

[BEYOND THE SHADOW OF THE MOON](#) by [ulyferal](#)

Summary:

A mysterious portal of light appears in Megakat Park. A flare of light spats out and Feral disappears in a world where magic works and it's leader wants him as his consort.

Categories: [Swat Kats](#) Characters: Calico Briggs, Chance, Dr. Sinian, Feral/T-Bone, Lt. Commander Steele, Mayor Manx, Professor Hackle, Queen Callista, Razor, Sergeant
Genres: Slash

Warnings: Angst, AU, Complete, Explicit Sexual Situations, Graphic Birth, Hermaphrodite, m/m, Magical Conception, Rape

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Chapter 1: Beyond the Moon by ulyferal

It had been a very long day with the theft of yet another invention from Pumadyne. He wished they would find a way to protect their stuff better as it was just getting sooo old constantly preventing the omegas from going shopping for their next weapon of mass destruction.

Sighing, he rubbed his temples trying to ease his aching head. Aspirin had long since lost its effectiveness. He was sitting at his desk after the messy cleanup from the SWAT Kats and his own enforcers after wresting the prize from Dark Kat. That particular omega always left a trail of destruction behind him that took weeks to clean up.

Putting the finishing touches on the initial report, he would have to wait for the rest of the CSI data to be able to finalize it, he tossed it into his file basket and leaned back in his chair to stretch and close his eyes. Outside his window the sun was setting.

Yawning, he shoved himself away from the desk and climbed down the pedestal walking to the coat rack for his topcoat. No one was around at this hour as he closed and locked his door and made his weary way to the elevator and down to his vehicle parked in the secure underground parking lot under the building.

One good thing about this late hour was traffic was light so he was able to get home in a few minutes. It felt good to strip off his uniform some fifteen minutes later. Wearing a comfortable pair of sweats and an enforcer t-shirt, he went to the kitchen and rummaged for a quick meal. With a full belly, he went to his recliner and plopped down flicking on the TV.

He was nearly asleep watching the late night David Litterbin Show when his radio sounded off. Groaning in disgust he shut the TV off and reached for the squawking thing.

"Feral here!"

"Sir, there's been a report of some kind of odd, glowing portal in Megakat Park. Patrols have cordoned off the area and no one has gone near it. "The brisk, professional voice of the dispatcher reported.

Feral frowned. 'Say what?' Was his unbidden thought. "Any sign of it being made by an omega? It's not a time portal from the Pastmaster is it?"

"Negative sir, not the same and its on the ground not in the air. The are has been searched, finding no one who could have been responsible. The portal is just sitting there, glowing and doing nothing."

"Wonderful!" Feral snarled sarcastically. "Send a chopper to pick me up!"

"Yes sir!" Dispatched acknowledged then clicked off.

"Crud! I'm soo tired," he grumbled as he made his way to the bedroom and quickly changed back into his uniform.

Some fifteen minutes later, his chopper landed at Megakat Park. Above him, hovering, was the damnable SWAT Kats, the rising moon glinting off the black jet. Snarling and in a foul temper, he stalked toward the glow he could see through the trees.

Moments later, he stood before a circle of light that hovered a little above the ground. A prism of light emanated from its center, swirling like a pool of water. There was nothing to be seen in it. Standing close to it caused his fur to rise like static electricity which made him hastily move backward several steps.

He was at a complete loss as to what it could be and what to do about it. Things like this were always trouble and couldn't just be ignored. A voice to his left spoke suddenly nearly making him jump out of his fur.

"Seems like some kind of dimensional portal. Definitely not from the Pastmaster." The smaller of the SWAT Kats observed.

To Feral's annoyance, the pair had apparently landed their jet nearby and slipped through his cordon to stand just a few feet from him. Scowling he turned and snapped, "What are you two doing here...this is enforcer business...take off!"

"Yeah, right, Commander. This isn't like anything anyone has seen before. No way would your enforcers or even us do anything about it," T-Bone drawled sarcastically while studying the phenomenon with a worried frown.

"Yeah, Commander. You should be rousting some scientists out here to check it out but I wouldn't recommend getting any closer than we already are. My instruments say its an energy source totally unknown to our world," Razor added, his tone grave and his expression uneasy as he studied the portal.

Feral felt like having their butts hauled to jail but he caught the looks of concern and some fear from the pair. If they were worried, especially since they were used to dealing with the weird and unusual, then he shouldn't be so quick to chase them off. Razor was a certifiable genius and could be of some help to the scientists so, reluctantly, he left them alone.

Growling in frustration, he called dispatch and had them roust some scientists out of their beds and ferry them down here. He rattled off a few names he thought might be useful as well as a couple Razor suggested. Signing off, he continued to stare at the portal, worriedly.

Suddenly a loud beeping went off causing Razor to curse. "Everyone get back, the energy flow has kicked up suddenly." Following his own order, he scurried backwards quickly.

Everyone did the same. T-Bone and Feral were next to each other as they hurried backward from the portal when at that precise moment a sudden flare of energy jetted out, surrounding Feral's body in a nimbus of light. Feral only had time for a startled cry before the light snatched him into the portal.

In the stunned silence that followed, everyone could only stare, shocked, at the portal that had returned to its original glowing silence. It took several moments before the reality of the Commander's disappearance sank in.

"Crud! Razor where did he go?" T-Bone spoke for them all.

"That portal snatched him T-Bone and your guess is as good as mine." Razor was equally shaken by the suddenness of Feral's disappearance. "We'd better figure out this damn thing before it decides to take anyone else and see if it's possible to rescue the Commander."

Somewhere far from home...

Feral's body hurled through somewhere cold and bright, blinding him and sending a sharp tingling sensation racing through him before it and the movement stopped abruptly, leaving him suddenly standing on a hard surface, weaving in disorientation and bewilderment. When his vision cleared, he found himself in an open space somewhere he could never have imagined even in his wildest dreams.

What he beheld made him wish he was still blind. The floor beneath his feet was apparently some kind of black flagstone while the walls were of gray stone, covered with tapestries that reminded him of being in a castle. But the people, if you could call them that, were like nothing he'd ever seen before.

They were animals of all description. The best his mind could identify them was if you took all the primitive animals that lived on his world then caused them to straighten and stand, put clothes and weapons on them and gave them intelligence.

He saw creatures that had vague resemblances to rats, foxes, wolves, other types of felines, bulls, rabbits, weasels, badgers, canines, mice, reptiles and bears. Some of these 'people' possessed wings. Sitting on a chair that could only be some kind of throne was a feline-like creature that resembled a lion only he had huge leathery wings like a bat or perhaps dragon, if such a thing existed, and a short pair of horns that poked through his blood red mane just between his long, big ears that had tassels of fur on them. His eyes were pools of glowing emerald fire that made Feral's heart freeze from the heated, satisfied look in them.

The leader, because it seemed obvious that was what he was, wore a blood red cloak clasped with a gold chain at his throat. Over his broad, bare chest, he wore a richly decorated leather-like vest that left his powerful arms bare, more of that leather was made into a pair of pants and no shoes adorned his heavily clawed feet. His mane had two braids falling to either side of his face with scarlet ribbons tying them off and on his face a tattoo of some kind adorned his forehead in dark blue ink. Around his neck was a gold chain that held a medallion with a glowing moonstone at its center. Around his wrists were metal vambraces with intricate designs on them.

For a long moment they simply stared at the other, then the leader spoke. His voice was a deep rumble and surprisingly, he spoke Feral's language.

"Excellent! The spell worked. My compliments on finally getting it right Dantrel!" He said to a reptile-like creature standing next to him wearing elaborate robes of royal blue with silver designs on it. The creature bowed in recognition of the compliment as his leader stood then glided toward their Kat visitor.

Feral shuddered inside, the leader moved with all the grace and lethal beauty of a born predator. The powerful creature circled his prize slowly then came to a halt in front of Feral. He made a strange gesture with his fingers and suddenly all of Feral's clothes vanished.

Gasping in horror, he thought, 'magic..oh god! No!' Of all the threats he'd faced on his world, magic was the worst. There was no defense against it and it always terrified him to the core because of how helpless it made him feel. He never really got over what Mad Kat had done to him the year before.

The King jerked Feral's attention back to him with a purr of appreciation for what he was seeing, briefly flashing into view a long set of incisors. "Ahh, much better. What an exquisite beauty you are and strongly built too. Yes, a definite prize indeed. Welcome to my kingdom my handsome warrior. I am King Bloodnor, ruler of Celestor."

"Why have you brought me here?" Feral managed to ask even though he was shaking inside.

King Bloodnor reached out with a clawed finger to tilt Feral's chin up and stare into those fetching gold eyes. "I have watched you in my Eye of Torin and desired you. I have searched the magical realms and beyond for my perfect consort and now I have finally found him. It took some time and

effort to retrieve you...the shifting energies of the magical pool had to be just right to pull you through. Alas, in thirty night passes you will return to your faraway home but when the celestial body you call the moon rises again, you *will* return to me. This will continue to occur until you are carrying my heir, only then will you be forever in my realm."

Feral's blood ran cold, 'Did he say carrying an heir?' "I hate to ruin your grand plans but I'm male and can't bear you anything but enmity." He said with some bravado, he truly didn't feel.

In a lightning move Feral never saw, Bloodnor shot out a paw and grabbed Feral's arm, yanking the Kat to his knees on the hard floor. Releasing the arm, the King placed his paw on the Commander's neck, insuring the Kat wouldn't stand up.

Casually, he growled warningly, "never lie to me. I can scent a lie before it even leaves your lips. Remember that!" His face was expressionless and his manner cool, totally at odds with his aggressive behavior.

Feral shuddered inside. The creature was incredibly powerful. The small resistance, he had automatically made when he was forced down was aborted by the feel of something that felt like a brick wall holding him down.

The grip on his neck vanished suddenly and he made as if to stand when it returned swiftly, pinning him in place. He froze and when the pressure was gone again, he didn't move.

"Excellent. You are a quick learner. That will be of great benefit to you during your lessons." King Bloodnor rumbled approval.

Feral dared to raise his head to stare at the King in puzzlement.

Smiling in amusement, Bloodnor obliged him with an explanation. "You must, of course, learn how to comport yourself as my consort. There will be lessons in politics, your place in my harem, riding lessons, weapons practice, our world's history, etc.. Now..." He paused to make another of those strange gestures and Feral was suddenly dressed.

"There much better. This is how you will be dressed most of the time. The royal tailors will make you robes for formal affairs and for outdoor lessons." Bloodnor reached out to Feral's newly lengthened hair. "It curls most becomingly. I am very pleased. Gutaire!" He shouted suddenly.

A figure that resembled a five foot tall mouse dressed in pants and shirt of deep forest green came scurrying up. "Yes, my liege!" It said in a surprisingly mellow voice, its paws clasped together, head bowed.

"Gutaire, take my consort to the harem and introduce him then prepare him for my bed. You know what to do!"

"Yes, my liege! As you command!" Gutaire bowed then turned to Feral and gestured that he should follow him.

"Run along, my beauty. I will be with you in a short while." Bloodnor had a broad smile of anticipation on his face as he returned to his throne and the group of people waiting for him.

Possibly his council, Feral guessed. He tried not to think about what the creature planned for him shortly.

Swallowing hard, he followed the mouse out of the main throne room he'd arrived in and down a corridor lit by strange glowing balls hanging in the air at strategic areas of the ceiling, providing illumination. Shivering in the chillness of the hallway, he turned his attention to what he was wearing.

Well, it certainly wasn't much which explained why he was so cold. His chest was bare and adorned with only a chain of gold and a moonstone that matched the King's own. Around his waist was a wrap made of some soft cloth in red with gold designs that he realized matched the one's on the king's vest, it reached the floor and had a long slit up his right leg, revealing a little too much of his equipment that barely fit in the skimpy thong he now wore. On his wrists and ankles, silver vambraces had been put on, his hair had been magically lengthened so that it brushed his shoulders and a shorter cape of gold was draped around his shoulders held by a gold chain. A small band of some kind of light metal was around his forehead, possibly a crown.

So wrapped up in staring at himself as he walked, he missed his escort stopping and nearly ran into him. The mouse glanced at him with sympathetic eyes as he gestured for Feral to enter a large room. When he stepped through a barrier of brightly colored beads, he beheld a room that look everything like the tales he'd heard of Arabian nights.

The walls were covered in fabrics of gold and scarlet. The floor with rich carpets depicting various scenes from their history. Everywhere he looked there were couches, pillows, small tables laden with food, more of those strange glowing balls and watching him intently...barely dressed males and females of various races.

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Chapter 2: The King's Consort by ulyferal

Gutaire cleared his throat and spoke with authority when they stepped into the room. "This is King Bloodnor's new consort. He will be accorded all the rights that title holds. You know the penalty if any harm comes to him and just so you are aware, this stranger, Feral by name, is far more important to the King than any consort before him. The Chamber of Forever Screams might seem a blessing compared to what he'd do to anyone who disobeys his edit."

There was an uncomfortable ripple of anger and dismay among the listeners, letting Feral know this was extremely bad news to them which made him grimace in dismay himself. 'Great, now, though they won't dare to harm me, the King has made sure they will either fear or hate me. Either way, I'll find no allies here. My situation just gets more grimmer all the time.'

"As if he could give the King an heir," Came a caustic comment from one corner of the room.

Before Gutaire could chastise the speaker, Feral furiously retorted, "It certainly wasn't my choice to be here for him to try it! I was brought here against my will, torn from my home. I don't know what your problems are but mine is certainly no picnic and I'm definitely not happy about this anymore than you all are."

Several faces showed sympathy and knowledgeable looks at his plight. Which didn't make him feel any better since, apparently, this meant kidnapping new harem members was common.

"It doesn't matter how you got here. What does matter is the King will take you over all of us and if you do manage to bear him an heir, we will most likely be given to others of the aristocracy," another female voice snarled.

"Instead of whining about it, why haven't one of you given him an heir?" Feral demanded, just realizing there were no young about.

On many faces anguished looks were exchanged, others held sorrow.

"We've tried!" Another voice moaned.

"Unfortunately, little ones have become rare. No one truly knows why, though some of our wise ones think its linked to the magic of this world and our immortality," a fox-like female sadly explained.

Feral could only shake his head at this news. "Then he would have had a better chance at acquiring an heir from a female of my race than taking me." Privately, he wouldn't want anyone to suffer like he was now but he wanted to make a point.

"Our King has a taste for males though he will bed females. You must be something unusual for him to want you so badly." A male that looked like a ferret interjected, tilting his head at the Commander questioningly.

Feral grimaced at that reminder of just how different he was from ordinary males but wasn't about to tell them what that difference was. Before someone else could ask him anything more, Gutaire interrupted.

"Enough of this. The King wants him prepared and we are running late. Come along! We must hurry before he comes looking for you. I have no desire to be punished." He tugged on Feral's arm urgently, pulling him toward the exit but this time Feral firmly resisted. He simply couldn't go willingly to what he knew would be rape.

Sighing irritably, Gutaire muttered something under his breath and Feral found himself unwillingly walking behind the mouse like an automaton. Shock thrummed through him.

'Oh God! They can all do magic!' His mind in a panic as he desperately tried to resist the compulsion forcing him along the corridor toward another heavier and more ornate door at the end.

"Stop fighting it. Struggling will not stop him from taking you and there is no way for you to escape here. The King's reach is vast and his magic strong." Gutaire snapped as he opened the heavy door and they walked into a small entry room that contained a fireplace, a chess table with two heavily padded chairs sitting before it, a heavy cabinet rested against a far wall near the only window in the place, beside it was another door. A thick rug covered the floor. On the other side of the fireplace was yet another door that hung open revealing part of a huge bed and another fireplace.

Feral ceased his struggles as he looked around, he hadn't given in but what Gutaire had said was unfortunately true, he had no where else to go.

Seeing him relax, Gutaire released him. "That's better. Cooperating is far better than fighting the inevitable. Now let's get you ready..."

"It's rape! Nothing changes what it is! How can he expect to get me pregnant when he rapes me. It's difficult enough for hermaphrodites to breed under normal circumstances but raping has never been one of them." Feral blurted out his frustration at the irritating mouse and his own untenable position.

"Is that what you're called...interesting...there are no such creatures like you in our world." Gutaire mused quietly, ignoring Feral's temper and fear. "Anyway, you will not resist him because your body will want him whether your mind does or not." The mouse was opening the cabinet and pulling something out.

"Magic again!" Feral hissed, anguish gripping him.

"Not quite. That and a few other things, magic cannot affect," Gutaire told him in a mild tone as he busied himself filling a wine glass with some kind of deep cherry colored fluid from a fancy glass bottle. He filled the glass only half full then offered it to Feral.

"Here, drink this! It will calm you and help you handle what is to come."

Stepping back, Feral shook his head vehemently. "No way!"

"You either drink it on your own or I will be forced to compel you...which will it be?" The mouse said bluntly.

Feral glared at Gutare then at the glass with barely contained fury. Fear filled him as did hatred. What made it all worse was he didn't have a choice. Anguish joined the fear as he reached for the glass reluctantly. Taking it from the mouse, he stared at the red color, shuddering, before drinking it down quickly. Instantly he grimaced at the sickly sweet taste.

"Most like the taste. What's it like for you?" Gutare asked, curious, noting the reaction.

"It's cloyingly sweet!" Feral said wishing he could rinse the taste out of his mouth. As if reading his mind, the mouse reached for a package within the cabinet and withdrew what looked like a cookie.

"Here, this might help." He offered it.

Sighing to himself, Feral took the cookie and nibbled it. It was rather bland but it did take away the nasty flavor in his mouth.

"Now we must get you cleaned up." Leading the way but insuring Feral followed, Gutare walked down the short hall to another staircase different from the one they came up. It was only a floor down before they reached another arched doorway hidden by a bead curtain. Beyond was a huge steaming pool. A few members of the harem were at one end washing, talking, and playing but all halted their activities at the sight of the new consort.

Under their less than friendly eyes, Gutare guided Feral toward the other end of the pool where there were stairs leading down. He directed the Kat to enter the pool while making a quick gesture that left Feral naked.

'I'll never get used to that,' Feral thought shakily.

From a small side door, a small group of more poorly dressed creatures hurried to his side. He was afraid these might be slaves and that suspicion was proven true when they began to bath him. No words were spoken except for those that related to what they were doing, eyes remaining firmly downcast the whole time. It made him feel really uncomfortable.

When his fur was completely cleaned and rinsed, he stepped out of the pool and was dried quickly. The slaves departed while Gutare made a soft robe of deep red appear on Feral's body then led him silently back to the King's quarters. Upon arrival, the mouse gestured for him to go on into the bedroom while he stayed in the greeting room.

With a great deal of trepidation, Feral did as bidden, startling when the mouse closed the door behind him. For the first time since this nightmare began, he was alone.

He looked around, clutching the robe tightly to him. A huge bed with richly decorated bedding and curtains took up a good portion of the room. Before the fireplace that had a roaring fire going, a heavily padded chair waited. A small writing desk was against the wall under the only window. Thick glass panes that were closed, kept the cold air out. There was a small door to the right of that. He went over and peered into it and found it to be a primitive bathroom. Closing the door, he went to the window to look outside but there wasn't much he could see as it was nightfall and there was no moon. However, there were torches that illuminated a huge double gate and others lined the battlements where he caught sight of a guard walking along...a castle it was indeed.

Trying to think what to do next, his heart froze when he heard the door latch turn. It opened to reveal the smiling visage of King Bloodnor. Closing the door behind him and with a glass of amber colored drink in his paw, he eyed his prize wolfishly.

"Ah, you smell sweet from the bath, my warrior. Remove your robe so I may look upon you in the

firelight." Moving further in the room, he sipped his drink. The Kat had made no move to obey his command, literally clinging to the robe he was wearing.

Narrowing his eyes in mild annoyance, Bloodnor mused more to himself than the Kat, "hmm, I think the elixir has not had time to make you compliant yet." He flicked his fingers and the robe vanished.

Feral's arms automatically wrapped around himself in defense, shivering more with fear than cold.

Bloodnor strolled casually closer to the Kat. Reaching out, he began stroking Feral's body, intimately.

Feral was startled when a shiver of something that wasn't fear, slithered down his spine with every stroke. Eyes widening, he also felt a warmth building between his legs where his female channel was, something he hadn't experienced since puberty, though his cock remained at half mast. Fine tremors began to break out along his body spreading to his limbs as the King continued his gentle caresses. Closing his eyes, he desperately tried to focus his mind and body away from the sensations that were beginning to race through his blood but his traitorous body continued to react to the King's maddening erotic touch.

"That's much better," Bloodnor purred deeply, pushing the Kat gently toward the huge bed.

No resistance was left to him as his body willingly sprawled itself obscenely on the bed to the King's roving eye. Inside his mind, he railed in anguish at this drug induced capitulation to his own rape. He cried tears as his body wantonly writhed while the King stripped his own clothes off then climbed on the bed to cover his prize. His emerald eyes stared hotly down at his new consort.

"I will make you feel things you never dreamed of and you will scream my name as you come for me," He growled hotly. He leaned down and captured Feral's mouth in a searing kiss that made the tom groan unwillingly with heat.

The King's fingers grabbed a nipple and twisted it between them until it rose to a hard peak then did the same to the other one. He lowered his chest to Feral's and rubbed himself across the hardened nipples. A flash of pure pleasure zinged through the Kat's body.

Pleased at the response, Bloodnor withdrew from the kiss and moved down to take Feral's clitoris with his rough tongue. Feral's eyes widened and he cried out in shocked heat as that tongue laved his sensitive folds sending him spiraling out of control, his claws dug into the bedding, his hips bucked and the King smirked in amusement as he held them down with his paws and continued to torment the Kat.

A wild fiery sensation built higher and higher until Feral screamed his climax. He trembled and shook in reaction as he lay weak and panting. The King waited a moment until the Kat had recovered a bit before repeating his previous actions.

Feral wailed as the pleasure hit even stronger this time but the King stopped before he could reach another climax. He reared up from his tasty task to settle between the Commander's legs then slid his huge, hard, pole in slowly.

Feral was beyond shocked now as the King opened him up. He'd never been taken and it felt strange and incredible as Bloodnor filled him up. With one firm thrust the King broke through Feral's barrier and began to thrust in a slow rhythm that took him deeper and deeper into his new consort.

Feral groaned and arched up to meet each thrust as it opened him up more and sent him higher and higher until he clenched around the large cock and screamed his climax. The King didn't

release and kept on thrusting, moving faster and faster. Feral couldn't help but come again and again until Bloodnor finally climaxed, roaring loud enough to nearly shake the walls.

"You are magnificent my beauty. This night will be one to remember." Bloodnor purred as he licked the sweat from the trembling Kat beneath him.

Bloodnor took Feral many times that night and only left when dawn's light spilled through the window. Feral moaned, far too sore to move. The elixir had worn off, he was certain, leaving him feeling horribly humiliated by his behavior even though it wasn't his fault. Tears of anguish fell from his eyes as the full magnitude of his situation hit him. He had been raped! Though the King had not damaged or hurt him in anyway, it was still not consensual.

And, according to Bloodnor, he could expect to be used frequently until he returned home in thirty days. Despair swept over him for a moment and his eyes fell on a knife laying on a small tray with fruit and cheese on it sitting close to the bed...apparently his breakfast. The thought of food made him sick but the knife held his attention.

What he was contemplating was something he would never have done...ever...but the thought of being raped and used over and over again for weeks was untenable and this looked like the only way he was going to escape. The memory of the night before was all the goad he needed as he reached slowly for the knife.

Checking the blade dispassionately, he noted it was very sharp...a brief smile that held a hint of madness, lit his face before he laid the blade over his left wrist and made a firm slice.

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Chapter 3: Lessons by ulyferal

As the blood dripped from one wrist he switched paws and did the same to the other then laid down and stared blindly across the room. In his mind's eye he pictured his own room and as a coldness flowed through his body as his life's blood flowed out, his last thought was the hope the SWAT Kats would protect his city.

He didn't know how much time had passed but found himself blinking aware once more and staring up at the angry and distressed face of Gutaire. Memory returned with a crash. Sitting up suddenly, he looked down at his wrists.

He stared stupidly at the healed wounds, no trace of the slices he'd made were there at all, only the blood was left behind to show he'd slit them at all. The bedding was soaked red and a pool of congealing blood covered the floor. He jerked his attention back to the mouse, shocked disbelief on his face.

"You are a warrior!" Gutaire hissed in outrage. "I never would have left you to wake on your own if I thought you would be capable of doing something like this. It's scandalous! Get up from there, you are already late for your riding lessons. The King will be most displeased," he snapped, angrily as he turned away and made a gesture that made the blood vanish as if it had never been.

Feral, however, didn't hear much of what the mouse was ranting on about, too stunned at still being alive. No one who had lost that much blood could have survived...so how had he and where were his wounds?

"But...I was dead..." he finally managed to whisper, voice dazed and confused...too much was happening too fast.

"No you were not! Though you were certainly close to it. If you had been dead you still would be. Our magic can save anyone on the brink but not after," Gutaire explained, annoyed. "If I were you, I wouldn't try that again or the King will make you wish you were truly dead while never

allowing you to do so. Now get moving! I don't wish to be punished for you being late to your lessons."

Pulling the bedding off Feral, Gutaire then tossed some clothing down. "Put those on and hurry up about it!"

Laying there was a jerkin made of soft cloth and suede-like pants. The mouse dropped a pair of soft boots to go with the clothes on the floor then stood with arms crossed over his chest waiting for Feral to get a move on.

Still in a daze, the dark tom crawled off the bed and struggled to dress quickly. When he was finished, Gutaire gestured and the vambraces, moonstone necklace, and circlet of metal around his forehead, reappeared. After a quick trip to the privy, he was being shoved out the door of the King's room.

Still badly shaken, he was hustled downstairs and through another corridor to a heavy oaken door that was already standing open. Through it, he could see a courtyard with people going about their business.

A pair of strange looking beasts were being held by a creature that resembled a wolf who was dressed in similar attire as Feral. The beasts had short but wicked horns, leathery tails, scaly bodies, and slit pupiled eyes. When they opened their mouths to bawl a complaint, it was full of sharp teeth. He shuddered. They looked like a horse crossed with a crocodile.

Gutaire shoved him none to gently toward the creatures. The wolf bowed its head respectfully to the mouse.

"This is Toulare, he will be giving you lessons on how to ride the Repnorses." With the introduction over, he turned and left Feral staring warily at the strange creatures.

"Shall we begin, sir. We are late getting started." Toulare addressed him, his voice deep and gravely.

Feral finally noticed the saddles on the things and realized they were serious about him riding them. He grimaced but stepped up carefully and stood next to Toulare, listening closely as the wolf instructed him on how to mount and control the Repnorse.

He was very dubious about the creatures but since he wasn't being given a choice, he went to its side and mounted. He was immediately surprised that he was no longer sore. Apparently, when Gutaire saved his life, he also healed any sign of his rape.

Again, too much was happening to him with no opportunity to try and adjust. He was left frustrated and afraid but he shoved that aside and focused on what was required of him at this moment, hopefully later he would have a few moments to himself.

Focusing his attention on his mount, he was glad he'd ridden horses when he was younger so he didn't make a complete ass of himself as he got used to sitting on the odd animal. Unlike a horse, the Repnorse was more streamlined and lower to the ground. When they moved out the gate that led over a drawbridge to a huge meadow, he found the animal's gait to be smooth and undulating, which felt truly odd.

Toulare had him ride around to get familiar with the beast. He corrected Feral's hold on the reins and how to hold his seat properly but other than that, he was pleased the King's consort was a fast learner and apparently used to riding animals. It made his job less onerous and time consuming as had happened with the first consort.

When he felt Feral had the mechanics down, he made him go to a gallop. Here is where the Repnorse showed its stuff and just how very unlike a horse they were. They glided along at a

fast, ground eating pace. It didn't feel like their hooves touched the ground at all, the ride was that smooth.

Feral tried to look around as he was riding. At the edge of the meadow was a towering forest. He'd never seen trees that tall or thick before. It was literally dark under it despite the bright sun shining.

As they came close, Toulare warned him, "never go into the woods alone. Strange and dangerous creatures inhabit it and are quick to take the unwary. They don't like magic so a group of three or more people are far safer than a single person who would be dead before they got more than a few paces in."

"Since I don't possess magical abilities of my own, I'll never go near them," Feral grunted, easing his mount back toward the pasture area.

Toulare directed his mount to follow while he eyed Feral rather oddly. It took Feral a few minutes to realize the wolf was confused by something.

"What's wrong?"

"Your pardon, sir. I thought you had been told. You were capable of small amounts of magic the moment you appeared on our world and the longer you are here, the stronger it will become," Toulare politely explained.

Feral gaped at him. "I can do magic! But I don't know the first thing about how to use it!"

"Be not concerned, sir. All are given training and I am certain Gutare has scheduled it to happen soon for you," the wolf assured him quickly.

'Wonderful, something else I have to learn,' Feral muttered bitterly to himself.

They spent another hour on the riding lesson then Toulare returned him to the courtyard where Gutare met him and he was whisked off to the baths. A little later, clean and wearing his barely there costume once more, Gutare took him to yet another area of the castle. He wished they would just give him a tour so he could find his own way around and shoes so he wouldn't chill his feet so much on these cold floors.

He was ushered into a comfortable study and a creature that looked something like an old badger stood up from behind a heavily littered desk.

"This is Aumire, he will be your instructor on the history of our world, its politics, and other various subjects the King wishes you to know." He told Feral then turned to the badger. "Aumire this is Feral, the King's new consort you were expecting. I will return for him in two hours."

The creature nodded and gestured for Feral to have a seat in one of the heavily padded chairs in front of his heavy wooden desk made of some kind of dark wood.

Feral sat reluctantly and eyed Aumire warily.

"First of all, sir, I want you to cast out any thought of trying to escape from here. As I give you an overview of the state of affairs for this world, you will learn escape is impossible," Aumire stated flatly giving Feral an uncompromising look.

Feral returned a stubborn one of his own but wisely held his tongue.

"This world is called Galanon. There are ten kingdoms in existence here. You are in one of the largest and most powerful. Next to this one is Maontzoar which is ruled by King Warkil, the second most powerful leader on the planet. The two kings have an uneasy alliance that has

lasted some 12,000 years since they came to power and will continue to do so as long as neither one encroaches on the others lands and chattels." Aumire intoned, warming up to his subject.

Feral gaped, 'I couldn't have heard that right!' "You mean the two kingdoms have been at peace for that long." He politely stated, hesitantly.

Giving Feral a frosty look, Aumire reiterated, "both Warkil and Bloodnor have ruled their kingdoms for more than 12,000 years."

"Impossible..." Feral blurted, plainly disbelieving such a thing.

"No one dies here, sir. The only time death occurs is if someone is alone when they have been badly injured, poisoned, fallen desperately ill or are so very old they simply fade away. There are also the dangers one encounters in the woods if they are foolish enough to go there alone. Except for the mentally infirmed, none travel alone anywhere on Galanon." He cut Feral off, baring his teeth in grim amusement at the consort's stunned expression.

Feral subsided into shocked silence.

"Now, to continue ... before peace was mandated, the world fought kingdom against kingdom and person against person, for 10,000 years before it finally dawned on everyone that the number of young being born had fallen dramatically. This brought a temporary cease fire while the healers among us did a census to determine if what was perceived was truly happening. The research discovered we would become extinct as a race in less than a hundred years if we didn't stop fighting." He paused and drank from a mug sitting between two stacks of books.

"This information effectively halted the killing. King Bloodnor and Warkil sent word to all the other minor kingdoms telling them what they had learned and demanded the fighting end now for the sake of all. It took another two years but finally Galanon was at peace and has been ever since. The law that's been in place since then is no life is to be wasted. A King or lord may punish a slave or subject but never kill. Which means, one could be punished to death's door but never past it. However, stopping the wars didn't halt the downward spiral of births. Very soon, it was realized, no new births were occurring at all and soon the population became static with the last birth occurring more than three thousand years ago." Aumire paused a moment to sigh, a look of sadness in his eyes.

"In hopes of preventing our extinction, the two most powerful kings began searching other worlds for fresh blood to mix with ours. For about a hundred years that seemed to work and more children were being born but that too ceased as it was learned the newcomers could only produce one to three children before becoming sterile. Our healers could not determine why this was happening though there were theories that our own magic could be at fault but no one has been able to prove it. It doesn't matter really as the kings decided to halt their attempts."

Fascinated, Feral interrupted Aumire to ask, "... but why stop? At least you were breeding."

"Because adding more sterile and immortal people to our population was self-defeating and we would still be extinct in the end so the practice was stopped. You are the first newcomer in a thousand years."

Feral sat back and absorbed this silently. Finally he said, slowly, "so despite my presence, I too will eventually become sterile and you'll be back to waiting for death to take you all. That just seems so stupid to me."

Aumire gave him a sharp look. "Do not question King Bloodnor's reason for acquiring you, that leads to pain you will never forget and with a long life to look forward to believe me that is something you want to avoid."

Pursing his lips tightly, Feral heard fear in Aumire's voice and wisely kept silent. The king

obviously used pain a lot to keep his subjects in line...he really wasn't surprised...Bloodnor struck him as a cruel and despotic ruler.

"Now enough of that subject. We still have many thousands of years left before extinction happens so let's move on to other subjects. Oh, and before I forget, do not entertain any thought of trying to leave here for King Warkil's kingdom. Though the two kings are evenly matched in power..."

Feral's heart lifted briefly at that statement. 'If he's as powerful as Bloodnor perhaps he'll send me home just to spite his rival...' he thought excitedly but his hopes were dashed with Aumaire's next words.

"... Warkil is ruthless, unpredictable, dangerous, and extremely cruel. His people flee his kingdom for ours due to his treatment of them. King Bloodnor is also ruthless but always fair. He treats his people with an even paw and is never deliberately cruel. He is not loved but he is respected because you know where you stand with him." Aumaire said flatly then handed Feral a pair of thick books. "Here are some books I want you to read that will explain more of our history and the various kingdoms. Now the next subject is on the political structure of the government here..."

Feral sighed inwardly in defeat and tried to listen closely to Aumire's lectures even though he was growing very tired and a bit bored. He was glad when Gutare returned to collect him an hour later.

He found it was lunch time and he was very hungry having not been given breakfast. After a brief stop in his new rooms to leave the books Aumire had given him, Gutare took him to the throne room where long trestle tables had been set out and food was being served to the upper aristocracy.

The King sat at a high table with several well dressed people that Feral remembered seeing when he had arrived yesterday. A seat beside Bloodnor was vacant and Feral discovered this was his.

Gutare escorted him to this seat, pulled his chair out for him to sit then pushed it in. Bloodnor smiled at him before turning to continue his conversation with a boar like person next to him. Feral looked away and down at his plate that a servant was filling with food. His appetite nearly vanished being forced to sit next to his rapist but he couldn't allow his strength to weaken so he forced himself to eat.

He nearly choked, moments later, when he felt a huge paw caress his bare thigh. He didn't dare turn his head but looked out of the corner of his eye and noted King Bloodnor was not even looking at him. He was still speaking to the Boar but his paw was definitely feeling him up and down his inner thigh and setting off sparks of heat through his body.

Horror held him frozen, unable to breathe. He thought the elixir had worn off this morning and yet, here was his body getting heated again at the King's caressing touch.

'Oh God! I'm going to go mad here!' He moaned as he struggled to calm himself and ignore what the king was doing. To distract himself, he reached for his goblet and downed most of its contents in one gulp. The fiery liquid, that was most definitely not wine, set him to coughing violently. The King turned back to him in mild amusement and pounded his back solicitously.

"That is a most excellent mead, my consort, but to the uninitiated it can be quite potent. Next time, sip it first." He admonished Feral. Light laughter followed the King's comment.

Feral gasped and choked a moment longer before he could catch his breathe. A servant politely handed him a glass of water which he drank gratefully.

'Kat's Alive! I can still feel the fire in my throat down to my stomach! I definitely don't want to be

drinking much of that.'

To his consternation, the King once more began caressing his thigh casually. Feral's appetite fled completely and what he had eaten sat in his stomach like lead. He tried to ignore it but the heated sensation began again and he found himself close to whimpering with need as his clitoris swelled and wetted with unwilling desire.

He bit his cheek as the tension rose higher and higher within his body until he simply couldn't take it anymore and jumped abruptly to his feet, fleeing through the archway he'd come through only a short time ago.

His chair fell backward with a loud crash as he raced away, managing to reach the opening before his body froze in mid run. Snapping what sense he had left, he screamed in helpless fury but no sound escaped his lips. Eyes froze wide, anguish and horror reflected in them, he continued to scream in his head..

The King was furious. His consort's behavior was unforgivable. Lunging up from his seat, he stormed to his consort's side, stepping in front of the frozen tom. What he saw made his eyes widen in surprise as he saw the state Feral was in. This had the effect of cooling his anger momentarily. Frowning, he made a slight gesture and received a full voiced scream in his face. Startled he shut Feral's voice off again and stared at his consort in consternation.

"Gutaire!" He roared.

"Yes, my lord!" Gutaire said breathlessly as he raced up to stand next to his king.

"Explain this," Bloodnor demanded pointing to his consort's face.

"Sir?" Gutaire squeaked in confusion before staring into Feral's face. Groaning inwardly, his heart tightened at the look of sheer terror on the tom's face. Swallowing hard he prepared to tell the king news he most definitely wasn't going to like.

When Feral had attempted suicide that morning, he had serious concerns about the creature's mental state. He really should have expected this to happen but somehow had convinced himself that things would be alright...how wrong he was.

"My deepest apologies, my lord. I underestimated your consort's ability to accept his new station in life and how fiercely he would fight being bonded or what lengths he would go to escape it."

"He is a warrior. Nothing he's encountered so far should have caused this breakdown."

