

Summary:

A new club offers anonymity to those that need release and a night of fun without being judged or hassled. Their rules require a mask and no speech. These two simple rules allow people to be honest and true to each other during their night together and sometimes, if they are lucky, they find their mate.

Categories: [Swat Kats](#) Characters: Feral/Chance

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Complete, Explicit Sexual Situations, Graphic Birth, Hermaphrodite, m/m

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 13 Completed: Yes Word count: 30202 Read: 7025 Published: 12/12/2010 Updated: 12/12/2010

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Chapter 1: Need by ulyferal

He was tired of being 'on' all the time. Being the Chief Enforcer wasn't a cake walk nor all that prestigious as many of his officers and troops seemed to think. Most of the time it was tedious, stomach churning, exhausting, sorrowful, maddening and just plain lonely.

'When was the last time he sought any kind of sexual release?... Oh, just last week,' he thought sardonically. But when was the last time he went all the way...allowed a partner to take him in every way possible?...Try never!... And there lay the problem.

Every leader who was responsible for the safety and welfare of those beneath them, needed to be dominated occasionally for relief of stress and continued mental balance. But Feral was too

well known and feared to seek that relief openly so he suffered in silence.

Hell, he knew he was insufferable, hot tempered, and easily angered but so would anyone be if they had to go without being touched for too long a period but he had no idea how to solve his problem until he came across an ad about a new type of club in the local paper after a truly hellish day.

It sounded perfect for his needs and, what was especially important, kept him anonymous while doing it. So with hopes high, he prepared to go out that Friday night after he'd learned of the club.

Arriving at the location in the warehouse district, he found the club had taken over an old electronics factory and converted it into a one of a kind venue. The parking lot was at the back of the building and as he passed the front of the place he saw a line was already forming.

He quickly parked his hummer at the rear of the lot then reached for something on the seat next to him. Pulling the soft nylon mask over his head, he fiddled with it to insure it covered every part of his face and that his ears were comfortably through the holes meant for them.

This was the main feature of this club...everyone was required to wear a mask and no one was allowed to speak. It was truly a unique place. He chose to wear a long sleeved cotton shirt of dark brown and black jeans with black tennis shoes. He would practically turn invisible inside the club he was certain.

He walked around the building and joined the line out front. It was eerie to be standing with some twenty people and no one was making a sound as they waited eagerly to get inside. Only their constantly moving bodies told how excited they were to be here.

Feral looked up at the sign which showed two harlequin masks in glowing colors of red/green for one and purple/gold for the other. The club's name was, appropriately, Hidden Faces. He liked it.

It took him more than fifteen minutes to get inside but, finally, he was stepping through the wide doorway after paying the twenty dollar cover charge. Instantly, he was wrapped in a reddish darkness that barely allowed patrons to see the bar and dancers. The laws for such places insisted patrons should be able to see and hear well enough to keep them from harm. This place skirted the edge of that law very closely.

You could see but if you were poor of sight, you'd be nearly blind. The main feature of the lighting was not being able to see your partner that well thus retaining the anonymity it boasted. The music was subdued enough not to blast your eardrums out but loud enough to feel it through your body and many were already dancing to its rather tribal beat. It was the kind of music to make your blood heat and raise the excitement level to a boiling point.

Another cool thing about the place was it catered to both sexes, not that Kats cared who they were with but some clubs did specialize to one sex over another due to certain sex specific interests.

More Harlequin masks adorned the walls and were joined by two really prominent signs that proclaimed the rules. There weren't too many and they were tastefully done so it almost looked like art on the wall rather than something so utilitarian.

He moved closer to one of the signs along with a few others to read it.

Dear Patrons,

Please follow these few basic rules and enjoy the delights of Hidden Faces. Anyone who breaks the rules will be banned permanently. This is to ensure the purpose behind the club is kept intact. Many Katizens are lonely and need companionship but are too well known or too shy about seeking it out. Here at Hidden Faces we try to provide the right

atmosphere of anonymity that allows such individuals to finally let go and enjoy sex and closeness without worry of repercussions or discovery. Please enjoy yourselves and come often. The Management.

RULES

- 1. Masks will be worn at all times, even during sex, while in this establishment.***
- 2. No form of speech but your paws and senses are allowed at any time, except in dire emergency. In each room there is a panic button to notify employees of the club to come to your aid. The only time a voice should ever be heard is in the case of fire or an attack by an omega. For ordering drinks...merely point on the menu of which there are plenty at paw.***
- 3. Respect each other. If someone makes it clear they do not want your attentions, heed their wishes and find another partner. Remember, this place is for having fun and, perhaps, filling a void within yourself by seeking companionship, if only for one night.***
- 4. No fights, jealousy spats, or possession struggles are allowed and are cause for permanent banning from the club. If you find yourself losing your cool, please leave until you have better control of yourself. We want this to be a safe and fun environment for all.***
- 5. If you over indulge in alcohol, you will be escorted out. Know your limit.***
- 6. All forms of sex is allowed but must be consensual.***

Feral nodded to himself. This place tried to cover all bases and canny enough to utilize some psychological tricks to accomplish that as well. He was impressed. With luck, he would find what he desperately needed here.

Over the next couple of hours, he simply mingled, danced with a few prospects and drank a couple of glasses of some truly decent wine. He'd almost picked out a blond female or perhaps that dark haired, well built male, but as he moved to intercept one of them, his nose caught the scent of something more interesting.

He froze in mid step and tried to find that elusive scent among so many others in the room. There...it seemed to be heading off in that direction...so he moved through the crowd like a swimmer to the right and rear of the club.

The masks being worn were of all varieties and colors but one thing they all had in common were they covered the head entirely. When he finally located the one with the scent that had enticed him, he discovered it was a male wearing almost the same type of mask as he was and the same color.

The tom was very well built, a little shorter than himself, and seemed to be some light color of fur. Hard to tell in this light plus the tom was nearly hidden by his clothes which were of the same type as his own, only a different color but under these lights he couldn't tell what that color might be.

Moving up behind the tom, he pressed against the hard body to get its attention since the male was already facing a female. The stunning female wearing a gaudy mask was visibly offering an invitation which the tom seemed to be considering, that is, until he felt a powerful body leaning against him, suggestively.

He turned his head and found his nose buried in the neck of a big tom behind him. The scent was delicious and really different in some way he couldn't identify. Rejecting the female, who was a bit miffed at being dismissed, he turned around to face the male, giving him a more thorough look. He liked what he saw and smelled so gave his head a nod toward the back rooms.

The male nodded eagerly and the two of them linked arms and headed for a large doorway covered in a glittery black curtain with the Harlequin symbols sewn on it. The doorway led to a broad hallway full of doors that went on a long ways and turned off at the end, probably leading to another hall with more of the same rooms. The place was certainly big enough to have more than a hundred rooms for their guests.

Above each door was a set of special lights...one red...one green. When the red was on it was occupied...green it was vacant. The hall was lit by the same reddish light as the main club area but the floor was covered in a thick carpet, effectively muffling sound. It gave the area a hushed quality. The music from the dance floor could be felt more than heard back here.

The smaller tom grabbed a room that had just turned green with the occupants exiting past them. He quickly stepped in with the bigger tom on his heels who closed the door firmly behind them and pressed the button next to the door that indicated the room was occupied. Feral turned to study the room as his companion was already doing.

Here again, the owners had thought of their customers every need. Inside the rooms, the light was a blue hue that gave it an eerie look. The rooms were small, thickly carpeted, with a queen size bed and elegant hooks on the walls for clothing. A small table boasted a stack of dark towels and near the door stood a roll-around, deep, netted basket for tossing the dirty linens in. There was also a small sign on a long, thin cupboard next to the table. Both males went to read it.

****Welcome! Please enjoy yourselves. We've done all we can to make this place comfortable and sanitary for your pleasure. In the small table with the towels is lube. In this cabinet are sheets. It is appreciated if, when you are done, you pull the old sheet and put on a new one before you leave as well as tossing your towels and sheets in the basket provided. If there is something amiss please don't hesitate to tell the management. Thank you!****

'Seems they thought of everything,' Feral mused, very pleased with the accommodations. The male seemed to agree as he wrapped an arm around Feral's waist and tugged him toward the bed.

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Chapter 2: A Beginning by ulyferal

The muscular tom pulled Feral down on the bed and wasted no time raising his mask to uncover his mouth then doing the same to Feral's before giving him a really hot kiss.

His paws were busy too, as they explored the powerful tom's body from neck to buttocks, his fingers of one paw stroking the fluffy tail eliciting a moan of pleasure from Feral.

As their arousals poured pheromones into the air, the male realized why this tom had caught his attention so firmly, he was an hermaphrodite. The rich, earthy scent of a fertile female curled up to his nose, mingled with the strong musky scent of a male and that just turned him on.

He'd been with the opposite form of herm but not the male version since they were rarer. 'Wow, what a night this will be,' he thought happily, '...and just as eager as I am too. Glad I came to this place.' He pressed his body tighter and deepened the kiss, his tongue dueling with the tom's, tasting the wine he'd drunk.

Feral felt hot and excited by this male's incredible scent. Interesting odors of motor oil, metal and, buried beneath, was a marvelous scent of cloves and honey mixed with sage...amazing! And what it did to his libido was nothing short of incredible. What was extra nice and surprising, was the male wasn't in a hurry to just have sex and be done with it.

The smaller male finally pulled gently from the kiss and leaned back, with a dark look that promised naughty things, he began to undress his partner. He raised the shirt up and over the big tom's head, careful not to pull the mask off as well. Setting it behind him, he went for the snap at

the top of the jeans.

Not once did Feral take his eyes off the tom. He could hardly breathe and his body was getting wound up pretty tight by his partner's slow and teasing movements. They both heard the zipper of his jeans slid down.

Grinning wickedly, the smaller tom, slid his paws into the open pants and down into the rear where he could grab hold of the firm buttocks in each palm. Feral gasped as he felt strong fingers knead his butt.

He needed to do something in return but before he could pull the others shirt off, the tom did something with the finger of one paw, he fluttered it across Feral's pucker sending shock waves through his body.

'Kat's Alive! This guy is talented,' he thought, shuddering and groaning with pleasure at the touch he'd needed for so long.

The smaller tom felt a bit hampered at the inability to speak. He wanted to talk dirty and promise more to come but he couldn't so he had to make all his touches speak for him. Momentarily distracted by his internal monologue he realized the big tom was reciprocating by removing the smaller tom's shirt and undoing his jeans. Now they were even.

'Yeah, so he thinks,' the smaller tom smirked to himself. As the dark tom tossed the shirt behind his partner where his own shirt lay, the smaller tom leaned forward and captured a fat nipple into his mouth and sucked strongly.

Feral jolted, gasping. Helplessly, he arched his back, ending up falling onto the bed. The other tom which he could now see was sandy colored with black strips, grinned wickedly and straddled the dark tom's lap, pressing down on the hard cock beneath his butt as he continued to suck the nipple firmly held in his mouth.

'Ohh, he's got a big one under there,' the smaller tom thought excitedly, rubbing his butt across it deliberately. 'I want some of that later and, wow, is he ever built!' He thought, admiring the big tom's magnificent six pack.

'Ohhh, God! He's killing me!' Feral panted to himself. His hands weren't idle as he caressed and stroked the others back then ran his sharp claws down lightly, not drawing blood.

The tabby moaned at the exquisite torture of claws on back. It was sending hot sparks through him. 'Oh now, we just have to get more serious here.' Putting thought to actions, he switched to the other nipple while reaching between his spread legs to torment the head of the cock still trapped in its underwear beneath him.

Caught by surprise and not having had sex for far too long, Feral was shocked when he came suddenly, roaring and bucking. His underwear was soaked in seconds making him wet and sticky.

The tom chuckled but remembered in time not to speak. He realized the well built dark tom had not been getting any sex for quite a while to shoot off during foreplay. He looked down and guessed by the tom's panting and pained look that he thought now the fun was over since he'd come too soon. Best convince him otherwise.

He got up and quickly divested the dark tom of his jeans then did the same with his own but took his underwear off as well, letting his hard tool wave in the air. Next, he grasped the soaked underwear off the dark tom, dropping it on the towel on top of the stack. Setting both onto the floor, he used another towel to wipe the dark tom off, tossing it toward the basket and dunking it in perfectly.

Done with his task he immediately sat back down on the dark tom's lap before he could rise to sit, leaned over and began kissing him all over again.

Feral had been sure he'd ruined the fun by coming so quickly but before he knew it the tabby was stripping him then returning to kiss him senseless. 'Okay, that's so much better...seems he's not deterred at all,' he sighed in relief, returning the ardent kiss.

Some lengthy play time followed, each getting the other hot and hard quickly. The tabby was interested in something else besides that wonderful cock. His fingers sought that hidden treasure as his cock and the dark tom's dueled against each others body. He found it wet, dripping, and swollen from all the erotic play.

He flicked a finger gently against the swollen hood and was prepared when the dark tom bucked upward, eyes widening, and crying out in shocked pleasure. He suspected the tom had never been touched there before...interesting.

The tabby continued his tormenting touch until the tom came with a roar but not his cock which was still hard against his belly. He grinned at the totally stunned look in the tom's eyes. He wished he could see what color they were but that was part of the mystery in the club...total anonymity...the lighting insured no tail tale sign could give away a person's identity.

"Kat's Alive! I never knew that could feel so incredible and I've never come that way before either. What a lover!" Feral thought admiringly as he tried to recover. 'I need to repay him for such pleasure.

Feral heaved upward and flipped their positions. He grinned wolfishly down at his sex partner as he wrapped a paw around the others cock and stroked it while slipping his other paw under the tom's balls and squeezing them gently.

The tabby was taken by surprise when the dark tom flipped them then groaned and bucked as his partner played with his equipment. 'Got a good grip there and is no slouch in the pleasure department himself,' he thought giddily. Groans of pleasure escaped his lips as the dark tom got him really hard. He yelped when a hot mouth suddenly replaced the fingers and sucked hard.

He shouted his release only minutes later. Laying panting, he stared up at the dark tom who was grinning at him as he caught his breath. However, before he could recover, the tom raised the tabby's legs up to his shoulders, applied some lube (when had he gotten his paw on that?) then lined himself up and very slowly opened the tabby up.

The tabby gasped and groaned as the big cock slid inch by inch into his tight channel. It took a good five minutes but soon he was all the way in. The tabby blinked sweat from his eyes and panted, his cock already hard again from the size of that tool buried within him. The eyes above him asked a question, waiting patiently. The tabby nodded and grinned hotly, daring him to give it all he had.

Smirking, Feral began to pump into the tabby with a steady, hard rhythm. The tabby's eyes widened at being so filled then reached out to pull the dark tom closer to bring them more tightly together and kissed hard while the dark tom pounded him into the bed.

The ride was fast and hard and utterly fantastic. The tabby dug his claws ruthlessly into Feral's back sending bolts of pleasure through him as he drove them faster and faster to a truly spectacular climax. They both roared at the same time and poured out their pleasure.

Collapsing, Feral quickly rolled to his side taking his partner with him, not wanting to crush him with his larger size. Moments later, his huge tool softened enough to slide free of that hot channel, both sighing at its removal.

They lay quietly, paws gently caressing each other as they wound down. Some time later, the

tabby began to gently stroke a very sensitive area with a sneaky finger he'd slid down between them. Using their semen as a lubricant, he slid his finger up and down the female opening.

Feral shuddered and moaned...that just felt indescribable. He was hot almost instantly. The tabby gave him a significant look. Feral swallowed and slid his eyes away to think. He'd never allowed that part of him to be used before...did he want to allow this tom that liberty at last?

A gentle caress to his face made him turn to the tabby again, frowning a question. The tabby patted his face lightly, apparently trying to convey, he wasn't going to push if the tom didn't want that type of sex. Next, the tabby slid a finger across Feral's pucker and looked a question.

Of course he could allow him to take him that way but that wouldn't be what he'd come here to accomplish...would it? He had promised himself he would find pleasure for all of him and not just part of him. Staring into the tabby's understanding eyes and remembering how he'd treated him over the past hour, he came to a fateful decision...he wasn't in heat so why not. He had a suspicion this tom would treat taking his virginity with thoughtful care...he just seemed that kind of tom.

Using a finger, he indicated toward his female sheath and a nod that he was willing, then made a circle with his finger to indicate that he'd never been taken that way, next he pointed at the tabby and nodded again indicating, as best he could, that he wished his sex partner to do the honors.

Watching intently at the dark tom's signals, the tabby broke into a grin and nodded back. He also reached up and tenderly caressed the dark tom's chest trying to convey that he would be gentle.

Feral smiled in return and laid down on his back. The tabby sat up then proceeded to make the tom ready for this new adventure. Before another hour was over, the canny and talented tabby had Feral writhing and mewling in delirious pleasure, nearly begging to be taken.

