moment, Callie thought she'd walked into another war zone with all the kats milling around in Feral's office. She saw Razor and immediately went over to ask him what was going on then noted Feral being placed on a gurney as she listened to Razor's explanation.

"Feral became violently ill after power dumping. Steele and I came running when T-Bone yelled for help. We had to help T-Bone hold Feral down because he was suffering severe convulsions. Dr. Mewser gave him something which stopped the convulsions and he's conscious again." Razor told her. "Guess they're not taking any chances and are going to keep him for a bit."

Callie could only sigh and cross her arms over her chest as she watched Feral being wheeled from the room. 'Can anything else get any crazier around here?' She thought as she followed the procession.

On the stretcher and being wheeled to the elevator, Feral spoke for the first time, "what the hell happened?"

"Oh love, you scared me. After we power dumped you ran to the bathroom, threw up then went into convulsions. Mewser here gave you something and they stopped," T-Bone explained relieved his mate seemed alright now.

"Really? I hardly remembered what happened after we'd finished. One minute I was feeling drained but okay and the next I was so nauseated I couldn't stand it. Every thing after that is a blank," he admitted, confused.

"Yeah, I know. Bet it has a lot to do with those warning Dr. Ainsly gave you about using energy when pregnant. Guess we'll find out what happened when he comes to see you later," the tabby said leaning down and nuzzling the dark tom's face as they rode the elevator down to the med section.

"I'm glad I don't remember then."

Dr. Mewser spoke up then, "Well whatever caused this, we won't know until later, Commander. Meanwhile, Dr. Ainsly ordered bed rest for the next hours and IV fluids. And the injection I gave you was magnesium and you get another in four hours. So I want you to do nothing but rest."

Feral sighed, "well it's not like I can get up and go anywhere anyway. I'm too tired."

T-Bone just chuckled, rubbing his mate's arm nearest him. Callie and Razor were squeezed near the door in the elevator and watched the interplay with mixed emotions.

Back in Feral's office, Steele took charge knowing the Commander would be off duty for at least a few days. Sgt Fallon went about picking up Feral's clothing. He hung up the Commander's coat on the rack near the door and took the rest to be cleaned then he called housekeeping to clean up the Commander's office. He was very relieved the Commander was alright and everyone was in a buoyant mood knowing that Dark Kat was dead.

Enforcer Headquarters...Medical Center...

Once Feral was settled in his room and hooked up to an IV, Callie asked for a report of what went on that morning. Between the Commander, T-Bone and Razor, Callie got a picture of bravery and a desperate plan to save the city.

She looked at Feral with new respect. The city had a pair of heroes but they were vigilantes. Feral, who was the legitimate protector of the city, had now done something that made him even more of a hero in the eyes of the katizens of the city on top of his giving them two years of free power. Also the volunteer Sabrens had further increased the accolades for all Sabrens by their bravery on top of their civic duty of supplying the city with power.

A press conference awarding Feral a medal for bravery and heroism and recognizing the unnamed Sabrens who helped save a city was in order. Mentioning the SWAT Kats part in ridding the city permanently of Dark Kat wouldn't hurt either.

She knew it wouldn't be hard to sell the Mayor on doing this since it would make him look good too. She needed to get with Ann Gora to get some of the footage of what happened and set up the conference. Unfortunately, it would have to wait until Feral was well again. Until then, she would release a brief thank you from the Mayor's office to all those involved and say a press conference on the events would be aired at a later date.

Pleased with her plans, Callie said warmly, "that was a selfless thing you did Commander. The city and I are very grateful to you and you two, SWAT Kats." Patting Feral on the shoulder then giving Razor a kiss on the cheek, she only waved at T-Bone, knowing better than to kiss him like

she used to. She didn't need a jealous Sabren coming after her. After saying a, "get well soon" to Feral she took her leave of them.

"Well, I'm going to go home. Anything you guys need?" Razor asked.

"No, thanks, buddy. You were a great help. Go enjoy yourself. I've a feeling things are going to be nice and quiet around here for awhile once word gets out Dark Kat is finally dead," T-Bone said tiredly.

"I'm counting on it. We need a break. So get some rest you two. Give me a call tomorrow to let me know what the doc says," Razor admonished them then took his leave too.

Exhausted, T-Bone stripped off his g-suit and climbed onto the bed to snuggle next to his mate, coaxing Uly to take a nap with him, purring them both to sleep.

Later that afternoon, Dr. Ainsly came to see Feral. After examining the Sabren and doing some tests to check the kitten's health he sighed in relief and looked down at his patient.

"How are you feeling now, Commander?"

"Much better but what exactly happened to me?"

"Being pregnant draws a lot of your body's resources to support the kitten. When you gathered energy it put a strain on your system so when you dumped the energy later it also dropped the levels of vital minerals in your body and sent you into convulsions. The injections of magnesium helped stabilize you again. The tests I've just done show the kitten handled the strain alright. Luckily!" He said shaking his head at how close they'd come to losing both of them. "You were very fortunate to have received medical help so quickly. It made all the difference on your survival."

"Well, I'm certainly grateful for that but I'd do it again. My life and my mate's would have been worth the price if it meant the city was safe from that monster," Feral said, not backing down from Ainsly's mild rebuke.

"I'm just glad everything worked out well and I'm really proud of my mate right now and grateful he's still with us," T-Bone added firmly.

"Yes, well... I want you to stay here until tomorrow. If you are still doing well at that time then I'll release you back to duty. I can't stress enough how important it is for you to not gather power again until you deliver. I do understand you need to protect us all but hopefully no more criminals will force you to do your duty until after your kitten is born," Ainsly said seriously.

"Well, with Dark Kat gone, the odds are now in our favor that the others will stay under whatever rock they are hiding under so I think we're save enough now," T-Bone said optimistically.

"I'll hope for that too then. Get some rest, eat well, and I'll see you for your regular appointment next week." With that, he left them alone.

"Thank god for good news at last," T-Bone sighed as he climbed back on the bed and snuggled close again. Yawning, he kissed his mate on the cheek. "Let's take another nap, love," he suggested pulling the bedding over them. Agreeing that was a good idea, Feral gave his mate a kiss on the mouth then closed his eyes. They were both asleep very quickly.

Later that evening over the city's airwaves...

By late evening, every channel was showing the video of Feral and the Sabrens saving the city with the SWAT Kats dealing the final blow to Dark Kat. The video ended with a brief statement from the Mayor. Clean up had been going full steam all day and by nightfall most of it had been

completed. The city was in a celebratory mood with parties going on till very late.

Jake had no customers at the garage and felt justified in closing early to get some much needed rest. He was thrilled that Dark Kat was finally gone and went to bed feeling tired but thankful.

Early morning...Enforcer Headquarters...medical center...

Ulysses Feral woke to the feel of his mate's morning hard on pressing against his tail. T-Bone was nuzzling and nipping his neck ruff.

"Morning love, how are you feeling?" T-Bone rumbled.

"Hmm, very well...ohh T-Bone that feels soo good..." he mewed happily pressing back against his mate.

"I love you...let me show you how much," T-Bone growled caressing and stroking Uly's front eliciting moans of pleasure from his mate. Taking his time, he built the pleasure slowly, there was no need to rush.

It felt soo good having T-Bone make slow intense love to him and it helped to relieve the tension they'd suffered over the last 24 hours. He groaned and writhed in his love's arms as T-Bone slowly eased his way into his mate's hot center. He took hold of Uly's ruff firmly and began a steady rhythm bringing them both to a wonderful completion. For once Ulysses didn't flash too brightly, most likely due to his overuse yesterday.

They cuddled for a little while after until Uly's bladder made an urgent demand. Groaning, he flipped the covers off.

"What's the matter love?" T-Bone asked lazily.

"Gotta pee!" He said scooting off to the bathroom quickly.

When he came back and crawled into bed, T-Bone climbed out to use the bathroom too. Fully awake now, Uly got settled and raised the head of the bed to sit up as T-Bone returned. He stood by the bed and leaned close, drawing Ulysses into a satisfyingly deep kiss. A throat cleared causing them to part slowly, nuzzling each other before turning to see who was intruding.

"Good morning, Commander. How are you feeling this morning," Dr. Mewser asked smiling pleasantly.

"I'm feeling very good, thank you."

"Glad to hear it. Let me just check you over." Mewser gestured with his stethoscope. Feral sighed and lifted his shirt so he doctor could listen to his heart then moved to listen to the kitten's heart as well. Satisfied he allowed Feral to pulled his shirt back down.

"Everything certainly looks good and sounds good. I need to check your chems again so a lab tech will be in to draw your blood. Once we get the results of that we'll see if you can be released. Would you like breakfast now?" He asked as he prepared to leave.

"Yuck! Hospital food! Though dinner wasn't too bad!" Feral grimaced while adding the qualifier..

"Actually, because you're pregnant, you get a fairly substantial and tasty high protein meal," Mewser coaxed eyeing his patient in amusement.

"Okay, I guess." Feral sighed resignedly.

"Alright then, I'll see you a bit later." Mewser smiled and left. A few minutes later, a lab tech

arrived, took his blood, and left.

T-Bone used the time while waiting for breakfast smooching his mate. It was much better than watching TV. If they had turned on the set they would have been treated to all the hoopla going on about Feral's actions of the day before. As it was, they were spared the embarrassment.

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Chapter 17 by ulyferal

Chapter 17: A New Sabren Arrives

A week after he'd returned to duty, Feral was informed by the Deputy Mayor that his presence was required at ten a.m. the next morning in front of the Mayor's statue in Megakat Park.

He dreaded what was going to happen, suspecting it was going to be a big political ploy for the Mayor. By honoring the heroes of the battle days ago, Mayor Manx insured his reelection.

Sighing, he really wished they would just leave him out of it. He said as much to his mate that night.

"Aw, come on, Uly. It isn't just the Mayor but the katizens that need things like this to help them feel they are getting their city back from the omegas. It's just 'feel good' PR. No point in fighting it. They want Razor and I there too you know," Chance soothed and hugged his mate.

Uly snorted, "How did you get to be so smart about politics?"

"By listening to you and Ms. Briggs."

His mate still looked very unhappy. "Okay what's really wrong?" Chance asked gently while nuzzling Uly's face and giving him a much needed back rub.

"My uniform's don't fit now. I just look huge," he moaned in distress. 'Kat's alive! Was that a whine?' He winced, shocked at himself.

"Oh love. You're pregnant not fat and you look beautiful to me. Don't fret so much about it. I know we wanted to keep it secret but your very public plea to the Sabrens scuttled that before you began to show so much. So let me prove how unimportant it is," Chance murmured beginning to kiss and caress his mate, trying to help Uly forget his distress over his appearance, at least for a little while.

Megakat Park...Next morning...

Standing uncomfortably under the cameras and scrutiny of several hundred katizens, Feral pressed a little closer to his mate. His feet were beginning to hurt and he hadn't heard a word of the Mayor's long winded speech. He just wanted it to be over. He suddenly lost his comfortable leaning post when the Mayor called the SWAT Kats up.

They went to stand on one side of him. "Though you are vigilantes, you did help the enforcers take out a dangerous criminal and for that you have the gratitude of our fair citae," Manx said loudly, finishing with a grand flourish and depositing two medallions on gold chains around each of their necks.

A very loud cheer went up as well as thunderous applause. The Mayor was fairly basking in the public's approval of what he was doing. While the SWAT Kats returned to stand near an obviously uncomfortable and very pregnant (that just looks so strange, Manx thought) Feral, Manx began his next speech about the Sabrens themselves. He may have been a little leery around Sabrens in the beginning but after what they'd willingly done to save his city, as far as he was concerned, the species could do no wrong.

Feral was nearly asleep on his feet with boredom when T-Bone nudged him gently. Blinking alert, he noted the Mayor was looking at him pointedly. Sighing to himself, he walked over to the Mayor and stood at attention while Manx spoke of his bravery and how grateful and appreciative he was to have such a worthy and honorable Chief Enforcer protecting their city. Feral was about ready to gag at all the grandiose garbage coming out of the pompous windbag's mouth. Finally, he was asked to lean down while Manx placed a medal similar to the SWAT Kats on a gold chain around his neck.

The Mayor stepped away to more loud applause of the audience then silence reigned as everyone waited for Feral to give a speech of his own.

"Thank you Mayor Manx and the katizens of this city for honoring me and my fellow Sabrens. But for me, I really don't require any such honor. I was only doing my job protecting the city. Thank you for giving Sabrens a chance to prove their worth in your eyes. All we ever wanted was to be accepted for who we are and you have given us that chance. I thank you in the name of all the Sabrens that came to my aid and all those who contribute to the welfare of this city." Feral said briefly then stepped away from the mic. He received a roar of applause and cheers even greater than his mate but it was all just so much noise to him.

Once back in his place, he tried to stand still while the Mayor closed the ceremony. When he had said his final words and more applause filled the air, Feral turned to his mate with a pleading look in his eyes.

Nodding his understanding, T-Bone nudged his partner, gesturing with his chin to tell him it was time to leave. Giving Ms. Briggs a brief wave farewell, T-Bone and Razor helped Feral get through the crowd quickly and to the Turbokat, parked in a large clearing to the rear of the assembly.

A quick trip and Feral was deposited on the flight line of Enforcer Headquarters. A quick kiss, plus an admonishment to get his feet up, were Feral's hasty farewell by his mate before the pair hopped back aboard the Turbokat then took off for home.

Now that all the hoopla was over, Feral could get back to the important work on his desk. He made his way back to his office where he took the necklace off and dropped it carelessly into the top drawer of his desk.

He sighed and stretched before sitting down and reaching for the nearest report. He had a lot of things to accomplish before he was due to deliver and that was in less than four weeks. Before, he was unhappy about leaving so much undone to the paws of an incompetent, but now, Steele had done a complete turnaround and was becoming a first rate second in command, much to Feral's pleased surprise. So all he had to do right now was complete the work he set for himself, brief Steele on what to monitor while he was gone, and wait for his kitten to be born.

His stress levels were low and he felt comfortable with himself at last, except for the occasional spike when he worried about the delivery coming up. That was just too scary to contemplate so he was glad he had plenty of work to keep his mind occupied and make the time go by quicker.

And the time did go by swiftly and peacefully, with no sign of any other omega making an appearance. It was hoped that their spectacular defeat of Turmoil and Dark Kat would have scared off the others at least for a little while. The only one that might not be intimidated would be the Pastmaster but there had been no sign of the ugly troll for some time.

It was the final week and he was now confined to headquarters. He'd taken residence in his temporary quarters he'd maintained at headquarters. T-Bone had helped him bring a few things over from the apartment to make them more comfortable.

The enforcers got used to seeing T-Bone enter and exit on a daily basis from the Commander's

quarters as well as seeing him in the cafeteria sharing a meal with his mate. The SWAT Kat rode his cyclotron rather than be dropped off by the Turbokat daily and the enforcers appreciated his efforts at being discreet.

'It was nice not to garner a second look anymore from anyone,' Feral thought pleasantly to himself, one evening half way through the week as he and T-Bone were discussing the days events as they ate their dinner. Sleeping close to his mate was comforting and necessary as he couldn't find a comfortable position without T-Bone putting pillows strategically around his body when he rested. It was impossible to do it by himself.

Work at the garage was light, so T-Bone made sure he was 'hanging' around his mate more these past few days. Unfortunately, the day of the event a Thursday, the garage had an influx of some seven cars. A bit nervous about leaving Uly today of all days, he watched his mate closely as they got ready for work, but the pregnant tom seemed at ease though tired, but that was normal. He made sure Uly had his comm unit on him before giving him a kiss good bye and leaving for work.

The day was cloudy and overcast when Feral walked into his office, hanging his overcoat by the door then sitting down behind his desk with a sigh. He hated how tired he felt despite a full nights sleep and though T-Bone had pressed him to eat something this morning, he'd just not felt hungry for some reason but managed to choke down a piece of toast and some juice to appease his mate.

He settled down to work on the reports turned in by the night shift. All his projects and required performance reports had all been completed so he only had easy work left. He worked steadily until a flash of lightning distracted him. He turned his chair around and stared out at the thunderstorm that had rolled in. Sheets of rain poured down and made it rather hard to see through the window. Now that his attention was off his work, he noticed he was feeling rather edgy and anxious for some reason. His back ached from sitting too long and his bladder was making its needs known.

Groaning, he pushed himself carefully from his chair and walked slowly to his bathroom to relieve himself. He was returning to his desk when Steele briskly walked into his office, a sheaf of papers in his paw. Feral continued on to his desk, giving Steele a nod as he began to climb the steps leading up to his chair.

He froze halfway up when a flash of sharp cramps gripped his abdomen. He gasped loudly, reaching out to clutch the edge of his desk to keep from falling.

Steele's eyes widened as he rushed to the Commander's side. He dropped the papers on the desk and put an arm around the stricken tom's waist.

"Sir! Should I call for medical?"

Feral's head had dropped between his arms as he panted past the pain which began to mercifully ease off only to soar back more viciously and agonizingly than before stealing his breath away. His teeth snapped together and he began to double over.

Steel helped ease the big tom to his knees, while his paws were still clutching the desk in a death grip. The second in command didn't try to ask his commander any more questions. Insuring the poor tom was stable where he was. Steele went past him to use the phone on the desk.

"Medical team to the Commander's office, stat...birth may be imminent!" He barked at the one who answered the phone. He received a quick acknowledgment then hung up.

The pain eased again and Feral took the opportunity to speak quickly. "Steele...pocket of my coat...communicator...hurry!" He panted then cried out as another contraction stiffened his body.

Steele ran off the pedestal from the opposite side and rushed over to the Commander's coat hanging near the door. Searching the pockets he quickly found the special communicator from the SWAT Kats. Knowing the Commander couldn't speak, he pushed the button and was rewarded by an immediate response.

"Yes love, is it time?" T-Bone's voice asked anxiously.

"This is Steele. I'm betting it's the quick delivery since he's doubled over in really bad pain and can't move. I've already called for medical help so you better get here quick!" He told Feral's mate briskly.

"Crud! Thanks. On my way!" T-Bone barked, the communicator going silent.

With that accomplished and nothing else he could do at this point, Steele put the comm back in Feral's coat pocket and went to his Commander's side to see if he could offer what comfort he could. He rubbed the tom's lower back hoping to ease the contractions a little.

"I've contacted medical and your mate, sir. Everyone should be here in minutes," he said soothingly.

"Thanks!" Feral panted.

Less than five minutes after his call, the medical team arrived with Dr. Mewser. He went to the Commander's side and examined him as Feral clung to the desk and moaned in pain as contraction after contraction squeezed his gut in a vicious cycle.

"Bring the gurney here and lock it's wheels. It's the quick delivery alright, good call, Steele," he said in an aside while ordering his team on what to do. They quickly positioned the gurney near the desk and got it ready for Feral. A waterproof sheet was laid in the center of the bed while nearby two more medical officers arrived with a portable isolette for the newborn.

A sonic boom was heard over the storm, the Turbokat flashed briefly into view through the sheets of rain as it came over the flight line and went to VTOL then disappeared from their sight as T-Bone landed the jet on the flight line. The pilot jumped out and ran for the doors leaving his partner to catch up on his own. Within minutes he was striding hurriedly into his mate's office.

"Hope you're ready for this T-Bone. Personally, I was really hoping for the slower delivery like you but...here we are!" Mewser said briskly, preparing to move Feral to the gurney. Swallowing hard in fear, T-Bone nonetheless straightened his shoulders and walked up to his mate. Using his fingers he carefully pressed certain parts of Uly's abdomen within seconds Feral sighed gratefully in relief. He was able to get to his feet again.

"It won't last long, love. We need to undress you quickly," T-Bone warned his mate as he proceeded to peel his mate's clothes off.

The Sergeant had heard the medic alert to the Commander's office and arrived in time to be of assistance. He moved to stand next to T-Bone and took the clothes as the tom peeled off each piece from his mate then passed it to him, giving him a brief grateful smile for his help.

A med team member handed T-Bone a loose hospital gown for Feral which he hurriedly helped his mate get on just as the acupuncture touch wore off. Ulysses doubled over again but T-Bone held him and with the help of the rest of the medical team they got the Commander onto the gurney.

Delivery for his kind was done in a kneeling position which Feral went to instinctively. T-Bone was already at the front of the gurney so that when Feral was ready, he could lean against him while Mewser positioned himself at the other end to be the catcher.

Razor and Steele stayed back out of the way, waiting to see if they would be needed. The bed was surrounded by medical personal. Sgt Fallon had taken Feral's clothes and placed them on the couch then joined the pair near the closed office door.

"Razor! Come support my back!" T-Bone called out suddenly. His partner hurriedly moved to stand behind his friend. "Don't let me be shoved over, buddy," T-Bone told him without turning his head.

"Gotcha!" His friend said tersely putting his paws lightly on his partner's midback in preparation.

Feral was in too much pain to really pay attention to all the commotion going on around him, he moved as he needed to and that meant rearing up and gripping his mate's arms with his paws and placing his head in T-Bone's right shoulder.

T-Bone hissed and grit his teeth at Ulysses' hard, painful grip. He was glad the tom hadn't popped his claws as well, as it was he was going to have some serious bruises on his biceps later. His shoulder that Uly was digging his head into with each harsh contraction was going to be sore as well.

As time seemed to pass slowly, Ulysses was beginning to tremble and writhe with the unrelenting pain. His breath was coming out in hard pants, totally unable to take a deep breath at all and that worried T-Bone a lot.

Concerned, Dr. Mewser made the time to contact Dr. Ainsly and was on speaker phone with him. He was told what drugs to administer to help ease some of the pain but that not much more could be done since the delivery would be too quick for them to work well.

Still, everyone around Feral agreed that something was better than nothing. The poor laboring tom needed a break even if it was only minutes long or just eased the pain and nothing else. So Mewser injected a painkiller into Feral's thigh, immediately, the dark tom gave a moan of relief, leaning heavily against T-Bone, heaving for breath while he had the chance.

The contractions didn't abate but they were more bearable. The pain took about ten minutes to start making a comeback but by then Feral was nearly at the end of his struggles. Another fifteen minutes and he felt the overwhelming urge to push. With a great deal of grunting and pushing, Feral was sure he was shoving his guts through the birth canal instead of a kitten but suddenly there was a gush of fluids and a sharp, burning pain. Someone shouted, "there's the head."

Another intense push accompanied by shouts of encouragement by the watchers, and the rest of the body shot out into Mewser's waiting paws. The doctor quickly suctioned out the kitten's mouth and nose then lifted it up by its heels and tapped its back gently. At first there was only a barely heard squeak, but as soon as the kitten could inflate its lungs, everyone was treated to a loud wail.

There were smiles all around as the doctor cut the umbilical cord and handed the kitten to his assistant who took it to the isolette, wiped it down and suctioned more fluids from its nose and mouth. The little male Sabren was swaddled in a warm blanket which helped calm it down.

With the kitten's birth, Feral's agony simply ceased. It took him some minutes to even register the fact because of how exhausted and sore he was, his paws still gripping his mate arms. When his mind caught up with his body, he slumped in tired relief against his mate, like a limp rag.

T-Bone caught him from falling off the bed and gently held him until the afterbirth was passed and the medical crew pulled the wet bedding away, laying a new dry sheet beneath the exhausted mother's legs...only then did T-Bone help his mate lay down on the bed. Feral's nether quarters were quickly cleaned up then he was covered with heated blankets.

The isolette was rolled close so the new mother and father could look upon their son. Feral felt

too limp to hold him so he settled for reaching out and caressing this new life who lay quietly now, sleeping after all it had been through. T-Bone brought his face close to look adoringly at his new son and caressed the tiny cheek with his finger.

"He's beautiful sir!" Steele exclaimed in awe peering over the Commander's shoulder.

"Yeah, he's a real cutie, Ulysses," Razor said admiringly.

Feral just smiled tiredly and said nothing.

"I love you and despite your fears, he's beautiful," T-Bone murmured softly in his ear, giving his mate a warm kiss and nuzzle.

"Alright everyone, it's time to airlift queen and kit to the Sabren Hospital. So let's bundled everyone up and head out," Dr. Mewser said loudly over all the voices.

"Razor, taxi the Turbokat closer to the hangar so they don't get that wet," T-Bone called out to his partner. Razor nodded and raced out the door.

Meanwhile, the medical personnel closed the kitten's isolette then Feral was wheeled out of the office followed by his kitten and everyone else. T-Bone kept pace with the gurney, holding one of his mate's paws. The new family was rolled down the hall to the elevator, off loaded and taken through the staging area.

On the flight line, the enforcers had heard of the birth and all formed a line leading to the open cargo door of the Turbokat, attempting to hold back the wind blowing from the still thundering storm. Sgt Fallon and three other officers, hoisted a tarp into the air to form a canopy over Feral's gurney, trying to keep as much of the rain off him as they could. Very quickly queen and kitten were rolled aboard and the cargo doors were closed. The medical crew plus Dr. Mewser sat near the gurney and kept an eye on their patients through the rather bumpy flight.

Razor kept an eye for lightning as T-Bone flew as carefully as he could to the distant Sabren Hospital. When they were within a few miles of it, Razor contacted them and warned them of their imminent arrival.

Landing as close as he dared, Razor lowered the ramp and everyone scurried the pair inside as quick as they could. The staff of the maternity ward met them and took over from the medical personnel. They were given hot coffee and a place to wait until Razor was ready to return them. Meanwhile, Feral and his kitten were rolled down a long corridor, taken on an elevator ride to the fifth floor then rolled off and into an empty room.

Mewser gave his report to the doctor on duty, bid farewell to the happy new family and headed off to join his crew. Razor congratulated them again then left to take the medical crew back to headquarters.

Sabren Maternity Ward, early next morning...

T-Bone was changing the diaper of his new son when Dr. Ainsly came in to check on Ulysses. His patient was laying on his side, watching his mate.

"Good morning everyone! How was your night?" He asked.

"Tiring! He woke up to be fed every two hours," Feral groaned.

"Did he nurse alright? You didn't have any problems?" He asked, noting Feral's tired parlor and T-Bone's rather worse for wear look.

"Oh, he eats alright, regularly little pig he is but Uly seems to be keeping up with the demand I.

Most of the time, I'd put him to the breast while his mother is out cold," T-Bone said with tired humor, picking his son up and placing him in his isolette.

"Good, he sounds very healthy. By your exhausted looks you've had your first hard lesson in parents 101. A newborn is a lot of work but the rewards are incalculable. It's very important that the queen get as much rest as possible so that means...sleep when he does and leave the housework alone," Ainsly warned. "As a Sabren, your recovery will be much faster than a Kat Queen and that's because of the energy treatments you will receive while you're here. When you've completed them, you'll feel almost normal but don't be fooled. The energy is merely a boost to your depleted metabolism, it's not a substitute for real rest. So, though, you will be anxious to return to work...you'll do no such thing for at least a month. So get used to it," he told Feral firmly.

Feral gave a heartfelt groan and rolled to his back to stare at the ceiling. T-Bone gave him a commiserating pat on the shoulder.

"Now for some good news...your kitten will grow faster than a Kat kitten so it will wean in just over four weeks and begin to sleep through the night. It's fast paced growth will continue for the next six months then it will slow down to match a Kat's speed," the doctor said smiling warmly.

"What about sex?" T-Bone asked. Feral groaned at the thought of it and covered his face with the sheet.

Ainsly hid a smile at the Commander's reaction. "As to that, you'll only have to refrain until he's released from the hospital and that will be in a week. So get plenty of rest and that means you too, T-Bone. You can't help your mate if you drop from exhaustion," he said to the tired tabby then turned back to Feral. "Make sure you eat well, Commander...your kitten needs all the calories you can give it."

T-Bone yawned, "Okay, doc we hear ya! I'll go home now and hit the hay." He leaned down and pulled the sheet off his mate's face to deposit a kiss and an admonishment, "You do what they say love and I'll be back to see you this evening...promise."