"All I know, sir, is he's never been taken before and didn't handle the situation at all well so when you left him this morning, he attempted suicide to escape what he perceived as a no win situation. I healed him and hoped it was a temporary aberration but apparently his inability to accept your attentions just now has pushed him too far." Gutaire twisted his paws together in nervous tension as he waited to see what the king would do now.

Fury suffused the King's face as he gestured and Gutaire found himself being flung the length of the hall to hit the far rock wall. He felt bones break when he smashed against the stones. Agonizing pain filled him as his body slide limply to the floor. Laying there in a broken heap, trying desperately to breathe, he struggled not to scream which would only infuriate his liege even more.

The room went deathly still. No one wanted to give the furious King another target for his ire. All eyes turned to their food before them, none daring to look over at the poor mouse moaning across the room nor the crazed feline frozen like a macabre statute before the king.

Chest heaving with anger, King Bloodnor said nothing for several long minutes as he stared at

his consort's face again. Finally, he sighed and relaxed, letting his anger go as he flicked his fingers and sent Feral away. With the vanquishing of his consort from the hall, he turned to his guests who looked up attentively but careful to say nothing.

"I fear my consort needs a little extra attention from me right now. Please continue enjoying your meal and someone heal Gutare. I will see you all at the evening meal," he said in a surprisingly mild voice before turning away, cape swirling, as he made for his quarters.

His guests began whispering excitedly amongst themselves once they were sure the king was far enough away. While one of the servants quickly healed Gutare and helped him to his feet, the nobles in the hall debated hotly on what the chances were for the new consort lasting the week with his mind and body intact. Bets on Feral's survival were privately exchanged as they waited for Bloodnor to return.

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Chapter 4: Alone and Friendless by ulyferal

Feral screamed long and loud before realizing it was silent around him and he could move again. Blinking in bewilderment, it took his mind a bit longer to realize he was alone and in the king's small greeting room of their quarters.

Sucking in a breath and desperate to escape, he lunged for the door, yanking it open and immediately running into the King reaching for the door handle at the same time. Rebounding off the heavy body, Feral staggered, making a futile warding off gesture at the same time, not wanting anymore of Bloodnor's attentions.

To his and the King's shock, Bloodnor was sent flying backward to hit the stone wall of the corridor. It didn't do more than startle the lion who quickly recovered and lunged back into the room before Feral could figure out he had done magic for the first time. He rushed the tom and pressed him against the huge cabinet, pinning him.

"Well, this is a surprise. Your magic is very strong, my consort, but not as strong as mine!" Bloodnor said in amusement. "Do not try that again or I will be forced to punish you." He warned as he released the Kat to turn and close the door.

Feral rubbed his arms and shivered, eyes downcast. The King returned to his side and studied him a moment.

"Gutare says you are having difficulties accepting your new station. I find that hard to believe of a warrior. Explain why this is so hard for you?" He asked stroking the Kat's arm, casually.

Feral flinched and tried to escape the touch but had no where to go. Answering in a resentful tone, he said, "no one enjoys being raped which is what you're doing every time you touch or force me to have sex with you without my consent. Apparently, that elixir, Gutaire gave me is still working, making me respond to you. I hate it!"

Snorting in cruel amusement, Bloodnor continued to caress the Kat. "You are wrong. The elixir was only for that first time so you would relax and accept me easier but it is no longer in your body." He laughed at the skeptical look in Feral's eyes.

"Believe me, Feral, you respond to me due to the bond that was created the moment I declared you my consort and dominated you that first time. Our magic blended and bound us together, making us one. You belong to me for all time and can never resist or refuse my attentions. That is how a consort is tied to their King."

Feral felt sick to his stomach...bound to this creature for life? No...he had to find a way to escape. Swallowing, he jerked away from the king's touch, his eyes filled with hatred and loathing.

Bloodnor's eyes narrowed. "I have little time to get you with an heir before you are drawn back to your world. I have no time nor patience to wait for you to 'accept' me," his voice dripped scorn. Making one of those lightning moves he was known for, he snatched Feral's right arm and dragged him to the bedroom, throwing the tom onto the bed hard.

Feral tried to scoot backward to the other side to escape but the king grabbed an ankle. "No...let me go...I want to go home...I'm needed there and I've been missing far too long already," he begged, kicking at the paw holding him.

Growling, Bloodnor pulled the tom closer then leaped on top of the squirming body, caging the tom with his own heavy form. Eyeing him a moment, he said, "Time passes more swiftly here compared to your home. It is still the same night you left there. As soon as three moons pass on your world you will be returned home...if you are not pregnant. So you see...you haven't been gone long but by the time you return it will have been thirty sun passes in my world and by that time you will be fully mine. You will mourn for my touch and suffer until your moon rises and returns you to me."

Feral had a hard time believing what the king was telling him except for the part about his body needing and desiring the king's attentions. As that heavy body pressed him down on the bed, his sex grew heated and wet in anticipation while his mind railed and hated his compliance. However, there was nothing he could do about it.

Grinning with pleasure as the Kat's body willingly responded to him, the King leaned down and captured Feral's lips in a passionate kiss. Feral moaned and writhed helplessly against the hard body as Bloodnor magicked their clothes off then wrapped his paws under the Kat's buttocks and lifted urging the dark tom to wrap his legs around his waist.

Growling in hot desire, Feral complied then groaned when Bloodnor pierced him in one thrust. Setting a fast pace, the King pounded the Kat into the bed as they came in a fierce rush.

The lion's wings fanned the air for a moment, cooling them, as they regained their breath.

"Oh yes! You are truly a prize, my fierce warrior," Bloodnor growled darkly as he kissed Feral and began moving his hips once more. Another fiery climax later and Feral was limp and totally relaxed.

He'd chosen well. This Kat made his blood hot every time he touched him and none had been able to do that for centuries. He felt so alive and wonderfully sated. A brief frown shadowed his face at the thought of ever losing this wonderful creature...it would devastate him, he knew.

To prevent that from happening, he was determined to soak Feral in his scent, body, and magic to make sure the tom never forgot who he belonged to even when he was back on his home world.

Though he needed to be elsewhere, he was loathed to leave yet. Smiling to himself, he rolled his consort over onto his stomach. Beginning at the broad shoulders he kissed and nipped his way down the Kat's body.

Feral shuddered and moaned until he couldn't stand the teasing, raising his hips then tail in invitation, which the King accepted by licking the now dripping offering. This was not exactly what Feral had expected as he cried out in shocked pleasure, clutching the bedding with his claws.

Bloodnor brought Feral to another screaming climax just by tonguing him then while the Kat was still quivering from that, he reared up and mounted him, taking Feral's ruff in his mouth before setting a punishing pace, thrusting deeply into his consort's hot core. He drove himself in with such force, he caused his consort's arms to collapse which allowed the poor tom's face to be shoved into the bedding repeatedly.

He wished he could make this last...the sheer thrill of dominating his strong willed consort was intoxicating but Feral's approaching climax was squeezing him far too tightly. Minutes later the end came. Feral screamed and clenched down as Bloodnor thrust one more time before giving it up and roaring his own climax.

They collapsed to the bed in a sweaty heap. The King recovered first, purring and nuzzling the Kat's neck for a few languid minutes before sighing and removing himself reluctantly from his consort's body.

"As much as I truly wish to continue this I have a kingdom to run. Rest! I'll have food brought to you. You have books to study so I will leave you alone to do so and see you at evening meal. By that time, I expect you to have accepted your station as my consort and comport yourself accordingly or be punished. I want no repeat of the scene you caused at mid meal," Bloodnor warned as he gestured at himself, making clothes reappear on his body. Giving his consort another lingering look, he turned abruptly, opened the door and left.

Feral lay limp and exhausted, hatred burned in his eyes as he plotted how he was going to get out of this mess.

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On Arista, a mixed group of experts stood before the still glowing portal, trying desperately to understand it. It was hours since the full moon had set and since Feral had vanished through the portal. Dawn was due to rise in about an hour.

"We've ruled out many things but unless someone is willing to go through it, I truly don't see how we can rescue the Commander," the tired voice of Dr. Ohm stated unhappily.

T-Bone shook his head at that statement as he leaned against the Turbokat in mindless boredom just as he had from the start of this mess. He was no scientist but he remained in case someone needed him to retrieve yet another egghead or equipment. His partner wasn't a slouch in the smarts department so was automatically included as part of the group and not even that idiot Steele had dared to ask him to leave but it meant long hours of hearing them drone on about theories, quasars, aliens, and magic.

Though he wasn't a part of the scientific circle, when Dr. Ohm voiced his opinion, he didn't feel he could let the veiled suggestion go by without responding. "There's no way we'll volunteer to go into that thing as we can't be certain we would land where Feral is or find our way back. Besides, I, for one, refuse to leave the city defenseless..."

"Hey!" Steele exploded, irritated the annoying SWAT Kat was saying the enforcers couldn't do their jobs.

T-Bone blithely ignored him as he continued without missing a beat. "...and, on that, no matter how we feel about each other, I know Feral would agree. That doesn't mean we won't do what we can to help you all find a solution and get him back."

Ohm was affronted by the tabby's attitude but it was Professor Hackle who soothed everyone's ruffled fur. "No one is suggesting you do such a thing, T-Bone. It is far too dangerous."

"Unfortunately, there seems to be nothing we can actually do to the portal at this juncture anyway, and no telling what might happen to Feral if we did," Razor interjected, frustrated. "I guess the only thing we can do is keep a watch on this thing. Since it hasn't vanished, perhaps whoever or whatever took Feral may return him. Until then we need to make sure nothing happens to it."

"Don't worry about that, SWAT Kat, the enforcers have no intention of leaving this thing

unguarded. A detachment will be kept here round the clock," Steele said firmly, giving T-Bone the evil eye. "Sgt Fallon..." Feral's sturdy, assistant came forward. "Arrange it and stay on watch. Report anything that happens to me." Fallon gave a brisk, 'yes, sir' before saluting and moving away from the portal to speak on his radio. "I've got to return to headquarters. Keep me posted," Steele told the rest.

"Of course, Lt. Commander, however, since it is very late, we'll be breaking to get some sleep," Hackle murmured. Steele nodded, gave the portal a sour look before turning and heading for his car. Hackle sighed and turned to Razor and the others. "I'm afraid you are right, Razor. Just as I told Lt. Commander Steele, I suggest we all go home and get some much needed rest. Later today, hopefully, we'll be able to come up with some new insights on solving this puzzle," Since Hackle had been made the pro tem leader of this strange business by the other scientists, they agreed with his suggestion and began leaving.

"Sounds good to me!" T-Bone grunted, relieved to be able to go home. He was bushed.

"I'll be back too, Professor," Razor said smothering a yawn. "Here, use this to reach us if you need to..." he held out one of their communicators then he and T-Bone turned and left.

Only five minutes later, those still around, heard the Turbokat taking off then soaring overhead toward their hidden hangar.

Saying farewell to his colleagues and Sgt Fallon, Hackle gave the portal an unhappy look before walking away then passing through the enforcer cordon heading to his old pickup. He was really too old for this sort of thing but no one wanted to take it on. Sighing, he climbed laboriously aboard and started up the engine.

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After the King's departure, Feral sat on the bed stewing, his mind working furiously on how to save himself from a life of servitude to Bloodnor. His gaze fell on the books he was supposed to study. 'Would they hold an answer,' he wondered.

He was sore and he loathed the scent that coated his fur. Perhaps he should take a quick bath first before beginning his studies. Bloodnor hadn't forbidden him leaving his room so he crawled off the bed.

It hurt to walk but he ignored the pain as he got to his feet then stood indecisively in the middle of the room. 'How do I get clothes? I refuse to just parade around naked no matter how much the King likes to see me that way,' Feral thought in annoyance. 'Hmm, I'm supposed to be able to do magic and Bloodnor said mine was strong sooo...'

He kept it simple and concentrated on conjuring the robe he'd had on before. He felt something on his body moments later and shot his eyes open. To his pleased surprise, he was wearing the robe he'd envisioned. 'Well this changes things,' he thought as he stood there fingering it, his mind racing ahead to what this could mean in terms of escaping here.

With his mind on possible ways this could aid him in returning home while also keeping him sane and safe till he could do so, he tied the sash to the robe and slipped out of the room. He remembered the route Gutare had taken so made his way to the bathing room.

Still distracted with his thoughts of escape, Feral paid little heed to the others using the pool. Barely glancing at them, he made for a more secluded spot, dropped the robe on a nearby chair, before slipping into the water. He groaned with relief when the warm water soothed his abused parts.

Grabbing a bottle of what he remembered was a kind of cleansing soap, he squirted some in his palms and began washing. So wrapped up in his thoughts, he didn't hear the snickers at first but

as their laughter grew progressively louder, he finally took notice and gave them a frowning glance of confusion.

They were staring at him and pointing as they laughed with hilarity, some of the looks held vicious satisfaction as well. Confused, he looked down at himself and gasped in horror...his fur was now a bright red. Picking up the bottle, he poured a little into his palm and watched as a red fluid spilled out. He realized it must be some kind of harmless dye.

Slamming the bottle down, he turned to glare at the others, angrily. Though he was furious at them, he was more angry at himself. He knew the harem would try something on him...he'd warned himself of that in the beginning...but he had done just that, allowing himself to be distracted with danger nearby...stupid...he was just lucky they'd kept their anger to just malicious mischief and not something more serious.

One of them gave him angry eyes and a venomous smirk. "Wait till the King sees you now! He will punish you severely for allowing yourself to be caught off guard," she said viciously.

Feral was hard put to keep his shocked dismay from showing on his face, as a thrill of fear raced down his spine at her hard comment. Minor, the prank might have been, but its consequences were far more than he had realized. Bloodnor would indeed be furious at him for his carelessness. He knew just from his short interaction with the King, that even though he could point the finger at the guilty party, it would be he that would suffer Bloodnor's anger.

Careful to keep his stone face, he turned away from the harem and stared hard at the opposite wall. 'Think! Don't panic! You can find a way out of this!' He told himself firmly. 'If I was able to make a robe appear why couldn't I make this dye disappear.' Pausing a moment in deep thought, he realized something, 'magic is very tricky stuff, I might accidentally remove my fur along with the dye sooo... obviously I have to be very specific about my request.'

Clearing his mind, he carefully thought only of having the red dye removed from his fur then initiated the magic within him to accomplish it. A gasp from behind him, made him open his eyes and look down. He grinned in relief, his fur was back to normal. The smile vanished from his face as he quickly ducked down and rinsed off.

Time to get out of here, so he levered himself up out of the pool, displaying his powerful muscles, proving he was no bedchamber slave but a warrior. Never looking toward the others, he quickly dried off then pulled on his robe and strode regally along the pool edge for the door.

Only then did he glance in the harem's direction. He was met with a variety of looks; admiration, lust, and hatred. Looking away, he reached the door and stepped through. Hopefully his display of magical skill and muscled body would make the miscreants think twice before messing with him again, however, the ones that hated him the most, would still be likely to cause him significant problems. Yes, this lesson taught him he truly needed to be on his guard at all times...no excuses...no distractions.

He returned to the King's room to find food had been brought in during his absence. His stomach growled hungrily making him hurry to sit down and devour it. Replete some minutes later, he rose and went to pick up the books, taking them to a comfortable seat before the fire and settling down to learn what they had to say.

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Chapter 5: Pretending Acceptance by ulyferal

By evening meal, Feral had finished skim reading the books Aumire had given him. He was disappointed they held nothing of use except for one small paragraph that stated none of the kidnapes had ever been returned home and claimed they had adjusted without too much difficulty.

He slammed the book shut after reading that. 'Well I will be the first unadjusted one,' he snarled mentally. Gutaire popped into the room at that moment and told him it was time for dinner. He flicked his fingers and Feral was once more dressed in the barely there clothes the King preferred him in. He never commented on the fact Feral was already dressed in a robe, perhaps thinking the King had done it. This gave rise to an idea, hiding any new abilities on his part could well be of benefit to him when he found a way to escape. For the first time since his kidnaping, he smiled briefly, Gutaire never noticed.

Shaping his face into one of stone he normally used in his job, he followed the mouse down to the throne room. With no sign of emotion, he took his seat next to Bloodnor, not missing the pleased look on the King's face at his apparent submission. He would play the King's game...for now...it was safer that way.

He would nurse his hatred in secret, using it to fuel his fierce desire to return home. As he looked around at his dining companions, he spotted Aumire. He needed to stay on that creature's good side so he could get free access to the badger's extensive library. Once he had it, he would search until he found something that told him how to shut down the portal as well as how he could keep from being taken again once he was back on his side of it.

With a plan of action, he was able to accept Bloodnor's caress of his thigh, but was thankful the King desisted when the food was served. Hoping to learn what the King's plans were for the next few days, Feral listened intently as Bloodnor spoke angrily about some kind of disturbance on his northern borders.

Apparently, he was annoyed his knights had not been able to discover what the problem was exactly and to add fuel to his anger, King Warkil denied any knowledge of there even being a problem so he was being forced to go see for himself.

As he listened, Feral learned something useful. Bloodnor had been in power for so long, he nor his allies had learned any new strategies for solving their problems. Off the top of his head, Feral could think of several but wasn't about to volunteer his knowledge. Let the King flounder around. His own shortcomings could only be of benefit to Feral's plans and it didn't hurt that the King would be away thus giving him a much needed break from the forced sex.

After dinner, he was wary when the King gave him specific orders to spend time in the harem.

"As consort you are in command of them so get to know them well...their weaknesses and strengths...and show them who is in charge now. They know they must obey you but they are spoiled and pampered so will be resistant. I expect you to do what is necessary to insure they understand very clearly you are to be obeyed and your orders heeded as if they were mine."

"I will do what's required, sir," Feral said formally, while hiding any sign he was unhappy with his orders. He really didn't want anything to do with the harem as he would have no time for them as he searched for his escape, but didn't dare disobey as things had a way of getting to the king way too quickly.

When he was given permission to leave the hall some minutes later, he hurried to get this distasteful task over with quickly.

Reaching the archway of the harem's public area, he hesitated a moment to collect himself. Taking a deep breath, he stepped through the bead curtain to a fully occupied room. The harem apparently liked to congregate after dinner before seeking their beds. They used the time to do a variety of things like: soaking in the pool, having sex, braiding hair, grooming each other, playing games, reading, sewing, or just simply talking.

Except for those few mating couples in the darkened corners of the room, everyone else had ceased their activities to stare at him silently. The only sounds were those of sexual congress.

Stepping completely into the room, he made for a padded chair set along the wall near the archway. Sitting down, he folded his arms over his chest and pointedly stared at the couples having sex for a long moment, making it obvious to the others, he was waiting for them to be done.

He let no emotions leak out as he waited in silence, letting his gaze circle the room. The rest of the harem shifted uncomfortably, eyes sending various messages of confusion, concern, anger, and hatred but no one was willing to speak to him. He ignored the looks and waited for the couples to complete their activity. Noisy crescendos marked the end of the orgies and, only after they had caught their breath, did they note the sudden silence in the room then saw Feral.

Now that he had everyone's full attention, he spoke in that same 'command' tone he used with his enforcers. "The King has informed me that I am in command of the harem. Since this wasn't something I did in my prior life, I have no idea what this job entails, so I require one of you to brief me on the rules."

"I expect complete honesty. If you think to give me inaccurate or misleading information know this...punishment I suffer for that false information will be meted out to the liar swiftly by me. I make no bones about my dissatisfaction with being here but I have no choice. I will do what's required of me. I was a commander of troops and will brook no insubordination from anyone. When you've been given an order to do something, I expect that order to be followed swiftly and completely. Any questions?"

Out of the shadows of another doorway that most likely led to their quarters, the weasel female that had shown him such hatred and disdain upon their first meeting, entered the room.

"Exactly how do you intend to force us to comply?" She asked with lazy insolence.

Feral eyed her a long moment, frowning. These creatures were totally unknown to him so he didn't know their strengths or weaknesses. Since magic was used exclusively here, even the King's punishments were meted out with magic, perhaps a more physical approach would be totally unfamiliar. He hated using brute force but he had to gain order immediately. The harem was a direct threat to him and he needed them cowed if he was to complete the mission he'd set himself.

The weasel female was the perfect target for this 'lesson' as she was the most defiant against his authority. He rose from his seat and casually strolled to her side in a non-threatening manner, his body not giving her any idea what he was up to.

Her eyes narrowed warily and her body tensed but when he did nothing but stand next to her, she looked confused, though her hatred still gleamed hotly from her eyes.

"I don't know. How do you think I should do it?" He asked mildly, looking down at her with an , intimidating stare.

She scowled and tried to look unafraid as she said snottily, "well, I'm certainly not going to tell you. Figure it our for yourself."

"Really! An excellent idea!" He said in a deceptively mild tone before moving with the swiftness of his kind to swing an open palm at her head, snapping it back and knocking her off her feet into the wall nearby. She hit it with a loud smack then slid to the floor, a shocked and dazed look in her eyes.

He walked over and gazed coldly down at her crumbled form. She flinched away as she stared up at him nervously, her head ringing, a paw coming up to rub a cheek where a rising welt was forming.

"I don't know how to use magic but I do know how to fight. That was mild compared to what I am

capable of as a warrior trained in fighting."

Turning away, he gave the harem a stern, cold gaze, noting the shock and fear in their eyes. "I am a warrior!" He roared, raising his fists over his head, showing off his firm and powerful musculature. "No matter what I'm being used as now, I ... am ... still ... a ... warrior...never forget that. Don't expect any form of gentleness from me."

Eyeing them for a long moment and watching their gazes drop from his one after the other, he finally dared to relax and lower his arms having firmly made his point. In a calm, no-nonsense voice, he demanded, "Someone volunteer to tell me my duties, now!" Silence fell as they stared at each other nervously. Finally, one found the courage to stand up and step forward to answer him. "I will, sir!" It was the rabbit female who had been braiding the fox female's hair when he came in. She was afraid and couldn't meet his eyes but there she stood nonetheless ... he liked her spunk.

Nodding, he grunted, "Good! Is there somewhere we may speak in private?"

"Your room is the most private, sir," she said, timidly.

"No thank you!" His voice dripped disgust and loathing.

"You really don't like doing your duty for the King...do you?" A wolf male ventured to speak, hesitantly, his expression surprised and confused.

Feral didn't answer, merely glared at the wolf showing clearly what his true feelings were on the subject of the King.

Unable to let it go since it seemed so wrong to him, the wolf tried to explain. "We are all lovers of the King and feel greatly blessed to lay with him for he is very skilled in the art of sex. Every one of us wishes to be his favorite but he refuses to chose such, preferring to rotate us as his desires move him. However, since your arrival, he desires only you and no one else which is how it should be when one is the consort. It is a great honor but you spurn his attentions...nay...you truly hate being with him and we cannot understand why this is. Would you please explain, sir?" Feral sighed, he really didn't want to talk about this but since the wolf clearly wanted to understand his negative feelings and was polite in his asking, he reluctantly answered. "First of all, rape is wrong and that is what the King is doing each and every time he takes me. If I seem to be enjoying it, that's my body not my mind. My body responds favorably to him due to the spell he cast on me but in my mind I rail at his selfishness and my helplessness to stop him. I hate him for that. Where I come from non-consensual sex is illegal and looked upon with abhorrence."

Many gasps of shock and dismay greeted that comment though he was certain it wasn't because they thought rape was a bad thing but that he thought it was. Apparently, it was a common occurrence for them to be taken without their permission, so they thought nothing of it or at least, they knew they had no choice so why object.

"Secondly, I object strongly to being taken from my home by some arrogant and selfish King who wanted me as his concubine for the sole purpose of getting him an heir. My feelings on the matter don't concern him. I'm a possession nothing more."

The wolf frowned, he still wasn't certain he understood what this male was so upset about. "I still don't understand your hostility in this matter, sir. None of us wanted to be taken from our homes, that's true. However, our lives weren't so special that living here was such a bad tradeoff, especially with a generous lover like the King. We're treated well, are fed, clothed, and allowed a modicum of freedom, something none of us truly had in our old lives."

Feral shook his head. These people's homes must have been hell for them to accept this kind of humiliation and virtual slavery as a welcome alternative but that didn't apply to him.

"Your lives may have been so bad that this is considered paradise but for me it's a nightmare. My home may have problems but it contains over six million souls and I am their protector from all those who would try to harm it. My job was important to me...I loved it...it was my life. This..." he gestured to the room at large, "...is a prison and I hate it."

The harem shared similar looks of consternation, shock and fear. This stranger was nothing like the previous newcomers they'd welcomed into the harem. Many felt sympathy for him as it did sound like his world was something truly special and it was unusual for a harem member to have had an important position prior to coming here. No wonder he was unhappy.

Several others simply feared him. They were concerned he would make their lives as miserable as his own since it was obvious he would never accept being the King's consort. This made him dangerous and unpredictable. There was no doubt he was powerful and could possibly match the King's abilities one day...also he was a warrior not a bed slave. Yes, he would be a problem and they had no clue how to handle this new development.

The weasel female had recovered and gotten to her feet, but kept her distance and remained subdued, as she listened to what Feral had to say. When silence had fallen, she carefully ventured, "perhaps you should try to leave then, if you hate it here so much." Her face was healed but she wisely didn't bait him again.

"An excellent idea, got any thought on how I'd accomplish it?" Feral asked sarcastically. "Only the King has the power to return me and he's made it very clear he'll never do that. I've already learned he's one of the two most powerful leaders here and that King Warkil is most likely a bit insane and too vicious to trust so have you any other bright ideas?"

She shook her head rapidly, terror gripping her heart as she quickly lowered her eyes, refusing to answer. If she voiced any ideas they would get back to the King and her punishment would be severe. She was learning quickly that this creature was very smart, dangerous and a threat to her way of life in the harem. Though afraid of him, revenge still burned within her. She would find some way to make him pay for her humiliation and for taking all their places with the King. She had some planning to do.

Having cowed the harem as much as he was able, though he was afraid that weasel could still cause him grief if he didn't stay on guard, Feral turned to the rabbit female again and gave her a demanding frown. Blushing, she hurriedly gestured for him to follow her into their living quarters.

The hallway the weasel had entered from had many rooms along it, none of them had doors. To achieve some kind of privacy, colorful hangings of cloth were hung. Stopping at one that had a bright fuchsia sheet over it, she raised it for him to enter then followed.

Inside, the room contained only a bed sitting on a wooden pallet with a heavy coverlet and a handful of pillows on it, a massive armoire sat against one wall, a small mirrored table with small stool was across from it. There was no closet and no bathroom which meant they owned very little and shared a communal bathing area.

She gestured hesitantly to the stool as she seated herself gracefully on the bed. He sat again but this seat was harder than the one in the main harem area so his abused parts hurt causing him to hiss softly in discomfort. The King had not healed him from their earlier coupling so he was still sore.

The rabbit stared at him in nervous surprise. "You are in pain? Has no one offered to heal you?" She asked in concern then a look of fear slipped across her face. "Are you being punished?" Her voice hushed and worried.

"No, not that I'm aware of and... no... no one has offered. If you haven't noticed, no one cares much for my welfare except for the King and his interest is only in keeping me healthy so he can use me for breeding and his own pleasure."

"Aye, that may be so, but he would be furious if none aided you when you are still hurting unless he inflicted it for punishment. Gutare knows this and wouldn't have allowed you to suffer long. That is his responsibility as the keeper of the King's quarters. However, since no has done this duty, then I must see to it." With that she raised her small paw and made a light gesture toward Feral's seated form.

He startled when the pain disappeared instantly then sighed in relief, giving her a grateful nod. "Thank you!" He eyed her a moment and asked, "can you show me how to do that?"

"I'm sorry but only Carthmore is allowed to teach newcomers how to use their magic. You should be seeing him tomorrow."

He sighed inwardly, hating the fact he had to wait for this training. It would have been nice to know how to ease the soreness he knew he would be feeling by morning. Well, nothing for it but wait until he saw this Carthmore fellow tomorrow. With no one on his side, he didn't relish the thought of 'suffering' the King's repeated attentions without the ability to heal himself.

Over the next hour, the female, whose name was Glory, explained the workings of the harem and what he would probably be expected to do. She said they hadn't had a consort for more than a thousand years so she was sorry she didn't remember all the things required of one.

"What happened to the last consort?" Feral asked curiously.

"She displeased the King and was traded to King Warkil for some reponses," she said dismissively. Apparently the last consort wasn't liked by the harem either.

Before Feral could think of anything else to ask, a powerful, commanding voice called for him from down the hall. Immediately knowing it was the King, the two of them hurriedly went back down the hall to the harem communal area.

Just as he stepped into the room, a heavy paw immediately swept him off his feet and dropped him to his knees on the cushioned floor.

Startled and angry, he made an attempt to get up but a heavy body laid down on him and grabbed his scruff with their mouth. Feral choked in fury but need and the bond forced his compliance. The harem surrounded them, all were on their knees, paws in their laps, faces watching, obviously because of an order by the King.

This was worse then when the King took him in private...so many eyes were watching his humiliation as his traitorous body responded without hesitation to the King's possession of him. With no preparation, Bloodnor plunged into his consort's hot channel and set a punishing pace bringing them to a fierce climax...Feral screaming and the lion roaring.

He pulled free of his consort and gathered the tom in his arms and carrying the limp weight to the bathing room, the harem following respectfully. He didn't release Feral as he walked down the stairs into the pool, their clothing vanishing as the water covered them.

The King kept an arm around the Kat's waist as he moved them into deeper water. Halting when the water reached mid-chest, Bloodnor pulled his consort into his embrace and nuzzled the dark furred neck and shoulder. Feral groaned helplessly as the combination of the King's nibbling and the warm water made him heated again.

"Put your legs around me, my warrior," Bloodnor ordered softly putting his huge paws under Feral's buttocks to support the Kat.

Responding instantly, Feral brought his legs up, letting the lion line them up so he could plunge straight into his consort's hot channel. He didn't thrust as usual though, instead he made small

movements in and out plus added a swirl of his hips so his pubic hair brushed against Feral's clitoral hood, tickling it.

Feral gasped and squirmed wildly, his eyes huge with lust. Mewing loudly, he desperately wanted the King to stop teasing him, it was getting too intense and driving him crazy. Bloodnor leaned in and bit Feral hard on the neck and plunged deeper, then held his position and slipped a finger into Feral's rear until he touched the prostate gland.

Feral screamed and sparks went off in his head as he came in a nearly continuous wave of orgasmic pleasure. A muffled growl escaped the King as he came at the same time.

Wrung out and sated for the moment, Feral became limp as a rag as the King released his teeth from the Kat's shoulder. He kissed Feral's panting face, crooning, "so good...so responsive...you please me greatly, my consort." Slowly, he pulled out then turned the tom's body until his back was against the King's broad, powerful chest, one arm around the chest the other supporting him around the waist while Feral recovered. He bent his head and nuzzled the dark neck. Raising his head a moment later, he signaled two of his harem, the male wolf and rabbit female, to come to his side. They swam quickly over to him and waited.

"Show my consort how talented you are." They nodded. Both took deep breaths then dove under the water. The King rested his back against the pool wall and kept hold of Feral, supporting the Kat for what was to come.

The wolf went for Feral's cock and the rabbit his clitoris, beginning to lick and nibble at it. Feral's eyes widened and he tried to writhe away but the King chuckled deeply in his chest and held him more tightly. "Enjoy it my consort, they are very skilled."

Feral cried out in pleasure as the wolf, who held the tom's legs still so he couldn't thrash about, sucked strongly on the Kat's sizable cock. The tension in Feral's body rose to a fever pitch, the sensation nearly as torturous as the King's attention earlier. It reached an unbearable level until he came screaming, his body bucking wildly.

The pair rushed to the surface and panted for air, looking to the King for further orders.

"That will be enough, my pets...excellent as always. I think it's time for my consort and I to head to bed," Bloodnor rumbled in good humor as he tenderly held his consort in his powerful arms and carried him out of the pool.

Several of the harem stood by with towels so when the King left the water, they immediately began to dry him. He let Feral's legs down but held the shaky Kat with one arm so he could be dried thoroughly. When the harem was done with their task, Bloodnor swung Feral into his arms once more and carried him to his quarters, there to continue his quest for an heir.

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Chapter 6: Learning Magic by ulyferal

Feral woke the next morning with Bloodnor laying beside him. He growled savagely in his mind. Last night was burned in his memory. The humiliation was worse than those before it and undermined his 'supposed' authority in the harem. He grit his teeth wishing the King would leave as he usually did in the mornings.

The King stirred at that moment and pulled Feral closer to him, rubbing his body and very hard cock against the Kat's backside. Feral helplessly writhed and moaned at the feel of that hot pole against him. Inwardly he cursed the fact that this felt soo good and he was already wet and ready for the King to take him.

"Hmmm...so eager my exquisite one. Aaaaah...yesss...so hot...so tight...you are so fantastic..." Bloodnor growled hotly as he slipped inside Feral's welcome heat. He nipped and licked the

dark tom's neck as he set a quick pace that had them both groaning in mad desire.

Feral clutched the bedding as he was pounded hard by the King's hard cock. 'Oooooh...gods... ..soo good...' he thought mindlessly as his body surrendered to the King's possession. The end came rapidly as Feral clenched and spasmed then exploded taking the King with him over the precipice.

They lay panting as they regained their breathe and their hearts slowed. The King slowly withdrew from Feral, who groaned unwillingly in regret.

"Time to be up, my consort. You have lessons to attend, riding this morning and magical training this afternoon. I expect nothing but the best from you," he admonished as he spanked Feral on the butt as he climbed from the bed and left for the bathing room.

Feral lay sore and breathless from the stunning wake up call. 'God's if only it didn't feel so good.. I hate him for making me feel this way...needing him! I may never be able to have sex again if I'm somehow fortunate to return home permanently. Damn him!' He hissed savagely to himself as he slowly got out of bed and made his way to the privy.

He wished he could ease his soreness before sitting in the saddle as he prepared to get on his Repnorse later that morning. Sitting at breakfast had been difficult enough but this would be almost unendurable. He couldn't completely bite back the groan of pain as he settled onto the back of his mount. Sweat broke out on his brow from the burning torment. Bloodnor had been particularly enthusiastic last night then add in this morning's activity and it felt like a burning hot poker between his legs.

"Are you injured," Toulare asked, eyeing him anxiously. "You should have spoken rather than suffer needlessly," he said fretfully, making the same gesture Feral had seen all of them make when healing. The pain was gone in an instant and he couldn't help but sigh in relief.

"Thank you. As for asking...I prefer not to admit to any weakness. I have no one I trust here and though I appreciate your healing me, you did it to prevent the King's wrath falling on you and not because you cared whether I was in pain or not," Feral said bluntly, turning his Repnorse toward the gates.

Toulare flushed angrily but didn't respond to that statement...it was the truth after all. "Shall we get started?" He asked, rather tight lipped.

Feral just nodded and kicked his mount lightly to get it to head out. Riding allowed him to think and pretend he was free for just a little while. Toulare wasn't given to idle chatter and spoke only when he had information to impart.

They rode along the edge of the forest for several miles before turning back and going to a gallop toward the castle. Toulare admitted to the Kat that since Feral was such a fast learner, no further lessons would be necessary when they dismounted in the castle courtyard a couple of hours later. Feral merely nodded and tossed the reins to Toulare, heading back to the King's apartment.

He went to the bathing rooms to prepare for lunch, no one was there, thankfully. At lunch, the King was not in attendance, much to Feral's relief. He was able to eat his food undisturbed and his table mates ignored him, which he preferred. When he had finished, Gutaire arrived at his side and escorted him to yet another part of the castle. They climbed a steep stair to a tower room.

Gutaire opened a door into a rather spacious apartment. The front area held a number of heavy chairs, a desk littered with papers and books, filled bookcases lined the walls and weird, indefinable items were strewn about on top of them. A thick carpet covered the center of the floor and a huge fireplace dominated one wall. Only a slit window let in a little sunlight while the rest of the place was illuminated with those strange energy balls.

There were three other doors off the circular room. One opened and in stepped an old male wolf wearing heavy forest green robes. He wore two braids to either side of his head and the rest of his brown, streaked with grey, hair fell past his shoulders. His odd eyes, one amber, one blue, stared into Feral's gold ones, piercingly as he moved across the floor without making a sound. Soft black boots shod his feet but Feral doubted that was the reason the wolf was so silent on his feet.

The odd wolf sent a shiver of fear down Feral's spine, making his fur stand on end much to his dismay. This seemed to amuse the creature as a tiny smile tugged at his mouth. Feeling he was being laughed at, Feral stared back defiantly. Though the creature appeared harmless, the Kat didn't think turning his back to the old wolf was a good idea.

"This is Carthmore. He will be giving you instructions on how to utilize your magic. I think you'll be able to find your way back to your apartment so I will see you for evening meal." Gutaire apparently didn't like this wolf much either because he wasted no time in departing after making the brief introduction.

The wolf, Carthmore, continued to stare at Feral with interest and mild amusement for several minutes longer, making Feral irritable and uneasy.

"So you are the prize the King was willing to risk everything for," Carthmore mused aloud, not really addressing the Commander. He came closer and looked Feral over as he circled him. Returning to the front of the Kat, he cocked an eyebrow. "What do you know of magic?" He asked abruptly.

Feral felt stiff and on guard as he answered truthfully. "Nothing. It's known in my world but only in the past. We have no use for it in modern times since science and technology have replaced it."

"Science..." Carthmore spat scathingly. "Bah! Science is of no use here so best you forget you even knew it! Fortunately, from studying your aura when you stepped in here, I could see you have a considerable reservoir of magical energy at your core, probably dormant until you arrived on Galanon. No doubt you had an ancestor or two who possessed a magical core and most likely used magic actively in that past you mentioned. Because of that, you should have no difficulty learning to use magic, unlike those pampered pets that came before you. Let's just test you and see, hmm?" Carthmore said as he made for the door he had entered. "Come along...don't dawdle." Though reluctant, Feral followed him.