The tabby was careful and had brought Feral to climax a couple of times before entering that wet heat for the first time. He pushed in partway and when he reached the tom's barrier, he leaned forward and captured Feral's mouth then shoved forward, the kiss distracting his partner from the sudden pain, then he was completely seated.

Feral felt incredible. It was like being taken in the rear but it felt so much more...he just couldn't explain it but he loved it and couldn't wait to feel that tool pounding into him fully.

The tabby could tell his partner was okay and ready for more so set a quick steady pace that had the tom rearing up to clutch at him with gasping pleasure. The glorious sensations sent Feral higher and higher until he came with a scream and felt the tabby come at the same time, his cock pulsating within Feral's vagina and setting off more waves of pleasure...it was unreal.

Finally the wild quivering of his womb slowed and he was left with a marvelous endorphin high. The tabby had collapsed atop Feral's broad chest and lay breathing harshly. Their hearts drummed a fast rhythm through their chests.

The tabby was stunned at the incredible ride. It was better than a female...almost! Wow! If this was what it was like to be with a male herm, he wanted more of it. He was still a little hard so experimentally moved to see how his partner would react.

A jolt of pleasure raced through Feral when the tabby moved within him. His eyes widened and his breath caught. Grinning, the tabby began to move his hips slowly while leaning down and giving the dark tom passionate kisses.

It took a bit longer to reach a climax but, if anything, it was far stronger than the first one had been. When they'd recovered from the second go around, the tabby gently withdrew despite the dark tom's objection that he stay.

The tabby smiled warmly but shook his head. He really didn't know how he would convey soreness but he guessed the dark tom would have to learn that for himself later. Getting up, the tabby fetched a towel and returned to gently clean his partner. Feral felt cherished and cared for and he hadn't expected that on this first encounter.

Taking care of his own cleanup, the tabby tossed the used towels into the basket then lifted the towel holding the dark tom's wet underwear and held it out questioningly. Feral grimaced then sighed, taking the underwear and setting it on the bed until he'd gotten dressed.

When they were properly attired again, Feral stuffed his underwear into his pant's pocket to the amusement of the tabby then they changed the sheet before preparing to leave the room. The tabby opened the door after having pressed the button first then stepping out into the crowded hallway.

A couple passed them in a hurry to get into the room.

Instead of parting, the tabby slipped an arm through the dark tom's and tugged him toward the bar. Not resisting, Feral was perfectly amendable to getting a drink then perhaps take a turn or two on the dance floor with this wonderful tabby before heading home.

This had turned into a fantastic night and he knew he would be returning here again and hoped the tabby would be too.

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Chapter 3: Things Get Deadly in the City by ulyferal

Feral winced as he went to the bathroom the next morning. 'Ohhh, that smarts...now I know why he stopped when he did and I was right to let him take me, what a thoughtful lover. Hmm, I think a bath with some epsom salts is in order...' he mused to himself as he turned on the taps to fill the tub.

While it was filling he went for the paper and to get some breakfast. Last night's adventure had played sweetly through his dreams and had made him actually come in both areas of his anatomy just before waking this morning. What a wake up call!

Elsewhere in the city, a certain tabby was finally dragging himself out of bed and making his way to the bathroom.

"Had a good night, I see," his friend of many years smirked at him as he passed his grumpy partner to go downstairs.

The tabby grunted a non verbal response, hating his friend's always disgustingly wide awake and cheerful demeanor at this early (to him) hour of the morning. Never a morning person, the shower managed to wake him up sufficiently to face the day with a better attitude.

Of course, this morning, he had some really pleasant memories of the night before to get his day started on the right foot. The amazing dark tom figured prominently in some of his best dreams last night.

It had been Jake who'd come across that ad about a great new place. Jake had a project he wanted to finish so told Chance to go on ahead and to let him know how it was. Admittedly curious, the tabby got on his cyclotron and went down to the warehouse district to check out the club called Hidden Faces.

After more than an hour, he had to admit, the place was fantastic. He'd already been with one of each sex before heading out to the dance floor again and searching for someone else. He had been surprised when this huge tom came on to him. He'd never regretted his decision to let that she-kat go and take the tom's invitation instead. And what a night it had been!

Still thinking about it, he showered and then got dressed, humming to himself the whole time. He trotted down the stairs and set about making his breakfast in good humor while his friend eyed him.

"A shower doesn't usually make you this chipper. What's up?" He asked, finishing his cereal.

The tabby threw a smirk over his shoulder for a second before turning back to making himself an egg and bacon sandwich. "Oh, I just had a fantastic night at that new club you told me about, is all."

"Really? So what happened and what's the place like?" Jake asked, curiously.

Chance carried his sandwich and glass of milk to the table and sat down. He took a healthy bite then a gulp of milk before answering his friend. He gave him a thumbnail description of the place and how much fun he'd had.

"Wow! Now I wish I'd gone. You say you actually found a male herm?" Chance just nodded as he continued to eat.

"Now that is rare. Lucky you! I think I'll go check it out as soon as I can."

"You should! It's a bit hard not to talk but after a while you find it's far more erotic to just touch to convey your intentions. I found there's fewer misunderstandings if you're very clear with your body language. You know I think that place could actually promote a better understanding between people and bring them closer together," Chance mused thoughtfully.

"You may be right! Eliminating speech does keep misunderstandings to a minimal since people always seemed to fail to convey what they mean in words, especially if their body language is saying something totally different. Sounds like a very smart bunch of people have used psychology to design their venue. Might be around a long time if it catches on."

"I'm sure it will and I'll be one of their regulars," the tabby smirked.

He kept his word, going at least once or even twice a week if he was able. Sometimes he went with Jake but most of the time he went alone. Over a couple of month's time, he managed to hook up with the dark tom at least five times. It just kept getting better each time. He was sad it wasn't more often. He wished he could ask why that was...but he was forced to settle for hoping the tom was there whenever he went.

The club was becoming a godsend when the omega's began to reappear after a long absence with a vengeance. The retreat to the club was beginning to provide solace for his soul besides his body as the omegas began to kill more innocents in more gruesome ways than before making the defenders more angry and heartsick.

Late in the day, Friday...a month later...

Feral bellowed through his radio to his troops as they used their tanks with nets strung between them to corral a truly weird bunch of creatures Viper had altered and released to rampage down the main thoroughfare of the city.

"Close that gap, there's a few attempting to escape that way," he thundered. He was in his chopper hovering dangerously close to the scene.

The creatures looked like they were, once upon a time, cows but now they had super long pointed horns, long fangs and sharp talons on their hoofed feet. They apparently lacked any kind of intelligence and had been spooked sending them in a stampede where they presented a wall of deadly sharp points toward anyone unlucky enough to be in front of them.

Feral felt sick at the carnage. In the wake of the beasts charge, no less, than twenty or so victims lay in gory heaps. The attack had been sudden and without much warning so he'd been unable to issue a warning or evacuate the innocent before many were killed in this very gruesome way. It was a horrifying scene he'd arrived at with his enforcers as he saw some of the victim's bodies still impaled on some of those sharp horns as the animals rampaged down the street.

When he had these things corralled, he ordered them slaughtered swiftly. Aiming carefully, the tanks fired on the creatures. It was a bloody job but ended the threat in minutes. When silence finally fell, the street was filled with dead bodies and the air redolent with the scent of blood.

"Yuck!" T-Bone grimaced sourly at the messy sight.

"Well, at least Feral was finally able to take out those things, now if only we can just get a hold of the instigator!" Razor said tautly as he aimed his targeting scope at an object some fifty yards from where the Turbokat was holding position.

He fired a flurry of buzz saw missiles then followed up immediately with a net missile. The buzz saws cut to ribbons the odd and creepy flying thing Viper was riding as well as his vanguard that had kept them at bay that resembled wasps but with the ability to spit acid like his plantimals had done before.

Viper had made the mistake of thinking he'd driven off the Turbokat and was getting away with a special formula, when he'd sent an army of those wasp-like things after them but Razor hadn't been idle in inventing new weapons to deal with the changes the omegas were making to their arsenal.

His new weapon, a freeze ray, took out the attackers. Then the SWAT Kats did something sneaky themselves...instead of charging right back after Viper, Razor had T-Bone fly high above while they tracked the mutant's course below them, then dropped their altitude just enough to send a present and not be seen themselves. This element of surprise is why Viper was defeated before he even knew he was being attacked.

The net missile wrapped around Viper, thoroughly entangling him and made of Agracite laced fibers to prevent him from clawing his way out. What none of them had counted on, was one of the buzz saw missiles had missed a wasp. It was coming to the aid of its master when the unthinkable happened. Viper's wrapped form swung forward just as his insect reached him, the result was it skewering its master on the sharp proboscis it boasted, piercing his heart and killing him instantly.

Shocked, Razor was momentarily too stunned to do anything but stare at the dead omega hanging below their jet.

"Crud!" T-Bone gasped.

Shaking himself, Razor fired another buzz saw missile to kill the still living wasp that was desperately trying to extricate itself from the net and the body.

Unable to voice what they were thinking the pair headed for the enforcers. Feral had landed and was directing the cleanup, already knowing the SWAT Kats were after Viper and choosing not to waste katpower to do the same. He was tired of losing enforcers and equipment he couldn't afford to replace.

He looked up at the sound of the jet's arrival and gaped in shock as the dead body of Viper was lowered to his feet. The net released and dropped its load onto the tarmac. He looked back up and saw the Turbokat was going to make a landing in a cleared space a block away.

After studying the body a moment, he left it and strode over to meet them. They had landed with their usual smoothness when he reached the jet. The pair quickly jumped from the cockpit and

joined him.

"What the hell happened?" He demanded, not blaming them since he had plainly seen the head of one of those wasp-things with its long beak sticking through Viper.

"It was the freakish thing!" T-Bone spoke first, shaking his head. "We'd bagged Viper and he was hanging below us when he and his insect collided. Honestly, we didn't know one of the things was still around when it happened. Like I said, freaky!"

"I'll say! Who would have guessed the fool would die at the paws of one of his own creatures," Feral agreed, shaking his own head in amazement.

"Poetic justice is all I can say," Razor muttered grimly.

"It is that. Alright, are all those things dead?" Feral asked briskly, getting back to business.

"Well, I think we'd better check but we do know most of them are," Razor assured him.

"Good! Then you go ahead and check and give me an all clear when you're done! My enforcers have their paws full at the moment," Feral said turning his head toward the mess behind him.

"Yeah, that is quite a nasty mess," T-Bone said in agreement then asked in a more subdued fashion, "I heard a lot of civilians were killed...?"

Feral grimaced unhappily. "Yes...looks like some twenty or so."

"Damn!"

"Yeah, I know. Seems the omegas have stepped up their level of death makers. I dread what Dark Kat might be planning," Feral muttered bleakly, actually sharing his fears with his antagonists.

T-Bone eyed Feral in surprise and concern. The big tom was deeply worried to have told them he was afraid.

"I'm very worried we may be in for a very bad time," Razor murmured agreement.

Feral studied the pair before him and noted they were just as grim as he. Suddenly, he didn't feel so all alone with his concerns. If these two cocky toms could feel worried then they had seen the seriousness of the situation as he had and that made him feel a little more confident in their being his back up. The thought alone made him shake his head mentally at his change in stance against these two but things were going south fast and he wasn't ashamed to say he was afraid for the city's survival.

"I noted you've developed some new weapons to deal with the increase in deadliness of our opponents..." he said in a questioning tone.

"I'm trying! But its becoming a nerve wracking thing to try and stay ahead," Razor admitted tightly.

"Its still better than what I'm able to do so don't feel badly. The Mayor just axed a new line of bazooka's and some new missiles that could have helped us," Feral growled, sourly.

"That idiot! Sorry Feral...someone should have ousted him a long time ago," T-Bone grouched, finding himself in angry agreement and surprised they were having such a serious conversation without trading hateful words of anger instead. That actually didn't make him happy since it could only mean things were really bad and getting worse.

Feral shrugged in resignation. "I'm, unfortunately, used to it. I have to say, do what you can

because whether I like it or not, we have to work together to keep this city safe. It's going to be a race now to see who is going to win!

"I'll do what I can to make sure it's us!" Razor said with firm conviction.

Feral gave a wane smile at that then nodded. "So do I. I'd better get back to work," he sighed, not looking forward to dealing with the relatives of the dead. He walked back to the gruesome scene.

"I don't envy him the aftermath of this," Razor muttered as he and T-Bone headed back to their jet.

"I find it weird we just had a decent conversation with him and I'm not ashamed to say, that scares me," T-Bone said grimly as he leaped back into the cockpit and started the jet.

"You and me both, buddy! Let's go do a canvas for bugs then get home," Razor told his friend.

"Roger!" T-Bone responded flying the jet in a grid search pattern.

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Chapter 4: Comfort and Trouble by ulyferal

It was late and he should have gone home hours ago but in respect for the dead, he'd stayed and got all the calls made, the report to the Mayor's office done, and the clean up completed.

He was heartsick and exhausted by the time he left the office, caught a late meal then went home to shower the sweat of the hideous day off. As he prepared for bed despite it only being nine o'clock in the evening, he found himself too restless and unhappy to seek sleep.

Changing his clothes, he grabbed a jacket as it was cool tonight and headed to his favorite place. At this hour, there was still a short line to get in but he was willing to wait, he really needed this.

As he stepped into the room full of dancers and people at the bar, he looked around for the one person he really wanted tonight. He spent more than thirty minutes searching and was growing disheartened when the tabby appeared through the hanging curtain leading to the back rooms. He was waving off a she-kat with a smile and though disappointed, the she-kat nodded, leaving to find someone else.

Before he could find someone else or leave, Feral quickly made for the tabby. He was incredibly pleased when the tabby spotted him and gave him a megawatt smile that warmed his soul. The tabby was very happy to see him too.

They wasted no time going to the back but had to search for some five, frustrating, minutes to find an open room. Finally inside with the door locked, their mouths found each other and they kissed with desperation.

'He's uptight!' The tabby thought immediately, by the way the dark tom was literally clinging to him. 'Well, that makes it mutual since I really need him for some stress relief too.'

'Ohh, he feels so good but seems to be tense too. Wonder if he's had as bad a day as I did? Nah! No one could have **that** kind of day except one of my enforcers and I'm pretty certain he isn't one of them...at least I hope not!' He let the worrying thought go, not wanting his need for the tabby be derailed.

Their intense need for each other found release in a quick, hard bout of sex with Feral taking the tabby first. Once the tension within them had been released, they were able to comfort each other with gentle caresses and light kisses. Before breaking up for the night, the tabby took Feral as female more than once, somehow strengthening the bond they were forming without realizing it.

Feeling much better and more relaxed, Feral left the club for home. Sleep came much easier once he slide beneath the covers when he got home.

For a while, only the low grade omegas caused trouble...Hard Drive, Chop Shop, then more lower level scum like mob clashes over drugs and an enterprising group of outsiders from another city that nearly succeeded in making a large grab of jewels at the jewelry exchange filled in when the omegas were quiet. Other than that, the big leaguers remained absent.

Feral was relieved they were since it was time for his heat cycle which he normally went home and suffered alone. With the city quiet, he was able to absent himself for a couple of days before returning to work.

His mistake was going to the club the next night. As luck would have it, the tabby was there also and they had a fairly wild night.

'Whoa! He's hot tonight! Must really need a break,' the tabby thought as the dark tom made it plain he wanted it rough and intense tonight.

The tabby was sweating as they tussled with each other on the bed that made them hotter and hotter then Feral wrapped his legs around the tabby and impaled himself deeply.

With those long, powerful legs wrapped so tightly around his waist, the tabby found himself unable to move at all. He gave the dark tom a puzzled look but the tom only smiled deviously and began squeezing his inner vaginal muscles while holding the tom close so they could kiss.

Confused, the tabby continued to try and move, only being able to make tiny movements while the damn dark tom continued his maddening clenching that was driving him crazy with lust. Whatever he was up to, the tabby found himself getting hotter and hotter...his cock swelled and was harder than steel as he got closer to what he was sure was going to be a mega-climax.

This was a move Feral had been dying to try and he was so overheated that he pushed for it tonight and got more than he bargained for. The small movements the tabby was able to make was rubbing his sensitive clitoris hard and driving him insane.

Suddenly, lightning went off between them and they both roared their climaxes as their bodies spasmed and jerked in intense fiery pleasure.

As they caught their breath and Feral relaxed his legs so they could lay side by side, the tabby wished not for the first time, he could tell the dark tom just how incredible that had felt to him. All he could do to show how much he loved what they'd done was give the dark tom a deep kiss of appreciation.

Feral mewed in pleasure after the incredible ride. His head was floating and the kisses from the tabby were thanking him were just icing on the cake making him thrilled he'd pleased his partner so well.

