

Summary:

Dark Kat and Dr. Viper have finally gone too far. Despite Feral and Razor's firm moral code against killing, this is one time they will make an exception.

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

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Abuse, Adult Situations, Angst, AU, Complete, Explicit Sexual Situations, Forced Conception, Hermaphrodite, m/m, Miscarriage

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Chapter 1 by ulyferal

Finally heading home after a too long day, he'd decided to stop and pick something up to eat from his favorite eatery. The place was not in the nicest neighborhood, located on the dark side of the town not far from Enforcer Headquarters but its food was excellent and not that far from his home.

It was the only food joint along with a newsstand and small grocery in this area of small factories warehouses, and old apartment buildings. He'd just stepped from his vehicle when he noted something suspicious at an electronics factory two buildings down. Sighing inwardly, he veered his course and went to take a look.

With his weapon extended, he looked around cautiously, catching a flicker of stray light, he stiffened and began to reach into his coat for his radio. That's when it went to hell. Clawed paws and light chitterings warned him who his assailants were. One of the little pink buggers had managed to snatch his laser pistol from his paw as others joined in to carry him off into the air.

His struggles did him no good as he was swept around the corner to a dark van parked in the alley. He was rapidly hogtied, gagged and unceremoniously tossed into it. A couple of them stayed to keep watch over him while the others vanished out of sight. Very soon a group of ninjas returned with things in their arms that they dropped near him then climbed in and the van took off.

Meanwhile, Chance Furlong was in the same neighborhood delivering a car to its owner. He was on his way home when he stopped at his favorite haunt, Pop's Newsstand. They traded the usual pleasantries, he bought a comic then went back to his tow truck.

A light on his dash began flashing. Frowning he flicked it and a drop down alert map appeared. To his surprise, it showed a silent alarm had gone off right nearby his location. Debating whether he should take care of it or let the enforcers do their job, he caught sight of a pink something flashing past his rear view mirror.

Gritting his teeth in anger, he reached for his comm.

"Jake!"

"Yeah, buddy, what's up!" Jake answered immediately.

"Creeplings at Megakat Electronics Manufacturing. I just saw one flash by my mirror and I've got a silent alarm going off at that location. Hot foot it to me." Chance said tightly as he kept watch behind him.

"Be right there, don't do anything till I do!" Jake said sharply as he clicked off.

"Trust me, I won't." Chance muttered to himself as he waited tensely.

He didn't see anymore creeplings and he didn't hear any sirens yet when Razor arrived with the Turbokat. Locking and securing the alarm on the tow truck, he hot footed it to a dark alley.

Seeing where Razor was parking the jet, he moved quickly to it then using the glovatrix that had been hidden in the truck, thanks to Razor's foresight, he shot a grappling line and rappelled up to the roof.

"Made good time, buddy." He said to his partner who had jumped down from the jet to meet him.

"Seen any more of them?" His friend asked tightly.

"No! Be with you in a sec!" Chance said as he jumped onto the wing and into the cargo hold to change his clothes. Moments later he rejoined Razor who was looking toward the building in question.

"Okay, let's go take a look, shall we?" T-Bone growled as he shot his grappling line into the roof edge then rappelled down quickly paralleled by Razor.

Once on the ground they ran quietly across the street until they reached a dark corner of the building. They checked the doors and found them locked. They went around to the back and that's where they ran into the ninjas loading a van.

Wasting no time, T-Bone fired a brace of net missiles while Razor fired a torpedo at a pair of creeplings heading for them.

The net missiles caught at least four of the ninjas and Razor managed to get one of the pair of creepings before they learned, to their angry dismay, that Dark Kat had planned for them. A literal cloud of creepings fell on them.

They were soon in the battle of their life as they fired everything they had as well as beat, choked and tossed as many creepings as they could get their paws on.

T-Bone had managed to wedge himself into a secure spot where he could fire on his enemies but they couldn't get to him. Razor wasn't so lucky. He got ambushed from behind by a pair of ninjas as a quad of creepings snatched his glovatrix off his arm. He was quickly trussed up and whisked away.

T-Bone was caught off guard when a group of ninjas scurried from the building to the van, tossed stuff in then climbed in and drove off. He was still pinned down by the creepings, was very nearly out of ammunition and couldn't take the time to touch his helmet to engage the radio to find out where his partner was.

Just as he thought he wasn't going to get out of this in one piece, the creepings broke off their attack and flew up and disappeared into the night sky.

T-Bone waited a few moments to be sure he was free then tapped his helmet.

"Razor? Where are you buddy?" He asked anxiously but only static greeted his ears. Angry and afraid, he searched the area as quickly as he could as he could hear rapidly approaching sirens.

Finding no sign of his partner, he raced away from the building out of sight of the arriving enforcers until he could reach the building the jet was parked and rappelled back up to it. He checked his instruments in the cockpit and tried to pick up a tracking signal for him but something was scrambling the signal. He slammed his fist on the console in frustrated anguish.

"Oh God! Razor where are you?" He moaned. He didn't take off yet as he didn't want the enforcers to see him there. He sat in worried misery as he listened to the enforcer band hoping for a crumb of info.

Because of that, he learned that Feral's vehicle had been found abandoned nearby then his laser pistol was found near the broken into factory, where Razor and he had just been. Gritting his teeth, he realized that Dark Kat quite possibly had Feral as well as his partner.

"Wonderful!" He muttered bitterly then he heard a familiar voice. Making a quick decision, he left the jet again and returned to the ground. He watched carefully from across the street until he saw just the Kat he was looking for.

As she reached her vehicle, Lieutenant Felina Feral was startled by a familiar face staring at her from the other side of her sedan.

"T-Bone? Where's Razor and do you know what went down here?" She asked briskly.

"Yeah! Dark Kat!" T-Bone gritted out.

"Oh no! Explain quickly!" She demanded, her heart in her throat, afraid she knew what he was going to tell her.

T-Bone quickly described the battle he and his partner had fought just a little while ago.

"When I looked around Razor was no where and I get only static on his radio and his tracking signal is being scrambled. I only just heard about Feral so I can only guess that he was taken too." He finished grimly.

"Crud! Where do we start to look?" She said dispiritedly.

"I wish I knew. That creep could be anywhere. Did you discover what he took from this place yet?" T-Bone asked.

"No. We have to wait for an employee to tell us what was taken. I was just going to roust someone." Felina said.

"Do that. It's all we've got right now to tell us what Dark Crud is up to and maybe it'll give us a clue as to where he's got Razor and Feral. I'm hoping Razor will find a way to contact us." T-Bone said.

"I hope he can too. Let me make some calls then." Felina said as she reached for her radio.

Some distance away in an old mansion that had seen better days, Feral was hauled in and carried to the basement. He was thrown into a very small storeroom with a tiny window then locked in. After searching every inch of his prison he was forced to reconcile himself that he wasn't going to get out until someone let him out.

Sighing tiredly, he slumped to the floor and rested. Now that he was still and his adrenaline was slowing down a problem he'd been ignoring all day now made its rude demand for attention.

He groaned and shifted uncomfortably. 'Oh fine, I really needed this today on top of everything else. How unlucky can one Kat get?' He thought in frustration.

As a male hermaphrodite, he had a regular heat cycle that was usually barely noticeable. It was so light that he could use a masking spray and ignore it easily. But just like a normal female he was subjected to an intense cycle at least once a year. Of course after not having it yet this year it would pick now to appear.

Usually, he would not go to work if it happened in the morning or leave early if it started during the day then he would suffer miserably for the twelve hours it would last. Kat's Alive, how he hated it. He had no intention of being mated much less getting pregnant so he had been scrupulously careful.

Now here he was trapped in a dark hole, in intense heat, and waiting for Dark Kat to do something to him at any moment. 'How could it possibly get any worse?' He thought annoyed.

It was an hour later and he was so heated that he didn't hear someone coming down the hall to his prison until the door suddenly swung open and a light blinded him. He heard rather than saw a body being tossed in with him. The door was slammed shut again and darkness was returned.

He could smell blood as his eyes recovered from the light. He could barely make out the body with the weak moonlight coming in the tiny window. The odor of blood was mixed with another scent that made him groan urgently.

A male had been tossed in here with him and his heated state was clamoring for satisfaction.

Things had just gotten worse.

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Chapter 2 by ulyferal

The ninjas carried Razor in and dropped him at their leader's feet. The most serious bane to Megakat City's existence blinked in pleased surprise.

"Well, what have we here? A SWAT Kat." The evil Kat smirked as he used one of his overlong claws to lift Razor by the ropes that were wrapped around him and held him level with his face. "Perfect! I've been waiting a long time to get one of you in my paws." He chuckled evilly as he cut Razor's bonds then began to systematically beat the smaller SWAT Kat until he was bloody and unconscious.

"Throw him into the cell with Feral. That should be entertaining considering how much that over blown enforcer hates them." Dark Kat laughed and went to attend to his plans for taking over the city.

The creepings had done as ordered and tossed Razor into the small cell with Feral. One of the creepings though sniffed the air and made a puzzled sound. Two others followed his example and were soon chittering excitedly among themselves as they quickly hurried back to their master.

Dark Kat was going over a map of the city with Dr. Viper at his side when the three creepings flew in and chattered at their master urgently.

"What?" He asked not believing what he was hearing.

"What are they sssaying, Dark Kat?" Viper demanded. He really didn't like the little creatures though he had to admit they did have their uses.

"Apparently, Commander Feral has been hiding an interesting fact about himself." Dark Kat said distractedly. His mind working hard on what this information could mean to his plans.

"Huh?" The mutant lizard Kat frowned in confusion.

"This might work out even better than I anticipated. Viper, we have our distraction." Dark Kat said in a pleased tone.

"What the heck are you going on about!" Viper fumed.

"Feral is a hermaphrodite and he is in an intense heat cycle. If we were to give that SWAT Kat a strong aphrodisiac what would happen?" He asked.

"Uh...well..." Viper's eyes widened. "They wouldn't have a choice but to mate and if Feral'ssss cycle is in its intenssse sssstage he isss ssssure to get pregnant. How utterly and wonderfully disssruptive." He chortled as he realized where Dark Kat was going with this.

"Yes. Feral would be humiliated and pregnant, making him totally distracted, and Razor would be ashamed and useless. It's a perfect diversion for our plans. Do you have what you need to make such an aphrodisiac?" The huge Kat asked his accomplice his eyes glowing with pleased malice.

"Yessss! I'll make sssome right now." Viper rubbed his paws together in anticipation as he went to his lab that Dark Kat had set up.

In their tiny cell, Razor was just regaining consciousness. He groaned and tried to roll to a seated position. Every part of his body hurt. Somehow that bastard had managed to bruise and bloody him but not break any bones.

When he was finally upright, he realized he wasn't alone. The room was too dim. All he could make out was a large shape huddled in a far corner from him.

"Hello? Who are you?" He asked cautiously.

Feral groaned inwardly. This just couldn't be happening. It was bad enough to smell the smaller

of the SWAT Kats but hearing his voice made his body cry out with need. He firmly kept his arms wrapped around his knees and his body pressed in the corner. If they stayed apart he might be able to hold out until they were rescued. Suddenly he heard the other Kat move.

"No! Stay where you are! Don't come any closer!" He pleaded, his voice tight with need.

"Wha...! Feral is that you?" Razor asked in confused surprise.

"Yesss...keep your distance SWAT Kat!" He hissed desperately.

"Okay...okay...I'll stay right here. What's wrong and how did you get here?" Razor asked carefully.

Moaning tautly, he tried to focus only on the questions and not the absolutely maddening smell of a male, he told Razor what had happened.

"Dark Kats creepings grabbed me when I checked out some suspicious activity at that factory. I wasn't able to call for help before they snatched me and brought me here." He said flatly.

"Yeah, we were there too. Apparently they had grabbed you before we spotted them and whisked you away. The creepings overwhelmed me but T-Bone got away. That doesn't explain why you are being so tense and standoffish. We have to work together to get out of here." Razor said seriously.

"I can't help you right now." Feral said, biting down on another moan.

"Why for Crud Sake?" Razor asked getting annoyed.

"Use your damn nose but stay where you are!" Feral barked bitterly.

Razor blinked in surprise at that demand. Frowning he took a deep sniff...his eyes behind his mask flew wide.

"What tha...! You're a hermaphrodite?" He blurted in shock. "Aw Crud! This is a nice mess. By your scent its an intense cycle too." He said in unhappy realization.

"Yes!"

"Okay, I'll stay right here! How long does it usually last?" Razor asked in resignation.

"Usually twenty-four hours but the intense one can go forty-eight sometimes." Feral said flatly.

"Wonderful!" Razor muttered sarcastically as he turned himself away from Feral to try and keep himself from becoming affected by the tom's pheromones as best he could.

Feral sighed inwardly in relief. Razor understood the problem and was doing the best he could to prevent it from becoming a disaster.

An hour passed, Razor rested but stayed alert and kept his face covered by an arm so that he wouldn't be overwhelmed by Feral's scent. Feral was nearly delirious with need. His body burned hotly. He dug his claws into the wall in front of him using the pain to distract himself.

Suddenly noises came down the hall outside the door. Both occupants froze and readied themselves for whatever was going to happen next. The door shot open and a group of creepings swooped in and grabbed Razor.

Furious, he fought them off, knocking a couple into the nearest wall. The surge of adrenalin from the creepings attack allowed Feral to push his need back so that he could leap up and grabble with the pink creatures too. It soon became a melee with Razor and Feral smacking and killing creepings before they could drag them out of the cell.

Their efforts were for naught as more creepings poured in and soon the pair were pinned against opposite walls. The light from the hall spilled into the room and a moment later a shadow blocked it for second before it walked into the room.

"Viper!" Feral barked in shocked anger.

"I have a little ssssurprissse for you Commander. This holds a very strong aphrodisiac." He said holding a syringe aloft for them to see. He turned and moved swiftly to inject Razor in the neck. "Have a fun time!" Viper laughed chillingly as he stepped back out of the room. The creepings released the pair and flew out of the room, dragging the dead or unconscious creepings out with them then slamming the door behind them.

"That bastard!" Razor choked holding his neck, rubbing the sting from the injection. "You know what he's done don't you?" He asked Feral grimly.