This new room resembled what Feral often thought the Pastmaster's tower, the sorcerer tried to convert city hall into resembling when he first appeared, would have looked like. All the typical magical stuff was here...a crystal ball on a strange pedestal with a bony hand holding it, a smoking cauldron hanging on a hook in a small fireplace, a big bowl sat on a marble pedestal filled with water, various so called tools of the trade on tables and bookcases filled with magical tomes. There were no windows only the floating light balls.

He stepped toward the bookcase keeping his front to the wizard as the other closed the door.

"Now, the basic magic one needs to exist on Galanon is very simple. You must picture what you want done and it will happen. The only criteria really is to be very specific in your request. A rather open ended request could have devastating consequences." The wolf began ponderously.

Feral sighed inwardly in relief. His guess about how magic was used here had been the right one. He listened very closely as the wizard demonstrated and had Feral mimic him. After a half hour, the wizard seemed pleased with Feral's quickness.

"That was very well done. It's truly a pleasure to be teaching a warrior rather than some of those bubble headed bed mates that preceded you. Beauty but no brains at all though there were a few that displayed a vicious and cunning mind. I'd be very leery of them," Carthmore said mildly.

Feral was surprised the wizard was warning him at all but he counted that as his first lucky break since he'd gotten here. Now if he could just stay on this wizard's good side, he might learn more about how to defend himself and perhaps find the answer of how to escape here in one of those books in this room.

"Now for the more difficult magic...defense and healing...on this you must pay very close attention. First the healing..." Carthmore moved to a wall and pulled down a surprisingly detailed map of a creature's anatomy. Feral couldn't tell what beast was the sample, though it appeared to be a mammal at least.

"It's very important that you know what your body looks like inside before you can even begin to try to heal anything..." Carthmore gave him an anatomy lesson switching to one that more closely resembled himself as he explained.

More than a couple hours later, Feral's head felt like it was about to explode from the overload of information when Carthmore ended the lessons. The wizard had gone to a bookcase to his right and retrieved some books then handed them to Feral.

"Ordinarily, I would not let these leave my tower but I can tell you will actually read and learn from them. Those others took weeks to learn the simplest things. You are a special case. I am aware that you face a great deal of enmity being the King's consort. The strength of your energy will enable you to defend and heal yourself better than anyone in the harem and provide you some protection from the lower ranking aristocracy. Be warned! There are those who would risk the King's wrath to torment you and have the ability and power to do so. Don't lower your guard for any reason. Before you leave, I want to show you at least one basic defense spell. Now pay attention..." Carthmore demonstrated the same motion he'd done by accident on the King.

Feral repeated it flawlessly, sending a heavy chair across the room, hitting the wall with a hard bang.

"Excellent! I want you to take these herbs, mix them in hot water and down it quickly. It doesn't taste nice but it will ease the suffering from the reaction headache you are already suffering due to using so much concentrated magic over a long period. You will need to rest for an hour or so then you'll be fine. Come back after the midday meal tomorrow and we'll go over what you've studied." Carthmore handed Feral a packet of herbs he'd gotten from a nearby work table then escorted the Kat out of the work room to the main living space. Feral gave him a respectful nod, despite his pounding head, then left the tower room, closing the door firmly behind him.

He hurried down the stairs and up another set to the King's apartments without incident. His head felt like someone was pounding on it with a hammer by the time he stepped through the door of Bloodnor's quarters.

Looking around quickly, he saw a kettle hung over the smoldering fireplace in the outer room and sighed in relief. He took one of the two mugs he found in the cupboard, filled it with the herbs, added water, and swirled it around a bit before drinking the muddy looking brew. Just as Carthmore had warned, the stuff tasted nasty. Grabbing one of the cookies Gutare had given him before from the cupboard, he chewed it slowly which helped take away the awful taste in his mouth a little.

Setting the mug on the sideboard before the cupboard, he walked into the bedroom, rubbing his head, eyes nearly shut from the pain. He crawled into the bed, pulling the covers over his body and tried desperately to relax as he waited for the herbs to work. It seemed to take forever before the drink finally eased his throbbing head enough for him to fall asleep.

Some time later, someone was shaking his shoulder. He jerked awake and sat up so suddenly, he startled Gutare. He blinked blearily a moment before he realized his headache was gone but his stomach was complaining that it was hungry. He frowned at Gutare questioningly.

"I came to prepare you for the evening meal," Gutaire said imperiously, waiting for Feral to bestir himself.

Feral yawned and slipped his legs from beneath the blanket to the floor. "Is the King back?"

"Yes. He has brought some guests with him and desires you to look your best at his side."

Feral growled when he saw what could only be something a harem female would wear which was nearly nothing. "You've got to be kidding! I'm a warrior not some frippery female from the harem."

Gutaire snapped, "this is what the King desires you to wear. Do you wish to tell him how much you dislike it?"

Inside Feral shuddered at that threat but outwardly he showed no sign that Gutaire had scored a hit. He just looked at the mouse coldly. This wasn't the response the mouse expected so was a bit flustered when he completed Feral's ensemble with another flick of his fingers.

A long red cloak made of some kind of silky material was held by gold chain with clips around his neck and hung to his ankles. He did finally have pants on even though they were so thin and sheer looking there wasn't much left to the imagination of what he looked like underneath. A red vest with gold embroidery all over it leaving the front of his chest bare making him wonder why he wore it all.

His hair had been pulled back with red ribbon tied in an intricate knot and wore braids down each side of his face tied with gold ribbons and beads. He was adorned with his usual jewelry as well. What really pissed him off was he wasn't given any footwear and the floors were cold.

Once he was completely dressed, Gutaire hustled him down to the main hall. The room was noisy with the sound of many voices talking seemingly at once. The King's guests apparently had large retinues as the place was packed. A long table had been set up on the King's dias to accommodate the leaders that were visiting him. An empty seat awaited his arrival next to Bloodnor.

Feral eyed the huge bear-like creature sitting next to the King but it was the tiger-like creature with wings sitting next to him, that sent a ripple of nervous tension down his back, though he couldn't say why. The King looked very pleased as the Commander took his seat next to him.

"Here is my consort! A handsome creature, is he not?" The King shouted with pride to his guests as he placed a paw on Feral's neck for a moment.

"Indeed. And you say this warrior is capable of breeding?" The bear rumbled in an impossibly deep voice, skepticism lacing it.

"Oh yes! He has a large firm cock and a very hot and welcome female orifice. I've enjoyed that particular aspect for several nights passing." The King leered, obviously in a good mood.

The tiger's eyes narrowed speculatively at Feral, making the Kat's fur rise uneasily. He would have to be extra alert while these visitors were around. Thankfully, dinner was served at that moment, drawing everyone's attention away from him.

The only thing that spoiled Feral's enjoyment of his meal was the King placing his paw on his thigh and caressing him while they ate. He couldn't keep his face from blushing with heat. He flicked his eyes unhappily at the King and accidentally met the eyes of the tiger. The stranger had a lustful gleam in his eyes. Feral swallowed hard and struggled to make it through the meal.

He was relieved when the King dismissed him finally after the meal was over and the

entertainment began. He walked with dignity to the archway leading out of the hall but when he was out of sight, he ran up the stairs to the King's apartment as fast as he could. Only when he was safely behind the heavy door of the bedroom did he finally relax.

Sighing in relief, he flicked his fingers and made the obscene clothing disappear, replacing it with his robe. However, he didn't dare remove the jewelry or the bindings in his hair least he incur Bloodnor's wrath. The King might excuse Feral for stripping his clothes off but the jewelry...he wasn't so sure about.

One thing did make him happy though, being able to use magic that easily. More comfortable now and not sleepy, due to the nap he had earlier, he decided this was a good time to begin reading the books Carthmore had given him. He carried them to one of the seats before the fire, studied all three of them before picking one to start on.

It was some time later when his eyelids began to droop, the words blurring, that he realized he'd dozed off briefly, the book, open to where he'd stopped, in his lap. Yawning, he stretched and looked around. Something had awakened him but it wasn't the King. Frowning, he listened closely and heard the door in the outer room close. The footsteps weren't those of Bloodnor.

Lunging to his feet, the book sliding to the floor, he stared at the door which opened to reveal the tiger guest.

The tiger's green eyes glittered in the fire light as he beheld Feral holding his robe tightly closed and staring at him in anger and fear. Grinning with anticipation and lust, the tiger slipped into the room, closing the door firmly behind him.

Feral took an involuntary step backward, his heart hammering in his chest as he watched the tiger glide closer to him. Knowing exactly what the tiger wanted, Feral leaped backward, knocking his chair over and nearly sending himself sprawling but fortunately, he had sprung high enough to land on the floor at the foot of the huge bed.

However, despite his quick maneuver, the tiger was faster still and leaped at Feral, sending them both to the floor with the tiger firmly on top. In a panic, Feral made a quick warding off gesture which forcefully sent the tiger flying back toward the door again.

Scrambling to his feet, Feral made for the far side of the heavy bed to put some distance between him and the intruder.

Not the least bit deterred, the tiger leaped to his feet and once more stalked toward the Commander. Feral prepared to ward the tiger off again but was shocked when the gesture was aborted by a counter one from the stranger which shoved Feral back against the wall..

The tiger gave a rumbling chuckle in his throat as he made short work of the distance between them. Fear giving him speed, Feral dropped to the floor and rolled beneath the bed.

Stunned, the tiger tried to fetch the Kat out but Feral was staying firmly in the center and smacking the tiger's paws hard and firm with his fists to keep him from pulling him out. Snarling angrily, the tiger used magic to cause Feral to slide out from under the bed and into his arms.

Smirking triumphantly, the tiger used some kind of binding spell to make Feral's limbs freeze. Helpless now, the tom could do nothing as the tiger lifted him up onto the bed on his back. The tiger partially released the spell to allow him to pull Feral's legs apart.

When Feral could feel his legs again, he kicked out smartly, sending the tiger against the wall but with a roar, the tiger quickly sprang back, grabbed both legs in a cruel tight grip then voiced a spell in a language Feral didn't know which immediately made ropes appear, one on each of his ankles then tied themselves around each of the heavy posts of the bed.

Feral struggled violently but to no avail. The tiger stared down at his prize with evil pleasure. It was obvious he liked what he saw.

"I can see what the King's likes about you. Let's see if you live up to his boasts as well." He opened the front of his clothing to reveal a large, already hard cock that dripped precum showing just how excited he was. Without any foreplay, the tiger found the Kat's female opening and probed it with his cock for a moment before slamming into the hot channel.

Feral wasn't ready for the intrusion so it hurt...a lot...he cried out in pain as the tiger began to thrust furiously. His screams of pain seemed to please the rapist as he continued to pound into Feral. Tears of humiliation and pain ran down the dark tom's face as he writhed in agony. In very little time, though it seemed like forever to the Kat, the tiger roared his release as he emptied his seed into his unwilling victim.

Pleased with his conquest, the tiger slipped free, a small amount of blood was on his cock. With a smirk he stroked a paw down the Kat's torso. "The King was right you are an incredible prize. My father will be pleased to learn of such a treasure. I suggest my handsome one that you plan on being taken sometime soon. Bloodnor has had you long enough!" He promised with pleased anticipation lighting his eyes.

The tiger left Feral splayed out on the bed, though he did release the magic that had Feral pinned down. He tucked his cock away, fixed his clothes then made for the door where he paused. He made the healing gesture and Feral's rape was gone without a trace except for the memory.

"A warning, precious one! Tell not the King of what just transpired. He will not forgive you for letting yourself be taken even if it wasn't your fault. He's harsh that way." With that chilling reminder of the King's temper, the tiger opened the door and slipped out, closing it tightly behind him.

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Chapter 7: Holding his own in a hostile world by ulyferal

Feral jerked upright as soon as he heard the tiger leave through the anteroom door. Though the tiger had healed all signs of his rape, his mind would always remember it had happened.

'I've been raped again!' He thought furiously. All his newly trained magical skills had not aided him at all! The scent of sex and the stranger hung heavily in the air. A second later, his mind processed what would happen if the King were to walk in now.

Terror filled him...galvanized by fear he leapt off the bed, pulled on his robe and stood, shakily, in the center of the room and concentrated. Several moments later, he opened his eyes and took a deep sniff. The scents that shouldn't be there were gone...he went limp with relief then stiffened again as he realized he needed to cleanse his fur as well. Concentrating again, he willed his scent to return to normal.

He stood still for a long moment, processing all that had happened. The tiger had said something in parting that made him aware that his life had become even more complicated. He couldn't even tell the King that one of his visitors intended to steal his prize away. If it would have gotten him out of here, he might have allowed them to do it but his research had told him he needed to stay right here because this was where his portal to home was. No one else could cast the same identical spell because of the difficulty involved.

'Wonderful! It seemed, no matter how hard I try to avoid danger, it always seems to find me anyway.' He thought bitterly. He had only been here three days, how was he to survive another twenty-five more?

He righted the fallen chair and picked up his book. He started to tie the sash to his robe when he realized the robe held the tiger's scent. Sighing in frustration, he sent the robe away and conjured another in black.

Too upset to sleep now, he settled into the chair and read a little longer before exhaustion pulled him into an uneasy slumber. He woke stiff and cold, the fire nothing but embers and the sun shining through the window. He realized in surprise and relief, Bloodnor hadn't returned to their room last night. His book was on the floor at his feet so he reached down and picked it up, setting it on the nearby table before making his way to the privy.

Yawning as he returned, he was about to conjure his usual hated outfit when the door popped open and Gutaire hurried in.

"You are expected in Aumire's office after breakfast and Carthmore's after lunch and you are running late." He began fussing around Feral, flicking a set of, what looked like, silk creme colored lounging clothes. They were ridiculous but at least he was covered from neck to ankle this time. He even had a pair of soft doe skin boots on his feet.

After eating a quick breakfast with no sign of Bloodnor, Feral went to Aumire's office. The badger tested him on what he had read and was pleased at Feral's excellent memory. The Commander used that moment of good will to ask a favor.

"Would I be permitted to borrow some of your books when you are not here? I would be able to cover more ground when I have a moment rather than waste your valuable time coming here except to have you test my knowledge," Feral asked, respectfully.

Aumire stared at him for a moment. "Hmmm, an excellent idea. I would never entertain such a suggestion from those others but you...I like how you have applied yourself to learning your lessons. Very well, you may enter my office freely, touch nothing but these..." Aumire said pointing to a group of books in a nearby bookcase, "...which are the books you need to concentrate on."

"Thank you, sir," Feral responded humbly while mentally crowing with glee. With free access to this library, hopefully he would finally find the information he so desperately needed.

The only thing that dampened his enthusiasm a little was the niggling doubt that the information on the portal and spell wouldn't be found here but in Carthmore's tower library instead. He grimaced mentally. If that was the case, getting a hold of the proper book would be a much trickier proposition. He was certain the wizard would never allow him free access to his books so he would have to be sneaky and hope for the right opportunity for a little thievery.

First though, he needed to check the library he did have access to. Aumire broke into his silent plotting by handing him a couple more books for studying.

He was done early with Aumire so Gutaire changed Feral's clothes to outdoor ones then hustled him to the courtyard. A big creature with a bull's head waited for him.

"This is Roemer. He is our weapon's instructor." Gutaire introduced Feral then without further words, left him with the bull. Feral eyed the massive creature warily.

"I hear you are a warrior on your world. Let's see how much of that is true," Roemer rumbled ponderously, his voice ridiculously deep.

Escorting Feral to a building that was round with windows that let the sun in and had a dirt floor, the bull put the Kat through a series of rigorous tests utilizing a wide variety of medieval weaponry.

By the end of several hours, Feral showed he knew the basics of swordplay but was better at

knives and was proficient with a bow and spear. But it was in hand to hand that he startled Roemer for the first time. Using his knowledge and skill of martial arts and other forms of self defense, Feral was able to take down the huge bull much to the amazement of the watching guards. That alone earned him the grudging admiration and respect from the bull and a request to teach Roemer and some of his elite guard many of these new fighting techniques.

On that high note, Feral was escorted back to his quarters by Gutaire where he had a quick wash with a basin of water and a rag then the mouse changed Feral's clothes to another full body cover-up before serving the tom a quick lunch eaten in the King's quarters. Finished, he was hustled up to Carthmore's tower for his afternoon's lessons.

In case the information he needed wasn't in Aumire's library, Feral had to find a way to get into Carthmore's tower to check out his books. It helped a little that Carthmore seemed to like him well enough so his present plans were to see if he could get the wizard to answer some carefully crafted questions to get the answers he needed that way. Barring that, then to be at least on friendly enough relations with the irascible wizard to cause him to lower his guard enough for Feral to make his move.

Over the next week and half, Feral learned everything the King wanted him to know as well as devouring everything he could sneak out of Aumire's library that could help him. All his efforts to wheedle information from Carthmore had not borne fruit, but when he had been on Galanon for two and half weeks, he finally managed to sneak into the wizard's apartment.

The wizard was behind doors with the King one afternoon, when the opportunity arose. He had completed a training session with Roemer early so with his heart hammering in fear of being discovered, he slipped up to Carthmore's apartment and hurried into the wizard's special room.

Searching frantically, he finally came across a book that might have the answer's he sought. It was simply titled, '*Magical Spells and Enchantments.*' He carefully shoved the other books over a little to hide the spot of the missing book, hid the book under his cape then quickly snuck out of the tower again, stopping at the King's apartment long enough to hide the book under the mattress of the bed.

Pleased with his successful mission, Feral headed out for the stables where the King was to meet him. Bloodnor wanted his consort to go with him when he went to check his borders and they would be gone a couple of days.

Feral prayed Carthmore didn't need the book he'd taken for the period of his absence nor for the time he needed to actually read it when he returned. Before they left, he had also made time to return any books he'd taken from Aumire's library as well.

When he arrived at the stable yard, he found a large troop of soldiers and officers mounting up and other's stowing gear in heavy wagons pulled by a pair of a heavier type of Repnorse. His mount was ready for him, saddlebags with food and water already on it.

As soon as he had mounted, the King arrived with his second in command, a heavy canine looking creature. In very little time, they were heading out of the castle and away from the forest where Feral had taken his lessons.

The King had Feral ride beside him so he could brief his consort on the purpose of the trip. The visitors that had been to see him had reported seeing weird changelings that had been encroaching on his vassal's lands. The bear, whose name was Yentar, had asked his liege to look into it. Yentar had made several forays against the things but they were fast and nearly invisible. He had lost five people already to the strange creatures. People dying in an already small population was a serious affair. It had made the King both worried and angry.

'This explains the large troop deployment Bloodnor has taken with him,' Feral mused.

After the King had ensured his consort understood the gravity of the mission, he paid no more attention to him which was fine with the tom. Bloodnor brooded and spoke to his second from time to time after that.

Feral used the ride to study the world around him. Sometimes he caught sight of other odd creatures scattering away from them frightened by the noise of their passing and was surprised by the shadows of something larger flying overhead but too high to make out even with his sharp eyes. Since no one gave any sign fear, he had to assume whatever the flying things were, they weren't a danger.

Taking only brief stops to eat and drink before heading out again, they traveled until dusk had fallen. When they stopped for the night, the King's tent was set up quickly and he was hustled to it where Gutare cleaned the tom up and dressed him. He was brought a hot meal then left alone. Feral ate slowly, knowing what the night would bring. Finished, he set his plate on the floor and waited.

Only about thirty minutes later, Bloodnor stepped briskly into the tent. Making his clothes disappear, he conjured a brush in his paw then sat on the bed, handing it off to Feral.

Without a word, Feral began to groom the King's fur. Bloodnor had begun to ask the Kat to do this task about a week ago. When he was through with the Lion's back, Bloodnor turned around and watched his consort through slitted eyes as Feral finished doing the front. As soon as he completed his task, the King shoved the Kat back onto the bed and began to ravish him.

Feral moaned and writhed under the King's attention, ready as always for the lion to take him. Bloodnor slid home and began to thrust rapidly. As they began to reach a fever pitch, Feral was surprised when Bloodnor stopped, leaned back on his knees taking Feral with him and making the Kat sit on his cock in his lap.

The huge cock pierced him deeper than it ever had before. He groaned in shuddering shock and pleasure. Bloodnor grabbed him by the waist and began to lift Feral up and down on his cock. Feral splayed his knees wider taking the lion in still deeper, going wild with abandon, the tension building to a hot and fiery finish. Feral screamed and clenched tightly around the King's engorged member. Bloodnor roared and filled the Kat's channel with hot seed.

Feral dropped his head limply on Bloodnor's shoulder as the King did the same, his arms firmly wrapped around his consort.

"I had heard of this position and wanted to try it. What do you think of it my warrior?" Bloodnor murmured in Feral's neck fur.

"Incredible!" Was all Feral could mutter.

"That's what I thought. Well I have another one I want to try. Put your legs straight out on either side of me."

Feral sighed but did as asked, the movement causing the King's cock to rub within him as he did so and moaning at the feel of the still semi-hard pole.

"Perfect! Now just relax and let me do the work!" The King said as he began to move his hips in small circular movements while still on his knees.

Feral gasped and groaned attempting to move up and down to increase the incredible sensation but the King prevented him. Their closeness caused Feral's cock and clitoris to be rubbed against Bloodnor's belly fur. It was an exquisite torment that was driving Feral insane. The friction was making it wonderful for the King as well as he groaned with deep pleasure.

Feral dug his claws into Bloodnor's back as the intensity built higher and higher then finally

exploded sending waves of rippling pleasure through his body. He bucked helplessly in the King's arms as the lion jettied his semen deep into his consort. They slumped holding each other until their breathing slowed to normal. The King twitched his cock still buried in the Kat making Feral gasp and buck. Bloodnor chuckled. Still smiling, he gently pulled the Kat off his cock and laid them both down on the bed, pulling the covers over them.

"Sleep well my consort," he rumbled pleasantly, snuffing the lights with a thought. Feral gave an exhausted grunt in reply.

Dawn's early light illuminated the tent waking the sleeping pair. The King's hard morning erection slid easily into his drowsy consort. He thrust slow and gently bringing them both to a mutually intense orgasm.

As Feral quivered from the wake up call, the King got up and ordered breakfast then conjured them both clean and dressed. That jarred Feral awake completely as he got up from the bed and joined the King at the small camp table. Gutare appeared almost immediately with their breakfast.

They ate silently and Feral could see the King's mind was already on the mission ahead. Very soon, camp was struck and they were once more on their way. By midday, they reached his vassal's castle. It wasn't as large as Celestor but it was impressive.

Lord Yentar met the King as they rode into his keep. Not wanting to waste time, the King demanded to be taken to the area where the trouble was, immediately.

Feral thought he would be going along so was stunned when he was ordered to stay behind along with a few guards and Gutare.

He watched from the gate as the King and his entourage, with Lord Yentar at his side, rode out. 'Just what am I to do while I wait for the King to return?' He wondered in irritation.

A voice he'd truly hoped not to hear again, spoke softly from behind him, "Do not worry handsome one, I'll find something to entertain you."

Feral whirled around and there was the tiger that had raped him. Fear slithered down his spine. As he stood there in shock, the tiger spoke again.

"Gutare, why don't you go visit our well stocked larder. The King professed an interest in some of our blood ortangs that have recently been harvested and some of the smoked tangaren meat." The tiger told the mouse pretending to be the good host.

"Why, thank you Timoren, I will. Take good care of the consort. The King will be furious if anything happens to him." Gutare warned as he left to enter the castle.

As soon as the mouse was out of earshot, Timoren, pretended to guide Feral toward a garden area of the castle. What the guards couldn't see was the tiger had the Commander's arm in a punishing grip and was forcing him along while smiling the whole time. The guards kept a respectable distance as the pair ambled along.

Feral hissed under his breath and glared at the tiger. Timoren had a smug look on his face as he guided Feral toward a small building that seemed to serve as a gardener's hut. He pushed open the door and stepped in pushing the Kat ahead of him and closed the door in the guards faces. They didn't seem to think anything was amiss and took up posts around the building.

Timoran released Feral then quickly cast a complicated spell that the Kat could feel on his skin.

"There! Now no one will hear us no matter what goes on in here." Timoran smirked as he approached the Kat with a predatory gleam in his eyes.

Determined not to be so easily taken this time, Feral charged the tiger head on and used a martial arts move on him, tossing the heavier Kat against the opposite wall. Not waiting for the tiger to regain his feet, Feral lunged toward him and yanked the tiger by his vest throwing him again, this time against the door. Turning quickly as the tiger was just regaining his feet, he grabbed the wings and held on.

Snarling in fury Timoren wrenched himself from Feral's grip then whirled to lunge again at the dark Kat. Feral dropped to the floor and caught the tiger's chest with his feet and kicked him into the wall again where the tiger slid on his head to the floor, stunning him.

Breathing heavily, Feral kept an eye on the tiger as he tried to see if he could remove the spell. It was far more complicated than any he'd been taught which frustrated him. The tiger moaned and sat up shaking his head. He gave Feral a furious glare as he struggled to his feet.

Anxiously, Feral tried to think of something that would restrain the tiger then a brilliant idea came to him. Timoren was more powerful than he in the magical department and he hadn't been taught that many defensive tricks because it was thought he would not need them. With a wicked grin he cast a clothing spell but used something from his own world.

Just as the tiger nearly grabbed him a straight jacket wrapped itself around his body, neatly tying his wings painfully to his back as well as immobilizing his arms. He hit the floor hard and rolled in shocked fury trying to remove it. Since he wasn't familiar with the material and his hands were firmly wrapped up in the jacket, he was unable to do a spell that would undo the jacket or make the fabric disappear.

As he lay panting on the floor, glaring at the Kat standing not far away, his eyes reflected a mixture of anger and grudging respect.

"What is this barbaric thing?" He demanded, struggling to free his arms or at least, a finger.

"It's call it a straight jacket and it's used to control Kats who have lost their minds." Feral said casually, a smug look on his face. "So...if you want to get out of that, you'd better remove the spell on this room."

The one thing Feral had recently learned from Carthmore was how important and binding an oath was. Magic insured an oath couldn't be broken or the oath-breaker would suffer consequences that were worse than death. The catch was, for the oath to be effective and binding, he must word it very carefully, otherwise, the tiger could find some way to circumvent it.

"When you have removed the silencing spell then you will repeat this oath: I swear to never touch, rape or kidnap the consort named Feral, nor ask or hire anyone else to do the same during my time here on your world."

The tiger hissed in fury. He didn't want to do that especially after he had already told his friends and father about this unique creature and assured them he could take the tom for himself. The humiliation and punishment from his father for this failure, would be harsh.

Glaring mulishly at the Kat, the tiger continued to struggle and attempt to conjure spells without his paws, to win his release but nothing seemed to work.

Feral sighed and went to sit on a hand hewen chair that sat near the window. He looked out at the beautiful garden and one of the guards that stood nearby. He was nearly dosing from the early start to the day and the long ride when he heard Timoran finally give in.

"You win!"

"Good. Now swear you won't attack me when I release you," Feral said flatly coming to stand

beside the tiger.

Gritting his teeth, the tiger said clearly, "I will not attack Feral once he releases me from this horrid trap."

"Good." Feral made the jacket go away but kept his eyes firmly on the tiger as he demanded, "now the other oath."

Snarling under his breath, Timoran repeated the oath except for three words.

"That's not it. Repeat and don't omit anything. I have no where to be until King Bloodnor returns but I don't know about you and I can rebind you if you disobey," Feral growled. He made it clear he would leave the tiger here wrapped up for his kin to find if he didn't hold to his promise.

Huffing, Timoran repeated the oath leaving nothing out. Feral felt the air ripple around him just as Carthmore told him it would when an oath had been completed as asked. Sighing, Feral headed for the door, anxious to get away from the tiger.

Behind him, the tiger glared at his retreating back then followed, splitting off and walking away toward the castle at a near run. Feral ignored him and made for a small, quiet piece of lawn under some fruit trees. The area was silent with only the sounds of bees, birdsong, and the small sounds the guards gear made as they moved to take up positions a short distance from him.

Feral eyed them in disgust as he dropped to the ground and made himself comfortable. He knew he wasn't being fair as the guards couldn't have known he was in danger due to the spell, but he wasn't in a forgiving mood. For all he knew, they would have turned away even if they had known what the tiger was up to.

Anyone of lower rank, knew better than to interfere with those of a greater station than themselves. All they most likely would have done was insure he didn't suffer any lasting harm from being raped. Snorting angrily at that thought, he rolled to his back and stared upward at the branches of the tree with strange orange leaves that sheltered him from the sun's direct rays.

He yawned and decided a nap was in order if he was to face the King later as well as that damn tiger and his relatives. At least the guards would be useful at watching him sleep, was his last coherent thought as he drifted off.

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Chapter 8: I hate it here! by ulyferal

Much later as the sun was going down, he was awakened rather rudely by a firm shake to his shoulder. He blinked and came alert in a second, sitting up so swiftly he startled Gutiare who jerked backward and hissed under his breath.

"You need to get ready for the evening meal." Recovering his aplomb and being bossy again.

"Has the King returned?" Feral asked as he climbed easily to his feet. The nap he'd taken had revived him significantly. Seeing the waning sunlight, he realized he must have slept the whole afternoon away.

"No, but the Lord Yentar's lady is in residence and expects you to appear for dinner." The mouse frowned at the grass covered consort. Shaking his head, he made the now familiar clothing gesture.

Feral looked down and was pleasantly surprised to be dressed in non-revealing clothing that was actually comfortable. A richly embroidered gold vest covered a red silk shirt over his broad

chest while a comfortable pair of soft gold slacks graced his long legs. Long, black, soft leather boots shod his feet up to his knees and around his wrists were the ever present vambraces. Encircling his neck was the moonstone necklace and the thin metal band that was his crown, set far enough down to cover his forehead. The final touch was a short blood red cape.

"Well this is certainly a change!"

"You are required to be discreetly covered when in the presence of a lower vassal's court. The King has no desire for others to see his consort in his usual attire when he, himself is not around. Besides, the Lady Elena would be offended by it."

"Whatever the reason, it's a pleasant change." Feral was more than happy with the temporary attire. It made him feel nearly normal again.

Gutaire gave him a bland stare before turning and walking back to the castle's main entrance, Feral and his guards trailed close behind him.

As they entered the great hall, they could hear and see quite a large noisy crowd seated at long benches before many long tables. On a dias another long table was placed and this was where Gutaire was leading him.

Unlike King Bloodnor's court, most everyone except servants were welcome at table together. Conversation only quieted a little when he was escorted to a seat next to the Lady of the castle. On his other side sat a fox and a ferret dressed in simple every day clothes, both male. They were upper aristocracy by their manners but what their position was within this court, Feral was never told. They nodded at him genially but didn't engage him in conversation.

The Lady Elena was a different story, however. After ensuring all were served, she turned her attention to her guest. She was a bear like her Lord and her beady brown eyes studied him avidly.

"I am told your name is Feral. I've been hearing a great many things about you sir, especially, about your....uh...uniqueness compared to normal males." A faint hint of disbelief was in her tone which Feral firmly ignored. What she believed or didn't believe about him was of no concern to him.

After waiting for him to respond to her rather veiled insult that he was a liar about what he supposedly was to the King, she tried to satisfy her curiosity with more probing questions. "So, Feral, how do you find our world?"

"It's beautiful and wild," he responded diplomatically.

"True, it is that, but I was looking for a more.....definitive description from you. Is it very different from your own world?" she persisted as she took a bite of her food but kept her eyes on him.

"Yes, it is."

Frowning, the lady was becoming mildly vexed by this creature's short, uninformative answers. It seemed he was actively trying to avoid saying anything about himself at all.

"I find your behavior very odd, sir," she huffed, annoyed. "Most who come to our world love to talk on and on about how terrible their lives were on their world and how much better it is here. You, however, seemed reluctant to express any opinion one way or another and that just won't do. I insist you tell us how you find living here compared to your home."

Sighing inwardly, Feral felt trapped. If he told the truth he would be insulting her and her court.

However, if he kept trying to dodge the question, she was going to get even angrier with him. It seemed he couldn't win no matter what choice he made.

Desperate to avoid the issue altogether, Feral tried one more time to get Lady Elena to back off. "Forgive me, my lady, but I would not wish to upset you with my true feelings on this subject nor make my King angry with me for voicing them."

Her eyebrows rose in surprise. She had never dealt with any newcomer who simply refused to say anything about their former home. She felt anger rising within her but kept her voice mild though there was steel in it.

"Nonsense, sir! The King would not mind at all so....again...I insist you stop dodging the issue and answer!" She told him firmly.

Frustrated, Feral finally said with a great deal of care, "Very well, my lady as you order, but remember, you did insist." He took a deep breath then let it out slowly before saying, "I hate it here! I don't like using magic. I much prefer my more modern world of science to your world that resembles our medieval past."

He hoped that would be enough to distract them but instead it caused a shockwave of disbelief and anger. Okay, big misstep there, he thought miserably.

Scandalized, Lady Elena dropped her fork which hit her plate with a clang. The room fell silent as everyone gaped at Feral. Now he felt like he was under a microscope and wished he could be anywhere but here.

"You hate it here? You prefer science to magic?" She snorted, her voice dripping scorn and disbelief much as Carthmore's had when he'd told him that very same thing. "How can you compare living on a world of science as desirable with all that noise and confusion to our world's quiet serenity? Explain yourself sir!" That last was a firm command.

Feral had learned from Aumire that, although the people of Galanon didn't use science at all, they had learned of it from viewing worlds that used it when they stared into their scrying pools. With their long lives and excellent memories, they had accumulated much information about many worlds over the centuries and developed a distinct disgust and revulsion for places that eschewed magic.

Angry at being so trapped, he nearly refused to answer her but knew that would earn him swift punishment either from her or the King, when she complained to him, or both. Now that was a miserable thought.

Bitter inside, he maintained his stone face and said bluntly, "I make no apologies for the choices my world has made, Lady. We like our modern world, noise and all, and don't care for magic at all. But the most important thing I miss about my home is the freedom to speak our mind, live as we please, and elect our leaders."

"Oh yes, democracy I believe that's called," Lady Elena cut him off. Her manner haughty and scornful. "Such chaos allowing the people to pick their own leaders. How dreadful and you prefer that?" She shook her head in disbelief. "I still don't see how that is more alluring to you than the lavish treatment the King bestows on you in his bed. Many would trade their very lives to be in your place and yet you spurn that for a home that is so chaotic. The ones that come here marvel at the ability to do magic and yet you obviously don't like that either. Why is that?"

"It's unnatural. And being the King's consort is no honor nor pleasure. I am no one's broodmare but a military leader in my own right. I was responsible for the protection of my home city from dangerous criminals and I loved it....it is my life. This is nothing more than a prison and will never

be a home to me, madam," he told her coldly. He carefully didn't add that he considered the King's attention rape. That would cause an even greater uproar than what he already told them.

The room had gone still as he spoke and by the time he finished there were shocked looks everywhere. Lady Elena could only stare at him as if he had two heads.

"What a strange and ungrateful creature you are, Feral. I'm glad you don't reside here. I don't envy the King his ownership of you but it seems he is very smitten with what you are." She shook her head then gave him a warning. "Best learn to like it here, Feral, or you will always be miserable and I wouldn't displease your King if I were you or you might find yourself in King Warkil's paws." She shuddered delicately at the mention of the insane King on her border. "Accept your new status as you will never see home again." This final statement she said with almost malicious delight before turning her attention away from him as if he was beneath her notice and began to eat again which signaled everyone else to do the same.

Excited conversations sprang up as everyone voiced an opinion on this novelty of a newcomer who hated being on Galanon and using magic plus being a warrior which was unheard of. None of the newcomers had been that prominent on their worlds so this made Feral doubly unusual. Tongues wagged relentlessly around him but no one cared to ask him anything more but they did point and stare at him relentlessly throughout the meal making the whole process a nightmare for him.

His appetite had disappeared during the questioning but he pushed himself to eat something. He glanced around as he picked at his food and caught Gutare's angry stare from across the room. He returned it with a cold one of his own.

He cared nothing for how Gutare felt and only wanted to get out of here and be alone for a bit before the King returned and demanded his attention. So it was with a grateful sigh that his torment ended an hour later and he was being escorted by an angry Gutare to their temporary quarters.

When they were safely behind a thick door in a well appointed bedroom with a fire roaring in the hearth, Gutare lit into him. "You weren't supposed to air your grievances here!" He fairly spat. "You could have found a way to be circumspect about your dislike for your situation. The King will not be pleased with you."

"How was I supposed to lie about it? I did try to put her off but she insisted. You could have instructed the Lady that such questions were not to be asked."

"It's not my place to do so!" The mouse hissed angrily.

"It's not mine either but as even you plainly saw, the lady was insistent. What did you expect me to do....lie? That would have gotten me into more trouble. As it is, I tried only to answer what she asked and nothing more. Besides, the King does know how I feel so how can I get in trouble for voicing it?" he growled hotly, ready to throw the annoying mouse head first out the window nearby.

"The King will be vexed about this!" Gutare muttered as he flicked night clothes on Feral. "I will be staying in the attached room to this one. You are not allowed to leave these quarters," he warned, then turned and left the room, closing the door behind him.

Feral sighed irritably and looked around. The room was richly decorated, naturally, since a King was visiting. He wasn't sleepy since he had napped earlier so he went to the window and looked out at the gathering gloom. He wondered vaguely where the King was now. He realized suddenly with growing alarm that he missed Bloodnor's attention.

'Oh God! The spell is binding me tighter to him. Now I miss his sexual attention despite all my efforts to hold myself apart in my mind.' He thought, horrified. 'No! I can't let him beat me like this, I've got to harden my resolve. As soon as we get back, I've got to dig deeper to find out how to escape his magical trap when I'm sent home. At least I did find out how to break the magical binding between the King and I. The only catch is finding a male as strong and dominant as Bloodnor.'