Their odd relationship was stronger than ones done normally and neither seemed to realize how much they were becoming attached. What they did know, though, was they felt an intense desire to be together despite not knowing each others identities. The stricture against talking seemed to have made their interactions much more real and true as their bodies couldn't lie about how they felt for each other.

If one of the club workers had been asked, they would have said the pair was forming a deep attachment that could transcend the club atmosphere in the near future. Many of their other clientele had already done this. The club was indeed successful in helping couples find mates, more than anyone realized. It was a secret they kept and smiled about with pride and great pleasure. This was what the owners had envisioned...helping Kats find happiness.

Feral would have been especially shocked if he'd been told that he had found the love of his life but right now he had other problems. Some two months after his heat cycle had passed, Feral noted some symptoms that were becoming bothersome. Most things he could ignore till they passed but this seemed to be on going...vomiting in the morning (not frequently but doing it at all was worrisome), peeing more frequently, and, the most troublesome, being incredibly tired all the time.

With the threat of Dark Kat hanging over them, Feral knew he couldn't be anything less than perfect shape. Annoyed at the interruption of his way too busy schedule, he squeezed in time to see the Chief Surgeon for the enforcers, Dr. Mewser.

Concerned, since Feral rarely complained of any ill health, Mewser conducted a thorough exam. What he found out was a unhappy surprise for him but most especially, his boss.

"Sir, your test results show you're very anemic and will require a blood transfusion. The reason for that and your other symptoms is you're eight weeks pregnant."

Feral gaped at him in shock. "What? But that's impossible!" He objected vehemently.

Mewser studied his Commander seriously. "You told me you'd just had your heat cycle, sir. How long did you abstain from sex?"

Blinking in surprise at the question, Feral paused to think. "Well, my cycle is only 48 hours long so when it happened, I stayed home for two days. I did have sex late the next day after that," he said slowly.

Mewser grimaced. 'Oh joy, he's not going to like this and I could kick myself for not insuring he was better educated on his special sexuality...too late now!' He chastised himself while he prepared to tell Feral what he'd done wrong.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I truly thought you knew this and I'm sorry I didn't make certain you were aware of this possibility. You see, when females come into heat, the acute phase is only about two to three days, however, they are still fertile for up to two days longer so they insure they do not have sex up to six days during their heat cycle. Being a hermaphrodite male, your period of fertility is shorter but is at least four days long."

Feral could only stare at him in unhappy shock. "No, I didn't know that!" He growled flatly.

He turned his gaze away from the sympathetic and unhappy doctor to stare out the window. A chopper passed in the distance but he didn't see it as his mind whirled with confusion and anger.

'What the hell was he going to do now? The omegas are preparing for something big and here I am pregnant!...Oh God! The tabby's the father!' He thought suddenly in shock. 'Do I tell him or not?'

Mewser stared at his patient in concern. Expressions of anger, fear, shock then anguish and confusion, flashed across the big tom's face. None of which was good for him in his present condition. He stepped quietly away and poked his head out of his exam room door to hail a nurse. In a soft voice he ordered blood and wringers...the shock needed to be counteracted quickly.

Returning to his patient, he raised the head of the bed which startled Feral out of his thoughts. He turned to look at the doctor with questioning frown.

"Please lay down, sir, so we can give you the blood and some fluids. The shock isn't good for you at the moment," Mewser said gently.

Complying reluctantly, Feral raised his legs and laid on the bed. A nurse appeared suddenly

carrying what was needed and over the next few minutes he was fussed over, poked and urged to drink some juice.

When the fluids were running to the doctor's satisfaction, he excused the nurse and turned back to his patient.

"Sir, I know this is very troubling to you. Being pregnant at this time is problematic due to the omega threat. Perhaps termination..."

"No!"

Mewser blinked in surprise at the vehement response. "Uh, may I ask why, sir?"

"It's..." Feral paused. He really didn't know why the thought of terminating the pregnancy hit him that sharply. It had been a knee-jerk reaction but now that he thought about it, the idea just seemed wrong...but why did he feel that way? He sat still and looked off into the distance.

His doctor eyed him in concern but didn't hurry him. This was a very serious matter and could have dangerous consequences for Feral as well as those under his command.

After many long minutes, Feral focused on the doctor once more. "I don't really know why, it just seems wrong to me somehow and not for religious reasons."

Mewser stared at him thoughtfully, perhaps there was another reason...one the Commander wasn't aware of...hmmm, "Commander, have you been seeing someone on a regular basis?"

"Well, sort of..."

Frowning at the oddness of that answer, Mewser tried again. "Could you clarify that for me?"

"Uh, well I've been going to that new club known as Hidden Faces. Its popular because it protects the identity of its customers by having everyone wear a mask and not speak at any time within the club confines. I've been seeing the same tom there for six months but I have no idea who he is," Feral explained rather sheepishly.

Meswer blinked in surprise. "I confess, I've never heard of this club before. Sounds interesting. Anyway, don't some of the patrons meet up outside of the club?" He asked curiously.

"I wouldn't know because the purpose of the club is keeping ones anonymity. I'm certain some have broken that outside the club if they wanted something more but I, personally, don't know if its happening or not.

"Alright, but if I understand correctly, you have found someone you do like to interact with but you've made no move to meet him outside the club. Why is that?" Mewser pressed.

Feral shrugged and spread his paws. "I didn't want to be known who I am which will change the aspects of the relationship I already enjoy. What if he learns who I am and is immediately put off? No, I prefer it this way even though I miss him when I don't see him and I'm not sure I want to know who he truly is either."

Meswer sighed. 'Okay, now this is complicated.' "I'm guessing here, but do you suspect this tom is the father?"

"Oh, I have no doubt of that," Feral confirmed easily.

'Right, now I have something I can do to solve this puzzle,' Mewser thought triumphantly.

"There's something I want to check, sir. You rest right now, I'll be back as quick as I can." He left the Commander sighing in frustration at being forced to stay put and hurried to the lab.

Stepping into the spotless area where two lab techs were working diligently. He approached the one closest to the door, a slim built, young male wearing a lab coat. "Gene!"

"Yes sir!" The lab tech looked up in surprise.

"The results on Commander Feral...did you do a check for the mating enzyme when you discovered his condition?"

The lab tech blinked in concentration then turned to checked some paperwork stored in an overhead filing system. "I don't think I did, sir. Was it not in the report I gave you?"

"No, could you run it now please. It's really important."

"Oh, sure...just a sec..." Gene got up and made for a storage fridge with the samples he'd taken just an hour ago. Looking over some tubes in a tray, he pulled one out and put the rest back in the fridge. Taking it back to a microscope, he prepared a slide and poured a tiny amount of another chemical with an eyedropper to a tiny drop of the Commander's blood on the slide. He then slide it under the microscope and stared at it for a long moment. Nodding to himself, he made a note in the file beside him then turned to the doctor.

"It's positive, sir."

"Thank you. I want a paternity test done on the vaginal slide I gave you as soon as possible. The information from that test is to be kept under strict security and given to no one but me, understood?"

"Yes sir. I'll get on it right away."

"Thanks." Mewser quickly left the lab for his office, his mind whirling. 'Well this changes things and not for the better in this case.'

Stepping back into the room, he saw Feral was taking a nap, which was a good thing but he woke quickly when the door opened.

"Sorry to keep you waiting and it looks like you're finished with those IVs so I'll remove them while I tell you what I found out," he said to Feral as he bustled to the tom's side and began to remove the needles from the Commander's arms. "I wanted to do another test so went to the lab and waited for the result. There's a new, very helpful test available and I used it on you. It's possible now to determine if a Kat is mated. This is helpful when assigning enforcers to certain duties. Anyway, your test shows you are mated to this tom and this could explain your reluctance to terminate the pregnancy."

Feral could only gape at him. Wasn't being pregnant enough? Now he was also mated! This was just overwhelming and he had no idea how to deal with it.

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Chapter 5: Wrong Time to be Mated by ulyferal

Feral felt completely lost and despite his best efforts, Dr. Mewser was no help. After being given instructions on handling his pregnancy, was removed from combat duty (he cursed at that) and being warned he needed a specialist if he was carrying it to term, Mewser reluctantly released him.

Leaving the medical section, Feral returned to his office, his mind in turmoil. His desk was filled with more reports but before he could decide if he was going to work or not a call came in about a runaway experiment at Pumadyne.

Setting aside his troubles with relief, an emergency was easier to handle than all this emotional

crap, he headed back out for his chopper that was waiting for him. Sgt Fallon, his assistant was at the controls and lifted off as soon as his boss was secured in his seat.

It took over ten minutes to reach Pumadyne so he listened to the radio traffic to get a gist of what was going on. When they arrived a giant robot was clunking its way toward the city's nuclear power plant. From what he'd heard, the thing was unmanned and had no thought processes, but had somehow developed a short circuit that had set it moving. So now it was simply charging ahead in the direction it had been standing in the lab. Its huge metal body allowed it to walk through buildings and anything else it encountered, easily as it trekked forward in a straight line.

The only good news...it wasn't armed with any weapons except its own arms, fists and feet. That was enough to do significant damage to the labs that spawned it and the power lines overhead.

Sighing in disgust, Feral tried to think how best to bring the thing to heel when he heard the Turbokat. He watched as the jet flew around the robot's head a moment, probably determining how best to take it out, then, the pilot flew the jet low to the ground. A line with a spike was fired from the jet, striking one of the robot's legs. Next, the pilot flew a rapid circle around the robot's lower extremities spooling the line out behind it, neatly tying up the legs until the robot came crashing to its face on the ground. Apparently that was enough to take it out as the head sparked for a moment then exploded.

Relieved at the quick take down and no loss of his own equipment or enforcers, he called them over his radio. "Good job! Thank you!"

"You're welcome, Commander. What happened in the first place?" Razor responded, still a little surprised to be getting thanked besides being allowed to do whatever was needed without interference by the enforcers.

"Ahh, who knows...they certainly don't...all I was told was they lost control and it just walked out of its lab. We're fortunate that it wasn't armed and didn't have anything to guide it. Just a big piece of walking machinery," Feral said in disgust.

"Crud, that's just stupid! I think they should be fined for causing so much trouble in the first place. They have the worst record for safety and proper testing procedures anywhere," T-Bone groused in annoyance. "If I were you Feral, I'd let them clean up their own mess."

"Believe me I intend to. It's not on city property so it's not my problem," Feral snickered.

T-Bone laughed in response then the jet turned and left. Feral watched them leave in stunned surprise. That laugh! He'd heard that laugh before...no that's impossible! He forcibly expelled that suspicion quickly and ordered Sgt Fallon to return them to base.

It was more than two weeks before he could bring himself to go to the club. Pregnant or not he wanted to be with his lover. The tabby was surprised when the tom only wanted to be cuddled and comforted for some time before they made love. He wondered what had upset the dark tom so badly.

Feral was in denial. He couldn't face the fact that tests had confirmed he was mated to this wonderful and caring tom nor that he was pregnant with their kitten. It was just too much for him to accept nor believe.

Meanwhile, he continued to see the tabby until his belly began to show too much. Anguished that he couldn't see the tom since he'd be forced to tell him the kitten was his, he resigned himself to not going to the club.

This caused the tabby to become concerned and worried. He was so upset, he finally told his partner what was going on.

"Chance! I can't believe this! Why didn't you tell me you'd gotten serious with this tom?" Jake exclaimed more upset than his friend thought he should be.

"Why?"

Shaking his head, Jake stared at his friend in concern. This couldn't have happened at a worst time for them. "Buddy, tell me again how you feel about this guy and how often you've been seeing him?"

Frowning in confusion, Chance told him, "uh, well we've been seeing each other exclusively for the past four months but before that, I, at least, was seeing others there from the time it first opened. However, that began to feel wrong so I stopped and saw him only. We just clicked and it feels so good to be with him anyway."

"Ohh Chance..." Jake moaned, rubbing his face.

"What...what's wrong?"

"You're mated buddy!"

Chance gaped at his best friend as if he'd lost his mind. "How the heck do you get that from my seeing a guy I don't even know, remember, and say we're mated."

"It doesn't matter that you don't know who he is. Everything you've told me points to you being mated, especially the part where you stopped seeing others because it felt wrong. That's a sign of being mated. And if that's not enough then a new test that's out can prove it to you. Your body makes a certain enzyme when you're mated and the test can find it."

Chance shook his head in disbelief. "And how am I going to get such a test done?"

"By having Dr. Conway run it at the BioTech Labs," Jake smirked.

"Oh, uh well when do you think we should do this, then?" Chance asked reluctantly.

"Tonight should be good."

Chance sighed and agreed.

Later that night, they slipped into Enforcer Headquarters and met up with Dr. Conway. Jake had contacted him through a communicator they'd given him a long time ago to ask if he could stay and do this for them. Though surprised to be asked, he agreed. He was used to being contacted by them because of needing his help, either for some new thing Viper had done or because they needed medical help. Even though he'd told them he wasn't an md that didn't stop them from seeking his help. He resigned himself to being their doctor knowing they really had no one and had no choice.

When they arrived, Conway hurried them into a small lab so no one caught them there, then drew some blood from T-Bone. It took him only ten minutes to do the test.

"It's positive, T-Bone," the scientists said positively.

"Aww, that's...gods...I can't believe it!" T-Bone moaned.

"I don't understand. Being mated is a happy occasion since its not very common," Conway said, confused.

"It's complicated doc. Thanks a lot for running the test but we'd better get out of here before we're found," Razor said, swiftly pushing his partner out of the lab.

When they'd returned home, T-Bone pulled his helmet then mask off and tossed them into his locker. "Damn! I'm sorry buddy. I never guessed that had happened."

"Yeah, I know, Chance. Unfortunately, what do we do about it now? You said he stopped coming to the club and now you're worried about him. This is going to distract you and that's dangerous for us," Jake said unhappily as he changed back to his mechanics clothes.

Chance was horribly conflicted and unhappy. Jake was right, this really complicated their lives and he didn't know what to do about it and he **was** worried. He didn't know where or who his mate was nor why he'd stopped coming to the club. Yeah, this was trouble alright.

Feral was miserable. He missed his mate terribly and his belly kept getting bigger. His great coat still hid it and since this was his first pregnancy, it should continue to do so since what he'd read, told him a lot of first kittens weren't that big. He'd still not seen a specialist and Mewser was furious with him.

"You're risking yourself and the kitten! You must get prenatal care!" Mewser stated angrily as he stood in Feral's office a month after telling the Commander he was pregnant.

"I know this. I've just not gotten around to it," Feral hedged, not wanting to discuss it.

Narrowing his eyes, Mewser said, "I will give you one week to find and see a specialist or I will remove you from duty. Your choice!"

Feral gaped at him. "You wouldn't dare!"

"Try me!" Mewser snapped. "I have the authority and will do it in a heartbeat!"

Gritting his teeth, Feral ground out, "fine, I'll find someone immediately."

Eyeing Feral a moment longer, Mewser nodded his head sharply. Turning on his heel he stalked angrily out of the Commander's office.

'Oh great! As if I wasn't under enough stress...' he grouched mentally.

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Chapter 6: Dark Kat Strikes by ulyferal

He spent a miserable weekend pacing and trying to come to a decision. He'd still not called a specialist and he had only three more days before Mewser carried out his threat. Adding to his woes, there was a rumor filtering through the criminal ranks that something big was about to happen.

Because of it, many criminals were evacuating the city. This was not good! He suspected it meant Dark Kat was getting ready to make his move. He contrived to send a message to the SWAT Kats so now they were all on high alert waiting for the creep to make his move.

All these pressures were getting to him. His appetite was poor and sleep was becoming difficult to attain. He found himself wrapping his arms around himself trying to find some kind of comfort more and more often.

To break away from all the grief that was troubling him, he grabbed his coat and keys and went out to the store. He needed a few things and perhaps doing something so mundane would give his mind a rest.

Sunday's were quiet in the part of town he liked to go, so he wasn't surprised to find the parking lot fairly empty. He was about to climb out when his internal alarm went off, wildly. Halting his movement, he searched around tensely. It was late afternoon and there was no one around.

What was warning him? Suddenly a loud chittering filled the air and pink creeplings surrounded his truck. Since his door was open, four of the things quickly grabbed him and yanked him from his vehicle. Pulling his laser out he fired at many of them, taking them out but there were too many and soon he was disarmed, being carried aloft to some unknown destination.

Fortunately, his cries and the sound of his laser fire, brought people out. Someone called the enforcers quickly but not quick enough to find the Commander. An intense search of the area was conducted but there was no sign of where Dark Kat had taken Feral.

The SWAT Kats learned of the abduction on the news as they watched TV and relaxed.

"Crud! What the hell does Dark Kat want with Feral?" Chance blurted in shocked dismay.

"Revenge I imagine. That means we've got to find that creep before he can kill Feral," Jake said grimly, lunging from his seat and heading for their hangar.

Chance scrambled after him and very soon the two were cruising over the city, joining the search for the missing Commander.