Feral couldn't answer as he shuddered in horror. As soon as the adrenalin eased from him, his heat would flare strongly again but this time his need would be echoed by the SWAT Kat as soon as the injection began to work. He was doomed.

The next few hours were sheer torture. Razor was harder than he could ever remember being in his life. His groin hurt and Feral's scent only made it worse. But he knew Feral was suffering more than he. How much longer they could hold out he didn't know but if Feral didn't stop moaning he wouldn't be able to keep his paws off him much longer.

Feral knew his muffled urgent mating calls were only making it harder for Razor to stay away. He could smell the intense rutting scent from the male and it made him crazy. He tried to stifle his noise by biting his arm but that didn't last long. He was panting and shuddering.

Another hour passed and he snapped. He caterwauled a mating call, loudly. Seconds later a body was on him, pressing him to the floor roughly.

"I'm sorry!" Razor moaned tautly.

"I know!" Feral said breathlessly as he raised his hips urgently, rubbing himself against the hardness he could feel through the others G-suit.

Razor growled with need. He reached under Feral and undid the big Kat's belt then yanked the zipper down before pulling the pants back over Feral's butt.

"I'll try not to hurt you! You a virgin?" He asked, panting hotly.

"Yess..."

Wincing, Razor prepared Feral for his invasion. He stroked, caressed, licked and teased to make this as enjoyable as possible despite how they both felt. When he couldn't hold off any longer, he eased himself in Feral's tight virgin channel. They both moaned as they joined together.

Feral had never felt anything like this. Soon his mind was flying as they mated over and over for the next several hours. They would rest then mate many times. At some point water and food had been left for them while they were preoccupied. They ate and mated again. Finally, exhaustion over came them and they collapsed in a heap clinging to each other.

When he woke sometime later, he carefully pulled away from the big Kat. He redressed and moved to the far side of the little room as he could. He stared in anxious sorrow at Feral. What he'd been forced to do would haunt both of them for a long time.

Feral moaned and stirred. Weak, cloud covered sunlight spilled into the small room. He saw

Razor was huddling in a far corner. When the smaller tom saw him looking at him, Razor turned his face away, trying to give Feral as much privacy as possible.

Feral felt numb and lost. Dark Kat had taken a terrible vengeance on them both. He was most likely pregnant which was the creep's plan he was certain. He slowly redressed then sat with his head on his knees trying to find a way to cope with the hell his life had become.

Suddenly the door popped open and something was tossed in. It began hissing as soon as it hit the floor.

"Aw crap!" Razor barked angrily.

"Damn It!" Feral hissed furiously.

It was a gas grenade and they soon lost consciousness.

When they awoke they were no longer together or in the small room wherever Dark Kat was hiding.

Feral woke in his vehicle, his head pounding, his mouth tasting like sand. He blearily looked around and found he was where he'd been before the whole nightmare had started. He could almost believe it had never happened if it weren't for the soreness he could feel in his most private places. He sat there as the enormity of what Dark Kat had done swept over him. He felt despair and anguish reach out and choke him.

Behind the factory, Razor was waking as well. Through his pounding head and bleary vision he saw he was where he'd been captured. He felt sickened by the memory of what he'd been forced to do. He groggily reached up and hit his comm.

"T-Bone?" He called, his voice tight and full of unrelieved anguish.

"Razor?" Came his partner's relieved and excited voice. "Where are you?"

"Where I was taken. Behind the factory. Come get me and hurry!" He said flatly then broke the connection.

Despite his pounding head, Feral dug his keys out and started the car. He checked the time and found it was five in the morning. As he drove home, a cold fury settled into his soul. Parking his vehicle on the street near the entrance to his apartment, he strode into the foyer, never glancing at the security guard who stared at him in surprise. Normally the Commander would be leaving soon for work, he wondered where he had been as he was still in his uniform.

As soon as he reached his apartment he quickly stripped his clothes off, tossed them into the laundry hamper, and headed for the shower. Under the hot spray, he focused on how he would get revenge on Dark Kat and Viper for what they had done. He couldn't blame Razor, the SWAT Kat had been caught in the same trap.

He pushed to the back of his mind that he might be pregnant. He could not deal with that now. He upheld the laws of Megakat City and firmly believed in the rightness of them until now.

Now he understood why someone would want revenge and didn't care about the law to get it. He was finally in that unenviable position of having been screwed so badly and with no way to go back and change it that he needed that closure to move on and only the death of those two would give him that. He would not let them do this to someone else. They had used up their chances over and over again. Their time was up. No jail time could ever be enough to make up for the ruin he had made of his life and Razor's.

As he got out of the shower and dried off, his mind raced ahead to try and figure out what Dark



Kat and Viper could be up to this time. Whatever it was, it would be major . Things were about to get hot again in Megakat City.

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Chapter 3 by ulyferal

T-Bone was concerned by the tone of Razor's voice when he called him. He was even more worried when he saw his partner's closed and remote face.

Razor didn't say anything to his friend as he hopped aboard the jet for the quick trip back home. When they got back and were changing clothes, Jake still wouldn't talk about it and tried to escape up the ladder to the garage.

Chance was having none of it and placed himself in front of the ladder, forcing Jake to stop and scowl at him.

"Something bad had happened! I can see it in your eyes. Talk to me Jake. What happened with Dark Kat and did you see Feral there at all?" Chance demanded.

Jake winced in anguish at the mention of Feral's name. He was furious inside and he wouldn't have been surprised to learn Feral was feeling the same way. His mind shrieked and railed in fury at the injustice...the sheer wanton destruction of their lives committed by that evil pair upon Feral and himself deserved the maximum punishment...death! And he would see to it that Dark Kat and Viper were taken out...permanently. He had been fortunate not to have taken a life when he was an enforcer and now as a SWAT Kat but just this one time, he would make an exception and not feel guilty about it.

He didn't want his partner involved though. "Yeah, Feral was there. We'd been locked up together after Dark Kat beat me up first. Dr. Viper was there too working with Dark Kat. Those two are cooking up something that's going to be really bad... I just know it." He said darkly avoiding the rest of the story. "They kept us in a tiny room then in the morning they gassed us and released us where we'd been when we were taken."

"What the heck could those two be up to anyway?" Chance asked rhetorically.

"Guess we're going to have to on the alert and watch for anything suspicious. I don't think they intend to wait long before they strike." Jake said grimly.

"Crud! Well then we better be sure the Turbokat is ready and loaded." Chance said thoughtfully. He eyed his partner in concern. Something more had happened, he was sure of it but it was obvious that Jake wasn't willing to discuss it. The tabby tom would bide his time and be watchful. He could see Jake was getting into one of his moody states. He hated those times when Jake would seal himself away from everyone while he brooded.

He sighed mentally, 'Nothing I can do about it but hope he'll tell me eventually.' He turned and climbed the ladder with Jake right behind him.

They worked on cars for the rest of the day, a cloud of unresolved issues hanging over them.

When he got into his office, Feral summoned several of his special ops teams and Felina.

Everyone had been surprised to see him just walk into the building as if nothing had happened. There was still an APB out on him as being kidnaped.

When she had received the summons from her uncle, Felina had been stunned. She raced for the elevators and nearly ran down one of the teams going into the Commander's office. Squeezing past them, she hurried up to her uncle's desk.

She could see strain in his face and an angry, haunted look in his golden eyes.

"Uncle?" She questioned, worriedly.

"Felina, let's all go into the conference room, shall we." He said flatly as he got up from his desk and led the way to the conference room off his office.

When everyone had taken a seat, Feral wasted no time getting to the point. "Dark Kat is working with Dr. Viper. My capture was totally accidental. I don't know what they are up to. I wasn't there long enough. They released Razor and I where we'd been taken without a clue as to why. What I want is for all of you to work your network of connections in the underworld, hard! We need to find out what they are planning as soon as possible. I don't have to tell you that whatever it is, Megakat City is going to be under fire really soon. I want reports on anything you find out no matter how small or seemingly unrelated...I want everything. Get to it! Dismissed!" He ordered not allowing questions.

Grim faces stared at each other as they got to their feet and left. Felina could see written on the leader's faces that they thought something more had happened than just being kidnaped for Feral to be so cold and remote. They hurried off to try and get him what he wanted. Felina lingered a bit but was a little hurt when her uncle just nodded at her and left the room for his office. It was obvious he wasn't in the mood to explain what had occurred when he was in Dark Kat's paws.

Frowning worriedly, she headed for her office to root through her files and go out and button hole some of her more likely prospects for information.

Just as Feral and Razor had guessed, a few days later, Dr. Viper struck hard and viciously.

Instead of his usual targets, Viper chose to cause as much panic as he could. Using his vines and plantimals, he instigated an assault on a shopping mall. When the enforcers arrived, Katizens were screaming and running pel mel out the many doors of the mall getting in the way of their rescuers in their mad panic to get away from the horror behind them.

Inside the center atrium, a huge vine plant was snaking its tentacles out in every direction and grabbing a Kat at random and tossing them like rag dolls. It was a nightmare of injured and dead bodies everywhere.

Fury was in his eyes, as Feral arrived. He took one look at the vine plant and grabbed a bazooka from one of his troopers and fired a missile at the thing's cluster at the top where the tentacles emanated. It struck true making the creature scream in pain. Not wasting his advantage, Feral snatched a specially designed freeze gun that was recently developed to handle things by Viper and fired at the base of the treelike thing. It screamed even louder and toppled over. Enforcers quickly hacked at it cutting off its tentacles.

Leaving the thing dying on the floor, Feral led a group of troopers in search of Viper.

The SWAT Kats had heard the alarm over the enforcer band radio in the shop and were now on the scene. Before they landed to join the chaos, Razor made T-Bone hover first.

"I've finally finished that cold-blooded creature scanner and I want to try it out to locate Viper." He told his partner. He focused the device on the mall and ran it from end to end slowly.

"There's no sign of him. He's not here." Razor growled angrily. He turned on his radio and contacted Feral.

Feral heard his radio demanding his attention. Without stopping his search, he yanked it out of his coat and answered.

"Feral!"

"Commander, Viper isn't there. My scanner shows no sign of him. It's a diversion!" Razor said flatly.

"Fuck!" Feral cursed causing a couple of his officers to flick their ears toward him in surprise. "Cease the search. Viper isn't here! Go through the area to make sure there's no more of Viper's plant soldiers around." He ordered then turned on his heel to return to the entrance. "Razor! Come down and talk to me!" He demanded.

"Sorry! No can do! We're going to have a look around to see if we can find out where Viper went to!" Razor told him then cut the connection.

"Why the heck did you tell Feral about Viper and why did he listen?" T-Bone asked in shocked surprise.

"He didn't need to be wasting time. Whatever's going down, now isn't the time to be at cross purposes with the enforcers." Razor said flatly.

That sounded reasonable but it still didn't sit easily with T-Bone. He knew it had to be part of what had happened to the two of them. An unhappy tabby prepared to do a grid search to look for signs of the mutant lizard Kat while part of his mind worried about his partner.

Feral snarled and cursed savagely under his breath. He didn't know what Razor was up to but he had a gut feeling they were going to end up at the same place when this came to a head. He spent the next few hours cleaning up the mess at the scene then returned to his office and poured through the reports his special ops were sending in. So far none of his teams had found out anything useful.

The SWAT Kats searched for several hours without result. Disgusted, Razor told T-Bone to abort and go home since they were running low on fuel. Arriving home, Razor was tense and angry as he stripped his G-suit off. Without a word to T-Bone he went straight to his work shop.

Chance sighed and decided to leave his partner alone. He went upstairs to finish up the work still left in the garage.

At city hall, Mayor Manx was fielding angry and upset constituents from the mall disaster. After soothing yet another irate social elite whose wife and son had been injured, Manx sighed as he hung up.

"Callie!" He called out.

"Yes, Mayor?" Callie asked as she hurried into his office.

"Do you know what's going on? That's the fifth call I've had to deal with in the last hour!" He demanded.

"I only know what I heard on the news, sir. Dr. Viper left a vine creature there to create havoc and he disappeared. I haven't had a chance to speak to Commander Feral yet." She said unhappily.

"Then call him! I want a report on what happened and what he's doing about finding that criminal." Manx ordered.

"Yes sir." Callie said and left for her office. Calling Feral quickly, she received a curt response to her inquiry and a promise of a report to her when he had time then he hung up on her. She held the phone in shocked surprise. Feral had nearly bitten her head off and hadn't made any attempt to temper his words. One thing she'd noticed about Feral was he always spoke with respect no matter how angry he was but he made no effort to do that this time.

This wasn't the first time Viper had attacked though his method was different this time. He attacked the city on a nearly constant basis so Feral's attitude was strange and unlike him. Something must have happened. Since he certainly wouldn't tell her what that might be, she would have to find out through her only real source of info at Enforcer Headquarters.

Lieutenant Felina Feral wasn't given to blabbing about sensitive enforcer information behind her uncle's back but when she was concerned about the Commander, himself, she was willing to bend a little to an understanding ear. Since that first time they traded info, she and Felina had gradually formed a careful friendship.

She would have to connect with Felina later tonight, if possible. It had taken a few hours before Felina had returned her call. She was a bit leery but agreed to meet at Callie's apartment. They didn't want to be seen together.

Around seven o'clock that night, Callie opened her door to a casually dressed Felina. She'd chosen to wear a pair of dark blue jeans and enforcer t-shirt of light blue. Callie smiled warmly and gestured for her to enter. Callie herself had opted for a comfortable pink sweatsuit.

She led Felina to the living room where they sat down.

"So what did you need to see me about?" Felina asked getting right to the point in her usual blunt manner.

"Has something serious happened to the Commander recently?" Callie asked.

Felina frowned for a moment then sighed. "He was kidnaped by Dark Kat's minions as well as Razor some nights ago. He told us Dark Kat has joined up with Dr. Viper and they are up to something really bad. What doesn't make sense is the evil pair released my uncle and Razor the following morning. My uncle says he didn't know why they were released. He was kidnaped by accident when he stumbled upon ninjas and creepings stealing electrical equipment from a factory not far from my uncle's home." Felina told her.

"But that's happened before to him. The way he sounded on the phone was just wrong. It sent alarms off in my mind. Something else must have happened." Callie insisted.