He had been lucky one day when he perused a book he'd taken from Aumire's library. It was on the kings of Galanon and how they bound their consorts to them. He had been thrilled to find out the chapter was thorough in its description on how to make and break the spell. What disturbed him though was the part about how dominance played in setting the spell. As near as he could determine, the only way to break the spell was for another male to dominate him and supplant the present spell. The problem with that was magic wasn't used on his world and he wasn't certain if the magic he possessed now would stay with him when he returned.

The other bad news was if he did manage to break the spell but didn't find a way to break the trap spell and was still taken back to Galanon, Bloodnor would be brutal in reestablishing the bond. The thought sent shivers of desire and fear through him. That's where the book he'd just stolen from Carthmore came in. He prayed it would tell him what would break his tie to Galanon.

When he came out of his deep thoughts, he realized his butt was cold which told him he'd been thinking and sitting on this window shelf for far too long. Shivering, he pulled his stiff body upright, stretched the kinks out before going to the big bed and sliding under the covers.

As he settled his body his mind briefly remembered his triumph over that damn tiger....payback had been sweet. Fortunately, the tiger never appeared at the dinner table so he wasn't forced to see the others angry eyes throughout the meal. He yawned. 'Kat's alive. I'll be so glad when we get out of here,' he thought as he slipped into a light sleep.

It was probably well after midnight, when a heavy body slid into the bed with him. He came to full awareness and froze until his nose picked up the scent of the King.

Just as that registered on him, Bloodnor reached a powerful arm around his waist and drew his consort close and tight. The King sighed tiredly and nuzzled Feral's neck, muttering something Feral couldn't understand. He continued to stay tense until he could feel the King relax, his breathing slowing as sleep stole him away.

It was obvious to Feral that the King was far too tired to press his consort for sex so it was safe for him to get some more sleep. Sighing, he relaxed and let his mind go, sleep rolling over him very quickly after.

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Chapter 9: Waiting for the axe to fall by ulyferal

It was early morning when Feral woke. The King was still deeply asleep. Feral lay still for more than thirty minutes but Bloodnor never woke. Deeming it safe to get up, he climbed out of the bed carefully and made for he privy.

When he returned, he was in a quandary, should he go back to bed even though he wasn't tired or could he go have a bath and breakfast? Making up his mind, he went into the outer room and found Gutaire already up and tidying his bed.

He looked up and frowned at the sight of the consort coming out of the King's room.

"What are you doing here? Did the King give you leave?" He said softly.

"The King is exhausted and still sleeping. I'm no longer tired and want a bath and breakfast. Will

he truly object if I do that?" Feral said a hint of sarcasm in his voice.

"No, most likely not." Gutaire said reluctantly. He snapped his fingers and gave Feral a robe then led the way out of their rooms and down along a silent hallway. They walked a short way before coming to a stairway. At the bottom they turned a sharp corner and entered a small archway. Within was a small bathing room, it was no where as big as Bloodnor's and there was no harem.

Sighing with relief as the warm water eased his soreness from the long ride and the fight with the tiger, Feral laid in the water for some while before finally and reluctantly climbing out. Gutaire had disappeared when Feral had entered the pool and was just returning as the Kat was toweling off. He slipped on the robe and followed the mouse back to their guest quarters. They stepped into the outer room and Gutaire closed the door behind him. The smell of food filled the air but Feral didn't see it.

"Your meal is in your room." Gutaire said bluntly.

Grimacing, Feral went back into the room where the King was sleeping. There on a small table near the window was his breakfast. He looked quickly toward the bed but Bloodnor was still sound asleep.

Sighing in relief, he sat down at the table and began to eat. He looked out the window at the scenery. The sounds of the castle stirring reached faintly to his ear. He ate quickly, not knowing when his meal might be interrupted.

Finished, he continue to sit and stare out the window. He watched as farmers began to work their fields, just to the right of his perch he could just see the change of guards and he saw the stable hands take Reprnorses out for exercise. Then he saw something that made him pay closer attention.

The wagons and guards that had come on the trip with them were loading. 'Could that mean they would be leaving today?' He wondered in excitement.

"My consort! Come here!" Came a lazy command from the bed.

Feral startled and almost overturned the small table. Regaining his composure quickly, he got up and walked to the bed. The King patted the surface in front of him. The Kat climbed on and went to the King and waited.

Bloodnor pulled the kat to his chest and laid him on top of him. He nuzzled Feral's face and nipped his chin. Feral shivered and moaned as he felt the King's already hard cock rubbing him between his legs. He was hot and wet in an instant. Bloodnor caressed Feral up and down his back setting off ripples of pleasure the Kat couldn't pretend not to like.

The constant friction against his clitoris and underside of his cock was making writhe heatedly. He tried to raise his hips to get that hard pole into him but Bloodnor chuckled and murmured, 'no yet, my beauty... ..soon'. Feral groaned needily as Bloodnor continued to tease and torment him.

Only when they both were too hot to take anymore, did the King relent and let Feral raise up. They groaned in unison as the hard cock sank deep in the hot core of the Kat. Moving now urgently, Feral was literally bouncing up and down frantically until a tingle raced up his spine and he screamed his climax, the King right on his heels.

When the ripples finished shivering through him, Feral collapsed on top of the King's broad chest.

"Ahh...such a wonderful way to wake up my consort. I trust you were able to amuse yourself while I was away?" Bloodnor asked as he caressed the Kat's back lazily.

Feral was careful not to tense up as he thought of the best answer to that loaded question. "It was boring without you!" He said simply.

"That is good to know! I'm sure you will be pleased by my news then. The problem here is solved and we are returning home as soon as I have a meal. What say you about that?" Bloodnor said in amusement.

"Wonderful!" Feral said without having to fake his response.

"Excellent! Since you have already eaten, I give you leave to go down and see that your Repnorse is ready and wait for me there." The King said as he gently put his consort to the side and got up.

"Certainly, sir!" Feral answered dutifully.

Smiling, the King went out of the room. Relieved to be getting out of here, Feral didn't wait for Gutare to dress him. He conjured the clothes he'd worn when they traveled and quickly went out the door the King had left through. He met Gutare just coming to get him and stepping back in surprise when he saw the Commander was already dressed.

Not saying anything to the mouse, Feral continued on by and retraced their steps to the main floor and out the doors. As he made for the stables where the wagons were being loaded, he was surprised to see the tiger standing nearby with a pitchfork and a dark scowl on his face. Seeing Feral, he snarled and turned away back into the barn.

Feral smiled inside. 'So he's being punished! Good!' He thought, well pleased to have solved that problem on his own.

He checked his supplies and monitored them being placed on his mount. He was forbidden to do the simple task himself, which rankled him a bit to be treated like some helpless female.

While waiting for the King to appear, he watched as the soldiers and servants got everything ready to go. An hour later, the King finally appeared with Lord Yentar and Lady Elena at his side. Feral watched the King's face anxiously. He was sure Bloodnor had been told what had happened at dinner yesterday. He was worried what the King's response would be.

The King bid his hosts farewell and walked to his Repnorse. As soon as he was mounted, he gave the signal to head out. In sedate fashion, the troop moved through the gates. For at least a couple of miles, they took a gentle pace then the King signaled a gallop.

They were soon ghosting along at a rapid pace and covered a great deal of distance by the time they slowed enough to eat in the saddle. During this whole time, the King said nothing to Feral. His stomach was tight and a slight throbbing was beginning in his head. He was on edge wondering what the King was going to do to him.

As soon as he deemed everyone had rested enough, the King again signaled for a gallop. They moved quickly for several hours until dusk began to fall. He finally signaled a halt. As before, the soldiers briskly went about setting up camp. Feral didn't wait for Gutare as he saw the King's tent was ready for him. He went for it immediately, stripped to his light night shift and waited.

The King arrived some twenty minutes later followed by Gutare carrying food. The mouse quickly set the food down on a camp table and retreated. The King stretched, conjured his fur clean and a robe on before sitting down at his food.

"Are you not hungry, my consort?" He asked as he picked up his mug of drink.

"Of course, sir," Feral said meekly, taking his seat and beginning to eat though he hardly tasted the food.

The King eyed his consort while he ate his meal. He paused to take a drink and spoke up lazily, watching Feral closely, "Lady Elena told me she had an interesting meal with you last night."

Feral froze with his fork halfway to his mouth, he looked up into Bloodnor's eyes. The King didn't seem to be upset. Feral swallowed and put his fork back down. "She insisted to know what I thought of Galanon and wouldn't accept that I was reluctant to voice my view since I couldn't lie and make it sound nice." He said carefully.

"Yes, so she said. If you had lied, I would have punished you severely. Yentar's court and Lady were shocked by what you said and it will provide them with endless gossip for months to come. I know what you feel about being here, consort. It's no surprise to me. As for the rest of my court, they think I'm mad for taking such an obstinate creature for my consort but at the same time they are looking at you with lustful desire. I consider that the highest compliment." He said in amusement.

Feral gave an inward sigh of relief. The King wasn't angry with him only amused. He returned to eating his meal with a little more interest. As they finished their meal, Feral realized the King had deliberately not spoken about it so as to let the Commander stew and get upset. It was a cruel thing to do and made Feral nearly grit his teeth in anger.

Gutaire came and took their dishes away and closed the tent flap when he left. Dropping his robe on a chair, the King made for the bed. Feral did the same and accepted the brush the King held out. It was nearly a repeat of their trip north. Except Bloodnor took him from behind, holding the Kat's scruff in his teeth as he pounded into him. It was a very dominant position and Feral knew it was to teach him a lesson in humility and acceptance.

To further drive home the lesson, Bloodnor forbid him to heal for an hour after they had mounted up the next morning and rode at a gallop toward home. Feral grit his teeth in pain and was very grateful when the hour was up and he could heal himself.

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Chapter 10: Desperate Research and a Night of Pleasure by ulyferal

After their return to the castle, things returned to normal. Feral spent each day with Roemer teaching the bull self defense methods and being taught how to use a sword, a couple of hours working with Carthmore to fine tune his magical skills and finally, ending the day being tested by Aumire on the history of this world.

He had been kept too busy to try and do further research and he was feeling time rushing by too quickly. There was only approximately ten days left before he returned home and he still had not found the key to breaking the trap spell. He was also getting nervous about Carthmore discovering the book was missing.

Each time he tried to find a moment alone, he was being dragged off by Gutaire for one thing or another that the King wanted him to know or learn. Today it was problems with the harem. There had been serious fighting going on between some of them and it turned out he was the cause.

The unhappy ones were lead by the vicious she weasel. They didn't want Feral leading them while the peaceful ones wanted only to accept what couldn't be changed and tried to convince the angry ones that Feral at least didn't try and rule over them and demand they cater to his needs. As a matter of fact, the Kat preferred they leave him alone. The weasel wasn't appeased.

Sighing in irritation, Feral stepped into the harem common room and called them all to appear. Within minutes the entire harem was present. Feral could see immediately that rebellion was being displayed in front of him. Inwardly he approved of the spirit these ones showed but unfortunately, he couldn't allow this behavior to go on or the King would punish all of them.

He had interfered with them very little. He was such an infrequent visitor, he knew they weren't aware of his strong magical skills. As he stared at the entire harem, the obedient ones were in a circle, on their knees, paws in lap. The rebellious ones were standing here and there in the room defying him. The way they seemed to cluster together warned him they were ready for him to be physical as he had that first day.

Here was where he would shock them. If he could get them to back off for just a few days longer then they would find their problem would be gone and they could go ahead and do whatever they wanted but right now he just wanted them to leave him alone.

He looked at each rebellious face and set it in his mind then conjured them suspended in the center of the room crushed together. There was shocked silence as the obedient ones gaped at the dissidents hanging in the air struggling to free themselves and unable to. Feral held them there for as long as he was able to which was about five minutes then he released them suddenly to fall heavily to the carpeted floor. Without saying anything at all, he turned and left the harem.

With that out of the way, he hurried back to the King's apartment. He knew Bloodnor was holding court downstairs and that Gutare attended him. Entering the room he closed the door and went to the bedroom and closed that door. Fishing the precious book from under the mattress, he took it into the privy. Not the nicest place to be but he was guaranteed not to be interrupted.

Sweeping aside his wrap he sat on the odd toilet and began to read. He kept one ear on the door as he tried to read as fast as he could and not miss anything.

Some of it was written in a cryptic style that required the reader to study it for several minutes to understand what was being discussed. This made it that much harder to rush through. He really didn't know how long he'd been in the privy until he heard a noise outside the door. His heart hammering, he quickly stood up and hid the book behind him. He opened the door slowly and was relieved to see no one in the room. Quickly crossing the floor he shoved the book under the mattress. As he stood up, Gutare popped open the bedroom door.

Frowning, he looked at Feral in puzzlement. "Have you been here all along?" He asked.

"A little problem with my gut. Something didn't agree." Feral said flatly not inviting discussion.

"Oh, well the King is looking for you. Better come along." Gutare said turning his back to leave expecting the Kat to follow.

Sighing in relief and annoyance, Feral followed the mouse to the King's study. Bloodnor had heard about the problems in the Harem and wanted to know Feral's solution to the problem. Feral told him what he'd done and was rewarded with the King's sudden roar of laughter.

"What a novel idea, my consort. I'm not certain it has really solved the problem but it has made them think twice before trying your patience. I've been keeping you very busy lately, haven't I my beauty." The King said dropping his voice to an intimate level as he stepped closer to Feral and lifted his head to deposit a kiss. Nuzzling the Kat's face a moment then releasing him, he stepped back to his desk. "Go spend a little time to yourself, my consort, you've earned it." Bloodnor said by way of dismissal.

"Thank you, sir." Feral said, joy flooding him. Time to himself...yes...now maybe he could get through that book. Quickly exiting, he noted that Gutare was bringing some documents to the King. 'Good! He will be occupied for a bit,' Feral thought as he hurried to the King's apartment.

He altered his clothes to outdoor wear and grabbed a book from Aumire and hid Carthmore's book inside it. Leaving the King's apartments, he headed downstairs. He strode across the main hall for the doors and stepped through. He halted on the landing for a moment to look around. Everyone was busy as was the case around a castle. He finally spotted a quiet area where he

could be alone for a while.

He didn't make a beeline for his sanctuary though. He didn't want anyone to think he was in a hurry for any reason. He meandered the courtyard watching the various tasks being done. He spent a reasonable time wandering around, insuring everyone there had seen him looking and asking questions before he finally headed for his true destination.

Through an archway off the courtyard was a garden and orchard. He walked through and headed for a quiet grassy area on the edge of the garden that led down to the orchards below. He made sure to sit a little behind the huge tree that was on the edge of the lawn. Now fairly sure he was safe and alone, he opened the book within a book and began to study.

Dusk was falling when he finally closed the book. He rubbed his eyes and looked around. He jumped to his feet quickly when he noticed how late it was. He hurried back through the archway and saw that most of the people in the courtyard had disappeared inside. Swallowing nervously, he moved swiftly across the grounds and headed for the door of the castle. He slipped in and saw people moving around preparing for the evening meal.

He sighed gratefully. He wasn't too late yet. He moved as casually as he could across the hall and up the stairs to the King's apartment. Just as he thought he would make the King's door without incidence he was suddenly flung headlong to the floor. The book he had been holding was tossed down the hall. To his horror the magical book was partly exposed.

He looked around but didn't see anything. Frowning, he sensed magic had been used on him but there was no sign of the perpetrator. Growling angrily but more concerned over the book, he kept looking around as he retrieved the fallen books. Still alert to danger he finally reached the King's door and opened it. Once inside he slumped against it and shuddered.

'That was too close,' He thought unhappily as he pushed himself off the door and made his way into the bedroom and slipped the magical book under the mattress while placing Aumire's book on the table near the fire.

Still shaken, he dropped into the chair near the fireplace and brooded. He had finally managed to find his answer though it had taken him all afternoon to do so. Now he had to find a way to get that book back to Carthmore's library and soon.

Shaking himself mentally, he got up and conjured the clothes the King preferred he wear for dinner. Once presentable, he picked up the book from the table and made his way down to the main hall.

He politely handed the book back to Aumire where he sat at a lower table. The badger nodded his thanks. Feral continued on his way to the high table and his seat next to the King. Bloodnor smiled genially at him and placed his paw on Feral's thigh.

Feral just accepted it and began to eat his meal.

"I trust you had a relaxing afternoon, my cherished one." The King suddenly asked, raising his paw up and caressing Feral's cheek.

"Yes sir, I got some reading done." Feral said meekly keeping his eyes down.

"I had hoped you would use the time to explore your new home a little more," Bloodnor said in amusement.

"I did, sir. I watched the artisans in the courtyard for a little while and asked them questions but then the garden beckoned and was so peaceful that I couldn't resist." Feral said quietly.

"Ahh...I see...so does that mean you'll be rested enough for some interesting things tonight my

consort?" The King asked with a wicked and lustful look in his eyes.

Feral blushed in answer. The King laughed deeply in his throat as he reached for his drink.

Evening meal ended on that amiable note and Feral escaped to their room while the King remained to conduct some late business.

Feral knew Bloodnor would not be too late coming to bed since he made it clear he had amorous experiments in mind for tonight. He decided he'd better take a bath in preparation. Keeping the King happy ensured his safety. Making his clothes vanish and a robe reappear on himself, he made his way down to the bathing room.

To his annoyance, the trouble making harem members were in the pool. He didn't dare back down so moved as if they were beneath his notice and dropped his robe on a chair before stepping down into the water.

He casually moved past the barely veiled glares. Other, more amendable members of the harem were in the pool as well. The rabbit, Glory and the wolf, Sheen were watching him as he moved toward their end of the pool but not toward them. They were the ones who had pleased him at the King's command.

Feral couldn't help but blush a little at that memory. He stopped at the far wall and reached for the body shampoo. Before he could apply it, Glory and Sheen swam to his side.

"Please consort, allow us to aid you?" Glory asked softly.

"I really don't need help..." Feral objected.

"We know, consort, but please allow us to do this." Sheen pleaded softly.

Sighing in resignation, Feral nodded. Smiling happily Glory shook some soap onto her palms then handed it to Sheen who did the same. They made Feral stand on a raised platform located nearby so that they could work the soap into his fur out of the water.

Doing as they asked, he stood stoically as they worked the soap into his fur. It felt good and he found himself relaxing a little but he didn't lower his guard. Through slitted eyes, he closely watched the disgruntled harem members on the other side of the pool.

A particularly erotic touch nearly caused him to moan and close his eyes. He quickly moved away from the pair to step back into the water. There was a look of disappointment on the pair's faces as they joined him and helped rinse his fur out.

When he was rinsed thoroughly, he climbed out quickly. Glory and Sheen followed and helped towel dry him.

Glory couldn't help but ask in a low voice, "Why wouldn't you let us pleasure you?"

"The King has plans for me tonight. Thank you for wanting to do that though." Feral answered truthfully.

"Ohh...I see...of course you must save yourself for him...we understand." Glory said quickly, blushing in embarrassment as did Sheen.

Feral just nodded and pulled his robe on, leaving the room quickly, still under the malevolent gaze of the others. He hoped they didn't harm Sheen and Glory. If he had anyone he cared enough to be concerned about, it was those two.

Reaching the King's apartment without incident, he made his way to the bedroom and made the

robe disappear. Except for his moonstone, headpiece, and vambraces he was completely nude and waiting in the center of the bed for the King.

A half hour later, Bloodnor entered the room. He glanced at the bed and stopped. His eyes glittered with barely restrained lust as he beheld his consort waiting so artfully for him. Grinning in anticipation, he disappeared his clothes and climbed onto the bed.

"It pleases me to see you waiting for me, my beauty." He said huskily as he leaned close and began laying hot kisses all over Feral's face and neck. Feral moaned softly and arched back to allow the King access to his small breasts. Bloodnor took the invitation and sucked each nipple into a hard peak before returning to the Kat's mouth and bestowing deeply passionate kisses on him.

Suddenly Feral felt a hot sensation on his breasts, he gasped and Bloodnor back away and grinned revealing that he was dripping something sticky and sweet onto his chest. It felt indescribable. He realized it was hot honey. Still grinning wickedly, Bloodnor began to suck and lick the honey from his consorts body. Feral groaned at the sensations the lion was drawing from his body. Unable to sit up any longer, Feral languidly laid backward. Growling in appreciation, the lion continued to lick up the honey then deposited some of the hot liquid to Feral's clitoris and cock.

Feral bucked in shocked pleasure. Writhing frantically as Bloodnor began to lick the golden honey from the Kat's cock and then his clit. He ended up having to hold Feral's hips down as the Kat could no longer stop his undulating body from reacting to the exquisite torture.

The King ceased his torment of his consort and rolled the Kat to his side with him behind. Raising the top leg and resting it on his shoulder he eased himself forward and entered Feral. Feral moaned as Bloodnor went deep and began a slow and sensual thrusting.

The Kat clutched the bedding and cried out in urgent need as the King continued his slow plundering. He added to the pleasure by grabbing Feral's cock and beginning to stroke it up and down. He only picked up the pace when he started to get close to his own orgasm. Feral screamed and came squeezing the King tightly and shooting his seed over the King's palm. Bloodnor panted hard and thrust furiously a few more times before roaring and spilling himself into his consort.

Lowering his partner's leg and laying down behind him, Bloodnor pulled the Kat close.

"The night is young my consort. We have many more positions to try before seeking our rest." The King promised darkly as they took a short nap.

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Chapter 11: Searching for hiding places by ulyferal

He was stiff as usual in the morning. Slowly sitting up, he willed the pain and stiffness away. You would think his well used channel would be toughened up by now but Bloodnor always seemed to find new ways to pleasure him. He was definitely going to miss the Lion's inventiveness.

He completed his morning routine, ate breakfast alone, the King was off again. He barely concerned himself about the various trips Bloodnor spent away from the castle. All it meant to him, was he was free of the Lion's attention for a few days at a time.

He spent the morning doing weapon's work then, surprisingly, his day was free since he had completed his lessons with Aumire and Carthmore. Except for the occasional problems in the harem, his time was his own. He still needed to return Carthmore's book so he kept his eyes and ears open for an opportunity. Meanwhile, he decided to use this time to look around the castle and its surroundings a bit more closely.

He realized he needed a contingency plan should Bloodnor discover just what his consort had been doing with all his reading. He'd already witnessed just how vicious and creative the King could be dealing out punishment and he didn't want to be a recipient of it. So on his wanderings, he looked for hidden, unused areas that he could hide from the King's anger, should it become necessary.

What no one, not even the King was aware of, was Feral could teleport. The King and Carthmore were the only ones that could within the castle population. He had been very careful to hide the ability.

He'd discovered the talent by accident when he was somewhere he wasn't supposed to be and the King with a counselor was approaching. Panic-stricken he was trapped and wished to be in his rooms at that moment. Seconds later he was blinking in surprise. He was standing in the center of the King's bedroom. It was a major revelation.

With this ability in mind, he wandered the castle for the next two days. Searching the upper reaches of the castle he discovered an empty tower room, dusty from disuse. Next, he decided he should be familiar with the location of the larder in the kitchens so he could eat while in hiding. While there he found a little store room that wasn't being actively used as it's purpose was as a root cellar. Perfect! The cooks and kitchen workers eyed him in confusion but said nothing to him as he poked around.

The next day, he searched around the outer areas of the castle. Taking a morning ride on his Repnorse he galloped near the forest and found a huge tree that hung over the meadow and was on the very edge of the forest. He rode up underneath its boughs and looked up. The center of the tree had thick limbs that would hold his weight. He was leery about taking refuge there as the forest was dangerous. It would be a place of last resort only, he told himself.

He continued his ride for a little until he came to the lawn at the edge of the orchards. Here was a small gardener's shack. He dismounted and went to check it out. Inside were trestle tables with potted plants and other tools and empty pots, the tools of the gardener. He didn't know if this was a good hiding spot since he didn't know the habits of the royal gardeners but if he was forced to it, it would serve as a temporary stop to a better hiding area so he kept it in mind.

The last spot he became familiar with was the stables. As he returned his Repnorse, he looked around. He noted the hay loft and as he looked at it a teen popped up and hurled down some hay from above. This was an excellent spot. It was warm and safe at night and there was enough hay up in the loft that even if the teen was up there shoving hay down he would not see someone hiding there.

By the time the King returned he had his hiding places stored in his memory ready for his use, if it should be needed.

His moment finally came to return the book. The King had returned to the castle on the morning of the third day since he'd left. Feral was reading near the fireplace in the main hall when Bloodnor stalked in from outside followed by his top two officers. His face was grim and angry as he shouted for Carthmore then continued on to his study.

Feral pretended to show only mild interest as he watched the King and his entourage vanish into his study. Closing the book, he stood up and stretched and walked to the archway that led to the stairs of the King's apartments.

Outside he displayed a casual indifference but inside he was anxious and alert. Now was his chance. He strode down the hall past the harem and on to the King's door. Stepping in he quickly hurried to the bedroom and fetched the book, hiding it in the one he was carrying and slipped back out of the apartment again. No one was around as he went back down the stairs.

What he didn't know was the she weasel was watching him. This was her chance to get even

with this creature. She had been observing him steadily for the past week. He had been acting odd and he always seemed to have a book in his paw and once a book within a book. She watched as he looked around then made for the stairs that led to the wizard Carthmore's tower residence.

A smile of triumph spread across her lips as she watched him slip into the wizard's apartment. No one was supposed to be up there without the wizard being present. She had him now. When the King learned of his consort's secret doings, he would be furious and that arrogant Kat would be punished. She waited to see if he took anything from the room.

Feral was relieved when he made it inside Carthmore's apartment without detection. He quickly went to the wizard's work room and placed the book back in its place. Before he could leave though a feeling of foreboding stole over him. He hesitated, then not really certain what possessed him, he reached out and took out random books and flipped their pages without really looking at them then replacing them. He handled at least five more books before finally leaving the room. Instead of walking back to his room or the main hall, he decided it would be much safer if he 'ported. He sighed with relief when he appeared back in the King's bedroom.

The she weasel sat outside waiting for a very long time until she became too nervous. She could be punished as well if she stayed here any longer. With a last look at the door at the top of the stairs, she quickly ghosted away. She didn't know what the consort was doing in there but it would definitely get him in trouble. She would see to that.

The evening meal was a strained affair. The King seemed to be in a sour mood and was involved in tense discussions with his second in command and Carthmore, barely touching his food. Feral didn't draw any attention to himself. It was best to pretend to be invisible when the Lion was in this kind of mood. Obviously something was happening at his borders that had him upset.

After dinner, Feral took a leisurely bath. This time he allowed Glory and Sheen to service him. As he lay floating they soaped him and then caressed his body intimately making him sigh and moan with pleasure. Sheen took his cock and slowly sucked and nibbled it while Glory went beneath the wolf and under the water to mouth the Kat's ball sack and then on down to his clitoris. As Feral moaned and writhed, while his shoulders rested on a shelf on the pool, the wolf extended his arms to support the rest of the Kat's body keeping it from sinking. The spiraling tension built slowly making it more intense than if it had been done fast and quick. Feral arched his back and nearly gagged the wolf but Glory kept her place except for a moment to grab a lung full of air.

Feral came with a shuddering growl, shooting his seed down the wolf's throat while bucking away from Glory who came up quickly, gasping for air. Before he could right himself and thank the pair, a powerful pair of arms wrapped themselves around his waist and pulled him close. The King used one arm to draw Feral into a hot, intense kiss.

Sheen and Glory grinned and went to work on the hugging pair. Sheen caressed and stroked the King's massive organ while Glory ducked beneath the water once more and began to nibble on Feral's female folds.

Feral gasped and groaned into the King's mouth while the Lion moaned his pleasure from his harem's tender care. They moved away quickly when the King pulled his consort's legs up and supported his buttocks so that he could slide into the Kat's waiting channel.

He was in an aggressive mood so didn't waste too much time in foreplay as he pounded the Kat hard and deep. Sheen supported Feral from behind to provide the King a firm surface to shove against. Glory circled the mating pair applying a stroke or caress here and there.

In very little time, the King was roaring his climax with Feral close on his heels. He hung in the Lion's massive arms as he caught his breath.

"You make the trials of the day bearable, my beauty. I can forget for just a little the problems that beset my kingdom of late." The King muttered with a sigh, nuzzling Feral's face and neck in lazy relaxation. They lazed in the pool for an hour before the King helped his consort out of the water. Bloodnor conjured their local form of money in two small bags and handed each of them one and waved them away from helping him further.

"Enjoy your reward for the caring of my consort, the others can take care of us now." The King told Glory and Sheen, dismissing them. They bowed, glowing with pleasure, then scampered away. The rest of the harem that had been at the pool quickly came up and dried the pair off. The King conjured a pair of robes on them then walked with his arm around his consort and left for their quarters.

In their bedroom the King pushed Feral gently onto the bed and made their robes vanish.

"I hate the time I spend away from you, my warrior. It seems almost as if fate were trying to deny me my heart's desire with you. But I refuse to give up and with that in mind..." He murmured with determination in his eyes, as he lay down beside the Kat and began to caress his chest and pinch each nipple into hard peaks.

Feral panted with desire and rolled against the King's body needily. The magic that bound them was very strong and in a small corner of his mind he worried that he wouldn't find a male as formidable and powerful as the King to break the spell.

His body craved so intensely, with an edge of something like addiction, for the Lion's touch, his kisses, and his hard, thick cock. It was overwhelming.

Bloodnor groaned at his consort's mews of desire and his body's demand for his attention. He thrust into Feral's hot channel then pulled the Kat into a tight embrace as he set a hard and fast rhythm that soon had them both thrumming with fire. Feral bucked wildly meeting each of Bloodnor's thrusts, sending him deep within him.

They roared together as the fire burst within them sending waves of tingling pleasure through their bodies until they fell in a sweaty heap, heart thumping, and breathes panting.

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Chapter 12: Hunt for the Consort by ulyferal

This morning as he woke stiff once again, he decided to just lie here for a while. There was nothing he needed to be doing and no where he was required to be. He willed away his discomfort. Suddenly he sat up as he realized something.

'I've only six days left till I go home,' he thought in surprise. 'Rein yourself in. As soon as I get home, my new problem begins. How will I find a male I can tolerate and is strong enough to dominate me?' He wondered worriedly. 'I'll have until out next full moon to find him and to get pregnant.' That last thought made him grimace. 'Why does everything have to do with me getting pregnant?' He thought sourly.

His musings were interrupted by the King's sudden entrance. Startled, Feral held the blanket in front of himself defensively when he saw a look of utter fury on the Lion's face. His heart hammered in his chest in fear.

"How dare you?" Bloodnor snarled savagely. He charged Feral but the Commander had disappeared.

The King stood there blinking in shock, his anger derailed by this new development. Shaking himself, his fury reignited, he searched with his magic for his escaped consort. After 'looking' for more than fifteen minutes with no success he came back to himself and frowned.

He had just been told through his chamberlain, Gutare, that his consort had been doing elicited research. It didn't take a genius to guess what Feral had been researching. He intended to thrash his erring consort within an inch of his life. The whip, denial of sleep, and food deprivation would rein his rebellious mate in, his mind decided savagely.

But first he had to find him. He sat down on his bed and thought. His anger had cooled a bit and he realized his initial desire to cause pain would have broken his consort's spirit and he found it was that which made his heart soar when he was with him.

Further, this Kat had a deeper magical hold over him than his last consort ever had. He remembered the sexy fox that had been his first Lady. She had been disobedient and a tyrant with the harem. He had to punish her and it broke her spirit. He remembered how useless she was after that, so cowed she offered no challenge or energy in their bed. He finally gave her to Warkil for a herd of Reprorses.

No, he didn't want to break this consort. Feral was far too unique and his spirit was what made their matings so intense. Also, it appeared he was far stronger magically than any had guessed. It was obvious he had teleported somewhere.

He remembered now that he had been told his consort had been seen wandering around the castle for the past few days, poking here and there. Bloodnor realized Feral had been looking for hiding places. A growl escaped his throat, yes his consort was very cunning...very cunning...indeed.

He jumped to his feet and 'ported to the main hall and summoned his guard. He sent them to search the castle and grounds thoroughly. He didn't really think they would find him though. Feral wouldn't have left since his way home was the portal. but he would stay out of his lord's grasp until he was drawn home. Yes...his consort was indeed clever.

Terror had lit a fire under Feral and he 'ported to the empty tower room without hesitation. He had made sure he had his hideaways in order in his mind so that he wouldn't hesitate to escape before the King could lay a paw on him. He sat on the cold floor, still holding the blanket tightly, while his heart hammered in fright.

'Gods! That was close! He had blood in his eye.' Feral thought with a shudder. 'Well I guess its going to be a game of tag from now on.' He sighed in resignation as he willed warm clothes on. Since he was hiding anyway, he opted to conjure a set of his favorite sweats, t-shirt, jacket, and tennis shoes on himself. He smiled wanly. It felt good to be wearing familiar clothing again.

His stomach chose that moment to growl. He looked down at it and muttered, 'Tough, you're going to have to wait and stay hungry.'

Ignoring his hungry gut, he got up from the floor and went to the only window in the tower and carefully peered out. On the ground below he saw the King's guards searching. He pulled his head back and sighed again. They would be getting up here soon enough so he had to decide where to go next.

He had originally decided he would go to the stables next but it looked like the King had the whole castle searching so the only choice he had was the tree on the forest's edge. He grimaced, that was a really terrible and dangerous choice but he didn't see any other options. He mused for a moment, could he make a weapon from his home appear?

He concentrated. Since he knew his blaster thoroughly, it should work but despite all his efforts nothing appeared. Growling in annoyance at the capriciousness of magic, he tried to think of something else that might work. Finally, he thought of an ordinary handgun. They didn't use them any more but some of the gangs still did.

To his pleased amazement a magnum .357 appeared in his paw and, after checking quickly,

found it was fully loaded. Perfect!

At that moment, he heard the sound of the searchers reaching his sanctuary. He grabbed the blanket and 'ported. He nearly dropped the blanket as he secured himself on his precarious perch in the tree. It wasn't the most comfortable place but it was safe. He could just barely see the guard searching the gardens, farms, and orchards from his perch but no one was coming out here.

He relaxed and leaned his back against the trunk and settled in for a long wait. He ignored his grumbling stomach as he prepared to wait till dusk to return to the castle. He had no intention of staying out here in the dark, it was far too dangerous but in the daylight and with a weapon he felt reasonably safe.

The search for his consort had been going on for several hours with no sign of him. Bloodnor had a hard time conducting business when his mind kept straying to his missing consort. The castle had been searched from top to bottom and all the grounds going as far as the forest but there was no sign of the canny Kat.

To ease his need to vent, he had already punished Gutare for not being observant, the antagonistic harem members for betraying Feral, Aumire for allowing Feral free access to his library, and Carthmore for not putting protections on his library. It only helped alleviate a small amount of his aggravation and frustration.

He knew his consort was keeping one step ahead of the searchers. The best he could hope for was Feral appearing and getting caught in one of the many magical traps he had his reptile wizard Dantre set in various out of the way spots of the castle. Until then, all he could do was fume and wait the Kat out or the time ran out for his return home.

Feral yawned as he sat in his tree. The guards had ridden out but hadn't seen him in the tree...no one looked up. He wasn't attacked by anything hidden in the forest either, which was a good thing, he realized with chagrin. His gun would have brought the guards running.

He could tell everything had quieted down finally. By the sun's angle he guessed the evening meal was being prepared about now. He was very hungry. He thought he could risk returning so 'ported himself to the tower again. Happily there was no one around or near it, so he felt safe to leave the blanket, he banished the pistol...it was of no use to him anyway.

He 'ported to the small store room in the kitchens and listened to the many conversations that drifted through the doors as the evening meal was prepared. The enticing odors made him mad with hunger. He cautiously opened the door a crack and peeked out. In the next room before you got to the kitchen proper was the area the fresh provender was stored. He would have to make do with this instead of something hot unless he was lucky later and snatched some leftovers.

Carefully and quietly he slipped out, closing the door behind him. He grabbed a canvas bag used to collect vegetables and filled it with fruit, jerky, a small block of hard cheese and bread then 'ported to his tower room. He quickly conjured a mattress from the empty guest rooms in the castle. After a moments thought, he 'ported a heavy rock from a pile near the blacksmith's shop where a new forge was being built. This he put in front of the door so that he could sleep. It would slow anyone trying to come in, just enough, so that he had time to escape.

Satisfied with his preparations, he settled down to his impromptu meal. When he was somewhat full, he 'ported to a small stream that flowed through the orchard to get a drink and wash up. It was full dark now so no one could see him. He used a nearby bush to take care of his other needs. 'Porting back to his room, he settled down to sleep.

The King woke disgruntled and in a foul temper. He had his guards renew their chase of his illusive consort but their search was as fruitless as the first day had been. Everyone avoided the King as much as possible, not wanting to be on the receiving end of his ire.

For the next two days, Feral successfully hid from the guards and the King. However, another problem made an appearance after the third day passed. Feral began to ache for the King's touch. He tried to ignore it but as the day progressed it just got worse. He made attempts to satisfy the urgent demands his body was making by masturbating but it did not good.

He finally realized with horror that the magical bond between himself and Bloodnor didn't allow them to be apart for any real length of time. He further realized that the King was never gone from his side longer than two days...ever. Which meant the King suffered from the separation as much as he did.

What a mess! He couldn't give in now! He was soo close to returning home, there was no telling what Bloodnor would do to him if he went to him now for relief. He shuddered and tried to get some sleep. The discomfort had curbed his appetite so he hadn't left his sanctuary to eat except when the search came close.

His sleep was disturbed by intense erotic images. His body writhed and humped the bed trying desperately to get relief. Unbidden, the King came into his dreams, holding him and taking him. He moaned frantically and without realizing it he willed himself into the King's bed.