Meanwhile, a cold and miserable Feral was manhandled not too gently across the city until the flock of creeplings dropped down from the cloud cover they'd used to hide him as they flew, to a dilapidated old factory at the end of warehouse row. It made him sick to realize the deadly omega had been hiding less than a mile from the club he frequented often.

They flew in through an open transom window on the roof then down to the cement floor below. The nasty little creatures dropped the tom a few feet from the floor then flew up into the rafters to watch. Feral's heart leaped into his throat when Dark Kat leaned over him.

"Well, well...welcome Commander. Now that I have you, my plans can go forward while leaving your enforcers leaderless," he rumbled coldly.

Feral scrambled awkwardly to his feet and tried to find a way out while keeping Dark Kat some distance from him. He knew in a fight he was heavily out powered by Dark Kat and being pregnant made it even worse.

No one seem to know what had happened to this Kat for him to look the way he did. The only thing they did know was he was very strong and techno savvy despite being quite mad. And, apparently could move like a snake, as the huge Kat suddenly lunged forward and snatched Feral by his light windbreaker, yanking him up off his feet.

A fist he didn't see, slammed into his face sending him flying to connect with a nearby, square building pillar. The air was forced from his lungs and he slid to the floor, gasping in pain and trying desperately to get away but it was a doomed effort as Dark Kat again grabbed him again then began to beat him methodically.

All Feral could do was protect his belly and take it. Unconsciousness finally ended the torment for him. He woke much later, hurting badly and sick to his stomach, in a dark place that he thought might be a basement store room. The only light came from a small slit window high over his head. There was a pile of wooden boxes in one corner and nothing more. A heavy wooden door that he was certain was locked, kept him confined.

He was horribly thirsty as he struggled to sit up from the dirty floor. He moaned as he realized his left arm was broken and his head hurt terribly. Despite his predicament, his thoughts were on how the city would survive the attack Dark Kat was ready to deliver. He only prayed the SWAT Kats would win.

Dusk had fallen and no one had any luck trying to find Dark Kat's hideout. The SWAT Kats returned to their hangar in a subdued mood. They didn't want to think what Feral might be

suffering under Dark Kat's heavy paws.

Over the past year, their relationship with Feral had been fairly amiable and they'd found him to be a really good ally in these bad times. So having him in the paws of their worst enemy, made them anxious and worried.

"He's getting ready to attack, I just know it," Jake said tightly, as he went to his work bench and set to working on some of the new devices he had laying there. He wore his g-suit but no mask, wanting to be ready to leave at any moment. Chance sighed and stood near.

"What do you want me to do?"

Distracted, Jake grunted without looking away from his work, "better reload and refuel, buddy."

"Right."

The night seemed to drag by slowly. Jake didn't knock off to get some sleep until nearly one in the morning. Knowing he needed to be alert, Chance had gone to bed after getting them a meal, cleaning up, and insuring there was nothing else he could do for Jake before trying to rest.

Around five in the morning, an alarm went off from Enforcer Headquarters. Jake had made sure they would hear about an attack the moment it happened by linking the enforcer radio they had to the alarm they used with Callie. Because of that foresight, they weren't left in the dark when Dark Kat made his first attack against the city.

However, no matter how fast they were, Dark Kat was already gone and an empty office building was left totally destroyed. It was no more than a block from city hall. Tense and worried, Feral's enforcers went out in force, beginning patrols and instituting Marshall Law. His second in command, Lt. Commander Lockfur ordered all Katizens to remain in their homes and not go to work or step outside for any reason.

This was one of Feral's orders he'd left in place to insure fewer innocents were harmed. Lockfur truly wished the Commander was here handling this now but he had his orders and he would do his best to protect the city.

Everyone was confused by Dark Kat's lightning attack...why an empty building and where was he now? The uncertainty made everyone uneasy and tense. The SWAT Kats remained in the air and patrolled the city with the squadrons of jets and choppers already in the air. Despite their attempts to cover the city as best they could, Dark Kat managed to strike again, this time he destroyed the Megakat Insane Asylum, killing everyone inside.

Shock rode the air ways as the defenders tried to desperately figure out what the omega was up to before another target was struck. They were hampered by not knowing how the omega was able to appear and disappear with no one seeing him.

Enforcers guarded the firekats as they put out the fire begun by the destruction of the asylum and the office building that still smoldered. The SWAT Kats utilized their foam bombs to help the fire department keep on top of the problem.

The next attack caused the most anguish and outcry. The Megakat Orphanage had decided to have all the kittens taken down into the basement when word of the attacks spread but even though a majority had been taken to safety, over twenty kittens and caretakers were killed when Dark Kat bombed it less than an hour after the asylum went up.

T-Bone screamed in fury while Razor let loose a string of curses when they arrived at the horrifying scene. Using their foam bomb to quickly put out the fire, Razor used their mega-laser to carefully remove the heavier debris that would allow the rescuers to get to the basement to reach the survivors.

Not able to help with the rescue, the SWAT Kats had to go back on patrol, trying desperately to find the elusive omega. Cold anger burned within Razor as he worked furiously to change his x-ray scanner to allow him to try and find Dark Kat. He suspected the omega was using some kind of light bending device to hide his ship so that conventional radar was blind to him.

When he finally had his newly altered scanner rigged up, he had T-Bone fly to city hall, nearly certain that would be the next target. He had a suspicion that after causing such havoc, DK was going to make a grab for the Mayor and Ms. Briggs.

He radioed Lt. Col Lockfur with his suspicions and asked for back up around city hall. Not having anything else to go on, Lockfur reluctantly ordered a squadron to them. Just as they arrived, Razor's guess was dead on. On his radar, he picked up an odd signal and found Dark Kats newly built black widow hovering above city hall.

"He's there above the clock tower! Everyone fire on him!" He roared over the radio. The air filled with ammo as everyone open fired on the invisible ship. Razor sent some of his new weapons at it and succeeded in taking out Dark Kat's shields as well as his new cloaking device.

Now visible, a furious Dark Kat hurried to escape but the pack behind him were like an angry hive of bees, furious and in a killing mood. Killing those kittens had assured no one would be willing to take him alive now and he knew it. He didn't know how they'd manage to pierce his cloaking but he intended on solving that for next time. Right now all he could do was get away and to accomplish that, he fired on the buildings he was passing causing even more havoc.

Despite his efforts, the SWAT Kats remained firmly on his tail and Razor finally managed to take out his guns. Now beyond furious, Dark Kat pushed his ship to its max. He would have his revenge even if he had to take it out of that miserable Feral's hide.

The omega had underestimated just how angry the city defenders could get when truly motivated. Just barely he managed to get ahead of the pack to land within his hideaway. He intended to take an underground escape route since flying was out now. He and his creepings fled the black widow just as a powerful bombardment struck his building.

Below in the basement, Feral was awakened from a fever dream by dust, boxes falling, and the building shaking around him. Blearily, he huddled into a small ball to protect himself and tried to survive the cataclysm that was happening around him.

"Where is that miserable shit?" T-Bone growled as he searched the area after Razor sheared the roof off the building.

"There! He's trying to escape to the sewer system," Razor warned as he used his mega-laser to prevent Dark Kat from escaping. The omega was sent scuttling away.

Heading for a storage cabinet, the omega pulled out a huge weapon and aimed at them.

"Look out, T-Bone!"

T-Bone pulled the nose of the Turbokat up sharply just missing getting hit by the powerful plasma gun the omega was using.

Warning the enforcers off, they engaged the omega, trying to take him out. Meanwhile, the enforcers mixed it up with ninjas and creepings, not holding back their anger as they swarmed over their enemies with sheer numbers.

"Wait, where is Feral?" T-Bone bellowed, feeling stupid that they'd let their fury make them forget that Feral was in danger somewhere below them.

"Shit! I don't know. Just a second!" Razor shouted back as he fired another missile at the omega keeping him on the run so he couldn't fire on them.

Taking a precious second while T-Bone kept them from harm, Razor quickly used his modified scanner to check the sub basement area.

After long tense minutes, Razor shouted, " there he is...he's in some kind of storage room. He's safe for the moment and alive. Let's take care of Dark Kat then get Feral out."

"Roger!"

The battle lasted another ten minutes when Razor finally got lucky at last. He ended up bringing down a whole wall on Dark Kat. The enforcers poured into the building and were able to determine the omega was finally no more. Landing their jet, they went in to lead the rescue of Feral.

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Chapter 7: I'm Sorry! by ulyferal

When T-Bone and Razor entered the partly demolished building, they were dismayed to discover the basement stairs were blocked.

"Damn, I wonder if there's another way down?" Razor wondered aloud, looking around.

Over to the west, that wall was gone and the enforcers were there trying to unbury Dark Kat's body.

"Doesn't look like it," he grunted finally. "Okay, this way it is. Let's see if a small burrowing missile will clear this mess." Raising his glovatrix, Razor fired a missile then ducked away.

There was a deep rumble and a loud roar, dust flew to choke those nearby then finally it went quiet except for some small rocks falling.

Coughing, they waved the dust away to stare down the stairs that were now revealed. It was still choked with debris but a small path had been blasted through it.

"Right, let's go!" T-Bone said, using the flash on his helmet to see since it was pitch dark below.

Razor followed closely. It was hard going at first since they couldn't see much but finally they reached an area where the air was clearer. It was huge down here and there were a lot of closed doors.

"Crud! Do you have any idea where he might be?" T-Bone growled in dismay.

"The south wall is all I could determine from the image," Razor said with a shrug.

The tabby sighed. "Well you take this end, I'll start at the far end and we'll meet in the middle, okay?"

"Sounds like a good idea." Razor headed for the first door and had to break it open, getting a plume of dust and junk falling nearly on him. "Guess you better watch out when you open a door, buddy, " he choked ruefully.

T-Bone just snorted and headed across the dark basement. There were a lot of obstacles to go around before he could even get back to the south wall and begin his search. The first few doors opened to empty rooms, the next one dumped a bunch of broken furniture nearly on top of him. He cursed when his light was broken during that incident.

Now he had no way to see what he was doing. Using his arc welder cautiously, he would illuminate a door, check inside, then turn it off, feeling along the wall to the next door and so on. It was very tedious. He was dirty and exhausted when he reached door number ten and found a room that had broken wooden boxes scattered on the floor but seemingly nothing else. He was about to move on when a moan caught his attention. He quickly went inside and looked around more closely. There in a corner huddled was what he'd taken to be a pile of rags but was in reality, Feral.

Hurrying to the tom's side, he knelt down and tried to check the tom over but with having to hold the torch away and use one paw, it wasn't working so well especially when Feral cried out in pain when T-Bone tried to pull on him.

Hissing impatiently, he put out the torch and very gently checked the tom over. When Feral muttered in a slurry voice, he called to him.

"Hey, big guy, we need to get out of here. Are you badly hurt?" He asked, still trying to determine how badly Feral was injured.

Feeling familiar gentle paws on him, Feral thought his lover was touching him and he struggled to respond, his mind thick due to pain and probable infection but couldn't do more than moan some more.

T-Bone felt the broken arm and tried not to move it unnecessarily then searched the tom's body further, pushing his paws carefully down Feral's chest, sides, other arm, then down the belly where he froze. His breath stopped as he felt a large, smooth hardness just under the tom's ribs.

Swallowing hard, he continued his search, careful of any more injuries, but something tickled the back of his mind that insisted he knew this tom more intimately than he should. He didn't want to believe what he suspected. He had to prove to himself that it wasn't true so he did something he would never have done if Feral was in his right mind.

He pushed his fingers into the tom's sweatpants and checked Feral's equipment. The large cock that lay limp in his palm wasn't a surprise...most big toms had over large tools...but as he explored further he found what he'd prayed he wouldn't find...a clitoris and vaginal opening. He pulled out so quickly he caused Feral to cry out in pain. Heart pounding in his throat, T-Bone felt like someone had pulled a cruel joke on him. Gently he caressed that hard roundness again.

'OMG! No!' His mind screamed in denial.

As fingers caressed his belly, Feral jerked. "Ohhhh...I'm sorry!...should have told you...but couldn't...ashamed...scared...love...you...too...much to...lose...you!" He panted out, too delirious to monitor his words.

T-Bone felt his heart squeeze and shock choke him. 'Oh my God! Feral is my lover...my mate...oh this can't be happening...and he's pregnant too!' His mind refused to accept it at first.

For a long, breathless time, there was no sound except Feral's fretful moaning and his repeated words of...'I'm sorry'...said in a pathetic, begging tone which sent knives into T-Bone's heart.

Tears sprang in his eyes as he quieted his mate. "Shhh...its okay...its not your fault...easy...I'll take care of you..." he told the sick tom gently while tenderly caressing his face.

Some of that seemed to have reached Feral's wandering mind, enough that he quieted except for moaning in pain whenever he tried to move.

Before he could gather his wits, his partner suddenly appeared, his light illuminating the room.

"Hey buddy, you found him! Why the heck didn't you call me?" Razor said, irritably as he came

close and knelt next to his partner. He halted in surprise at the look of shock and anguish on T-Bone's face. "What's wrong, T-Bone," he asked in concern.

"Oh God! Razor, this is my mate. I told myself...no...not possible...but I'd know that body anywhere having been intimate with it for almost a year and what's more, he's pregnant!" The tabby said in a tight, shaken voice.

Razor could only gape at his partner in shock. Then shutting his mouth, he turned to look closely at Feral. The dark tom was pale with shock and was sweating so he probably had a fever. His arm was broken and finally, he looked down at the bulging belly and shook his head in dismay and disbelief.

He looked back at his partner again. "It's yours, isn't it?" He asked quietly.

T-Bone could only nod, too choked to speak again.

Razor sighed. "We need to get him help quickly. He's very sick. We'll talk about this later." He reached for his radio and put in a call to the enforcers above them.

Some minutes later, a large group of enforcers with medics arrived. They hurriedly treated Feral then lifted him onto a gurney. His mutterings were ignored by everyone but T-Bone who could still hear his mate say he was sorry.

They followed the gurney back up to the outside and watched as he was loaded aboard a helicopter and raced to the hospital. A feeling of helplessness poured through the tabby as he railed at the fact he couldn't be with his mate when he needed him most.

Worried about his partner, Razor gently coaxed him toward the Turbokat and found himself flying them home as T-Bone was too distracted and upset to fly at all.

They reached home very quickly but T-Bone never noticed. Razor had to pull on him to get him to leave the cockpit, helped him undress, then dress and tugged him upstairs where he deposited his friend on the couch while he went to make a strong hot toddy to try and bring Chance back to himself.

Unfortunately days later and nothing Jake tried got his partner to open up or even talk. Helpless, all he could do was leave the tabby alone but keep watch over him until the tom decided to join the world again.

The news was filled with words of joy and relief as they announced the death of the worst omega next to Viper. Everyone was jubilant that two of the omegas was gone now all that was left was the Pastmaster (who really didn't count as he hadn't shown up for more than two years now) and Turmoil who was still in prison.

But along with all the celebration there was sorrow and quiet reflection on the death of so many, especially the kittens at the orphanage. Mayor Manx actually held a press conference to give a eulogy on the departed and promised to have a new orphanage built as quickly as possible. He thanked all the wonderful people who opened their homes to temporarily house the displaced orphans in the meantime.

He also gave a public thank you to the SWAT Kats and the enforcers for ending the menace as quickly as they had. Manx even had a special word about Commander Feral and gave his best wishes for the tom's quick recovery from the savage treatment Dark Kat had dealt him while in his clutches.

Jake sighed as he turned off the TV. Yeah, everyone was relieved and happy but his partner had received a shock so great, he was truly worried if Chance would ever be the same. It still shook him to think his friend had been having relations with Feral all this time and neither knew it but

that had been the purpose of the club in the first place.

The truth of the matter was, what he thought was of no concern in this, as Chance and Feral were mated whether they believed it or not. Only death could change that. He remembered how happy his friend had been when he talked of his secret lover and how much they cared for each other. The body doesn't lie! They did love each other...they would simply have to get over the fact that they were originally enemies but even that had changed as they got along better with Feral now. For the sake of the kitten, the two had to accept what was and move on.

Nodding his head, Jake went to the stairs and up to his friend's room. It was time Chance was made to see this wasn't the tragedy he was making it out to be. He had found true love...he couldn't turn his back on it nor the wonderful life they'd created because of it.

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Chapter 8: I Love You! by ulyferal

At the hospital, Feral was quickly stripped, examined (there was some shock to learn he was pregnant), his arm set then placed in ICU due to a high fever and shock. He was very sick for more than twelve hours.

Ms. Briggs, at the behest of the Mayor, went to check on Feral.

"Doctor, how is Commander Feral and will he recover soon?"