"Your suspicions are right about that but unfortunately, I don't know what happened. He isn't talking about it at all and I get a strong feeling that whatever occurred it was very bad. It's upset him enough to make him cold and remote. It's as if he's seeking revenge but that goes against everything he believes in so that can't be it." Felina said in frustration.

"You're right, that's not like him. He's too moral and by the book to do something like that." Callie agreed.

"I've been trying to keep a close eye on him. He seems driven to find those two creeps. He has special ops teams and myself digging up any information we can find to locate them. So far we haven't had much luck." Felina said unhappily.

"Great, a possible dual attack by the worst enemies the city has and we can't do anything but wait for them to do it." Callie said in frustrated disgust.

"Whatever it is, they've already begun. That attack at the mall was a feint and I wouldn't be surprised if we will be treated to more such feints until Dark Kat launches his major offensive. Meanwhile all these little attacks wear us down and make us vulnerable. It doesn't look good, Callie." Felina said grimly.

"The SWAT Kats should be made aware of this!" Callie said anxiously.

"Oh they know! During the attack, Razor called my uncle to tell him he could find no trace of Viper

in the building and suggested he cease his search. He then told my uncle that he and T-Bone would do a grid search then he cut off the connection. My uncle was furious and cursing. That caught quite a few of the enforcers by surprise." Felina reported.

"I'd be shocked as well. He never swears and why would Razor call Feral and tell him anything. What the heck is going on?" Callie asked rhetorically.

"I wish I knew. Whatever happened it's affected Razor as well." Felina said.

"I don't like this. I can feel a chill down my spine about all of it. It's frustrating to know we have to wait until those creeps attack again and hope we can catch one or both of them. But this business with Razor and Feral is a real cause for concern." Callie said tightly.

"Yeah, I think you're right but there's really nothing we can do about it right now but keep a watchful eye on both of them." Felina said heavily.

"I'm afraid you're right." Callie sighed.

"I'd better be going. I've got to get up early. I'll let you know if anything new comes up." Felina said as she got up to leave.

"Thank you Felina, I really appreciate that." Callie offered a wan smile as she saw the female enforcer to the door.

"Take care, Callie," Felina murmured a soft good night.

"You to!" Callie said tirededly.

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Chapter 4 by ulyferal

The next attack was at the waste management plant where water and garbage was recycled. Another totally out of character hit by an omega. The ninja's set charges on several treatment tanks but the SWAT Kats managed to stop them before they could blow more than the one they already had. The enforcers removed the explosives from the other tanks.

Despite that, the one tank blown had caused a great deal of damage and forced the city to go on temporary water restriction measures. No one was happy about that least of all the Mayor since he was hit with a ton of irate and frightened calls.

This was the pattern Dark Kat and Viper set for the next several weeks.

They would strike totally unlikely targets but ones that could cause the most havoc in the city. A transformer handling a large section of the city was taken out. A swamp was made out of a huge family water park, shutting it down for days and injuring many Kats. Creeplings startled and hurt many Kats in Megakat Park. Megakat Biochemical Labs was over run with crawling insects of all types. An oil slick appeared on Megakat State Beach polluting a long stretch of it.

The attacks were wearing down the enforcers, environmental resources, and the treasury of Megakat City. Mayor Manx had held an emergency meeting that wasn't able to come up with any plan beyond finding and stopping the pair of omegas making the city a war zone.

The SWAT Kats were helpless because every time they came to a scene, the culprits were long gone. They were only marginally helpful in some situations and in others they could only leave it to the experts.

Feelings of inadequacy, frustration, and anger created a stew of sharp tempers that fed on each other among the defenders of the city.

Jake had retreated within himself, rarely speaking to his friend. He drove himself to exhaustion trying to locate the pair of omegas and he would work for hours in his workshop, rarely coming up to the garage. Chance was left trying to keep up their workload.

He'd given up trying to get his partner to listen. He was tired and short tempered but also concerned that their partnership was on rocky ground. He sensed Jake had a hidden agenda one that didn't include him. Chance just knew they would be heading for serious trouble when the next call came in.

It was worse than he could have imagined.

Within the enforcers, tension was high. Their Commander was constantly tight-jawed and evil tempered. Everyone made an effort to stay out of his way so as not to become the focus of his next outburst. He'd always been quick to anger but this new cold fury that seemed to drive him had his troops leery and concerned.

Felina could no longer temper her uncle's outbursts as she'd been able to in the past. The troops saw this as a further sign of Feral's decline. His officers were seriously talking about complaining to the upper echelon of command to get someone to make Feral cool off but they were still reluctant to do so. He was an excellent tactical leader just not a temperate one at the moment.

The emotional storm both Chance and Felina feared finally broke some two weeks later. The fallout would affect everyone around Feral and Jake.

Feral was on a single-minded mission and nothing and no one was going to get in his way. He had managed to successfully bury his anguish or so he thought. If he'd bothered asking Felina, she would have told him his secret pain was out on display in the form of his changed behavior. His dreams at night also made sure he couldn't forget that terrible night.

And one day, sometime later, something else insured he really couldn't bury it at all. He'd been feeling tired too much lately and his breasts were sensitive. A few mornings, he'd felt nauseated but simply solved the problem by not eating in the mornings. But other signs began to emerge and with trepidation he discreetly bought a kit. The next morning he complied with the instructions.

Ever since that night, he had fiercely denied and at other times prayed hard that he hadn't conceived. But it was in vain as he stared at the evidence in his paws that he was indeed going to have Razor's kit. For long minutes, he stared at the stick, his mind in turmoil and unable to decide if it wanted to scream in fury or sob in tears.

He did neither. Tossing the stick, he took a shower then dressed for work. He hid his horror and shame behind a cold exterior and went to work even more determined to get Dark Kat and Viper.

But hiding such an intense emotional pain takes a toll of its own. Dark Kat was the next one to set off another destructive distraction. Using Hard Drive, Dark Kat had the techno thief use his electrical skills to short out an entire wing of Megakat Maximum Security Prison, releasing at least a hundred prisoners. Fortunately, that wing housed the low level criminals.

The alarm phone went off. Chance tossed his tool down on the bench and quickly answered it.

"Yes, Ms. Briggs"

"T-Bone, there's been a major breakout of prisoners at the Megakat Maximum Security Prison, low-level threat wing. It's already been determined that Hard Drive was the one to short out the prison power for that area. The enforcers have their paws full trying to round them up. Can you give them a hand, please?" She asked.

"Uh...you know Feral has been behaving more coldly toward us and its making everyone

including his enforcers nervous and more prone to shoot first, ask questions later." Chance reminded her, unhappily.

"Yes, I know. I've been seeing that too but the enforcers are really stretched. All these attacks that damn pair is causing have exhausted them and tempers are flaring. I know that's what they were after when they started this. Please, you guys have to work together or Dark Kat and Viper will win." She pleaded.

Chance sighed. She was right of course, things were getting really bad. "Alright, Ms. Briggs. We'll see if we can help end the situation more quickly." He said reluctantly.

"Thanks and try not to provoke Feral if you can help it." She added worriedly.

"Trust me, the way he's been behaving, I steer a wide path away from him. Don't worry!" Chance said, reassuring her then hanging up.

He closed the garage and put up the sign that told customers they were out on a tow then he climbed down the ladder to the hangar. Even though the alarm sounded down here, he was more than a little upset and worried when his partner was no where in sight.

He went to the work shop and wasn't surprised to see Jake huddled over a piece of tech, soldering something. He had to wait until Jake turned it off before getting his attention.

"Jake, didn't you hear the alarm?" He demanded.

"Yeah, but I needed to get this done. It's going to come in handy when we find those two creeps." Jake growled.

"Fine, but Callie just called us to say there was a break out at the Megakat Prison. She wants us to help the enforcers round up the low-level crooks that have made a run for it." Chance explained as he and Jake made for their lockers to change.

Jake grimaced, "Great, exactly what kind of help can we be?"

"Come on buddy, we're just going to help scoop up the crooks faster so that the enforcers can get back to headquarters faster. As Callie said, they are stretched very thin and are exhausted. This just makes Feral even more of a prick. Wish I knew why he was being so cold lately?" He said as he put on his helmet and headed for the jet.

Razor didn't respond to that as he jumped into his seat and strapped in for takeoff.

As T-Bone piloted the Turbokat toward the prison, he mourned the rapport he and Razor used to have until this incident happened. Now he couldn't get any feedback from the remote figure that had once been his warm and open partner. Razor would have had some idea what was going on but he wasn't sharing that info with his friend anymore.

'Gods, I just wish I knew what had happened to him and Feral. It's driving me buggy!' T-Bone thought in frustration.

As they arrived at the prison, nothing could be seen outside it. So they landed near the wing that had been affected. It seemed the power was still out and enforcers were in gun fights with some of the prisoners who had managed to get weapons from guards they had overpowered. It was a nasty situation.

They figured the best way to help was to use their unique missiles from their glovatrix to end the warfare quicker. A prison doesn't allow a lot of wiggle room so they were forced to come up behind the enforcers and security guards. This wasn't the best place to be with the enforcers being more than usually hostile toward them.

Razor took out a small group of crooks trapped in a kitchen area with a brace of tarpedoes while T-Bone went for another group pinning down the good guys in a common room. The enforcers weren't happy to see them but for once didn't try to stop them. The pair quickly moved through different areas of the prison wing and very soon the shooting was over.

They thought it best to get the heck out before Feral could catch them lurking about. They had managed to just get to the door they had entered from the maintenance section, just outside the prison block, when the Commander appeared suddenly from behind the transformer the prisons electrical team was repairing.

Felina and Feral's Sergeant came racing up behind the SWAT Kats, effectively trapping them between. Felina went tense with trepidation. She didn't know what her uncle would do. She tried to think of a way to help the pair slip away.

T-Bone's fists clenched. This was exactly what he'd promised Callie he would try to prevent. He tried to think of a way to get by the Commander without them getting killed or captured.

When Feral saw Razor, the memory of that night and the consequences he just learned of shattered his control. His golden eyes held a wild light, his body was taut with fury when he leaned close to Razor and hissed, "I'm pregnant!"

Razor, who had stiffened at the sight of Feral, went still and his face reflected his anguish and sorrow at that fierce admission.

He could barely breathe when he moaned out softly, "Gods, Feral I'm soo sorry!"

Feral stood trembling, his expression had gone unreadable. Razor's obvious anguish and mutual pain drained the anger from the huge tom Kat. A look of resignation and equal sorrow filled his eyes.

"I know! But that doesn't help me now, does it?" He said his voice thick with pain.

Razor's voice was small and soft when he answered. "No...is there anything..." He started to ask pleadingly.

"No!" Feral snapped and turned away. He walked back to the rear of the transformer and disappeared.

Razor stood a moment longer swallowing hard against the pain of that stark refusal then rushed for the door and out.

T-Bone, Felina and the Sergeant stood as if rooted to the floor. Horror, shock and dismay were reflected on their stunned faces.

'Oh God! What was going on? How could Feral be pregnant and why did Razor look so guilty and upset?' T-Bone thought in total confusion. He turned to look at Felina. Her face was as shocked as his but there was intense sorrow as well.

"Lt. Feral, do you know what's going on?" He pleaded.

"I...I can only guess T-Bone. My uncle is a hermaphrodite. He must have been in heat when he was captured. Still that doesn't make sense that he could have gotten pregnant. His cycles are light and unnoticeable...unless..." She paused thoughtfully. She frowned then a look of horror crossed her face.

"Oh God! He must have entered his intense cycle. He has one once a year and he usually takes off and stays home when it happens. I just realized he hadn't had one this year. Ohhh...if that had happened while he was imprisoned and Dark Kat learned of it..." She let the sentence hang as



she stared at T-Bone with growing awareness of what might have happened.

T-Bone had been staring at her, his eyes widening when he realized where she was going with that suspicion.

"Fuck! If Dark Kat learned Feral was in heat and he had Razor locked up with him then he could have given Razor an aphrodisiac to ensure a mating occurred. No way they could resist it." T-Bone said in angry sorrow.

"No and an intense heat cycle is the only time a male herm can get pregnant. I'm afraid we may be right and that explains my uncle's bitterness and anger. It's obvious he doesn't hold Razor to blame though." Felina said unhappily.

"Yeah, but that's the only good news. It also explains why my partner has been so closed up lately too. This is just going to make things worse. We've just got to get those two cruds! They are the cause of this nightmare and I know something big is going to come down soon." He said grimly.

"Yes, I agree! I already guessed that all these attacks are just distractions. What they did to my uncle and Razor was for the same reason. That's why they were released seemingly unharmed when in reality, Dark Kat had messed with their emotions. They are so in knots over this, they are their own worst enemy." Felina said, troubled.

"Damn! You're right about that and I don't know how help Razor get over this. I've never seen him this driven before and it scares me." T-Bone said. Suddenly a really bad thought occurred to him. "He could be seeking revenge!" He growled worriedly.

Felina's eyes widened as well. "I dismissed that thought about my uncle, it just isn't something he would normally ever think to do...but..."

"Yeah, but they've been pushed too far and it looks like they both may be planning something permanent for Dark Kat and Viper. They may not be working together but they are obviously going in the same direction." T-Bone said grimly, finishing her thought.

"I don't know what we can do to stop them! My uncle didn't make Commander by having it handed to him. He was a canny detective when he was younger and he did a stint in special ops as well. There's no telling what he might do." She said tightly.

"And Razor is a genius and there's a hard core to him that he hides but I've seen it on occasion when things got really bad. I'm seeing that side of him now. I hate to say it but they could actually pull this off." T-Bone said heavily.

"If he's caught, it could mean his career!" She said in concern.

"Razor may not be any good emotionally afterwards either, if he succeeds in his goal. It seems we both may be screwed if we don't find a way to stop them." He said flatly.

"I don't know how to help you, SWAT Kat but I can keep an eye on the Commander." The Sergeant, who had been silent all this time, startled them by speaking up. "He's used to you looking out for him, Lieutenant, so he would hide it from you. I'm not certain he even noticed I was here, so it seems to me, I would make a better candidate to monitor him."