"Don't worry about me...I'm a hostage in this bed. Go...get some rest...you look like death," Feral said warmly returning the kiss. "Also, when you get back, we need to come up with a name for our son," he said yawning.

"Oh, right...well maybe Razor can help with some ideas...later love!" He passed by his son's bed once more to give him a tender look and caress his cheek with his finger before leaving the room.

Outside his mate's room, he tapped his helmet radio. "Razor, hey buddy I need a pickup. I've been ordered to get some sleep."

"Be there in ten, T-Bone. You're in luck...no work so far so crash when you get home," Razor said sympathetically.

Back in Feral's room, Dr. Ainsly snapped on a pair of gloves. "Before you get some rest, I need to examine you so if you'll just relax and spread your legs a bit for me..." he said briskly, pulling the bedding up from the bottom of the bed to do the examine.

Feral sighed and did as instructed, staring at the ceiling while the humiliating exam was done.

"Good, you can relax now," Ainsly said as he pulled the bedding back down. "Everything's healing up nicely. Now rest for a bit then breakfast will arrive in about fifteen minutes. I'll see you again this evening." Pulling the gloves off and tossing them into the trash, Dr. Ainsly gave his patient a warm smile then left the room.

Sighing, his eyes heavy, Feral rolled back over toward his son's isolette to watch the little one

sleep, his own eyes closing in slumber some moments later.

One week later, Feral's apartment...

T-Bone ferried his mate and new son home aboard the Turbokat. That first week home was exhausting as they learned their son's schedule and managed to get enough sleep in between. It was lucky no omegas appeared during this time because T-Bone was far too tired to be of much use as a crime fighter right now.

Over the next three weeks, they hung onto their sanity, made jokes to get them past the rough times, and learned to be parents. It was with great relief when by the fifth week, little Jeremy had finally weaned enough to only want his mother once at bedtime but was taking solid food for the rest of his meals...and blessedly...sleeping through the night.

They celebrated by having a night of sex while their son slept just outside the door of their shared bedroom. It was a passionate, happy night for them both. The next day was Sunday and Feral was happily preparing for going to work on Monday for the first time since his son was born. He'd just fed Jeremy and was passing through the living room for the bedroom when his mate called to him.

"Here, let me take him for a bit, love. It's time for a little father...son bonding time," Chance said warmly, holding his arms out.

Feral smiled and went to his mate's side and handed over their son. "He's been fed and changed so I'm sure he'll appreciate some awake time with you. I've got to change his bed and wash clothes. Who knew a kitten could go through so many clothes," he sighed shaking his head.

"Don't lose anymore of those tiny socks, love!" Chance said jokingly. He made faces at their son who gargled happily at his father.

Feral snorted in amusement, giving his mate a light tap on the back of his head to show what he thought of that statement then left to do his chores.

"Welcome to our world son! You were really unexpected but we love you very much. I have a lot of things to teach you and we're going to have a good time together," Chance cooed to his son who just blinked up at him and waved his little arms around. Jeremy was dark brown like his mother with black hair but he had black stripes and warm green eyes like his father. "What a beauty you are," he sighed, thoroughly happy to be a father.

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Chapter 18 by ulyferal

Chapter 18: Chance Get's a Surprise

It was tough going trying to raise a fast growing Sabren kitten and still manage to work. Feral had returned to his office with great relief some two weeks earlier and was still trying to juggle his motherly responsibilities with his enforcer ones.

One thing he was eternally grateful for was the daycare he'd had the foresight to set up a few months after he'd mated and had begun to feel better about himself and his new situation. It was a Godsend! He felt less stressed knowing Jeremy was nearby and safe from harm.

His thoughts were interrupted by his second in command.

"Here's the Munitions Theft report, sir!" Steele said briskly, laying the report in front of Feral.

"Thank you. Anything more I need to know?" Feral asked as he picked up the file and began to read it.

"Only that we've finally cracked the perp late last night. He sang like a canary and confirmed what we'd suspected."

"Good...excellent! So glad we've been able to close that constant leak at last," Feral grunted, pleased with the results of the six month long investigation.

Feral had been hardily tired of criminals managing to get their paws on the new tech coming out of Pumadyne. He'd ordered an undercover investigation into the reason it was happening, ...suspecting a mole somewhere in the development process. He had been right. They had finally uncovered a mole in the munitions plant where the new weapons were being built. The creep had been leaking the information to the highest bidder during special auctions he would hold once a month for years.

"What is even more great news is we discovered a couple more lower level minions trying to get a piece of this lucrative pie under the nose of the mole. Hopefully, we've managed to truly plug the leak completely with the new security measures that have been instituted and a tighter background check being done at the plant and at Pumadyne," Steele said with satisfaction.

"Very good news!" Feral murmured as he put down the report and gave Steele a considering look.

While he had been on maternity leave, he had been forced to leave Steele in charge. To his surprise, Steele had done a complete turn around in attitude. When he returned to work, he was pleasantly amazed to find his desk free of work. Asking Sgt Fallon, privately, what he thought of the reports leaving the Commander's office, the response was, 'to my surprise, sir, Lt. Commander Steele put out very concise and complete reports and on time. Made my job easier.'

Feral had been stunned by that report but within days of returning to work, he saw for himself how efficient Steele had become and was very pleased and relieved.

"Great job monitoring this and handling the interrogation, Steele. You'll get an commendation for this work," Feral told the slim built tom.

Steele blushed a bit at the compliment and the promise of a good mark in his record. "Thank you, sir but I was only doing my job."

"And that's what I'm rewarding you for. You've been a pain in my tail since your arrival under my command...incompetent and cowardly as well as arrogant. I'm pleased to see a totally different officer standing before me. I feel much more at ease knowing you are my second than when you arrived. Keep up the good work and you will certainly earn the right to become Commander some day," Feral said warmly.

Steele flashed a smile of pleased and embarrassed pleasure. "Thank you, sir," he said bashfully. "I'd better go...uh...I have work to do on my desk."

Feral grinned and waved a dismissal. Steele briskly saluted and turned about, walking quickly out of the Commander's office.

Feral shook his head, still amazed by the turnaround of his second. Sighing, he got back to work himself. Glancing at the time, he found he would be able to get this work piled on his desk done before going down to spend a few minutes with his son at lunch time. He tried to do that everyday. It eased his protective instincts as well as reassured his Sabren son.

At the moment, Jeremy was one of three Sabren kittens in the daycare. Though they really didn't require any special care, the kittens were more aggressive and bigger than their Kat kitten companions so had to be monitored so they wouldn't accidentally harm the Kat kittens in the nursery. Even at two months old, Jeremy was already sitting up and beginning to crawl when the

Kat kittens could only roll over.

Over at the city's salvage yard, a tabby tom was hauling an engine out of a pile of spare parts to be used in someone's recently blown engine. A loud honk greeted him as he was crossing the yard toward the garage where he and Jake made a little extra income.

Scowling, Chance continued on to the first bay of the garage to lay the engine carefully on the ground as a huge dump truck trundled into the yard. It halted beside him, massive air breaks blowing foul air at him.

Murray poked his head out of the passenger window and called down to the tabby, "got some more work for you guys!" Then he turned back to his large companion and said, "hit it Burke!"

"Don't you dare!" Chance bellowed, leaping to the running board of the salvage truck then reaching in and yanking Burke's arm from the dump switch.

"Hey! You get out of my truck!" Burke bellowed, slamming a big fist toward Chance's head but missing as the tom leapt down quickly.

"You dump that stuff here again and I swear I'll break your arm, Burke," he shouted, his fists clenched, teeth bared.

Burke was about to shout back with a nasty threat but Murray beat him to it. "Oh, we're so scared! Get real, Furlong. You're nothing but a has-been and always will be," he said nastily.

Seeing red, Chance reached into the cab again and snatched Murray out by his shirt and tossed him in a stack of salvage, knocking him out. With a roar of anger, Burke came lumbering out of the truck and grabbed Chance. Undaunted and unafraid, Chance gave the huge Kat a hard one two punch that would have thrown Dark Kat off his feet. As it was Burke was no match for the solid hit the powerful tabby delivered to his stomach which doubled him over in agony then another punch, this time to the jaw, that sent the garbage Kat flying to land unconscious on the ground near the garage doors.

Heaving for breath, Chance stared down at his vanquished foes. Wiping the sweat from his face, he climbed into the dump truck then drove it to where he wanted the salvage placed, released the handle that raised the bed of the truck and dumped the stuff to the ground. Returning the truck bed to normal, he reached out and grabbed the salvage receipt clipboard, signed for the delivery, ripped his part off then drove the truck back to the pair just waking up and trying to stand. Parking the truck beside them, he picked up Murray and dumped him into the passenger seat then he 'helped' Burke into the driver's seat, slamming the door behind the still groggy tom.

Smiling, pleased he had finally succeeded in getting even with the two pain in the tails that had badgered and taunted him for years, he spared them only a disgusted but satisfied look before returning to the garage, pausing to place the receipt on their office desk then picking up the engine again and carrying it to the rear of the bay where the car waited for it.

"Well, you're in a good mood. Was that Burke and Murray I heard?" Jake asked, coming from a rear storeroom with a box of parts in his paw.

"Yeah, and I finally had it out with them. They were going to dump in front of the door again and I just snapped. I yanked that smart mouth Murray by his shirt and threw him into a pile of car parts knocking him out then gave Burke a quick one-two punch sending him to la-la land. While they were counting stars, I simply drove the salvage to where we wanted it, dumped it and returned the truck to them then stuffed the two back in their vehicle while they were still trying to figure out what had happened to them," Chance told his partner, feeling not the least bit guilty for what he'd done.

Suddenly, there was the sound of the dump truck roaring off, the noise of it fading rapidly into the distance. Chance just grinned. "Guess they decided leaving was a better idea than confronting me again."

Jake could only groan and shake his head. "They will make trouble for us you know," he said in resignation. "So, I take it we've got a pile to sort later?"

"Yeah, not too much stuff though. Should only take us about an hour to sort it and we won't get into trouble. Uly will just ask me what happened, I'll tell him what we've had to put up with and he'll deal with it," Chance said with certainty.

"Huh! Yeah, I guess you're right about that. Now maybe we won't have to put up with their stupid behavior anymore. Glad there's not much salvage either because I have plans for this evening... I want to work on a new invention," Jake said pleased.

"It also means I'll get home on time tonight, if no troublemakers show up," Chance grunted as he hefted the new engine into its new home.

"Ever since we got rid of Dark Kat, Viper and Turmoil, things have been nice and quiet lately," Jake reminded him.

"Yeah, ain't it the truth!"

"I never thought I say it, but I'm kinda glad things are finally quieting around here. We could really use the break."

"You got that right."

Conversation lapsed after that as the two concentrated on their work. It was lunch time when they finished with the intake for the day, a perfect time, they figured to eat lunch then go sort the salvage.

Ordering some sub sandwiches from a favorite eatery, they sat in their break room and watched TV while they waited.

"Hey buddy, are you still thinking about finding a new home for you and Ulysses?" Jake asked thoughtfully after a few minutes.

Chance kept his eyes on the TV as he answered. "I am at least..Ulysses however...he's still resistant to the idea but I might be winning especially after the episode when Jeremy climbed from his bassinet the other day and crawled into our bedroom while we were...um...occupied."

Jake stared at Chance in shocked surprise. Shaking his head, he said in disbelief, "crud, Chance. I know Sabren kittens grow fast but, I mean Jeremy is only two months old for goodness sake!"

His friend gave a snort and a shake of his head. "You don't think I find that a bit odd as well? My kid is already crawling around when I expected him to still be somewhat helpless for another four months at least. The doc wasn't kidding when he said Jeremy would grow quickly for the first six months before slowing down to match Kat kitten growth patterns."

"That's just incredible and scary. So, due to Jeremy being a bit too nosy, you think Ulysses will now consider getting a house?" Jake said, still shaking his head.

"Well, at least he's listening and not tuning me out now," Chance snorted in pained amusement.

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of their lunch. Paying for it, they settled down to eat and watch some TV. Some thirty minutes later, they got up, stretched, tossed their trash then

went to sort the salvage.

As they worked, Jake asked, "so, have you thought a little more about that place I suggested?"

Chance wiped his sweating brow as he hefted up a tank door. "Yeah I have. Maybe if we're done here early enough we could ride out and take a look?"

"Sure, good idea. I checked recently and found it's still for sale," Jake agreed readily, though it delayed him from his own plans.

After about an hour, they were finished. Sweaty and ready to close for the day, Chance went and put up the closed sign while Jake finished up the days paperwork. The two of them closed up their garage then went up to take turns getting showered before hopping into their tow truck and heading out of town.

The place Jake had found was just across the bay from Professor Hackle's lab home. It was hidden in the trees just above the bay. Other homes were scattered about, all some distance from each other, allowing a great deal of privacy. This home had been on the market for more than eight months because it required extensive repairs; the roof needed new tiles, the garage had collapsed, and a couple of windows had been broken out.

As they drove up, Chance was not put off by the work needed to be done on it. What he saw was adequate seclusion, access to the bay below the home, and an empty clearing with no homes nearby a few yards from the house's back yard. The clearing was filled with high weeds that would need to be mowed down but overall, an excellent place to land the Turbokat when necessary or Uly's chopper.

They got out of the truck as soon as he pulled up to the sad looking garage. The driveway was nothing more than a very rutted, dirt pathway...it would need to be paved. Paws in his pockets, Chance walked around the outside looking over the exterior and the grounds.

"It doesn't look too bad. The wood is still in good condition, fortunately. The roof appears sound and just needs to be recovered, windows need replacing as well. As for the grounds, a little landscaping, repaving the drive, and it looks like we could dig us an underground safety room as well, what you you thing?" He paused to ask his partner.

Jake studied the sloping ground behind and under the house for some minutes before answering. He had a device in his paws that allowed him to check the soundness of the grounds. It was similar to the one he used aboard the Turbokat to determine if the ground was safe to land on.

"You're in luck, Chance. Its firm bedrock underneath here. It will be tough to dig out but at least we won't have to shore up with cement and timbers to make the safety room," Jake said, pleased with the results.

"Fantastic!" Chance said, a happy grin on his face as he continued to look around. "I can see we'll need to make some better steps than these rotted out ones leading down to the dock and I'll want to put up a fence to keep Jeremy safe. I might even want to build a boat dock eventually," he mused.

"Sounds good. Let's take a look inside," Jake suggested as he went to the front door and opened it.

Besides the glass from the two broken windows, there was debris...leaves, pine cones, dust, etc...that had blown in as well. In the kitchen, appliances needed replacing as did the cracked tile floor but the cabinets were sound...if a little dirty. Jake checked out the electrical panel located near the stairs leading down to a mini basement and found it sound but he would be boosting it by adding more circuits so that a high quality security system could be installed.

Chance was pleased with the floor plan. The living room was large with a good-sized stone fire place and the dining room was straight ahead from the front door and had a set of sliding glass doors that opened to the bay side of the house. The kitchen had a skylight and was bright and airy with oak cabinets. Turning right from the main door was a short hall that lead to a medium bathroom also with a skylight in the ceiling. Down the hall were three bedrooms, the master being at the end with a huge bathroom containing a shower, soaker tub and double sinks. There was a very nice walk in closet as well.

Going back to the kitchen, he went down the short stairs that lead to the mini-basement area. He pulled out a flashlight since the power was off in the home and looked around. The floor was a small cement apron which held a nice gas furnace, a good sized hot water tank, washer/dryer hookups that were next to a tub sink and, in that last small area of the room a shelving area had been put in for storage.

Nodding in satisfaction, he walked back upstairs just as Jake was coming in from the back yard. He apparently had been checking out the clearing nearby.

"There's a lot of work but it's nothing we can't do ourselves," he said confidently. "Well, what do you think?"

"I like it! I just hope I can afford to buy it," Chance said worriedly.

"Don't worry. If you want it then you'll have it," Jake said firmly then added, "I've been saving a surprise for you but didn't want to say anything until I was sure things with you and Feral were going to work."

"A surprise? What kind of surprise and how can you be sure I can get this place?"

Jake just smiled. "You know how I was blacklisted by all the weapons plants and labs here in Megakat City before I joined the enforcers instead?"

Chance scowled at the reminder. "Of course, I do. It was a lousy thing for them to do and you still haven't found out why it happened."

"Well they've lost their chance...permanently! Since I'm blacklisted as Jake Clawson, I'm most certainly not as Razor. I have them begging me to help them or sell them my designs but they can go hang themselves. From the many contacts I've gotten on my Razor website, I have more requests to buy my designs for top dollar prices than I have time to fill. So as soon as I say yes and send off my first order, I'll be wealthy enough to buy your home, remodel it, buy my condo, build our new lair, and pay off our debt to Feral!" He said in triumph. "We'll be free at last!"

His partner gaped at him in shocked amazement. It took him some moments to finally blurt out, "that's fantastic and why the heck didn't you think of that before? We wouldn't have had to muck around with the garage...squeezing out a living as we have for these past few years."

Jake shrugged. "Well, for one thing, I had to develop a reputation as Razor first, buddy and we were just too busy for me to even think about our futures. But with all this quiet time we've had recently, I've had time to really think and plan where we want to go from here, especially since we've been able to take out most of the omegas with the Sabren's help."

Chance just shook his head. "All I can say is, I'm glad you never stop thinking. I would love to be able to stop working at the garage. However, wouldn't paying off the loan put us out of the salvage yard? How would we access the parts we need to keep going and what about the hangar underneath?"

"Well, that's why I haven't accepted any offers yet. I needed to talk with you about what we plan on doing first."

"Oh, okay, but you're the thinker, I'm betting you already have some ideas percolating in that brilliant mind of yours."

Jake blushed at the compliment. "Well, yeah, I have had some ideas..."

"How about you start spouting them off to me on the drive back to the yard?" Chance said heading for the tow truck.

Nodding in agreement, Jake climbed into the truck and they were soon driving through the forested area for the main road.

"Okay, first of all we need a new hangar before we close the old one. Secondly, we need to find a new garage to take our customers so we can close the garage. Thirdly, once our new hangar is built and we've closed the garage, we pay off the debt to Feral."

"Callie isn't going to be happy about that," Chance interjected.

"Yeah, I know but I don't want to run a garage any longer...do you?"

"Nope! She'll just have to get used to seeing someone else," Chance said quickly. "So did you have somewhere in mind for our new hangar?"

"Not yet! I haven't had time really, to check out some possibilities so that's something else we have to get done. If you're patient, Chance we'll get out of our present nightmare but it could take a couple of years to do it, okay?" Jake asked.

"Hey, if it means getting out from under the debt sooner than we'd hoped then I'm willing to wait for as long as it takes. It's easier to wait when you know there's an end to it unlike before."

"Exactly. Meanwhile, we'll continue to do what we've been doing except we will also be searching for a new home for our hangar, fixing up your new residence, and finding a new reputable garage for our clients," Jake recapped their discussion.

"Sounds like a great plan and boy, will we be busy!" Chance said, a frown forming on his face. "As a matter of fact, it might be difficult to manage all that during the day. I can't stay after work any more. How do you think we'll be able to do all of this?"

"Hmm, you're right. Well then, perhaps we should just close up the garage sooner. That will leave us plenty of time to work on your house, first while we search for a new place for the hangar. Once your place is done, then we can begin building our hangar," Jake conceded.

"That means we only have the salvage yard to monitor which really doesn't take that much time out of the day...I like that idea better!"

"Great! Then what I need to do first is sell some of my designs and rake in the money. I'll open a bank account and begin depositing the money there and as soon as I have enough built up then you and I will open a direct payment system with the enforcer accounting office. They will just take the money out monthly to pay the bill and we won't have to worry about it until we're ready to pay it off completely. I don't want anyone getting suspicious about where we're getting the money so doing it this way just looks like we found more stable and consistent income to pay our debt without raising any alarms," Jake said musingly.

"Good idea, buddy! Doing it that way will keep my mate from being suspicious as well. I don't want to tell him about it for now."

"I was going to suggest that but didn't want to get you upset about doing something behind your mate's back."

"No, in this case, I want the house to be a secret, however, he will have to know we closed the garage because...remember he does send us vehicles to be repaired," Chance warned.

"Crud! That's right!" Jake exclaimed in annoyance. "I don't want him to know I'm selling my tech elsewhere though. What are you going to tell him we're doing to make the money for our payments?"

Chance frowned. He hadn't thought of that then his face cleared. "I'll just tell him you and I decided to do something else that makes better money...construction!" He grinned wolfishly.

Jake chuckled. "And its the truth too! Brilliant idea. It will also explain why you come home with plaster, wood dust, and other debris on you too."

"So true!" His partner laughed. "There still one other thing though that you didn't cover...how do we obtain the stuff we need to keep our gear updated and the Turbokat flying?"

"Oh, I thought I mentioned that...with the money I'll be making, I can purchase everything we need and it'll be top quality rather than salvage!"

"Cool, though I seemed to recall you managed to get some really rare stuff from the yard."

"Well, who says we can't go to the yard as customers and buy what we need," Jake said, grinning. "Or sneak in and take what we want as we've always done since some of it is not for sale," he finished with a smirk.

Chance could only laugh at that.

They pulled into the yard an hour later, just ten minutes before they usually closed for the day.

"Well, I'd better get home," Chance said, tossing the keys for the truck on the office desk. "Thanks, buddy. I feel so much better about our future now."

"Speaking of our futures...you need to think about what you want to do when you no longer have to care for the salvage yard and only have our SWAT Kat duties left...after we've built our hangar, of course."

"Hmm, that's true...though, at first, I wouldn't mind spending more time with Jeremy but then I'll get bored when he goes off to school so I'll need something else to do. I'll give it some thought! I take it, you already know what you're going to do?" Chance said, giving his friend a knowing glance.

"Yeah, I do. Be a freelance designer, of course," Jake said grinning.

"Of course," Chance grinned back. "See you tomorrow, Jake and thank you. It feels a little strange letting you make all the money and spending it on me but I have no way to do what you can do..."

"Don't...I don't want you to feel bad about taking my money. You've been my best friend and partner for years and all I want is for you to be happy and safe. Let me do this without you feeling your pride is stung...please?" Jake begged softly.

Chance smiled warmly and gave his friend a tight hug. "It may feel strange, but I promise not to let it bother me. This is something you've been wanting to do for all your life and now you can. I won't deny you the pleasure of finally earning the money and reputation you so richly deserve selling your designs. I feel privileged to be considered that important to you."

Jake sighed and hugged back. That had been the one thing that had worried him...hurting Chance's pride. He was relieved, his longtime buddy was okay with him doing this for them both.

They released each other and waved goodbye as Chance went down into the hangar to change to T-Bone and go home to his mate and son.

Grinning happily to himself, Jake went up to make something for dinner before going to work in his shop. He felt happier than he'd had for a long time and was looking forward to a truly bright and successful future.

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Chapter 19 by ulyferal

Chapter 19: Time Passes - A Home is Built and a Kitten Grows

Chance was relieved Ulysses accepted the fact the pair would no longer work at the garage and planned on closing it.

"I have to admit, though, you two were darn good mechanics. Our vehicles hadn't run so well for years until you came along but I understand the need to earn more money. I really wish I could retract the punishment now. It was wrong of me to put that on your shoulders in the first place. Taking you from the enforcers was bad enough," Feral said, voice full of regret.

"I'm glad you feel that way but it hardly matters now. Don't let it bother you so much. Jake and I are happier as the SWAT Kats than we ever were as enforcers," Chance soothed him as he played with his son on the floor of their apartment.

"Even though you are a pain in my tail at times, you are much better there than under me. I think we would have hurt each other badly if we'd stayed the way we were," Feral admitted quietly.

"I'm sure you're right about that."

It took Jake less than four months to build up a sizable bank account. The first thing he did was purchase the house and the land beside it for Chance, then bought his own small place not far from his partner. It was only a tiny two bedroom rancher but it had an attached workshop/garage which would allow Jake to work on his inventions and was very cozy and private.

Chance, meanwhile, had connected with some long time friends that ran a garage not far from city hall and after talking with them over lunch one day, he got them to agree to take all their clients. The small group of four toms were pleased to have their business increased and surprised their old friend was getting out of the business.

"Wow! You guys were the best and did the towing no one else would. Why are you leaving it?" A tall, lean, tiger striped tabby asked.

"Jake and I are barely making ends meet and we have that huge debt to pay so we've decided to find work that will help us do that more quickly. We still have to work at the salvage yard but that doesn't take much time a week," Chance explained, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well far be it from me to look a gift horse in the mouth as we could sure use the influx of new business, especially from the enforcers," Wilber, the owner, said, very pleased with the deal.

"You guys deserve it. Hope it helps to pay off your debts you incurred in setting up this place," Chance said warmly.

"Oh it will!" Wilber said, grinning from ear to ear.

Needless to say, a great many of Chance and Jake's customers were unhappy, especially the old Lady Kat and Ms. Briggs.

"Are they going to pick me up and take me home?" The old lady Kat asked querulously, upset by the change.

"Well they don't do towing, but we did get them to do it just for you. We didn't want you left stranded. Wilber's does great repair work for a fair price so you don't need to worry about that," Jake told her gently.

Though pleased the lean tom had taken the time to make arrangements specifically for her, she wasn't happy about losing them and was still grumbling complaints when she finally hung up.

Callie was even more unhappy, "but, you guys are the only ones I've ever had the best luck with keeping this old thing running," she protested the day they told her they were closing the garage.

"Don't worry, Callie. Our friends at Wilber's Car Repair are very good and said they were willing to take you on," Chance soothed her.

"But...why quit?"

Jake sighed. "You know about the debt we owe the enforcers, right?"

"Yes."

"Well, running the garage and towing business just isn't making us enough money to make that debt pay down any faster so we looked around for a better paying job and found it in construction. Although we still have to run the salvage yard as our punishment, its not a 24/7 job so we're able to work a full time one and still handle the salvage work when we get off," Jake explained.

"Ohh, I see...I never realized...I'm sorry...you guys were never happy here were you?" She said softly, studying each of them.

"No, we weren't," Chance said sourly, "...and construction isn't our end goal either but its much better than what we're doing now...besides this place is depressing."

"I guess I can certainly understand that and I agree it is a rather depressing place to be forced to live and work at. I can't blame you for wanting to do more with your lives so I'll wish you both all the luck in the world and I hope I'll see you around still," Callie said sadly, resigned that her favorite mechanics were leaving.

"Oh, I'm sure you will," Chance said with a small secret smile. 'More often than you realize,' he thought in amusement.

She gave them each a hug then left the yard for the last time.

Now that they didn't have to run the garage any longer, Chance and Jake spent every working day on repairing, remodeling, and landscaping Chance's new home. The tabby felt a little pressed to get the house completed as soon as possible, as Jeremy was getting more and more rambunctious and needed a much larger place to play in than Feral's small apartment...plus the fact, he truly missed private time with his mate. It didn't help one bit that his son was now walking at six months of age.

While Jeremy was at daycare, the caregivers treated him as if he was a year old because he was already talking and learning to read and write. He even knew how to follow rules when he played games with the other two Sabren kittens.

Feral felt awkward dealing with his very intelligent kitten but then he felt awkward as a mother in the first place. His kittenhood hadn't been so great so he had nothing to go back on to learn from. But Chance did, so was able to pick up the slack in parenting though, he too, found his bright son a bit more than he was used to. However, that did stop him from being everything his son

needed.

Jeremy adored his father and when the tired and sweaty tabby would get home each day after working hard at his secret project, he would run to greet him and leap into the powerful tabby's arms much to Chance's delight. He would whirl his son in a circle like a jet and the kitten would shriek with joy then he would turn and give his mate a hot kiss which always made his son giggle which taught Jeremy how much his parents cared for each other.

Jeremy never batted an eye at the sight of his father coming home as T-Bone then becoming Chance behind closed doors. To both parents relief, Jeremy apparently didn't have a problem keeping his father's secret identity from his friends at the daycare or other adults he came in contact with. He had caught on quickly that this was something serious and not to be talked about with anyone but his father and mother and his Uncle Jake/Razor.