"He just has a broken arm, Ms. Briggs. Its his other condition that has us concerned and why he'll remain in the hospital for a few days. Right now he is suffering a fever from an infection he picked up from the broken arm and the beating he suffered. Thankfully, the kitten is healthy and suffered no difficulties despite its mother's present condition. Commander Feral did a great job of protecting his belly as best he could under such trying circumstances."

Callie could only gape at the doctor for a long moment before finally stuttering, "Kitten? D-did you say kitten?"

"Yes. Didn't you know? I'm sorry I thought you did. Commander Feral is over four and half months pregnant."

"Uh, no I didn't know. Frankly, I wasn't aware the Commander was an hermaphrodite in the first place."

"Oh, I wasn't aware of that," the doctor stated a bit taken aback.

"It's obvious to me that the Commander withheld this information from everyone. I think we should respect his wishes and keep this private. No one is to be told except those responsible for his care about his condition. Please restrict his visitors to family, his second in command, and myself from now on. Commander Feral is now under a news black out. Understand?"

"Of course, Ms. Briggs. It will be done immediately. Fortunately, none but those that treated him on arrival and those on this floor is aware of his delicate condition," the doctor assured her.

"Good. Now you say he has a fever, is he expected to recover?"

"Oh yes. He's on antibiotics and should be right as rain within another day or so. He has been through a lot so I'm keeping him long enough that he gets some needed rest that I'm certain he would follow if he was released."

"You are correct, I'm afraid. He's just as much a workaholic as I am," Callie said ruefully, giving the doctor a small smile. "Well, I'll leave then and give the Mayor an update on Feral's condition. Please inform me if there's any change that would be a detriment to him. Thanks for taking such

good care of him."

"You're most welcome, Ms. Briggs."

When she explained about Feral and his condition, she was pleasantly surprised when Manx didn't object too strongly about holding back the information about the tom's pregnancy though the Kat did nearly choke when he'd heard about it. What would happen after the kitten was born, she didn't know but that was a problem for another day. At least there would be another peaceful day and for that she was very grateful to Feral and the SWAT Kats for making it happen.

A few days later, Feral was finally recovering but was exhausted and upset by the news he'd finally gotten from his second about what had transpired while he'd been imprisoned by Dark Kat. The deaths of the kittens hurt him more than he could express. What a terrible price they paid to finally be free of that menace.

Ms. Briggs had told him his condition had been kept secret. Embarrassed, he thanked her and retreated within himself. Now that the danger was over, he was again faced with his problem. He missed his lover terribly and could really use him now. His gentle touch was what Feral craved but he couldn't have that and tears fell unbidden when he thought about not seeing him ever again.

At the salvage yard, a couple of days after the death of Dark Kat...

After giving his partner a severe talking to and a firm piece of his mind on what needed to happen now, Jake left him to think about what he'd said.

Chance stared at the door as it closed behind his partner. He'd been shocked at Jake's firm assurance that he should be grateful for finding his one and only. So many Kats lived their lives never finding their mate. Instead of moaning over the fact it was someone he wouldn't have chosen had he known, he should put that aside and rejoice at his good fortune and celebrate the new life he'd helped to create.

It was that last that had Chance swallowing tears of confusion and longing. He would be a father and yes, he did miss his mate...he missed holding him, loving him, just being with him even though they'd never traded a word between them. But in reality, they had...every time they spoke as Chief Enforcer and SWAT Kat. The ease they now had between them seemed to make more sense. Their bodies recognized each other making their interaction easy and comfortable. He shook his head in amazed revelation.

'Well damn! We were acting as mates all along but just didn't know it and now there was a kitten to think about. I need to talk to him...this can't wait any longer!'

Unfortunately, he had to wait until Feral was on the mend. It chafed him to have to wait so he went back to work with his partner, much to Jake's relief. The garage was busy enough that his mind could hold back all the things he wanted to say to his mate and the impatience of waiting until he could.

Finally, by the end of the week, he found out by calling Callie how Feral was doing and found he was much improved. He managed to wheedle out of her where the tom was then planned to sneak into the private hospital room the tom had been moved to for a long delayed visit.

Night had fallen and the patients had been fed and given their meds by the night shift when T-Bone slipped into the place. It was very quiet and there were few people about so slipping into Feral's room was easy. He closed the door then quietly pulled the curtain between the bed and door so that if someone came in he was able to hide before being spotted.

Feral appeared to be sleeping but his eyes opened when he heard the curtain move. He blinked in confused surprise at the sight of the SWAT Kat in his room. T-Bone walked over to his bed and

stared down for a moment.

"I needed to see you," he finally said softly. "Explanations won't work for what I need to say so I want you to trust me. Please close your eyes and just feel, don't ask any questions and stay silent."

Feral frowned at him for a minute but the SWAT Kat had a grave look on his face so he decided to humor him for the moment and closed his eyes.

Reaching out carefully, T-Bone gently caressed the rugged face he'd remembered feeling under the mask. Feral gasped but kept his eyes closed. The tabby moved his fingers down the chin and placed them under it, raising it as he lowered himself down for a light kiss.

That first touch told him as nothing else had that this was his mate without a doubt, now if only Feral recognized it too.

Feral shuddered and gasped as those lips he knew so well touched his own and kissed him. Those familiar fingers had touched him the same way he remembered too. Unable to keep his promise any longer, he opened his eyes as the SWAT Kat moved back a bit but stayed close.

"Oh my God!" Feral breathed in disbelief. Trembling, he reached up slowly and lightly touched the tabby's face below the mask and swallowed. "It's you!"

"Yeah, it is. I only realized it when I was forced to feel you in the dark to check your injuries. Even then I had a tough time believing it. You're handling it better than me, I'm ashamed to say. It took my partner to shake some sense into me to realize I had something truly wonderful...a mate and now..." he reached down and tenderly caressed the hump he could see pushing up the bedding, "...we have this..." he looked up into his mate's face and said gently, "I can't ignore the fact that we've created life even if it was an accident. I have no intention of allowing you to carry this burden alone. I'm here now and I'm not leaving."

Feral felt on the verge of tears at that heartfelt declaration from his mate and felt shocked by it. 'Must be pregnancy hormones,' he realized in annoyance then dismissed it and reached for those lips he wanted so desperately.

T-Bone was rather surprised then forgot it all as he sank into the kiss. He missed this. His arms reached down and wrapped around the powerful shoulders he'd known so well and hugged the tom to his chest as the kiss deepened.

A sound in the hall finally broke the embrace. They didn't let go entirely as they listened for some minutes but no one came into his room and silence returned from outside. Relaxing, T-Bone sat on the bed and held his mate in his arms. Feral rested his face on the shoulders he missed so very much and sighed.

Okay, so his mate was a SWAT Kat, stranger things had been happening lately what was one more. Oh yeah, problems were going to have to be solved, like were they going to live together, where should they raise their kitten and would he know his mate truly?

'Now that was the question,' he thought in amusement. His mate was still masked just as he'd had been when they first met at the club so he still didn't know who he was.

"You're smiling," T-Bone murmured, pulling back to grin at Feral. "I could sense it. You aren't freaked by this?"

"I should be but I've been so unhappy, stressed out about being pregnant, then being kidnapped by Dark Kat, that I just don't have anymore shocks to put up with any longer. But there is one more thing that has me amused..." Feral said grinning impishly.

"Oh...only one?" T-Bone smiled back.

"Yeah, you're still masked and unknown to me while you know who I am...is that fair?"

The tabby blinked then laughed softly. "You're right about that. Unfortunately, I need the permission of my partner before I give that away since it isn't just my secret."

"Now that I can understand. I'll wait. We have many other things that need discussing anyway."

"We do at that and now we can actually talk about it," T-Bone smirked.

"Well I didn't mind not being able to talk except through our bodies. It was more honest, don't you think?"

"Yeah, Razor commented on that when I first began going to Hidden Faces. He felt the owners had planned on people finding their mates or making good friends through this method. I gotta say they are really shrewd people."

"Oh, I definitely agree."

They were silent a moment enjoying just being close and together at last.

"Feral...uh...wait that's far too formal...what should I call you?"

"Ulysses."

"Oh, yeah, I remember hearing that from a news conference...I like it. Anyway, why did you go to the club, Ulysses, besides the obvious one that took a lot of people there?"

He eyed his mate a long moment before answering. "I was lonely and dying to be touched," he murmured, honestly.

T-Bone stared at him, bringing up a paw to caress a nearby cheek. "I'm glad you went then. As for me, it was for the adventure and the thrill of anonymity. I certainly didn't expect to find true love."

"Neither did I. I just hoped to have someone who would treat me well and I'd have a good time."

"Was I good to you on that first night? I thought I was, but I was never sure."

"You were very good and don't say you didn't know for sure. Your mouth and eyes lighted with delight to know you'd done such an excellent job. I never enjoyed myself so much nor experienced pleasure that intense before," Feral said sincerely. "I never dreamed I'd fall so hard for someone like I have for you."

T-Bone felt his face flush with pleasure and warmth. "I love you!"

Feral grinned delightedly and whispered as he drew T-Bone close for another kiss, "I love you too!"

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Chapter 9: Hello, Little One! by ulyferal

Now that they had cleared the air and accepted one another with rather frightening ease, T-Bone left the hospital after giving his mate a long farewell kiss, nearly floating on air the whole way home. It was still hard to believe he was mated to the gruff and troublesome Chief Enforcer. Fate was truly weird.

"Well you look really happy, buddy. Things go well?" Jake asked his partner when Chance came

in whistling as he entered the kitchen the next morning for breakfast.

"Yes they did! Thank you for shaking my tree, buddy. I would have missed the best part of my life and been miserable forever. It was amazing! He accepted we were mates immediately...no bellowing...angry denials...and only a little shock. It seemed he had suspicions just recently but he brushed it off. You're right, the body doesn't lie and that's what convinced us both. What gets me is not realizing the reason I was getting along with Feral so well was our bodies were at ease with each other. Duh!" Chance said cheerily.

Jake smiled at his ecstatically happy friend. Things would be weird getting used to having Feral very intimately involved in their lives but it was worth it to see that look on his friend's face. Now if only he'd be so fortunate. 'Have to go to that club more often,' he mused to himself.

"I'm glad to hear it," he just said, smiling warmly. "So, now with nearly all the omegas dead, we've got time for relationships and working more steadily. What are you and Feral going to do about being a couple?"

"Gee, I don't know yet. We've a lot to discuss when he gets out of the hospital. I have to admit, it's great to be able to plan a future and not worry about omegas taking apart the city. It's just as well since, Ulysses, needs to take it easy. He was very lucky the kitten survived what happened to him. Geez Jake, Dark Kat beat the crud out of him and if he'd been able to, he would have taken him along to torture more or simply killed him out of paw before taking off for parts unknown again," Chance noted soberly.

Jake shuddered. Yeah, Dark Kat would have done that alright, he had no doubt. He was very glad they had been able to take that crazed omega out permanently this time.

"I'm glad he's on the mend and the kitten is alright. Well, time for us to get to work and we have a lot of it to catch up on."

"Yeah, but hang on a second more. I have an important question to ask you."

Jake halted his movement to get up and eyed his friend questioningly.

"Though he was only making a joke, I know Ulysses was being serious when he said it was funny that we met with masks on but now that we know each other, one of us still has a mask on, hiding their identity. He understood this wasn't my secret alone so I'm asking you if you have any serious objections to letting him know who we are now, especially since the threat is minimal to the city for the foreseeable future?"

His partner stared at him for a long moment. Was it safe enough and were the conditions right for such a revelation? Well, if they couldn't trust Feral then they were screwed because such a close and intimate relationship that a mating was, secrets couldn't be kept long anyway. Thinking on all the complications it would or could cause, Jake finally came to the conclusion that it was time and right for Feral to know. Any problems could be solved as they occurred. No point in obsessing about them now.

"Yes, I'm okay with that. Things are more settled in the city and, though I have no intention of giving up being a SWAT Kat yet, I don't see us doing too much for a while, so go ahead and tell him," Jake said seriously.

Chance sighed in relief and gave his friend a huge grin. They got up and headed to the garage...time to get to work!

It took another few days before the doctors were comfortable with releasing the Commander. However, he didn't get away without some stern warnings about getting enough rest and the name of a specialist that he would see the next day.

Feeling put upon, but relieved to get out, Feral settled comfortably in the passenger side of an enforcer sedan that had picked him up. He'd had his assistant bring him a uniform to the hospital so he was able to go right to work upon release.

His great coat still managed to cover his pregnancy sufficiently that he continued to hide it rather than reveal his condition. He just didn't want to endure all the stares and gossiping around him. But he knew it wouldn't last long as he couldn't wear his coat around the building so everyone would know soon anyway.

The first day back was always the hardest especially when reports requiring his signature alone, were piled up waiting for him. Sighing, he settled down and began to work steadily through the day.

Sgt Fallon's eyebrows rose but he wisely said not a word when he saw the bulge beneath the Commander's ribs, pushing his shirt and pants out obscenely. It obviously wasn't fat and he was stunned to realize what it did mean. But his superiors unique physiology was his own business and no one else's so he kept his mouth shut and did his job. He did offer up a prayer of thanks, though, that the Commander had survived that omega's clutches and with his unborn kitten intact as well. He wished for only happiness for Feral in the months to come now that they would have some relative peace at last.

Feral knew his doctors would be angry with him for working as late as he did today but it was worth it to not have all that waiting for him day after day until he caught up. But he did pay for it with a stiff back and sore butt from prolonged sitting.

Sighing, he got to his feet, stretched, then went to get his coat. It was dark outside already, long past quitting time and dinner. His belly grumbled at him...definitely time for him to get home. Yawning, he walked to his hummer parked underneath the building and was about to open his car door when a body slipped up behind him.

His heart jumped and he tried to spin around in a panic when a familiar voice soothed him.

"I'm sorry, love. Stupid me! I forgot you're still a bit jumpy from the kidnapping," T-Bone murmured apologetically near the right side of Feral's face.

Feral sighed and relaxed, his heart still pounding hard from the sudden scare. "You're forgiven," he murmured turning to give his mate a kiss. "But you shouldn't be here...it's not a good thing for us to be caught...oh shit...the camera..." he started to panic again, looking around for where the security camera was then halting when he saw it was covered by something.

"Hehheh! Now come on...you didn't think I was that careless did you?" T-Bone smirked playfully, gently caressing Feral's back to calm him.

"Okay, that's too many scares in a row and I feel rather faint. Let's get out of here!" Feral huffed, too nervous to relax.

"You're right! I was just concerned you were working too late. Go on home and I'll get us something to eat. Your stomach is growling loudly and our kitten must be kept fed you know." With that T-Bone quickly slipped away, taking the cover off the camera in passing before vanishing into the shadows of the garage easily.

Feral sighed and opened his car door. As he was climbing in, he heard the distinctive sound of a specialized motorcycle starting up then roaring away. There was no traffic as he drove home which allowed him to wind down. He looked forward to being with his lover after so long apart.

He reached home without incident and met no one on his way to his apartment. Unlocking his door and stepping in, he turned on a nearby lamp and shut the door behind him. He took his time undressing, taking a relaxing shower, then putting on a pair of boxer's and a light robe before

heading out to the living room. The odor of food hit his nose immediately. Sitting on the couch was his mate who grinned at him and gestured for him to have a seat beside him.

Smiling warmly he glided toward T-Bone and sat with a sigh and received a tight hug. The tabby released him the next minute and waved a paw over the table.

"I got you a little of everything that I hope you'll like. Here's a plate, dig in!" He urged Feral.

"It all smells delicious. Thank you!" Feral quickly filled a plate and dug in hungrily.

T-Bone did the same and turned on the TV so they could watch the news and perhaps David Litterbin. He should feel odd being here but, no, instead he felt contented and truly happy. His body rested against his mate and all was right with the world.

Feral took two helpings of everything then finally shoved his plate away, finished his milk then rested his head against his mate's arm as he relaxed finally.

"Better?"

"Much!"

Chuckling lightly, T-Bone began a gentle kneading of his mate's neck and shoulders as they watched the antics of Litterbin's cohort on the screen.

Barely watching the show, Feral felt his eyelids grow heavy. He turned his body so that he could lay in his mate's lap and ended up falling asleep to the sound of T-Bone's heart beating.

T-Bone looked down tenderly at his exhausted mate. His paw drifted down and began a gentle caress of the swollen belly. 'My kitten,' he thought in amazed awe. 'It's so incredible that he is able to be pregnant. I'm just floored that he was willing to keep it even though it is a high risk for him. No wonder I love him so...oh...what was that?' He thought in growing excitement, holding his palm still and waiting breathlessly for that faint movement to be repeated. Seconds later, a thump hit his palm...a foot or perhaps an elbow...the first sign of their kitten's presence and his mate was sound asleep. He would tell Ulysses when he woke but right now it was his moment and he enjoyed every second of it.

"Hello, my little one," he murmured aloud. "It's your daddy." The sound of that made him feel giddy. He could hardly wait to hold his kitten in his arms.