Bloodnor was having similar difficulties, he tossed and turned in urgent desire. He had tried to assuage it with several of the harem to no avail. His sleep was filled with images of his consort laying under him, begging him to take him. Suddenly, to his shock it felt like his dreams were real as he felt a familiar body on top of his, rubbing hotly and moaning desperately in his ear. His eyes popped open and there was his consort, eyes huge with lust and need, his body demanding. Bloodnor groaned with hot desire and wasted no time in entering his consort's wet heat.

They cried out with intense relief as they mated furiously. Coming was hard and violent and didn't end with the orgasm. Feral continued to rock and demand further attention and the King willingly gave it to him. They mated for a couple of hours, rested a few hours then began again until dawn found the King alone in his bed once more.

He roared in fury at being abandoned yet again. Tomorrow the Kat returned home, the King was suddenly concerned about his ability to survive his consort's absence. He had warned Feral from the beginning that he would pine for him but hadn't realized he would be in the same boat. He needed to speak to his wizards urgently.

Feral had awakened at first light with Bloodnor pressed against him. He wasted no time in 'porting away to his tower room. He sighed in relief. His body didn't hound him so much now and he would be going home tomorrow. But instead of smiling in anticipation, a look of concern shadowed his face. How was he supposed to manage being gone from the King for a month when only three days produced such intense need in him?

He had to find a solution much quicker than he'd planned or he truly would go mad long before he was returned here. Talk about a nearly impossible task.

Dawn was approaching when Feral woke the next day. He had no idea when he would be drawn back through the portal so he hurriedly got dressed. He returned his appearance to the one he had arrived on Galanon with.

As the sun began to appear on the horizon, he felt a tingling sensation and a pull. A flash of light blinded him for a moment and he blinked several times to clear his vision. When he could see again, he found himself standing in front of the portal in Megakat Park with the moon just setting. Standing in a nimbus of artificial light was a group of Kats staring back at him. His heart leapt for joy as he stepped away from the trap that would return him if he didn't break the spell. He prayed they could solve his problem quickly.

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Chapter 13: Revelations and a Request for Help by ulyferal

BEYOND THE SHADOW OF THE MOON

Chapter 13: Revelations and a Request for Help

It was the second night of Feral's disappearance and T-Bone was bored. The scientists had been swarming the portal nearly round the clock since it first appeared but they were no closer to figuring out where it came from nor why it was still here. Though the good news was no one else had been snatched.

He yawned. Razor and Professor Hackle hadn't been able to sleep so were back at the portal at two in the morning and now it was nearly dawn. With only the hint of daylight growing, he was surprised when Professor Sinian and Callie walked up from the parking lot.

"Kinda early for you gals, isn't it?" He asked from his position leaning against a tree a few feet from the portal.

"Oh, hi, T-Bone. I would say the same to you," Callie responded.

The big tabby snorted. "Razor couldn't sleep and I wouldn't let him come by himself so here I am," he sighed.

Briggs smiled in commiseration. "Well, that was my reason as well I'm afraid."

"I too," Abi Sinian said, nodding at him warmly before moving off to speak with the others near the portal.

Callie moved closer to the big SWAT Kat and stared at the portal pensively. "Will we ever get Commander Feral back?" she asked aloud.

T-Bone glanced down at her a moment before looking back at the portal himself. "I don't know Ms. Briggs but I know Razor won't give up trying to figure that thing out," he said more seriously.

Before she could respond, the sun's first fingers of light hit the portal and suddenly it began to glow.

"Get back!" Razor shouted, dragging both Hackle and Sinian back with him.

Sgt Fallon had just arrived at the park when he saw the sudden spike in light. He hurriedly summoned the second in command and more back up to the force ringing the park already, while he ran toward the group staring at the now active portal.

The moment he arrived beside the SWAT Kats a figure stepped out of the bright pool of light.

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Being tossed around and blinded by the overwhelming energies of the portal, Feral couldn't tell which way was up but suddenly everything stopped and he found himself standing on his feet with the morning light of his planet's sun shining down on him.

His first reaction was one of joy and relief but before he could move forward another, more nasty thought intruded. It was just dawn here now but he had been with Bloodnor the night before. How did that translate to here and just how many days did he have left before he craved the King's touch again? He had a bad feeling it wasn't very long.

Feral sensed many eyes watching him which pulled him away from his unhappy thoughts forcibly. Eyeing him in concern were his assistant, Sgt Fallon and next to him was the SWAT Kats?? (well maybe that was a good thing). Next to them was Ms. Briggs (surprising considering the incredibly early hour). And more surprising yet were seeing Professor Hackle and Dr. Sinian (oh, wait, she's perfect for what I need) here as well.

"Are you alright, sir?" Sergeant Fallon spoke first, when it looked like the Commander was just going to stand there.

"Glad to be home but that won't last so no not really," Feral responded, distracted by his problems and the solutions he would be forced to seek to solve them.

Fallon frowned, confused by what the Commander had said.

"What, do you mean by that Feral and will this portal remain here?" Razor demanded to know.

Steele and more Enforcer suddenly poured into the clearing but when there was no new threat but the appearance of their Commander, Steele had the troops go replace the ones on duty and went to hear what was going on.

"The portal will remain until it take me back again," Feral responded flatly.

"What?" T-Bone exclaimed.

"Why?" Steele asked, the same time. He turned to scowled angrily at the SWAT Kat but Feral halted any fighting between them.

"That I'll have to discuss in private. How long have I been gone from here?" he asked.

Surprised, Professor Hackle was the one to answer. "Just two nights and a day, Commander."

Feral grimaced unhappily at that news. Turning to Steele, he demanded, "what precautions have you done to protect this site?"

"There's a cordon around the park, sir. No one gets in except for the scientists that were trying to figure it out," Steele answered.

"Good! Continue doing that while I try to solve my other problems and no one is to come near it at all not even scientists. It is purely magical in nature and controlled by a ruler on another planet so nothing we do will effect it," Feral stated baldly. He turned away from his second in command and assistant to face Dr. Sinian and the SWAT Kats.

"Unfortunately, I will need all three of you to help me solve the problems I have and there isn't much time. I think the best place for this discussion would be the museum, Dr. Sinian, so that we will have access to your extensive library on magic." Feral said grimly. The parties he named stared at him in surprised confusion.

"I'd like to come along, Commander. I need to keep the Mayor informed on what we're planning to do about this portal," Ms. Briggs interjected quickly.

Feral sighed but nodded. "Fine, though I'm not certain I can teleport such a large group nor am I certain the magic I gained works here but I'm anxious to not lose anytime so please gather together closely and we'll see if this works."

Everyone stared at him in puzzlement and not a little concern for his sanity but did as he asked to humor him and perhaps get the answer they needed sooner.

Feral ignored their skeptical looks and closed his eyes. First he pictured the entryway of the museum, the only part he was familiar with, then willed the magic to take all that were with him and to that location.

He felt an odd wrench and the beginnings of a small headache when a variety of gasps made him open his eyes. They were in the foyer of the museum.

'Well, damn, it worked!' He thought a bit blearily then his stomach demanded attention.

He groaned, "Dr. Sinian, I truly hope you have some food around. I haven't had a decent meal in days and after doing this much magic, my head is throbbing adding to my empty stomach's growling.

"Oh...of course Commander. Please, follow me to my office. I've got some things in my mini fridge." Dr. Sinian said still a bit shaken at how they had arrived at the museum.

"Wow! Magic...you did magic! Where the hell did you learn that?" Razor asked, amazed. T-Bone was still too stunned to comment as was Ms. Briggs as they trailed behind Dr. Sinian while they regained their senses.

"Just wait, SWAT Kat, you'll know soon enough," Feral said grimly, as they reached the doctor's office and took seats near her desk as she went to rummage in her fridge for food.

"I'm still shaking from our rather abrupt trip but I think what's happened to you must be much more serious, Commander. We're listening," Callie said, patiently.

"I think it would be a good idea to record this conversation for use in my report and if I fail to solve the problem, you can use it to try and continue to find a solution," Feral advised.

"That's a very good idea, Commander. Here...there's a sandwich, milk, and some fruit for you. Give me a moment to set up my recorder and we'll get started," Dr. Sinian said as she handed some food to Feral then turned to retrieve a recording device from a cupboard.

Feral ravenously ate his makeshift meal. By the time Dr. Sinian was set up and ready he had finished all the food she had given him.

"Goodness, you really were hungry, Commander," she said warmly. "Alright we're ready when you are." She activated the machine.

Feral briskly reported what had happened before he was taken then, more reluctantly, went on to tell the tale of his time spent through the portal. He gave a quick overview of Galanon and Celestor Castle and its King and people. He went on to explain, the species headlong plunge toward extinction due to no new births, their immortality, ability to use magic to heal all but death, dependency on magic for everything in their lives, and, especially, how time differed between Megakat City and Galanon. That last jerked a response from the tabby.

"A month?" T-Bone blurted in disbelief.

"It is another dimension, T-Bone. It's not surprising it might function differently from us," Razor said absently as he absorbed what Feral had told them and what he hadn't said. "So why did they take you, Feral?" he asked, frowning. The big tom hadn't mentioned the reason during his lengthy explanation.

Feral stilled, he knew this question would come up, of course, but now that it was here he found himself reddening with shame and reluctance. None of it was his fault but still he couldn't shake

the humiliating treatment he'd received at the paws of the King.

Callie on his left and Razor on his right realized at nearly the same time that the subject was causing Feral some kind of emotional pain. What had he suffered there?

"I'm sorry Commander, but whatever it was, we need to know as you said you needed out help but that can't happen until we know everything that happened to you," Razor said, gently.

Feral grimaced and swallowed uneasily. T-Bone frowned, wondering just what could be that upsetting to the big tom. He cleared his throat. "The King wanted me as a breeder!"

Everyone blinked at that. "Uh, okay but if that's what he wanted why didn't he just take Razor, me and your sergeant with you?" T-Bone asked, confused.

Feral shifted uncomfortably in his seat and stared at a far wall, unable to look at any of them. "Because he favored males and I was exactly what he sought as his new consort!" He said thickly, unwilling to elaborate further.

T-Bone blinked in confusion, still not understanding then the light went off in his mind. His mouth opened in shock then snapped shut as his mind tried to grabble with the horror of what Feral had to be and what he must have endured under the King's paws. His face flushed with anger and sorrow. No one, not even the tough Enforcer should have been forced to suffer that.

It took the other's a bit longer to realize what T-Bone had guessed though not Razor. Their eyes widened in shock.

"Crud, Feral...the whole time you were there?" the tabby asked shakily, unwilling to say what he'd guessed aloud.

Not able to look any of them in the eyes, Feral nodded and gave them only the barest details of his treatment at the paws of the King. The room fell silent and they couldn't help but stare at the Commander in horrified pity.

Razor finally broke the silence. "So what are these problems you say must be solved and what can we do to help you?" He asked softly.

Feral's expression was bleak when he began his explanation. "First, the portal will remain where it is until the next full moon. Secondly, I will be drawn back into the portal at that time if I'm not pregnant. Three, there is a trap spell on the portal so if I do not become pregnant here or by Bloodnor there, I will continue to be taken back and forth until I am. Whichever side wins in getting me pregnant, will be where I stay for the rest of my life. Fourth, to bind me to him, Bloodnor cast a spell on me when he took me the first time. Every three days we're drawn together to mate whether we want to or not and that is my other serious problem. I must be bonded to another male or I will simply go crazy when the three days since I was last with Bloodnor is up."

"Crazy how?" Razor asked, frowning.

"Like a she-kat in extreme heat and no male able to quench it," Feral said flatly.

The females squirmed in sympathy. That was too hideous for either of them to even contemplate.

"So how long ago did you mate with him before you returned here," Dr. Sinian asked, afraid the poor tom might not have any time for them to find a solution.

"That's what I'm not certain of. To me it was only last night but here...." Feral shrugged,

helplessly.

"Hmmm, I can only hazard a guess, but I'm afraid you may be out of time by tomorrow morning, Commander," Razor said unhappily.

"Great!" Feral moaned rubbing his forehead.

"Crud! You're really screwed. So no female or male can help with that, eh?" T-Bone asked, unwilling to believe just having sex couldn't help the tom.

"He just told you buddy that this Bloodnor fellow cast a spell so this heat condition isn't natural and requires another spell to either cure it or change it," Razor told him firmly.

"That's about the size of it," Feral said miserably. "It doesn't help that only he can take me. When one of his guests slipped into our quarters during a dinner party and raped me, it hurt just as any normal rape would but despite the King essentially raping me every time he laid paws on me, his touch was always pleasurable, no matter how I truly felt in my mind. My body wasn't my own."

T-Bone shook his head. He truly felt sorry for the Commander.

Feral sighed. "I'm not certain we can break the bond, however, because I have to be dominated by someone as strong as Bloodnor and I'm not sure I'll allow another male near me. And if that wasn't bad enough, getting pregnant for someone like me is difficult in the first place. I will say, I never came into heat while I was with Bloodnor but I may not come into heat during the month I'm here either so what do I do about that?"

"One problem at a time, Commander. Let's deal with you needing to mate by tomorrow before we deal with the pregnancy and return one," Razor said. "Now, I think I may have a solution for the first problem but it depends on what kind of magic you're capable of."

"Let's hear it!" Feral said tensely.

"What if we take an empty room here in the museum and you make it look exactly like the King's bedroom then you change some willing Kat into a semblance of him. Just maybe it will allow you to accept the substitute long enough for a bonding transfer to occur. Also, for it to be really effective though, you should wait until you are craving him so badly that you won't be able to resist that easily," Razor suggested.

"It might work," Feral said slowly thinking it through. "I'm sure I can alter a room but I've never seen anyone alter someone's form so I'm not sure I can either"

"Won't know until we give it a try, Commander," Razor said, then turned to Dr. Sinian to ask, "You got something that will work for this experiment, doc?"

"Hmm, perhaps...." she thought a moment. "...yes....I do, an empty exhibit room," she said, getting up and heading for the door, the rest following her. She led them to an elevator and pressed for an upper floor. A quick trip up and she was soon leading them down a long hall until they came to a closed room. Using her keys, she unlocked it and opened the door, flicking on the lights. It was a good sized room with no windows. "Will this do?" She asked.

"It should." Feral said looking around. "Please be silent while I give this a try." He asked as he concentrated on picturing the King's bedroom. After about ten minutes, a new room superimposed itself on the original. Everyone stared in amazement at the transformed space.

"An exact replica!" Feral said in pleased amazement.

"Wow! That's really cool Feral!" T-Bone said looking around. "So this is where you lived for a month."

"Yeah...." Feral said with a shiver. Looking at this again made him uneasy.

"Okay, now that we have the setting we now need the volunteer," Razor reminded them.

There was silence for some minutes then a pained voice spoke.

"I volunteer. After all, there really isn't anyone else we can involve with this and if Feral does get a bit pissed off and tries to send me through a wall, at least I know how to defend myself," T-Bone said, grimly then grinned wickedly to try and dispel the seriousness of this endeavor, "...and besides, I'm just as dominant as he is so I have a better chance of winning."

"Think highly of yourself, don't you?" Feral scowled.

"Just the truth, big guy."

"Okay, don't start a fight here, T-Bone," Razor said, a bit disgusted and worried. He wasn't sure his partner remembered that just sex wasn't involved here. Conception of a kitten was required as well. He'd have to speak to him later about what his commitment to this would be when all was over. "So you have your volunteer, Commander."

Feral grimaced angrily. Again he was given no choice of a mate and it was a SWAT Kat this time...damn it! His life just couldn't get any worse. Gritting his teeth, he shoved that dismay aside and concentrated on attempting to alter T-Bone's form but after more than fifteen minutes, he finally gave it up, rubbing his throbbing head.

"It's no use. I can't alter his form." He admitted somewhat painfully.

"Perhaps you could just place a seeming around him, Commander. An illusion as it were." Dr. Sinian suggested after a moment's thought. "After all, emotionally you need to see Bloodnor but intellectually you need to accept another male to bind to you so, although you 'see' the King, you'll 'smell and feel' another."

"Hmmm, I think she's on to something, Feral. Give it a try anyway!" Razor agreed.

Sighing and trying to ignore his aching head, Feral focused on T-Bone again. This time he tried to place an image of Bloodnor around the tabby. At first only a ghostly shape appeared but then it solidified, hiding T-Bone's true form completely. He could feel nothing but everyone else could now see the leader that had taken Feral.

"Oh heavens! Now that is one formidable looking individual. He'd give even Dark Kat a run for his money," Callie said, shivering, as she stared at the huge lion-like creature.

T-Bone strolled over to a mirror and stared, jerking back in shock at the image that looked back at him. "Crud! That's one scary dude. You have my respect, Commander, for having survived being with him."

Feral felt a warmth fill him at T-Bone's comment until he realized it was Bloodnor's image that was making him hot and bothered. He groaned inwardly.

"Okay now that we know you can do it, go ahead and remove it for now. Will this room remain or do you have to recast it?" Razor asked.

"I don't know. I guess we can leave it and see if it stays," Feral said with a shrug then closed his

eyes and removed the seeming from around T-Bone.

"Okay, there's problem number one solution, hopefully. Meanwhile, I guess you need to see a fertility specialist for problem number two," Razor said.

"I think I can help you find someone, Commander," Ms. Briggs interjected, remembering a colleague telling her about just such a specialist. "Let me check with someone then we can see if they can squeeze us in as an emergency today. If I speak for you in my capacity as Deputy Mayor we might get the help you need that much quicker." She pulled out her cell phone.

"Thank you Ms. Briggs," Feral said, relieved. Though he didn't like the direction his life was going, the one thing he did know was he never wanted to return to Galanon so he would do whatever he it took to keep him home.

"So, everything set. We'll just wait until you contact us about the bonding spell. Right now I want to go home, I'm bushed," T-Bone said, stretching and yawning.

"I'm for that, buddy," Razor agreed.

"Stand together then and I'll send you back to your jet," Feral said. Eyeing him leerily, they complied. He closed his eyes, muttered the spell and sent them on their way.

"I think I'll do a little poking through my books on magic from Queen Callista's time and see if she ever encountered or used anything like the trap spell, Commander," Dr. Sinian said distractedly to Feral as her mind was already focusing on the problem.

"Thank you, doctor," he said. She nodded and left him and Callie as she returned to her office. The deputy mayor finished her phone call moments later and turned to him.

"We're in luck, Commander Feral. Dr. Milton says he can see you right now. So if you'll send us back to my car we'll go."

Feral gestured for her to get close then he pictured the part of the park that held the portal and teleported them there. He didn't look at the portal as he followed Ms. Briggs to her car, nodding at his enforcers as he passed by, startling them. They had known he was back but it was a bit unsettling to know he could come and go with just a thought.

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Chapter 14: Preparing to break the spell by ulyferal

They didn't speak much as Ms. Briggs drove them uptown to Dr. Milton's office. She pulled into the parking garage, luckily finding a slot not far from the elevator. It was just going on nine forty-five in the morning. The moon had set at seven a.m. and the debriefing had taken a little over two hours. Feral was grateful that it had been the same time of day when he had left Galanon so that he wasn't completely sleep-deprived. Though he hadn't really slept well over the past week.

He followed the Deputy Mayor as she took them up five floors and then through a set of twin oak doors that led into a comfortable and richly decorated waiting area. The secretary's kiosk was a semi-circle desk with the latest electronic hardware known to katkind at one end of it. The efficient and handsome looking Balinese flashed them a warm smile as they walked up to her desk.

"Good morning, who are you seeing today and may I have the name of the patient?" She asked politely.

"I'm Deputy Mayor Briggs, I called Dr. Milton just a little while ago and he said he could make time to see Commander Feral. It's an emergency." Callie said in a quiet voice.

The secretary's eyes widened in confused surprise as she looked up at the massive tom who had an unhappy look on his face.

"If you'll wait just a moment, ma'am. I'll go check with Dr. Milton and see if he's ready for you." She said politely, not certain what to make of this but figured it might have something to do with enforcer business. She returned a few minutes later and gestured for them to enter the doctor's office. She closed the door quietly behind them.

The office was comfortable and had personal touches here and there. A slimly built older Tonkinese stood up to greet them.

"A pleasure to meet you both. Please have a seat." He said politely taking his own behind the moderate sized oak desk with a computer at one end. "I must admit your call intrigued me, Ms. Briggs. Can you tell me a bit more of what's going on and why this needs to be done?" He asked once they were settled.

Callie looked toward the Commander, questioning with her eyes, if he wished to answer or should she. Feral sighed and indicated he would tell the doctor the barest minimum of what he needed to know to aid him. For the next thirty minutes he told Dr. Milton what had happened to him. When he finished, the good doctor just gaped at him in stunned disbelief. After some minutes of trying to digest this incredible story, he was forced to believe it since the Chief Enforcer of this city was not given to making such things up. As a matter of fact, the Kat struck him as a skeptic so the events he described had to have really happened. He felt a surge of pity for the huge tom. Rape was a hideous thing and just because he was male didn't make it any less traumatic.

Taking a deep breath and letting it slowly out, he began to plan what needed to be done to help the Commander escape the trap he was in. "I'm truly sorry this has happened to you and that you are forced to make a choice that most take time, love, and a mate to make. Pregnancy for hermaphrodite males is not an easy thing and just getting pregnant at all is very difficult even with fertility drugs. But since there is no option, we can only try and hope it works. I will need to test the one who is to be the father, however, to insure he is fertile or all your efforts will be worthless." He told them quietly.

"Oh, of course, you're right about that. It didn't even occur to me to think of that though I would think he would be but without having sired a kit yet there's no way to know. I'll contact him and have him see you right away. Uh, by the way, it's T-Bone of the SWAT Kats." Callie said.

The doctor's eyes widened and he looked at Feral in shock. 'Okay, this is really getting strange. Everyone knows how antagonistic Feral and the SWAT Kats are. The idea of Feral becoming pregnant by one of them was just too fantastic.' Dr. Milton thought in a daze. 'Man, this is really one for the books!'

"Uhh, thank you, Ms. Briggs. Perhaps you should have him come at near closing so most of my regular patients are gone." He suggested uneasily. It was bad enough his secretary was going to be shocked, it would be quite another if his patients saw the colorful figure here. Callie nodded in agreement.

"Now sir, I need to do a complete gynecological exam on you." Dr. Milton said getting up from his desk.

"How long will it take, doctor?" Ms. Briggs asked.

"A few hours, Ms. Briggs." He said.

"I need to get to my office, Commander. Do you want to call me for a pick up when you're through?" She asked turning to Feral.

"No, that's alright, Ms. Briggs. I'll make my own way back to Enforcer Headquarters. I thought I should check in and perhaps try and get some work done." He told her.

She nodded her understanding. She figured he would probably scare the wits out of that arrogant Lt. Commander of his when he suddenly 'ported into his office. She wished she could be there to see it, smirking inwardly at the thought. She bid him farewell and left.

Feral followed the doctor down to an examination room. In very little time, he had his blood drawn, urine taken, whole body examined and internally checked out. The last being the most humiliating. When he was done with that he was sent for a special cat scan and needle biopsy to extract some of his eggs to check their viability. That was the most painful part of the whole thing.

He was finally allowed to get dressed. When the doctor told him it would be a few hours before he had the results, Feral told him to call him and he would return to hear them. Dr. Milton said that would be alright then looked at Feral in puzzlement when the Commander warned him about his odd 'mode' of departure.

"A trick I picked up in that other world allows me to come and go quickly so don't be too alarmed. I'll return the same way." He said. He looked around for a moment to get a clear picture of the office then nodded and vanished. The doctor gaped at the space the Commander had been, in utter shock.

Feral took pleasure, though he didn't show it on his face, at the look of utter terror and shock on Steele's face when he appeared suddenly in the room. The Sergeant hid a small smile of his own at the blond Kat's panicked response.

"S-s-sir! How did you do that?" Steele stuttered jumping down from the Commander's pedestal desk.

"Something I wish I hadn't needed to learn." Feral said sourly. He was glad for one small favor, he hadn't been gone from this dimension so long that Steele would have had the opportunity to screw up his office. "Now bring me up to date." He ordered, unbuttoning his coat and handing it to the Sergeant then walking up to his desk and gingerly sitting down.

Still badly shaken, Steele gave his report. After he was done, the Sergeant quietly told him about the watch on the portal and who had been there while he was gone.

It made Feral feel strange that the SWAT Kats had been there every night with other scientists trying to decipher it's secrets. Now he would be using T-Bone to help him escape the trap spell. He didn't allow himself to think too closely about what the outcome was supposed to be. He had a feeling he was going to need counseling when this was over...his head and emotions were going to be so screwed.

It was nearly the end of shift, when Dr. Milton finally called him. He 'ported into the doctor's office. He heard him gasp softly as he moved to sit in a chair in front of the doctor's desk.

"That is so disturbing, Commander." He said shaking his head then taking a breath, he began to tell Feral what he'd found. "Well, sir the good news is you are fertile, the bad news is your fertility cycle is retarded like most hermaphrodites. This means you don't have more than four cycles a year, if that and according to what you've told me, your last cycle was more than four months ago. As near as I'm able to calculate you won't be due again for another two months."

"Then that means I will have a heat cycle in another month since I already spent one of those two months on Galanon." Feral interjected.

"Hmmm, you're right! Then maybe it will work after all. If you were to far from a heat cycle, fertility drugs simply wouldn't have worked but because you're within a month of starting, we might have better luck. What might prevent it is the magical heat you suffer from being separated from that

Lion thing. Your vaginal channel is already swelling in preparation as well as your hormone count rising. This situation could interfere with the fertility drug's ability to create an early heat in you." The doctor said in concern.

"Well we're hoping to solve that problem by tomorrow. If we do, then I'll return to start the drugs." Feral told him.

"Ohh...well alright. If we do start the drugs, it may take as long as a month to work." He cautioned the Commander.

Feral grimaced in concern. "That may be cutting things very close but there's nothing more we can do unless someone finds a way to remove the spell without me getting pregnant and so far that's a very long shot." He sighed dispiritedly.

"Then I will hope we are successful, Commander. I'll wait to hear from you and also tell you whether your partner is fertile as well." The doctor said as he stood to bid his patient good bye."

"Thank you for trying to help me during this difficult time. I'll get back to you very quickly." Feral said solemnly then he 'ported away...this time for his apartment.

He sighed happily seeing his home after so long. He wasted no time in stripping his clothes off and jumping into the hot shower. He didn't miss the harem pool at all. He luxuriated in it for a long time before finally shutting it off reluctantly then stepped under the dryer. Gods! How he missed this!

When he was done he put on sweats and t-shirt and made his way to the kitchen to see if there was anything edible in the fridge.

Heading on into the kitchen, he had a feeling he was not going to like what he found in his fridge. When he opened it, he sighed. He hadn't made time to shop recently and his fridge was bare. Since the milk was in cans, it hadn't spoiled and grabbed one and shut the door. Sighing again, he looked around. He really didn't feel like making a meal. Ordering one sounded like great idea but as he reached for his phone, he realized he had a new problem. The King had made his wallet vanish besides his clothes.

"Kat's Alive! Now I have to get new ID and other cards and replace the money I'd had inside." He growled aloud. Suddenly a thought came to him...he concentrated for a moment then opened his eyes and looked down at the table beside him. There sat the money he'd had in his wallet. He swallowed nervously. Okay that wasn't such a good thing. It meant he could conjure money whenever he wanted to. He grit his teeth and swore that he would never use his magic for that. He had conjured only what Bloodnor had taken, no more...no less...the temptation was too great to do that ever again.

Shoving the disturbing discovery aside he ordered a meal from his favorite eatery. Now thoroughly tired, he went to his recliner. Sitting down he grabbed his remote and flicked on the TV and put on the news while he waited for his meal to arrive. He wanted to feel normal again and find out what was happening around the city, he was so glad to see again.

An hour and a half later, after enjoying his first solid meal since his return, he shut off the TV and headed for bed. Unfortunately, sleep eluded him. Though he was very tired, his body was now revving up for mating. No matter how hard he tried, he spent the rest of the night tossing, napping, moaning and tossing again.

Desire burned hotly and all he could see in his mind was Bloodnor. Whenever he would finally drop off, he would dream of being taken by the Lion then jar awake in fear that he might 'port to him but that never happened. What it did do was leave him wet, hot, and mewling desperately in desire.

By the time dawn arrived he couldn't stand it. He climbed groggily from bed and took a hot shower which made things worse so he switched to barely tolerable cold water. Shivering, he stepped under the dryer. He couldn't go to work like this, so instead of putting on a uniform he dressed himself in slacks and shirt with slip on shoes. Focusing was hard as tired as he was but he finally managed to picture the museum foyer. The museum was closed and the night watchman was elsewhere so didn't see Feral's odd arrival. Feral quickly made for the room he had altered. Stepping inside, he closed the door behind him quietly. The room was still as he had conjured it.

He lit the fireplace with a thought then stripped his clothes off and laid them over one of the massive chairs. He paused before going to the bed, to pull out his phone. He left a message for his Sergeant then shut the phone off, putting it away in his clothes again.

He languidly made for the huge bed. He flipped the bedding back then slid onto the mattress. He sat for a moment trying to get some kind of control over himself but it was of no use the need was far too strong. Mewing loudly he stretched and rolled himself all over the bed trying to relieve his need. His mating calls were for one who was too far away to hear them.

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Chapter 15: Breaking a King's magical bond by ulyferal

T-Bone smoothly sent the Turbokat into its hangar with the ease of long practice. He shut it down once it was on its turntable parking spot. He popped the canopy and jumped down with Razor on his heels.

They headed for their lockers to change. T-Bone gave a huge yawn. "Man, I could really use a full eight of sleep." He said to his best friend and partner.

"I could use at least four right now," Razor sighed as he pulled his G-suit off. His mind was too tired to deal with anything more right now. Once he'd changed his clothes, he went over to his design station and pulled out a new sheet of paper. Quickly, he wrote out a message to put out on their door to warn off customers. He added a piece of tape and went up the ladder after his already departed partner.

Walking through the garage, Jake opened the shop door and affixed the sign then locked the door again and made his way up the stairs to their apartment. Reaching the living area he heard Chance in the kitchen.

As he stepped into the room, Chance offered him a milk which he accepted. He leaned against a kitchen counter to drink it. He stared at the floor as his mind refused to shut down and continued to muse on the problem of the portal. He also was concerned about the consequences of his friend being intimate with Feral for the purpose of begetting a kitten.

"Chance?" He began.

"Hmmm?" Chance murmured, his eyelids drooping as he finished his milk.

"You sure you're okay doing this for Feral? I mean we don't get along with him at all and now you have to do something so incredibly personal with him...I just wanted to know if you're okay with this?" Jake asked, troubled.

Closing his eyes completely, Chance said heavily, "Actually...no...but there is no one else. This isn't a simple mating...it's going to be a battle to wrench Feral away from the influence of that King. I don't know if I could live with myself if I just turned my back on him now...could you if it was you were the one doing it?" He asked, opening his eyes and looking at his friend seriously.

"No...I guess I couldn't either...but Chance...if there's a kitten...?" Jake said, very worried for his friend's state of mind.

"I know...believe me...I know! This isn't how I wanted to begin a family and I don't know if Feral will even let me have a part in the kitten's life or if he's just going to hand it over to me and wash his paws of it. I just don't know him that well. But Jake, look at it from his side. It's dangerous for him to be pregnant but it's his only chance to escape the spell. I don't know how he's going to handle being pregnant in the first place besides all the shit that's happened to him messing his head up. Crud, Jake...Feral is probably going to need all kinds of counseling after this. I'll be upset about the kitten and maybe being intimate with my enemy but he has it so much worse." Chance said passionately, feeling a mega dose of pity for Feral.

"Yeah, you're right! He is the one with the most to lose and the one whose already suffered a lot. Well, I'll keep trying to find another way with Dr. Sinian while you do what you can. That's all we really can do at this point. Whatever happens, Chance, I'll be there for you." Jake said solemnly.

"Thanks, buddy. How about we drop this now and get some much needed sleep, heh?" Chance said putting an end to the conversation as he tossed his milk can in the trash and headed to his bedroom.

"Yeah sure, Chance." Jake grunted heading for his own room.

It wasn't until late afternoon before Jake woke and went downstairs. He found the answering machine blinking and decided to check their messages. He took down the calls for assistance and prepared to return them and make appointments for later in the week when Callie's communicator went off.

Frowning in concern, Jake quickly pulled it out of his work shirt and answered. "Yes, Ms. Briggs, what's the problem?"

"Razor! The doctor I took Feral to needs to see T-Bone so that he can conduct a fertility test. Can he make it today?" She asked urgently.

"Uh, well he's still sleeping, Ms. Briggs...but sure I'll let him know and get him over there. Where does he have to go and who does he see?" Razor asked.

Callie briskly gave him the information. "Thanks, Razor. Be sure he gets there just before Dr. Milton's office closes, no earlier."

"I will Ms. Briggs, don't worry!"

"Good! Later!" She said then clicked off.

Jake sighed as he checked the time on the wall then went back upstairs to wake his partner.

More than a couple hours later... "Crud, Razor, that was the most humiliating test I've ever had done." T-Bone groused as he stripped his costume off again.

"Aw come on, Chance...yours was easier than Feral's was. Remember what the doctor said he had to go through...yuck...count yourself lucky that all you had to do is provide a painless sample.

"Yeah I know but still..." Chance grumped, not appeased. Jake just shrugged his shoulders as he and Chance went back upstairs and went to work on their backlog.

The next morning, as they were preparing to open their garage, they heard their call sign sing out from the enforcer radio they kept on in the garage to catch calls for help.

The Sergeant had dutifully made the call as the Commander had ordered from the message he left him that morning more than a couple of hours ago. It had been brief and simple... "SWAT Kats! Commander Feral has need of you this morning...you know where!"

"Aw geez, I was really hoping Feral might have been off a little on his estimate... Oh well, I guess we better get going." Chance said heavily as he relocked the door and headed to their hangar.

Very quickly they were on their way to the museum to do battle against a powerful spell.

T-Bone landed the Turbokat behind the museum. It was too early for anyone but the guard to be in the building so Razor used his scanner and quickly located Feral in the area of the room he had altered with magic. They scaled the building and ran across to the roof entry. Razor bypassed the alarm and they quietly entered. Guided by his scanner they arrived quickly at the indicated room. The guard was displayed moving around downstairs and near the front entrance so they wouldn't be disturbed.

T-Bone carefully opened the door and peeked in...for two seconds he just stared then pulled his head back out quickly and shut the door. He swallowed in shock. Razor eyed him in concern.

"What's wrong...are you okay?" He asked.

"Crud!" Was all T-Bone could get out.

Confused, Razor pushed his partner away from the door and peeked in himself. His eyes widened in shock...there...completely nude...was Feral. He was partly curled in the center of the massive bed, his head was turned to the door he had heard open. The pupils of his eyes were huge with lust and a strong odor of heated female permeated the air. As Razor stared at him, the dark tom crawled forward on his paws and knees, hiking his rear into the air, tail over his back and yowled an urgent mating call. Razor jerked his head back and shut the door. He stared at his still stunned partner.

"Crud! T-Bone...he's..." Razor blurted.

"Yeah! Ain't he..." T-Bone breathed out shakily.

"Are you going to..." Razor began uneasily.

"I have to don't !!" T-Bone said sharply. He stripped his weapons off and handed them to his partner then took a deep breath, straightened his shoulders, opened the door and stepped in, closing it firmly behind him.

He stayed by the door and stared at the completely wanton picture Feral made on the bed. The dark tom stared hotly at him, panting with need and moaning.

Taking his courage in his paws, T-Bone approached the bed. When he was within five feet, Feral reared back and hissed displaying his fangs. He whined angrily in his throat.

T-Bone halted and waited until Feral calmed a bit then he spoke in a low, soothing voice. "Okay, Commander. I'm here like you wanted...now you need to cast that seeming over me like you did yesterday." He coaxed the barely aware Kat.

Feral shook his head sharply as if trying to clear it. He mewed frantically, laying down to roll wildly on the bed.

Gritting his teeth, T-Bone tried again as he could feel the pheromones begin to work on him. "Come on big guy, get it together. I can't help you if you don't disguise me."

Feral panted in anxiety and stared at the colorful Kat in front of him...where was the King...who was this...his mind couldn't seem to focus...something was familiar about this stranger...and what was he saying...?" Feral tried to push the urgency of his body back and focus on the Kat talking to him. He knew in the back of his mind that this was very important. He struggled to bring forward what was so important and, suddenly, for a brief moment it came to him. Grabbing a hold of that

memory desperately, he concentrated and cast the seeming he'd done yesterday.

Moments later, Bloodnor stood there, with a wild cry, Feral nearly charged the disguised Kat.

T-Bone sighed in relief when he saw the recognition that lighted the tom's eyes telling him the seeming was in place. Now he had to strip his clothes off before Feral came charging at him in his excitement.

Hurriedly, he stripped his G-suit off just as Feral lost his patience and came hurtling toward him, flying through the air and flattening him to the floor. He still had his under clothes on as he struggled with the urgent Kat on top of him.

This close, the tom's strong female pheromones struck his nose hard. T-Bone's rutting instincts kicked in and he reached down and ripped his boxers off then flipped Feral to his back and readied himself to thrust forward. Before he could do so however, Feral's senses told him that, though he could see the King, he couldn't feel or smell him. His confused mind tried to reject the tom grappling with him.

With a cry of anger, Feral kicked T-Bone off him, sending the tom flying through the air to land on the bed.

T-Bone shook himself and immediately lunged off the bed at Feral's still supine form. The dark tom hissed and rolled away quickly. The tabby hit the floor then bounced to his feet and looked for the Commander.

Feral had gotten to his feet and was now on the other side of the bed. His eyes held a mad light. There was still lust in them but also mistrust. His confusion was making him dangerous and aggressive as his hormones kept pushing him to mate.

Yowling in frustration he leapt onto the bed, preparing to jump T-Bone. The tabby braced himself and caught the hurtling form and let himself hit the floor with his back. As Feral struggled above him, T-Bone wrapped his legs around him and finally plunged his steel hard cock into the overheated Kat's female channel.