The one thing he did do that was driving his mother and father crazy with frustration was his insatiable curiosity which had lead him into some dangerous and embarrassing situations.

The most embarrassing one, was his propensity to climb out of his bed in the living room and sneak into his parents bedroom when they were trying to have some much needed alone time. They had been forced to lock the door during those short periods and warn him that this was a time for themselves alone and they shouldn't be disturbed unless it was something serious. Jeremy had a little trouble grasping the reason for their privacy and what they were doing, but did stop bugging them, to their relief.

Those rare times he was being katasat by Jake in the secret hangar, Jeremy would get into some rather dangerous situations. Jake did his best to keep an eye on the kitten but Chance's son was just too smart and agile. One time, he actually managed to start the hoverkat...but since he was far too small to touch its pedals and didn't know how to steer, he managed to plow it into a nearby cement wall. He wasn't hurt, thankfully.

Jake was beside himself with annoyance for his carelessness, scared the kitten had hurt himself (he was only frightened) and at Jeremy for being so precociousness in the first place. From then on he was banned from the hangar all together, which hampered Jake since, those times he had to take care of Jeremy because Chance was otherwise engaged elsewhere, meant he had to take the kitten to his home and work on his projects there instead and he didn't always have what he was working on with him.

After the incident with the hoverkat, Feral was at his wits end on how to keep his wayward and curious son safe. Chance felt equally frustrated, both because he couldn't tell his mate he was making them a bigger and safer home and because he couldn't do anything about keeping his son safe while he tried to get the solution done as fast as he could. It left him pretty stressed out at times.

Jake hadn't failed to note his partner's occasionally frazzled behavior and on this particular day as they were finishing the roof and had stopped to drink something and rest, he tried to get his friend to vent a little.

"Jeremy getting out of paw again?" He asked, hiding his smile.

"Oh yes! This morning he decided he'd get his own breakfast so he pulled a chair up to the cabinet in the kitchen and climbed onto the counter. By the time Uly got up and found him, the little guy had filled a bowl, spilling a lot of it on the counters and floor, and managed to get the milk and pour it into the bowl, spilling only a little of that and leaving the bottle on the floor though he did close the fridge," Chance obligingly began to rant.

"When Uly got up and discovered him gone from the crib, he found Jeremy sitting on the floor, eating his breakfast. He gave Uly this big milky smile and continued eating. What could my mate do but sigh and clean up the mess. We're at our wit's end but I'm also just surprised as hell at

how smart he is," the frustrated father sighed, shaking his head then downing his bottle of water.

Jake couldn't help but chuckle at the image Chance had painted and he could easily imagine Uly's look. "Ahh, Chance, he's just being a kitten. The fact he's doing it at six months of age is astounding but the behavior is still one of a toddler which he apparently is in his mind. Don't worry, we've made a lot of progress here. I calculate we should have this place habitable and ready to move in by another month. Just be patient and watchful until then," he said soothingly.

"Yeah, that's what I keep telling myself. I'm pleased by what we've done so far, though. This is going to be a really great place when we're done," Chance sighed as he picked up his hammer and began to go to work again.

Jake smiled and did the same on a different section.

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Chapter 20 by ulyferal

Chapter 20: Surprises

True to his word, the house was finished in a month. Jake rested his arm across his friend's shoulders as they stood before the transformed house in his newly landscaped yard at the end of another long day.

"It looks fantastic, Chance. We do good work!"

"I couldn't have done it half as well or as fast without your help, buddy. I can hardly wait to tell Ulysses and get us moved," the tabby sighed gratefully.

"Is he going to be okay with this? I mean, I thought he still was kinda divided about moving from the city at all," Jake asked, a little concerned.

"I've been softening him up for months...just dropping hints and suggestions about how great it would be to have a place that was safe and allowed Jeremy to just be himself. I'm fairly certain, at least by the emotional waves I would get from each time I mentioned it, that he's primed for this," Chance said confidently.

"Well that's great. However, I'm glad you listened to me about going out and buying tons of furniture. Ulysses might truly want to have a paw in decorating too."

"Yeah, I know but I think the bed I bought he'll fall in love with. His is really worn and doesn't hold the two of us that comfortably. And I couldn't resist about the dining room table since he only has that small kitchen table. However, you're probably right about the rest of it. He's had it for a long time now and is attached. I, on the other paw, don't want any of my furniture so you can get rid of it or we can leave it for the next poor saps that get the yard after we leave it finally. After all, except for the hangar, neither of us have any of our personal belongings there any longer," Chance said shrugging his shoulders.

"You're right! Leave it for the next guys, though it probably will be Burke and Murray again, no point in us being churlish, though, just because they left the place looking like a garbage dump when we got it," Jake said archly, amusement glinting in his eyes.

Chance just laughed. They turned away from the newly remodeled house and headed for their vehicles. "So what do you want to do tomorrow? Get started on the new hangar?" He asked as he climbed aboard his cyclotron.

"Yeah, now that this project is done, we really need to get busy breaking ground for it and I have an idea how to make the work go faster too," Jake said as he cinched on his helmet.

"Tell me about it when we get back to the old hangar," Chance said then started his engine. Jake gave a high sign indicating he'd heard him and agreed then climbed on his own bike and started it up with a loud roar.

Soon they both were a blur, racing down the road toward the salvage yard. One behind the other, they zoomed down the ramp into the hangar. Taking off their helmets and by mutual consent, they went upstairs to check if any salvage had been delivered. To their relief, the gate was still closed and the place was quiet. No junk today.

Going back downstairs, Chance changed clothes to T-Bone.

"So, tell me how you plan to get the new hangar built quickly...that's a lot of rock to dig through you know," he said as he dressed.

"Yeah I know, that's why I want to ask Professor Hackle if we can borrow Cybertron II. That thing is big and powerful enough to dig through all that rock and clear it much faster than we can with explosives and heavy equipment and much quieter so our new place isn't discovered while we're working on it," Jake said excitedly.

T-Bone paused in putting his harness on and stared at his friend in surprise. "Wow! You're right! That robot could have the biggest and hardest part of the job done in no time. When do you plan on talking to him?"

"Tonight! I'll just run out there and see what he says then we'll know what we're doing tomorrow," Jake said, grinning.

"Cool! I can hardly wait. I'll see you tomorrow then," T-Bone said with a pleased grin, then walked back out of the changing area and made for his bike.

Jake waved farewell to his friend then went to his work bench. There was something he wanted to finish before he went to see the Professor. He put in a call for dinner to be delivered then got to work.

In a buoyant mood, T-Bone raced through town to Feral's apartment building. He swung into the parking garage and parked his bike in front of Feral's space, the hummer was there indicating Uly was home ahead of him for once. Many of the other residents were arriving all around him as well. He strode to the elevator, nodding at the others waiting for the car. When it did, he politely let them enter ahead of him before getting on himself.

The residents had long since got over the novelty of having a superhero living in their building. They found him polite, helpful, and likable but they never forgot he was also a very powerful tom, one they were grateful lived in their building. All of them felt much safer with the two powerful males to protect them. They weren't going to be happy when they learned the two would be moving out soon.

"How is your son doing, T-Bone," An older she-kat asked warmly.

"He's getting into everything and growing fast," the tom said with a grin.

"Must be very interesting dealing with such an exceptional kitten and one that's another species as well," she commented curiously.

T-Bone snorted in amusement, "you can say that again. Even though Jeremy is only seven months old, he's more like two years old instead. It's a lot to get used to but he's a really smart and loving kitten and I'm a very lucky dad," he said proudly.

"You certainly are, have a good evening, T-Bone," she said as she got off on her floor.

"Thanks, you too," he said warmly.

The car was empty by the time he reached his floor at the top of the building. He stepped out into the quiet hallway and made for their apartment. Through the door, he could plainly hear Jeremy burbling rapidly to his mother about his day. A smile tugged on his lips as he opened the door and waited for the small body to charge him.

He barely had time to close and lock the door behind him before a small missile raced across the floor and leaped into the air. Chuckling, T-Bone caught his excited son, giving him hugs and kisses.

"Daddy...daddy...!" Jeremy shrieked and kissed his dad back while hugging the tom's neck tightly.

"Hi sport, how's my little guy today?"

Jeremy exploded into excited chatter which T-Bone could barely follow. He just let his son rattle on, saying an occasional "...yeah...really...that's great..." whenever the kitten took a breath. He walked into the bedroom and saw his mate just pulling on a polo shirt over his head. He wore black slacks, his feet bare.

"Hi love," he said warmly, giving his mate a heated kiss.

"Hi yourself. How was your day?" Feral said, smiling.

"Great and successful. I have a surprise for both of you after dinner. We're going out for a drive so I can show it to you," his mate said as he placed their son on the bed so he could strip down. Since he planned on going out again, he only pulled off his harness, mask, gloves and helmet and left them on the bed, wearing only his g-suit.

"What is it?" Jeremy and his mother said at the same time causing Feral and Chance to laugh and Jeremy to giggle.

"Well, it wouldn't be a surprise if I told you right now. You'll just have to wait...so what's for dinner?" He asked, beginning to walk out of the room.

"Humph, I have no idea yet," Feral grunted. He never planned dinner so it was always a surprise based on whatever was in the fridge at the time. He followed his mate, Jeremy already having climbed off the bed and running after his dad.

"Well let's just see what we can throw together then," Chance said pawing through the fridge while Feral went to look in cupboards for sides.

In a little while, they were sitting down and eating a tossed together meal of eggs, left over steak, potatoes, and sausage with a side of steamed corn. They talked about their day then when they finished, cleaned up the kitchen, put the dishes in the dishwasher (with help from Jeremy) then got ready to leave again.

T-Bone quickly put his things back on, Jeremy grabbed his coat and shoes from the small dresser in his parents room and asked his dad to help him put them on as Feral put his own shoes and jacket on.

"There you go sport! All ready to go!" T-Bone said, picking up his son to carry him out.

Ulysses held the door open and they all piled out, locking it behind them. T-Bone placed his excited son into his car seat then took the driver's seat while Uly climbed into the passenger side.

Jeremy made excited noises as they drove through the city then out of it onto the highway for

several miles before turning off on a little used and paved road heading off into a heavily forested area. Feral noted the sign that spoke of a housing area called "Hidden Pines".

He remembered reading about it a long time ago. It had been a development touted to be the rich Kat's playground but poor funding and management failed to bring in the buyers the developers hoped for and it had fallen on hard times. Many of the homes had been left abandoned. He wondered why on earth Chance was going here.

They drove for another twenty minutes before T-Bone turned off on a barely seen (because of the trees), newly paved road that ended in a very nice home. He could see in an instant, the yard had been just landscaped and the driveway and sidewalk were newly laid. The house also boasted a new roof.

His heart began pounding wildly. 'He couldn't have?' He thought in a daze as he climbed out of the hummer after T-Bone parked and shut off the motor.

He barely heard his son's excited voice as he stared around him in bewilderment. He whirled suddenly and stared at his mate. "What is going on?" He demanded.

"Welcome to our new home, love!" T-Bone smiled broadly. Jeremy was stunned speechless, uncertain what his father meant.

"Come on! Don't just stand there gawking...let me show you around!" He said firmly, carrying Jeremy to the front door, unlocking it then stepping inside.

Feral hurriedly caught up with them and stared open mouthed at the interior as he stood on the threshold.

"Wow! Daddy...cool!" Jeremy shrieked, taking off to explore as soon as his father set him down on his feet.

"Jeremy, don't get into anything!" His mother said automatically as he continued to look over the nice living room.

Though bare of any furniture, it was stunning with its big fireplace and the view of the bay through the window of the dining room. He walked inside, closing the door behind him, then going over to the dining room table. It was made of maple and had four padded chairs with a wooden highchair at one end.

Looking to his left he saw a nice sized kitchen with gleaming new appliances and oak cabinets. He heard Jeremy shout happily somewhere down a hallway leading off the living room to the right. Turning his head to his mate, he frowned, "this is our new home...how can that be?"

T-Bone walked to his side and wrapped his arms around his huge mate. "Razor is how. He realized, rather belatedly, that he could sell his designs for some of his unique weapons to other countries and make a bundle. He wanted us free to do what we wanted with our lives so he was determined to make you and I happy by finding this place, buying it and the acreage beside it, then buying a smaller place of his own up the road from us. He and I have been working on remodeling and repairing this place for the past three months. It was a mess but salvageable."

"That's incredible!" Feral said in stunned amazement.

"Oh and that's not all. He's also bought our new hangar's property and we're going to get started tomorrow working on that so we can close our old one. And the best news...he's going to pay off our debt to the enforcers by the end of the year," T-Bone said, hardly able to contain his happiness.

"Oh love...that's...that's just wonderful," his mate floundered to say. That Jake had decided to do

all this for them was incredible.

The tabby hugged his mate and kissed him hard leaving them both breathless after only a few moments. Feral's face was flushed and he felt incredibly heated. The joy on his love's face made him feel warm and happy. He was surprised and feeling a little stupid that he hadn't thought of Razor's very lucrative abilities and how those could translate into this wonderful surprise. Even more importantly, this new fortune would release them from the debt he hadn't meant to saddle them with and allow them to focus on their desire to keep the city safe while finally having free time for themselves when they weren't. It meant, though their lives weren't necessarily safer, they were less stressed trying to make ends meet while they were flying around at the same time. Perhaps Razor could now find himself someone special...that would be nice.

"You've surprised me alright. Show me the rest of our new home," he urged his mate.

Grinning, T-Bone pulled Uly toward the hallway that seemed to have swallowed their son. It was the first room down the hallway and it had been painted a light purple (Jeremy's favorite color) with gold drapes on the window. There was a big kitten's bed against one wall, posters of Jeremy's favorite heroes (including one of his father and Razor), a dresser low enough for the kitten to get his own things out with a small rocket shaped lamp on it, a small desk, a bookcase, and the large toy box Jeremy was already busily digging in. The toys and books were all intellectually challenging and just right for a smart kitten.

"Razor was responsible for selecting most of these toys...being a genius himself, he kinda had a better idea of what would keep Jeremy amused and keep pace with his learning curve," T-Bone murmured in Uly's ear, while smiling at his son.

"I have to thank him when I see him again. This is a godsend," Feral sighed in relief, so very pleased to see his son so happy. "Jeremy, you need to thank your uncle Jake for all these neat toys."

Jeremy paused with a book in one paw and a cubic kind of puzzle in the other and smiled at his mother. "I will mommy. Lots a toys and books for me!"

"Yes they are. I take it you really like your new bedroom?" His father asked.

The kitten whipped his head to stare at his father, his mouth forming a huge 'O' of surprise. He had heard this was their new home but he hadn't really understood what that meant. "This my room? But what about my bed and stuff?" He asked worriedly.

"Well your bed will be stored and all your things and ours will be brought here," T-Bone explained.

Jeremy's face scrunched up in confusion. "Why?"

His father sighed a little but said gently, "because we needed a bigger home...see here you have a room of your very own and there's a yard with swing set for you to play on outside. So, are you okay with this and are you going to help us move?"

Jeremy thought about it for a moment then a big grin spread across his little face. "Yeth! I like my new room better than old one! I help!" He said seriously then put his toys down and jumped up to run to his father, throwing his arms around his legs and hugging tight. Tilting his head up, he gave a toothy grin. "When can come here?"

"We'll have to wait until the weekend. It will take all day to get it done, " His father told him, chuckling.

"Good! Can I play before go to old home?" He asked staring back at all the new toys, wistfully.

"Of course, sport! I want to show mommy the rest of the house, you go ahead and have fun!"

"Yeah!" Jeremy cheered, giving his dad another squeeze before letting go and returning to his toys.

Smiling, pleased by his son's willingness to change homes without a complaint, T-Bone pulled on his mate and tugged him down the hall...pausing to show him the bathroom that would be Jeremy's and guests.

At the end of the hall he opened the door leading into a large bedroom. He stepped aside to let his mate in first.

"Well, what do you think love? I got us a new bed that was more roomy for us," T-Bone asked, concerned Uly might not like it.

Feral stared at the enormous sleigh bed then walked over to it and sat down. He was silent a moment before giving his mate an ecstatic grin. He lifted his arms, beckoning his mate closer...grinning back, T-Bone walked over and was immediately pulled down on top of his mate. He was smothered with multiple butterfly kisses that showed him just how much his mate loved the bed.

"Thank you, love. Even not having seen everything yet, I can tell you I love it!" Uly murmured in his mate's ear. "Now why don't you close our door and we'll consummate our new home properly, hmmm?"

His body flushing with heat suddenly, T-Bone quickly climbed off the bed and hurried to lock the door.

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Chapter 21 by ulyferal

Chapter 21: Taking out the Metallikats

The Feral-Furlong family moved into their new home that next weekend. Feral loved the quiet, the privacy, and the new landing field beside the house which made getting to and from work so much quicker though he did have to disable the location beacon so the tower could not track where his home was.

Jeremy adored riding in the chopper as he went back and forth with his mother each day and loved the fenced play yard behind the house, spending hours out there when he was home. He also enjoyed going down to the new dock at the water's edge his father and Uncle Jake had built. He and his father would do some fishing there every now and then.

T-Bone was utterly content with his new home. Knowing his family was safe and Jeremy had more room to play and run without getting into trouble was a godsend. Their life had settled into quiet, domestic bliss. The only downside for him was the distance to the yard and the new hangar site which he had to make on his cyclotron. They didn't want the Turbokat seen anywhere near his home except for absolute emergencies.

As for the construction of their new hangar in a remote spot of the northern mountain ranges, Razor was pleased and relieved when Professor Hackle willingly lent his huge robot to them to do the heavy work.

"A new hangar...in a safer location? That's a very good idea, Razor. Of course, you may use Cybertron II for the job," Hackle said generously.

"Thanks a lot, Professor. I was worried it would take us months and it would have been hard to hide the blasting. This way we'll get it done in half the time and be operational in about two

months. We really appreciate this," Razor had said, grinning happily.

"You are most welcome. Just send him back when you are through," Hackle told him, smiling, pleased to have been of assistance.

When Razor left Hackle's lab, the robot raced along easily beside him. It was a long ride to the mountain site of the new hangar and they were making the trip in the dark so Cybertron II would not be seen but it was worth it.

Upon arrival, he showed Cybertron his plans, pointing out what the robots part was in getting the work begun then gave it the option of starting immediately or waiting until morning. It opted to begin immediately with the initial excavation since it didn't need sleep and this part of the job should be done under the cover of darkness anyway. It had been briefed on the need for secrecy and that it would be privy to the SWAT Kats identities. It had been made clear to it that it was not allowed to release that knowledge to anyone, not even its master.

Pleased and relieved that work would be started on their new hangar, Razor went home to get some much needed rest.

Over the next few months, the hangar took shape. There had been some omega altercations over that time, but with the enforcers new weapons and jets, it was much easier for them to fend off the attacks, even one made by the Metallikats. Though it was Feral himself that had taken them out permanently. That had upset Professor Hackle but he understood there had been no choice in the matter.

It was two months after T-Bone's family had moved into their new home and work on the hangar was nearing completion, that the Metallikats burst on the scene again. It was sometime after midnight on a Wednesday when they struck.

Molly figured, since an assault on the Megakat Mint wasn't such a great idea, then trying to take the train that transported it might be a better option. The high speed money train had just picked up a load of old money headed for the furnace at a secure location not far from the Nuclear Power Plant on the edge of the city.

Mac and Molly set up a trap to force the train to stop in one of two tunnels it passed through. They chose the one furthest from the mint. Hiding in the tunnel shadows their sensitive hearing told them the train was bearing down on them fast. Ten miles from the tunnel they had already set the first of their traps...after all even as powerful as they were, they couldn't possibly stop a train going nearly ninety miles an hour so they put up a warning so the train would be forced to slow down.

Sure enough, they heard brakes being applied and by the time the train reached the tunnel they hid in it was only going about forty miles an hour. Using their forearm missiles, they blew up the tracks at the mid point of the tunnel. The conductor desperately put on the brakes completely but that much steel just couldn't stop fast enough and they hit the damaged track at twenty miles an hour. The engine bounced from the track, hit the ceiling of the tunnel then continued to hurl forward, coming to rest just outside the tunnel entrance. The two money cars plowed forward into the engine, jumped the track and spilled to either side of the tunnel, effectively blocking it so when the guard train came through, it had no where to go and crumbled like tissue paper, killing all aboard.

Once the roar and thunder of the crash had faded away, Mac and Molly came out of hiding outside the tunnel. They had walked around to the rear where they could get past the guard train and reach the money. The two money trains had spilled all its contents everywhere.

"Take only the bags still in one piece! We ain't got time to pick up all the spilled bills," Mac grunted, grabbing two intact bags.

"What do you think...I'm stupid!" Molly snarled at his ridiculous order while she two picked up bags.

Mac wisely, for once, didn't say a word as he shoved his way past wreckage to get as many money bags as he could carry. Once he was loaded up, he made his way back out of the tunnel, followed moments later by his mate.

It looked like they were going to get away scot free as they climbed down a hillside and made for their specialized car hidden in some trees.

However, the pair had been out of commission for nearly a year before managing to reactivate and escape. So they were unaware of the Sabren population coming out of the closet and helping the city and they, especially, didn't know about Feral and T-Bone.

Being night time, Chance was at home with his mate when the alarm went out from Enforcer Headquarters. The tabby was wrapped warmly around his mate when Uly's radio toned.

Grumbling irritably, Feral reached for the radio and barked into it, "Feral!"

"Sir, the money train sent out a distress call which was cut off abruptly. Two patrols were sent to check it out and found the train in the Johnsway tunnel totally wrecked. They are searching for the culprits as we speak, sir!" The dispatch said hurriedly.

"Damn! I'll be on scene as fast I can. Keep me posted!" Feral said tightly, shoving his bedding off and preparing to get up. The dispatch acknowledged the order and cut the transmission.

Meanwhile, Chance had already gotten up and went to their dresser to pick up a special communicator which he quickly depressed a prearranged signal then he reached for his helmet and signaled his partner.

"Jake! Alert! Money train was attacked, unknown assailant! Pick me up asap!"

"Roger! See you in five!" His partner said briskly.

Chance removed his helmet again then went to the closet and pulled out his things. He kept some of his SWAT Kat uniforms here as well as on the jet and hangar. Uly was nearly dressed as the tabby finished putting on his harness and gloves then his helmet again after his mask was on.

An electronic whistle coming from the living room warned them Cybertron I had arrived from Professor Hackle's lab. Knowing the two of them would have to handle calls after hours, it had been Jake who had suggested approaching Hackle about getting the use of the little robot as an emergency kitten sitter.

Hackle had been more than willing and very pleased to have been asked, as it would help him prove robots multiple uses and capabilities to Katkind about the feasibility of using robots to help them with their day to day lives. For Feral and Chance it relieved their mind that their kitten was well cared for and safe.

The arrangement was, when the parents and Razor got called out, Cybertron would be contacted by the communicator Razor had built, letting it know it was needed for duty. Being as fast as a cyclotron, it took it only minutes to reach their home on the other side of the bay from the professor's lab. Fortunately, Jeremy fell in love with the robot and treated it as another playmate.

Now as they raced out to do their duty, they paused to check on their son before meeting Cybertron waiting patiently for them in the living room.

"Hi Cyber, Jeremy is asleep and should stay so until morning. I hope we're back in a few hours.

We'll let you know if its longer," Feral told the little robot, giving it a light pat. It chirped at him with assurance that it could hold the fort and to be safe.

Feral could only shake his head at that show of emotion. He'd been told the little robot was partially sentient which weirded him out a bit but it was very good with his son and that was all that mattered.

T-Bone was already out the door and heading to the field where Razor would be arriving any moment. Feral followed, closing the door firmly behind him and locking it. He hurried as he heard the Turbokat coming in for a VTOL landing.

Reaching his chopper as the Turbokat began to ascend with his mate at the controls, he jumped in, pulled on his helmet and gave a shout to the pilot, "T-Bone! Watch your tail! I'll be there as fast as thing will get me there!"

"Roger, love. You be careful too!" T-Bone said through the radio in his own helmet.

The Turbokat kicked on all engines and disappeared quickly from sight. Feral did a quick pre-flight while warming up the chopper. Minutes after the jet had left he was winging his way in their wake.

Arriving in the area, Razor contacted the searching enforcers. "Found the perps yet?"

"No, SWAT Kat. Nothing so far. The trees make it a bit hard and ...what tha?" The pilot exclaimed as he caught sight of an all too familiar vehicle barreling from under the tree canopy some twenty miles from the scene.

"The Metallikats! You guys harry them and we'll try to stop their car!" Razor barked orders.

The enforcers didn't question him as they raced to catch up with the robots then began firing at the specialized vehicle. It didn't take long before the Metallikats began to retaliate, managing to take one of the choppers from the sky, the pilot exiting safely by parachute.

Razor targeted the Metallikat Express' rear and fired a plain old missile. He wanted to take them out quickly. Unfortunately, Mac swerved the car violently and the missile missed, exploding harmlessly into a mountainside. However, Mac's maneuver caused him to lose control and he ended up sending the car into a deep crevasse that ran alongside the road. It plunged down taking out trees and bushes before finally coming to a rest at the bottom against a big tree. By the time they managed to extricate themselves...cursing and yelling at each other...Feral had finally arrived on the scene.

Mac fired a specialized heat seeking missile at the Turbokat, thinking since it had gotten the SWAT Kats off their tail last time it would work again. T-Bone could only groan as he began to take evasive maneuvers but he didn't have to do much before the missile exploded spectacularly some distance from their tail. Bringing the jet around swiftly, he noted his mate had arrived and deduced it had been him that had taken out the missile.

"Crap! How the heck did Feral take that missile out?" Mac shouted in shock as he and Molly scrambled through the rough terrain weighed down with their loot.

"I don't know but you better watch where you're going and keep running!" Molly snapped as she kept to the tree cover to hide from their overhead foes.

Feral saw what they were trying to do and piloted his chopper over the area where he could see the pair every so often. They seemed to be continuing on the same path so far, so Feral risked putting the chopper on autopilot and drawing energy.

He pushed his fist out his wing window and when he managed to acquire a target, fired a

scorching blast of energy that struck true and knocked Molly head over heels, scattering loot bags, before her body came to a rest in a jerking heap then went still.

Mac had heard Molly's electronic shriek of pain which made him look behind him. Shouting in anguish, he dropped his bags and raced back to her side, going to his knees to pick her up.

Before he could get over his shock and turn to fire at Feral in angry fury, the Commander quickly put Mac out of his misery. He spared only a moment of sorrow for the necessity because he could see the pair did care for each other but their destructive ways could no longer be tolerated.

Sighing in relief to have them permanently out of his fur, he circled around and searched for a landing spot. After several minutes search, he growled angrily...there was no where to set down, it was just too forested and filled with too many rocks and ledges.

"T-Bone! I can't land anywhere! You'll have retrieve them and the money and get them to Enforcer Headquarters for me."

"No problem, love. Great work by the way, they'll never bother the city again thought Hackle is going to be a bit upset," his mate commented as he sent the jet toward the spot of the fallen pair.

"Yeah, I know but he'll just have to get over it! I've had enough of those two running rampant and they cost more Kats their lives so he should be grateful no has sued him yet for wrongful deaths," Feral rumbled irritably.

"You're certainly right about that. Guess I won't see you for hours. I'll keep the bed warm for you love," T-Bone commiserated with his mate on the fact the dark tom would have to remain to monitor the initial cleanup and notification of next of kin. He didn't envy his mate the grim task.

"You do that. See you later!" Feral grumbled signing off as he summoned backup to begin the cleanup then landed his chopper on the tracks a short distance from the wrecks.

It took T-Bone and Razor a good fifteen minutes to haul up the two robots and the loot then they bid Feral farewell and took off for Enforcer Headquarters. The Commander had already called ahead and reached Steele who was already standing by to meet pair when they arrived.