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Chapter 10: Clearing the Air by ulyferal

It was well after ten p.m. when T-Bone had to gently waken his mate and help him to bed, tomorrow would be soon enough to talk about the things that needed to be discussed between them.

After tucking Feral into bed, T-Bone took care of his night time needs then crawled in behind his mate wearing only his boxers and mask, sighing in deep contentment as he snuggled close and laid an arm around the dark tom's waist, falling asleep to the sound of a heart beat in his ear.

Dawn peeked through the thin opening in the heavy drapes waking Feral. He blinked in momentary confusion, not remembering getting into bed at all last night. The reason for his waking now was the urgent call of his bladder. Groaning, he began to sit up and realized he was being held back by a heavy arm. Turning his head, he saw it was T-Bone laying spooned against his body, peacefully still asleep.

Smiling warmly at his mate's quiet face, Feral gently removed the arm, sat up, then pushed the bedding off himself. Hurriedly, he made his way to the bathroom. When he returned, shivering a

little from the morning chilliness, he quickly slipped back into bed, cuddling up against his T-Bone to get warm.

Sleepy eyed, T-Bone woke to an empty bed but not for long when Feral slipped back, fur cold from his quick trip from the bed. The tabby pulled the dark tom into his arms, giving his face a tender kiss while his hot body warmed up his mate. Feral sighed and fell back asleep.

When they woke again much later in the morning, Feral's stomach growled loudly.

"Hmm, sounds like my mama to be is really hungry," T-Bone murmured lazily, stroking his mate's belly.

"And needing to pee yet again, let me up!" Feral snorted, scrambling from the bed and nearly galloping to the bathroom.

T-Bone shook his head in amusement and got out of bed himself. Stretching and yawning, he walked to the bathroom too. When he reached the door he heard the shower start, a wicked look crossed his face as he waited and listened outside the door.

When he heard Ulysses open then close the shower door, only then did he slip into the large bathroom. The toilet was behind a privacy wall, there was a large sink with wall mirror and towards the back in one corner was a one-person jetted tub and in the other, a huge walk in shower with two shower heads.

His mate's back was to the shower door at the moment as he reached for his bath brush and bottle of body wash. Grinning wickedly to himself, T-Bone quickly took care of his personal business then moved quietly toward the shower. He slowly opened the sliding door and stepped in behind his mate

Capturing the soap bottle and brush from his mate, he began to wash Ulysses down thoroughly, getting his fur very soapy.

Feral had startled only a moment before surrendering to his mate's attentions, rubbing his extended belly without any real consciousness of doing it. Once T-Bone had his mate thoroughly soaped, he set the bottle and brush out of the way then reached around and began a sensuous massage of the dark tom's chest, lavishing attention on the large nipples, down his stomach, to join Feral's paws in caressing the kitten bulge, before moving down to tease between the tom's thighs and cock.

Feral shivered and moaned with pleasure. The sensual touch was making him hot and needy and after being apart so long he could hardly stop rubbing himself against his mate standing behind him.

T-Bone rumbled contentment and need himself, as he continued rubbing his mate's front while his chest rubbed the back, making his cock hard and ready.

"Want me, love?" The tabby growled hotly, his tone promising wicked things.

"Hmmm, oh yes...I've missed your touch so much and I adore water play...a little fetish of mine I'm never able to indulge in much," Feral murred confidentially.

"Oh...well...I promise...we'll do this often then," T-Bone purred as he moved closer behind his mate and slid home.

"Ohhhh...yesss...that feels...ahhhh..." Feral could only mumble expletives of pleasure as his mate began a steady rhythm that made his toes curl.

"Ahhhh...love...soo tight...soo hot... feels soo good around me!" T-Bone grunted hotly, gripping

his mate's hips..

Feral could feel the heat spiraling higher within his core and felt a strong need to get him deeper so increased his stance and pushed his rear further back against his mate. The better position just made things even better for T-Bone who picked up the pace, driving them both to intense climaxes at the same time.

Shuddering for several seconds then finally slumping against the wall, T-Bone made sure his mate didn't slip and fall while they caught their breaths and the water continued to cascade down on them.

"Nice start to the morning but I'm still very hungry," Feral murred languidly, his legs still feeling limp as noodles.

"We can't have that. You finish up and I'll fix you a fantastic breakfast," T-Bone promised, giving his mate a kiss then stepping out of the shower.

"Sounds heavenly," Feral sighed, taking his time to finish cleaning himself up before shutting the water off and stepping under a hot dryer. When his fur was dry enough, he leisurely went to dress. His nose picked up the smell of cooking food and he smiled.

After picking out some black sweats and pairing it with a gold t-shirt, he padded out to the kitchen in his bare feet. T-Bone's back was to him as he worked at the stove, humming happily to himself.

"Smells delicious!" He commented hungrily as he took a seat at the table.

"Nothing but the best for you, love!" T-Bone sang out, giving his mate a cheeky grin over his shoulder before returning to his cooking.

Just minutes later he served up eggs, bacon, toast, fruit, and a tall glass of milk to his mate, setting a similar meal for himself then taking the seat opposite Feral.

"This tastes great!" Feral sighed as he gratefully dug in.

"Aw its not much, you're just really hungry and that's only going to get worse," T-Bone said with a snort of amusement but still pleased his mate enjoyed his cooking.

Feral paused to grimace a second, "don't remind me!"

"Heh! By the way, something happened while your were sleeping."

"?" Feral's eyebrows asked as he continued to shovel food in.

"Our kitten kicked me!"

His mate paused with his fork to his mouth and gaped at him, putting his fork back down to say, "Seriously?"

"Yep! Nice firm kick to my palm. Would have woke you but didn't have the heart...you were just soo tired."

"Isn't that something?" Feral mused to himself. Staring at his mate he said, "until this moment, it still felt like a dream except for the bulge of course." Picking up his milk and taking a drink, he set it down again a moment later then picked up his toast and began nibbling at it as he eyed his mate thoughtfully.

"What's on your mind? I can almost see the wheels turning in your head," T-Bone asked mildly as he finished up his meal and drank his milk down.

"You really don't mind being thrust into fatherhood so quickly?" Feral asked, a little uncertain.

"Well, honestly, I would have preferred to have waited but with the destruction of our worst enemies, its not really that big a problem now. And, yeah, I'm really psyched at the idea of being a dad," T-Bone said honestly, a small smile of wonder on his lips at the thought.

Feral felt something tight within him ease...perhaps it was acceptance...of being mated and the prospect of being a mother...okay that sounded strange to his ears even if it was the truth.

"Hey!" T-Bone called to his obviously distracted mate. "Are you okay with this? I don't think you've even asked yourself that question...am I right?"

Feral gave his mate a lopsided smile. "Well, if you'd asked me at the beginning of this, I would have said no way did I want to cope with a kitten...not now...but...when Mewser offered me a choice...I said no without even thinking about it. That's when he tested me and told me I was mated which was why I objected so strongly but to be honest, I don't think I could have gone the abortion route anyway...it just felt wrong. After that, everything was in limbo because I just couldn't handle it and the omegas too."

"You weren't going to tell me...were you?" T-Bone asked, suddenly serious.

"I...no...I couldn't...I didn't know who you were and since we couldn't tell each other that it was more than a fling...I just didn't know what to do. God, I wanted to talk to you if only to have someone who understood, to help me...but I just couldn't."

T-Bone reached out and gently caressed his mate's arm that was near his and said gently, "I understand...truly I do. It was a shock and you had far too much on your mind to add one more. I'm just glad things worked out alright anyway."

A small smile lit Feral's face once more. "Thank you. I guess that's why I love you so much."

T-Bone smiled back then said, "okay so now that we've figured out we're mates and that we're going to be parents, we do have many things to discuss. What are we going to do about being together when we have to keep it secret, where are we going to live...this isn't big enough for raising a kitten in...and how do we deal with being so close that we could very well give ourselves away to those we don't want knowing about us?"

Pushing his plate aside, Feral sighed and thought hard about what T-Bone was asking. "Well if I knew who you were that might solve some of our difficulties..." he began.

"Oh, yeah, sorry. I already asked Razor and he said it was okay with him so..." T-Bone reached up and removed his bandana.

Feral just stared nonplussed for what seemed like a long time. "Well, damn...I don't know why, but in the back of my mind I had my suspicions but since they seemed to far fetched and unlikely, I just kept ignoring that little voice. That will teach me to ignore my instincts where it counts the most," he said in disgust, more to himself than Chance Furlong who was giving him a smirking grin.

"Okay, I can see that definitely won't solve our problems either...it'll actually make them worse," he sighed, shaking his head.

"You're right there. The enforcers wouldn't be happy at all that you hooked up with someone you kicked off the force. Then there's the high society types that control your position that would feel you were mating below your station. Just a no win situation all around," Chance agreed in disgust.

"So we're back to what are we going to do," Feral sighed again.

"You're doing that a lot, love..."

"Hmmm?"

"Sighing..."

Feral just rolled his eyes. This wasn't getting them anywhere.

"Look, Jake's the brain in this partnership. Let's go do a little brain storming with him. And, besides, a lot of this is going to affect him too," Chance suggested.

His mate eyed him for a long moment but couldn't see anything wrong with that idea. "Okay, that's not a bad idea. Let's clean up and take a ride back to the yard."

"You got it!"

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Chapter 11: A New Home by ulyferal

Chance took off ahead of Feral, slipping out of the apartment without being seen and heading home at top speed. He wanted to get there first to warn Jake.

Feral took his time, climbing into his hummer and leaving his apartment building, spending the drive ruminating over what they were going to discuss and trying to come up with some answers.

He drove into the quiet yard some twenty minutes later. Parking out of sight behind a stack of crushed metal scrap, he locked his car then walked to the office.

Meanwhile inside, Jake had been apprised of what was going on so that he had an opportunity to think about the problems before they all sat down. By the time Feral walked in, Jake a few ideas fleshed out.

"Glad we have no business this morning so we can talk in relative privacy," Jake said as they all sat down on the ratty couch in their waiting area.

"That's bad for business but good for the time we need right now," Chance said. "So, you have any ideas, buddy?"

"Well, first you two need to find a new home. Somewhere private and secluded would be best."

"I agree. I had some thoughts as to where on my drive over here," Feral said easily. "There's some nice secluded homes in an area that had suffered financial problems that left them in need of unloading these homes at rock bottom prices. I did check them out one day as a thought toward retirement or getaway from the stresses of the job. Despite the contractor being forced to lower the prices, the homes are truly high end and roomy. They have a cottage feel to them while still being high end in everything else."

Chance grimaced. "Probably still too rich for me though."

"Love, I don't want to squash your pride but I do have the greater income and so much of it is stashed away, I can easily buy the house outright without hardly touching my savings at all. But even though these homes are high end, they have been neglected for some time and do need a little TLC. If you're up for it, we can pick our home, I buy it, and you rehab it...how does that sound?"

The tabby stared at his mate frowning but didn't say anything for a long time. Feral shifted in concern. Had he upset his mate? His body language wasn't angry per se, but it wasn't happy either.

"Chance?" He asked hesitantly.

Chance's face cleared and he nodded. "No, you're right Ulysses. You buy it and I'll take care of doing any repairs that might be needed. I can't be upset by the fact you make more than I...that's just the way things are. Besides, in your condition, you couldn't help do the rehab anyway, so I do feel a contributor to our new home," he said firmly, giving his mate a reassuring smile.

Feral relaxed, relief shining from his eyes. "Good, so that's one problem down."

"The next is how do we function as the SWAT Kats when we are separated and how do you and Chance interact when in the field together," Jake jumped in. "First, I can always alert Chance by communicator then go and pick him up on the road as he meets me by cyclotron. No problem, and it prevents anyone from seeing where he came from. That's the other thing...I will set up a heavy duty security system for you. And, depending on what property you buy, I'll check to see if its possible to build a small secret lair under the home for his SWAT Kat stuff with a fast and secret exit," Jake explained carefully.

"Wow! Great idea. I was worried about the security angle but what about me? I would like to fly my chopper since these homes are a ways from town and would keep me from responding quickly so driving to a call isn't a good option," Feral asked.

"Well, again it depends on the kind of place you two find. With luck, you might have a field nearby that you can buy as well and use as your own private landing area. We could also use it as an emergency landing area for the Turbokat as well. And, as an extra layer of security, you would have to disarm your radio and black box in the chopper so you can't be traced. Which, of course, means you can't leave an address with your enforcers. Your cell phone and portable radio need to be altered so they can't be traced as well."

"Kat's Alive! You do manage to think of all the details, don't you?" Feral said, impressed.

Jake blushed at the compliment. "I do try. However, on the subject of avoiding an accidental reveal of how you feel about each other...I really don't have an idea that would work." He spread his paws showing his helplessness in this sensitive area.

Feral sighed and frowned. "Its in our nature to be worried about a mate and it would be nearly impossible to hide that need to protect the other. I've thought about this one subject the most on the drive over here and the only thing I can come up with is trying to be as circumspect as we can when something happens. No matter how bad it might be, try to keep a lid on the emotional display until we're alone. Other than that...its just a train wreck waiting to happen."

All three sighed and shrugged. Feral was right...it would be only a matter of time before their secret was out but for now they would do their best to keep it hidden.

"Well, there is one good thing that will allow you two to stay a secret for possibly a long time and that's the fact the worst danger to the city has been dealt with," Jake reminded them, trying to lift their spirits and give them hope.

"That's true." Chance said, nodding.

"And that's the greatest piece of luck we've gotten since this business of getting mated started. Thanks Jake for your good ideas, that really relieves my mind considerably," Feral added, pleased by the solutions they'd come to.

"Uh...there might be another worry..." Chance started to say, hesitatingly.

"What's that?"

"Hiding how I'll react when the kitten's born...oh crud! We forgot another important thing...a kitten

sitter. We both work and have dangerous jobs. Who can we trust to watch our kitten?"

"Hell, that never occurred to me..." Feral groaned in dismay.

Jake could only sigh and rub his head for a moment in thought. "Look, that need is some months away, so we have time to find a solution. With your other problems dealt with, you should be able to focus on that and have an answer soon enough," he finally said encouragingly.

"Yeah, okay...you're right...no sense getting too worried yet," Chance agreed though his mind was already running over possibilities.

"Speaking of time, when are you due to deliver, Commander," Jake asked politely.

"Oh, uhm...in about three months...end of June...sometime."

"Gee, not really soon. What does your doctor say about delivery? As a male herm, I've heard there could be more complications than if you were a she-kat."

Feral flushed and looked away nervously.

"What's wrong, hon?" Chance asked, concerned.

"Well...I...uh...I'm supposed to see a specialist but haven't done so yet," he said rather shamefacedly.

Chance went still and his heart leaped into his throat. In a careful, tight voice, he said, "you haven't sought medical care yet?"

Feral winced at the note of barely held anger in his mate's tone. "Uh...well what with the omegas and all...and how confused and worried I was about being pregnant...I've sort of dragged my feet on it...a bit."

Chance sat still and worked to rein in his temper. In an even tone, he said, "we are going to find you a specialist on Monday morning and get you in immediately. I wish I could go with you though."

"So do !! I hate those types of exams!" Feral said unhappily.

"Yeah, I'm sure you do but you'll go!" Chance said uncompromisingly.

Feral just ducked his head and nodded.

Jake found that a little amusing to see the powerful Chief Enforcer being gently browbeaten by his former antagonist and him taking it on the chin, as it were. What a strange reversal of roles this was.

"Okay, that sounds like everything that could be dealt with at this time has been. What are you two planning to do for the rest of the day? I'm assuming, Chance, that you don't intend to hang around here with me," Jake asked, smirking at his friend, a knowing look in his eye.

"Oh, uh...I don't know...we hadn't discussed the rest of the day..."

"We'll go look at those houses right now," Feral jumped in.

"Right, that's a good idea. You sure you're okay with me going, buddy," Chance turned to ask his friend.

"Yeah. Looks like it's going to be another one of those slow days anyway. Go on and good luck house hunting," Jake said waving them off.

"Let's go in my hummer. I'll bring you back later," Feral decided, getting up and leading the way to his vehicle. Finding no reason to object, Chance tagged along in his wake.

The drive was over forty-five minutes long. Chance now understood why Ulysses wanted to use his chopper for his commute. They had driven through the city center then on past the limits to the forest that was nestled at the foot of the north mountain range.

Winding their way through the trees, they encountered no one. The only thing that told them there was civilization out this way was a weather beaten sign that advertised the development called Forest Glen on it. They finally arrived in an area where the road seemed to end. A modest building sat there by itself and a sign proclaimed it as Honor's Realty/Construction Company Inc.

As they came abreast of the building, Chance could see the road took up again behind the building after you went through a closed metal gate.

"There's no one here today so would you go and open the gate, please," Feral requested as he halted the hummer before the gate.