Feral shuddered and whined hotly at the invasion. His mind, held hostage by the spell, wanted to pull away but his body demanded attention. Caught in between he wasn't able to fight back as T-Bone continued to thrust hard and fast. With a scream and a roar they climaxed like a rocket.

They lay limp and panting for a few minutes on the hard floor. T-Bone was grateful that Feral was so conflicted he hadn't even thought to use magic. He hoped it would continue that way or he would be in real trouble.

Feeling Feral's channel tighten around him, he quickly took advantage of the Kat's need to begin another fast thrusting rhythm, trying to keep the Commander from being able to think long enough to attack him.

When they climaxed again, this time Feral shoved himself violently from T-Bone's hold and escaped across the room again. T-Bone let him go for a moment while he caught his breath. He thought that when he'd succeeded in mating with Feral the bond would be broken but the tom still acted hostile. What was he doing wrong? He raced over all the conversations they'd had yesterday trying to find the information he was missing.

Getting to his feet, he peeled his t-shirt off and tossed it into a corner. Slowly he stalked toward Feral again. The tom hissed, ears flattened to his skull, tail lashing and a low warning rumble was issuing from his chest. T-Bone ignored the warnings and continued to move closer. While he did so, he finally remember what it was he'd forgotten.

'Ahh, that's what it was...I have to dominate him...that means to take him in the most dominate

position there is in mating.' He thought triumphantly to himself then sobered, 'Yeah, easier said than done, though.'

He charged Feral suddenly, but the powerful tom jumped onto the bed and to the floor in a blur of motion. Growling in frustration, T-Bone quickly followed. He began a persistent chase of the heated tom around the room, not giving him an opportunity to rest and think only react. He was gradually wearing Feral out when the Kat finally made a mistake and T-Bone caught him again, mating with him quickly but it wasn't the dominant position.

As Feral once more struggled to get free of the tabby, T-Bone allowed his rutting hormones to take him over completely. With the strong mating instincts on line, the tabby roared and flipped the heated tom over on his belly then grabbed his scruff in a hard grip with his fangs.

Screaming in dismay, Feral went limp and compliant, giving a mating cry signaling his surrender to the possessive male. Growling deep in his chest, T-Bone positioned himself and began to thrust hard and deep. Feral came after only a few thrusts but T-Bone didn't relent as he continued to pound the tom into the floor bringing the Kat again and still he kept on until he finally allowed himself to release bringing Feral with him over the edge. At that exact moment a feeling of something shifting rushed through them.

They shuddered for a long moment then collapsed to the floor. They heaved and panted for breath too exhausted to move. When their hearts and breathing finally eased, Feral mewed softly and writhed a little under T-Bone.

Blinking in confusion, T-Bone could feel no more hostility from Feral, only compliance and a request for more attention. Feral mewed again and rubbed his face against the tabby's. Tenderly, T-Bone nuzzled him back. The dark tom sighed and relaxed.

The tabby wondered if it was safe for him to speak. They never did address that. Well...only one way to find out.. "Hey, Commander, can we take this to the bed? It might be more comfortable." He suggested huskily.

"Hmmm..." Feral murmured nonsensically, eyes closed.

T-Bone frowned a little at the nonverbal response. He nuzzled Feral on the neck and tried again to rouse the tom. "Come on...baby.. ...let's go to the bed and be more comfortable," he urged him, rumbling deep in his chest.

"Ohh...good idea...my breasts hurt being pressed into the floor..." Feral finally said thickly.

Encouraged, T-Bone raised himself off the tom and got to his feet. Feral slowly curled until he was sitting then took the tabby's offered paw to raise himself from the floor. He swayed a bit and T-Bone placed an arm around his waist to steady him. Easing him onto the bed, T-Bone pressed himself to the dark tom's back and spooned him from behind.

"Are you okay?" He asked softly in concern as he licked the fang marks he'd made.

"Mmmm...yesss...feel soo much better...I think its safe to say you succeeded in breaking the bond though I think it didn't break so much as transfer. Don't know if that was a good idea...but..." Feral yawned hugely, "but...I don't think it can be undone now..." he said slurrily as sleep dragged him down into much needed slumber.

Sighing in relief, T-Bone began to relax until he heard the door open. His partner looked in cautiously. Smiling at Razor, he signaled for him to come in. Razor slipped into the room and walked up to the bed quietly. He looked at the sleeping Feral with a frown then eyed his partner questioningly.

"Apparently, we succeeded. It wasn't easy but it's done. However, Feral fears it wasn't destroyed

only transferred. I don't want to think how that's going to affect us in the future. One thing at a time right now. We can be sorry about it later." T-Bone whispered grimly.

"I guess that's the only attitude to have right now, buddy. I'll inform Dr. Sinian and Callie. You going to stay until he's through?" Razor whispered back.

"Yeah, gotta make sure it'll hold. Going to have to have him remove the seeming. That will be the real test." T-Bone said softly.

"Ugh...that's true...I hope you've succeeded then...I'll see you guys later." Razor said preparing to leave.

"Yeah, later." T-Bone sighed and relaxed completely. Razor quietly left the room.

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Chapter 16: Being Intimate with Thine Enemy by ulyferal

T-Bone woke some hours later. Despite having slept earlier, he still had a lot of sleep time to make up for those long hours in the park. He sat up and yawned. Looking down at Feral, he could see the tom was sleeping a bit uneasily and realized that must be what woke him up.

Feral's face was frowning and his body was tense as if he was getting ready to run at any moment, his tail wrapped tightly around his body. T-Bone felt conflicted about his feelings for the arrogant Chief Enforcer. He couldn't hate him as much as he used to...not after what Feral had been through and the fact they had just been very intimate with each other. His thoughts were interrupted by a loud cry and an arm violently whipping up and smacking him on the side of his face.

Feral was soo very tired. After the successful transfer of the spell bond and relief from his intense sexual need, he had slipped into a deep slumber free of dreams. But after only three hours of blissful, undisturbed sleep, the rem cycle ripped his dreamless state to shreds.

The Lion's face loomed large in his mind's eye as the infuriated King, having found another male's scent upon his consort's body and the bond broken, roared and snatched Feral up, hauling him in the air and proceeding to whip him bloody. Feral tried to teleport away as the whip laid a bloody furrow down his back but nothing happened. He screamed and struggled to get away.

Suddenly, a voice that wasn't the Kings spoke soothingly to him. He tried to reach out to that other voice desperately. It sounded so familiar but he couldn't seem to hear what it was saying then a gentle caress stroked his still struggling body and he froze.

T-Bone was shocked at the sudden blow to his face but quickly forgot the pain, as Feral flailed desperately to escape whatever nightmare held him. He was screaming and pleading in his dream for someone not to hurt him.

Grimacing in sorrow for Feral, T-Bone quickly pinned the frantic tom and tried to bring him back to himself with soothing words and nuzzling his neck. At first, it was all he could do to hold on to the bucking Kat but gradually, Feral's movements slowed. It seemed he was hearing the tabby.

T-Bone dared to loosen his grip so that he could caress the tom very gently. He didn't want to make it sexual and remind the Kat of Bloodnor, which the tabby was sure was the cause of the Commander's upset. Feral seemed to freeze, listening then relaxing in relief in the tabby's arms. T-Bone sighed mentally.

"It's alright, you're safe here...it's just a nightmare...I promise." T-Bone said softly as he continued his caresses.

Feral opened his eyes and stared shakily at the trappings of Bloodnor's bedroom and he moaned, "No...won't fall for it...I'm sorry... please don't hurt me..." He begged closing his eyes tightly again and shivering in terror.

Pity made his throat tight, as T-Bone tried to think of a way to get through to the Commander. He decided another tactic was needed. Since, according to Feral, the King and his minions always called him by his last name then perhaps his first name would shock him to reality.

"Ulysses, it's not real. You conjured this yourself. I'm T-Bone...come on big guy...I need you to remove the seeming you laid over me. You're safe...I promise." He repeated urgently still keeping his voice soft and soothing.

Feral shuddered as that voice continued to coax and cajole him. When it used his first name though, he blinked in surprise. No one on Galanon had even bothered to ask what his first name was. Taking a shaky breath, he opened his eyes again. There was Bloodnor's room and over his shoulder staring down at him in concern was the King.

He bit his lip and allowed his other senses to reach out to encounter a strange male...definitely different than the one his eyes told him was there. Getting a grip on himself, he closed his eyes again but this time it was to concentrate and remove everything...the seeming and the conjured space.

Which was sort of a mistake...since they fell to the hard tiled floor where the bed had been.

"Crud, Feral. I didn't mean for you to drop everything at once." T-Bone grunted a little as he sat up.

"Sorry, I just couldn't bear to see any of it anymore." Feral said, chagrined as he rubbed his side and rear that was sore from hitting the floor.

T-Bone's look of irritation vanished at that statement. "Yeah, I guess it would be a bit hard. Sounded like a real nasty nightmare you had there." He said gently.

Feral grimaced and turned his face away in embarrassment that the SWAT Kat had seen him frightened like that.

"Why don't you make a regular bed instead or would you rather go to your apartment?" T-Bone suggested quietly. "Or are you okay now? Has the spell driven bond eased up on you?" He asked hopefully.

"Uhhh, well, I'm not driven to mate at this moment but I'm not sure if that means the bond has transferred or been dissipated." Feral said hesitantly.

"How would we test that?" The tabby asked with a frown.

Feral shivered because he really didn't want to find out since the only way to test it was for the SWAT Kat to intimately touch him to see his reaction.

"Are you okay?" T-Bone asked in concern when Feral turned away and shivered. He reached out and carefully stroked Feral's near arm. He didn't expect what he got from that simple touch. The dark tom trembled at the careful caress and swallowed convulsively. The tabby was alarmed but stopped touching him. "You have to talk to me Ulysses. I can't help you if you don't tell me what's going on with you." T-Bone said in frustration and worry.

"I know." Feral's voice was small and soft. "I just can't bear the thought of being yet another tom's possession."

T-Bone felt as if he'd been slapped. God's this was just awful and he didn't know how to fix it. If

the spell had transferred then they were as tied as Feral had been to the King.

"I...I...I'm sorry! I wish there had been some other way to free you." He stuttered helplessly.

The fact the SWAT Kat was so upset by this, eased Feral's dismay that this was exactly what had occurred and allowed him to accept that they would have to test it to see if the spell was still around.

"No...I'm sorry we both had no choice." He said heavily, turning back around to face T-Bone. "We have to test this, I'll just have to tolerate it mentally."

"What do you want me to do," T-Bone said gently, trying his best to set Feral at ease as much as he was able to under these strange circumstances.

"I...anything intimate will do..." He murmured, blushing in humiliation.

Frowning, T-Bone didn't know how best to accomplish that without it reminding Feral of how the King had treated him. Though Feral had said the King had been a skillful and inventive lover, he hadn't said he'd been gentle maybe that was the way to handle this.

He moved closer to the Commander and gently wrapped a comforting arm around his waist and held him close. He tenderly nuzzled the tom's neck and licked him.

Feral quivered at T-Bone's touch. His body didn't reject the tom's advances nor did his mind rail at being held. He sighed inwardly and relaxed into that gentle hold.

T-Bone sighed inwardly when he felt the powerful tom relax in his arms and not stiffen in distaste or outright rejection. Encouraged, he continued to nuzzle Feral's neck and used his free paw to stroke the broad chest in a soothing caress.

Feral's eyes closed in languid pleasure. He leaned his head back against the other tom and T-Bone tenderly flicked his tongue out to lick his face. T-Bone's strokes down his chest to nearly his waist was sending gentle waves of heat between his legs. He writhed against the tom's warm body and murred low in his throat signaling his pleasure at what T-Bone was doing.

T-Bone scented Feral's arousal as it drifted to his nose. Apparently the spell had transferred, he thought in dismay. But despite his unhappiness that this had occurred he couldn't seem to stop his caresses which were definitely becoming more sensual in nature.

His fingers drifted to Feral's inner thighs and he lightly drew his claws down one of them. Feral groaned and opened his legs more. With the big tom's body leaning more against him, T-Bone began to use both his paws to begin a dual caress up and down the tom's body to his inner thighs.

Feral panted and moaned, pressing against T-Bone as the touches became more intense and he quivered like a taut bow string. Getting hot himself, the tabby could feel his cock harden and press against the base of the dark tom's tail which made Feral writhe even more.

Feral gasped and shuddered as T-Bone reached down and caressed the tom's female folds and the underside of his stiffening cock. This was becoming too heated for both of them. With a keening cry of hot desire, Feral suddenly lunged forward to take a position on his paws and knees, tail over his back. That wanton and submissive stance made T-Bone growl with fierce desire. He slid up the waiting tom's body and mounted him.

Sliding deep in one thrust sent them both moaning lustfully. T-Bone grabbed Feral's scruff and began a slow, even rhythm. He pulled almost completely out before sinking deep again. Feral shuddered and mewed with every near removal of the hard cock and a wild cry when he plunged forward again. As the tension mounted, T-Bone gradually picked up the speed with Feral

meeting him thrust for thrust. They raced to a fiery climax then slid in a heap on the cold floor, panting to catch their breath.

When they'd recovered enough to sit up again, T-Bone gently removed his softening cock from its warm haven. Feral sighed in regret at its departure.

"Well I guess that answered the question, alright." T-Bone sighed, shaking his head. "Sorry, Commander."

"Ssn't your fault," Feral slurred a little, still a bit giddy from the intense bout of sex. T-Bone was good and was giving Bloodnor a definite run for his money. "I should apologize to you now for taking your freedom too." He said sadly.

"Huh?" T-Bone said, confused.

"You've forgotten the spell goes both ways?" Feral asked him.

"Oh God...you don't mean...?" T-Bone blurted in shock. It was just dawning on him what the Commander meant.

"Yeah, nasty catch-22 isn't it." The dark tom said ruefully. "I don't think Bloodnor really thought he would be affected. Wonder how the bastard is handling me being gone?" He mused, not unhappy about the prospect.

"Hopefully, he's suffering big time!" T-Bone said sourly.

"Yeah, one could hope!" Feral said grimly.

"Okay, so are we going to sit here or do you want to go home now?" T-Bone asked again.

"Hmm, I'm still tired. I think I'll go home and get some more rest." Feral said thoughtfully.

"Are you sure you're going to be okay? I'd hate for you to suffer another of those nightmares and no one is around to help you pull out of it. Maybe you should take a sleeping pill...that might help staff off the bad stuff." T-Bone suggested in concern.

Feral felt odd about the caring attitude of this cocky pilot. What strange bedfellows they made.

"Thank you, perhaps I will. I don't think I've seen the last of that Lion's too familiar face." He sighed unhappily. "I need to see Dr. Milton later today to start those fertility shots." He grimaced in distaste.

"Ugh! Shots! That's nasty! Does Dr. Milton say you have a chance?" He asked curiously.

"If you call a hundred to one odds good. The only luck I have is that I'm due my heat cycle in a month which he hopes he can coax to start early. He also said that if the spell was transferred then the urge that hits every three days coupled with the shots may increase my chances. A whole lot of 'ifs'." Feral said dispiritedly.

"Yeah, it sure is, but right now there's no other choices." T-Bone said commiserating with him then something Feral said hit him between the eyes. "Every three days?" He blurted in shock.

Feral eyed him in askance. "Exactly how did you think I was to get pregnant if we aren't making out like bunnies everyday?" He asked sarcastically.

T-Bone blushed furiously. "Crud, honestly, it hadn't registered yet!" He said ruefully.

"I sympathize with you!" Feral said flatly.

"The only way that's going to work is if I lay with you every night." T-Bone said in resignation.

"Oh yeah...such fun!" Feral said in equal resignation.

"Well, I have work to do. Go get some sleep and I'll see you later tonight." T-Bone said getting to his feet and looking for his G-suit. He blinked in surprise when he couldn't find it. "Hey, you made my suit disappear!" He said turning to Feral accusingly.

"Oh, sorry!" Feral said blinking in surprise at the absolutely empty room. "My clothes too, it seems. Just a sec..." He said, concentrating and making a G-suit appear on T-Bone with underwear and doing the same to himself.

"Hey, thanks, you didn't have to give me under things too." He said pleased.

"Well, I wasn't certain you cared to go 'commando'." Feral said shrugging his shoulders as he climbed to his feet and yawned suddenly.

T-Bone snorted, "Go to bed but remember to take a sleeping pill."

Feral growled back at him then disappeared.

T-Bone shook his head. 'Now that's a really cool way to get about.' He thought as he made for the door.

When he opened it, he was surprised to see Callie and Dr. Sinian standing with Razor.

"Everything okay, T-Bone," his partner asked anxiously.

"Yeah, pretty much, if you can accept the fact I'm attached to Feral by that spell. Just as we feared it had transferred not dissipated. It's not one sided either. The spell affects both of us, so every three days we have to be together. We'll deal with that later, right now I have to be with him every night and hope for conception to occur." He said with an unhappy grimace.

"I'm truly sorry about that T-Bone. I've searched all the books I have from Queen Callista's time and there isn't anything similar to this kind of spell. I will keep searching though." Dr. Sinian said unhappy as well.

"Thanks doc. If you don't find anything, pray Feral does get pregnant. He said the chances are a hundred to one. Not great odds at all." T-Bone said grimly.

"Really bad odds, buddy." Razor said shaking his head.

"Well there is one positive note. The spell could aid the fertility shots in increasing Feral's chances at least that's what the doctor hopes." T-Bone told them.

"Where's Commander Feral anyway, T-Bone?" Callie asked.

"He's wiped! A nightmare ruined his sleep...it was really nasty...told him to use a sleeping pill to get some undisturbed sleep... said he would see the doc later this afternoon to start the shots." T-Bone said. "So now, if you will excuse us, we have work to do before nightfall."

"Yeah, you're right about that, buddy. Later, Ms. Briggs." Razor agreed saying farewell and following his partner back through the museum and out the roof door to their jet.

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Chapter 17: Mating heat by ulyferal

As soon as he arrived in his apartment, he wanted to strip and just crawl into bed but he remembered T-Bone's admonishment and even though he'd never willingly take advice from a

vigilante he couldn't deny that nightmares were a possibility.

He made for his medicine cabinet and took one of the authorized sleeping pills issued by Enforcer Medical. Returning to the bedroom, he made his clothes vanish from his body and reappear on a chair. Sighing, he slipped between the covers and fell immediately asleep.

He woke near quitting time feeling more refreshed than he had in weeks. He checked the time and realized he needed to hurry to make the doctor's office before it closed. He dashed into the shower for a quick wash then dry. Dressing quickly he paused and debated 'porting or taking his car. He finally decided to drive since he needed to go to Enforcer Headquarters as well and didn't feel like spooking his staff or the doctor again.

Dr. Milton only made him wait fifteen minutes before he was ushered into his office.

"You look better Commander, succeeded in getting some sleep, heh!" Dr. Milton said as he waited for his nurse to bring him the pre-prepared fertility injection.

"Yes! It felt really good to be able to finally sleep without worrying if I was going to be jumped." Feral said grimly.

The doctor nodded in understanding. The nurse arrived and handed the syringe to him and left.

"You must endure eight of these, spread over a period of four days at a time. I must warn you, some people have had nausea first thing in the morning with the shots...sort of like morning sickness. Not every one is afflicted but if it should happen to you, eat some soda crackers before getting up and see if that helps. If you suffer from severe bouts of nausea and are unable to keep anything down then I want to see you immediately. There are medications that will ease the symptoms. Now do you have any questions?" He asked as he finished giving the injection and instructions.

"No, seems pretty straight forward to me. I just hope it works since I don't have very much time." Feral said heavily as he lowered the sleeve of his shirt and got ready to leave.

"I hope so too, for your sake Commander. See you in four days." Dr. Milton said quietly as he escorted his unique patient out the door.

Feral went to Enforcer Headquarters to catch up with the work that had accumulated during his absence earlier in the day. It wasn't until nine p.m., when he finally dropped the last report in his secretary's basket and made his way out of the building.

He stopped at a favorite eatery and enjoyed a hot meal that allowed him to wind down. He wasn't tired since he'd slept very well most of the day. Though it was getting late, he made for his favorite market that was open for another two hours and shopped. His cupboards and fridge were bare and he finally had the opportunity to get restocked.

Arms full he made his first trip of several as he unlocked his apartment door and stepped in. He walked to the kitchen and placed four bags on the counter and turned to get more from his car when a shadow detached itself from the bedroom doorway.

"Well, you're late!" T-Bone said lazily.

Feral snorted and headed for the door. "I got plenty of sleep and thought I should get my shopping done. I haven't had time for a while and my kitchen is empty." He said over his shoulder as he disappeared out the door.

T-Bone shook his head and waited for the Commander to return. Five minutes later, laden with more bags he passed the SWAT Kat and set them down and went back down for the last few bags. Returning again, arms full, he kicked his door closed with his foot and made his way to the

kitchen.

"Here let me give you a hand. I feel awkward just standing here." The tabby said as he grabbed a couple of bags off of Feral before he could protest.

Not bothering to object, Feral continued on into the kitchen. He took off his coat and went to the living room to hang it up while T-Bone began to rummage in the bags and put away the fridge items.

"You know, you could have teleported all this stuff up from your car." He commented when Feral reentered the kitchen.

"Since I'm used to doing it this way, it never occurred to me. Also it makes it feel more normal." Feral commented as he began to put away the dry goods.

"Yeah I can understand that." T-Bone nodded.

When the last of the groceries were put away, Feral turned and placed his back against a counter and eyed the SWAT Kat.

"There's actually no reason for you to stay tonight. If we do this every day then we won't suffer a strong mating heat and, that, is what we're trying for in combination with the shots." Feral commented quietly.

"Crud! That's right! But it also masks a real heat when it does happen. What a pain...damned if we do...damned if we don't...! What a crappy situation." T-Bone growled with annoyance.

"I quite agree." Feral grunted in response.

Shaking his head in frustration, T-Bone let it go and prepared to leave. "Okay, we'll wait then. I guess I don't have to ask you to contact me since we'll know at about the same time. Want to meet here?" He asked as he made for the window he had climbed in.

Feral followed him. "Yes, more private and just to keep our secret, I should probably teleport you here. Less chance of someone seeing you." He said thoughtfully.

"Well, that's certainly true, however, you can't just whisk me away without checking with me first...I could be out of costume or flying the Turbokat when you did it. Both would be really bad situations. I didn't want to do this but...here's a communicator," T-Bone said in resignation as he reached into a pocket of his G-suit and pulled out one of their special devices and handed it to Feral. "Just call to say you need me and I'll let you know how much time to wait before doing so."

Feral nodded his acceptance as he took the communicator. T-Bone shot his grappling line to the roof and prepared to leap out. He called out lightly before engaging the winch, "See you in about three days," then took off out of sight.

Feral sighed and closed the window. Since he still wasn't sleepy he went to watch some TV.

Morning brought a nasty case of morning sickness. He had slept well with no nightmares and had sat up preparing to get out of bed when a wave of nausea hit hard. He barely made it to the bathroom where he heaved for several minutes. He leaned back away from the toilet and rested a moment, waiting to see if everything had calmed down.

Five minutes went by and except for the nasty taste in his mouth, his stomach seemed okay again. Cautiously getting to his feet, he sighed and turned on the shower. He felt better after that and went to the kitchen. Remembering the doctor's warning (though it was a bit too late now), he reached for some soda crackers he had bought last night and munched on them with a little water. He didn't dare have his usual coffee. Though a bit hungry, he decided not to eat anything

else and dressed for work.

Thankfully, his stomach stayed calm enough for him to eat a hardy lunch. Sighing in relief at that small comfort, he was able to dig into his work a bit more cheerfully.

For the next few days, barring bouts of morning sickness, it was almost easy to forget his problems when he was surrounded by the needs of his position. He had meetings to attend, reports to process, and court hearings to attend. It kept him busy and his mind off his very prominent problem that was still taking up a piece of Megakat Park.

Mayor Manx was not happy about the portal being there but couldn't complain to much since it garnered tourist business for them. The enforcers were hard pressed to keep the visitors from trying to get close to the dangerous magical creation. If Feral thought anyone could be harmed, he would have had the perimeter expanded so that no one could see the portal. But he knew it wouldn't accept anyone but himself and he didn't want to have to strip his regular forces to man an expanded perimeter, so he let things be for now.

The scientists and other interested parties including Razor continued to visit the portal to try and figure it out. Feral really didn't think they could fathom it since it was made from pure magic. The only ones that had a chance of possibly understanding it would have been Queen Callista and the Pastmaster. But they wouldn't be of any help since the Queen was in the past and the wizard would try to turn the portal to his own use.

It was mid morning of the third day when Feral couldn't be distracted from his body's demand for it's magically bonded mate. He had succeeded in keeping busy but the longer the day went on the more intense the urge to mate became. Growling in annoyance which garnered him a startled look from Steele, Feral finally gave up and prepared to leave for his apartment.

"Take over Steele. I have to leave and you can't contact me until I return to work." He told his second, flatly before scaring the poor Kat by teleporting out of his office.

When he reached his apartment he pulled out the special communicator from his pocket and activated it.

Meanwhile, at the salvage yard, Chance had been helping Jake lower an engine into an enforcer sedan. They got it seated and was preparing to attach it when Chance growled in irritation.

Jake looked up and saw Chance twitching, rolling his shoulders, and easing his pants a bit. Jake sniffed the air lightly and picked up the definite odor of rutting pheromones. Though his partner didn't look as bad as Feral had a few days ago, it was obvious the spell was having a strong effect on him. Chance was uncomfortable and irritable as only a rutting male could be in this condition.

Feeling sorry for his best friend, Jake prepared to tell Chance to just leave because it was obvious he couldn't concentrate on his work until he mated but before he could speak a word, a communicator signaled in Chance's pocket. Jake's shoulders sagged in relief...that could only be Feral calling Chance now.

"Yeah?" Chance barked into the device.

"Can you come now?" Feral's tight voice came over it.

"Give me five minutes then do it!" The tabby growled then closed the communicator. He ran past his partner, without a word, for their hangar entrance and vanished down it to get changed into his costume.

"This is really going to be a problem! Just glad Feral's ability to teleport allows this whole thing to remain a secret. What a mess!" Jake muttered irritably to himself as he returned to the engine and

the amount of work that faced him now that he didn't have help to get their backlog done quicker.

Chance scrambled to dress in his costume and was barely finished when he reappeared in Feral's bedroom. The potent aroma of heated female filled the air which drew a heated growl from T-Bone. There waiting on the bed was Feral watching him with lust filled eyes. His tail twitched invitingly but the tabby didn't need any encouragement. He rapidly stripped his clothes off again and practically leaped onto the big Kat on the bed. The urge to mate was so intense it felt like ants crawling through his fur...it was maddening. He couldn't wait for any foreplay as he aggressively rolled Feral over onto his stomach, grabbed the tom's scruff and thrust himself in with a groan of relief.

Feral felt overwhelmingly hot and made no protest when T-Bone took him forcibly. Strangely, he didn't feel conflicted over the possession as he had been with Bloodnor. There was no feeling of shame or humiliation even though he hadn't wanted to be mated to another. This felt wonderful and so freeing. He couldn't understand it but shoved the thought away for now and just enjoyed the pounding he was receiving.

In very little time, they came together in a shuddering climax. They collapsed to the bed and heaved for breathe. After recovering a bit, Feral felt the urge rise up again and he groaned, arching his back under the heavy weight of the powerful SWAT Kat, using his tail, he caressed the tabby's cock and rear...teasing him.

Moaning in pleasure, T-Bone began moving again inside Feral's hot channel drawing mews of pleasure from the dark tom. He took it a little slower this time, working them both to another intense orgasm. He rolled off Feral to allow himself time to recover without the 'always on' Commander pushing him to begin again before he was ready.

Feral felt T-Bone withdraw leaving him feeling needy and bereft. He rolled around in heated display to coax the tom to go again. The tabby blinked at the Commander's wanton behavior.

'Man, that damn spell is driving him insane and it's just making me hot all over again. Now I know what it feels like dealing with a she-kat in heat, though I could have wished not experiencing it for while more.' T-Bone sighed in resignation as he felt his body respond strongly to Feral's female caterwauling mating calls that sounded so odd coming from the very male tom making them.

He rolled up and pounced on the writhing and calling dark tom. He laid licks and bites to Feral's face and neck urging the tom to lay himself open for him. The Commander willingly spread his legs, wrapping them around the powerful tom's midsection. T-Bone accepted the invitation and thrust deeply into the wet, hot channel that sucked him in. They moaned in unison at the joining, pausing only a moment to savor it before T-Bone began a hard, punishing pace. The fire built quickly bringing relief once again from the near constant ache.

They mated for several hours and finally collapsed in exhausted slumber. Waking with the sun setting, they rose and went into the shower together.

T-Bone filled his paws with soap then rubbed it into the dark tom's fur in a sensual fashion making Feral moan and mew with pleasure. This was something he hadn't experienced before with a male and had only done it once with a female. It felt more intense and incredible with T-Bone caressing him everywhere and not just his female parts but his male ones as well.

T-Bone couldn't get over how responsive Feral was to his touches, it was incredible. No lover he'd been with had been this sensitive which gave him an idea how to increase the Commander's pleasure. With a soaped finger he pressed into Feral's furless pucker.

Feral bucked in surprise and shuddered, "Ohhhh...gods that feels incredible..." He uttered panting. He'd never had that done before. T-Bone had guessed correctly, that Feral, being who he was, had always been the dominant partner in his relationships. It was a very new experience for the dark tom to be on the receiving end of things.

T-Bone continued to thrust gently into Feral's rear entry touching that special gland. The dark tom whined and panted every time he hit it. "Uh...uh...uh...oh yesssss...don't ssstop..." He moaned mindlessly.

Sparks went off in Feral's head when T-Bone caressed his prostate gland. He knew how his partners felt the few time he'd taken a male at just how good it felt to them but had never allowed it done to himself. He couldn't help pushing his rear out more and raising his tail completely to allow T-Bone more access to him.

"That's it Uly...open yourself up to me...," the tabby crooned as he drove the Commander crazy.

Smiling wickedly, T-Bone pressed a second soaped covered finger in to join the first. He continued to thrust slowly to help open up Feral's virginal channel. He was rewarded with Feral's louder cries of need. Slowly, the tabby inserted three fingers, the dark tom hissed in discomfort but relaxed as the pain eased and T-Bone continued his scissoring and widening motions.

His other paw wasn't idle. He slipped his fingers around Feral's swelling cock and rubbed his soaped paw up and down it while he continued his finger thrusts. After a bit, he ceased that and slid his fingers down to the Kat's female clitoris which was already swollen. Feral practically jumped on his heels in urgency with everything the talented tabby was doing.

"Kat's Alive!...ohhh...please take me...I can't stand it...ooooohhhh T-Bone take me nowwww..." He begged.

T-Bone quickly removed his fingers, soaped his hard pole thoroughly then eased himself into the Commander's furless pucker. Feral moaned at the strangeness of being filled up then adding to that the wild sensation was T-Bone slipping two of his fingers into the dark tom's swollen and wet female channel. The dual action had Feral's head practically exploding with incredible pleasure.

T-Bone groaned hotly when Feral squeezed down on him in both areas. "Oh yeah...you are soo tight and hot...fantastic..." He growled, encouraging the writhing tom.

He didn't think he could hold out to long since the long foreplay had made him harder than he could ever remember. He picked up the pace when Feral was relaxed enough to take him without discomfort. Deeper and deeper...faster and faster...they went until Feral couldn't hold out and roared out his climax clamping down on T-Bone and dragging a muted roar from him as he released his seed in Feral's tight rear. The climax seemed to go on forever before finally easing off to mild tremors of sensation. Their legs were weak and trembling, it was only T-Bone's spread legs and their position against the wall that kept them standing at all and the water was getting cold.

"Brrrr...time to get out of here!" T-Bone exclaimed as he reached to the side and turned off the shower. He slowly eased himself from the comforting warmth of Feral's channel. The dark tom moaned softly and sighed.

Feral could barely stand as T-Bone helped him out of the shower and to the dryers to warm up and dry off. His stomach grumbled and he realized it was long past dinnertime.

"You staying?" He asked the masked Kat casually as they stepped into the bedroom.

T-Bone found he couldn't resist wrapping his arms around Feral's waist from behind. He didn't know if it was the spell or because they had gotten so comfortable around each other.

"Hmmm, do you want me to," He said huskily, nuzzling the tom's neck.

Feral shivered, T-Bone's touch made him melt. The spell was most likely responsible for his reaction to the tabby but he couldn't be too upset about it.

"If you don't stop that we are never going to fill our hungry bellies and... that's up to you...I won't be unhappy if you do." Feral said softly.

"You talked me into it and I'm having a hard time letting go of you. Is that the spell?" T-Bone asked as he reluctantly released the Commander.

Sighing at the loss of the warm body against him as he conjured a pair of robes to cover them, Feral said uncertainly, "I think so! That was how it was for me and Bloodnor except..."

"Except...what?" T-Bone asked more seriously as he followed Feral into the kitchen.

"It feels more intense...more welcome...does that make sense?" The Commander asked, a bit confused by his response. He began rummaging in the fridge trying to figure out what to make for a meal.

"Actually...yes. I think it's because you chose who would be with you this time even though it still wasn't what you wanted to do. You're not so conflicted...knowing it was rape but your body enjoying it anyway with Bloodnor had to be horrible. Truthfully, I'm not sure how that must have felt like." T-Bone said honestly.

"I always felt dirty and ashamed every single time it happened. The only positive thing was that the King didn't hurt me every time he took me and was very inventive. It was fascinating in a detached sort of way, how he was able to draw such intense sensations from my body." Feral said flatly as he finally decided to make grilled cheese and ham sandwiches and soup.

"Here let me..." T-Bone said grabbing the cans of soup and pot. "Sounds weird to me and not much fun. I'm surprised you didn't lose your mind," he said, continuing the discussion as he helped make their dinner.

"I almost did on that first day. He gave me no time to adjust to anything which was his plan. The elixir forced my compliance and the shock of my response and what I did next were nothing like how I normally behave. I was so overwhelmed that when he left me the next morning, I slit my wrists and watched myself bleed out. I was so detached, it seemed like someone else was doing these things..." He said distantly as he made the sandwiches but halted when he heard something drop behind him. He turned his head and stared at the shocked expression on T-Bone's face and the dropped can opener.

"You...you tried to commit suicide?" He finally blurted.

Feral grimaced and turned back to his task. "I said I wasn't acting normally. I lost consciousness and when I woke, Gutaire was standing over me in disgust, my wrists completely healed...no sign I had ever cut them except for the blood all over the bedspread. That's when I learned you can't die there...at least not easily. The next thing that happened was the final straw for me. I was dressed in harem fashion, meaning barely anything on and seated next to Bloodnor at dinner. He began to caress me and my body reacted. I couldn't believe it! I thought the elixir had worn off but found out it was the magical bond causing my reaction. I lost it...I fled... ..knocking my chair over...and fleeing the hall...but his magic halted me in my tracks...I couldn't take it...I screamed but no sound came from my throat as he had frozen it too." He halted, taking deep breaths at that memory of sheer terror and feeling hopelessly trapped.

T-Bone came to his side immediately and held him close. "Gods, Ulysses, I'm soo sorry that happened to you. I'll do everything I can to make sure you never go back." He murmured comfortingly. He held Feral tightly until the dark tom had been able to regain his composure then released him and returned to his task.

"So how did you manage to hold onto your sanity after that," He asked cautiously, thinking it might help Feral to get everything out in the open.

Sighing, Feral continued making their dinner. "He teleported me to his room and explained what was going on and that he couldn't let me have time to adjust because it was imperative that I be pregnant before the portal drew me back here. After he'd taken me again then left me alone to study the books I'd been given to learn about their world, I made up my mind that I would learn everything I could about the spell and the portal and swore I would never be taken back to Galanon." He said flatly as he placed the sandwiches on plates and put them on the table.

T-Bone filled two bowls with soup and placed them on the table with two filled glasses of milk. They both sat down and began to eat. He remained silent as he absorbed all that Feral had revealed to him. A chill went up his spine at Feral's final statement. It was obvious by what he'd said, Feral had no intention of being returned and if he wasn't pregnant he would be dead instead. He truly hoped he was wrong about that but after hearing what it had been like for the Commander in that place he could hardly blame the Kat for wanting to be dead rather than suffer the King's rage if he was returned. He knew who would have to be the one to fulfill that last wish and it made him sick at heart.

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Chapter 18: "Sir! It's Wrong to Commit Suicide!" by ulyferal

T-Bone helped Feral clean up the kitchen, the mood a bit somber after their earlier conversation. There was nothing he could do about the past and they were already doing everything they could do at the present moment so he wanted to steer the Commander away from dwelling on it. They made their way to the living area and Feral flicked the TV on by mutual consent.

Feral had been about to sit in his recliner but opted for the couch so that T-Bone could sit close. The tabby took advantage of that by sitting next to the dark tom and putting an arm around his shoulders. As they settled on a movie to watch, T-Bone gently scritchd Feral's neck and shoulders. Feral relaxed under the massaging fingers and let all the disturbing thoughts move to the back of his mind for now allowing him to just vegetate.

They sat companionably for a couple of hours then shut the TV off and went to bed. Another hour of gentle love play and they fell asleep spooned together.

Feral woke first and felt the ever present nausea try to overtake him. He rummaged in his bedside night stand for the package of crackers he kept there. He fished one out and munched on it slowly hoping it would soothe him. It hadn't worked yet but he kept trying. The crinkling of the package and Feral's movement woke T-Bone who yawned and cracked an eye open to see what the tom was doing.

Seeing the crackers and Feral's slightly green complexion, it didn't take a genius to guess what his problem was. Sitting up carefully, T-Bone reached over and took one of Feral's wrists in his and began to knead the pulse point hard.