"I think you may have something there, Sergeant. We have to be discreet. We are the only ones that know anything about what was said here. Let's keep it that way." Felina told them solemnly.

"I agree. No word of this gets out." T-Bone said firmly.

They all nodded and parted ways. T-Bone hurried out to the Turbokat and climbed in. Soon they

were heading home.

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Chapter 5 by ulyferal

When T-Bone landed the jet in their hangar and shot back the canopy, his partner leaped out and disappeared. Frowning in concern, T-Bone jumped down and tracked his friend by the sound of loud smacking and grunts.

In their workout area, Razor, still in his g-suit, slammed his bare fists into the heavy bag, setting it to swinging despite the chains holding it at top and bottom. His face was a rictus of raw anger and pain. Tears were falling past his mask unheeded.

His paws were going to be a bloody, sore mess when his fury was spent. T-Bone sighed in sorrow for his friend. He turned and left him alone. He headed for his locker and changed clothes then headed upstairs and back to their interrupted work.

It was a couple of hours later that he finished the two cars that had been waiting and took a break. He closed the garage door and went back downstairs. Going to the work out room, he snagged a first aid kit on the way then stepped into the room. The bag was smeared with blood and his partner sat on a weight bench with his head on his battered and bloody paws, staring hard at the floor, mask and helmet were off and laying next to him, his eyes dry and glazed.

"Hey, buddy." He said softly as he took a seat next to his friend. "Let me fix those paws of yours." He coaxed, as he gently pulled on one of them.

Razor sighed and hung his head but let his friend take his paw and begin to doctor it.

Treading carefully, Chance said, "We kinda guessed what must have happened, Jake. No one blames you, especially Feral. But, what you and Feral plan to do is wrong and you know it. It could really mess with your head and destroy us as a team. I can't begin to know how you feel. And Feral...gods...what he's in for...I kinda feel sorry for him and that's weird."

"It's mine too! But I'll have no say in it!" Jake said bitterly. He wouldn't discuss his plans for revenge.

"I know, I'm sorry. Perhaps, he'll change his mind when its here. Right now he's far too angry to think sensibly about it." Chance said quietly.

"Yeah, he might even lose it too. Herms don't carry them that well." His friend said gloomily.

Chance felt his throat tighten at that. Though it would be a kindness to have that happen, he'd been with his sister when she'd lost one of her kittens that way. She had been devastated and cried for days. Feral being male might not react the same way but whose to say? The loss of a life is still a bitter thing. The longer he carried it the more attached he might become or the more bitter. Either way, Feral was in for a miserable time and the distraction was obviously what Dark Kat had hoped for. Chance wasn't certain Dark Crud realized he'd opened a can of worms and his 'distractions' were even more focused on seeing him destroyed rather than let what happened pull them away from their goal.

"Jake, are you listening to me? You and Feral can't seek revenge that way. It'll destroy you both..." Chance pleaded as he finished with Jake's paws.

His partner leaped to his feet and clenched his fists tightly ignoring the pain.

"It's already destroying both of us!" He hissed furiously. "Our future hopes and dreams have been permanently altered because that pair of worthless creeps. I won't let them get away with it anymore. I've had it!" He stalked off not letting Chance say anything more.

Chance put away the first aid kit and slowly went back upstairs. He went to their break room and sat down at the couch. Jake was no where around. He sighed and flicked on the TV but didn't pay any attention to what was on the screen. His mind was too wrapped around the mess that was a fractured team.

Feral had seen to the clean up at the prison before heading back to his office. He never looked toward the Sergeant who was driving. He refused to speak with his niece as well.

Seeing Razor and knowing he felt terrible about the pregnancy didn't make him feel any better. It just brought home the fact that it wasn't just him that was trapped by this mess. He felt as if a trap was closing around him tighter and tighter. He wouldn't feel free until he caught those two and finished them. But in the depth of his soul, he knew he was only fooling himself. The pregnancy would still be there staring him in the face, requiring he deal with it. He shoved the unwanted thoughts away for the millionth time and focused on the work he had on his desk.

In an old mansion on the border of Megakat City and the Sandaval Federation, a certain ninja was watching his 'boss' plot the takeover of Megakat City. Months ago, he'd been recruited to be a part of Dark Kat's ninjas. It had taken almost a year of planning by his government, to train him and build his reputation so that he'd get noticed by the evil Kats head ninja that did the hiring.

His superiors at Sandaval Security Forces, had been seriously concerned, that if Dark Kat managed to actually take over Megakat City, their Federation could be next so they invested the money into making him the best spy possible to infiltrate Dark Kat's operation and try to stop him from within.

So far their plan had worked. No one suspected him of being anything but what he appeared to be. He had been a part of the requisition team to retrieve the electrical equipment their leader wanted when Feral came upon them. He was forced to help them capture the Commander.

It wasn't until the next day when he was required to haul the unconscious Feral and SWAT Kat Razor back to the warehouse they had robbed, that he learned what the evil Kat and mutant Lizard had done to the pair. It had sickened him.

He had always admired Commander Feral and the efforts he went to with inadequate resources to stop Dark Kat each time he made one of his mad efforts to take over the city. The fact the SWAT Kats managed to succeed and not the enforcers didn't sway his thinking at all. He felt Feral had been given the short end of the stick and still tried his damndest to win. His stick-to-it attitude was what he admired most about the tom, besides the fact that Feral was a rather handsome Kat. The additional info that the dark tom was a hermaphrodite just made him even more desirable.

After learning what the evil pair had done he wanted to kill them both but he couldn't not yet. He still had to find out exactly what DK planned.. Whatever it was, it was huge. So despite his anger and disgust, he had to bide his time until he got all the information he could to bring down the pair of omegas.

While the undercover officer bided his time, Viper hit the city again. This time he managed to do something really devastating in terms of causing panic. He poured his mutagen formula into the water supply of the Megakat Zoo late one night.

The next morning, as the zoo opened to the public, the Katizens and zoo keepers were confronted with oversized and altered zoo animals. Giant, weird looking elephant lizards, screamed and charged through cages that had been opened allowing them to run rampant. Giant snakes, reptiles of all descriptions slithered and crawled under Kats feet and bite them as well as monkeys changed into leaping frog-like creatures that also bite Katizens turning them into reptile creatures, spreading even more chaos. It was fortunate that there hadn't been time for too many Katizens to have entered the park but the zoo keepers weren't so lucky.

Feral rushed to the Bio-Tech Labs within Enforcer Headquarters to notify Dr. Conway that he needed to produce more anti-mutagen gas. He sent Felina to get the chemicals the doctor would need while he went to the site of the disaster to try and head off a stampede into the city proper.

With a phalanx of tanks, he was able to set up a barrier to keep the animals confined to the zoo property as well as the transformed Katizens. The SWAT Kats showed up to use non-lethal methods to corral the larger creatures and watch for any break outs from their aerial perch above the zoo grounds. Feral didn't chase them off because his forces were stretched too thin and any help, even their's, was needed.

"Uncle, I have the anti-mutagen gas. I'm on the way to your location." Felina called from the heavy cargo chopper she was flying with the tanks slung below her on cables.

"Perfect! Are you able to eject the gas?" Her uncle asked over their radio.

"No. I can only bring it there. They have to be exploded to spread the gas!" She told him.

"I can do that, Lieutenant." Razor's voice broke in. "Just get here and take a hover position over the center of the zoo and go to a height of a hundred and twenty-five feet. I'll do the rest. Be prepared for the sudden lift when your weight is lightened." He told her.

"Roger!"

"Just be sure she isn't caught in the explosion, SWAT Kat!" Feral barked into his radio.

"She won't, Commander!" Razor said with certainty.

Some ten minutes later, Felina hove into view. The chopper wallowed heavily as it moved into place then moved upward until she reached the desired height. When she stopped and went to hover mode, T-Bone brought the jet into position.

"Hold her steady, T-Bone!" Razor said tightly as he readied to do a two step firing.

"Roger!" T-Bone answered as he placed the jet into hover mode.

"Buzz saw and two plain-old missiles away!" Razor shouted as he fired a spray of missiles.

The buzz saw missile cut the cable holding the tanks then the plain-old missiles exploded the falling tanks spraying their contents over the whole park. Where it touched the animal or Kat returned to normal.

Felina had to hold onto her control stick hard when her load vanished suddenly and sent her chopper bounding upward. It took her only a moment to regain control. She flew closer to where her uncle's command center was.

"Great job, Felina. Return to base." Her uncle told her.

"Roger, Uncle!" Felina acknowledged. "Great shot, Razor." She told the SWAT Kats before winging her way back to headquarters.

"You're welcome, lieutenant." Razor said.

The SWAT Kats stayed until all the animals had been rounded up then took off for home. Feral was tired and sweaty by the time the mess had been cleared up. He took a quick shower in his private bathroom in his office before sitting down and taking care of the report for the incident and eating a late meal provided by his Sergeant.

He really should leave it for the morning, but then he would never stay on top of the never ending

paperwork that was obscenely extensive due to these increased attacks. It didn't help that he was more tired than normal. The pregnancy was taking its toll. The enforcer chief medical officer was becoming concerned. He was on his way home but decided to check and see if the Commander was still in. He wasn't surprised to find he still was.

"Commander, you need to get some rest. Your body is making heavier demands on you to support the kitten. You're heading for a collapse. Do you want to spend time in the hospital because you wouldn't take time to rest now?" Dr. Mewser demanded, at his wits end.

He was used to dealing with the stubborn Kat but this...this had done something to make Feral more driven. He could see the hidden fury in his eyes and didn't know what caused it since no one had told him how the big tom had gotten pregnant. That it hadn't been a happy accident was obvious but that fury...that told him something truly bad had happened. It was driving this Kat onward disregarding his health or that of the precious cargo he carried.

"This city is under active siege from Dark Kat and Dr. Viper. I can't take time to rest while they are on the loose. Everyone is tired and frustrated. I just don't have the time." Feral snapped coldly.

"Then you'll lose the kitten!" Dr. Mewser said bluntly. "Herms don't carry pregnancies well in the first place and the demands you're making on your body will shove you over the danger zone."

Feral growled. He actually didn't care if he lost it. It was unwanted and a constant reminder of its conception.

When Feral didn't respond, Mewser threw up his paws in anguished frustration and left the Commander's office in a huff. He nearly ran down Felina as she arrived to try and coax her uncle to go home or at least use one of the temporary quarters to rest.

"Dr. Mewser! What's wrong?" Felina asked the angry doctor.

"The Commander could try the patience of a saint." He said bitingly. "I've been trying to get him to get some rest. He's endangering himself and the kitten but he refuses to listen. Mark me, he's going to collapse if he doesn't rest and there's a good chance he could miscarry." He warned.

"Yes, I know. I was just going to try and get him to relax for a little while." Felina said, trying to soothe the doctor.

"I wish you good luck with that!" He said in disgust and continued on to the elevators.

Sighing, Felina went on to her uncle's office door. She paused for a bit. She really didn't know if she could convince him either but she had to try. She didn't want to upset the doctor by telling him that her uncle didn't want the kitten.

She entered his office but didn't get a chance to say anything when his radio and hers toned. Feral pulled his radio to himself and barked into it.

"Feral!"

"Sir, there's been a report of a major fire at the MASA Center. One of the booster rockets had somehow caught fire and it was fully loaded with fuel. It's a mess! Fire and rescue are arriving on scene." The dispatch reported.

"Acknowledged! I'll be there immediately." Feral responded and noted Felina was standing near his door. He gave her a look.

"I'll get your chopper ready, uncle!" She said briskly, turning and running for the flight line.

Sighing tiredly, Feral got up from his desk, locked up the more sensitive documents and went

to put his coat back on. He locked his office and made for the elevator. He wouldn't be getting to bed until probably close to midnight.

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Chapter 6 by ulyferal

He'd been right. He didn't get home until well after eleven p.m. He fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. What he didn't know was Felina had entered his apartment earlier and changed his alarm clock. Though normally he woke before it went off, lately he'd been so tired that it had been the only thing that woke him now.

It was well past ten in the morning when he finally woke and looked at the time. He cursed angrily and jumped from bed. He raced through a shower, dressed, skipped breakfast, and drove quickly to work.

At his office earlier that morning, Felina had been going through the morning reports and putting them in order of importance. She took notes of the more pertinent information so that he could hit the important stuff quicker. The Sergeant had popped his head in a little earlier and was surprised to see her.

"Where's the Commander, Lieutenant?" He asked as he walked up to the desk with more reports.

"I reset his alarm clock." She said matter of factly.

He looked at her in surprise as well as relief. "He's going to be furious." He commented.

"Yeah, but he'll be more rested too." She said, giving him a wane smile. He smiled back and left. He didn't blame her at all for doing it. The Commander was looking really exhausted. It was too bad they had to do things like this to get that Kat to rest.

She had finished her self-imposed chores and was getting ready to leave for her own duties when her irate uncle walked into his office. He glared at her.

"Someone changed my alarm clock. You wouldn't happen to know who did it?" He growled as he hung up his coat.

"I did! I've also gone through the reports and organized them, writing notes on the more important items so that you can get through it quicker. You needed rest and now you've gotten it. I have to report to my station now. Have a good day Uncle." She said unrepentant and not allowing him to retort as she passed him and went out the door closing it behind her.

He shook his head in annoyance and chagrin before heading for his desk and sitting down. It actually felt nice that someone cared enough to do that for him. He sighed and went to work. Her notes had made things easier for him.

A couple of hours later, the Sergeant arrived with more reports and lunch. Feral blinked at the foam container in surprise.

"I took the liberty, sir. You need to eat and I know you've been skipping breakfast. Here are the reports you asked for. Anything you want me to take?" The Sergeant asked briskly.

"Uh, yeah. These need to get to records and hand these to Gina." Feral said nonplused.

"Certainly sir." The Sergeant said, taking the files and preparing to leave.

"Sergeant, thank you." Feral said quietly.

He gave his Commander a small smile then turned and left.

In the SWAT Kats hangar, Chance found Jake already working when he got up that morning. He wished his friend would get some rest but knew when Jake had his head wrapped around a problem he wouldn't let go of it until he literally collapsed in the midst of designing a weapon to solve it. Sighing he moved to Jake's side.

"Did you even get any sleep last night?" He asked.