"Sure, love." Chance got out and walked up to the gate. It was a simple latch system. He opened that then pushed the gate forward until it stayed on the opposite side. He returned to the hummer and climbed back in.

Feral drove up the road a short piece until it branched into many roads. He seemed to pick one at random and drove for five minutes until he reached a home hidden in the trees. Chance stared at it with a jaundiced eye.

"Nope, I don't even want to get out to look at it," he said bluntly.

"No problem!" Feral pulled out and went back till he was at the branches and took another road.

This house had some promise so they got out to look around but after only a few minutes, weren't happy with it. For the next hour they checked several of the houses. Finally, they stopped at a house that seemed to have what they were looking for.

It was really nice on the outside. It had wooden siding that allowed it to blend into the forest very nicely. The front yard was left natural except for the drive which went far to the left and behind where a very nice two car garage stood. Entry into the house could be made from the rear of the garage, Chance noted.

Feral pulled up to the garage door and parked. They walked around the whole outside and found the backyard was small and fenced but had a gate that led to the forest beyond. They opened it and peered into the forest. Chance spotted a clearing through the trees and made for it. Trees had been chopped down to apparently build another house but this was probably when the project ran out of funds.

Looking around, he nodded and called to his mate who still stood at the edge of the clearing. "This will be perfect for a hidden landing field, don't you think?"

"Needs to be cleared properly, but yeah, I think it's perfect. I think this is the house I looked at before and rather liked. Let's take a look."

"Sure." Chance quickly rejoined his mate and went to the house. The back door was unlocked and they went in.

After thirty minutes, they left by the back door in a good mood.

"This is it! Since it's empty, we should be able to close quickly then begin on the repairs," Feral

said, smiling, pleased their search had ended.

It was moving onto lunch time when they left the area to head back to the yard. They stopped at a drive in for food, picking up something for Jake. When they arrived, Jake was sorting junk not far from the gate and waved at them as they passed through.

"Jake, we got food! Come eat!" Chance shouted out his window.

Jake waved a paw showing that he'd heard then Feral drove to the spot he'd parked at before and shut the hummer off. They climbed out and made for the break area, Jake coming to join them.

"Well, we found the perfect place...even has a clearing in the trees that apparently was supposed to be another house. Need to be cleared...has tree stumps all over it but it is the right size for a discrete landing field," Chance said, happily as he handed his friend his share of the food.

"That's great news. Congrats you two!" Jake said, grinning.

"Thanks! Anyway, Uly will call the realtor and make the buy for both places on Monday. I can't wait to get started making repairs," Chance enthused.

They talked about what needed to be done to the place while they ate their lunch. When they finished, Chance asked, "still quiet around here?"

"Yeah. Thought I'd do some of the stuff we never had time to...being so busy and all. The jet is ready so nothing I need to do there and I've already made sure our weapons are primed, loaded and ready as well. Nothing to do but tidy up the yard," Jake said, shrugging.

Something clicked in Feral's mind when Jake mentioned weapons and the two's chronic shortage of funds to pay off their debt.

"Jake?"

"Yeah?"

"Have you ever thought about selling your weapon's designs?"

Jake faced took on a stony cast. "Once that was all I wanted to do until someone stole my ideas while I was still in graduate school. Because I complained and made a stink about it, I was black balled by the CEOs of Pumadyne and couldn't get anyone to hire me. That's when I went into the enforcers."

Feral blinked in shocked surprise. That had never been in his file and it made him furious to see yet another example of greed destroying someone's life.

"I'm sorry that happened to you. I've certainly seen it often enough in this job. But...wait...only as Jake Clawson are you black balled...and honestly, I wish I could get you justice for that bit of nastiness...but as Razor you could sell yourself outside Megakat City easily, I'm certain of it!"

Jake gaped at Feral in shocked surprise. "Shit! Why the hell didn't I think of that?"

"Probably because you were too busy to have time to think about it but now that things have calmed down around here, you should have time to follow your dreams even if its under a different name. I bet you could pay your debt off in less than a year with the kind of income you'd make doing what you do best...invent the best damn weapons I've ever seen and don't forget you also have non-weapon tools that many agencies would love to have like the foam bomb and the net missiles for animal control...just to name a few."

"Wow! You're right!" Chance said in awe, as he thought about the implications. "Jake, you could make a fortune!" He said excitedly to his friend.

Jake could only shake his head as his mind raced with the possibilities. "You know..." he said slowly, "we don't need to run a garage any longer if I do make a lot of money. That would allow you to be a full time father, Chance."

Chance stilled and thought about that. "Gee, that would be cool though I would still need a kitten sitter when I'm called out as a SWAT Kat. I like it!"

"You guys go enjoy your weekend. I've got a lot of research and thinking to do," Jake said distractedly as he got up and went downstairs to his work station.

"Gee, he didn't even say goodbye," Chance chuckled. "That was the best and most incredible idea, my love. Our future looks bright now!"

"Glad to help out. So how about we go home for some one on one time, hmmm?" Feral asked coyly, batting his eyelashes at his mate.

Chance's expression became darkly passionate as he murmured huskily while wrapping an arm possessively around his mate's waist as they walked out of the garage, "now that's another very good idea, my love!"

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Chapter 12: A New Arrival by ulyferal

With their plans laid and a home picked out, the pair enjoyed a wonderful and playful weekend. On Monday morning, Feral dutifully contacted a specialist and was able to get an appointment that day.

His new doctor wasn't particularly happy that the Chief Enforcer had delayed his prenatal care and let him know it in no uncertain terms.

"I don't think you realize how much danger you put yourself and your unborn kitten in, Commander. Despite the trouble you endured and confusion about your situation, your primary thoughts should have been about the welfare of the young life you conceived. It didn't decide to be here, you did that. Well that's water under the bridge now. At least neither of you suffered to dangerous a harm when you were kidnapped," Dr. Longfur said with a sigh.

"So, now you will heed everything I say from now on and I'll do everything I can to help you deliver a healthy kitten and survive it yourself."

Feral blanched when he heard that last statement. "What do you mean survive?"

Dr. Longfur gave him a hard look. "Herms have an incredibly hard time with pregnancy and delivery because their organs are a bit mixed up. It's a nightmare for us physicians. The biggest concern is the delivery as you are not really designed to give birth even though you do have a vaginal opening. It is, unfortunately, unable to open wide enough for a kitten's head and to further complicate matters, your pelvis is designed wrong for delivery. There really isn't an option but to take the kitten by C-Section."

Feral paled at that. "So that makes it safer?" He asked in a rather small, fearful voice.

"No! But it has a higher degree of succeeding and allowing both of you to survive. Again your insides are mixed up enough so getting to the uterus is not so straight forward. Despite the risks to the kitten, we have to do an x-ray to see how you look in there and how best to remove the kitten when it's time," Longfur said gravely.

"Wait! What about my previous x-rays? I've had many taken before," Feral asked, very concerned for the kitten's welfare.

"Hmmm," Dr. Longfur paused and thought about that alternative. "That might be sufficient but I'd have to see them before I can decide. An ultrasound will see how the kitten is doing and where it is. If the x-rays have enough data for me to see where everything in your belly is located then we won't have to do more. Have your physician send them over immediately."

"Yes sir," Feral said meekly.

Over the next hour he endured a lengthy discussion about managing his pregnancy, had blood drawn, and an ultrasound done. It was exciting to see his little one for the first time. It was healthy and doing well so far. With bottles of vitamins and instructions in paw, he finally managed to escape the doctor's office.

Sighing in relief but at the same time harboring fear over the delivery, he made the decision to go see his mate right away rather than wait until the end of the day.

Jake knew something was up when he saw Feral drive into the yard an hour before lunch. The tom had an anxious look on his face as he got out of his hummer. Stopping what he was doing, Jake called out to friend who was at the back of the garage.

"Chance, your mate is here and looks worried."

The tabby hurried to the front of the garage, meeting Ulysses at the door. Seeing how upset his mate was, he ushered him into their break area and made him sit on the couch while Jake got him some water.

As Chance took a seat by his mate and Jake handed Feral a glass filled with cold water, he asked, "What happened love?"

Feral gave the small tom a grateful nod and sipped some water before answering his mate. "Good news is the kitten is fine and healthy. The bad news is, delivery will be dangerous and will require a C-section. Even that is no guarantee that we'll survive it."

Chance sucked in a breath, fear gripping his heart but he managed to stay calm and ask, "but what did he say about your chances in particular, love?"

"He wouldn't say until he views the x-rays taken of my belly before I got pregnant. If they aren't clear enough for him, I'll have to get new ones which will risk the kitten. He'll let me know as soon as he can what my chances are then or whether I need to take new x-rays. The waiting is going to be soo hard!"

Chance hugged his mate tightly as he could see Ulysses was on the verge of breaking down. This was frightening news. Feral buried his face in his mate's neck fur and clung to him. Of all the things he'd endured in his life as an enforcer this was the most terrifying and he didn't know how to deal with it.

Jake felt helpless in the face of such scary news. There was nothing he could do but pray that mother and kitten did survive. The only thing now was to keep the mother's spirits up and give him as much encouragement as they could that things would come out alright.

"No point in worrying yourself to death, Feral," he said gently but firmly. "Wait for the doctor's call and do everything he's told you to do. Remember, you've survived things that have killed other kats with your own brand of uncanny luck. Hold on to that and we'll all pray you both survive safe and whole."

Chance gave his friend a grateful look while Feral tried to take hope from the smaller tom's words

of wisdom. It still wouldn't make the wait any easier.

After he left his mate, Feral went back to work and tried to concentrate but it was difficult. His worry made him irritable and disagreeable toward his officers who did their best to avoid him as much as they could.

Unfortunately, Sgt Fallon could not escape so had to endure his superior's more sour than usual behavior. He wished he knew what the problem was so he could try to ease it but Feral still kept everyone in the dark about his condition.

However, when Feral had to see Ms. Briggs later that day about a matter concerning the clean up of the city after the battle with Dark Kat, his foul temper made her stop in mid sentence and frown. She got up from her seat and closed her door, locking it. Returning to stand before Feral, she crossed her arms and gave him a stern look.

"Look! I can cut you some slack for your behavior because pregnancy makes one very irritable at times but this goes beyond just being touchy and I won't stand for it. Just what is troubling you so much that you're snapping and snarling at me before we've even begun discussing why you are here?" She demanded.

Feral sucked in a breath about to blast her for calling him to task then deflated immediately. She was right, he was being really churlish and his only excuse was fear. Blushing in embarrassment he murmured, "I'm sorry Callie. I'm afraid and its making me crazy right now," he admitted.

Callie immediately looked concerned and reached out a paw to touch his arm, offering what comfort she could. "Why are you scared...is it the kitten?"

"I...I was just told delivery would be extremely dangerous for me and my kitten. Because of my differences, my doctor said I would require a C-Section but even with that he said our odds at surviving weren't the best."

"Ohhh, Ulysses, I'm sorry he scared you like that. Honestly, some doctors are soo tactless. Trust me, he only said that because he was trying to prepare you for the worst case scenario just as you would during a battle. But really, with the excellent care provided now a days, such incidents are rare even for a male herm like you. So don't get so upset and worry yourself to death about it. Things will work out, I'm certain of it. A C-Section means you'll be in the hospital longer and have a longer recovery but other than that it needn't be something terrifying. It does have its dangers, I won't mislead you there and I may not know about this from personal experience, but I have had friends that had it done both female and one herm I knew a long time ago and they came through the procedure just fine," she reassured him gently.

Feral managed a wane smile. "Thank you, Callie that does make me feel a little better," he sighed, trying to relax a bit.

"Here, have a seat while we cover the things I need discussed and let me get you a cup of tea to help ease you further," she said briskly, giving him a warm smile and pushing him toward a chair. Once he sat down, she went to her serving counter and made him a hot cup of tea then handed it to him. He thanked her. The tea helped and they got through what needed done within an hour. He left her feeling less upset and worried which made the rest of his day easier to bear.

However, it was nerve-wracking to wait more than twenty-four hours for an answer but by late the next day, Feral heard from the doctor. It was the first good news he'd gotten since he'd become pregnant.

"Well, we're in luck, Commander. The x-rays were sufficient so more aren't needed. According to them, a C-Section should be fairly straight forward for you, barring any of the complications I've already briefed you on. Just continue taking care of yourself and I'll do the rest to ensure you deliver safely. See you next week for your appointment," Dr. Lockfur said encouragingly.

"Thank you and I will doctor. See you then," Feral said, relief pouring through him. As soon as he hung up, he called his mate with the good news. Chance was thrilled and relieved as well. Now all they had to do was wait for the kitten to arrive.

Over the next few months, Chance worked on their new home with Jake putting in the new security system while Ulysses purchased new furniture for their place. He had succeeded, with some firm negotiations, in purchasing the adjoining land as well as the house. Jake and Chance worked on clearing the area for a landing field every moment they had free.

Jake had taken Feral's suggestion to heart and had already put feelers out in his Razor persona on-line in selling his ideas. He was shocked and amazed at how phenomenally popular he was and how much people were willing to pay for his designs. Some of his inventions were to aid Kat kind and for those items he charged very little so that his, foam bomb, net missile, mini personal defense devices, mole missile, vibro missile, sky claw and heat suit would be circulated much quicker to those whose job it was to protect the innocent.

As Feral had predicted, their debt to the enforcers was shrinking rapidly. He made enough at the moment to cut back on their work in the garage since this new job of his took a lot of his time.

Chance didn't begrudge his friend his new career. It actually made his life much easier as well as he could spend more time on his new home. He looked forward with eagerness, to the birth of his kitten and spent a lot of his free time (what little there was) in taking care of his mate's every need.

During this time, the city enjoyed the peace it had long sought. Repairs took some time to complete but a month before Feral was due, the new orphanage was finished as was a state of the art insane asylum. Manx grandly stood before the doors of the beautifully built home for orphans and cut the ribbon to a fanfare of cheers and news coverage.

As for the asylum, there was no fanfare when it opened and very few prisoners as yet. The older residents, like Lenny Ringtail had been killed when Dark Kat had callously blown it up. The new residents were fairly harmless...no new criminal masterminds or 'take over the world' megalomaniacs lived here yet much to the relief of the city. The new asylum boasted a strong and effective security system for once, and had much better doctors to treat the patients than before.

Now that the city was calmer, the SWAT Kats found themselves hardly needed at all. However, making it known that the vigilantes would be tolerated when a mega emergency happened, Feral was able to get the city emergency crews to call on them through Enforcer Headquarters to help on things like: mine disasters, a skyscraper fire, oil spill, and other mundane but hazardous mishaps as well as the occasional experiment that had run amok. The SWAT Kats more superior technology reduced fatalities to fewer than ten percent which endeared them to the Katizens and earned them grudging admiration and acceptance from the enforcers and other emergency services.

The birth of their kitten during this time of peace was well timed even if it hadn't been planned. Just two weeks before their kitten was born, Chance and Ulysses finally moved into their new home. They couldn't celebrate the fact, though, as Ulysses was not allowed sex until after the birth. It had moved down into the birth canal and was being watched very closely.

At this time, his condition was now well known as his belly had pushed out far enough to show too easily. It caused consternation for his health among his enforcers and excitement among the ordinary Katizens. Who his mate was, remained hidden despite the reporters every effort to find out. Here Chance and Feral succeeded better than they had hoped in keeping the tabby out of the media frenzy surrounding Feral at this time. Breeding male herms were still very rare so Feral had to endure being harassed by the press wherever he went. His enforcers made it their mission to keep him safe and unmolested.

Waiting was beginning to wear on the two's nerves as Feral became uber irritable and sharp tempered, forcing Chance to tiptoe as if on eggshells around his mate to keep stress levels down. It was with great relief when, on a cloudy, rain threatened dawn, Feral finally went into labor.

They'd been cuddled tightly together under the covers that early morning when Feral moaned and shifted uncomfortably in his sleep. His rather violent movements woke Chance who blinked sleepily, laying still to ascertain what had woke him up. His mate moaned again at that moment making the tabby quickly rise up and turn on a nearby lamp.

Leaning over Feral in concern, he could see the tom's face was scrunched up in pain and his paws were holding his belly. He was panting but before Chance could ask him anything, he groaned loudly again. His mate placed a paw over the distended belly and felt the contraction begin to ease off.

Nodding to himself, he got out of bed and quickly got dressed. He paused at his dresser to activate his communicator he'd left there.

"Yeah, is it time?" Razor asked, waking immediately and fully alert.

"Definitely. Come a running!"

"Roger, be there in five!" The connection cut off.

T-Bone selected a collection of clothing for the trip, grabbed the pre-prepared diaper bag then went to his mate's side.

"Come on, love. Time to have this kitten." He helped his grimacing mate get dressed in a pair of comfortable sweats and pull-over sweatshirt as it was chilly outside then slipped on a pair of loafers before helping his mate stand.