The sun had cleared the horizon before Feral could finally leave the scene. Steele had traded out with him allowing his superior to go home and get some rest. Since he hadn't used that much energy, he hadn't needed to dump immediately but hours later, the need was pressing on him more and more...becoming really uncomfortable.

He flew home swiftly, relieved when he finally reached his landing field an hour later and was walking up his sidewalk to the front door, minutes later. The door opened before he reached it and his mate stood there waiting for him. He gave the dark tom a strong hug then tugged him in, locking the door behind them then walking with him down to their bedroom.

"How's Jeremy," Feral asked as he began to quickly strip off his clothes with Chance's help.

"Sleeping soundly. Cybertron said he never woke up. I sent him home with our thanks and managed to get a few hours sleep myself until I sensed you getting near and woke to meet you," Chance murmured as he pulled his mate to the bed.

"So glad we have the aid of that little robot...eases my mind a lot," Feral sighed as he let his mate caress and prepare him for power dumping.

"Me too!" Chance said softly as his mouth came down for a kiss ending their conversation and moving on to more important things.

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Chapter 22: Hangar Completed, Debt Paid and Pregnant Again!

Jake wiped the sweat from his face as he did the final check of the new security system he'd installed in their new hangar. It worked flawlessly. Chance was gone at the moment, transporting the last of their belongings from their old hangar and would be back soon.

Pleased and happy, the cinnamon tom took a tour of their new home away from home. The hangar was located inside a mountain, its interior hidden from view by a huge fake mountain wall that slid silently open to reveal the runway. It ran the same length as the one under the salvage yard. But unlike the old one, this runway ended at a huge cavernous room.

The jet parked on a turntable in the huge space made for it. The mountain was honeycombed with many specialized rooms. There was a room directly off the flight line that housed all their vehicles (cyclotrons, hoverkat, a newly built megamole). On this level the armory, supplies, and Jake's design work shop was also located. Another ramp that lead to the mountain's feet was where the cyclotron's could exit. A very thin road paved with camouflaged materials so that it was unseen from the air, ran from the mountain to a distant highway after wending through a thick forest.

An elevator built within the center of the mountain led to various floors. The second floor was where their danger room, weight lifting equipment, and medical center was located. The third floor held their medical center and combination library/research/computer work area. The fourth floor was where he'd built a mini apartment containing a large sleeping room, bathrooms, kitchen, and living area. On the very top floor was where Jake place all his surveillance and communication equipment plus a satellite dish and mini telescope.

Power was provided by a lava river underneath the mountain and water from a fresh mountain stream pouring down one side of it. Jake had done a lot to ensure all their needs and wants had been met and was very proud to have been successful.

He heard the jet arriving so went back down the elevator to meet his partner and finish unloading the last of their things.

Two days later they sealed the old hangar up leaving it on standby so that it could be used in the case of an emergency.

Jake had finally made enough money on his designs that he and Chance were able to walk into Enforcer Headquarters and into the accounting office to pay their debt off. With receipt in paw, they returned the keys to an open mouthed and thoroughly shocked Burke and Murray causing Jake and Chance to laugh as they tore away for the final time from the salvage yard. Nearly two years since Chance had mated Feral, the pair was finally free to do what they wanted.

Chance had been so ecstatic about the completion of the hangar and having their debt paid that he wanted to celebrate. Feral could only smile at his overjoyed mate and suggested they make a big to do about it by having a combination birthday/freedom party.

His mate blinked in shocked dismay. During the time he'd been so preoccupied with finishing the hangar, he'd completely forgotten his son's birthday was rapidly coming up.

"Oh my god! I can't believe were celebrating his first birthday already!" He exclaimed.

"I know, caught me by surprise too. So what do you think? Balloons, cake, ice cream, pizza and presents should do it, eh?"

"Sounds perfect. What do you want me to do?"

"Well, we need presents, party favors, and the balloons...so why don't you take care of that and I'll get the cake ordered and we'll get the pizza on the day of the party. As for guests, hmm, secrecy is still necessary but this is an important birthday. Should it be just us and Jake or should we invite all those close to us?" Feral mused questioningly.

"Uh...I think Jeremy would like to invite his friends but they wouldn't understand the other half of the celebration and no one knows about that but Hackle. I don't think a joint party will work, love."

"Hmm, you're right. Well then we should get cupcakes for his friends and let them celebrate at the daycare, then we have a mini party here with Hackle for the celebration. How's that?"

Chance grinned and gave his mate a big kiss, "it's perfect!"

On a beautifully sunny Saturday, Hackle presented himself at the beautiful, hidden home of Commander Feral and T-Bone. He had been very pleased to have been invited to such an important event. He even had a very special present for Jeremy.

The party went off wonderfully, everyone ate plenty and played games with Jeremy. The kitten was overjoyed by the miniature robot the Professor had given him and the neat complex toys Razor had gotten him as well. Hackle congratulated them all on the completion of their hangar and it wasn't until their guests had left and Jeremy was blissfully asleep that Chance celebrated his freedom from debt with his mate, making love all night.

Just a few days after Jeremy's birthday, Feral was confused by feelings of tension and irritability that was ruining an otherwise pleasant and quiet morning at work. As time passed, he found it impossible to focus on his work nor sit still. He got up and went to his bay of windows and began to pace which only increased his irritability.

'What's bothering me? It feels like a heat cycle set on overdrive but why would it feel like this?' He thought irritably, shifting his shoulders uncomfortably. Their son was just a year old, it was time for his cycle to reappear but still this felt different. He growled to himself as a growing tension built within his body confusing him further. He felt dangerous and angsty. As the needs of his body distracted him, he didn't hear his second in command enter the office.

Lt Commander Steele held a report in his paws and noted the Commander standing near the wall of windows so he changed direction and approached him. He'd barely gotten within arms length and had opened his mouth to speak when Feral whirled suddenly around, fangs extended, a look of danger flashing from his eyes as his body began to glow. He gave a hiss of warning.

'Woah!' Steele gasped, as he took an involuntary step back. "Uh, sir...are you alright?"

Steele just being there made Feral feel furious...where was his mate?...was all that went through his mind. He gave a long hiss and deep growl, flashing his fangs even more at the interloper.

Gulping, chills racing down his back, Steele carefully gave ground as he moved carefully away from the strangely angry Sabren.

Feral watched him warily, eyes narrowed, but didn't attack, just kept his eyes on Steele to see what the male was up too.

Though understandably nervous and fearful, Steele kept himself from running and halted by the Commander's coat. Without taking his eyes off the dangerous Sabren, he fished around blindly in the pockets until he came up with the special communicator. Feral still hadn't moved, much to Steele's relief, as he backed out the rest of the way through the open doorway then closed it firmly behind him.

His heart hammering, he let out a huff of air to release tension as he activated the communicator.

It took a few minutes before he received a response.

"Yeah, love what's up?" Came the familiar gravelly tones of the Commander's mate.

"This is Steele, I think you better get to the Commander's office ASAP." Steele warned him.

"Huh? What's wrong with him?" T-Bone's tone became concerned, opening his bond to see if he could sense what was happening but all he got was anxiety and urgency which didn't tell him much.

"When I walked up to him a moment ago with a report, he had been staring out the window but when I got close enough, he suddenly whirled and gave me a threat response. He never spoke a word, just kept his eyes on me as I carefully backed out of there as fast as I dared. Scared me shitless!" Steele admitted. "What's going on?"

"Crud! I've no idea but I'll be there as quick as I can, meanwhile don't let anyone in there with him," T-Bone said, worry and confusion in his voice as he cut the connection.

'Don't worry, I won't!' Steele muttered to himself as he positioned himself outside the door as a guard. 'Crud! I don't envy the poor guy. Sabren's must be a confusing bunch to understand even under the best of conditions.'

Fortunately, Chance and Jake had been working on some of his new inventions at the hangar so he was where he needed to be to take the Turbokat.

"Is there nothing that Professor told you about Sabrens to explain this, Chance?" Jake asked as his partner shut off the communicator.

"I sure as heck don't remember him saying anything about it. Guess I'll find out as soon as I get there."

"Let me know if you need me for anything, buddy!"

"I will! Thanks," Chance said as he hurried to the changing room then out to the jet. Soon he was in the air and racing to his mate's side.

Enforcer Tower Control was startled when the Turbokat appeared above their flight line with no warning. T-Bone landed quickly near the entry doors causing many flight line workers to scatter. He barely waited for the jet to settle and the engines shut down before he popped the canopy and jumped down.

He ran quickly through the hangar doors for the elevators. Enforcers watched his progress with concern. Something was wrong with the Commander for his mate to be tearing through headquarters that quickly. Whispers of consternation began rushing through the building.

Meanwhile inside Feral's office, the dark tom was pacing around in growing agitation when he suddenly heard the Turbokat arrive. He whirled around in time to see it go to VTOL and disappear below his window. For reasons he couldn't fathom, he felt increased urgency and need for his mate. It took what little control he had not to dash out of his office and go meet him. He had a feeling that wouldn't be a good idea.

T-Bone ignored the looks he was getting as he hurried into the elevator. Several enforcers eyed him on the car but his worried and tense look kept them from speaking. None complained when he hit the express button that allowed him to reach the Commander's office immediately rather than stop at other floors. When the it halted and the door was barely open, the anxious tom pushed his way through and tore down the hall.

He came upon a relieved Steele standing just outside the closed door. Without a word, Steele

gestured him to get into the office and deal with the Commander. Nodding his understanding, T-Bone quickly stepped through the suddenly opened door and made for his mate who was pacing in front of his desk. Moving like the wind, Feral was suddenly flattening his mate to the nearby wall in the blink of an eye.

T-Bone grunted as the air was driven from him. He blinked at his mate in surprise and concern but now that Uly was this close to him, he immediately determined what was wrong. His eyebrows rose in shocked surprise.

"Woah! That's some heat you got going there, love. It sneak up on you?"

"Kat's Alive! So I was right! Damn I'm on fire and it's driving me insane!" Feral panted frantically as he kissed his mate hard and demandingly as he also rubbed against the hard body urgently.

Still standing safely behind the door and peeking carefully around it, Steele gulped in shock. 'In heat! Crud no wonder he's acting nuts!' He thought then cautiously took a sniff and jerked his head back, firmly closing the door. 'Okay! Now that's a heat cycle! Wow is T-Bone in for a wild ride!' He thought shaking his head then groaned when he realized he would have to stay on guard unless he could get Sgt Fallon to do it.

With that in mind, he went to the empty secretary's desk (she was off today) and called for Feral's assistant.

Meanwhile, inside the office, T-Bone was being rapidly undressed by Feral whose eyes were gleaming wildly and glowing like twin suns.

'Wow! He's so heated he can't control himself and his scent is soo intoxicating!' T-Bone thought feeling a wave of powerful lust rush through him. He helped his mate open his clothes before the tom tried to rip them off and just managed to pull Feral's pants down just as his Sabren mate frantically mounted him.

T-Bone's moan was lost in Feral's loud groan of relief and satisfaction as the Sabren set a punishing rhythm to relieve the intense ache in his womb. His mate had to hold Uly's hips just to stay seated inside him. It only took a few minutes for them reach completion as a rush of furious energy pushed through them and they howled as a burst of brilliant light nearly blinded T-Bone through his mask.

Uly held himself up with his arms rigid though trembling, his paws planted firmly on the floor to either side of T-Bone's shoulders as he caught his breath. Meanwhile, T-Bone was shaking his head trying to clear his vision. He could see spots before his eyes as raised his arms and began rubbing Uly up and down his arms soothingly.

"Hey love, must be one heck of a heat cycle! Is that usual for you?" He asked softly.

"Uhhh...No...never been this intense... it's making my skin crawl under my fur and driving me crazy. Ohh...love... I'm soo hot!" Ulysses panted in answer already beginning to move again.

"Ahh, I'll say!" T-Bone said thickly, as he met each of Uly's up and down movements to bring them to another fast orgasm.

This time Feral went limp and lay on his mate, their hearts drumming as they caught their breaths. As soon as he recovered enough to be able to, T-Bone wrapped his limbs around his mate and flipped them over. "Okay, now I'll take it from here, love!" He promised.

First he pulled Ulysses' boots off then in one swift yank, pulled pants and underwear off. He raised his mate's legs to his shoulders and thrust home. Feral growled in eagerness and panting with renewed heat, he met each of the tabby's thrusts with a lift of his hips. This time they took a little longer before a flash of lightning rushed through Feral's body and he roared his climax

followed closely by his mate.

T-Bone slumped onto his mate's broad chest and heaved for breath, praying for a brief break. He raised his head and murmured, "Uhm...do you think we could maybe take this home to a nice bed rather than this cold floor?"

"God! I want to but I'm not sure I can hold out long enough to get there." Uly moaned moving his hips again. T-Bone was still inside him and semi-hard. As the dark tom began to move again, the tabby groaned as Uly's energy and pheromones conspired to get him hard quickly.

"Yeah, okay! We'll do this as long as we have to until the edge is off then try to go home," T-Bone said in resignation then sighed as he obliged by plunging into his mate's willing sheathe, thrusting hard and fast.

Uly wrapped his legs around the tabby's waist to pull him deeper. His back arched and he cried out in hot surrender as he came again around his love's hard tool. T-Bone roared as Uly tightened around him, milking him dry and the room was lit up by another bright burst of energy.

For the next hour, T-Bone mated with Ulysses. Finally, they lay side by side trying to catch their breath and resting their trembling and exhausted bodies. T-Bone's clothes lay strewn around near his mate's. Pushing himself to his feet he stretched.

"Crud, you were really on fire, love. Can we go home now?" He asked as he picked up his clothes but didn't put them on yet.

"Ummm..." His Sabren mate hummed to himself, eyes closed.

Shaking his head and sighing, T-Bone squatted beside Uly and caressed his face. Bleary, unfocused eyes stared back at him.

"Come on love, get it together!" The tabby urged shaking the big tom's shoulder a bit.

The eyes snapped into focus at his mate's urgency. Finally, he was able to shake himself of his sated stupor enough to get up. Smiling in relief, T-Bone got dressed as Feral sat on the floor for a moment gathering and putting on his clothes.

Some minutes later, they were both decently dressed though there was nothing they could do about the heavy scent of sex they both wore including Uly's strong heat pheromones.

"Wait, I have to put some sensitive documents away, first," Feral said halting just short of the door and turning back to his desk. He sorted through the reports, locking some up and putting others in his out basket.

"Jeremy will need to be picked up from daycare..." Feral began to say fretfully.

"Then we'll get a hold of Razor and have him do some kitten sitting tonight. Let's just get home first then I'll call him," T-Bone interrupted, as he hurried through the door he'd just opened.

Sgt Fallon jumped to attention when the door popped open suddenly. T-Bone nodded at him but continued on to the elevator down the hall. Feral paused only a moment to say, "tell Steele he's in charge. I don't know for how long." Fallon nodded as Feral turned away and hurried after his mate.

Shaking his head and trying not to take a deep breath beyond the one he taken when his boss paused in front of him. The scent told him why his superior was in a hurry and explained all the noises coming from the office for the past hour.

Sighing, he went to the secretary's desk and summoned Steele then went into the office to turn

on the ventilation system to clear the air of the heavy pheromone scent permeating it.

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Chapter 23 by ulyferal

Chapter 23: A Surprising Advocate for Sabrens

Feral squirmed uncomfortably and licked his lips as he stood behind his mate in the elevator. He wanted to jump the tabby desperately which only made him more tense and irritable. A growl of frustration came from deep in his chest.

T-Bone swallowed not with fear but hard lust at the sound of the growl which warned him his mate was losing control and he firmly needed to keep his cool until they were safely at home. He kept his eyes firmly on the door in front of him even though he could feel his mate burning a hole of lust through his back. Thankfully, the flight line was only one floor below the Commander's office so as soon as the doors snapped open he hurried out but still wasn't as fast as his mate.

He felt a rush of air and spotted a blur heading across the hangar for the flight line. Sighing, he ran out of the hangar and saw his mate standing waiting on the wing of the jet. He really wished Uly wouldn't do that, it was unnerving. No matter how many times he'd witnessed Uly do this it still caught him off guard...Sabren's were ridiculously fast moving.

T-Bone signaled the canopy to open and Ulysses quickly climbed into Razor's seat. The SWAT Kat leaped easily into the pilot's seat and fired up the engines. With consummate ease, he lifted the jet into the air and quickly took them home. On the way, he keyed his radio and contacted his partner.

"Razor, come in!"

"I'm here! What was the emergency?" Razor asked, concern in his voice.

"Uly's in heat! Could you please, pick up Jeremy by five and keep him until I call! You copy?" T-Bone asked.

"Oh is that all! Geez, one would have thought it was a real emergency!" Razor joked in relieved amusement. "Sure, I'll get the little guy, don't worry. Have fun!" He couldn't resist saying in a smirk-laced voice.

"Thanks a lot! I just love being mauled by my mate!" T-Bone responded sarcastically. "Anyway, thanks buddy, I owe you one! Would you also retrieve the Turbokat?"

"Just give me the signal you're clear and I'll take care of it!" Razor reassured him then signed off.

He was soon guiding the Turbokat to their new home and landing in the field they'd turned into a flight line. He popped the canopy and wasn't surprised when his mate leaped out and practically disappeared from view.

Sighing in amusement, he left the jet engines running, jumped down then closed the canopy before calling his partner to retrieve the jet. He walked quickly away then turned back to watch the Turbokat rise into the air by VTOL then switch to forward flight and take off for their distant hangar.

Entering the house, he wasn't surprised not to see his mate. He paused to lock the door and set the alarm then stripped his clothes off in the living room before walking down the hall to their bedroom where Ulysses lay watching him hotly from the bed, already nude. Tossing his clothes to the floor next to the dresser, he wasted no time climbing on the bed and giving his mate what he wanted.

Meanwhile, back at Enforcer Headquarters, Steele had set to work on the things his commander had left as well as work he had on his own desk. He checked the time and saw he was due to give a briefing in an hour, per the Commander's orders, to the soon arriving mid-shift.

Steele allowed his mind to muse about Sabrens. Since their 'outing' to the public, those working with them in their daily lives were quickly learning the ways of these reticent creatures so as to prevent encounters from turning deadly. He liked how they were incorruptible and hard workers plus let's not forget their abilities like, speed, super senses, and their energy bursts but things like what just happened impressed upon him just how much they still didn't know about these guys.

'You'd think with them out in the open now there would be a guide book on how to get along with them, especially when its safe and not safe to be around them,' he thought to himself.

This morning's lesson was a case in point, showing him just how much he needed to find out about Sabrens to insure harmony between them and their katizen co-workers. He had already learned there were an amazing number of Sabrens among the Enforcers and there had been some incidents already. None had been dangerous but they had all been caused by failing to understand the needs of Sabrens in the first place...this shouldn't happen at all and was cause for concern. He made a decision to learn more about these guys.

'So who would be a good person to ask...well the Commander's mate comes to mind, best ask him as soon as I can unless I'm lucky enough to run into one of the other Sabrens assigned here,' he decided.

He shook himself of his musings as he noted it was time for him to leave. It was a short elevator trip to the first floor squadron briefing room. Walking through the door, he noted the squadron leader was just finishing his briefing so he stayed near the door and waited. When the squadron leader handed out assignments, only then did he enter. Major Byson nodded at him then got the squad's attention once more.

"Listen up, Lt. Commander Steele has a message from the Commander for you," he told the group then turned to Steele, "Sir..." he gestured for Steele to take his place.

The slim blond tom walked up to the lectern and was about to give his briefing when a movement out of the corner of his eye, caught his attention. Turning his head, he frowned at the officer pacing against the far wall. He appeared tense and agitated.

Steele was confused why no one had noted the officer's behavior. Turning back to Major Byson he asked, "is there some reason that officer is agitated and not sitting in his seat?"

Major Byson stared over at the officer in question in mild surprise. He hadn't paid any heed to the young officer pacing and was a little upset to be caught out by Feral's second.

"Stone, be seated!" He barked authoritatively. The response he got stunned everyone but Steele.

The young officer reacted to the barked command by jerking alert and hissing at all the males near him. His fangs flashed, eyes gleamed with heat and fury as his body began to glow.

Steele was only momentarily taken aback by seeing the same reaction he'd just witnessed barely a few hours ago. 'Well! What the heck were the odds of seeing two Sabren's in heat in one day?' He thought with a snort of bemusement.

"Everyone be still! Don't talk, don't look into his eyes!" He warned the room quickly then turned to Major Byson. "This Sabren is in heat! Where is his mate?" He asked, keeping his voice low and calm.

Byson gaped at him in surprise before getting his wits about him enough to answer, "Uh... he's filing a report on an incident he was involved in just before getting to work, sir."

"Find him...quickly and get him here asap or we'll all be in danger!" Steele snapped. "Move slowly!"

Keeping a close eye on the officer in question, Major Byson moved slowly to the squad room door then vanished when he made it into the corridor beyond. Meanwhile, everyone was forced to sit quietly, unmoving...all eyes on the Lieutenant Commander as they tried to pretend not to hear the growling and pacing officer nearby.

Many of the older heads were stunned. Steele was well known for being a coward and ass-licker but his behavior just now was nothing like that and it had them wondering what he was up to now since he could never be truly trusted.

It was a long ten minutes before footsteps were heard in the corridor then Major Byson appeared with a breathless, young officer. Steele quickly pulled the gray tom to his side and putting a paw over the officer's mouth in warning, murmured softly, "your mate is in heat...how long have you been mated? Indicate with your fingers!"

Eyes wide in shock, the officer held up two fingers.

"Two months?" Steele asked and got a shake of head. "Two years then." The officer nodded. "Good, then you know what to do. We'll stay still and leave you to it!" He said softly, releasing the officer.

Officer Silker nodded gravely then stepped around Steele and carefully toward his mate.

"Hey love, come with me!" He said in a gentle voice, halting when he was ten feet away and began to slowly back up keeping his face toward his mate.

Stone had been turned away when his mate had arrived and no air moved to bring Silker's scent to him so he wasn't aware he was in the room until he spoke. He whirled and warbled a frantic call and moved swiftly.

Those watching only saw a blur before Silker was suddenly enveloped by the frantic Sabren. Silker, however, gently pressed his fingers deeply into the meaty section just above his mate's hips. Stone groaned but relaxed and let go of Silker but didn't step away.

"That's better, love, now let's get to our temp quarters. You can do this...just keep focused and we'll hurry before my touch wears off," Silker said warmly, leading his mate out of the room and out of sight.

There was a collective sigh of relief after the pair was gone.

"Sir, how did you know what was wrong with Officer Stone?" Major Byson asked in amazement.

"Actually, I would have been just as clueless if it weren't for seeing our own Commander Feral behave exactly like that just a few hours ago. But the Commander was a whole lot scarier and being trapped in the room alone with him is not something I want to repeat. Anyway, I managed to contact his mate and got to see that arrogant SWAT Kat get flattened against a wall while his mate tried to rip his g-suit off," Steele said honestly, which made those same older head blink in shock, Steele never admitted to being scared or not knowing something.

"Apparently the poor guys heat cycle's can be so intense as to drive them crazy and frantic. I don't envy T-Bone trying to satisfy the Commander. That tom looked thoroughly whipped after only an hour's mating by the time he finally managed to get the Commander to leave for home."

Though still amused by the image in his mind, Steele shook his head and said more seriously, "As funny as that may have sounded, don't forget just how dangerous these guys are. Never try to

touch or attempt to communicate with one when they are behaving oddly. Always get their mate if they have one. I'm not sure how the situation is with unmated ones, though. Does anyone have an insight on this?" He asked the faces listening to him intently.

There was silence for a moment then a sandy colored and powerfully built tom got to his feet, nervously. "Officer Drake, sir. I can answer your question."

"You're a Sabren?" Steele asked, fairly certain he was.

"Yes sir and unmated. Your advice about how to handle these situations is excellent and I wished I'd thought of it to warn Major Byson. I'm afraid we are a bit embarrassed about losing control like that and don't like to talk about it much but I realize lack of knowledge could cause some serious problems. Anyway, the intense cycle you just saw twice today normally occurs after a first pregnancy," Drake explained, blushing due to the sensitivity of the subject matter.

"You are certainly correct about that, Officer Drake. So how does this affect those who aren't mated, such as yourself?"

"Uh, well...while we're looking for a compatible mate, we make casual contacts with willing partners for energy release and we don't have a very noticeable heat cycle."

"Oh, well that's certainly good to know. However, what I learned when the Commander was hiding what he was and refusing to mate, these liaisons don't drain your energy sufficiently to keep you truly safe, that's what a mate does for you, correct?"

Drake gaped at Steele in stunned disbelief and hadn't heard the question. "The Commander refused to mate...at all?" He blurted out in shock.

"That's correct...something to do with how he was raised by his Sabren mother...why?"

"I...it's...dangerous to do that!"

"Yes, we know that's why the medallions were developed in the first place. It was Commander's example that caused the urgency in the first place and remember he gave us two years of energy that he'd been building in his system."

"Gods! I hadn't realized...uh...what had you asked me sir," Drake asked in embarrassment.

Steele repeated his question.

"You're correct, sir. We don't dump fully but we do rid ourselves of enough to be safe, unlike Commander Feral."

"Alright, then I hope your medallion will find you a mate soon so you're not a threat eventually," Steele said preparing to give the aborted briefing.

"Uh, I don't wear one, sir," Drake muttered.

Steele's mouth hung open a second then snapped shut. He eyed the Sabren with serious eyes. "Officer Drake, I think you and I need to have a talk. Major Byson do you need him after I finish my briefing?"

"No sir, he's not due on duty for another hour," Major Byson responded promptly.

"Good, then follow me after this briefing officer. Have a seat! Now, everyone listen up!" Steele said getting everyone's attention once more while Drake took a seat. Steele gave the briefing then added, "one more note, there have been new policy changes made concerning dealing with Sabrens. Please insure you familiarize yourselves with them. Officer Drake come with me

please," Steele said as he made for the door.

Drake swallowed nervously and made his way through his fellow officers to follow the second in command.

He caught up with Lt Commander Steele and they rode up the elevator in silence then followed the blond haired tom to his office.

"Please, have a seat, officer. You're not in trouble...relax. I just want to talk to you." Steele said reassuringly as he sat down behind his desk. He eyed the young but dangerous officer silently for a moment, gathering his thoughts.

"Having gone through a lot with Commander Feral, I think I have a little insight into why some of you don't like the medallion. Commander Feral confessed to feeling being mated would make him a slave. He was so emotionally distraught by being mated that it caused his powers to reverse themselves and nearly kill him. So I'm asking if you have some of the same concerns. I don't want you to suffer the same near disaster the Commander did," he explained.

Drake stared at him in horror. "I never dreamed...the Commander really had a bad time of it!"

"Yes, I'm afraid he did. But therapy has helped him a great deal and I have to admit, though I don't like how he's had to be close to a SWAT Kat, that tom is the best thing in the world for him. He's truly happy finally. Perhaps, if you'd like me to, I can ask the Commander if he can make time to see you. It's obvious you have reservations about mating even if they might not be the same as his were. Would you like me to do this?"

Young Drake stared at Lt Commander Steele in shocked amazement. Everyone knew the scuttlebutt about how incompetent the second was. He was even called a coward and arrogant peacock behind his back. This change in behavior was unexpected and he didn't know what to make of it. It really seemed Steele was truly sincere about helping him. He was loathe to admit it but the second in command had hit the problem on the head which was a shock all on its own.

Swallowing hard, he stared back into those understanding blue eyes. "...I don't feel exactly the same...not like a slave anyway...but for me it's just hard to give my life into the paws of another. It feels like losing control somehow as well as my choices of who I want to be with," he tried to explain.

Steele felt a flash of triumph but didn't let it show on his face. He actually had called a situation correctly. He felt elated while at the same time feeling sorry for the poor creature in front of him. If he cared for males, he might have wanted to comfort the officer but he was strictly a het so he did the next best thing. "Then I'll make an appointment for you. We'll have to wait until the Commander returns to work...uh...you wouldn't happen to know how long that'll be, would you?" He asked the officer curiously.