"I slept about three hours." Jake answered distractedly.

"How about eating?"

"No, didn't feel hungry." Came the reply.

Sighing again, Chance went back up to their apartment and made his friend a thick sandwich and pulled a cold can of milk from the fridge. He carried them down and plunked them onto the bench where Jake couldn't miss it.

"Thanks!" The cinnamon tom said still not looking up from his work.

Shaking his head, Chance went back upstairs and opened the garage for the day. Fortunately, there wasn't much work waiting. So he could handle it alone.

It was late afternoon when he heard an alert over the enforcer radio. He listened as he finished the tune up he was doing.

"Attention all units, explosion at the Megakat Chemical Plant. Fire and rescue are on their way. Creeplings have been spotted." The dispatcher announced.

At the mention of creeplings, Chance quickly closed the hood of the car, closed the garage, and raced for downstairs.

"Jake, creeplings at the chemical plant. Let's hustle." He hollered out to his partner as he quickly changed clothes. Jake appeared on the run and did the same.

Soon they were airborne and heading to the plant. Meanwhile, Feral had received the call as well and was now being airlifted by Felina to the site.

A roaring fire was burning out of control from one of the chemical tanks by the time the SWAT Kats arrived. Razor used his foam bomb to get it under control much to the fire department's relief. The creeplings and some ninjas were giving the security people a major fight near the main building.

Feral's forces arrived to back up the beleaguered security and soon had the ninjas captured and the creeplings killed. Taking them prisoner was never a good thing. Feral checked over the facility with the plant manager and found no other damage. Another distraction, he thought angrily.

No longer needed and no sign of Dark Kat, even though they searched for an hour, the SWAT Kats finally went home.

Feral and Felina returned to base. They had managed to capture four ninjas. Feral was anxious to question them. Usually, they would get nothing from them but one could always hope.

To his annoyance, the first three refused to talk despite a two-hour interrogation on each of them. It was getting late when he had the last prisoner brought in. Prepared to be rebuffed again he was stunned when he actually got a response.

"Tell me what Dark Kat is up to." He demanded tiredly.

"I'll be glad to but first I need you to verify my identity. I don't want to waste time." The prisoner, a black tom with obvious panther ancestors said plainly.

Feral blinked in shocked surprise. "So who are you?" He asked. Felina had straightened up and was leaning forward eagerly.

"My name is Major Reece Jaynard of the Sandaval Federation Security Forces. I was recruited months ago by Dark Kats head ninja. I volunteered to try and find out what Dark Kat was up to. My government was afraid that if he succeeded in taking your city he would come after us. You can call my superior, General Tam Gepson to confirm what I'm telling you." He said.

"We will. Want something to drink while we wait?" Felina asked as her uncle hurried out to make the call. They were all excited. If this Kat was legit then his information was priceless.

"Sure, that'd be great, Lieutenant." Jaynard said with a sigh. Felina signaled one of the officers outside the door to get a drink for the prisoner.

Some fifteen minutes later, Feral returned with a relieved smile on his face.

"Pleased to meet you Major Jaynard. How about we adjourn and head to my office for this discussion?" Feral asked opening the door as Felina hurriedly removed the Kats pawcuffs.

"That would be great. I have much to relate and not much time for you to prepare for what that creep has planned." Jaynard said grimly as he followed the Commander through the cell block and to the elevator to Feral's office.

When they reached Feral's office, he went to his phone and summoned his special force's units as well as his squadron leaders. He escorted the Major to his briefing room where they sat down and waited for his officers to arrive. While they waited, Jaynard told them how he was recruited and what things Dark Kat had done along with Viper.

Felina had a recorder going and made notes. Very quickly all the officers, Feral had contacted had arrived and taken their seats.

Feral introduced the Major and let him take the floor.

"Dark Kat's plan is two pronged. Dr. Viper is to use those deadly vines and plantimals of his to take over the trade towers. With Hard Drive at his side, he is supposed to cripple Megakat City's financial hub. Meanwhile, Dark Kat intends to hold the Megakat Nuclear Power Plant hostage against your city leaders good behavior. If he doesn't get what he demands, which are the reins of the government handed over to him and disbandment of the enforcers, then he will allow the reactor to explode. He'll then take over what's left of the city." He reported grimly.

There was an outburst of anger once he was through. Feral let it go on for a moment then called the room to order. For the next two hours they hashed out a plan to catch the two omegas before they could institute their plans.

It was decided that they would need to let Viper and Dark Kat get set up before taking them out. It would be tricky since they would have to time it exactly to prevent the pair from taking the offensive. Pleased with their plans, the meeting broke up as each officer went off to prepare.

Feral sighed in relief and pleasure. Finally they would get the drop on the worst pair of criminals. Now he had to find a way to do away with them permanently rather than haul them to prison. His mind flipped through many options as the room emptied out.

He returned his attention to Major Jaynard. "We need to keep you under wraps. It wouldn't do to let Dark Kat know one of his ninjas has blabbed." He said in concern.



"You're right there and I don't want to leave until I see this to the end." Jaynard said heavily.

"Hmm. My first thought would be to put you up in one of the enforcer quarters but word would get around about you and your safety could be compromised." Feral said thinking out loud. "If you don't object, I have a guest room in my apartment. No one would suspect you of being there. I can keep you apprised without having to send you messages that might be intercepted." He finally decided then looked at Jaynard for his take on the suggestion.

"If it's not a problem for you sir, then it's alright with me." Jaynard said with a small smile.

"Perfect. Then that's settled. The hours late so why don't we leave now?" Feral asked as he got up and went to his office.

Jaynard nodded and followed the Commander. His eyes strayed over the well-built body before him and drooled mentally. If only he wasn't here on assignment. He'd loved to get to know this Kat better.

Feral was happy. Things were finally going his way. He pushed the button for the lobby with Major Jaynard standing close beside him. His mind was busy so he didn't notice the looks the Major was giving him.

When they reached the lobby, Feral quickly hustled the Kat out the door and into his hummer parked out front before anyone could focus on him too closely.

The drive to Feral's apartment was made in companionable silence. It was only a ten minute drive. He pulled into the underground parking area, something he infrequently did. Parking in his spot, he turned off the engine and got out. The Major waited politely as the Commander secured his vehicle then they made for the elevator.

On the top floor of the apartment complex, Feral got out of the elevator and headed down the hall to the last door. Unlocking it, he gestured for Jaynard to precede him. He locked the door behind him.

Jaynard like the simple but elegant decor of the apartment. He kept his eyes averted as Feral used his wall safe to lock away his weapon. The Commander hung up his coat and took his guest on a small tour of the place, showed him where he would sleep, gave him some towels, pointed to the bathroom nearby then led the way to the kitchen.

"Hungry?" He asked as he rummaged through his fridge. "I've some frozen dinners or we can have grilled cheese sandwiches and soup?" He queried his guest.

"Whichever will be faster. I'm beat!" Jaynard commented.

"TV dinners then. Why don't you take a shower while its heating?" Feral said then eyed his guest. "Hmm, I might have something you can wear that won't hang too loose. Just a moment." He said as he went to his bedroom. He returned a few minutes later and handed Jaynard some clothes.

"Thanks." He said and headed to the guest room. He was looking forward to a nice hot shower.

Feral popped the TV dinners into his oven and set the timer then he too went to take a shower. He returned before Jaynard. He wore a loose t-shirt and sweats.

Jaynard came in and sniffed appreciatively as Feral pulled their dinners from the oven and placed them on the table. He grabbed some silverware and two cans of milk from the fridge.

Jaynard had sat down and was watching Feral move around the kitchen. He couldn't help but stare at the dark tom's belly. It was starting to push outward. He winced mentally as he realized

Feral was probably about three months along. He'd read herms tended to show more than females because there wasn't as much room in their bellies for the growing foetus.

Feral seemed to ignore his condition. He made no mention of it and seemed to pretend it wasn't there. He felt bad that he hadn't been able to prevent it from happening.

Feral sat down and uncovered his meal. He really didn't want to eat but forced himself. He was as tired as he had been yesterday. He grimaced in annoyance. Being pregnant was a real nuisance he thought bitterly. He was already showing and he'd had to let his uniform pants button open to accommodate it. He knew soon he would be forced to wear the expanded panel pants and he loathed the idea.

Jaynard watched Feral surreptitiously. He noted the grimace and the body shift of discomfort. He had been taught to pay attention to the minutest detail to ensure he stayed alive. It had paid off, keeping him off Dark Kats radar. That Kat had an uncanny way of detecting trouble before it could affect him. Though he wasn't fallible obviously since he had failed several times against Feral and the SWAT Kats.

He was willing to bet that Feral was trying very hard to ignore his condition. It cost him adequate sleep and appetite. He shook his head mentally. Wish I could comfort him. He seems so alone.

They finished their meal in silence. Jaynard helped clean up then they went to bed both being extremely tired. Tomorrow would be a very busy day.

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Chapter 7 by ulyferal

Over the next three weeks, the enforcers and SWAT Kats fought the constant diversionary tactics of Dark Kat and Dr. Viper. Major Jaynard, now wearing an enforcer uniform, stayed by Feral's side adding his expertise of how the criminal pair worked and succeeded in aiding them in heading off the worst of the attacks. They couldn't come out and actually prevent them because then Dark Kat would know he had a traitor.

Only the upper echelon of the military knew who Major Jaynard was and they intended to keep it that way. Whenever he was out with Feral, he wore a protective face mask to hide his identity. Felina had asked him why he didn't just go home and he responded, 'My job isn't done until those two are caught,' she was pleased by the answer and enjoyed working with him. He was an excellent officer, cunning and intelligent.

Feral enjoyed his company as well. Jaynard ended up remaining in Feral's quarters and got to know the prickly commander very well during their many evening discussions. The only thing that made him uncomfortable were the feelings of guilt he got when seeing Feral's progressively expanding belly.

He knew it was irrational, after all, he hadn't known what had happened until the next day but still...! His skill at reading between the lines and gauging emotions plus the clues Feral let slip let him know the Commander was on a vendetta.

Revenge burned brightly in the dark tom's heart and it hurt Jaynard to see it. He had known of far too many officers who went bad or ended up emotional destroyed when they sought revenge. He had to find a way to prevent this from happening. All he could do at this point was wait and watch.

His vigilance paid off. He would finally get a chance to derail Feral's plans for vengeance and a certain group of concerned Kats would be the ones to help. It happened during another senseless attack.

It was Viper's turn again. He made a mess of the newly designed dinosaur exhibit at the Megakat Natural History Museum. He had sneakily planted his favorite Kat eating flora and vines in and

among the fake scenery in the exhibit. At about midday, his plants sprang into action, attacking visitors to the exhibit.

"Watch it, T-Bone!" Razor shouted sharply as he fired a slicer missile at a thick vine that was reaching out for his partner as they were rappeling down from the huge skylights in the ceiling.

"Thanks, buddy!" T-Bone growled as he fired another slicer missile at more of the vines below him.

"SWAT Kats!" Feral growled in annoyance as he spilled into the room with his enforcers at his back. He quickly had his enforcers spread out. "Take out those damn plants without getting yourselves eaten!" He barked.

"Look out, Uncle!" Felina barked sharply, as she used her laser to destroy a plant with its huge maw open to grab the Commander from the side where it had been hidden by the leg of a dinosaur.

Feral snarled angrily as he began to systematically fire into the plants he could barely see in the fake stuff all around the room.

Major Reynard stayed tightly to Feral's side and grimly fired with his laser and hacked with his small machete at the attacking greenery.

It took a good twenty minutes to ferret out all the living plants from the fake. By the time they were done, they had lost two enforcers, the rest were covered in plant icor and other bodily fluids. Feral called in a fresh squad to do the clean up then went to button hole the SWAT Kats before they could disappear.

The pair had been about to rapel back up to the windows when Feral stopped them.

"You two! I want a word with you!" He snapped.

At first it looked like they weren't going to obey but then Razor released his line and waited forcing his partner, who looked shocked, to do the same.

"I want you two to stay out of our way. We have a plan to catch Dark Kat and Viper and I don't want you two to botch it up. So stay clear!" He ordered tautly.

"You've got to be kidding!" T-Bone growled angrily. "If it weren't for us you'd been snowed under by now. We intend to be there for the finish."

"I intend to be there to take them out and nothing you say or do will prevent me from doing so!" Razor hissed angrily.

Feral reared back a moment. Razor was always the one who hung back and though they traded words occasionally, it had always been T-Bone who got into heated arguments with him not the smaller SWAT Kat. The tone in Razor's voice was cold and certain.

A small shiver ran up Feral's back. This was a side of Razor he'd never seen or heard before but it didn't change anything. He would have his revenge. He stepped forward and shoved Razor back.

"No you won't!" Feral said, eyes flashing with determination.

Razor stared at the dark tom for a moment refusing to look down at the expanded belly that pushed against him.

"We need to talk...now!" He said tightly then turned and stalked to a more secluded corner of the

exhibit hall.

Feral blinked in surprise and debated whether he should just ignore the command or see what the smaller of the SWAT Kats had to say. Finally, he grumbled in his throat but strode over to the cinnamon tom.

"What do you want?" He said without preamble when he'd reached Razor's side.

"Look! I know how angry you are at what those two cruds have done. I'm furious too. I've been working on some new weapons that I'm certain will take them out permanently." The small tom said flatly. "You have your position to worry about, I don't! Let me do this!"

Feral froze, his mind quickly processed what Razor wasn't saying. "No. It's more my fight than yours...!" He began before Razor cut him off.

"How can you say that? It's mine as well!" Razor hissed in frustration. "I don't want you endangering both your lives. I've watched you! You haven't been taking care of yourself. Look at you! You're exhausted and pale. When was the last time you even sat down with your feet up?" He demanded hotly.

"It's my body and I will do what I see fit. You have no say in it!" Feral said in a deadly calm voice. His anger going cold. "Do not concern yourself with me. Those two being dead are all that matters right now."

"Exactly! And I will make sure they are...for both of us!" Razor said implacably.

Feral released a frustrated huff of air. "You won't stay out of it, will you?" He asked bitterly.

"No!"

They stood there staring at each other for long moments.

Near the doors to the room Felina, Major Jaynard, the Sergeant and T-Bone watched the pair in uneasy silence.