Feral blinked at him in puzzlement and was about to speak when he realized his feeling of nausea had eased. "What did you do?" He asked in surprise.

"Old trick I learned from my sister who had a terrible problem with morning sickness. I don't know why it works but it seems to for some pregnant she-kats so I thought to see if it would help you. I take it, it has?" He asked in amusement but not stopping his massage.

"Yes, surprisingly. The doctor suggested the crackers but so far they haven't worked and I just hate throwing up every morning." Feral said in relief.

"Yeah, I wouldn't be too keen on that either. All you do is find your pulse point and massage as hard as you feel me doing." T-Bone told him, stopping the massage.

Feral carefully sat up and was pleased when his stomach stayed calm. "Thanks, that's a real relief." He said quietly as he climbed out and made for the bathroom.

"You're welcome!" T-Bone called to his back as he stretched and waited his turn.

They had a quiet breakfast together, T-Bone making sure Feral ate some dry toast and fruit, no coffee, then Feral sent T-Bone back to his hidden base while he dressed for work. He paused a moment as he realized he had teleported T-Bone without having a clue as to his location. That shouldn't have been possible. He guessed it had to do with the bond. His magic obviously knew where T-Bone was and simply did as he asked of it. Interesting!

He was in a surprisingly good mood. Despite being a necessity, it had been a really wonderful period of mating and recovery that didn't make him feel ashamed or uncomfortable. He shook his head at that but didn't dwell on it or the odd abilities of his magic as he made his way through traffic and arrived at Enforcer Headquarters.

The days passed more swiftly than Feral would have wanted. If it weren't for the periods of tender loving care T-Bone gave him he might have begun to go crazy with worry. He didn't push it all away though. He gathered the parties that knew what was going on together in the Mayor's Office. He had spent the past two and half weeks thinking seriously about what he was about to say. Waiting to the last moment would have been too hard so now was the best time.

Mayor Manx eyed the group with trepidation. He had no clue why Feral wanted them all together and he didn't think it was going to be good news. He sat nervously as everyone settled. Ms. Briggs and Dr. Sinian sat on the couch, the SWAT Kats leaned against one of the many windows, the Sergeant and Steele stood behind Feral in nervous tension.

Feral stood before them all, uneasy and unhappy but determined as he began to speak, "I asked all of you here because there is something that must be addressed and can't wait until it's too late. Though everyone is doing everything they can to help me stay here, all our efforts could still fail. If that should happen and the portal takes me, I adamantly insist that I be killed before I vanish completely into it."

There were explosive sounds of shock and dismay from all parties in the room. As soon as breath could be found a cacophony of sound struck him as everyone voiced their strenuous objections.

He waited them out, standing stoically, making no effort to calm them or ask for silence.

It was Callie who over rode everyone. "Commander, we can't just kill you in cold blood!" She said upset and angry.

"There's always hope, Commander!" Dr. Sinian chimed in. Distress on her handsome face.

"Sir! It's wrong to commit suicide!" Steele blurted in outrage.

The Sergeant and the SWAT Kats said nothing. Their faces grim. They could guess what Feral faced if he returned and though they didn't want to face such a choice, they understood only too well why Feral demanded this option. Mayor Manx was too stunned to find his voice on the matter.

"Listen to me carefully. If I were to be returned, King Bloodnor would immediately scent that I was with another male. He's not stupid and would guess I would have to do this to keep my sanity and health intact. That said, his male pride would still be hurt, it would make him furious that another lay with me and would waste no time returning the spell binding to him then he would set about insuring I never forgot who was my master. I would be punished to near death for my transgression. The most he's done to me is whip me bloody. This time I can expect to be whipped, raped repeatedly, and have every bone in my body broken and not healed for whatever period of time he deemed wouldn't kill me outright. Then he would heal me and do it all over again until he felt satisfied I had learned my lesson. And to ensure my humiliation was complete,

he would do this in open court and in front of the harem for days on end. Since he values my mind and skills he wouldn't go so far as to break my spirit or mind but he would make sure I wouldn't soon forget how much he could hurt me." Feral said dispassionately.

Steele, Callie, and Dr. Sinian had the blood drain from their faces in horror. Razor, T-Bone and the Sergeant were tight-lipped and Mayor Manx simply fainted.

"He would truly do this to you?" Callie finally asked in a low, horror-stricken voice.

"Yes!" Feral said flatly. "If I don't die before that thing takes me then I will spend every moment on my next return ensuring I don't survive to repeat it. You would only be delaying the inevitable by allowing me to leave alive." He said grimly.

"I hope that won't happen but I understand your need to ensure this is spoken of and planned before it could happen." T-Bone finally spoke in a firm, quiet voice.

"I knew you would, but could you do it?" Feral asked sadly.

T-Bone shook his head. "You know I can't. I'm too bound to you now and I don't know what will happen to me if you do die."

"Oh no! That's another problem with this. How do we ensure T-Bone doesn't die with you?" Callie said in dismay.

Razor looked grim having already thought of this difficulty. "We have to look harder for a way for Feral to break the spell before he's taken or we will lose two lives instead of one. Even if Feral doesn't die before he leaves, T-Bone will still be affected by the spell." He said tightly.

"I'll keep searching. There has to be something somewhere. I refuse to give up hope." Dr. Sinian said tautly.

"W-w-what can we do? We don't know magic and it's hard to just stand by and not be able to do anything?" Steele finally blurted out helplessly.

"You have to be ready to take over Steele. You'll have to go over all the projects I'm involved with and I have to farm out the others to ones I think can handle it." Feral said grimly. "Sergeant! You could help Dr. Sinian in her search and I'm sure you can enlist the aid of all your assistants at the museum, doctor." Feral suggested.

"Of course, Commander. I didn't include any of them because we were trying to keep this confidential but they need to know a little of what's going on to make the search go faster." She said hesitantly.

"I understand. My secret won't help me if I die anyway so do what you need to and ask for their discretion." Feral agreed understandingly.

"Naturally, I'll get right on it. Please excuse me!" Dr. Sinian said as she left the office in a hurry.

"I feel so useless in this endeavor now." Callie said unhappily.

"Dr. Sinian may have need of you when she requires things that others might have in their possession, Ms. Briggs so I suggest you keep yourself available to her." Feral said encouragingly.

"Yes, you're right I can do that. I'll let her know, excuse me." Callie said feeling more useful as she left the office.

Mayor Manx had recovered with no one paying him any attention and had been listening. "I

guess all I can do is ensure no one prevents Callie from getting what she asks for, Commander and hope for the best that everything comes out well in the end." He said carefully looking at the rest left in his office.

"That will be appreciated Mayor. I guess that's it for now except for my last request. I will talk to you in private," Feral said indicating the SWAT Kats. He turned to Steele and the Sergeant. "Go back to the office and wait for my return, Steele. Sergeant, go to the museum and do what you can for Dr. Sinian." Feral ordered.

"Yes sir," They both said, saluted and left.

Nodding at the Mayor, Feral turned and left as well, trailed by the SWAT Kats. He turned and headed for the roof where he knew the Turbokat was parked. Standing in the clock tower room, he stopped and looked at them both.

"I don't think I have to ask who can aid me in the end. My only question is can you do this for me? You are the marksman I know will succeed and you are my hope for a clean end." Feral said softly knowing it was a lot to ask of someone he knew didn't deliberately hurt anyone if he could help it.

"I know what you're asking of me. I...I've never killed anyone in cold blood before...I'm not certain I can do it but knowing what you face and that you wouldn't ask lightly for such a thing I can't in good conscious deny you that last request. You understand that I truly hope I won't have to do this?" Razor asked tightly.

"I do and wouldn't think well of you if I thought you could do it without feeling remorse. But if anyone besides myself could time it just right and succeed it is you. Thank you!" Feral said quietly, satisfied Razor would do it.

Razor could only nod then left for the Turbokat unable to face Feral any longer.

"It will mess with his head you know." T-Bone said heavily.

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry for that and for what will happen to you as well. I wish there was something I could do about that 'loose end'." He said bitterly.

"Hey! Who knows, perhaps Dr. Sinian will pull a rabbit out of the hat. She's done it before!" T-Bone said trying to be upbeat.

"Humph! She has...yes...I pray her record doesn't break this time." Feral said still feeling depressed.

Not able to say anything else to ease both their uneasiness on this subject, T-Bone did the only thing he could, offer comfort. He stepped up to Feral and wrapped his arms around the brave Kat's waist. He had gained a lot of respect for Feral over these past few weeks. They had overcome their animosity and found a budding tolerance for each other and a deeper understanding for what each other stood for in this moment in time.

All that overcame T-Bone's last reticence with regards to his odd relationship with this Kat. He pulled Feral's head down and kissed him gently. Feral was surprised and held still while the kiss grew to something deeper and more passionate. When they finally pulled away they were breathing fast.

T-Bone gently nuzzled the other's heavy jawed face before pulling away completely. "I'll see you later," He said quietly then turned and made for the Turbokat.

Feral stood there in confusion as he reached up to his face and stared after the jet as it lifted into the sky.

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Chapter 19: And the past will set you free by ulyferal

T-Bone was more prophetic than he ever dreamed. Only two days after the somber conference in the Mayor's office, the least expected omega blew into town on the tail of a storm.

For reasons of their own, no omegas had come out of the woodwork during the time of Feral's difficulties with the portal. But one enemy was apparently attracted to the energy flowing from that magical creation and he arrived to check it out.

The day had started fair but by late morning, storm clouds filled the sky and by lunch, lightning split the sky and rain came down in torrents. During this time, a special purpled tinged lightning occurred at the center of a tornado heralding the arrival of one of the worst omegas.

Riding a small dragon, the Pastmaster blew into their time period. His mount flew through the storm without any difficulty as the time portal disappeared behind it. The wizard directed the creature to where his watch indicated a center of magical energy was located.

Flying past the oblivious enforcer cordon, the Pastmaster landed near the portal and got off his mount. A peculiarity of the portal caused the rain to be diverted away from it so that within a twenty foot radius it was dry and calm.

"Hmm, how interesting. It's not from this world that's for certain." The Pastmaster mused as he studied the artifact from all sides. He carefully reached out and touched the portal rim and was rejected almost violently. Shaking his stung paw, the Pastmaster growled. "Another's magic holds this here and it would take far too long for me to breach it. Pity!" He said in annoyance.

Meanwhile, a sharp eyed enforcer had seen the Pastmaster. Knowing they could never take the creature without reinforcements, he reached for his radio and contacted headquarters. Feral growled in annoyance and no little fear when he heard the Pastmaster was near the portal. He quickly ordered his car (a chopper couldn't fly in this mess) and raced to the site of the portal.

Working with their doors shut tight, Chance and Jake were making quick work of their days intake when the urgent call came over the enforcer band. Hearing where the Pastmaster was made their blood run cold. Putting out a closed sign, they hurried to the hangar and were soon in the air.

Razor used his radar to get them through the vicious storm to the park. They arrived just behind Feral as they converged on the momentarily oblivious wizard. Fearful of what the ugly gnome could do to the portal, Feral 'ported to it ahead of his enforcers.

Pastmaster jumped in surprise as Feral appeared suddenly in front of him. Aiming his watch at Feral, a flash of light blasted from it only to be stopped by a shield wall of magic the Commander had thrown up. It caused the beam of deadly energy to nearly clip the arriving Turbokat.

"Crud! What was that?" T-Bone shouted as he took evasive action.

"It looks like Feral is confronting the Pastmaster and used his magic to divert an attack on him." Razor said in amazement.

"Well, crud! We never did ask Feral what else he was capable of." T-Bone said shaking his head and taking the jet down for a landing.

Shocked by Feral's use of magic, the Pastmaster jumped onto his mini-dragon and tried to escape. Feral used his warding off gesture to knock the wizard off his mount landing him on his back on the wet grass away from the portal.

Howling in fury and fear, the Pastmaster shot at Feral again to distract him as the wizard conjured his time portal. The SWAT Kats and the enforcers arrived at that moment, charging ahead toward

the battling pair.

Razor fired cement from his launcher in his glovetrix at the mini-dragon that was trying to get to the Pastmaster and was firing flames at the enforcers who were returning fire with their lasers keeping it in flight. The cement hit dead on and dropped the dragon to the ground. It flopped around helplessly as its wings were too heavy for it to move.

Meanwhile, the Pastmaster had managed to open his portal and tried to make his escape. Feral made a grab for the wizard's cape and snagged it only to be pulled up and into the portal. T-Bone and Razor leaped up to grab Feral's legs and were dragged along.

Feral felt a sickening sensation as they were dragged along through the time portal then dropped unceremoniously onto a field of some kind. The Pastmaster shook himself of them and wasted no time in making himself scarce by using his watch to vanish.

The three scrambled to their feet but too late to stop the wizard.

"Kat's Alive, not again!" Feral moaned at the thought of being somewhere other than home yet again.

The SWAT Kats looked around and suddenly grinned.

"Hey! It's okay Commander. We're near Queen Callista's castle. What a break. If anyone can help us break the spell it would be her." T-Bone said excitedly as he and Razor began to run toward a huge castle in the distance.

Feral blinked in surprise but quickly ran after them. They ran for a good hour but were still a good distance from the castle when they slowed to catch their breath but kept on at a good clip.

"So you think she can help us? But will she?" Feral asked skeptically.

"Well, she does use magic, Feral. We can only hope she can come up with a way to help us and, yeah, she'll be willing to help us because we helped her last time we were here and better than that, she can get us home again." Razor said.

"Okay, but how do you know you're here after you'd been here last?" He persisted.

"Uhh, well we don't so let's not borrow trouble until we have to, 'kay!" T-Bone said, not about to have his good mood ruined.

Feral sighed and hoped they were right. He just couldn't be that positive since he'd been harmed by circumstances before.

It took them two hours to reach Callista's castle. As they came in sight of the ramparts, a horn was heard and soon a troop of soldiers rode out to greet the strangers. They continued to walk until the soldiers came abreast and circled to prevent them from proceeding further.

The leader peered at them through his helm then gasped. "Why tis Sir Razor and Sir T-Bone. Tis good to see thee again but why art thou here?" He asked in surprise.

"The Pastmaster!" Razor said flatly.

"Ahh...so the evil wizard has made off with thee again, heh! Well the Queen will wish to see thee so please hop on with one of my officers so that we may get there faster." The leader ordered.

"Thanks!" T-Bone said gratefully as he chose an officer and leaped onto the horse behind him.

Razor and Feral did the same and soon the troop wheeled around smartly and galloped back to

the castle. Very quickly they arrived inside the forecourt and leaped off their rides. They waited politely for the leader to dismount and lead them inside the castle throne room.

Queen Callista was holding court and looked up in surprise as did her supplicants as the odd group approached her throne.

Your majesty, look who I found heading toward thy castle. The Pastmaster has done them evil again." The leader said bowing to his Queen.

"Why Sir Razor and Sir T-Bone, I never expected to see thee again and who is thy companion?" She asked.

Feral stared at her in amazed shock. The Queen was the spitting image of Calico Briggs. Well that explained the Pastmaster's fascination with her.

"This a Commander Ulysses Feral. He was trying to capture the Pastmaster when the little creep managed to carry us all off to here again, but actually, this isn't a bad thing since we could really use your help with a problem we have and I don't mean just getting home." Razor explained.

"Ahh, I see. Well, I am still conducting court at this moment. Lord Farthin will take you to my study where you may wait for me. I shouldn't be too much longer." The Queen decided.

"That will be fine, my Queen." Razor said bowing to her politely. Following Razor's lead, T-Bone and Feral did the same.

"Please to follow me, good sirs." Lord Farthin told them as he led them from the throne room and to a set of stone steps. They followed him as he led them upward a distance then down a short hall where he opened a heavy door that led into a richly decorated room lined with old books and an ancient oak desk with a heavy, padded and decorated chair behind it.

"Please do not handle any of the magical artifacts in here. The Queen will be here very soon." Lord Farthin said as he turned and left them, closing the door behind him.

They looked around the room with interest. In one corner near a window was a marble basin filled with clear water set on an ornate pedestal. Around the room were various implements used in the magical arts. A pair of slit windows looked out over the Queen's domain. Some comfortable, thick chairs were positioned in front of a huge fireplace in one wall of the room.

They studied the artifacts without touching anything. Feral found the books very interesting and pulled one out that had to do with spells. He took it to one of the chairs and was soon deeply immersed in it. Razor scanned the books as well fascinated by the variety of subjects. T-Bone looked at all the strange artifacts keeping his paws firmly behind his back. When that lost interest for him, he went to a window and looked out.

It was an hour before the Queen finally appeared. Behind her came a servant with a tray of food and drink.

"My apologizes for keeping you waiting so long. I have had the evening meal brought for us to enjoy while we talk." The Queen said with a smile as the servant served everyone a bowl of stew and a flagon of milk leaving the pitcher on a shelf then quickly leaving the room.

"Oh yeah, Pepper Pot Stew. Be careful, Commander it's real spicy." Razor said digging into his helping and panting after the first few bites.

Feral took a healthy bite and his eyes watered immediately as he quickly grabbed his flagon of milk. "Woah! That is spicy but good!" He commented when he could breath again.

"Oh yeah! Great stuff!" T-Bone said as sweat dripped down his face and he continued to shovel

the delicious stew up hungrily.

"I am pleased thee are enjoying our humble repast so much." Callista said with a smile as she ate her own stew without any visible sign of distress from it.

In very little time they had finished their meal and had drunk copious amounts of milk

"Now, shall we discuss what has brought thee to my kingdom once again?" The Queen asked as she settled into her chair to listen.

Razor quickly described the battle and how they got there. He paused and looked to Feral to see if the Commander wanted him to continue. Feral indicated he would take up the story from here. In a flat, dispassionate voice he related his problem. The Queen's eyes showed pity and sorrow for the Commander when he finally finished his explanation.

With a deep sigh, she asked him some pertinent magical questions which Feral tried to answer as best he could. Frowning she rose from her seat and strode to the far side of the room and stared out for a moment. Turning back to them as they waited anxiously in their chairs by the fire, her face took on a serious mien.

"Please come stand before me Sir T-Bone and Sir Feral," She said quietly.

Feral and T-Bone stood and quickly moved to stand before her. Razor came over too but stayed back out of the way.

"I want you to hold very still while I do a magical scan of your bodies." She told them quietly. She muttered an incantation and held up her amulet shining its emerald glow over the two toms. She studied the strange swirls of light that surrounded the pair in deep concentration. After what seemed like a very long time, she finally extinguished the light. Both Feral and T-Bone had felt a strange warmth spread over them but nothing else while the light was on them.

"I can break the binding spell but I cannot do anything about the portal created by this King from another realm. I fear thee must still become pregnant to prevent thy return to his kingdom." Callista said seriously.

Both T-Bone and Feral sighed in partial relief. At least one of their problems was going to be solved.

"I thank you for whatever you are able to do Queen Callista. I am deeply grateful. I just wish the last would happen soon. I'll admit to losing hope as the time runs by quickly and I still have not conceived." Feral said heavily.

"Now that I might be able to assist thee, Sir Feral. My scan indicates thee are coming into heat, as strange a thing as that is for a male. I can heighten thy fertility to insure conception." She said warmly.

Feral stared at her in shock. "Really! That's...that's wonderful. I don't know how to thank you." He finally managed to stutter.

She smiled and demurred, "It would not have worked Sir Feral if thee and Sir T-Bone were not already bonded."

T-Bone blinked in confusion and asked, "Does that mean you can't remove the magical bond until Feral and I mate again and he conceives?"

"No, Sir T-Bone! This bond is not the magical spell King Bloodnor has placed on Sir Feral. This bond is one that has been forged between thy souls when thee were forced to mate to transfer the spell casting." She explained.

"What?" Feral and T-Bone said together in stunned amazement. Razor's mouth hung open in shock.

"Aye, tis a rare occurrence. It isn't often that two souls find each other and bind themselves. We call such couples soul mates. It is a wondrous thing and much more binding than any spell or wedding vow though I will admit I've never heard of such occurring between males before." Callista said in bemusement to the completely pole-axed males before her.

"You mean, Feral and I...we're mates for real?" T-Bone finally squeaked out. Feral looked like he wanted to faint.

"Yes," Callista said in mild amusement. "Do thee wish for me to remove the spell now?" She asked.

"Oh, yes...definitely!" T-Bone said, still reeling from her stunning revelation.

"Yes! I don't know about this other thing but I want that spell gone." Feral said fervently.

"Very well, please stand before my magical pool." She directed them.

They moved quickly to stand on one side of the basin filled with water. She stood across from them and raised her amulet again and pointed it at the water. It steamed and bubbled then sprayed them both with a fine mist. As it did so, Callista spoke an incantation which caused a blue light to cast itself over Feral and T-Bone making them glow for a few minutes. At first nothing seemed to happen then suddenly both males cried out in pain and writhed for several minutes as Callista's voice raised to shout a command in a different language then the light winked out and everything was calm again.

Feral and T-Bone had collapsed to the floor and were moaning softly. Razor moved to their sides quickly to check them over.

"They are unharmed, Sir Razor. It was painful for them to have the spell pulled from their bodies but they will be fine after a night's rest." She reassured him.

"But my Queen, we need to get back." Razor protested.

"It matter's not how long thee stays here, Sir Razor since I can send thee only moments after thee left. Besides Sir T-Bone and Sir Feral must have my assistance come the morrow to aid them in conceiving a kitten when Sir Feral comes into heat." She told him firmly.

"Oh, that's right, my apologizes. In all the excitement, I had forgotten that part." Razor said blushing in embarrassment.

"Thee are forgiven. Shall we escort thy tired friends to a room and perhaps thee and I may visit for a while..." She asked him raising an eyebrow inquisitively.

Razor blushed for an entirely different reason as he nodded and helped his companions to their rocky feet and down the hall as the Queen led the way to a nicely appointed bedroom. Razor made sure they were alright before he left them to follow Callista.

When they had been left alone, Feral just stared painfully at T-Bone who looked back just as blearily.

"Crud, that hurt!" He whispered.

"Yeah! But it's gone!" Feral said huskily back.

T-Bone managed a wane smile in triumph. "That little creep actually did us a favor for once."

Feral couldn't help but smile at that then frowned.

"What's wrong?" T-Bone asked in concern.

"I'm an idiot or just too addled by everything that's happened in the past few hours. Just a second..." He said ruefully as he remembered he could make their pain vanish and did so quickly. T-Bone gave a gasp of relief and stared at Feral in surprise.

"Sorry, I would have done that sooner but as I said I was too stunned to remember." He said in apology.

"Hey! At least you finally remembered and that's a really great talent there. You know, I wonder how long you'll remain magical? We should ask the Queen before we leave here." T-Bone said thoughtfully.

"You're right! It might wear off or never disappear." Feral said, surprised he hadn't thought of that himself but then he had so many more important things on his mind including one other important event. "The Queen said I was coming into heat and that she'd help me conceive. I'm overwhelmed by our good fortune. What were the odds that a solution to both my problems would be dropped into our laps right when we needed it." Feral said shaking his head at the strange whim of fate.

"Hey! It's like I said before we live a fairly charmed life and things seemed to happen just when we need it!" T-Bone said cheekily.

"I wouldn't say that too loudly. It might run off and leave us one day." Feral snorted. "Anyway, I'm bushed, let's get some sleep because tomorrow is going to be a strange day."

"Hey, shouldn't we be getting home?" T-Bone said anxiously.

"Don't worry, T-Bone. The Queen can send us back at the time we disappeared no matter how long we've been here." Feral said confidently.

"Crud, how would you know that?" The tabby demanded.

"The book I was reading is her Gremorie, Book of Spells. Now let's get some sleep." Feral said firmly putting an end to the conversation and vanishing their clothes for the night.

Shaking his head, T-Bone sighed and settled down behind his mate.

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Chapter 20: A spell for fertility by ulyferal

Dawn was peeking through the lead glass window when Feral woke feeling more or less refreshed. He felt a warm body next to his and turned his head to see T-Bone snoring lightly against his shoulder. He stayed still a moment and was pleased when he didn't feel the need to stay close or have sex.

With a smile of true relief on his face, he climbed out of bed and went hunting a privy. He found it just down from their room. Once he was done, he returned to their assigned room to find T-Bone still sleeping. Snorting to himself, he put his clothes on and went searching for breakfast.

He wasn't surprised to see the castle denizens already up and about. His time spent in Galanon had taught him that Medieval katizens had to rise at sun's first light if they wanted to get what needed done by night fall. Also, since they had no modern conveniences, the servants had to get up early to be able to have a meal on the table when the rest of the castle rose for the day.

Wandering downstairs, he was amazed how much like Bloodnor's castle the Queen's place was.

Apparently, they were constructed basically the same way everywhere. He moseyed down to where he remembered the kitchens were normally and found they were the same here. He managed to wheedle some food and took it out to a comfortable chair near the roaring fireplace in the throne room.

It was pepper pot stew, hot crusty bread, and plenty of milk. He made quick work of his meal and returned his dishes to the kitchen. The servants were surprised and pleased by his modern manners and gave him an apple as a treat. He thanked them and went to explore the castle a bit while waiting for everyone else to get up.

T-Bone groaned as loud noises coming from the courtyard below his window destroyed his sleep. Yawning he noted that Feral had already left their bed. He made the same hunt the Commander did earlier then returned to the room to pull on his G-suit. Enticing odors rose from the staircase telling him breakfast was being served. He hurried down and found the Queen and her court already sitting down to break their fast. He joined his partner who seemed to be unusually cheerful this morning. After a really spicy meal, Queen Callista told them to explore as she had court this morning and she would see them at mid meal.

Having nothing better to do, Razor and he went looking around the huge castle. It was a couple of hours before lunch when they finally found Feral. They had left the castle to visit some of the shops located in the outer protective ring that surrounded the castle. They ran into Feral coming out of a shop that made a variety of clothing.

"Hi, see you're doing some exploring too. What did you find?" T-Bone asked the Commander lazily as he glanced over to the blacksmith's shop nearby.

"They have some truly beautiful material and I thought I get some to take back with me." Feral said displaying a beautiful brocaded cloth of purple and gold for their inspection.

"Hey that's really nice, Commander." Razor said, touching the fabric and appreciating the quality and feel of the material.

"Have you been there yet?" T-Bone asked pointing to the blacksmith's shop.

"No, I was going there next." Feral said, folding the fabric and putting it into one of his big pockets in his uniform coat.

They walked over to the blacksmiths and peered into the hot and dusty interior. The smith was a huge brown colored Kat with bulging arms. He was banging on a sword he had on his anvil. On the wall behind him was some of his workmanship. There were arrows, swords, daggers, wagon rims, shields, chain mail, and plow shares.

T-Bone went to look closer at the daggers. The swords were nice but hardly practical for taking home. The daggers were beautiful . . . some were gold, others silver, or plain metal. The gold and silver daggers had jewels affixed to their pummels. He was admiring one with an emerald.

Feral and Razor were looking at them as well. The blacksmith tossed the sword he was working on into a metal trough of water. He eyed them questioningly.

"This is beautiful work. How much to you want for them?" T-Bone asked.

"As a guest of the Queen, sir, thee may choose anything thee wishes." The blacksmith said in a deep, gravely voice.

"Oh, we couldn't do that!" Razor objected.

"Have no fear, sir. The Queen is very generous with her favors and has already paid me for my efforts. It honors me that thee deem my work fine enough to desire." He said plainly.

"Oh well, then that's okay. Thank you very much." Razor said blushing and finally chose a set of silver daggers with blue stones.

"Yes, thank you. These are truly beautiful. You are right to be proud of your work sir." Feral said politely as he chose a gold pair with ruby stones.

"I will treasure these for a long time." T-Bone said, lovingly handling a gold pair of daggers with emerald stones.

Pleased with their treasures, the trio returned to the castle for mid meal. More pepper pot stew and milk then it was off to Queen's study for Feral and checking out the armory for T-Bone and Razor.

The Queen spent a couple of hours teaching Feral more about magic and how he could manage it better and answered his question.

"Will I be keeping my magic or will it begin to fade?" Feral asked quietly.

"It is now a part of thy soul, Sir Feral. It will never leave thee." Callista told him gently.

Feral sighed unhappily. Though wielding magic was interesting, he much preferred to not have it at all.

Evening arrived and they once more ate a delicious meal together, enjoyed some interesting Medieval entertainment then headed to bed.

Feral had wanted to have a room to himself and the Queen, though puzzled, acquiesced and gave him a room not far from T-Bone's and Razor's. Sighing tiredly, he stripped down to his boxers and t-shirt and slipped into bed. It felt a little strange to be sleeping alone at last but he shook it off, falling asleep quickly.

It was sometime after midnight when he began to toss and moan. He felt hot and uncomfortable but even tossing his bedding off didn't give him any relief. He sat up finally and sat there trying to determine what his problem was. After staring around the room in the darkness with just the moonlight shining in, he finally realized what he was feeling.

He groaned in dismay, he was swollen between his legs and his skin under his fur felt unusually sensitive to the touch, his small breasts were swollen and tight. He was in heat! Upset but knowing this was what they had waited for, he climbed out of bed and made for T-Bone's room.

Slipping into the burly tom's room, he walked up to the bed. T-Bone wore only his mask and boxers and was sprawled on his back uncovered. Feral's body tightened at the delicious sight of the handsome tom's powerful form. The moonlight only enhanced his good looks.

Moaning a low urgent mating call, he climbed onto the bed and began to caress and rub himself against the sandy colored fur. T-Bone moaned in his sleep and snorted. Sighing, his body prodding him, Feral reached for the soft genitals hidden under the boxers. He caressed it and fondled them through the cloth.

T-Bone twitched and his cock began to fill out and tighten against his clothing. Feral licked his lips and reached under the boxer to touch the hot, hard member . . . squeezing and rubbing it up and down in his fist.

The sandy striped tom blinked sleepily awake and was surprised to see Feral fondling him. He was about to demand what the heck was going on when his nose filled with the erotic scent of a female in heat. He came more fully awake as he realized this was why Feral had come into his room and was doing all he could to get him ready to mate.

He reached up and pulled Feral down on top of him and began to lay hot kisses on the square jaw, eliciting moans of pleasure from the big tom. His paws caressed up and down the broad back and dug into the nerves at the base of the tail causing Feral to jerk and pant. Grinning wickedly, T-Bone continued to explore Feral's nether regions with his strong fingers. He drew his claws lightly down the writhing tom's thighs and up his rear pausing to stroke across the furless pucker.

Feral growled and licked T-Bone frantically as the SWAT Kat's maddening touches were driving him insane with need. He found himself rubbing urgently against the strong body lying under him. The cloth-covered cock rubbed against his own sending sparks of fire up his body.

In her study, Queen Callista heard a musical note sound from her magical pool. She hadn't gone to bed, needing to study the stars at this hour to determine the best time to send her guests back home. She went to the pool and looked in. In a darkened bedroom lit only by moonlight, she saw Feral atop T-Bone. Nodding to herself, she began to chant, holding her amulet up and pointing at the pair's image. The spell wove a glittering light over their bodies. They were too preoccupied to notice. It seeped within them and vanished. Satisfied the spell was in place, Callista smiled quietly, cleared her mirror and returned to her calculations.

Feral reached down and violently tore T-Bone's boxers off him and quickly positioned himself to take the hard pole within himself. He groaned in relief as the tabby's cock filled him up. T-Bone growled lustfully as he began to pump his hips, raising Feral's body up and down as he thrust deeply and quickly. They came to a quick orgasm with the big tom's cock spraying seed over the tabby's chest.

As Feral collapsed panting and trying to catch his breath, T-Bone rolled them over, taking the dominant position. He nuzzled the dark tom's face gently.

"So the Queen was accurate on your heat cycle. I wonder when she'll put the spell on us to insure fertility?" He asked idly as he stroked Feral's arm.

"Hmmm, she already has." Feral rumbled beginning to move his hips as the heat and urgency rose up in him again.

"Huh! How do you know . . . ohhh . . ." T-Bone began then broke off to groan in pleasure as Feral's hot channel tightened around him.

Groaning with increased need, Feral muttered, "Felt the spell take hold over us while we were busy."

"Oh!" Was all the tabby could articulate as he got more heated and began to thrust vigorously. They came roaring moments later.

For the next few hours till dawn, they mated. Dawn's light found them entwined in exhausted sleep even the noise of the busily working castle denizens failed to wake them.

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Chapter 21: Home and free at last by ulyferal

When Razor came down for breakfast, he was surprised to see he was the only one. Frowning in concern, he sat down next Queen Callista and after trading warm good mornings, he asked, "I'm not certain why my companions haven't come down, my Queen. I could check after breakfast and find out." He said by way of apology.

"Do not concern thyself over Sir T-Bone and Sir Feral's absence Sir Razor. We will most likely not see them till mid-meal." She said with a small knowing smile.

Razor blinked at her in puzzlement for a moment until her smile clued him in then he blushed

redder than his cinnamon fur coloring as he realized what his partner and Commander were doing. "Oh!" Was all he said then he remembered what the Queen had promised.

"Did you cast the fertility spell then?" He asked.

"I did indeed, Sir Razor." Callista said warmly. "Sir Feral should be with kitten as we speak."

"Okay, that's certainly good news and worth the hassle of being sent here. Thank you, we are very grateful." Razor said in relief.

"Thee are most welcome. Now, would thee like to accompany me as I do a progress through my subjects this morn?" She asked.

"I would be most honored, my Queen." Razor grinned.

An hour before mid meal, T-Bone groaned and slowly opened his eyes. Sitting beside him was Feral, who had apparently only awakened as well. The big tom was stretching luxuriantly and yawning. The tabby reached a paw up and caressed the dark fur on Feral's back.

"So, how do you feel?" He asked quietly.

"Sore and very sated, thank you. You are a very good lover." Feral said honestly, glancing down at the tom and returning the caress to the broad chest laying next to him.

"I do my best!" T-Bone smirked with a lopsided grin. Feral snorted and smacked him lightly.

T-Bone just laughed and got up as well. He climbed off the bed and looked out the window.

"Well, it looks like nearly lunch time. Guess we better get our tails in gear and go downstairs. We may be going home today." T-Bone said eagerly.

"I hope so, though I'm not too unhappy we ended up here. It was really a lifesaver for me anyway. I don't know how I can thank Queen Callista enough for what's she's done for me." Feral said, relief lacing his voice.

"Well, if it's a she kitten, we could name her after Callista?" T-Bone said only half serious.

Feral looked at him askance but answered civilly enough, "Maybe."

They took turns at the privy then dressed and went down to the throne room. The mid meal was just being served and they hungrily joined Razor and the Queen for a meal.

"I am certain, thee are anxious to return home now." Callista said as they finished eating.

"Yeah, not that we aren't grateful and pleased with the hospitality here but we've got a lot waiting for us at home." T-Bone said eagerly.

"Aye, I envy thy world's good fortune to have two such powerful and intelligent warriors defending them." The Queen said smiling.

Feral just rolled his eyes at the comment but said. "I wish to offer my eternal gratitude to you for your help in saving my life. I felt the spell you cast earlier, dare I hope it was successful?"

"Allow me to use my amulet on thee and I will see if the answer is what thee hoped for." The Queen said raising it from her breast.

"Of course!" Feral said sitting up straight and waiting. A green glow passed over his form for a moment then was gone.

Callista smiled warmly and said, "Good fortune smiles upon thee Sir Feral. Thee are indeed with kitten. Do you wish to know what sex it is?"

"Uh, no that's okay. I'd rather it be a surprise." Feral said quickly, blushing with excitement and anxiousness. It was what he needed but not what he wanted for his life.

T-Bone grinned with a mix of joy and concern. Though it was the outcome they had worked hard for still it wasn't a complete cause of happiness since he didn't know what the future held for the two of them functioning as a couple much less as parents.

"Fear not, Sir Feral, all will go well for thee and thy little one. T-Bone you are right to be concerned but don't push and thee will be rewarded for thy patience." She advised them cryptically. "Now, let us go to my work room and send thee to back to thy home in the future." She said solemnly as she rose from her seat and led the way to her study and work room.

T-Bone and Feral held twin expressions of confusion by her last words as they followed her. Razor too looked a bit puzzled but was glad some of their problems had been solved and they were going home.

With a smile of farewell, the Queen sent them on their way. It was a rather upsetting and violent passing through the portal of time. When they arrived rather suddenly near the dimensional portal once more. Feral swayed dizzily on his feet before staggering a couple of feet and throwing up.

T-Bone and Razor stood still a moment until their ears stopped ringing and the spots before their eyes had faded.

T-Bone went to Feral's side immediately to make sure he was okay.

"Ohhh..." Feral moaned. He felt like he'd been turned inside out and his stomach was still churning. A strong pair of arms wrapped themselves around his waist and steadied him as he continued to sway. Someone was rubbing his wrists hard and he frowned and started to pull away when he realized the nausea was receding.

He blinked until he could see again and saw it was Razor rubbing his wrists and T-Bone who was holding him. "Wha..." He said inarticulately.

"Shhh...it's okay...probably being pregnant caused you to suffer more from the passage than us." T-Bone said gently.

"This is a trick a friend of mine showed me to ease nausea, looks like it's working for you. You feeling better?" Razor asked as he ceased his actions and released Feral's wrists.

"Yes, thank you!" He managed to finally say, a bit hoarsely, his throat sore.

"Commander, SWAT Kats...you're back!" Came the voice of the Deputy Mayor. They turned and saw her striding across the lawn with Lt. Commander Steele and the Sergeant walking with her.

"Yeah! We got lucky. Pastmaster actually did us a favor by taking us to Queen Callista's time period. She helped us solve two of our problems but the last one..." Razor told her pointing at the portal. "She said only the spell built in the portal would know for certain if Feral is not what it wants now that he's pregnant and we won't know that until the next full moon." He finished on a serious note.

"You're pregnant?" Steele blurted in surprise. "But you weren't gone that long...uh...or were you?" He said in confusion.