"Oh...uh...it usually runs about twenty-four to forty-eight hours, sir." He said softly.

"Oh, that's good to know. Alright, back to duty! I'll send word to you in the next few days of when the Commander can see you. Try and keep a positive perspective and please don't allow your energy to get away from you," Steele warned him warmly. "You're dismissed."

"Thank you, sir!" Drake said, quickly getting up, saluting then fleeing as if his tail was on fire.

Steele shook his head then made a note to himself to insure the officer got to see Commander Feral as soon as possible. He felt good being able to nip a potential problem in the bud.

'I think it would be a good idea if I find out exactly how many Sabrens are in the enforcers, where they are assigned and whether they are mated or wearing a medallion. The information could make the difference between a well working force or one that's going to run into constant

problems because we don't know enough about them,' he thought, pleased with himself on making up such a plan.

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Chapter 24 by ulyferal

Chapter 24: One Sabren Gets Some Hard Truths While Another Learns What it Means to Be Truly In Heat

While Steele began his research into Sabrens, Officer Drake hurried through the building and to his squad car where his partner Shaw was waiting patiently for him. He was a little breathless as he climbed into the car and fastened his seatbelt.

Eyeing his partner curiously, Shaw put the cruiser in gear and took off for their patrol area. They rode along in silence for a little until Shaw's curiosity got the better of him.

"Well, don't keep me in suspense here. Did the 'peacock' yell at you?" He impatiently asked.

Drake glanced at his partner. Shaw was a good officer, only a few years older than himself, a handsome red tabby with brown eyes and short brown hair. They worked well together but despite that, Drake had not been that forthcoming about himself.

Sabrens were notoriously reticent but Shaw didn't let that stop him. He figured the only way to become more familiar with these powerful creatures was to find out everything he could about them.

Sighing in defeat, Drake knew Shaw wouldn't let it drop and would badger him until he gave in.

"Actually, he didn't. He shocked me by being very understanding and truly wanting to help me." Drake said, still surprised by his little 'talk' with the second in command.

"Come on! You're pulling my tail! The 'peacock' actually cared?" Shaw said in open disbelief.

"Yes he was and he said Commander Feral had felt the same way as me about mating and that it had made him very ill. Steele said he wanted me to speak with the Commander for a first person perspective about being mated and possibly get some counseling help from the Commander's own therapist. He truly wanted to help me," Drake told his skeptical partner, surprise still lingering in his own voice.

"Wow! Now that is something new," his partner said in amazement then fell silent for quite a bit as he turned down the block into the area they normally patrolled.

As they began to keep their eyes peeled for trouble, Shaw mulled over the subject of mating. He hadn't been aware that Drake wasn't wearing a medallion, he'd just assumed he was. The fact Drake didn't and felt conflicted about mating was not good news to Shaw. It meant his partner could harbor an inordinate amount of energy in his body that would make it dangerous to be around him.

Shaking his head, he finally said, "You should have told me you weren't wearing a medallion, Tommy. Because I'm your partner, I have a right to know what danger I'm in just being with you and a choice of continuing on as your partner."

Sucking in his breathe in shock, Drake whipped around to stare at Shaw. "I would never endanger those I'm sworn to protect and certainly not my friends or partner, Jake!" He hissed angrily.

"By not mating or wearing a medallion to find a mate, Tommy, that's exactly what you're doing!" Shaw said firmly, not giving ground.

Drake snapped his mouth shut in angry shock. He turned back to stare out his window to try and contain his anger and sorrow. To have his partner be afraid of him, hurt him deeply. Shaw just didn't understand.

When Drake failed to say anything more and went mute, Shaw sighed inwardly. He knew when partner got like this it was no good trying to get more from him and, in fact, could be considered hazardous to one's health. A sulking Sabren was a deadly Sabren. He would not push his partner any more tonight. His final thought was a prayer that Steele wasn't just blowing smoke and really did intend to help Drake.

Drake remained politely distant from his partner the rest of the shift. When he went home that night, he was angry and upset. He decided to work out at his favorite gym after going home to change and grab a bite to eat.

Walking into the busy gym an hour later, he chose to use the running track first. After putting in a good hour of running, he went to the weight room. It was only half full of well-built toms pumping iron. He admired the view through the mirrors as he began his workout routine. As he finished the last set in his workout, his eyes caught sight of a certain tom working out just across from him.

The tom was lean, tall, blue-black long-furred, red and brown streaked hair and gold eyes. The tom glanced up from his machine to lock eyes with Drake for a moment before looking away again.

Drake felt a jolt of attraction and something more that tightened his body. He'd never felt anything like it before. Fear chased up his spine as he quickly decided to end his workout and left the room without looking back. The male could be his mate and he didn't want to hang around and find out for certain.

Taking a quick shower, his heart hammering hard in his chest, he barely let his fur dry before throwing on his clothes and leaving. Stepping outside, he felt the energy in his body flare within him. Gritting his teeth, he changed direction from getting into his car and leaving for home, to heading for a local hangout nearby.

Taking a seat at the bar, he ordered a beer and looked around. It was only half filled with couples here and there with a sprinkling of singles. Taking deep breaths, he forced himself to calm down. When he was finally relaxed and easy again only then did he release a light odor of pheromones to permeate the air around him.

He waited patiently. Sometimes he was lucky in minutes sometimes he had to wait an hour before a male took the bait. This time it was thirty minutes and it was a male who had only just arrived with a small group of other males.

The dark male's nose twitched in Drake's vicinity looking vaguely puzzled. He turned away, sitting down in a booth not far away and began drinking and talking to his friends. Every now and then he would glance at Drake. Finally, the male said farewell to his friends. Walking toward the door, he paused beside Drake.

When he cleared his throat to gain attention, only then did Drake look at him. He had been aware of the male's interest but had learned early that waiting for a kat to make up their mind to approach a Sabren was a safer way to get a cooperative sex partner than coming on strong and possibly scaring them away.

"Looking for company?" The dark male asked casually.

"Yes. You offering?" Drake returned easily.

The male looked Drake over again then nodded.

"You do know what I am, correct?" Drake asked as he did of all his sex partners.

The male let a smile of anticipation spread across his face as he answered, "Hell yes! Sabren's make some kick ass sex partners."

Drake smiled back in relief as he paid his bill and walked out with his temporary bed partner.

Some hours later, he was tired but sated when he returned to his small but comfortable apartment. The male had turned out to be very good and totally at ease with a Sabren. Saving himself another hunt, Drake asked the male if he wanted to be exclusive for a while and was pleased when the male agreed. They traded phone numbers then parted for the night.

More at ease with himself, he prepared for bed. Sleep became a problem when his dreams were invaded by images of the mysterious male from the gym. He moaned with desire and need, reaching out desperately for the one his soul cried out for but his frightened mind refused to accept. He awoke in the dark of his room, sweating and aroused. He moaned in anguish and went to shower the dream away.

In a hidden home outside of town...

Feral was frantically mating with Chance. He couldn't think nor get over how urgent his body felt.

'Gods! I'm about to scream. My body feels sooo hot and everything is more than it should be...scent, taste, touch...it's enough to drive me round the bend...' he thought as he bite and fought with his mate as they made love over and over again for the next few hours.

By dinner time, Chance was exhausted and sore and Uly had fallen asleep, laying on his stomach and sprawled over half the bed. Forcing himself to his feet, Chance went to the bathroom and took a nice, long, hot shower.

Feeling more refreshed though no less tired, he headed for the kitchen and poked through the fridge and cupboards for something to make for dinner. He wasn't really that good at it, Uly was actually the better cook, but he was able to put together an acceptable meal. A half hour later, he carried a tray with sandwiches, cold steak, steamed green beans, chicken salad, and two tall glasses of cold milk to the bedroom.

He was mindful of the lessons he'd learned about Sabrens so knew Ulysses would require more calories than normal during this period so he loaded up on the protein. Setting the tray down on the dresser, he went to the bed and shook his mate awake. Feral groaned and tried to move away, curling up and trying to snuggle into the bed more.

Sighing and a little amused, Chance reached down and pinched his mate's ear...hard.

"Yowl!" Ulysses cried out, jerking upward suddenly and rubbing his stinging ear. He blinked balefully at his mate.

"I made dinner. So if you're hungry, you'd better eat it now because I'm not making it for you later," the tabby said bluntly, turning away to retrieve the tray and bringing it back to the bed. "Make room!"

Grumbling, Feral shifted to his side of the bed. "Couldn't you have used a different method to tell me that?" Uly groused, though his eyes stared at the tray hungrily.

Chance just snorted as he placed the tray between them as he folded himself onto the bed again. "As if you were listening!" He scoffed good-naturedly then reached for a sandwich and milk.

Feral didn't respond to that as he reached for a sandwich himself and took a huge bite. "Hmmm,

this is good, thanks. Kat's Alive! I can't believe how hungry I'm am," he commented between bites.

"Yeah, I know! It's normal for you when you're in heat. The only thing I hadn't been told was just how intense it was going to be for you," Chance said ruefully. "Professor Rendar failed to tell me that."

Feral sighed then took a deep drink of his milk before commenting. "Something else I don't know about myself," he grumbled unhappily.

"Aww, don't beat yourself up about it, love," Chance said quickly, reaching out to give his mate a gentle caress. "It's not your fault your mother was screwed up. I still get angry about what you finally revealed about your kittenhood. Your mother was a real piece of work. It's no wonder you felt the same way about mating when he felt exactly the same way about mating your father. I know I should be sympathetic when your father died suddenly but I can't forgive him failing to seek help. Instead, he began neglecting you in his anger and grief until he abandoned you altogether leaving you to be cared for by non-Sabren relatives who had no clue how to take care of your needs or training," Chance growled unhappily, taking an angry bite of his sandwich and washing it down with his milk.

"Hell, you're lucky to have survived your kittenhood alive at all. As it was, you managed to overcome that to become a strong willed and extremely messed up Sabren. Lucky me, I got to try and undo all that happened to you!" He finished, shaking his head. When he'd heard about how horrible Uly's life had been he felt sick. He couldn't believe no one had guessed what was going on in the first place. He was really glad Sabren's were out of the closet and some of this could be prevented finally.

Feral sighed and blushed a bit. His past was nothing he was proud of and even though Hartstone had tried to convince him that what had happened to him was not his fault but that of the adult responsible for his care, he still thought it was something he'd done to make his mother so unhappy. It was irrational, he knew that now, but it was hard to let go of something he'd believed in for so long.

"I know and I'm truly grateful that Ms. Briggs forced the issue. If left to my own devices, I would have just blown up eventually," he admitted reaching for the chicken salad.

"And hopefully, you'll believe you were not at fault for any of it soon," Chance said gently. Feral smiled wanly at him. His mate knew him far too well. They finished their meal in companionable silence.

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Chapter 25 by ulyferal

Chapter 25: Uncle Razor

At five p.m. sharp, Razor drove up to Enforcer Headquarters and parked his cyclotron in Feral's slot in front of the building. No one gave him any trouble about it except for being concerned why he was there. The smaller SWAT Kat was not normally seen except for when he'd been requested to care for the Commander's son which was obviously the case this evening.

He was nodded through without trouble by the Desk Sergeant when he walked across the huge lobby for the elevator.

Getting aboard the elevator, he ignored the looks he got and stared at the door as it closed, reaching out to press the button for the third floor. Moments later the doors snapped open onto the medical floor. He immediately stepped off and turned left. Walking down the hall, he turned at the end and went left again. At the end of this hall was the daycare.

Pushing through the door to the waiting/check-in area, he went up to the window where the daycare monitor sat. She looked up in surprise then frowned in concern at the sight of him.

"Has something happened to Jeremy's parents?" She asked worriedly.

"Fortunately, no! Feral has gone into heat and T-Bone asked that I take care of Jeremy until at least tomorrow. I'll be bringing him back myself. Hopefully, his parents will pick him up that evening...if not, expect me again," Razor said pleasantly.

"Oh!" She said blushing at the mention of the Commander going into heat. "Uh yeah, guess home wouldn't be a very good place tonight. Glad you're able to care for him, he certainly loves you." She smiled, regaining her composure. "I'll just go and get him. Be right back!" She said bustling off.

Razor watched the kittens through the protective glass behind the counter. He saw the monitor going over to a corner where a group of obvious Sabren kittens were building something with blocks. She gently tapped one on the shoulder to get his attention.

Jeremy looked up at her questioningly. She said something and he looked past her to see him. He waved at the kitten who grinned happily and willingly followed the monitor to where his backpack and jacket was. Moments later, his jacket on, the monitor lead him to the door and opened it. Shrieking with glee, Jeremy leapt into Razor's waiting arms.

"Uncle Razor...Uncle Razor!"

"Well, hello to you too, squirt! Ready to spend an evening with me?" He asked as he reached for the backpack the monitor handed him.

"Yeth! Go Zoom!"

"Yeah, we go Zoom!" Razor chuckled. He nodded farewell to the monitor then turned to leave the center.

The kitten rattled on about his day while Razor dutifully listened. Unlike his trip up the elevator, the one down was filled with smiles at the kittens antics by those in the car with them.

They decanted on the ground floor without incident...Jeremy singing out goodbyes and receiving some in return. The kittens warmth and bubbly personality always bringing out the best in people.

He walked down the broad stairs and over to his bike. He settled Jeremy into his specialized car seat. Putting the backpack into one of the many compartments of the cyclotron, Razor turned his attention back to the kitten, a small helmet in his paw.

Jeremy squealed in excitement but held still while Razor put the helmet on then cinched the kitten firmly into his seat. Once he was settled, Razor climbed on board and started the engine. Little paws dug claws into Razor's g-suit as Jeremy readied himself for the ride. He adored riding the cyclotrons and had learned very quickly not to disturb the driver unless absolutely necessary.

Very soon, they were speeding through traffic and heading for Razor's private home close to his own. It took more than thirty minutes before they finally drove up to the small rancher. The garage door opened at their approach and Razor drove in, the door silently closing behind them.

Shutting the engine off, Razor set the security on his garage before climbing off his bike. He uncinched Jeremy from his seat and took the helmet, switching it for the backpack in the storage container. The kitten had waited patiently until Razor was finished then raised his arms to be picked up when the slim tom turned back to him.

"Okay squirt, let's get inside and order something to eat," Razor said warmly, carrying the kitten

inside his home.

Once through the door into the house, he secured the lock then put Jeremy down. The kitten gave a happy yell and tore off for his temporary room Razor had set up for him. The tom stepped into what appeared to be a very large closet. It was here where he kept his SWAT Kat persona hidden.

The walk-in closet had coats and boots plus a small wooden dresser but behind the hanging clothes was a secret panel which, when he pressed a small hidden stud, opened into a roomy storage area. Inside was all his g-suits and other SWAT Kat paraphernalia as well as a gun safe for his weapons.

He quickly stripped off his superhero persona, locked up his glovatrix, closed the panel, then went to the dresser to pull out a comfortable pair of sweats and shirt which he pulled on.

Now properly attired as a normal Kat, he padded barefoot, carrying Jeremy's backpack, to the kitchen. Leaving the pack on a counter, he made for the spare bedroom.

Jeremy was already playing with a wooden puzzle, sitting on the carpeted floor of his little room. There was a small bed with a deep blue bedspread, a tiny nightstand with lamp, a dresser Jeremy's size, a toy box and bookshelf filled with books. Jeremy's parents insured there was enough clothes and diapers for Jake to properly care for their son.

"Hey sport! Want pizza for dinner?" Jake asked, smiling down at the kitten.

"Yeah! Pizza!" Jeremy said with a toothy grin before returning to his game.

Chuckling to himself, Jake went to the kitchen to order their dinner. After placing the order, he hung up the phone then rummaged through Jeremy's pack for his sippy cup. He filled it with milk and got himself a glass as well then went out to the living room, setting them on the coffee table to wait for their dinner to arrive.

Settling into his recliner, he flicked on the TV. Every now and then he would prick his ears and listen for Jeremy but the kitten was quiet for the moment. It had been a busy day for Jeremy and it wasn't unusual for the kitten to desire a more quiet past time when he was home.

The pizza arrived as Jake was watching the news. He shouted for Jeremy to come eat and the kitten made a quick appearance, taking a seat on the couch beside Jake and waited patiently for the tom to serve him his dinner on a small tray.

Putting pizza on a plate then adding it and the sippy cup to the tray, Jake placed it over Jeremy's lap. The kitten dug hungrily into his meal while Jake took his own food and sat back down in his chair.

As they ate their meal in companionable silence and watched the TV, Jake would glance at Jeremy every now and then and muse on how lucky Chance was. He envied his partner his happy family and wished he could be as fortunate to find someone special too.

After dinner, Jake played games with Jeremy for a little while then coaxed him to go to bed. He helped the sleepy kitten brush his teeth, change clothes and diaper, then tucked him into bed. After reading him a story, Jake was about to leave when Jeremy stopped him with a question.

"Me see mommy tomorra?"

"Of course, you will. He was just doing something important with your daddy and you couldn't be around. They've done that before...remember?" Jake reminded him gently.

"Yeah, I 'member." Jeremy conceded reluctantly.

"If you get right to sleep it will be morning that much quicker and you'll be back at the daycare having fun. Now here's beary," Jake said giving the kitten his stuffed animal. "See you in the morning, squirt." He flicked on a nearby night light and kitten monitor then slipped from the room, leaving the door partly open.

With the kitten down for the night, Jake went to his work room located nearer to the garage. He flicked on the kitten monitor there and settled down to get some work done on a few new designs he planned on installing in the Turbokat. He worked for several hours before finally knocking off for the night. He shut the monitor off then locked his work room before heading to his bedroom next to Jeremy's. He paused to check on the kitten, who was sound asleep, smiled then went on to his own room.

Yawning and stretching, he went to the bathroom and took a shower then slid into bed, shutting the light off. He was soon as sound asleep as the kitten.

Dawn was rising over the city when Feral's alarm clock gave its jarring ring. A fumbling arm reached out from the bed, picked up the clock, and tossed it across the room.

"That may shut it up but I still have to get up and go to work," Ulysses rumbled shoving the covers off and getting up. He was very relieved that his cycle had been a short one this time.

"You may be, but I've got a couple more hours coming," Came the thick response from his tired mate.

Feral snorted in amusement. It was the same every morning but this time Chance could be forgiven since they didn't stop mating until well after midnight. Come to think of it, he should be tired too but instead he felt invigorated. Shaking his head at some of the strange things his body was capable of, he stepped into a hot shower.

Clean and dry, Feral quickly got dressed for work. "I'll stop by at lunch to check on Jeremy," he told his groggy mate.

"Yeah, you better! He doesn't mind being with Jake but he does miss you after a night away," Chance mumbled, opening one eye to look at his mate.

"I know. See you tonight!" Ulysses said, moving to the bed, leaning down and kissing his mate goodbye.

Chance reached up and stroked his mate's face as they moved apart. "Well, looks like we'll be giving Jeremy a sibling," he murmured carefully, laying back down.

"Most certainly!" Ulysses said a bit sourly.

Chance eyed him and frowned, "I'm sorry you hate being pregnant, love. I just wish you could enjoy it a little. The result is wonderful isn't it?"

"Oh, I know that and, of course, I love Jeremy...its just...I hate being pregnant. Would be nice to get the result without that part," he snorted sarcastically as he began to head out the bedroom door.

"Oh, now that would be a real trick and I wouldn't mind that either. Don't let it distress you, love. I'll see you through it again," Chance told him warmly.

"I know you will! Bye!" Ulysses said with a small smile, feeling marginally better. His mate's love always made things seem more endurable.

Chance sighed and settled deeper into the bedding, trying to catch a few more hours of sleep. He hoped this pregnancy wouldn't be as depressing as the first one for Ulysses, even if it was fast.

He grimaced suddenly as he remembered something else.

"Crud! I hope it isn't going to be a fast delivery again," he said aloud to himself then shook his head and tried to get some more rest.

At his home, Jake was up early helping little Jeremy eat his breakfast then dress for his trip back to Enforcer Headquarters. An hour later, they were on their way. Parking in the same place as the day before, Razor turned off the bike.

He ignored the looks he normally got from enforcers heading into work as he released Jeremy from his harness and carried him in his arms. Pulling out the backpack and putting the helmet away, he set his bike's security before proceeding up the steps, bouncing Jeremy on his hip as he entered a full elevator.

Some of the officers smiled at the Commander's kitten who said hello to everyone. They ignored Razor, which didn't bother the SWAT Kat at all. Jeremy paid no mind either as he babbled happily about what he wanted to do that day.

Razor got off on the day care floor and headed down the hall. Other kittens had arrived before them and the entry area was noisy as parents left their charges in the daycare personnel's capable paws.

When Razor was finally able to get up to the check-in area, the monitor from yesterday greeted him with a smile as she took the happy kitten from his arms and slung the pack back over her shoulder.

"Well, he certainly looks like he had a very good night," she observed with a warm smile.

"Yeah, he and I get along well. Don't we squirt?" Razor said as he ruffled Jeremy's head a moment before the kitten was carried off. He waved bye to his "uncle" then focused on the others in the playroom when the monitor let him down.

Staring enviously a moment longer, Razor watched the kittens play before slipping away. He knew T-Bone would be joining him at the hangar in a few hours that is if Feral was out of heat by then. Less than fifteen minutes later he was zooming off to their new hangar in the mountains.

Whether he saw his partner or now, it hardly mattered. There wasn't anything important for his partner to do right now. Chance hadn't sought another job yet as he wanted to get used to not being on call or working all the time. But he would soon get bored, Jake was certain.

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Chapter 26 by ulyferal

Chapter 26: A Day of Revelations

Feral arrived at work a few minutes earlier than normal. Grabbing himself a cup of coffee and a protein bar the Sergeant had thoughtfully kept stocked for him in the break area, he sat down at his desk, ready to tackle the work that had backed up a bit from his sudden departure yesterday. He'd only gotten a couple of reports done when his second in command came to see him.

"Good morning sir," Steele said cheerfully.

"Good morning, what's up?" Feral answered mildly, in too good a mood to be annoyed.

"I have a report here that I initiated on my own, sir. After the incident with you and another Sabren yesterday, I felt this subject needed to be addressed..." Steele began to explain, handing the Commander the report he'd begun.

Feral's brows went up in surprise as he took the report and began to scan it. Flipping through the carefully researched pages on each Sabren who was an enforcer, his eyebrows climbed even further. This report was well done and gave Feral a better idea of how many Sabrens were within his command. The background information on each officer was also very useful. He looked up and stared at Steele with a pleased and impressed expression on his face.

"This is amazing work and unexpected coming from you. I'm impressed. What moved you to do this?"

Steele blushed at the compliment. "Well, sir. It occurred to me that you might not be aware of how many Sabrens were in your command. Yesterday's incidents showed me we also didn't know how many of them are mated or single. I felt it was extremely important that we in command be aware of the numbers of Sabren we have and their status because of their value to us in a fight. You proved that when you and a mix of civilian and enforcer Sabren's stopped Dark Kat. Our Sabren's on the force should be on a special list so when an emergency comes up that requires their assistance, we know exactly where they are and be able to muster them more quickly. The next time an omega shows up, the help of the Sabrens could take them out much quicker, reducing property damage, and, also, not requiring the SWAT Kats help at all," Steele explained passionately then added, "not that your mate isn't helpful when we need it."

Feral snorted, "I may be mated to a SWAT Kat but that doesn't mean I like them interfering with our operations." He paused to eye Steele with new appreciation.

This was a well thought out plan he proposed and one he should have thought of himself but of course, since it affected him it wasn't surprising he hadn't. What did please him most was Steele stepping up to the plate and becoming a good officer at last. Something he had said, though, caused Feral to frown in puzzled confusion.

"I'm very pleased you are becoming the officer I need you to be and are thinking about what the enforcers need rather than how you can get ahead. However, I noted you said this was begun because of 'two incidents.' I know I was one of them...what was the other?"

"When I was giving those briefings to the shifts like you ordered, a Sabren officer was behaving just like you. Knowing what his problem was I managed to deal with it quickly before an incident, like someone getting hurt, could occur. An unmated Sabren was at the briefing and was able to tell me what it was like for single Sabren's and how they managed their power dumps. During the conversation, I learned he didn't wear a medallion. I took him aside and spoke with him privately and learned, though his problem isn't the same as yours, it was similar enough that I thought you might be able to help him. I asked if he would be willing to see you and he reluctantly agreed. I was going to ask you if you had time to see him soon," Steele explained.

"This incident opened my eyes to a potential problem among our forces as well as around the city where Sabrens work. By not being familiar with your species, sir, we could have all kinds of incidents occur that could be prevented if we knew more about you. We Kats desperately need to be made aware of what you're capable of and how to deal with situations involving Sabrens in the workplace. I figured I would begin my research by speaking to all the Sabrens in our command and try to make up some kind of guide book. Right now, though, I'm still compiling where all the Sabrens are and getting their stats," he finished.

Sitting back in his chair, Feral nodded. "You handled the situation at the briefing very well, Steele and you've succeed in shocking me even further with your passion and desire to solve a problem I hadn't anticipated. But, then I've been wrapped up in my own problems with my mating I just didn't see it. I'm very pleased you have foreseen such a need and are already working on it. Let me give you a leg up on the research. My mate found a Sabren professor who has researched everything about our kind but hasn't put it in anything that could be disseminated easily. You just might be the one to do it finally. His name his Professor Rendar at the Megakat University," he said, looking through his address book and locating the professor's number. He wrote it down

and handed it to Steele.

"That's fantastic, sir. Thank you. I'd be honored to put together a pamphlet everyone can use and hopefully this professor will be the key to getting it done at last," Steele said, relieved and very happy. He was afraid he would be having to talk to dozens of Sabrens to get what he needed, this was going to be far easier.

"You're welcome. Also, as to the young officer, I do believe I have time today to see him. He's on midshift, correct?"

"Yes sir. His name is Tommy Drake."

"Hmm!" Feral mused to himself as he checked his calendar. "Seems I'll have a little time at twelve-thirty. I need to see my son at the daycare so have him meet me there."

"Certainly, sir. I'll contact him as soon as I return to my office. As for the report I'm working on, I hope to have it completed by the end of next week."

"Don't rush it. Take all the time you need to make sure it's as complete as you can make it. About how many have you found to be unmated so far?"

"About a tenth, sir. Not a high number thankfully."

"You're right that is very good news. Do all of them except for Drake wear a medallion?"

"Yes sir, they do."

"That's good to know. Alright, I'll see what I can do for Drake. Thank you for your initiative on taking on this task. I truly appreciate it. Your caring attitude toward Sabrens and helping them and Katkind work together better is a credit to your improved character and I will make a note of this in your next performance report. If the finished report is as good as your preliminary work that I see here, you will be up for a commendation as well," Feral said sincerely.

Steele could only blush and stammer a moment before saying, "I'm only doing it because it's so vitally necessary, sir. But I thank you for your confidence in me. I won't let you down. If you'll excuse me now, I'll contact Officer Drake."

"You're dismissed," Feral said warmly. Steele flashed him a smile then about-faced and left the office. Leaning back in his chair, Feral shook his head, still not able to get over how much his second in command had changed. 'Hope it continues. He'll make an excellent Chief Enforcer if he corrects the other areas he's deficit in,' he mused thoughtfully.

A few hours later, he walked to the elevator and took it down to the medical floor to visit the day care center. Nodding at the monitor at the desk he looked in through the glass and saw Jeremy playing with a dump truck not far from where he was standing. He smiled warmly at the sight. Despite how he had felt during his pregnancy carrying a Sabren kitten, now he couldn't imagine being without him.

The monitor eyed him questioningly.

"I'd like to see my son for a little bit, please," he requested.

She flashed him a grin and got up to go into the room behind her. She said something to Jeremy and the little kitten jerked his head up and met his mother's eyes. A huge smile crossed his little face as he jumped up and ran for the door barely able to contain himself to wait long enough for her to open it for him.