T-Bone broke it with a growl of frustration, "I don't like this! This is eating them both up!"

"I know T-Bone and I still don't know what my uncle is planning. What about Razor?" Felina asked.

"He's been inventing all kinds of things lately. I haven't a clue what they do because he's no longer confiding in me." The big tom said, his voice laced with anguish.

"I'm sorry to say, the Commander has been keeping things close to his chest of late so I too have no inkling what he's got in mind to permanently solve his problem." The Sergeant said unhappily.

"Pardon me for butting in, but since I've been staying with him, I've noticed his single minded drive for revenge even though he tries to hide it as he also tries to ignore his condition. This is bad. I've seen the aftermath of such destructive emotion. It destroys careers and lives. I truly understand his pain and anger for what Dark Kat and Viper had done to him and your partner but I can't stand by and allow them to destroy themselves seeking vengeance." Major Jaynard said bluntly.

"Who are you and how do you know so much?" T-Bone asked.

"This is Major Jaynard. Sandeval Bay Federation sent him to be a mole in Dark Kat's operation. When we captured a group of DK's ninjas we caught him. In our custody, he was able to reveal himself as a cop." Felina introduced and explained.

"Seriously? Wow! I salute you for surviving not being discovered. That Kat is insane and deadly." T-Bone said in admiration.

Jaynard just shrugged the compliment off. "I've heard a lot about you two. I don't approve of what you're doing but understand why you feel you have too. Anyway, I know that evil pair's plans and have already told the enforcers. As I said, I don't want Feral and Razor to succeed. Here's what I propose." He said, pausing to look over at the pair under discussion to insure they weren't returning to soon then turned back to the three listening to him intently.

"I'm in black ops. I'm certain you know what that means. Since I know Dark Kat's plans, all I would need is Razor's new weapons. I will personally see to it that these two omegas never trouble anyone again." He said grimly.

"We couldn't allow you to do that especially since it's our problem." Felina said flatly.

Jaynard shook his head firmly, "No! My government has a strong desire to see this problem end permanently. They don't like the threat constantly being held over them. I was trained for this and I intend to complete my mission. If you don't want to make that easier for me...so be it. I will simply do what I planned and hope I take them out quickly." He said.

"Damn it! That's suicide!" T-Bone blurted in frustration. "Look, we can't just stand by and do nothing!" He said.

Jaynard sighed. "Yeah, I can certainly understand that and I do plan on being alive to go home after this. The plan would definitely work better if Viper and DK were distracted but we still have to wait until they make their move to make it legal. Just get me Razor's weapons and you guys be the diversionary part. As for you Felina, since there are two targets planned, I obviously would have trouble getting from one omega to another quickly, so this is where you come in by being my airlift. If everything works to plan, I'll make sure they never bother us again and that those two..." pointing to Feral and Razor "don't have to be the ones that pull the trigger." He said with finality.

T-Bone, Felina and the Sergeant stood there thinking about it for long moments.

"I don't like it but it's better than anything I can come up with." T-Bone said grudgingly.

"I don't like it either. It's against everything I believe in but you're right it has to be done." Felina said finally. The Sergeant looked grim but nodded his agreement.

"Alright then listen up!" Jaynard said and proceeded to tell them what their parts would be in the upcoming final battle.

Meanwhile across the room, Feral continued to stare at Razor. He had no doubt this Kat would do what he said just as he was firm about his own plans. They wouldn't succeed if they worked at cross purposes with each other. As much as he hated it, he saw no other recourse.

"Fine. I don't like this but I don't want anything to happen that could allow those creeps to be able to escape again. Due to a mole that is on our side, we know what Dark Kat's plans are." Feral said.

Razor sucked in a breath. A break at last! "What is it?" He asked excitedly.

Feral quickly outlined what Jaynard had told them and why they were waiting to strike. Razor nodded his understanding.

"Then we have to wait until they strike. However, we can't be in two places at once. I'll go after Dark Kat first since the nuclear threat is the most serious. You keep Viper busy until I can get there..." Razor started to order before Feral cut him off angrily.

"Not a chance. I understand that I can't be in two places either but I want Dark Kat. It was his idea, I'm certain, for what happened in that room." He hissed, his fury barely leashed.

Razor gripped his fists in frustrated anger at the Kat's stubbornness. "It's too dangerous for you especially for the kitten to be around a nuclear plant for cruds sake. Use you common sense. Are you trying to kill it?" He said, barely able to restrain himself from shouting at the dark tom.

Feral's teeth clenched together. "That's not your concern. I want Dark Kat!"

"It is my concern! I know it's your body but what you plan is suicide! I can't let you risk it even if I have to hogtie you to ensure you don't get in the middle of it." Razor said in exasperation.

"It's...not...your...concern!" Feral spit each word into Razor's face.

"It's a living creature! It didn't choose to be here but now that it is, it has a right to have a chance to live! You can't take that away from it!" Razor fairly snarled with fangs in the tom's face.

Feral panted heavily as he tried to rein in his fury. Razor tried to do the same. They both trembled with the underlying emotions of pain, sorrow and anger at their predicament no matter how badly Feral desperately wanted to forget it.

Feral didn't want to continue this fruitless conversation so spun on his heel to leave. The anger and tension that had built up within him and his exhaustion had a rather unfortunate effect. As he turned and started to leave, his vision went gray suddenly then black.

Razor had been about to grab Feral to make him stop and listen when the big tom began to fall. His grab turned into a desperate catch to prevent Feral from hitting the floor hard. He managed to catch the Commander's body and be underneath it as they hit the floor in a heap.

Near the door, the group heard a sudden cry of alarm and whirled to see what was happening. Feral was down and laying on Razor who was holding him.

They ran across the floor to the fallen pair's side.

"Razor, what happened?" T-Bone asked as he knelt to check the Commander, Felina at his side.

"I don't know! He was leaving and suddenly he collapsed." Razor grunted. Feral was heavy on his chest. T-Bone and the Sergeant reached down to lift Feral off Razor who slipped out from underneath but placed his lap under the Commander's head. Surprised but not commenting, his partner and the older enforcer gently laid Feral back down.

"Dr. Mewser warned him to take it easy and get plenty of rest. Of course, he wouldn't listen." Felina said with a concerned sigh as she reached for her radio and called for an ambulance.

"I'll go escort them here, Lieutenant!" The Sergeant said. Felina nodded in agreement. The Sergeant took off for the main entrance of the museum.

Major Jaynard had knelt down too and was gently patting Feral's face. It twitched but the big tom didn't regain consciousness.

Razor caressed Feral's face. He was worried. He hadn't been kidding when he'd told Feral he was very pale. It was no surprise he had fainted. He sighed. Their problem of who would take out Dark Kat wasn't solved. He had to find a way to keep Feral out of harm's way whether the big tom liked it or not.

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Chapter 8 by ulyferal

He woke feeling a softness beneath him and covers over him. His nose picked up the unmistakable scent of disinfectants. He sighed mentally, 'I'm in the hospital, damn it. I must have fainted.'

"Hello, Uncle! How are you feeling?" Came a familiar voice at his right side.

He turned his head and there was Felina staring down at him in concern.

He thought about what she'd asked. His body was heavy and he felt exhausted, an IV was attached to his paw and he felt a bit nauseous.

"Miserable! When can I get out of here?" He growled, trying to sit up. A paw that wasn't Felina's pressed his shoulder down firmly.

"You're going no where, Commander." Razor said grimly.

Feral jerked his head to the other side and scowled in surprised anger. 'How dare he be here where others could see him?' He thought furiously.

"Don't worry, no one knows I'm here." Razor said, divining Feral's thoughts. "I came through the window and T-Bone is waiting to pick me up when I call. The doctor has no intention of letting you out of here for a few days. You try to walk out of here and you'll fall on your face before you take two steps and no one is going to help you leave either. You have only yourself to blame...running yourself to exhaustion wasn't very smart. But you are just too stubborn to listen to anyone." Razor said bluntly.

"How convenient for you!" Feral hissed, collapsing back against his pillow. Razor hadn't been joking, he felt weak as a kitten.

Razor sucked in a breath sharply then leaned over and put his face to Feral's.

"Listen to me you stubborn fool!" He hissed furiously keeping his voice low. "I don't know why, but I care what happens to you and it's not just because of the kitten. Both our lives have been screwed and we are having trouble dealing with it. I can cut you some slack for being nasty because you're feeling like crap right now but don't keep pushing my buttons! You won't like what I'll do in return. Now get some rest!" He ordered the angry dark tom as he straightened up. Giving the Commander a stern glance, even though the tom couldn't see his eyes, he walked to the window.

Before Feral could recover from the tongue lashing, Razor had vanished.

"Wow! I don't think I've ever heard Razor sound like that before." Felina murmured softly in shock.

Feral was staring at the window in blank surprise. He'd heard a hint of that tone at the museum. It was a side of Razor that sent chills up his spine but not with fear. That Kat meant business and just because he was small in stature didn't mean he was a weakling. He recalled, unwillingly, how masterfully Razor had controlled their mating despite the aphrodisiac pushing him. The small SWAT Kat had insured he wasn't harmed beyond what the intense mating had caused and that he was satisfied.

Feral was angrily embarrassed to remember that moment when he had to admit he was a virgin, female to male. He certainly wasn't a novice in other forms of sex but Razor had far more sexual experience that showed in his handling of the delicate situation. Feral's body would never forget how that had felt, no matter how much he wanted to blot out that night.

Razor had been an exceptional lover and if he had to lose his female virginity at least it hadn't been bad. It had felt incredibly fantastic and the intimate closeness was stronger than with anyone he'd been with. He didn't know if it was because he was finally using all of sexual

equipment for the first time, him being in heat, or the situation. He violently pulled his mind away from that line of thought. It crept him out that he could be so sexually attracted to one of those annoying SWAT Kats.

Seeing her uncle was too distracted to talk, she leaned down and kissed his cheek then left him alone. Feral hardly noticed her leaving as he reached for the pitcher of water and poured himself a glass. He shoved those unwanted desires and thoughts from his mind and plotted what he was going to do when he got out of here.

Razor was silent and fuming the whole way home. T-Bone sighed mentally. This was just getting worse all the time. He wished not for the first time, that this was all over. According to Jaynard it soon would be.

As if reading his mind, Razor suddenly spoke. "I wish we could move on Dark Kat now! I'd know Feral wouldn't be able to interfere and be harmed." He growled unhappily.

T-Bone's eyebrows went up at that last addition to Razor's statement. That kitten and Feral's welfare were now irrevocably tied together in his partner's mind. He was worried where this was all leading to. He sighed inwardly and raced for home.

Reaching their home, T-Bone smoothly flew into the hangar and landed the Turbokat. He could practically hear his partner thinking in the back seat as they waited for the turntable to take them up to the main hangar floor.

Sighing, he shot back the canopy and jumped down. Razor did the same and stalked to his locker and pulled his G-suit off. Changing clothes without a word, Jake was soon dressed in his coveralls and disappearing up the ladder.

By the time Chance arrived upstairs, his partner was no where in sight. Grumbling to himself, he went to the kitchen and made himself something to eat. He watched a little TV then went downstairs to work for a while. Though it was after quitting time, he didn't feel like sleeping yet and there was no telling if Dark Kat or Viper was going to interrupt their day again. Better not to have a backlog, so he worked and cleared the vehicles in the garage. It was nearly ten p.m. when he finally finished. He took a shower, still without seeing his partner, then went to bed.

Jake had gone to his room to brood. He didn't like cutting his best friend off like this but he just couldn't talk about it to someone else when he was unable to understand his own feelings about it in the first place.

He had grown up a single kitten then orphaned at a young age. He had been very lonely because he was so much smarter than most of the kittens in the orphanage. His adopted parents had tried to understand him and to provide him with as much love as they could but sometimes it still seemed he was on the outside looking in until he met Chance.

Suddenly he felt a part of something and someone. They were nearly inseparable except for their sex lives. Chance was strictly het but he was bi. They sought their pleasure as often as time allowed them. Because of their dual lives, they never formed any serious ties with any one Kat. Though they both flirted with Callie, Jake wasn't really turned on by her. Felina was a fine she-kat that Jake felt was a better match for his partner. He, on the other paw, was restless and uncertain which sex suited him more.

Not once would he have considered someone like Feral. The tom was too arrogant, too dominant for his tastes. But when he learned the huge tom was an hermaphrodite, he was ashamed to realize that the thought of being with a Kat that was both sexes excited him. Though this circumstance was an unwilling one for them both, Jake couldn't hide from himself that he loved the feel of being with a male while still having the best part of a female.

That first unwilling mating had been incredible. The attraction, though forced, was still strong for



Jake afterwards and he could feel a reciprocating willingness from Feral. The dark tom had not been too turned off emotionally when his hormones were pushing him to mate. Feral had been a surprise and even now, Jake couldn't shake how good it had felt despite the outcome.

No matter how much he wanted to deny it, he couldn't let Feral shove him away. Even if the pregnancy failed, he intended to be there by the dark tom's side. The trauma they'd endured and what they planned to do to solve it could destroy them both emotionally, but together they might move past it and survive intact.

He froze...he couldn't believe he was contemplating striking up a tentative relationship with his supposed enemy. He had to be more addled than he thought but nothing he did could shake the desire. Enough of this, he needed to focus on something else before he went completely around the bend.

He jumped to his feet. Glancing at his alarm clock, he saw it was a little past midnight. He'd been brooding for hours. He stepped out of his room and saw Chance's door was closed and the sound of soft snores told him his partner was asleep.

Moving soundlessly, Jake went downstairs to the hangar and to his workroom. He spent the next few hours till dawn finishing his new inventions that would put an end to Dark Kat and Dr. Viper for good.

It was just after eight in the morning when Chance awoke. He yawned and stretched. Getting dressed, he made his way down to the kitchen. He didn't see any sign that Jake had been there before him. The smaller tom's bedroom door had been closed when he went past it.

Sighing to himself, he fixed a quick breakfast and ate while watching the news. Finished, he went back upstairs to check on his partner. Opening the door quietly, he peered in and found Jake sprawled fully dressed across his bed. Shaking his head, Chance realized Jake had probably only just went to bed a little while ago. Now he was glad he had cleared the workload.