Gritting his teeth, Feral worked hard to walk despite the constant contractions as his mate steadied him and they made their way out the back door, through the rear yard and out the gate to their landing field. The Turbokat waited for them with the ramp down. With Razor at the controls, T-Bone remained in the cargo hold with his mate, helping Feral breathe through the contractions.

They arrived at the hospital within fifteen minutes. Only helping his mate to off load into the doctor's paws, insure the diaper bag went along, then the SWAT Kats quickly took their leave. It was bittersweet for T-Bone who had a hard time letting go his mate at this critical and dangerous time.

Razor had suggested a way he could be there some weeks before. Holding a high position over the hospital, T-Bone changed out of his clothes and into a simple slack and polo shirt covered by an orderly's uniform that covered most of him that they had 'borrowed' a month ago. Since his face wasn't that well known except to a handful of enforcers, Jake had thought he could slip in and be close by for the birth of his kitten.

"Chance, here!" Razor called to his partner who sat behind the pilot's seat for the first time.

"What is it?"

"A camera, buddy! You want to catch that first look don't you?" His friend smirked, handing over a miniature camera.

"Thanks!"

"Okay, here we go!" Razor took the jet as close as he dared to the roof top then Chance went down by rope quickly before he could be seen. Luckily, it was still dark though the sun was

beginning to rise in the distance.

As soon as he was down, he scurried for the roof top entry point used by the emergency helicopter. He was in luck, no one was manning the area at the moment since they had left to take Ulysses to the maternity floor.

Pretending this was like any other undercover op he'd performed before, Chance pulled out the fake ID hanging on a lanyard that Jake had made for him then casually walked down the hall as if he belonged there. He took the elevator to the maternity floor and pretended he was doing things as he searched and listened to where his mate might be.

Finally, he overheard some nurses talking about a male herm arrival and where the C-Section was being performed. He moved with purpose toward the surgical doors then found a place to hide outside them while he waited for his mate to come out. He managed to find a spot that allowed him to be invisible but hear everything that went in and out of the suite.

It seemed like a long time, but it was only an hour when a nurse and doctor came out with a kitten in an isolette. The doctor was telling the nurse that the kitten would be fine and the mother would be along in about forty minutes or so. The kitten was to go to the nursery to wait and be checked over. While the two talked, Chance managed to get a glimpse of the kitten and the name on its carrier.

His heart soared as he saw Feral's name then beheld his new daughter. She had Ulysses' hair color and her father's fur color and with stripes surprisingly on her face and tiny arms. He overheard the nurse ask if the male mother was going to be alright and was assured Commander Feral had come through better than hoped and should recover well then the nurse headed off down the hall and the doctor stepped back into the surgical suite.

Chance was torn by whether he should wait here or go. Finally, he decided to follow his kitten and see Uly when he was put into a room. Moving swiftly down the hall, he made his way to the nursery he'd found earlier. Again luck favored him. The window to the nursery had several new relatives standing staring in. One more wouldn't be noticed as he took his place nearby and stared in as well.

His new daughter was being examined and he drank in the sight of her, his arms aching to hold her. She was crying lustily as they examined, weighed then dressed her before laying her down in her bed once more.

It was more than an hour before a nurse began to wheel his kitten from the room. He waited until she was some distance from him before following her. At the end of the corridor, she turned and went past many rooms before stopping at one halfway down. She knocked then rolled the isolette in. She wasn't there long before coming out and walking to the nurses station further down the corridor.

Carefully looking around, he saw the place was extremely busy with morning rounds. Smiling at those he passed genially, he continued his pretense that he knew what he was doing and that he belonged as he made his way down the hall and opened his mate's door.

Sighing in relief to find Uly alone in the room, he hurriedly went to his mate's side.

"Ulysses?" He hissed softly. His mate was pale looking but otherwise alright.

Sleepy eyes opened groggily, really not focusing well, as Chance put his face closer. "Hey love! It's me!"

"Chance..." Feral exhaled out. "The kitten...you see her?"

"Yes, I did. She's beautiful and I'm so proud of you," he murmured lovingly, leaning down and

giving Ulysses a kiss.

"Want to see her..." Feral whispered hoarsely.

"Sure, love...just a sec." Chance went around the bed and beheld his new daughter. "Hello, little one!" He whispered as he carefully lifted her tiny body from her bed...she never woke.

She felt so light and small in his big paws as he gently carried her over to her mother. "Here you go, love," he said softly, lowering her carefully into his mate's waiting arms.

Feral blinked until he could see and stared in dazed amazement at the tiny thing in his arms. "She's so tiny," he breathed.

"Yeah, she is that alright. What will we call her?" Chance asked, touching her tiny face with a finger.

"Elora?"

"Really? That's a pretty name and goes well with Furlong. Hello Elora Feral-Furlong! Welcome to our world."

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Chapter 13: Epilogue by ulyferal

Though he was loathed to do so, Chance knew he had to leave before he was discovered. He paused a moment to take some pictures of his mate holding their daughter then reluctantly, carried her back to bed, bid his mate a warm goodnight with another kiss then slipped out just before the doctor and his crowd of doctors in training arrived.

He walked to the elevator and headed to the roof. He had to wait almost fifteen minutes before he could slip out the medevac doors. He moved away from the doors and the evac landing pad to a spot where he wouldn't be seen or questioned and called for his partner to pick him up.

Razor had been waiting for T-Bone's call and responded the moment his communicator chirped. Within fifteen minutes he had picked up his partner and per T-Bone's wishes, returned them to the hangar.

"So what how did it go? Is Feral okay and what sex is the kitten?" Razor asked impatiently as he flew them home.

"Keep your mask on buddy," T-Bone laughed. "Ulysses is doing fine and we have a beautiful daughter. I got to hold her and took a pic."

"Congrats! Buddy. What a wonderful gift!"

"Yeah, that's what I told Ulysses as I gave him a big kiss."

Conversation stopped there as Razor flew the jet carefully into its hidden runway and onto the turntable. He didn't have the ease and finesse of T-Bone but he managed. When the jet had reached the upper hangar, they leaped out and hugged.

"This calls for a celebration!" Jake insisted, after changing his clothes then pulling a bottle he'd kept hidden for this occasion from his locker. "Let's go upstairs and you can show me the pics of the little darling."

"Good idea!"

Chance and Jake got a little drunk as they toasted the new arrival over and over, so they slept in

the next morning. It would be hard for a new father to bear, but Chance would have to wait until Uly was ready to be released to see his little one again.

Some four days later, pretending to be a taxi driver, Chance picked up his mate from the hospital. He hurried around the car and opened the door so the nurse that had wheeled Ulysses down, could place their kitten in her car seat he'd made sure to put in then he helped his mate into his seat. Closing the door, he hurried back around and drove off.

The press had been fooled into thinking Feral wasn't being released until after lunch while in fact he had been allowed to leave early in the morning. Making sure he had no tails, Chance made his way swiftly through early morning traffic before turning off the freeway at the far end of the city for their hidden home in the mountains.

It was a long drive and they didn't speak much as Feral was still tired and wanted to nap during the drive home. Every now and then, Chance would look in his mirror and check on his daughter who also slept the whole way home, he just couldn't get enough of her.

When they finally arrived, he gently woke his mate. Helping Uly get out of his seat, Chance released his mate to walk on his own into the house while he went back for their kitten. He took the car seat from the car, grabbed the diaper bag and a plastic bag filled with kitten items the hospital had given them then slammed the car door closed with his foot.

Stepping into the house, he saw no sign of Uly. That's because the poor exhausted mother had gone on to the bedroom to prepare to lay down again. His body felt like lead!

Just minutes after Feral had sat down, Chance appeared with their daughter. He sat her car seat on the bed and dumped his pawful of other stuff to the floor for the moment. He carefully unstrapped Elora from her seat then began to carry her over to her bed when she woke up and whimpered. Surprised, he looked over at his mate questioningly.

Giving his mate a wane look, Feral said, "check her diaper, she might need changing then give her to me to feed, love."

Nodding his understanding, he turned to her new changing table that sat beside her cradle. He quickly checked her diaper...found it wet and meticulously changed it and cleaned her up. She was fussing loudly by the time he finished...lifting her to his shoulder he caressed her back to soothe her as he carried her back over to her mother.

Feral had unbuttoned his shirt and toed his shoes off then laid down on the pile of pillows Chance had ready for him. He unsnapped the right side of his nursing bra (he'd gone shopping with Ms. Briggs for this embarrassing item as well as a few other strange and required items for a new mother...he never wanted to repeat that humiliating experience again...Ms. Briggs had been understanding but he could see in her eyes that she was thoroughly amused by his discomfiture).

Chance carefully lowered the tiny kitten into his mate's arms and watched as Uly coaxed Elora to take his nipple. Within minutes she was nursing strongly and making small noises of contentment which Chance found endearing.

"You do that well," he smiled at Uly.

"Only because they showed me how. I had no idea what I was doing," Feral said ruefully.

"You learn fast then. Do you want anything to drink?" Chance asked as he picked up the diaper bag and hung it up then looked into the plastic bag to see where everything should go.

"No, I'm fine for now. However, if you see that kitten care book they gave us, I'd like to have it. Might as well read it now while she's eating."

"Sure...uhm...here it is..." the tabby carried a slim book with a mother and kitten on its cover, over to his mate and said, "...when you're through, I'll give a read too."

Feral smiled and nodded then yawned hugely. "Damn, I was told I'd be tired but never did I dream I'd be this wrung out. The doctor told me to expect to be out for at least four weeks. I'm very glad now that we have no major troubles around and that my second is trustworthy and hard working or I'd be going crazy with worry about what was going on at work."

"You just worry about taking care of Elora and getting rest. Everything else takes a back seat," Chance admonished him firmly.

"I know...I know...you don't have to tell me. The doctor hammered it into me and threatened to put me back in the hospital if I didn't rest," Uly grimaced unhappily.

"Then that's what you'll do. I think she's finished, love," Chance commented when he noted Elora had her face beside the nipple, her mouth closed with a trickle of milk on her lip and chin. He smiled warmly at the image then gently retrieved his daughter.

"Burp her just a little, Chance. I was told she shouldn't have much problem with gas nursing from me as she would with a bottle."

"Okay." He laid her against his shoulder and gently tapped her back. She never made a sound so he desisted and after wiping her mouth, he laid her tenderly in her new bed.

Life with a newborn had begun.

It took Feral more than four weeks to recover which irritated him a lot but Elora's needs and his own obvious weakness, kept him from complaining too much. During those early weeks, they quickly learned what sleep deprivation meant though both had experienced it during their jobs this was different in some way.

Chance made the best use of his time each day by getting to know his daughter before he had to go to the salvage yard to work. Jake made him work only a few hours and told him not to feel guilty about leaving early. There wasn't much work in the first place and he could handle what there was by himself. He'd let his friend know if it was going to be too busy. Jake wanted Chance to spend as much time with his new kitten as possible.

Finally, five weeks later, Feral was fit enough to return to work. That was when the issue of a kitten sitter became acute. They hadn't been idle looking for one, but as time passed they became frustrated with the fact one that fit their special needs was in short supply.

They were both getting terribly stressed when time was running out and no caregiver had been found. It was around this time that Jake found the answer for them from a completely surprising source.

Dr. Liter Greenbox had redeemed himself after the disaster with his repair robot and the GemKat lab disaster by becoming an aid of Professor Hackle. The old professor was having more and more difficulties getting around and a much younger assistant who believed as he did was a Godsend so he prevailed upon the parole board that he would take responsibility for the young tom and monitor his work. Greenbox had many great ideas and with Hackle as his watcher and mentor he was beginning to restore his reputation among the scientific community. It was a perfect partnership.

One day, while Greenbox was visiting an inventors website, he came across Razor's ad on the sale of his inventions. Striking up a friendship on line, the two occasionally collaborated on some ideas. When Greenbox heard about Commander Feral's pregnancy, he had mentioned how incredibly brave it was for the dark tom to do that. Razor had agreed and had offhandedly mentioned his curiosity on how the Commander would be able to find a safe kitten sitter when he

had so many enemies, attempting to see if Greenbox might have a solution.

To Razor's surprise, Greenbox did. He said, he and Professor Hackle had been discussing some of the really important things Katkind could use during peacetime to make robots less military and more home friendly. They eventually came up with the idea of a nanny bot and had been working on a prototype for a few months now.

Without giving away his excitement, Razor casually asked how soon they thought they would have one to be tested.

"Well, Professor Hackle likes to be certain his invention is safe before risking something as fragile as a kitten but from the last few trials of the prototype, it looks like it could be ready for testing in a few months. Why do you ask?" Greenbox typed.

"Oh, I was thinking Commander Feral would be a good test case. He knows how to do proper testing of all types of equipment and knows how to report problems correctly and thoroughly which is what an inventor needs if they are to perfect their invention and there's the important fact that I happen to know he's still needing a kitten sitter and soon." Razor typed back in return.

"Oh really? Gee, he does sound perfect alright. Well, I'll approach the Professor about it and we'll see if Commander Feral is receptive."

"Wonderful! Hope it works out for all concern. A nanny bot would be a necessity now a days as more people feel safe enough to work out of their homes more."

"That is certainly true. I'll let you know what happens."

"Thanks."

Just as the three were becoming concerned, Hackle called Feral (who Razor had already briefed on the option) and told him about the robot. Pretending he was just now hearing about this, he agreed to test the nanny bot. Razor had already promised him to check out the robot thoroughly before it was allowed to care for Elora.

Feral and Chance went to the Professor's lab to see the robot. It would have been better for it to interact with their kitten in a home environment but they wanted know one to know where they lived. Further, Chance was wearing the mask he had worn to Hidden Faces to hide who he was from Hackle and Greenbox.

A little surprised but understanding the need for this much security, Hackle and Greenbox demonstrated how to control the bot and entered the parents voices as a security measure. The little bot resembled Cybertron I that the Professor had lent them some years ago. However, this one was a little taller and thinner with arms that had been molded to feel just like a Kat's arms and a full mask of a calico Kat with long copper hair placed over its metal head.

Demonstrating with a doll, the robot was put through its paces, changing diapers, burping, feeding, comforting. It's voice was a soft, well modulated female one that could also purr if need be. Its logic chip held first aid, complete care of kittens, emergency procedures, as well as a very effective protective weapons to keep its charge safe from harm.

The parents were suitably impressed. With a book of instructions, a safety shutoff control box, and direct phone line to the scientists for advice and assistance, they felt comfortable enough to take the robot home.

When they got the robot home, Jake was waiting. He spent the next hour carefully examining the robot thoroughly. After programming his own voice on the security system within the robot, he deemed it safe enough to use.

Despite all that, Chance and Ulysses still kept a close watch on the nanny bot's every move but after more than a month, they had to admit the robot was everything they hoped it would be. With a more relaxed state of mind, Feral returned to work.

Chance, however, was still leery so never left the robot alone with Elora more than a few hours a day but after six months, even he was comfortable with the nanny and what was more important, so was Elora. She suffered no separation anxiety when her parents were gone.

With the success of the prototype, Hackle and Greenbox began production with a company they had researched thoroughly first. Soon, the HackGreen Nanny Bot was being sold everywhere.

Four years later...

Feral continued to be Chief Enforcer for another two years before finally retiring to spend more time with their daughter who would soon be attending school. Elora was the light of her parents lives and was very intelligent. Feral thought to start a security consulting business from home so he'd be around when his daughter need him and Chance encouraged him to do so. They never had another kitten...he wouldn't allow it because of the risk to Ulysses.

As for Jake, he singlehandedly paid off he and Chance's debt in less than two years. As a reward, Feral released them from their servitude at the Salvage Yard which allowed Jake to find a home of his own, date, and continue designing inventions to sell on line.

Chance had decided he wanted to work on classic cars which were his passion. He hooked up with an old kittenhood friend who ran a specialty garage just for classics. Jake would kid him on still being in a garage. But Chance would just say, "yeah, but now they are cars I want to work on." Jake could only laugh. He was glad his friend was happy.

As for the SWAT Kats, they flew on a regular basis, worked out to stay fit, but never really had to fight much any more but weren't ready to quit just yet. They continued to use the underground hangar right under the nose of Burke and Murray but took the precaution of sealing the two hatches that lead into it from the garage and apartment. Fortunately, the bothersome city workers didn't live at the yard so that made coming and going easy.

Ms. Briggs went on to become Mayor five years later when Manx passed away, dropping dead on the golf course he spent most of his life playing on. She made an excellent Mayor and Feral was finally able to see the funding the enforcers needed reach them at last even if he was no longer there to see it happen himself.

The club, Hidden Faces, became so popular, five more opened up throughout the city. When they felt the urge, Ulysses and Chance would mask up and go to the original club just for old times sake and on anniversaries. They never forgot how it had brought them together in the first place and absolutely loved how it kept their sex life strong and interesting for years to come.

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