"Mommy!" He squealed and leaped into his mother's waiting arms.

"Hello, love. Were you good for your Uncle Razor?" Feral asked as he returned his son's hug and nuzzled the small face lovingly.

"Yeth. We had pizza an' played!" Jeremy said giggling and enjoying his mother's attentions.

"That's my little one. Mommy's glad you had a good time and was good for Razor. I'm proud of you!" He murmured, taking a deep sniff of his son's scent into his lungs. He never knew motherhood could feel so wonderful. After hugging a little longer, he lifted his son by his arms and whirled him in a circle making the kitten shriek with laughter.

He stopped a few minutes later when he caught sight of a nervous officer standing in the doorway, uncertain about coming in or bolting away by the look of trepidation on his face.

Pulling his son back into his arms, Feral bounced Jeremy on his hip while gesturing for the young officer to come forward.

Gulping, nervous in the presence of his commanding officer, Drake sidled into the room. He desperately wanted to be elsewhere. He had been surprised when Lt. Commander Steele had called him at home and told him the Commander would see him at lunch time today. He had hurriedly showered and raced to the building. He'd never expected to be able to see Feral quite so soon. When he had arrived at the daycare door, he was taken aback to see the gruff Commander warmly holding and interacting with his tiny son.

As he stood nervously waiting for Feral to speak, he looked down at the little face that watched him curiously. The kitten was a lighter brown than Feral with black strips on face and arms and possessing a head of black hair. He suspected the stripes must be from the kitten's SWAT Kat father. The brilliant green eyes must certainly be since the Commander's were gold.

"Officer Drake. It was brought to my attention that you are having difficulties accepting a mate and refuse to wear a medallion. Is this correct?" Feral asked lightly.

"Yes sir!"

"Relax, Drake. I'm not going to force you to do anything you feel morally against. I've been there so I know what you're feeling. Even with a year of counseling behind me, I still harbor some resentment that I was forced to mate. Maybe it will help you to understand that it isn't natural for us to feel this way," Feral said understandingly. "Let me send my kitten back to play and you and I will have a little chat," he told Drake then turned to Jeremy.

"Mommy's got to go, sweetheart," he said to his son, giving him a kiss and a nuzzle. "I'll see you later."

"Mommy, you get me...not Razor?" Jeremy asked, frowning a little.

"Yes, I will, I promise. Now you go and have fun."

Jeremy's face split into a big smile then gave his mother a wet kiss on the cheek. Feral handed his son off to the monitor and waved goodbye before turning to leave the center. Drake followed uneasily. Feral said nothing as he lead the way to the elevator and remained silent on the ride up to his office.

Once in his office, he walked to the bay of windows facing his flight line and stood a moment collecting his thoughts. Drake came to stand near him and took in the spectacular view while he waited. He thought about how Feral had interacted with his son. It was sweet and heartfelt. Would he feel the same way one day?

His attention was brought back to the room when Feral cleared his throat and began to speak.

"Some of us have had the misfortune to be raised by mother's who were uncomfortable with being mated. Their views on a very necessary biological imperative is what succeeded in a making some of us be very screwed up in our thinking," he said gravely then turned to look at Drake directly.

"I don't know your background but mine was terrible. My mother resented being mated, then my father died making it impossible for my mother to go on without him, so he left me with a non-Sabren, a relative of my father's, and disappeared. I later learned he had committed suicide rather than live without his mate. I was only six years old at the time. I grew up with no idea of what I should be doing with my energy and with no knowledge of how my body worked. It didn't help matters that my aunt thought being with males was wrong, never realizing it was a matter of life and death that I do so."

"Oh God, sir! That's terrible!" Drake blurted in shock.

Feral shrugged his shoulders, "Yeah, well it certainly screwed with my head and I'm paying for it now. I'm just incredibly lucky to have bonded to such a strong mate even if he never would have been my choice nor I his."

"Uhm, yeah! That must have been really hard to take especially since he is a vigilante and all," Drake commiserated with him.

"You have no idea. But as crazy as that seemed, he has turned out to be an extremely loving and wonderful mate," Feral said shaking his head in amazement at that hard won realization.

"So it doesn't feel like slavery to you?" Drake asked cautiously.

"Only sometimes. At the moment it happened, I felt so bad about being trapped, I was willing to die and take the SWAT Kat with me in the energy chamber," Feral said soberly.

Drake stared at him in shock. "Suicide, sir?"

Feral sighed and grimaced. The memory still haunted him at times. "Yeah. I was really a mess." He said ruefully. "So, tell me, if you're willing, what was your kittenhood like?"

Drake sighed, embarrassed and reluctant. He turned to stare out the window. His commander patiently waited him out.

"Well, I guess I can safely say it certainly wasn't as traumatic as yours, sir. But my mother did resent being mated. He was in the enforcers and had gone into heat while on training maneuvers. My father was a member of his squad. The way I was told it happened, my mother fought off the whole squad that wanted to mate him but my father was the one who set off my mother's instincts. They broke away and mated but even after I was born, my mother maintained he hadn't wanted to be mated. Their bonding was flawed in some fashion which allowed him to not be with my father as much as they needed to be and he didn't bond to me very well either. My father did his best but I wanted my mother. His attitude about his bonding soured me on wanting to be mated myself. Though I don't feel its slavery, I do feel it takes my choice away from me...that nature decides who our mates will be not us," he said sourly.

"Well unfortunately, Drake...that is exactly how it is. We **don't** have a choice and, under a normal upbringing, we wouldn't have a problem with that knowledge. Our mothers took that ease of acceptance away from us, leaving us fearful and unhappy," Feral said bluntly. "Look, no matter how much we want it to be otherwise, nature decreed this is the way we find our mates. We can't change that imperative. Believe me, nature is right every time so fighting it is a waste of energy. If it really bothers you that badly then end your life here and now."

Drake gaped at his superior in shock.

"No, I'm not crazy. A year of therapy has forced me to understand that this is just the way things are. If you truly want to be happy then just find your mate and accept it. But if you have no desire to be mated, go on the way you're going and you'll just blow up eventually and endanger those around you."

Shaking his head, Drake scowled. "That's no choice at all! And I would never endanger others!" He said angrily, forgetting who he was speaking to.

Feral just eyed him with perfect understanding. "Exactly! And yes you would endanger them just by not mating!"

Drake stayed angry for a few moments longer, his fists clenched but as Feral continued to watch him patiently, all the anger finally drained out which left the young Sabren feeling empty and hopeless. "Not fair!" He whispered, tears of distress hovering in his eyes.

Feral sighed and reached out to gather the distraught tom into his embrace. Drake was shocked and tried to push out of the Commander's arms but the powerful tom only tightened his hold. The younger Sabren gave up and shuddered, sobs breaking free from him.

It felt strange and wonderful to have someone who understood and was willing to comfort him. As an added bonus, the bigger tom actually absorbed some of his excess energy so that he didn't feel so overloaded. Then, to his surprise, he felt a wonderful feeling of warmth and security pour through him. He'd forgotten about this ability of theirs to soothe each other when stressed. This was something he had been denied but had seen being used once as a teen. He sighed and relaxed in the tom's arms and was finally able to control himself once more, only then did Feral release him.

"Feel better?" He asked softly.

"Yes sir. Thank you!" Drake murmured. Taking a deep breath he said heavily, "I guess I should see this counselor of yours. Maybe he can help me."

"That's the spirit. I'll give you his name and phone number. I expect you to make an appointment as soon as he has an opening. I hope you get lucky and find your mate without the medallion though I'm afraid I have to insist you not wait too long to find him or you will have to wear the medallion," Feral said mildly.

"Uhm...I think I may have already done so sir." He admitted painfully.

"Really? What makes you think so?" Feral asked curiously.

"Well, I work out at the gym on Hope and Twelfth Street. Last night a male caught my eye. Just the sight of him sent a sharp jolt of something through me. It frightened me and I left in a hurry," He admitted, ashamed.

"Hmmm, it does sound like you have found him, alright. You should seek him out the next time you're there," Feral encouraged him. "Treat it as picking up a date and let it go from there, however you won't be able to hold out very long before the desire to mate will be too strong."

"Maybe you're right, sir, but I'd certainly like to try anyway," Drake agreed reluctantly.

"Good luck then. I certainly won't gainsay you for wanting to try," Feral snorted in amusement.

Drake eyed him a moment. "Sir, the bond...is it as intense as I've been told?"

"It's the most incredible thing I've ever experienced in my life and it knocked us both out when it took effect. Suddenly, you no longer feel alone, there's this warm sensation of someone there in your mind sharing your emotions. Rather than feel like an invasion, it's more like finding the other

half of your soul. Even trying to describe it doesn't explain how it feels...you'll have to experience it for yourself to know what I mean," Feral said with a shrug and a smile then he went to his desk to get the phone number of his therapist for Drake.

Moments later, he was handing it over to Drake who took it in a daze. This had been a very emotional meeting and he was feeling drained by the whole experience.

"Good luck getting to know your new mate and be sure to tell Lt. Commander Steele your change in status after it occurs. He's taking a census of all Sabrens for a report he's compiling and keep me informed as well. Please come to me anytime you need a little moral support," Feral told his rattled officer, clapping a supporting paw to the tom's back as he walked him to the door.

"Yes sir! I will. Thank you for taking the time to see me." Drake said feeling a bit light headed.

"You're welcome," Feral said dismissing him.

Drake nodded, walking through the door for the elevators, in a haze of confused emotions.

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Chapter 27 by ulyferal

Chapter 27: The Day Goes From Bad to Worse

Pleased that he had managed to help a fellow Sabren, Feral returned to his desk and got back to work. The day finished on a high note and since he'd had a very non-violent and light work day, he decided to knock off early. At four o'clock he called Steele in.

His second arrived in his office and watched his superior put his coat on, obviously preparing to leave.

"I want you to take over for the last hour of the day, please. I'm pleased to say, I was able to help Officer Drake and it appears he may have already found his mate, however, he is reluctant to consummate their attraction but I have no doubt he will do so before he runs into any real problems with his energy. I managed to relieve him of some of his excess energy and though it didn't cause me too much inconvenience at the time, I do feel the need to dump it soon. Since the day has proven to be rather quiet for once, I'll just go home and take care of it," he explained.

Steele smiled back and nodded briskly. "I'm glad you were able to aid him, sir. I'll hold down the fort, so enjoy your evening. I do have to say, with Dark Kat and Turmoil out of the way, it has been fairly quiet. Would be nice if we could get our paws on Viper, though."

"I agree with you on that thorny problem. Viper hasn't shown his slimy self since Razor released him back to that smelly swamp home of his. He's due to cause trouble but all we can do is wait for him to show himself," Feral agreed then waved good bye and walked out the door.

Steele secured the commander's office, notified Feral's assistant, Sgt Fallon, of the commander's departure for the day and where he, himself could be found if there was a need then returned to his own office and the project he was working on.

Feral hummed to himself as walked down the hall to the elevator and pushed the button for the medical wing. Reaching the day care center, he surprised the monitor by his earlier than normal arrival.

"Oh, leaving early today, eh? I'm sure Jeremy will be overjoyed to see you so soon," she said warmly. "I'll get him right away, sir." She got up from her desk and headed into the other room.

Feral could see his son sitting in a corner with the sun shining on him from a nearby window as he read a book. The monitor went up to him and spoke briefly. Jeremy's face lit up as he quickly

looked over to the waiting area and saw his mother. Without prompting, he carried the book back and put it away before running to where his things were. The monitor helped him on with his jacket then picked him up to carry him and his backpack to the door.

He immediately reached for his mother as soon as they came through the door. Feral reached out and took him into his arms and took hold of the backpack the monitor handed him.

"See you tomorrow, Jeremy," she called out.

He waved happily to her over his mother's shoulder and then they were through the door which closed behind them. Jeremy chattered happily to his mother as Feral carried him to the elevator and rode it up to the flight line.

He stepped out of the car and walked through the pilot prep area for the hangar. Feral gave the flight line guard a brisk salute as he passed him on the way to his chopper parked just outside the hangar doors. Climbing in, he quickly secured Jeremy into his special seat behind the pilot's chair, put a small helmet on him and gave him a quick kiss, a routine they did every time they flew.

With his son secured, he shut the door then took his seat, put on his helmet then started the engines, as it warmed up, he completed his preflight and notified the tower of his departure. Just before he prepared to lift off, he disconnected the locator beacon then took off for home.

The trip took only fifteen minutes and soon he was sending the chopper into a slow descent to their hidden flight line near their home. As soon as the chopper settled firmly on the ground, only then did he cut the engines. The blades continued to spin as they wound down while Feral took off his helmet, left it on his seat then went to release Jeremy.

His son hopped toward his mother and was clasped tightly in a strong grip as Feral reached for the backpack on the floor below Jeremy's seat then opened the door, ducking to avoid the still moving blades. He walked briskly toward the house with Jeremy giggling and chattering happily.

Once safely inside their home, he let his son down so Jeremy could take off for his room while Feral paused to take his coat off and hang it in the coat closet near the door. Backpack in paw, he made for the kitchen where he left it on the counter then went off to his own bedroom to change clothes.

Jeremy had already taken his coat off and hung it on the hook his father had put on the back of his bedroom door then grabbed his stuffed bear off the bed and went to seek out his mother. He trotted off down the hall and walked into his parent's bedroom, catching Feral pulling his boots off as he sat on his bed. Jeremy climbed onto the bed to wait and watch.

They talked as Feral finished stripping off his uniform and putting on some comfortable sweats and tee. He swept out an arm and scooped up Jeremy, carrying him to the kitchen where he gave his son a small snack while he began dinner.

By the time Chance came home from working at their hangar, the smell of dinner filled the house. His nose twitched and his expression was one of surprise when he walked into the kitchen and found his mate just setting the table and Jeremy sitting in his high chair eating a piece of beef jerky, his favorite bear tucked in beside him. He gave his father a broad smile but continued chewing happily.

Chance gave his son's head a gentle ruffle before going to his mate's side and helping set the table.

"Well, you're home early," he commented, stealing a kiss on the cheek of his passing mate.

"Yeah, well there was nothing going on at work that needed my urgent attention though I did

have an interesting day," Ulysses said mildly, taking a seat at the table and serving up dinner.

Chance took his own seat and accepted the filled plate his mate gave him. "Really, tell me about it," he requested.

While they ate dinner, Feral filled him in on what Steele had done, the conversation with Drake and what he had to do to aid the young Sabren.

"Now, that's amazing. Who would have guessed Steele would turn around that well. I'd already noticed he was doing better but this sounds like a real breakthrough. So you really think he'll make a good Chief after you?"

"If he keeps up what he's doing, yeah, I think so."

"Will wonders never cease," Chance said, shaking his head in amazement. "That was a great thing you did for that young Sabren. So I'm guessing you need a power dump then...you don't feel too distressed to me," he said, arching a questioning eyebrow at his mate.

"It's not too bad, but I wouldn't want to wait more than a few more hours," Ulysses admitted.

"Understood," his mate said knowingly. This meant Jeremy would have to go to bed early. If Ulysses was really distressed he would summon Cybertron but since he wasn't, Chance would take care of the problem when their son was abed.

The next few months passed rather pleasantly for all concerned. Chance finally did get bored as Jake had predicted he would and found a job flying test planes for Megakat Aeronautics, enjoying it a lot. The job had considerable flexibility which allowed him to get away when he needed to and made a nice income as well.

Feral was indeed pregnant again but the relief of his mate and Dr. Ainsly, he was handling it with more grace and calm acceptance if not joy. To Dr. Ainsly, it meant a much smoother and easier pregnancy for the Commander.

During this time the only major concern of the city defenders was wondering where Dr. Viper was. The mutant Kat had kept out of sight for a very long time now. Many wanted to hope it was because of the outing of the Sabrens, the death of Dark Kat and the easy capture of Turmoil had convinced the lizard that trying to take over the city might not be worth it.

So far, they might be right, but Feral and the SWAT Kats wouldn't hold their breath on that and would continue to maintain their vigilance. The Pastmaster had also failed to show up and it was going on two years since his last appearance.

Hard Drive seemed to have disappeared as well, at least there had been no whisper of his presence anywhere in the city for little over a year or more. Perhaps Dark Kat's demise spooked him but there was no way of knowing.

With nothing but regular criminals and some gang problems left in the city, the enforcers were able to keep the peace rather handily and the SWAT Kats found themselves needed less and less often. Sometimes they offered their services for rescue missions and errands of mercy which endeared them to the public, though, not so much the enforcers.

As for the young Sabren, Tommy Drake, he had indeed found his mate but he kept him at an arms distance while they dated. Nick Shadwell, a firekat was thrilled to be considered the mate of a Sabren though he was a little surprised when his mate didn't want to be bonded immediately. But after listening to Tommy's past, he understood better why his mate-to-be wanted to hold off. He was willing to do whatever Tommy wanted and if it meant waiting then so be it.

It was more than two months since Feral's pregnancy began and today had begun in an ordinary fashion for everyone except Feral. That morning he'd not felt very well when he climbed from bed. A general feeling of achiness, centering around his mid-section made him somewhat uncomfortable but not particularly worried, so, in his usual stubborn fashion, he ignored it and got ready for work.

"Awfully big frown on your face, love. You okay?" Chance asked as he helped Jeremy get cleaned up after breakfast, not missing the look of discomfort on his mate's face when Uly came into the kitchen to make lunch for himself. A feeling of general unwellness filtered through their bond.

"I just don't feel my best today," Feral said off-handedly, trying to make light of it.

"Really..." Chance murmured, frowning. He put his son on the floor and told him, "Jeremy, go get your jacket, buddy." His son ran off down the hall while the tabby went to his mate's side. He brushed his fingers against Uly's face in concern. "I'm getting more than just a little unwell sensation from you, love."

"Don't worry so much, Chance. Just some achiness from being pregnant."

His mate wasn't so placated. "Promise me you'll check with Dr. Mewser about it, please?"

Feral sighed, "alright if it will make you feel better."

"It will. Call me later and let me know what he said," Chance warned him then turned to Jeremy who'd run back in, jacket on and ready to leave with his mother. His father picked him up for a hug. "You have a good day, Jeremy."

"I will daddy!" His son grinned as he was handed over to his mother.

They were out the door and off to the chopper while Chance went to the garage for his cyclotron.

When he left Jeremy at the day care, Feral felt a brief stab of pain when he leaned down to let his son run into the playroom. He kept his face blank and hid his discomfort from the busy monitor and hurried off to his office.

Reaching his desk, he set to work and tried to ignore his body's complaints. It seemed to work for a while and he managed to clear his desk before leaving to attend a boring meeting at the Mayor's office. Returning to his office, he worked on various projects on his computer. Lunch came and went without him stopping to eat since he didn't feel particularly hungry.

By two in the afternoon, work slowed down and his feelings of unwellness increased. Rubbing a paw over his still flat belly, he frowned and decided, perhaps he should go see Dr. Mewser. At that moment, though, Steele swept into his office holding a report in his paw.

Steele walked up to the pedestal desk and began to speak but no words came out at first. Being this close to the Commander, he immediately went on alert. Feral looked bad! He could see a pinched look on the dark tom's face and his mouth was pulled back in a grimace of discomfort.

Frowning, he plunged on with the reason he was there, hoping to get a chance to ask if something was wrong afterward. "Sir, I've got more of my Sabren Report completed and wanted to run it by you."

Letting his breath hiss out, Feral reached for the report and seemed to force himself to sit quietly and read it. Steele began to fidget, worry starting to crawl up his back. Before he could get up the courage to impose on the Commander's privacy, the tom made a sudden gasping sound, face blanching before lunging from his chair and rushing to his private bathroom.

Eyes widened in shock, Steele raced to the door of the bathroom and heard retching through the closed door.

"Sir! Do you need assistance?" He asked anxiously. Sabrens were notoriously healthy creatures so Feral being ill was cause for alarm.

"No!" Came the short, hoarse answer then the sound of water running. A still very pale Commander came out and walked slowly back to his desk followed by his worried second.

"Excuse me sir, but you don't look so good. Maybe you should just pop down to see Dr. Mewser..." he began to urge but Feral cut him off.

"I was trying to decide if I was willing to be prodded to go for what might just be a case of morning sickness," Feral admitted reluctantly.

"You're pregnant?" Steele asked in surprise, this was the first he'd known of it since Feral wasn't showing yet.

Feral snorted in amusement he didn't really feel. "I was in heat a few months ago, I'm sure you recall. It usually leads to pregnancy."

Steele blushed. "Really? I thought it would be like female kats...not always." He said in surprise. He didn't recall hearing this when he'd spoken with Professor Rendar.

Feral blinked in surprise. "Didn't Rendar tell you that?" Echoing Steele's thought.

"No sir, he mentioned quite a bit about Sabren mating habits and a little about pregnancy but somehow that wasn't mentioned," Steele said unhappily, vowing to plug that hole in his information.

"Well, fortunately for me, my doctor gave me an education on this. Okay, we tend to get pregnant every time we go into heat and before you ask why then are we nearly extinct if that is true, its because a constant high use of energy will halt our cycles or after bearing five kittens whichever happens first. Also we can miscarry just as kats do and that counts as a pregnancy for our bodies. No one seems to know why or how our bodies know to shut down after five but it does."

"Wow! A built in birth control system...wish we had something similar. So, you're pregnant...gee, I hope you get a break this time and don't go the fast route," Steele said, hopefully.

"You, me and my mate are hoping for the same thing, believe me. Anyway, I've been feeling a little puny today but its most likely a bit of morning sickness unlike my first pregnancy which was so problem free," he sighed then returned his attention to the report, quickly reading it over.

Steele politely waited but didn't feel Feral's impression of what was wrong with him was correct. The tom looked too pale and if he wasn't mistaken, appeared to be sweating a bit.

"This is coming along well, Steele. Good work," Feral said, finally, handing over the report back to his second.

"Thank you sir. Forgive me, but there's nothing going on right now, perhaps you should go home if you don't feel a visit to Dr. Mewser is indicated. I know you guys are really hardy, but you truly don't look that good to me, sir," Steele said worriedly.

Feral eyed his second in bemusement. The slim, blond kat truly look concerned. He realized he must look pretty bad for Steele to persist with his concern. "Perhaps you're right, I..."

They were interrupted by Sgt Fallon racing into the room, urgency in his manner as he spit out, "sir, Hard Drive blitzed through the Megakat Treasury setting off all the alarms and making all the

security system doors and gates to open and close wildly. To make matters worse a group of bank robbers apparently were waiting for that to happen and tried to rob the mint but the security guards and two patrols stopped them, unfortunately, not before the creeps took hostages. The crooks with their hostages are in a large secured office area just outside the vaults and security is ranged outside."

"Has the SWAT team been called in?" Feral asked as he came down from his desk and hurriedly grabbed his coat and put it on, ignoring the sudden pain he felt in his abdomen.

"Yes sir, they are on their way along with the negotiator," the sergeant told him following his Commander as he and Steele made their way to the elevator.

"And here we were almost certain Hard Drive had left town," Steele said unhappily as they hurried across the flight line to a chopper already waiting for them.

"That's what we get for wishful thinking," Feral grunted, climbing aboard the passenger seat while Sgt Fallon and Steele got into the back, the door sliding behind him by the deck crew.

"Alright let's get to the scene." He told the pilot. Without a word, the pilot took them up and away quickly.

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Chapter 28 by ulyferal

Chapter 28: Tragedy

While Feral was preparing to head off toward the situation at the mint, his mate was doing a test run with the Turbokat in the desert. Chance had the day off and Jake wanted him to test the upgrades he'd made on the jet's engines.

They'd just finished a successful pass through the canyons and Razor was pleased with the performance of the new engines when he picked up the urgent call on the enforcer band.

Normally they wouldn't respond since the enforcers were capable of taking care of such things lately, however today was a different matter.

"Do you mind if we go catch that call and hang about, buddy?" T-Bone asked.

"Why? This is a hostage situation and we're not good in that type of thing anyway. Our presence could actually be a detriment," Razor said, surprised T-Bone even asked.

"Uh, well, Uly wasn't feeling so good this morning and I'm getting some not so great vibes through our bond. I'd just feel better if I was closer to him. Didn't you say you heard he was going on this call?" His partner clarified, his voice worried.

"Yeah, he is. Something going on with his pregnancy?" Razor asked in concern.

"Maybe...I don't really know but something about him isn't right."

"Okay, I can understand your worry and we're finished here anyway, so go ahead but be sure to stay high up so we're not seen, okay?"

"Got it!" T-Bone said in relief, as he turned the jet and sent it hurrying toward the mint.

At the mint, Officer Drake and his partner were part of the enforcer squad and guards that were keeping the criminals bottled up. They had heard over their radios that Feral and the SWAT team were on their way.

Drake shifted uneasily as his sensitive ears picked up the crying of some of the hostages, it made him tense and he had to consciously hold his energy in when he wanted to just blast the door separating them from the frightened kats.

His partner seemed to sense this when he put a careful paw on Drake's shoulder and said, "Easy Tommy, I know you want to get in there really bad but you won't be helping anyone if you lose control."

"I know! I just wish SWAT would get here already," Drake hissed tightly.

Just then an influx of heavily armored officers poured in the doors behind them. SWAT was here. Sighing in relief, Drake and his partner pulled back and let the experienced team move into their place. As they moved back to the door the team had come through, they were met by Commander Feral who stayed out of view, letting his team handle things.

He asked for a report and Drake's partner, Shaw quickly relayed what had occurred with Drake adding in his part of it. He nodded and told them to stand by. They stepped outside and waited. Meanwhile, Feral's second, Steele, immediately set about insuring a perimeter had been created then returned to the Commander's side to wait for the tense situation to be resolved.

On the SWAT team were two Sabrens. While the negotiator had the crooks attention they utilized their natural abilities to get close and incapacitate the small group of criminals with their energy bursts. The hostage situation ended quickly, with no casualties.

Feral sighed in relief as the unconscious criminals were unceremoniously hauled out and thrown into a prison van and the hostages were being treated by the medics. All that was left was to do a report on the incident and get the clean up started. He decided Steele could handle that and turned to tell him when a wave of severe nausea struck him.

He turned to throw up in a nearby trash barrel. Steele's attention snapped away from the activity in front of him to the sick commander just behind him. He raised his radio to call for medical assistance while standing protectively close to the ill tom. Sgt Fallon offered support to the still heaving Sabren.

Drake and his partner Shaw had been standing nearby waiting to be allowed into the mint to help clean things up when Drake heard the sound of retching, turning to look behind him, he was shocked to see it was the Commander. Extremely concerned, he and Shaw quickly formed a protective ring around the Commander.

Drake, however, began to feel something more was going on and leaned closer to Feral and sniffed. A look of shock crossed his face as his nose picked up the scent of fresh blood besides the one of vomit. His heart stuttered. "Lt. Commander Steele, sir...the Commander is bleeding somewhere!" He said urgently.

Steele looked over at the officer in surprise then recognized the young Sabren he had helped.

"He's bleeding? But he wasn't hit by anything...why would he be bleeding?" He asked in confusion.

"Is he pregnant, sir?" Drake asked hurriedly pushing Sgt Fallon to one side so he could wrap his arms around the tom.

"Uh, yes he is...but.."

"Then he may be miscarrying!" Drake cut the lieutenant commander off as he began to pour energy into the ailing tom.

"Oh no!" Steele blurted in horror. "I've already called for medical assistance!" He added quickly

then sighed in relief when he saw them arriving at a run.

The paramedics were all over the Commander instantly. One spoke to the ill Sabren in a low voice but it didn't appear Feral was able to answer. The other was already calling for a gurney.

At that moment, the huge Sabren gave a thick moan, eyes rolled up and his body began to slip to the ground as he lost consciousness. But the paramedic and Drake prevented him falling and laid the huge tom down slowly until he was laying on a blanket Shaw threw down.