He closed the door quietly and went down to the garage. He began to call the customers to let them know they could pick up their vehicles as well as preparing to deliver those that required it.

It wasn't until nearly eleven when he returned to the garage, after another delivery, that Chance finally saw his partner. Jake was in the hangar doing maintenance on the Turbokat.

He walked up to him silently and watched for a moment. Jake's movements were precise and smooth. There was no sign of the turmoil, Chance knew was going on in that brain of his.

"There's only a couple of cars yet to be picked up but we're caught up." He said lightly.

Jake turned his head toward his friend. "Yeah, I noticed. Thanks for keeping up the backlog. I thought I'd use the time we have to repair some of those linkages that came loose in that last encounter with Dark Kat's minions." He said quietly as he turned back to his work.

"Do we need to reload?" Chance asked casually.

"Yeah, we could use some scramblers, matchheads, and a couple of spider-chains loaded. Also you should check the cement launcher." Jake said.

"Sure thing." The tabby said as he headed for the munitions storage area.

For the next couple of hours, they worked in companionable silence interrupted only twice by the arrival of a customer to pick up a vehicle. Not once during that time did Chance bring up the subject of Feral. As much as he dearly wanted to know his partner's mind, he just didn't want to destroy this temporary moment of peace.

As they finished the last of the work preparing the Turbokat, Chance said, "Well I guess we're as ready as we can be for their next round of attacks. I'm really surprised we haven't seen something today."

"The day ain't over yet, Chance. There's still the night ahead." Jake said grimly as he closed a maintenance cover and wiped his paws.

Chance grimaced. "Did you have to say that?" He said in pretend annoyance. Jake just gave him a wane smile as they both made for the ladder and back up to their apartment for a meal.

As they sat in their living room and ate their dinner, Chance finally broached the sensitive subject.

"I gotta talk to you buddy. It's been hard being around you lately. You've shut yourself off from me and there are some things you aren't aware of because of it." Chance started carefully.

Jake's face flushed with embarrassed anger, "I have been a bit preoccupied, Chance.

"I know...believe me I know. I also know you don't feel you can talk to me about it and that's okay. We all have things too private to be shared. This is something else. When you and Feral were having your...uh...little disagreement...the rest of us got to meet someone important. That guy that's been hanging close to Feral, not the Sergeant..." He paused to see if Jake knew who he meant.

"You mean that enforcer that kept his helmet and mask on all the time?" Jake asked, frowning.

"Yeah, that's the one. Well believe or not he was a mole in Dark Kat's ninjas. The Sandeval Bay Security Forces groomed him to infiltrate Dark Kat's lair. When Feral's enforcers caught that batch recently, he was with them. They verified his identity. He knows what Dark Kat's plans are." Chance told his partner.

"Wow! I didn't know about the mole but Feral already told me about the plan. We argued about who would be where when those two creeps struck. That's when he got so steamed and managed to push himself into a faint." Jake said with a growl.

Hearing that Jake already knew of what Jaynard had told them, Chance hesitated to tell his partner about Jaynard's own plan to take out both of the omegas before Jake or Feral could. He wanted his partner to be a part of the action but hearing that tone in his voice made him pause. Perhaps it wasn't a good idea that he know.

He could see the cold fury still reflected in his partner's eyes. Sighing inwardly, he made the decision not to tell him. Which, of course, meant he had to wheedle the information about Jake's new weapons out of him, very carefully, then he would have to steal them and give them to Jaynard. He hated to do this but Jake was too single minded about taking out the omegas all by himself and Chance didn't want to lose his partner.

"He did huh? Exactly what part of your argument was he so steamed about?" He asked cautiously.

"He wanted to be at the Nuclear Power Plant to take out Dark Kat. Imagine, a pregnant Kat near all that nuclear material. I couldn't believe him and asked if he was trying to kill the kitten he carried. He told me to mind my own business and that's when the argument spiraled out of control. That stubborn, arrogant tom Kat really infuriates me." Jake hissed.

"Uh...isn't he always like that?" Chance said rhetorically trying to sooth his partner out of his anger. "Look, I can understand that being near the plant is really the wrong thing for him to do but how do you intend to keep him from being there?" He asked reasonably.

"By tying him up and stashing him somewhere safe until everything's over!" Jake snarled, crossing his arms over his chest belligerently.

Chance had to agree that was not a bad idea but not practical unless they got the Sergeant to help. Wait! Maybe that's not such a crazy idea after all. Rubbing his chin, thoughtfully, he looked at his partner.

"You know that isn't a bad idea and the Sergeant could help us pull it off." Chance told Jake.

Jake's eyes widened in surprise. "You mean you'd help me tie up Feral and the Sergeant would help?" He asked incredulously.

"Sure!" Chance told him seriously. "If it will ensure his safety, then both the Sergeant and Felina will go for it. It will take some careful planning though."

"More than you think since I told him that was what I'd do to him if he went anywhere near the plant." Jake said with a snort.

"Oh, okay then, you won't be doing it. He'll never suspect a thing until the trap was sprung." Chance said with certainty.

"Huh! I guess you're right there. Fine, I'll stay out of it so he won't suspect anything." Jake said calming down and feeling relieved.

Chance felt a small amount of relief at Jake's willingness. So now that his friend was calmer maybe he could find out about the new weapons.

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Chapter 9 by ulyferal

"Well now that we have that settled, I have another question for you." Chance said.

Jake eyed him but gestured for him to go ahead.

"Okay, you've been very closed mouth about what you're inventing. Don't you think it's time to tell me what you've been up to? God forbid anything should happen to you, but in our line of work that is entirely possible, I think I should be briefed on what you've developed to take out our two headaches with the least amount of damage to everything around them." Chance said cautiously.

His partner slouched into the couch and appeared to be mulling over his friend's request. Chance pretended a nonchalance he didn't feel so as not to give away how badly he wanted the information. He flicked on the TV while he waited so that the oppressive silence wouldn't unnerve him.

It was while he was wrapped up in the tail end of his favorite cartoon, that Jake finally answered.

"Alright, what you say makes very good sense. If I can't do this for whatever reason, I want someone to get it done. Let's go down to the hangar." Jake said rising from the couch.

Chance flicked off the set and followed his partner, his heart pounding nervously. He followed Jake to his work bench and stared down at what looked like a more designer form of their missiles, a large, rather strange looking ray device and Jake's glovebox. He frowned, there didn't seem to be anything here that had warranted the length of time he'd spent on them.

"This baby," Jake said patting the missile, "will take out Dark Kat's fear ship on the first try. It's a combination of a scrambler and a banshee." He said proudly.

"Huh! Jake those banshees of yours were terrible!" Chance said in surprised dismay.

A truly wicked and not so nice look flicked into Jake's eyes that made Chance shiver.

"Oh, not this time buddy. The scrambler, which is far more powerful than the first I've made, will bring down his force field then the banshee, which is significantly beefed up, will shatter his ship around him as well as turn him into soup." He said darkly. My old banshees were for disorienting a person, this baby is hyped to such a high degree of sound it can shatter and liquify any target except Agracite."

Chance felt a bit ill. They were very careful to not kill anyone or anything in their job because to do otherwise was to make them no better than the enemies they fought. The thought that Jake could develop something so deadly was unsettling. It clearly showed his partner's state of mind.

"Yeah, I guess that would do it alright but I would assume you only made one and that it has to count since it's far too deadly to accidentally hit an innocent target." He said cautiously.

"That's why I wanted to be sure I was the one firing it." Jake said coldly. "No offense, Chance, but you know you're not that accurate."

"Duuh! That's why you're called sure shot." Chance said with a snort. Privately, he sincerely hoped Jaynard was one too. "Okay, that's Dark Kat, so what you got for Viper?" He asked.

"Ahh, his is a two prong problem. Not only do we have to take him out but his plant army. Though his experiments in plant research is beyond most of those in his field, I still was able to get some advice from a few of the top scientists in botany. Using that information, I made these weapons. One is to be mounted in the place of the Mega-laser. It will fire a super cold beam of energy. I won't go into what kind of energy, suffice it to say, this baby will take out everything Viper can throw at us." Jake said with confidence then he pointed at his glovetrix. He put it on and pressed a button. Out sprang an odd looking launcher. "This is a mini form of the banshee." He said simply. "It will do the same thing as the big one will do to Dark Kat."

"Looks like you put a lot of planning into this so now all we have to do is wait for Dark Kat to make his move." Chance said softly.

"And I wish he'd do it soon!" Jake said tightly, staring down at his new weapons.

The next few days were strangely quiet, like a storm brewing in the distance. They used the time to work out and rest so that they were in peak condition for whatever might happen.

During this time, Chance took a quick trip into the city, ostensibly to deliver a car, but in reality, to see a certain visiting Major. Taking his G-suit, he changed to T-Bone and met Jaynard at a prearranged time and place, not far from Enforcer Headquarters. Major Jaynard didn't like to be too far from Commander Feral. Especially since the Commander was now back in his office.

They met on a rooftop a few buildings away. They could see the Enforcer Tower from their position.

"Okay, here's what I've found out..." T-Bone began without preamble as he explained the weapons to Jaynard.

The Major gave a low whistle of surprise. "Wow! Your partner's dangerous and smart." He remarked.

"Yeah, I know but he's never made anything lethal before. I'm not ashamed to say, I really don't like it." T-Bone said grimly.

Jaynard sighed, "I certainly don't blame you. So how are you going to get your paws on them and give them to me?"

T-Bone grimaced unhappily. "Razor wants to get Feral out of the way when the attack happens. I thought that was actually not a bad idea. How do you think we could go about it and include my partner as well?" He asked grimly, not wanting to answer Jaynard's question yet.

Jaynard raised an eyebrow in mild surprise at the question. He turned away from the SWAT Kat and studied the skyline a moment.

Finally he turned around and frowned a bit. "Well, the problem with taking them out of the picture is that they still won't be able to move on. They will feel cheated of their chance and might hate all those that took their revenge from them. It might be better if we try to delay them somehow while I'm taking out the enemy." He said slowly as he thought of everything that needed to happen to pull this off.

Now it was T-Bone's turn to frown, "Delay them how? And how do I make off with the weapons, get them to you, then explain to Razor where they went?" He asked unhappily.

"I've got a plan. This is how we're going to have to do it and timing will be critical and tight." Jaynard said grimly. "First, I'll have to go to the Nuclear Power Plant and wait for Dark Kat's attack. As soon as I see him, I'll notify you. Do you have a way for me to do that discretely?" He paused to ask.

"Sure, here!" T-Bone said as he reached into his G-suit and pulled out a communicator. "I'll keep it's mate on me."

"Perfect." Jaynard said taking it and putting it safely in his pocket. "Alright, once I've notified you of Dark Kat's arrival, you will tell your partner that you heard a radio blip that Feral was planning to head out to the Nuclear Plant to check his trap setup. You explain that there hadn't been an opportunity to knock him out yet. Now this is where I'm hoping your partner will be so concerned that he'll try to intercept Feral. I don't know him, so do you think he'll do it?"

"Oddly enough, Razor has been really uptight about Feral's safety of late so, yeah, he'll go running to keep him safe. He'll insist on me dropping him off." T-Bone said, pausing a moment. "That would leave me with the weapons...no wait, I still wouldn't have the one in Razor's glovatrix."

"So you have to find a way to have him go by some other method and without his glovatrix." Jaynard said seriously.

T-Bone rubbed his chin in concentration. "No that won't do, however, I can switch it for another one. As soon as you signal me, I'll tell Razor about Feral then tell him that I'll stay home because we can't just drop in without the enforcers jumping us since they are uptight by all the attacks lately. He'll buy that. But the only way this will work is if Feral doesn't hear about the real attack." He said in concern.

"That's where the Sergeant comes in. He'll have to find a way to delay them, perhaps by sabotaging Feral's chopper and sedan. Razor's presence and anger will cause confusion until they realize it was a lie then the Sergeant's delaying tactics will further slow things down. During the time they are trying to unravel what had happen, you will be rushing to me. You'll pick me up and I'll fire the missile at Dark Kat's ship. When we have that done, you'll transfer me to Felina's chopper. By the time I race to the financial tower, Razor and Feral should have heard about the attack and be on their way here. He'll probably holler for you. You'll have to figure out what to tell him. By the time they realize somethings up, Felina and I should have taken out Viper." Jaynard finished.

"Hold it! Hold it! That's a lot of chances for this thing to explode in our faces." T-Bone protested.

"I know but unless you have a better plan, this is all I've got. I have a strong feeling Dark Kat is about to strike. We haven't much time left." Jaynard said tightly.

T-Bone sighed and nodded his head. "Yeah, I feel it too. It's just too quiet. Alright, unless I can come up with something else we'll do it your way."

"If it makes you feel any better, I don't like it much either." Jaynard said with a wane smile.

"Huh! We're both nuts! I'd better scat, I'm not supposed to be gone long." T-Bone said.

Jaynard nodded and made for the roof door as T-Bone ran to the roof edge and rappelled down.

When Jaynard returned to Enforcer Headquarters, he looked around for the Sergeant and Felina. The first one he found was the female Feral. He pulled her aside and explained the plan. She didn't like it any better than T-Bone but reluctantly agreed it would have to do except for one part.

"How will I not be here when my uncle looks for me?" She asked.

"Hmm, well I guess you better get yourself put on the patrol area for the Nuclear Plant now so that you'll be in position." Jaynard suggested.

Felina sighed. "I don't really control who goes where but I do have a favor or two I can collect on. So how will you contact me?"

"Here." Jaynard said as he handed Felina a small radio. "This is part of my gear. Keep it on you and I'll contact you."

"Okay." She said putting it in her flight suit. "It's going to be soon, I can feel it." She said grimly.

"Yeah, we all agree about that. Keep loose and be alert for my contact." Jaynard said as he moved off. Felina just nodded and made for the pilot's ready room.

He found the Sergeant just coming from the Commander's Office. He took him to an empty office and laid out his part of the plan. He wasn't surprised to see an unhappy look spread across the old enforcer's face.