"No not long. How long were we gone from here?" Feral asked.

"Oh! You've been gone only thirty minutes, sir!" Steele answered.

"Well, we were only there forty-eight hours. I came into heat naturally and the Queen used a fertility spell to insure the mating would 'take' on the first try." Feral said bluntly though he blushed a little having to explain something so private.

Steele found himself blushing as well at the sensitive subject, "Ahh, well...good then. So you should hopefully be free of the spell."

"That's what we hope alright, but we're going to have to wait until it tries to take him. There's nothing more we can do right now." T-Bone said with a shrug. He turned to Feral and crooked a finger to indicate he wanted to talk to the Commander privately a moment.

Frowning, Feral followed as T-Bone moved further away from the others. Once they were far enough away no one could overhear he halted. He studied the Commander for a moment.

"Well, thanks to the Queen we don't have to be together every three days. There's only a week left until the full moon. I take it you would like us to be near when that moment arrives?" He asked quietly.

"Yes! There's always a chance it didn't work and I'll still require Razor to keep his promise." Feral said grimly.

"Yeah, he will be but it will be harder now since he'll be taking an innocent life who has no say in the matter." T-Bone said unhappily.

Feral swallowed and looked away. T-Bone was right and it made him feel worse about asking what he did of the smaller SWAT Kat. He turned back to the tabby who was technically his soul mate. "Bloodnor will nearly kill me when he learns I'm pregnant. He won't hesitate to kill the kitten even though they are against that sort of thing. He won't abide another's kitten in his consort...I...I won't be able to stand that!" He whispered, his throat tight.

T-Bone felt sick, he reached out and pulled Feral into a commiserating hug. "I am soo sorry, Ulysses. I wish to God I could do something about it but I'm just as helpless as you and I hate it but I will make sure, if it's at all possible, to grant you your wish." He promised, his own voice choked with anguish.

"That's all I ask for. Until then, I want to be alone, alright?" Feral requested softly.

"Whatever you want. Just summon me when you need us." T-Bone said heavily then released him and walked back to his partner. His face was grim as he continued on to the Turbokat. Razor said nothing as he followed behind silently.

Steele and Ms. Briggs were puzzled by T-Bone's look and even more by the look of depression on Feral's as he approached and moved on to his own vehicle without a word. Giving each other a confused look, Steele with the Sergeant trailing him, followed Feral and Ms. Briggs went back across the park to City Hall.

The flight home was silent and it was with relief they landed in their hangar. Jumping down and walking to their lockers, Razor couldn't help but note the tension and unhappiness in his partner.

"Okay, buddy! What's wrong?" Jake asked his friend when they had changed their clothes and were heading for the ladder.

Chance halted and looked at his best friend sorrow in his eyes. "The portal could still take him Jake. But it isn't just Feral you'll be forced to kill."

Jake froze as he realized what Chance meant. A cold feeling of grief flowed over him. "I hadn't

thought that far. I guess I just didn't want to. He...he still wants me to..." He couldn't finish.

"Yeah and his reasoning is even more right then before. He said Bloodnor would nearly kill him but he would save him before death but not the kitten. Ulysses said he couldn't bear that. It would be the last straw." Chance said thickly.

"Oh God!" Jake gasped in sick horror. Swallowing hard, he said in a shaky voice, "I'll do what he asked."

"Thanks Jake. I know how hard this will be for you. I'm going to pray that it won't be necessary." Chance said. He turned and quickly made his way up the ladder. He couldn't bear talking about this any longer.

Jake stayed where he was feeling sick at heart.

The week passed far too swiftly and when the final night arrived they met in Feral's office.

Everyone that had been there from the start were there. Dr. Sinian, Ms. Briggs, Lt Commander Steele, the Sergeant, and the SWAT Kats.

"Why are we here instead of near the portal, Commander?" Callie asked.

"I'd rather be here Ms. Briggs. It doesn't matter where I am, the portal will come to me." Feral said flatly moving away to stare out the window at the city as night fell. The moon was expected to rise at eight pm, in just twenty minutes.

Razor had moved to stand by himself near another window. He felt empty and cold. What he had to do weighed heavily on his heart and mind.

T-Bone wanted to comfort Feral. He could feel the tension building but he didn't know if he would be making it worse. His own feelings were confused and his heart was filled with pain.

Callie felt helpless as she watched the two trying hard to be strong in the face of their real fear. She didn't know how Razor was going to be able to handle killing Feral and his unborn kitten when the time came. She prayed hard that he didn't have to make that decision.

Dr. Sinian leaned against Feral's desk feeling helpless as well. She and her assistants had searched for weeks until they were exhausted but had not found a way to disperse the portal. She had been truly glad that Queen Callista had removed the obscene binding spell on the pair and succeeded in helping the Commander get pregnant. What would be the height of unfairness was it would all be for nothing if he was taken by the portal anyway. She shivered and rubbed her arms and prayed hard that it wouldn't happen.

Steele and the Sergeant were lost in their own private thoughts. The situation was like nothing they'd dealt with in their careers and they felt totally out of their depths in handling it. They stared at their superior in concern.

The clock ticked down and Feral began to pace anxiously. Suddenly the portal appeared at one end of his office. Feral's face paled and he shuddered in fear. Outside the moon peeked over the horizon.

A blaze of light snatched Feral, who barely had time to utter a strangled cry of terror. Despite Razor having his glovetrix aimed and ready, it was just too quick. The portal pulsed with a brighter light then vanished. Where it had stood was Feral. He was frozen in shock.

T-Bone rushed to his side and wrapped his arms around the large torso. Feral finally let out a shuddering sob of relief and leaned heavily into his mate's comforting arms.

Everyone else gave various sighs of relief. It had been a near thing.

When he had recovered his equilibrium he pushed away from T-Bone who reluctantly released him. Feral walked up to his pedestal and sat down heavily.

"What happened?" Razor finally asks.

"It seemed to 'taste' me than rejected me violently." Feral said thickly, still stunned.

"Well, thank God! I'm truly glad it's finally over. Now maybe we can get back to normal again." Callie said in grateful relief.

Feral frowned unhappily. "Maybe you can but now I have to deal with being pregnant and soul bonded to a SWAT Kat." He snarled, putting his head down into his paws.

The others except for T-Bone and Razor stared at him in shocked surprise at that information.

Finally, T-Bone rumbled, "We'll handle it Commander, just give us a chance. Besides think of what is happening on Galanon at this very moment. I'm sure King Bloodnor is really furious about now." He said in grim humor.

Feral raised his head up and managed a nasty smile. "Oh yeah! He's going to be frothing about the loss of his consort." He said with a look of cruel pleasure.

On Galanon, the King paced anxiously in his throne room. Suddenly there was a flare of magic as the portal opened then just as suddenly a blast of reverse magic slapped out and knocked Dantre against the nearest wall where he slid to the floor unconscious. The king felt the portal collapse and vanish.

The denizens of Celestor Castle shivered in mortal fear as the very walls rocked with the King's roars of fury and grief. They had had to suffer the consort's absence with a King who was always short tempered and easy to anger. His wizard Dantre had managed to soften the binding spell somewhat but the harem didn't think it was enough as they were violently used to ease his suffering. Now with the consort lost forever, there was no telling what life was going to be like around here. Those that could, quietly sought other places to be while the king nursed his pain.

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Chapter 22: Trying for normalcy by ulyferal

Chapter 22: Trying for Normalcy

In Celestor Castle...

Wizard Dantre wished not for the first time since the portal collapsed, that he had never found that accursed dimension where Feral had been found. King Bloodnor had him searching for a way to reopen the portal and refused to accept any failure. It didn't matter that he had warned the King that the spell could never be resurrected when he had first cast it.

The King was mad with grief at the loss of his consort but fortunately, no longer driven to mate. That spell Dantre had been able to break. As the King railed at him again, two weeks after the portal had closed, he made plans to leave Celestor Castle. He had enough of having his bones broken and healed to last him an eternity. He knew of others that had already slipped away...the king so preoccupied, he never noticed. Even King Warkil was better than this and it had to be very bad to want that king's insanity over this one's seemingly endless grief and fury.

Megakat City...

Feral had shut him out. It hurt more than he thought it should. After all, he had never cared for the

big tom in the first place so he tried to ignore the growing need to help the emotionally beleaguered Commander. He might as well have been spitting in the wind...the bond between them kept him unwillingly aware of Feral's suffering. The harder he tried to get on with his own life the more Feral's would intrude.

From the day Feral was free from the portal's grasp, T-Bone had given him what he wanted ... complete freedom to get his life back to normal. Unfortunately, being pregnant wasn't a normal thing and couldn't be ignored. Two months later, someone close to the Commander finally couldn't stand what was going on and sought out T-Bone to confide in him.

The battle for a stolen set of plans was quickly brought to an end when the SWAT Kats captured Hard Drive. As they were handing the slippery criminal over to the enforcers, the Sergeant took that opportunity to corner T-Bone.

"The Commander would be pissed if he saw me talking to you but I can no longer stand by and watch him deteriorate. You need to do something to help him." The Sergeant said urgently.

T-Bone stared at him in surprise. "He doesn't want anything to do with me and I'm just respecting his wishes." He said flatly.

"And I respect you for doing that but he's suffering and won't listen to anyone about seeking help. He needs counseling...everyone can see how depressed he is...and it doesn't help that he can't keep anything in his stomach. The nausea is a constant thing despite the medication the doctor gave him. He's been very touchy and quicker to anger than normal. This just can't go on!" The older enforcer said, worriedly.

"Crud! Alright, I'll see what I can do but I make no promises." T-Bone finally growled, conceding that he could no longer ignore the problem. The Sergeant nodded in relief and left.

Razor wasn't happy about this at all and he made it plain to T-Bone on their way back to the hangar.

T-Bone snarled unhappily as he argued, "He is just trying to be macho about this. It was a humiliating time for him. I understand that! Queen Callista said I was right to be concerned over our future but to not push him and I haven't! I've honored his desire to be alone for a while. But you heard the Sergeant, he's getting worse. But, I didn't need him to tell me that as I can feel it in our bond. I need to see him and convince him to seek help even if he doesn't want to be with me."

"What do you mean you 'feel' it through the bond? You never said anything about that to me." Razor said aggrieved.

"I didn't want to worry you and I was trying to ignore it. It's not like I can hear him or anything. It's just a feeling of discomfort that I know is coming from him." The burly tom explained as he brought the jet into the hangar and shut down the engines. He popped the canopy and they jumped to the floor.

As he yanked his mask off, Jake snapped back, "You should have told me, Chance. How you feel can affect how you fly and fight. That definitely affects how well we survive."

"Sorry! I didn't think it really did affect me that much except in the back of my mind and only when I focus on it. It's not as if it's right there at the forefront, constantly distracting me...it's not. Only when I'm quiet or trying to sleep do I become aware of his pain." Chance said trying to explain something that his friend couldn't grasp unless he experienced it for himself. He stripped his clothes off and put on his coveralls.

Jake was silent for a bit as he too changed his clothes. When they were finished, Jake halted his buddy and said seriously, "Okay, I guess I have to trust you to know what you're saying since

there's no way for me to really understand it. Just be careful...okay? I don't want to see you hurt by this."

"I will. It's just, knowing how bad it is for Feral, I can't ignore it any longer. I have to do something. Thanks for trying to be understanding about it. I'd better go try to see him tonight." Chance said relieved he hadn't alienated his partner and friend.

"Probably a good idea. Hope everything works out for you." Jake said, sighing in resignation.

Later that night, near ten o'clock, T-Bone peered into the Commander's bedroom window. His mate's bed was empty. He jimmied the lock and slid the window open silently. Dropping to the carpeted floor, he froze and looked around. Through the door leading to the living room he saw a dim light flickering.

Moving silently over the thick carpet, T-Bone reached the door and peered out. Sleeping in an uncomfortable position in his recliner and fully dressed was Feral. The flickering was the TV on mute.

Shaking his head, the tabby tom walked up to Feral. He was about to touch the big tom on the shoulder but then had a thought and knelt down beside the chair instead before gently caressing the arm next to him.

His foresight had been good. Feral jerked awake and made a warding off gesture that sent a piece of sculpture on a pedestal behind T-Bone, flying toward a wall and smashing it to pieces. If he had been standing he would have been the one flying against the wall.

"Good reflexes." He murmured softly.

Feral blinked in shock and looked down at the kneeling SWAT Kat.

"What are you doing in my apartment?" He demanded with a snarl.

"Seeing you!" The burly tom retorted.

"Well I don't want to see you!" Feral snarled standing up then paling suddenly. He pushed past T-Bone and just made it to the bathroom.

T-Bone moved quickly after him. He sighed unhappily as his mate heaved in the toilet. He stepped past Feral to grab a glass on the counter and fill it with water. When the dark tom finally leaned back to sit on the floor, T-Bone handed him the glass without a word.

Grimacing, Feral took it and rinsed his mouth out. T-Bone leaned over and flushed the toilet. He knelt down beside his mate and took the paw without the glass and began to rub his wrist hard as he had seen Razor do that time in the park.

Feral didn't pull away and sat still, eyes partly closed.

"Is that a little better?" The burly tom asked softly.

"Yeah, a little." Feral muttered setting the glass on the floor then resting his head on his raised knees.

T-Bone released the wrist then began stroking Feral's back in a comforting caress to help further ease the tom.

"You don't have to prove how strong you are." T-Bone said quietly "Everyone one knows you are. But you need help dealing with what happened to you. You can't just tough it out on your own. If you haven't noticed yet, it's not working." He said with wane humor.

"I just...I can't deal with it...I'd rather just put it in the past and move on..." Feral growled unhappily.

"But you're not moving on Ulysses and, unfortunately, the bond and your pregnancy are physical reminders of what happened so you have to learn how to deal with it. It's just not going to go away." T-Bone said plainly.

"Why should you care? It's not your problem...you can wipe your paws of it and go on with your life." Feral raised his head to look at him, snapping nastily.

T-Bone sighed and didn't get angry at his defensive mate. "Unfortunately, it is. The bond between us may not be telepathic or empathic but it does make itself felt when one of us is feeling really bad. I can't ignore you even if we both might want that." He said heavily not stopping his caresses.

Feral dropped his head down again with a groan of defeat. They sat there in silence for some time.

"Let's get some sleep. You're exhausted. We can talk in the morning." T-Bone finally said coaxing Feral to get to his feet.

Feral reluctantly complied but stood still for a moment to insure his stomach would stay quiet. When it seemed to behave, he walked out of the bathroom and began to strip his clothes off.

T-Bone let him be and stripped down to his boxer and tee. He opened the bed and waited for Feral to close up his apartment for the night then return to climb into the bed. As soon as he was settled, the burly tom also climbed in and spooned his mate from behind.

Feral stiffened and seemed unable to relax. T-Bone understood why and simply draped an arm over the big tom's midsection and nuzzled his neck but made no sexual demands. It had been a long day so it wasn't long before he fell asleep.

It took Feral more than half an hour to relax but finally, comforted by the warm weight behind him and the sounds of his mate's even deep breathing, he succumbed and slipped into slumber.

It was late Saturday morning when the two males finally roused. T-Bone's morning erection pressed against Feral's tail. Realizing this might not be welcome, the sandy colored tom pulled away and prepared to get up. A powerful arm reached out behind it's body and pulled him back close.

"It's okay. I missed this more than I realized." Feral said softly moving his arm back, pausing only to caress T-Bone's thigh before returning it to his front.

"Are you sure? I don't want to do anything you'll regret later." The smaller tom asked cautiously, beginning a gentle caress of Feral's side.

"Yes, I'm sure." Feral answered without hesitation.

"Okay." T-Bone said agreeably but still taking his cues from Feral. Not willing to go any further than the dark tom was willing on this first step back to intimacy for them.

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Chapter 23: Recovery by ulyferal

T-Bone nuzzled Feral's neck for a while as he caressed the tom on his chest and abdomen. Feral purred from the attention and allowed himself to totally relax. He hadn't realized until this moment just how tense he had been all these weeks and that it was partly the reason he failed to get any real sleep.

The burly tom didn't rush things. Feral's life had been all about keeping him off balance and on alert by Bloodnor, T-Bone wasn't about to repeat that. Slow and easy was the way he would handle his mate.

T-Bone let his mind wander for a bit. He realized that since his return, Feral hadn't really used magic at all. Except when he was startled (which he thought was due to being afraid of Bloodnor that it was now a defense mechanism), Feral never resorted to magic even when battling the omegas. He wasn't aware that the Commander teleported either.

When his mate was comfortable with him again, he would broach the topic and find out why Feral shied away from such a handy and useful talent.

As he continued to stroke the big, powerful body his hard cock rubbed firmly against Feral's back. The big tom couldn't help but moan sensually and writhe against it. T-Bone growled at his mate's movement but held himself back. He shifted his caresses to include between Feral's thighs, drifting lightly over the emerging cock and cupping the balls for a moment before moving further down to use just a finger to feather lightly Feral's female folds that were just getting wet with the tom's arousal.

Feral gasped at the touch and rumbled an entreaty to do more. Grinning into the tom's fur, T-Bone increased his caress of the clitoris eliciting more whimpers and gasps of pleasure. He desisted and moved his finger even further down to tickle the furless pucker under the tail.

Feral groaned and panted with heated desire. He couldn't stand not being able to touch T-Bone so he startled his mate by rolling in his arms and demanding a passionate kiss from him. The sandy tom's cock now rubbed against Feral's cock setting sparks off in both the toms as they kissed deeply then delved into each other's mouth pushing the fire higher between them.

Nearly frantic with desire, Feral drew his hips back to line T-Bone's cock with his entrance then pushed forward to seat him completely in one thrust. Once they were firmly locked together, he pulled them into a seated position.

T-Bone's eyes widened behind his mask and he growled deep in his chest as he found himself deeper than he'd ever been before. With Feral sitting in his lap, he was unable to thrust. The big tom only grinned wickedly and began to tighten and loosen his inner muscles while pulling T-Bone into another hot kiss. The sensation was unlike anything T-Bone had ever experienced. It was very intense and he could feel his cock swell larger as Feral tightened around him. It was incredible. Their paws frantically rubbed each others bodies as they moved closer and closer to a climax. T-Bone was caught off guard when Feral pulled his mouth away and roared his climax squeezing the smaller tom hard and making him come roaring and bucking upward.

When the tremors eased they were holding each other limply and panting to catch their breaths.

"Wow! Where did you learn that?" T-Bone panted in amazement.

"Bloodnor! I told you he was inventive!" Feral smirked, pleased he was able to remember it.

"Crud! I've never experienced anything like that. It was really intense." The burly tom admitted.

"Glad you enjoyed it. It felt nice to do something slow and easy for once." He sighed happily as he let his head rest on T-Bone's shoulder.

"I figured as much. I won't rush you, there's no reason. You set the pace and do what you feel most comfortable with." T-Bone murmured warmly, caressing his mate's back.

"That's the strange thing...how I am comfortable in your arms...I should really be put off by this and I almost feel like its a spell. But I can tell the difference." He muttered a little confused.

"Yeah, I really feel the same but I don't feel a compulsion to do it like before. We don't just fall into each others arms at the drop of a hat but we can be intimate when we relax together and there's no pressure. We're both dominant and opinionated. I'm not sure we will be as close as a married couple can get. I suppose we'll just get along but most likely not live together in a true relationship." T-Bone said slowly, thinking it through. "Though I do want some say in our kitten's life."

Feral was silent for some minutes, thinking. "Hmm, I think you are right. I like my feeling of freedom to much to have someone in my life 24/7 but due to the kitten and the bond, a loose relationship is probably what we require and will tolerate." He finally said thoughtfully then he frowned and pulled his head up to look into T-Bone's face.

"You know this puts me in an awkward position. You are a vigilante and I'm sworn to bring you in if you cross the line." He said plainly.

"Obviously! You certainly can't just suddenly be buddy, buddy with us. I don't plan on anyone but the ones that have known from the beginning to be aware of anything special going on between us. Secrecy is the name of the game and I play it well!" T-Bone grinned ferally. "Our kitten's safety is important as well so we will have to devise ways to keep it safe and it's parentage a secret." He added.

"Hmm, that will take some doing..." Feral said letting his mind try to come up with ways to protect their progeny.

"Why don't you use your magic to protect it?" T-Bone asked cautiously. Finding the perfect opening to broach the subject he was curious about.

Feral grimaced and moved from T-Bone's lap to lay on the bed on his side. T-Bone mirrored him and waited.

"I want to be normal! Using magic isn't normal for us." He said flatly.

"In the past, apparently it used to be and we have too many instances when it does happen in our time as well. Having you be familiar with magic is a plus for our side finally." T-Bone said carefully.

His mate scowled. "I'm not that good at it. I spoke with Queen Callista and she showed me how to utilize what magic I possess but we both agreed that I wouldn't want to flaunt it because I don't have the skills to take on a fully trained wizard or sorcerer and could get us in worse trouble and get me kill or kidnaped." He finally gritted out.

"Oh, I see. Okay, that's good to know then. Well, that doesn't mean you can't use it in a more circumspect manner. Like protecting our kitten or escaping trouble to save your life." T-Bone said suggesting a compromise.

Feral eyed him thoughtfully. "Well, I guess you're right there. I just feel uncomfortable using it in the first place. It reminds me of Galanon." He said looking down at the bed unhappily.

T-Bone scooted closer and nuzzled Feral's face gently. "I don't want you to feel you have to. No one need know about it but those that already do. Just promise me you'll use it to protect yourself and our kitten? Please?" He coaxed his mate urgently.

"Okay, I promise." He agreed reluctantly.

"Good!" T-Bone said then pulled back to stare into his mate's face. "Ulysses, you really need to see a counselor. You've experienced too many bad things to just try and ignore it. A counselor will help you clear the air and feel good about yourself again. I'm not the only one whose concerned, your own people have noticed how depressed you've been lately." He pressed

gently.

"I hate being psycho-analyzed!" He grumbled.

"Yeah, I don't much like it myself, but you really need it, please?" T-Bone begged him softly.

Feral sighed then finally said, "Alright, I'll see about it on Monday morning."

"Perfect!" T-Bone said then let the subjects go, now that he had finally resolved the issues he came here to see his mate about. He changed the subject by making love to Ulysses for another hour and then napped in each others arms.

He finally left later that day for home feeling he'd accomplished a lot.

Feral went about cleaning his apartment and doing laundry after T-Bone had left. He had to admit being with his mate all day had made him feel better. He still hated the idea of seeing a counselor but he did promise to give one a try.

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Chapter 24: Recovery and delivery by ulyferal

Monday morning, he did as promised, looked around for a counselor. He got lucky when he was taking some reports to Ms. Briggs.

"Here are those reports I promised on the Linrell Investigation, Ms. Briggs." He told her as he handed her the report file.

"Thank you, Commander. Oh . . . now that you're here, I need to ask you something personal. This isn't something I like to get involved with but the rumors I've received have been disturbing enough to catch my attention. I didn't think you wanted them to get to the ears of the Mayor. So, can you tell me if there is any truth to what I'm hearing about your behavior of late, specifically, a higher level of irritability, quicker temper and moodiness?" She asked bluntly.

He scowled and nearly lost his temper at such an invasion of his privacy. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. This was what T-Bone had meant that others had noted his more volatile temper of late.

"I am having difficulties dealing with what happened in Galanon. T-Bone brought it to my attention last night that those close to me were noticing I was depressed. He requested I find a counselor. I promised to do that today." He admitted with difficulty, his face flushing with embarrassment.

"Ahh . . . it's good to hear that you and T-Bone are seeing each other again." Callie said in relief, keeping her voice low. No one needed to know this besides them. "Fortunately for you, I just happen to know a counselor. She handles high profile clients and is extremely discreet. Here, let me write her name and number down." She said as she moved back to her desk and quickly wrote down the information and handed it to him. "Please contact her today. Tell her I referred you. Keep seeing T-Bone and this counselor and I'm certain you will be able to get on with your life again." She said warmly.

"I...Thank you . . . Ms. Briggs. I'll try. I'm not much for head doctors but I promised to give it a try." He grumbled barely civil about it.

"I know Commander. No one wants to admit that they need that kind of help but you've been through an emotional ringer. Let us help you. You won't regret it" She said encouragingly.

He nodded glumly and left her office.

He returned to his office and sat at his desk and studied the information, Ms. Briggs had given him. Sighing in resignation, he dialed the number.

The counselor happened to be free and had answered the phone herself. After talking in generalities for several minutes, she suggested a preliminary meeting between them two days hence to see if she could help him. He agreed and penciled it in on his calendar.

Now a month later, he was beginning to feel somewhat better. He still hated seeing a counselor but he had to admit she was very good and already helped him sleep better at night. Seeing T-Bone every few days had also elevated his mood significantly.

Dr. Milton was the one monitoring his pregnancy. He made time to see his unique patient after hours to keep his privacy. Thankfully, when he passed his third month, the nausea had finally abated. Dr. Milton had only one concern and that was if Feral's birth canal would be adequate for the delivery. He made plans on how he would handle that problem when the time came. Meanwhile, the pregnancy seemed to be going alright otherwise.

One thing about the pregnancy that really pissed Feral off was being restricted from being a pilot. He had to always use an enforcer to fly him wherever he needed to go. It was very annoying. He had also been banned from the front lines as well. Despite being the Commander, even he couldn't blatantly break the rule every female enforcer had to abide by. It really drove him bat shit to be stuck in the rear when everything within him screamed to be at the front as he had always been. He would be very glad when this was over.

T-Bone found himself becoming over protective of his pregnant mate. He tried very hard not to say anything that would let Ulysses know how much he wanted to keep Feral in the background where he would be safe. To ease some of his need to protect, he would unobtrusively come between situations that would endanger the Commander and even went so far as to work with the Sergeant to keep Feral from harm.

Razor just sighed and did his best to accommodate his badly distracted partner and keep them both alive when T-Bone was so focused on protecting Feral from himself.

If it wasn't so dangerous a situation, he would find the whole thing hilarious. The only good thing Razor was really glad of was Feral's ability to teleport out of danger. This relieved much of the stress of keeping him safe.

A month before he was to deliver, he felt he had swallowed a beach ball.

"Kat's Alive! Nothing fits!" He growled in aggravation when he discovered his newly expanded uniform no longer fit.

"Hey, easy. It's not fat you know. As soon as the kitten is born, you'll be you're svelte self again. You only have a few weeks left and you don't need to get yourself so upset about minor stuff." T-Bone said, trying to put things in perspective for the rotund looking Chief Enforcer.

He had to admit privately, that Feral looked truly odd. He was fit and muscular everywhere except directly below his rib cage where a huge swelling pushed out looking exactly like the beach ball description he'd moaned about earlier.

"That's easy enough for you to say. You don't get odd looks everywhere you go. I even had a visiting military leader try to dress me down for looking fat. You should have seen his expression when I told him I was pregnant. You would have thought he'd swallowed his tongue." Feral snorted half amused half disgusted.

T-Bone couldn't help but laugh. "Okay, I know it's got to be tough, but you're not that bothered by what Kats say or you wouldn't be the Feral I know."

"Humph!" The big Kat snorted as he tried and failed to close his shirt and pants, finally giving up completely and switching to the special maternity uniform he had been given and had sworn he would never need. To his disgust it fit. His coat couldn't be buttoned and he felt positively sloppy. Shoving the irritation aside, he left for work as T-Bone slipped away as well.

He had been lucky through most of his pregnancy that only minor omegas had made an appearance to plague the city. But, of course, their good luck couldn't last. He was seeing his counselor who had her offices next door to Megakat University a couple of weeks later, when he caught sight of something odd from her second floor window.

He got up suddenly and went to the window, startling her. As he stared, he saw what had caught his eye. Groaning in angry disgust, he quickly pulled his radio out and called dispatch.

"This is Feral, send Alpha ground force and Alpha chopper squadron to the Megakat University campus. Dr. Viper has his vines surrounding a building on the north side of the campus across from the New Haven Medical Center office complex. Get here on the double!" He barked as he kept his eyes on the developing mess below him.

His counselor had gotten up and gasped at the sight through the window. Viper's mutated vines and flying plantimals were surrounding what he could only assume was probably a lab with something the mutated Kat wanted.

Less than five minutes later, his chopper squadron arrived. He quickly gave orders to see what was going on. The ground forces were just minutes away. A sonic boom shook the building heralding the arrival of the SWAT Kats.

Feral growled in annoyance but had to admit they could probably discover what was happening better than his enforcers especially since he couldn't be down there to lead his troops. He watched in growing consternation as Viper's creatures gave everyone including the SWAT Kats a lot of trouble.

Things went from bad to worse when Viper apparently decided to cause a distraction from whatever he was doing. Vines suddenly headed across the short parking area to the medical complex and crawled up the building. Feral barked at his enforcers to aid in the evacuation of the building. He went out into the hall with his counselor and found the fire alarm. Pulling it he hoped to get the Kats in the building to evacuate quicker.

His men blocked the exits where Viper's vines were and directed the frightened katizens toward the opposite side to safety. Feral had reached the ground and was directing the evacuation when he heard an explosion. He quickly made his way to that location and saw the SWAT Kats firing on the vines and succeeding in destroying some of them.

Before he could see what to do next something wrapped itself around his waist and hoisted him off the ground. He yelped in shock as a vine as thick as a tree had snuck up on him and was now holding him in the air and waving him like a banner. At first he was too shocked to react but when it decided to hurl him toward the Turbokat, he quickly reacted by teleporting himself to a safe spot on the other side of the building Viper was in but in view of the action.

Panting and trying to slow his breathing, Feral tried to see what could be done to stop Viper's rampage. The SWAT Kats had already destroyed many of the vines and plantimals but still had not been able to get close enough to find Viper.

The damage was escalating and Kats were getting hurt. The chaos was too much. Feral concentrated and 'ported all the mutated creatures his magic could find to an empty field he could see a block away. As soon as the creatures vanished, silence reigned as the defenders stood in shocked surprise.

T-Bone had guessed what Feral had done and turned the jet toward the bewildered critters just

starting to try and come back to Viper. Razor quickly destroyed them.

Viper was shocked. He had witnessed his beloved creatures vanish into thin air. He quickly dashed out a side entrance to try and escape. He happened to choose the side where Feral was still standing alone.

Angry, Viper charged the Commander. Automatically protecting his belly from attack, Feral made a warding off gesture sending Viper flying backward to slap against the building. The mutated Kat leapt to his feet and stared at Feral with narrowed, confused eyes. He took in the fact the Kat was pregnant and that his paws were still up in a defensive gesture.

Feral had no weapon since his had been shakened from his paws when the vine had snatched him. He eyed Viper cautiously.

"Give it up Viper. My enforcers will put you in jail where you belong." He barked coldly.

"They aren't here yet, Commander! And it appearsss you are in no sssshape to fight. I've never ssseen a hermaphrodite get pregnant before, interessting." Viper hissed unintimidated. He suddenly leapt at Feral and was again flung backward.

"I can keep doing that until you're battered and bloody, Viper. Do yourself a favor and stay down." Feral snapped.

"How are you doing that?" Viper demanded as he once again climbed to his feet.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Came a familiar growl and a fist flashed out and slammed Viper against the wall knocking the lizard out cold. T-Bone snarled under his breath. His heart was still beating in fright at the danger his mate had been in. Knocking Viper out wasn't half as satisfying as beating the stuffing out of him but it would have to do.

Leaving Viper for the enforcers who were still cleaning up in front of the building, T-Bone walked over to Feral.

"Are you alright, love?" He asked in a low anxious voice. Razor was just walking up watching for anymore critters as his partner checked his mate.

"I'm fine . . ." Feral started to say as his mind raced ahead to the investigation as to why Viper was here in the first place but his plans were derailed by a sharp and intense pain that flashed across his belly. He gasped and placed his paws on his belly in shock.

"Crud! Doesn't sound like you're okay. Razor, we've got to get him to the hospital." T-Bone said sharply helping Feral walk toward the jet parked near them. They had to halt every few feet when Feral would nearly double over in pain. "Almost there . . . just a few steps more . . ." T-Bone encouraged his mate.

It was with great relief, they finally reached the jet and got Feral situated in a seat in the cargo hold. T-Bone quickly took the jet up but was careful not to apply too many g's. He headed for the Megakat Maternity Hospital and had Razor contact Dr. Milton to tell him that Feral was in labor.

Ten minutes later, the Turbokat landed on the helicopter pad of the hospital. Forewarned, hospital staff quickly wheeled a gurney out to carry Feral out. He was soon loaded and rolled into a treatment room. He was examined, stripped, and IV established before being taken to the labor and delivery floor.

Dr. Milton met the gurney as he arrived on the floor. T-Bone stayed close but Razor took the jet home leaving a cyclotron for his partner. Feral was quickly installed into a maternity bed and Dr. Milton shooed all personal except his own staff out of the room. They were still trying to keep Feral and T-Bone's privacy. It would be a media circus if it leaked out about the pair.

The doctor ordered an ultrasound since Feral had gone into labor prematurely from shock and fright. He breathed a sigh of relief that everything with the kitten seemed alright. Since Feral was within a week of delivery, he decided to allow labor to continue.

For the next few hours, Feral groaned and panted unhappily. T-Bone held his paw, offered ice chips, and rubbed his back . . . anything he could do to make Feral as comfortable as possible.

Finally, after five hours of labor, Feral felt the indescribable sensation of pressure to push. He growled and cried out in pain with each push. Here was when trouble reared its head. As Dr. Milton feared, the kitten was having trouble getting through the birth canal. It had made it nearly to the end then stuck. The next contraction caused Feral to scream. He'd never felt such pain before and he was terrified.

T-Bone was scared too. The doctor had a grim look on his face but stayed calm and cool. He ordered a special bar be lowered. Once it came down from the ceiling the metal bar hung just in front of Feral. Next the bed's lower end was dropped so that Feral's would have to stand up.

Sheets and protective covers were draped on the floor below the Commander as he was made to wrap his arms around the bar and squat. The bar was lowered some more until Feral was squatting and clinging hard to the bar. Another contraction hit and he was asked to push down hard.

The doctor knelt on the floor and reached up to guide the kitten as its head crowned. Everyone including T-Bone urged Feral to push down as hard as he could with every contraction. Feral sobbed in pain but did as asked until his face turned red and he was out of breath.

He thought he was never going to get this kitten to drop as yet another excruciating contraction squeezed him in unrelenting pain and he cried out and pushed as hard as he could. Suddenly, the kitten cleared the canal and dropped into the doctor's paws. Feral nearly dropped in utter exhaustion but T-Bone and a nurse quickly supported him and pulled him back to the bed. It was returned to normal so that he could lay down.

While they were taking care of him, the pediatrician was checking the kitten who was blue from its prolonged time in the canal. Some minutes of nerve-wracking concern passed as the doctor and nurses worked over the kitten providing oxygen and massaging the tiny body.

Their efforts finally paid off when a tiny squeak was heard. They continued their efforts and were rewarded with a full throated wail of anger.

On the bed nearby, a smile of relief and joy spread across T-Bone's face as he turned to his exhausted mate to share his happiness but Ulysses was out cold. Sighing, a tender look on his face, he caressed his mate's face. "Way to go love!" He murmured to his insensate mate.

The female kitten was cleaned up, weighed, and bundled in a warm blanket before being handed to the grinning father. Feral finally regained consciousness as T-Bone held their daughter.

"Welcome back, love. Here's our new daughter." He said smiling warmly down at his mate as he lowered the blanket-covered bundle so that Feral could see.

Feral stared tiredly at the tiny face. Dr. Milton came to their side.

"That was a near thing Commander. I'm very glad it had a happy ending. You'll need to rest up from that rather traumatic delivery."

"Ahh . . . no I don't. I'd rather be healed than suffer one more minute of feeling like I'd been split open." Feral rumbled beginning to make a gesture before the doctor quickly reached out and stopped him.

"Wait! I agree that healing up the delivery would be a good thing for you but you can't return your breasts to normal. The kitten will need to nurse and mother's milk is far better than the instant stuff." He warned him.

"Oh, okay, leave breasts . . ." Feral said slurrily as he gestured but made sure it was his lower half that altered to normal. He gave a tremendous sigh of relief and sat up as if he hadn't just been through a grueling six hours of labor. "Much better."

"I'll say. That is the best gift you got from the magic you were given." T-Bone said, shaking his head at this really cool ability. He handed their daughter to his mate. Feral was a bit nervous taking the bundle but was captivated by the beautiful creature he had given birth too.

Dr. Milton was stunned by the complete healing Feral had wrought on himself. He insisted on checking Feral over to be sure and was just completely amazed at the pristine shape Feral was in. If only the talent could be given to others, imagine the number of people it could help but he knew if anyone learned of Feral's ability he would be hounded for the rest of his life. He would keep silent but would keep the info in the back of his mind for a time when it would truly be needed.

"Well considering how healed you are, you only have to stay overnight to insure your daughter is going to be alright and is nursing okay then you'll probably go home tomorrow afternoon." Dr. Milton said shaking his head and saying good evening to them all.

When they were situated in a room and everyone had left them alone at last, T-Bone kissed Feral in heartfelt joy. "Thank you. I know you didn't have a choice and I don't think you should do this again, but I'm still grateful to have a chance to be a father. She's beautiful, Ulysses." He said warmly.

"Yeah, she is isn't she. So what are we going to name her?" Feral rumbled softly hugging his daughter to his chest.

"Callista . . . remember . . . we said we'd name a daughter after the Queen for her help." T-Bone said positively.

Feral frowned a moment than sighed, "Well, why not. It's a pretty name and I've got nothing better in mind."

"Good, then it's Callista Feral." T-Bone said aloud but in his mind he said 'Callista Feral-Furlong'. 'Sometime down the road I'll tell her her full name.' He thought to himself as he smiled down at his new daughter. He would call Razor in a little bit and tell him the good news.

'The year may have started unhappily but this new life made up for that quite well,' Feral thought in wonder.

Fini

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