Drake kept his hold on Feral and began to pour energy into his prone body. "The Commander may be hemmoring from a possible miscarriage. I can smell fresh blood! Our kind can keep from bleeding to death if others of us keep pouring energy into him to bolster his own system. I need more Sabrens asap to help me do this!" He shouted to the group around him

The paramedics stared at him in consternation. One raised his radio to start to call for assistance when Steele cut in and said he had Sabrens nearby and spoke into his own radio and issued an urgent call for any and all Sabrens to report immediately for a medical emergency at his location. He got multiple acknowledgments.

While they waited for the Sabrens to arrive, the paramedics quickly checked the Commander for bleeding and were dismayed to find a thick clot of it staining the tom's coat and pants. They quickly began IVs of ringers and blood plasma to try and keep ahead of the blood loss.

Sabrens began appearing, taking in the problem as a glance and quickly joining Drake in touching the Commander and pouring energy into the body. Everyone else moved away to give them room except for the two paramedics.

"Shaw!" Drake shouted.

"I'm here buddy!" Shaw called back from his place behind the sudden circle of Sabrens kneeling on the ground.

"I need you to get a hold of Nick for me. I'm going to need him to mate when I've finished aiding the commander. I guess I'm going to have to take my mate after all," he said glumly.

"I'm sorry Tommy. I'll call him immediately. Where do you want him to meet you?" He asked.

Drake frowned as he tried to think, there was so much commotion going on around them. "Have him meet me at the Energy Dumping Room at the plant," he finally said.

"Roger!" Shaw said, moving off so he could talk and be heard over his phone as he put in a call to Nick Shadwell.

Meanwhile, the medics were having a fierce discussion. There was a problem of transporting the sick Sabren when so many others had to remain around him.

The moment Feral lost unconsciousness, the Turbokat hovering above nearly dropped out of the sky as T-Bone lost control of the stick when he felt his mate shut down.

"Ulysses!" He screamed in anguished fear.

Razor yelped in shock and quickly regained control of the jet with his auxiliary controls. He realized immediately that something very serious had happened to Feral and he needed to get his partner on the ground as fast as possible.

"This is the SWAT Kats. The Commander is down and his mate must get to him. Clear us a path to land asap!" He broadcasted over an open frequency hoping someone down there heard him.

As everyone was preoccupied with the criminals, hostages, and the Commander, it was Sgt Fallon who heard the call and quickly ran down the street to clear an area for the jet. He'd just succeeded in making a large space on this side of the police barrier when the huge black jet came rushing toward the ground.

Razor landed the jet quickly then reached out and shook his partner hard. T-Bone gasped and trembled but managed to close his link enough to function. He noticed they were on the ground and wasted no time jumping out and running toward where he could sense his mate.

The medics, meanwhile, had gotten the Commander off the ground and onto a gurney. They were still trying to find a way to transport when T-Bone ran to their side. Nearly sobbing with fear, he pushed his way forcefully toward his mate's head. The Sabren's on either side sensed this was the Commander's mate and made room for him instantly.

"Uly, love..." He called anxiously, opening his bond enough to try and reach his mate.

"I'm sorry to tell you but he miscarrying?" Came a sad voice from nearby.

T-Bone looked up and stared in disbelief at the stranger speaking to him. He realized this was another Sabren, an enforcer at that. "How do you know?" He choked angrily.

Drake looked grim and sorrowful, "I smell blood, lots of it."

"Oh God!" T-Bone moaned. "He said he didn't feel very well this morning!"

One of the medics interrupted them urgently, "We were going to take him to the Sabren Hospital but we have no way to transport everyone here who has to remain connected to him."

T-Bone looked around and noticed for the first time that Uly was surrounded by about five Sabrens, all with their paws firmly pressed on his mate's body and pouring energy into it.

"The Turbokat can take all of us. Let's go!" He said immediately.

Razor had been hovering nearby and heard what was going on. He turned and ran back to the jet to get the cargo hold open. Behind him the medics and Sabrens surrounding the gurney hurried as fast as they could to roll the bed to the jet.

Reaching the Turbokat, they rolled the gurney aboard. T-Bone ensured the gurney was latched into floor cleats on the cargo floor to hold it still. Unfortunately, everyone else had to stay standing for the trip. Closing the cargo door, Razor knew he would be the one flying them to the hospital as T-Bone was staying glued to his mate for the trip. He quickly but carefully sent the jet skyward then switched to forward motion and flew to the hospital on the far side of the city.

During the flight, Feral regained consciousness. His eyes seemed to be looking for something. T-Bone immediately leaned over and nuzzled his face.

"Oh love, don't leave me, fight...hold on..." T-Bone begged, his voice choked with fear.

"T-Bone," Feral croaked weakly.

"I'm here love, we're going to get you to the hospital just hold on," T-Bone begged him desperately, continuing to rub his face against his mates to comfort him.

Drake watched the pair in awe. 'So this is what being mated truly meant between a loving couple,' he thought, feeling less upset about his impending mating when this emergency was over.

Despite wanting to fly as fast as the jet was capable, Razor knew Feral wouldn't tolerate the g's

in his condition nor could the standing crew be able to keep their footing, so was forced to go at a moderate rate of speed, still he managed to get them there in under fifteen minutes.

"Razor calling Sabren Emergency Control!"

"Emergency Control here! What is the nature of your emergency Razor?" A brisk, professional voice requested.

"Commander Feral is apparently miscarrying and bleeding out. His mate is with him as are medics and five other Sabrens attempting to keep him stable. Will be landing on your pad in five minutes!" Razor relayed rapidly.

"Message received! Will be ready for you as soon as you land!"

"Roger, out!"

Five minutes later, he took the jet to VTOL and landed on the hospital chopper pad and immediately opened the cargo door. A medical team rushed out and quickly boarded. They squeezed out the paramedics and assessed Feral's condition, then hurriedly made the group surrounding the gurney to move quickly to the ER at a near run.

Inside, despite all the paws on his body, the medical team efficiently stripped the tom of his clothes, inserted lines for meds to go with the IVs and blood he was already receiving, took a history from T-Bone then when Feral was stable, told the Sabrens to desist their energy pouring.

The Sabrens gratefully pulled away as one and allowed the doctors to roll Feral off to surgery.

Glowing like so many small suns, the Sabrens came out of the trauma bay.

Knowing the Sabrens were going to need their mates, Sgt Fallon who had slipped aboard the jet when Feral was loaded per Lt. Commander Steele's order, now gathered the enforcers to him, got their mate's locations and requested aid from Razor to transport them.

No longer needed and knowing he would have to wait for any news on Feral, Razor readily agreed and lead the group out to the jet. In very little time, he had the jet in the air and was on the radio with Sgt Fallon who gave him each location. It took over an hour to delivery everyone, the last stop was at the Energy Plant to leave Officer Drake.

"I'm sorry you were forced to mate under such circumstances," Sgt Fallon said sympathetically on the ride to the plant.

"It's alright, sir. It was for a good cause and I truly hope Commander Feral recovers quickly though losing his kitten will cause him and his mate a great deal of grief," Drake said sadly.

"You're right about that and he's going to be gone from duty again. Anyway, take as much time as you need. I've already gotten prior authorization from Lt. Commander Steele on that. I'll inform your CO as well. Congrats on your new mating!" Fallon told him warmly.

"Thanks, sir," Drake said then waved as he was off loaded at the plant and ran off to greet Nick who was waiting for him.

"We're clear, Razor!" Fallon called through the radio. "Would you drop me back at the scene, please?"

"Sure, no problem!" Razor responded, closing the cargo door and lifting off once more, heading back to the mint.

On arrival, they could see Steele was still on the scene but much of the mess was already clean

up and the crowds were gone finally. Razor could no longer land on the street so opted to put down on a rooftop with stair access so Fallon could go down to the street. Once his passenger was off loaded, he flew back to the Sabren Hospital to wait and hope Feral made it through this dangerous trauma.

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Chapter 29 by ulyferal

Chapter 29: Recovery

Feral had to receive several infusions of blood while the surgeons removed the remains of his pregnancy and cleaned him out. Energy from other Sabrens at the hospital was given him to keep his from waning. It helped that he possessed a vast store of energy in the first place. If not for that, he would have died long before coming to the hospital despite the best efforts of his own officers.

T-Bone was forever grateful that his mate was so powerful when he'd been told that grim truth. Still he was worried about his mate's state of mind and his own when they had time to grieve the loss of their kitten.

He walked beside the gurney as it was rolled from the operating suite to Feral's assigned room. The big tom was put on antibiotics and kept in the hospital for several days until he healed. While there, he received frequent doses of energy to help him recoup his that was lost in the miscarriage. During that time, T-Bone never left his side.

On the day of the incident, Razor had sighed in relief to know Feral would recover but was also concerned about how they would deal with the loss when they could focus on it. Meanwhile, he went ahead and made the decision to care for Jeremy while his parents were unavailable.

When he went to pick up Jeremy that evening, he was concerned about what to tell the little kitten about his mother. He was surprised when he was met by an older enforcer Sabren, who was waiting for him at the day care.

"Hello, Razor. I'm Sgt Jiessen. I'm here to check on the Commander's son. Through his bond with his mother, he will have been aware that something has happened to him but not what so he may be suffering anxiety. I can ease that with a form of energy we use to soothe each other outside of our mate bonds," he explained quietly.

"Oh, I remember hearing about that form of energy use when T-Bone researched about you guys. I'm glad you're here then. I was worried about what I was going to tell such a young kitten about what's happened to his mother," Razor said in relief.

"Don't tell him anything about that. What do you usually say to him when you must take care of him?"

"Only that his parents are doing something he can't be around for. He's used to that...but what about what just happened and the fact his mother and father will be gone for a while?"

"Use the same reason you normally would but add that they had to be gone longer than they wished to. Jeremy is far too young to grasp the concept of pregnancy and the loss of such. Our kittens maybe further advanced than Kat kittens but they are still kittens in many other ways and this is one of them," Sgt Jiessen told him. He smiled and said, "don't worry soo much, Razor. Kittens are resilient and bounce back from distress much faster than adults. Just do your best for him and don't dwell on what his parents are suffering right now because he will pick up on that. So...let's get him and see how he's doing, shall we?"

"Okay," Razor said with a relieved sigh, signaling the monitor. He explained quietly what had happened, what she needed to do to help Jeremy, and gave her a communicator to use to reach

him if Jeremy was distressed in any way during the time his parents were gone.

Sgt Jiessen also gave his number if the problem couldn't be solved by Razor and Jeremy needed a Sabren's touch. The monitor nodded her understanding, a sad look on her face at the terrible news.

"That explains Jeremy's sudden bout of tears and fear earlier. We did our best but he wouldn't be comforted and finally he'd cried himself out and took a nap. We had tried to reach his parents but now we know why we couldn't get a hold of any of you. When he woke up he refused to play with anyone and went to sit alone and read. We've let him be but kept a close watch on him," she told them.

"You've done the right thing. There really isn't much more you could have done but to prevent a future problem, I can tell you now that you can call for a Sabren from any that are in house at the time and any one of us will come immediately to deal with the problem. I'll inform Lt. Commander Steele of this requirement to make things easier for you," Sgt Jiessen promised.

"Thank you! That will definitely make us feel better here. Sabrens are still an unknown for us and we try and do our best to take care of them but it doesn't help that we're pretty much in the dark and can only fall back on what we know about kittens in general," she said plaintively.

"I understand and we'll see what we can do about that problem."

She gave him a grateful smile. "Let me just go get Jeremy for you," she said quietly turning to enter the playroom, ensuring her face was clear of all distress so as not to upset the kitten further.

Moments later, a very much subdued kitten was carried out by the monitor. This was a big difference from the laughing and happy kitten Razor normally picked up and it worried him.

He gently took the kitten into his arms and cuddled him closely, murmuring soft words of comfort, Jeremy clung to him but didn't relax. The Sabren carefully tapped Razor on the shoulder to get his attention. He looked up in mild surprise, a question on his face.

Nodding reassurance, Sgt Jiessen brought his face to Jeremy's level and made a strange sound in his throat. The kitten instantly brought his head up and stared at the other adult, his face wary but hopeful.

"Hello, Jeremy. My name is Ben and I'm here to make you feel a little better until your mommy and daddy can be with you again. I know something bad happened and you feel sad but I can take that sad feeling away. Will you let me hold you?" He asked gently.

Jeremy stared for a long moment then tentatively reached out to the other Sabren. Razor carefully let him go until the kitten was firmly being cuddled by the other male. Sgt Jiessen brought his fingers up and caressed the kitten's face while sending a tendril of energy that was colored blue through his fingers into Jeremy.

The blue energy spread out until the kitten was enveloped in it and Razor could see the kitten's face relax then the familiar smile spread across his face then the glow was gone but Jeremy was once again a cheerful kitten.

"There now, my sweet! Are we feeling better?"

"Yeth!" Jeremy chirped, smiling radiantly at the Sabren holding him..

"That's wonderful news, then I'll say goodbye and give you back to Razor," Jiessen said with a pleased smile.

Jeremy continued to grin happily as he turned to Razor and held out his arms. The smaller

SWAT Kat was floored as he took the now contented kitten back into his arms.

"That's amazing!" He managed to say as he cuddled Jeremy close and took the backpack from the equally stunned monitor who had been watching.

Jiessen only smiled. "Yes, I guess it would seem that way to you. I'm just glad we possess this ability or we'd be nervous wrecks. Poor little fellow had no idea why he was so sad and couldn't rid himself of the unwanted emotions that were really his parents. He should be fine now Razor. I can tell he cares for you very much and that will help him manage the next few days of being away from his parents."

"Thanks again! We both appreciate it," Razor said with heartfelt appreciation.

"You're welcome. Have a good evening! Bye Jeremy," he said, giving the kitten a wave.

Jeremy waved madly back until the tom vanished through the door.

"Well sport, let's go to my home and get something to eat, okay?" Razor said, bouncing the now happy kitten on his hip.

"Yeth! Go Zoom!" Jeremy giggled. Jake smiled happily back as he walked out of the day care center.

When most of the pain and feeling sick finally ebbed a few days after his operation, Feral became aware of his surroundings again. He was puzzled at how he'd gotten here since the last thing he could remember was being at the scene for a robbery/hostage situation, being horribly sick to his stomach, then nothing.

A soft sound drew his attention down to his side. There T-Bone was sleeping soundly, his head resting on his arms. Reaching out a paw, he gently caressed T-Bone's cheek.

'What had happened to me?' He frowned, wanting answers but not desiring it enough to wake his obviously tired mate.

The door to the room opened and in walked Dr. Ainsly. He noted the tired SWAT Kat and shook his head then saw his patient was awake. He walked over to the bed.

In a quiet voice he asked, "how are you feeling Commander?"

"Sore and confused...what happened to me?"

An unhappy and sad look crossed the doctor's face. "I'm truly sorry, Commander but you miscarried and nearly died. It's a testament to your strong power levels that you didn't because most Sabrens could not have survived losing that much blood," he said gently.

Feral stared at him frozen. He hadn't heard the rest of what the doctor had said as his brain had stopped at the word 'miscarried'. Something within him clamped down...something that didn't want to accept what he'd heard. Even if he hadn't liked being pregnant, he loved being a mother and the loss of just one was an agony he didn't want to face yet.

He swallowed hard and kept his face calm. "Do you know why I ...lost it...?" He managed to ask, only stumbling slightly.

"No, I'm sorry. It's just one of those things that happens without a reason. Nothing you did caused it either so don't go there. You need to deal with the loss and not tuck it away...it's not healthy. Speak with Dr. Hartstone as soon as possible...both of you," Ainsly said firmly, glancing down at the SWAT Kat. "He's going to be hurting just as much as you are, don't shut him out. Now I want

you to get some rest. You'll be here for at least another 24 hours because you need energy boosts for a bit longer...your's took a beating trying to keep you alive."

"Thank you! I'll get with Hartstone as soon as I can," Feral promised quietly.

Ainsly gave him a hard look, not believing him for a minute but let it slide. He knew just how stubborn his patient could be. Nodding, he turned and left the two alone once more.

When T-Bone woke up, he was relieved Ulysses was awake and doing alright. He was also grateful that Dr. Ainsly had already spoken of the loss. He hadn't known how he was going to tell his mate such devastating news in the first place. However, he too, had no desire to talk about it either.

Twenty-four hours later, T-Bone was relieved and happy to be taking his mate home at last as he helped Feral into the hummer, the cyclotron being too difficult for him at this moment. The tabby took the drive home easy so as not to jostle his mate too much. Ulysses wouldn't admit it, but he was still sore and every bounce made him grimace though he made no sound.

When they reached home, he helped Ulysses get inside and lay down on the couch with his feet up. To be released from the hospital so early (Ainsly had wanted to keep him because his energy levels still weren't normal), he had to agree to stay off his feet for a few more days but could go back to work on Monday. He was forced to agree to the stricture or not be released from the hospital for the rest of the week. Dr. Ainsly was not above using blackmail with patients like Feral.

As soon as he was settled, Chance called Jake to bring Jeremy home. Jake was relieved to receive the call. Jeremy hadn't pined, exactly, but it was obvious he missed his parents terribly as time went on.

"Jeremy!" He called out as soon as he hung up the phone.

"Yeth, Uncle Razor?" The kitten asked, walking into the living room.

"Hey, sport! Guess what? Your mommy and daddy are home and want me to bring you to them!"

"Yeah!" Jeremy yelled, jumping and down.

"Go get your jacket and we'll get going!"

Without a word, Jeremy tore off for his temporary bedroom and grabbed his jacket and ran back to let Jake help him with it...he was far too excited to do it himself.

Smiling warmly at the kitten's excitement, Jake helped him put his jacket on, slipped his own tennis shoes on, grabbed the kitten's backpack from the coffee table then picked up Jeremy. They walked out into the garage and Jeremy was placed on the bike.

Only five minutes later, they were zooming down the road to Jeremy's home just halfway around the bay from Jake's home.

He roared up their hidden driveway, the garage door rolling open upon his approach. He parked his bike next to Chance's. Through the door came the tabby walking up to them. Jake climbed off and allowed Chance to remove Jeremy from the car seat himself. Jake set his helmet on the seat and took Jeremy's from the tabby's paw to put it away then grabbed the backpack.

Chance already had his son gathered tightly in his arms and laying butterfly kisses all over his son's giggling face. When the greeting was over, he hurried to the house, Jake following...quite forgotten...in his wake.

Chance strode straight through to the living room where Feral was laying, his arms extended to take his son. The tabby lowered the excited kitten into his mother's arms.

"Mommy!" Jeremy cried, clinging to his mother's neck and nuzzling him.

"Jeremy, love. Mommy missed you!" Ulysses moaned as he hugged his son tightly and kissed him everywhere.

Tears were hovering in Chance's eyes as he watched the two. He reached out a paw and caressed his son's head.

Jake remained near the entryway, allowing the family privacy as they greeted each other. After a long while, the three relaxed finally. Chance took a seat in his recliner and listened as Jeremy told them about his time with Jake then mentioned the other Sabren that had helped him feel better.

Frowning at that piece of information, Chance looked over at his friend, who only then walked toward them and took a wing chair and sat down.

"His name was Sgt Jiessen and he was waiting at the day care for me. He just held Jeremy and poured blue energy into him. Jeremy went from very sad to looking like his happy self again. Believe I was really worried when I saw the little guy looking so unhappy so was glad he did what he did," Jeremy explained.

Chance's face relaxed with relief. Feral eyed Jake a moment longer and sighed, settling Jeremy into the crook of his arm.

"How did he know?" Chance asked curiously.

"Any Sabren within about a twenty-five foot radius would have sensed our distress and the cause. The ones at the scene would have contacted the one's at Enforcer Headquarters to warn them I was in trouble. They automatically thought of Jeremy and provided him the help he needed to get over the sadness he acquired from us by way of our parental bond with him," Feral explained before Jake could respond.

His mate gaped at him in surprise. "Well, that is certainly a handy ability," the tabby finally managed to say, relaxing back in his seat.

Feral smiled and nodded. "Indeed it is. I only learned about the ability when I joined the Enforcers. Older Sabrens filled me in some of the gaps in my education. You filled in the rest with what you learned, Chance."

"Well, I'm certainly glad of that."

"It certainly made things much easier for me caring for the little guy," Jake said.

"And I want to thank you for taking on the task. Sorry we hadn't even asked you and I feel awful for forgetting our son," Chance said, chastened.

"Don't beat yourself up, buddy! You and Ulysses have suffered a major loss and just weren't thinking at that moment. That's why the rest of us took care of it for you. Think nothing more about it," Jake said, smiling reassuringly.

"Still, thanks Jake for coming through for us and taking care of our most precious thing," Ulysses said sincerely.

Jake just blushed and nodded at Feral. It felt strange to be thanked by the gruff Commander and it felt good as well. "Okay, I better be getting home and let you guys get settled. When are you

allowed to go back to work, Ulysses?"

"On Monday, provided I stay off my feet the rest of the week," the huge tom said, grimacing about that stricture.

"Then make sure you do it!" Jake warned, then smiled and left them.

His bike could be heard roaring away some minutes later. Feral sighed and nuzzled Jeremy...it was good to be home and safe again.

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Chapter 30 by ulyferal

Chapter 30: The Agony of Loss and the Magic of a Healing Touch

At work on Monday, Feral firmly kept his grief at bay and for the next two days, seemed to have succeeded in keeping it locked away. But loss that deep cannot be denied forever and on this day, his careful barriers started crumbling.

After hugging Jeremy and sending him off to play in the daycare, Feral went to his office and cleared his desk of reports, attended meetings including a really boring one at the Mayor's office, witnessed the testing of a new weapon, had lunch, then gave two briefings to squadron commanders and troops. By the end of the day, he was feeling the strain of holding back his grief.

No longer able to concentrate on the last of the reports on his desk, Feral stepped off his pedestal desk to walk to the wall of windows. He stared blindly out the window as the events past came pouring forth, swamping him with feelings of intense sorrow.

Some minutes later, Steele came striding into the Commander's office with a report Feral had asked for. He noted the Commander was standing near the windows and switched directions but as he got close he realized something wasn't right. The big Sabren wasn't just standing before the window, he was actually pressed against the glass, eyes closed, tears of pain and anguish cascading down his face, fists clenched and resting on either side of his face.

Blinking in confused concern, Steele approached more cautiously, uncertain what he should do in the face of Feral's obvious grief.

Downstairs in the squadroom, the midshift was settling in their seats for their briefing before heading out to patrol. Squad leader Bryson was about to call order when two of his officers suddenly got up and were heading for the door. It didn't miss his attention that they were the only Sabren's in the room.

"Where are you two going?" He demanded.

The two paused, grim and concerned looks on their faces. It was Drake who responded, "sorry, sir, but we're needed in the Commander's office asap," he said urgently.

Bryson blinked in surprise. "I never received an order for you."

"No, sir. It's a Sabren thing. If one of us is in serious distress, any of us within the vicinity of the individual must respond and offer help. The Commander is pouring out waves of distress and we must go see what the problem is immediately and help him deal with whatever it is," Drake said then without another word, he and Stone hurried out the door.

Bryson could only shake his head in stunned surprise. 'I hope Steele gets that pamphlet he's writing done soon. I'm tired of being in the dark about these guys,' he thought in mild annoyance. 'I wonder what's wrong with the Commander this time, nothing really bad I hope,' was his final thought before he got the squad's attention again and went on with the briefing.

Drake and Stone hurried down the hall and caught one of the elevators, three more Sabrens jumped aboard before the doors closed. The group shared grim looks as the car went up.

"I think it's grief over the loss of his kitten," Stone suggested quietly.

"You may be right," Drake agreed.

The doors snapped open on the correct floor and they poured out and hurried to the Chief Enforcer's office.

Inside the office, Steele approached his superior and gently patted the tom on the back. "Can I help you, sir," he asked quietly.

Feral could only shake his head, his body trembling, tears falling unheedingly down his face. Feeling helpless, Steele continued to caress the tom's back, offering what comfort he could. He realized Feral must have been suppressing his grief and it had now overcome him. It was certainly like him to do something like this. Steele was very glad there was nothing of urgency going on when this happened.

Suddenly a group of Sabrens poured into the office and headed toward the Commander. Steele turned his head and stared at them in surprise and confusion. They nodded acknowledgment to him but gently pushed him away and circled Feral.

One, however, remained by Steele's side. The slim, blond tom eyed the officer in bewilderment. "How on earth did you know what was going on?"

Sgt Jiessen repeated what Drake had told Squad Commander Bryson only minutes before. "So as soon as we felt his distress we hurried here. We suspected it was grief over losing his kitten."

"Your guess would be correct and I'm assuming it's because he hadn't dealt with his grief that this occurred in the first place," Steele said in a questioning tone.

"I'm certain you're correct about that sir. I couldn't say for certain, myself. All I do know is he's suffering terribly right now."

Soft sobs could just be heard from where Steele stood. He felt his heart tighten at that terrible sound of grief. "I'm so sorry he lost his little one," he murmured softly.

"We all are, sir and we'll do our best to help him through this as well as his mate who is suffering right along with him, wherever he is at this moment. As a matter of fact, I should go see their living kitten and soothe him. He will be feeling his parents grief through the parental bond," the officer said in concern, making a move for the door.

"Oh, Jeremy will be feeling what's going on?" Steele asked in shocked dismay causing the officer to halt a moment to respond.

"Not fully, sir...thankfully. But he will know something's wrong, for certain."

"Oh that's terrible. But you can make it better for him?"

"Yes sir. We've done it once already when the Commander miscarried so that Razor wouldn't have so much trouble when he cared for the little one. We eased his distress and he was alright though lonely for his mother," Jiessen told him.

"Is it common for you guys to monitor each other this way or is it because it's the Commander whose involved?"

"It has nothing to do with the Sabren in question being the Commander. We're a tight knit group

here, sir, and we look out for each other. It's necessary to prevent any problems between us and Kat kind. Speaking of which, I needed to inform you that a procedure needs to be put in place to allow the monitors of the daycare to call the desk sergeant and get help from any Sabren in house when there's a problem with a Sabren kitten. The monitor I spoke with said she and the others felt a little out of their league dealing with our kind and would appreciate the assistance."

"I could kick myself for not having thought of that," Steele said, chagrined.

"There's no way that would have occurred to you, sir. At least nothing serious has happened, so we are in time in getting it solved," Sgt Jiessen said, placatingly.

"I'm trying to solve part of that problem by writing a pamphlet that everyone can read to help understand your kind as well as help those Sabren's denied the knowledge by a negligent parent," Steele told him.

"Really?" Jiessen stared at Steele in surprise. "Sir, that's wonderful news. I can't wait until you complete it," he said sincerely.

Steele smiled in embarrassment. "Uh...thank you, that's a good incentive for me to do a good job on it if you guys think it's a great idea too."

"Oh definitely sir. We desperately need something like that. It will help us teach our kittens better too," Sgt Jiessen said honestly then said urgently, "sir, it's important someone find Commander Feral's mate and bring him here. He needs comforting too and we are able to do that for him easier when he's with his mate. We can only do so much but we're not his mate and the two together with our soothing energies will help them get past their grief faster."

"Oh! Well, I do have a way to contact him and his partner. I'll leave you to handle the kitten...uh...Sgt Jiessen (reading the officer's name tag) and would deeply appreciate having an opportunity to pick your brains more for my pamphlet at a later date."

"I'd be honored to help you, sir. I'll call you to find out what would be a good time for both of us," Braden said warmly then left hurriedly for the daycare center while Steele turned away and went over to Feral's coat near the door.

He found the communicator easily. It had two buttons on it, one for T-Bone the other Razor. He'd since learned from the Commander that the pair no longer lived together nor were they in their secret hangar most times. He pressed the one for Razor and got an immediate response.

"Razor here! What's up!"

"This is Steele. Commander Feral has succumbed to grief over the loss of his kitten. Enforcer Sabrens are here with him in his office to help ease him. They tell me your partner will be similarly affected and that you need to bring him here for them to help them both more effectively. I can tell you, it's really intense so I can only imagine what T-Bone is feeling right now."

"Crud! I'm not sure where he is at the moment but I'll find him, thanks for reaching me and I'll be there as fast as I can by Turbokat," Razor said, his voice worried.

"I'll have Sgt Fallon waiting for you on the flight line so you'll have help with your partner, see you soon," Steele said sympathetically.

"Thanks!" Razor said quickly then cut the connection.

Steele sighed. He put the communicator back in Feral's pocket then turned back to the group around Feral. 'Poor guy, I have no idea what it's like to lose a kitten but it's obviously really hard to handle even for a tough tom like Feral,' he thought sadly.

Worried and scared for Chance, Jake changed to Razor and went out to his cyclotron, he also signaled for the Turbokat to go to the landing field beside Chance's home. Soon he was zooming down the road to his partner's home, hoping he wasn't at work. Arriving at the house some minutes later, Razor rolled into the slowly opening garage. He parked and noted the other cyclotron was there indicating Chance was home.

Relieved, Razor raced into the house and searched for his partner. He found the tabby on his bed, curled in a ball and sobbing. Shaking his head in sorrow and concern, Razor sat down on the bed and shook his friend firmly.

"I'm soo sorry, Chance but you need to close your bond with Ulysses enough to get back control and come with me. Come on, buddy!" Razor begged.

It took several more minutes of constant encouragement and shaking before Razor managed to get Chance's attention. The tom's eyes were swollen and red, his face fur soaked with tears when he raised his head to stare blearily at his friend.

"Let's go to your mate, Chance. The Sabrens there will help you both. Up you get...we have to get you changed," Razor coaxed as he pulled his partner to his unsteady feet then helped the tom change to his g-suit.

Now dressed as T-Bone, Razor helped his partner walk outside, locked the house, then walked to where the Turbokat was already waiting for them. Helping the tom up and into the cockpit, he had him sit in the gunner's seat while he took the pilot's seat. Soon they were taking off and flying toward Enforcer Headquarters.

Landing on the flight line and parking close to the hangar doors, Razor shut down the engines, then helped his partner out of his seat and onto the wing. As promised, Sgt Fallon appeared and helped Razor get T-Bone down to the ground.

With them on either side of the grief-stricken tom, the pair walked him through the hangar and to the elevator then down the hall the commander's office.

Once they stepped into the office, one of the Sabrens detached from the group and came for the tom. He wrapped an arm around T-Bone's waist and walked him over to the healing circle near the windows. The Sabrens opened the circle and gently pushed the tom against Feral's body.

The touch roused Feral enough to realize his mate was near and he turned from the window to clutch T-Bone into his arms, the tabby did the same and they clung tightly to each other, sobbing. The Sabrens closed their circle and began pouring blue energy into the pair. This went on for more than ten minutes before finally fading away.

When the Sabrens pulled away, at their center stood the pair, more calmer and still clinging to each other. Steele could see the Commander looked completely wrung out but was now alert again as was T-Bone.

The oldest of their number, spoke up, "you two need to go home and rest, sir. Jeremy is already being cared for so he'll be alright when Razor takes him home. You should not take care of him tonight, you're too stressed."

Feral gave a shaky sigh and nodded. Keeping an arm around T-Bone's waist he and his mate walked slowly to the door, trailed by Razor and Steele. They paused long enough for Feral to get his coat on.

"Don't worry, sir, I'll take care of everything. Just get some rest," Steele told him gently.

Feral eyed him blearily. "Thank you," he murmured hoarsely.

"I'll fly you two home then come back for Jeremy," Razor told them quietly.

Without speaking and still clinging to each other T-Bone and Feral shuffled out the door and down to the elevator with Razor walking slowly behind them.

Steele stood near the door and waited for the Sabrens to make for the exit before he halted them a moment.

"Thank you for aiding the Commander and his mate in their time of need. I know its an imperative for you do this but I still felt a thank you was warranted. If you run into any problems because of this when you get back to duty, don't hesitate to have your supervisor contact me," Steele told them.

The group nodded their understanding and smiled then departed. Steele sighed and rubbed his temples. He was glad this happened at the end of shift...he wanted to go home and have a stiff drink. Right now, though, he needed to get back to his office so he could write down this new information he'd gained and to make a note to contact Sgt Jiessen for a little discussion.

He went back up to Feral's desk to insure no sensitive documents had been left out, satisfied there wasn't, he tidied the desk top then left, locking the door behind him. He paused at the secretary's desk and told her the Commander was gone for the day and to refer any calls to him. Once she nodded her understanding, he made for his own office down the hall.

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Chapter 31 by ulyferal

Chapter 31: Viper Finally Appears

Razor sighed with relief as he left the Feral-Furlong home a little while later. Both Ulysses and Chance were moving a little easier when he off loaded them in the field beside their home. Still he followed them into the house and waited until he was sure they were going to be okay before leaving to get Jeremy.

He walked back out to the jet and was soon winging his way back to Enforcer Headquarters. Except for a question by the flight line guard about why he had returned, he wasn't halted by anyone else as he made his way down to the daycare center.

Stepping through the door, the monitor looked up at him from her paperwork .filled desk.

"Hello, Razor. Sgt Jiessen was here a little while ago attending to Jeremy. I'm sorry grief overcame the Commander like that but at least those destructive emotions have been released at last. Jeremy was feeling unhappy but he's alright now and knows he's going home with you again. I'm afraid you might have a little problem with that aspect. He's becoming a little resentful about being left so often recently," she told him warningly.

Razor shook his head. "Poor little guy! He just doesn't understand what's going on and he's too young for me to explain. Well, guess I'll just have to go the mega distance to distract him tonight, huh?" He said with a wane smile.

"I'm afraid so," she said, commiserating with him. "I'll go get him." She got up and went into the playroom, returning five minutes later with a more subdued kitten that was handed off to him.

Holding the kitten close, he nuzzled him. Jeremy looked up at him and frowned. "Why can't I go home?" He asked plaintively.

"Ah, Jeremy, I'm sorry, squirt. But your mommy and daddy had a really bad day and need some time alone together. It's not that they don't love you...them do a lot...but sometimes big people need a little time together to deal with certain problems. I promise you, you'll understand better

when you're older," Razor tried to soften the blow of going with him rather than his parents.

Jeremy's face scrunched up in concentration. "'kay, I try to unnerstand!" He finally said unhappily.

"I know you will. How about we play that new video game you got and eat some pizza? What ya say?"

The kitten flashed a brief smile and nodded.

"Good!" Razor said, relieved to get at least a small smile. He turned and walked out of the center and headed back up to the flight line.

Now Jeremy perked up more at the sight of the Turbokat! "Yeah, go fly!" He cheered.

"Yeah, we go fly!" Razor grinned as he leaped up to the wing then settled Jeremy in his lap as he sat down in the pilot's seat and strapped them both in.

He lifted off and headed for his home.

Though grief still clung to them, the next day Feral felt a bit more in control and wanted to see his son. Jake was very relieved to take him home since the time he spent with the kitten had been a bit strained.

As Feral hugged Jeremy tightly, Jake spoke privately to Chance.

"I know it wasn't your fault but Jeremy is very upset and confused by all that's happened the past month. He needs some reassurance from you two to help him get over this time. Maybe you two should take some time off and spend it with him?" He suggested.

Chance's face grew more and more unhappy as Jake explained how Jeremy felt and how he responded to his and Ulysses' absence. "Crud! I'm sorry, buddy. A short vacation sounds like a very good idea to repair our relationship with Jeremy and give us more time to adjust to our loss. Thanks for letting me know."

"You're welcome. With luck, the city will remain quiet, too," Jake said easily.

They took Jake's advice and did go on a two week vacation away from the city. They spent time in Sandeval Bay enjoying the beach and just being with each other. When they returned, all three felt closer and much happier. The grief was still there but it was more a wistful and sad memory rather than the destructive grief it had been.

During Feral's absence, the city remained quiet and peaceful which suited Steele nicely as he used the time to work on his handbook. But the very day, Feral returned all hell broke loose.

Dr. Viper had been waiting for his moment or apparently waiting for his plant horrors to get big enough, at that moment Feral couldn't have cared less which it was as the result was rampaging through the city, destroying property and sending Katizens screaming.

The SWAT Kats were on the scene trying to cut up the herbage the best they could but Viper had learned from his many defeats and had made his plant army harder to damage. The Turbokat was taking a beating from massive whipping arms, limbs or whatever they were.

"Crud! Look out!" Razor shouted as some kind of thick tentacle came hurling their way.

T-Bone yanked the yoke hard to the left but the tentacle still managed to wack the side of the Turbokat sending it spinning. Before the pilot could get it back under control, it took out a chopper with its tail.

"Back off, T-Bone! We're taking a beating here!" Razor ordered his partner.

"Crud! What has he done to those things? They are damn near indestructible!" T-Bone snarled as he sent the jet to a higher altitude where the things couldn't reach them while they assessed the damage to the Turbokat. "How's it look, buddy?"

"Not real good but we're still intact. We've got a huge dent in the side and I wouldn't recommend any sharp maneuvers because our tail rotor is damaged.

"So what do we do now? Nothing you've hit them with has had any effect?" T-Bone asked.

"Honestly, buddy, I just don't know. I do have a couple of new weapons to try but I was holding them for when I could do the most damage..." Razor began to say when they heard Feral's call for retreat.

Feral hated to do it but too many enforcer jets and choppers were being wiped from the sky as fast as they showed up and many officers were being killed as they hung helplessly in the air from their parachutes so he had no choice but to call retreat.

"Squadrons...Retreat...I repeat...Retreat back to headquarters!" He barked over his mike. He was monitoring the battle from high overhead. It wouldn't help matters if he allowed himself to be taken out. It felt strange not leading the charge but his therapist and his mate made it plain that he was far too important to the city to be lost.

As much as it galled him, during this battle he could see the wisdom of that advice as he pulled all his forces back so he could reassess their battle plan. The brief skirmish only lasted fifteen minutes but it was long enough to show him what they faced.

To his surprise, his mate also heeded the call to retreat. The Turbokat landed on the flight line and a very livid T-Bone jumped down in mid argument with his partner whose face was stony and obstinate.

Feral didn't have to guess who had ordered the retreat for them. He shook his head. His mate was not stupid but sometimes his desire to take out the bad guys overtook his intelligence once in a while.

He sighed as he stood at the edge of his building and stared at Viper's approaching army of plants. The flying ones flew vanguard and didn't leave the main body, protecting them. He shook his head at the sight.

"He's gave them rudimentary intelligence," Razor growled unhappily.

Feral turned and noted all his squadron leaders that still lived and the SWAT Kats were standing near him as well as Sgt Fallon and Steele.

Many of the ones standing there gave Razor a look of incredulity except, surprisingly, Steele.

"I have to agree. No way would those plant things do what they are doing. They certainly didn't the last time we dealt with him," he said, scowling. "So what are we going to do to take them out before they wipe out the city? We don't seem to have anything that's effective."

"Can your kind do something, love?" T-Bone asked, hating to do so. He didn't like the idea of his mate getting into the middle of that but he was out of other options except for "...what about freezing them again?"

Razor nixed that instantly. "I very much doubt poisons, cold, or heat is going to work. Viper has managed to cover all those bases this time."

"Except for us," Feral finally said, thoughtfully. "We're an unknown to him so I'm guessing he thinks beefing up his plants will handle us too but I bet he isn't so certain. Unfortunately, neither am I but I don't see any other way to handle this but to try."

"I don't like it!" T-Bone growled.

"Neither do I," Feral said, his eyes still on the enemy heading their way. "However, I don't plan on being as obvious as we were taking out Dark Kat. We need to be more circumspect...like snipers. Get me all our Sabrens asap, Steele," he ordered.

"Yes, sir," Steele said briskly, bringing up his radio and initiating the instant recall he'd set up for the Sabrens under their command.

As they waited tensely, the Sabrens were notified and within ten minutes a squad of some twenty officers were running to stand behind the Commander.

Feral turned away from the depressing scene on the ground and walked up to his fellow Sabrens. He gestured for them to circle him and get close. For the next five minutes he laid out a dangerous and desperate plan. When he finished, the officers dispersed and ran back inside headquarters.

"What are you planning?" T-Bone asked, jumping in before Steele could ask the same thing.

Feral sighed. His mate wasn't going to like this but he wouldn't object completely because he didn't plan on being visible to direct attack.

Everyone of my kind including me, will take individual positions throughout the area in the path of Viper's army. We will change position after every hit and run for the first part of this plan. If we succeed in taking out some of our targets then we will regroup further down the street and fire all at once and wipe them out," he explained.

Addressing the SWAT Kats, Steele and his assistant next, he said, "You two will transport me to the Megakat Broadcasting Building roof. Steele, you and Fallon will be responsible for letting us know where Viper's army is at any given time and relay that to my Sabren Squad, especially inform us if our hits are having any effect because we won't be able to hold position long enough to know. Use frequency 0034. Clear all other traffic from that frequency," he told his second.

"Yes sir! That sounds like it might work. So here's hoping your energy bursts do the job. Good luck sir!" Steele said as he separated himself from the Commander with Fallon in tow. The Sergeant was already calling for a strong pair of binoculars from the hangar crew. Only moments later, a crew member ran a pair out to him and another for the Lt. Commander. Meanwhile, Steele called the communications center and got the frequency Feral wanted, cleared.

Next, Feral turned to his squadron commanders. "The rest of you will keep those plants from getting inside Enforcer Headquarters then if we're successful, you'll be called out to clean up."

He received multiple responses of acknowledgment then the squad leaders took off at a run to follow his orders.

"Well, let's get going!" Feral said, heading to the Turbokat, his mate and his partner following him in grim silence.

They were airborne in moments. Razor warned T-Bone to go high so they wouldn't be seen by Viper until they were ready. Dropping Feral off on the Megakat Broadcasting Tower, they lifted off.

Razor wanted to try his new weapons on the rear of the army and Feral had given permission because he felt that would help distract Viper from the frontal sneak attacks his squad was going

to try.

Once he'd received notifications from his squad that they were in position, including the Turbokat, Feral gave the order to attack.

Suddenly the air was filled with blasts of energy coming from multiple locations and Razor fired a strange blue ray at the largest cluster of plants. The energy blasts and Razor's new weapons instantly made a huge hole in Viper's army.

Viper was hissing furiously as he watched from a safe hiding area as his plants were blasted to crispy bits. He sent out the order for his plants to rush forward at a faster rate using a special radio frequency to direct them.

As Razor prepared another volley from a different weapon he caught the odd frequency on his comm board. His eyes narrowing, he searched for the signal but couldn't because it had been too short but he didn't miss the fact that when the signal occurred the army below them suddenly began to move much faster and spread out.

Realizing what it meant, he quickly contacted Feral.

"Commander!"

"What Razor?"

"I just picked up a radio signal I'm 99% certain was from Viper as his army began to move faster just after that signal occurred. I couldn't locate where the signal came from...it was too short. I can, however, send the frequency to your comm center and I recommend they scramble it. That should make Viper's army easier to take out once they lose contact with him!"

"Excellent idea! I'll contact them and give that order. Give me a moment!" Feral relayed back. After a few minutes, he returned to signal Razor.

"Yeah?"

"Done, transmit it! Also prepare for a concentrated assault...me the front...you the rear in five minutes!"

"Roger!" Razor acknowledged. "T-Bone get us in position for a final strike while I send this frequency to enforcer comm center."

"Roger!" His partner said turning the Turbokat back around and lining it up at the rear of Viper's army.

Below them the plant's forward motion stalled and they began to falter and hesitate...leaderless. At that moment combined energy bursts poured down on them from the front while Razor fired a specialized high voltage bomb at their rear flanks.

The combination of the three prong attack was the total destruction of Viper's Army except for a few flying plantimals that the SWAT Kats eliminated rather handily with Razor's blue beam weapon.

Any still moving plants were swiftly taken out by the hidden Sabren's. Feral sent to Steele the order to have the squad leaders go out and do clean up and to flush out Viper. He then ordered his Sabren squad to join him in hunting Viper themselves. The Turbokat had been monitoring his frequency and now came to pick him up and drop him near where they suspected Viper might be.

Furious and afraid, the mutant Kat hurried away from the scene of his worst defeat. Viper had hesitated to use the sewer system at first as he knew they were aware this was his main escape

route. But after he'd weaved through multiple alley ways and empty buildings for about a mile away from the battle scene, then he went underground only to run into Feral and three other Sabrens. Their bodies glowed so brightly they lit the dark tunnels up like miniature suns allowing them to see the lizard easily. Here he made a critical error...he panicked. Turning to flee in the opposite direction, he was hit by multiple bursts of energy making this his last mistake on this world.

Feral walked up to the body and stared down at it dispassionately. All he felt was relief at the end of a long time threat. That left only the Pastmaster and Feral really couldn't worry about that creature since no one knew if or when he might return. Sighing, he pulled out his radio and sent out the word that Viper was no more and calling for back up to his location to collect the body.

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Chapter 32 by ulyferal

Chapter 32: Epilogue

With Viper out of the way, the city could now give a collective sigh of relief. Megakat City now became a city to trade and visit rather than be avoided. This extra influx of new Katizens and visitors did increase some levels of crime but nothing the enforcers couldn't handle.

The SWAT Kats saw far less action than they used to but after more than ten years of fighting, neither tom was that unhappy about that fact.

Chance wanted more time with his mate and son as well as enjoying his new job. He divided his time at his job and taking care of Jeremy, though the kitten spent equal time at the daycare learning social skills.

Jake was having a fantastic time switching from weapons making to inventions with more peaceful applications. In this, he found a kindred heart with Professor Hackle. To no one's surprise, the pair formed a small company of their own. It's mission was inventing and building things that would make life much easier for Katkind. One of the first things produced from their company and showing immediate success was a nursemaid robot.

As for Lt. Commander Steele, he forged on with his writing of a comprehensive handbook on Sabrens that was published after more than a year's work. When it hit the news stands, it became a major best seller and copies were flying off the shelves.

It wasn't long before Steele's 'Living and Working with Sabren's' was a mandatory manual for all businesses and required reading in schools...from kittenhood to professional/technical levels.

Steele was embarrassed by all the accolades, awards, and recognition he received from all walks of life in Megakat City and beyond its borders. Leaders of the Sabren community were especially lavish with their praise, giving Steele a monetary award for contributing to the improvement of relations between Katkind and Sabrens, making their lives much easier now and for future generations. He's earned a noteworthy footnote in the history of Megakat City.

Feral gave him a commendation and the Mayor insisted on having him be recognized for the single most important accomplishment of the year, giving him a beautiful plaque and party to celebrate it.

But despite all the attention and the tidy fortune he'd earned from the sales of the handbook, Steele continued to remain in the enforcer ranks. Commander Feral was greatly pleased that Steele hadn't been lured away as he was grooming him to replace him as Chief Enforcer.

As they moved into a new year, Feral came into heat again but fortunately, it happened at home this time and Cybertron was called in to keep Jeremy occupied while his parents were busy.

Despite it being a fairly straight forward pregnancy, Feral was nervous and tense during most of it, afraid of a repeat of the last one. Chance spent a great deal of time soothing his mate, though he too was nervous and watchful. He was relieved when Uly passed his third month with no problem although his mate remained tense and wary all the way up to his due date and, true to who they were, Feral's kitten decided to make an appearance during a city emergency.

It had been a cloudy and gray day, threatening rain when the familiar portal appeared. Dinosaurs, (T-Rex and huge triceratops) poured out in a thunderous herd from the portal to charge down the street leading to city hall. Feral was quickly on scene in his chopper with a fleet of choppers around him and a squad of tanks trundling toward the rampaging dinos. The tanks shot grenades of sleeping gas successfully taking numerous dinos down.

The other choppers each had a Sabren aboard and as soon as they were close enough they gave the dinosaurs a blast of energy that made them scream in pain and charge each other. While they were preoccupied with trying to kill each other, the rest of the enforcers and the SWAT Kats finished them off with more gas or frying them with energy charges and missiles.

The Pastmaster had been taken aback by the fierce and successful response from Feral's choppers and the unexpected destructive power of Sabrens. The fact the Sabrens were being able to blunt his attacks so easily finally convinced him that he was expending far too much magical energy trying to defeat them so did the only thing he could...open a portal and try to escape.

The SWAT Kats swept in and blasted him with a really high mega level of electricity frying his pterodactyl mount from under him sending the sorcerer falling toward his newly opened portal.

Feral flew close enough to fire his laser at the creep's paw, knocking the pocket watch out of his grip and sending it flying toward the ground while the Pastmaster continued on into the swirling funnel of time. He screamed in fury then vanished with a snap of displaced air.

The storm continued unabated around them as they worked to gas the remaining dinosaurs.

Feral truly hoped they'd finally managed to convince the Pastmaster that the future was no longer such easy pickings and to stay away plus the fact they now had his watch. One could hope.

Despite the quick routing of their enemy from the past, he didn't leave without making a sizable mess. It was during the round up of the last critter that Feral's labor suddenly began.

He had been standing with Steele as he directed his troops on how to corner and gas a huge armored triceratops, the last creature on its feet. As the thing screeched then collapsed on its side, Feral nearly dropped his megaphone when a sharp pain lanced across his belly.

"Argh...Kat's Alive! That hurt!" He growled, suddenly doubling over. .

Steele looked at him in consternation, grabbing the megaphone before it fell then pulled out his radio hurriedly. "Dispatch give me an open frequency," he barked quickly then when he received the go-ahead, "SWAT Kats, the Commander has gone into labor, get your tail down here asap."

"You don't have to tell me, Steele, I can feel it!" T-Bone hissed as he felt the harsh pain his mate was experiencing.

The tabby put the jet on VTOL and set down in a small area of street that was clear. Once the jet was down, he popped the canopy and leaped down, his partner right on his tail.

While waiting, Steele was helping the Commander stay on his feet and was relieved when the brawny SWAT Kat ran up to take over the care of his mate.

"Come on love, time to leave the work to Steele," T-Bone admonished as he took his mate from

Steele's arms.

Panting and gritting his teeth, Feral still managed to give a last command, "Steele, take this and see that it gets into Dr. Sinian's paws. Have her lock it up...safer with her than us." He handed over the Pastmaster's pocket watch.

"Don't worry sir, I'll take care of it, you just go and concern yourself with bringing your kitten into the world safely," Steele assured him firmly.

Razor took Feral's other side helping the groaning and sweating tom to the jet's already open cargo door. "At least this time it's the slower one, buddy!" Razor observed to his partner.

Before T-Bone could agree, Feral grunted and hissed, "oh sure, slower but no less painful."

"Sorry about that love!"

On the trip to the hospital, the pains eased a bit, giving Feral a breather. T-Bone rubbed the tom's back during each intense contraction. The flight took fifteen minutes and Feral was very glad when they arrived because he was dying to lay down and curl up.

Six long hours later and Feral was ready to brain his mate. Despite how truly agonizing the short delivery was, it was nothing compared to this long drawn labor. It was absolute hell! However, the end was still a joy as he brought into the world a beautiful daughter this time.

"Ah, she's a dream, love!" T-Bone said with a most besotted look on his face as he held their daughter just minutes after her birth.

"Yeah, she sure is," Feral sighed in exhaustion but smiled as he watched his mate.

Though staying with Jake had been fun, Jeremy couldn't wait to see his new sibling. His parents had done their best to prepare their son for having a playmate and he was familiar enough with that concept from his time at the daycare that he'd been receptive about seeing this new person.

However, until the kitten was born, Jake had his paws full keeping the two year Sabren kitten busy and distracted until the following day. When morning finally arrived, Jeremy was bouncing around excitedly.

"You have to eat breakfast first, Jeremy," Jake admonished trying to get the kitten to calm down for just a little while longer.

"Don wan to eat...want to go!" The kitten said a little sulkily.

"You behave that way, youngling and we will not be going until much later," Jake warned firmly.

Sighing, Jeremy knew better than to push Jake when he spoke in that tone so settled down and ate his cereal, allowed himself to be cleaned up, then brushed his teeth.

"Alright, we're ready to go so get your jacket," Jake said pleased Jeremy had obeyed him so far.

Yelling with excitement, the kitten raced to his bedroom and grabbed his jacket, pulled it on and was back to stand by Jake's side as the tom switched to his Razor persona.

Finally ready, the tom picked up the kitten and carried him out to the garage. Soon they were zooming down the road to the Sabren hospital.

At the hospital, Feral was grimacing with distaste as Dr. Ainsly finished his morning exam of his patient.

"Well, you're doing very well, Commander, this time around. No problems nursing your

daughter?" He asked as he pulled off his gloves and pulled the bedding back down over the tom's nether regions.

"No, she's just as good an eater as her brother was," Feral said, a small smile tugging his lips as he glanced over at his sleeping daughter.

"Excellent. I think you'll be able to go home tomorrow if you keep up the rest and healing you're doing. I'll see you tomorrow," Ainsly smiled then left the two.

T-Bone yawned. "I don't know how I'd forgotten about being sleep deprived. And its going to be longer this time since she's a Kat instead of a Sabren," he said with resignation.

Feral groaned. "I don't know how I'd forgotten that little tidbit. She'll grow at a normal rate as well so she'll need more intensive care longer than Jeremy did. I am truly glad the heavy hitters are no longer around since it looks like I'll be out much longer this time."

"Yeah, definitely a good thing. We'll also have to get used to Jeremy becoming a little jealous, difficult and maybe a little clingy as he realizes your time will be taken up by Kiara a little more at first. Good thing we already had him in daycare. When he starts getting a little bored and begins misbehaving, we'll send him off to the daycare to derail those habits before they can become a nightmare for us."

"Kat's Alive! I don't want to even think about that yet," Feral groaned in realization of all the pitfalls that occurred when one had more than one kitten this young.

"We'll manage love. My job allows me a lot of flexibility so I'll be around to help with Jeremy and all the others that will be coming along," he told his mate encouragingly.

"Don't remind me. But at least it's only going to be two more," Feral sighed, shaking his head at the thought of bearing two more kittens in the next two years. Though his heart still ached a little about the one he had lost, he felt a little better about only having four kittens to raise in the end.

Their conversation was interrupted by a knock on Feral's door. In walked Razor with their son in his arms.

"Mommy!" Jeremy cried the second he saw his mother in the hospital bed. He squirmed anxiously in Razor's arms as the tom walked him up to the bed.

T-Bone took his son from his partner's arms and let the kitten lean close to hug his mother tightly about the neck.

"Be careful of Mommy's stomach, champ. He's still really sore from giving birth yesterday," his father warned as he allowed his son's feet to touch down beside his mother's body.

Jeremy's face scrunched up in concern as he became more careful.

"It's alright, sweetie. Daddy just wants you to be careful but mommy's alright, really," Feral reassured his worried kitten.

Jeremy smiled broadly and nuzzled his mother as Feral kissed and nuzzled him back.

"Well, would you like to see your new sister?" T-Bone asked, smiling at down at his son.

Jeremy turned in his mother's arms and nodded happily.

Grinning, T-Bone went to the basinet on the other side of the bed and lifted out something wrapped in a pink blanket. His father came back around and lowered the bundle a little so that Jeremy could peer at the tiny face laying there.

"Ooooooh, she's tiny!" Jeremy said in awe, eyes wide with amazement.

"She'll grow fast then you'll have someone to play with," his mother said warmly.

Their son scrunched his face in surprise then turned to his mother with an affronted look on his face. "But she's a she!" He said, using the logic only a two year old male could have.

Feral, T-Bone and Razor burst into gales of laughter.

Still laughing, T-Bone said, "well son, the next one could be a tom like you but I wouldn't be surprised if your sister doesn't whomp your butt for that attitude some day."

Jeremy just gave his father a look of disgust but returned his attention to his tiny sister, reaching a careful finger out to touch her face.

Little Kiara yawned at him. Enchanted, Jeremy murmured, "hello, sissy!"

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