"That is insubordination. I've never done anything like this but you don't have to tell me how important it is I do this. But I definitely don't like it. Leave it to me on how to delay him." The Sergeant said grimly. Jaynard nodded and clapped the old enforcer on the back before leaving him alone to do what he needed to. The Sergeant shook his head. Checking his watch, he noted that he had time to do a little tinkering on the flight line and headed there immediately.

The plan was now in motion.

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Chapter 10 by ulyferal

Just as the conspirators feared, Dark Kat set his plan in motion just two days later. It was late evening to Jaynard's surprise. Perhaps the sinister Kat felt darkness would give him the edge against the defenders and catch everyone off guard even more.

He was right. Jaynard nearly missed his arrival since the Fear Ship was nearly silent. He only knew about it because he happened to be patrolling the outer fence line at the time and heard the loud hum of his approach. Looking up, he just made out the completely black Fear Ship as it came over the fence to hover near the entrance to the plant.

Wasting no time, he signaled T-Bone.

At the garage, Chance and Jake were watching a little TV before heading to bed after a very long day working on vehicles. Chance felt the buzz of the signal and nearly jumped from his seat. He controlled himself, pretended to yawn and stretch, and rose from the couch.

"I'm beat. Going to crash now, how about you?" He asked his partner.

"Yeah, you're right, I'm tired too. This waiting is just too draining." Jake said shutting off the TV.

"I know what you mean buddy." Chance said pretending a relaxed but tired mien when really inside he was anxious to leave.

They went upstairs and said good night then disappeared behind their bedroom doors. Chance stood still in the middle of his room and waited tensely. He heard Jake go to the bathroom. He waited until he heard the shower go on before flicking his light off then carefully slipping out his bedroom window which faced the rear of the garage. Using his glovatrix, he had left in his room just in case, he rappelled to the ground and ran toward the other entrance to the hangar.

The tricky part was getting the Turbokat out without alerting his partner. He hurriedly got changed, paused to grab the weapons off Jake's work bench then climbed into the jet and started the engines. Taxiing out, he immediately went to hover mode, the least noisy way to leave the area without Jake hearing him...he hoped.

As soon as he was far enough away, he engaged thrusters and shot away to the Nuclear Power Plant at maximum speed. Upon arrival to the area, he slowed his flight and went to hover. He didn't want Dark Kat to know he was there as yet. He hit the signaler to tell Jaynard he had arrived.

Jaynard had been watching Dark Kat's ship tensely while he waited for T-Bone. The night appearance was skewing some of their plans but they couldn't back out now. He just prayed neither Razor or Feral appeared until they had accomplished what they had planned.

The signaler went off in his pocket. He quickly looked around and spotted the Turbokat hanging just toward the right of the entrance but far enough away that Dark Kat wouldn't have noticed him yet. As for the criminal, he seemed to be waiting for something. Jaynard suspected it was for Viper to get into position before he made his move. This, actually, would make things far easier for the conspirators.

T-Bone grimaced to himself. The plan had already altered significantly from what they had discussed. He just hoped it didn't blow up in their faces. He used his x-ray scanner to locate Jaynard and found him not far away. Carefully, he moved even further away from the entrance and landed.

Jaynard watched T-Bone land inside the fence. He had already alerted the security around the plant of the plan to use the SWAT Kats to take out Dark Kat. None were very happy about that but obeyed orders so no alarm went out when the Turbokat landed. Jaynard trotted over to the jet quickly. The canopy was open as he leaped up onto the wing and dropped into the weapon's seat.

"Well, things have changed from what we hoped." T-Bone said grimly.

"Yes, actually they are better than we could have imagined. Dark Kat is waiting and I'm certain its because he's letting Dr. Viper get into position first. This is a really good thing because now we can take him out just as he moves in to start his plan. The alarm will only just be going out by the time we catch him in the act and take him out." Jaynard said positively as he quickly familiarized himself with the weapon's panel and noted that he needed to install the special laser where Razor had already removed the previous one.

"Yeah, well that's certainly true. I left Razor getting ready for bed so he doesn't have a clue I've even left so I guess you're right." T-Bone said, a little relieved. "How you coming with the install?" He asked as he heard Jaynard moving about behind him.

"Just about got it!" Jaynard grunted. "Have to wire it up now then I'm ready."

T-Bone kept his eyes on Dark Kat's ship. Some tense minutes passed when he spotted movement. "Heads up Jaynard! He's on the move."

"I'm ready!" The Major acknowledged.

The next few minutes were a confusion of noise, alarms, and the sound of battle. Dark Kat fired his lasers at the entrance showing his might. The security bolstered by hidden enforcers opened fire with everything they had which Dark Kat just brushed off with his force field. The Turbokat swept in and engaged Dark Kat for a few moments to make the criminal cocky, over confident and certain no one could take him down then T-Bone lined the jet up for Jaynard to take his shot.

With pinpoint accuracy worthy of his partner, Jaynard scored a direct hit. Razor's weapon did as advertised. Dark Kat's force field went down with a splash of sparks then the ship itself began to shake apart. It was a grim scene, as everyone watched the ship shatter to pieces including its passengers and shower particles no bigger than one's paw all over the landscape.

T-Bone shivered at the total destruction of their enemy. It felt wrong somehow but also a great relief that they would no longer be plagued by him. He was startled by a radio call.

"T-Bone, you there?" Came a familiar voice.

"Yeah, Lieutenant. I didn't think you were on duty?" He asked in surprise.

"I wasn't, but I did stay at headquarters so that I could respond as soon as I got the alert. I raced here ahead of my uncle and the rest of the chopper flight. They are on their way here now. Since the plan has already strayed completely from the original, what do you intend to do now?" Felina asked flying along side the jet.

Jaynard answered, "I think we should just go ahead and use the Turbokat and finish this. We'll be done before Feral and Razor can get here or respond."

"Good idea! I'll stay here and delay my uncle. Where's Razor now by the way?" She asked.

"He's at home and totally unaware of what's going on." T-Bone said grimly.

"Man, I don't envy you later, T-Bone." Felina said in sympathy.

"Yeah, I'm not looking forward to it either. We better get going. See you later, Lieutenant." T-Bone said signing off.

"Good luck!" She said in parting then cut the comm. She quickly moved off to check the damage done by Dark Kat and begin the clean up.

T-Bone sent the Turbokat at maximum speed for Megakat Towers. He took a higher altitude to avoid the arriving enforcer squadron. He left the enforcer channel open to keep an ear for where Feral was at all times.

Meanwhile, at the garage, Jake had heard something while in the shower. He shut the water off and listened. He could swear he had heard the Turbokat. Frowning, he quickly dried off, stepped out of the bathroom and knocked lightly on Chance's door. Getting no answer, he opened it and found it empty.

Cursing furiously, he ran to his room and threw on some underwear then raced down the stairs to the hangar. Checking his work bench first, he screamed in fury when he discovered what Chance had done. Running to his locker, he dressed rapidly then ran for a cyclotron. As he raced for the Nuclear Power Plant he tuned into the enforcer band.



As he raced along, he heard nothing for some miles then as he was within a couple of miles of the plant he heard the battle, the brief chatter from enforcer headquarters, then the explosion and subsequent destruction of Dark Kat's Fear Ship.

He halted the cyclotron just a half a mile from the plant and watched his enemy disintegrate. Inside he was thrilled his weapon had truly worked but at the same time was furious that it hadn't been he that had done the final touch. His partner was going to get an earful when he caught up with him. He switched frequencies to try to reach his partner but was startled to discover he was shut out. His partner had obviously messed with his radio. He looked up when he heard the Turbokat go to maximum thrusters and head back to the city.

Razor gritted his teeth as he realized where his partner was going next. He would not make it there in time to catch up and it pissed him off. Over his radio he heard Feral. Jerking his head back around, he could make out the enforcer squadron arriving at the scene.

'Feral shouldn't be here! He should have been already taken out.' He thought angrily.

In renewed fury, Razor raced his cyclotron toward the entrance where he could see a chopper landing. He arrived, spraying gravel and just in time to prevent Feral from striding toward the plant entrance. He shut his engine and leaped off, dumping his helmet then confronted Feral.

Feral was furious. He had been delayed by numerous problems before he could respond to the alarm at the Nuclear Plant. Some of the problems were suspicious but he couldn't pin down who the culprit was or if it had truly been an unusual series of mishaps. However, the fact he couldn't find Felina or Major Jaynard begged the question that it might have been planned. He couldn't pursue that now. But as he arrived on scene, he could see there was nothing left of his hated enemy. He was both relieved and furious to be deprived of his chance to end it personally.

Now, as if things weren't annoying enough, here was Razor getting in his face.

"Where do you think you're going?" Razor hissed furiously.

"Doing my job!" He spit back then blinked in confusion. "Wait a minute! What are you doing here? And where is your partner?"

Razor scowled angrily and spit out, "He double crossed me and you. He took my weapons and finished Dark Kat."

Feral gaped at him. He never dreamed the big SWAT Kat would do something like this. Wait! If he had done this then he was already on his way to take Viper.

"He's gone to finish Viper!" He said aloud.

"I know!" Razor said angrily. "There's no way we're going to be able to catch him before he finishes the job. We've been screwed."

"Yes, but it was for your own good...both of you!" Came a familiar voice, angrily admonishing them. Felina strode up out of the darkness to confront them. "We couldn't allow you two to ruin your lives for revenge. You need to get past this and move on. You have a different reason now, one that hasn't a choice in the first place." She said firmly.

"Felina! What are you doing here? You were a part of this?" Feral asked in shocked surprise.

"Yes Uncle. Though Dark Kat messed those original plans up a bit, it actually worked better this way and for your information, Razor...it's not T-Bone whose doing the deed. He's just the transport. Major Jaynard is black ops and this is part of his job. His government instructed him to take out the enemy...permanently. That is what he's doing." She told them.

Razor and Feral stood there in shocked surprise. A total stranger was solving their problems for them.

"Don't take it so hard, Razor. It was you after all that made it possible for Jaynard to complete his mission. That should be enough for you both." Felina said quietly then she walked off to leave them alone.

Neither Kat said a word for some moments. Then over Feral's radio they heard an alert.

"Feral here! Report!" Feral barked into it.

"Sir, Dr. Viper had vines growing all over the towers again but the SWAT Kats arrived and fired some weird beam at them and they all shriveled up leaving the building intact if a bit messy then fired a missile at Viper as he was trying to escape that turned him into a liquid pile of goo. That's just nasty, sir. No one is really willing to clean that up. The Turbokat has left already. What are your orders?"

Feral just stared at his radio for a long moment. He took a breath and relayed the normal orders for clean up and clicked off. He lowered the radio and stared at Razor.

"It's over!" He said in stunned amazement.

"Yeah." Razor said, unable to decide whether to be relieved, angry, bitter, or lost. He ended up feeling nothing. In a flat, distant voice, he said, "Don't go near the plant, there's no need for you to anyway. Go home and rest."

Feral just stared at him equally uncertain how to feel about this turn of events. Razor turned and made for his cyclotron. Putting his helmet on, he glanced back at Feral a moment longer, then started his bike and tore away.

Shaking his head in bewilderment, Feral turned around and went back to his chopper. Inside, the Sergeant had been monitoring the radio and was greatly relieved to know it was all over and no one had been hurt especially the ones they had been trying to protect. Feeling better about his part in the plot he engaged the chopper and took his Commander back to headquarters.

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Chapter 11 by ulyferal

Back at Enforcer Headquarters, Feral paid very little attention to things around him. He moved his body by sheer willpower to his office. The Sergeant had eyed him in concern and had suggested he go home but got no response. He decided, despite how tired he himself was, he would wait and see if the Commander went home soon.

Feral went to his desk and stared blindly down at it for several moments, lost in an emotional turmoil he didn't know how to deal with. It took him many more minutes before he actually realized there was a letter laying in the center of his desk. Puzzled he picked it up and began to read.

*"Commander Feral,*

*I know you're upset right now but all those that cared for you and the SWAT Kat felt this was the best way to save you both from a path of self destruction.*

*Please don't be so hard on yourself, get counseling to help you deal with what has happened to you for your sake and your kittens. Take care of yourself.*

*I admire you! You are a great Chief Enforcer and it was an honor working with you. I especially enjoyed your company and the interesting conversations we had together. I'm returning home*

*now, my mission accomplished. Hope to see you again sometime in the future.*

*Sincerely, Major Reece Jaynard."*

Feral lowered the letter and sighed. He was going to miss Jaynard. He had been good company. He was a little angry that the Kat had taken matters into his own paws but he understood duty and Jaynard's need to finish his assignment.

A yawn caught him unaware and he blinked sleepily. He realized he was very tired and should go home. With the serious threat to the city gone at last, he felt he could actually get some real rest for the first time in months. Yawning again, he closed and locked his office taking the letter with him.

The Sergeant sighed in relief when he spotted the Commander leaving headquarters at last. Yawning himself, he followed at a discrete distance to insure his superior reached home safely then finally, made his own way home.

When Razor finally reached home, T-Bone was already there waiting for him. He'd changed back to Chance and was sitting on a stool near a work bench as Razor roared in and shut off the cyclotron. Taking his helmet off slowly, he left it on the seat and walked toward his partner.

Chance just stared at him without a word. He decided to wait and see how Razor would react and respond accordingly.

"That was a very underhanded thing you did." Razor finally said flatly, his paws clenched in fists.

"Maybe, but it was for yours and Feral's own good so I don't feel guilty about it. Jaynard convinced us that this was the best way to solve our problem and his. He was tasked with finishing his mission by taking out those two permanently. Jaynard simply had a better chance of accomplishing it by using your inventions. He said they worked flawlessly and complimented you on your talents. He wished there were more of you to help them fight crime better. I said there's only one Razor and he's mine. He laughed and said I was a lucky Kat." Chance said quietly.

"Felina told Feral and I that. It still feels...I feel cheated somehow...but at the same time relieved. I'm confused!" Razor said distantly as he stripped off his uniform and moved to his locker.

Chance followed him and stood near as his friend changed clothes. "I know buddy. But it would be better if you just let that go. They are gone, concentrate on moving forward now." He said soothingly.

"I can't! Feral is still pregnant with my kit!" He said in a choked voice.

Chance moved forward and wrapped his arms around his partner. Jake wouldn't cry but accepted his partner's attempts to comfort him. They stood that way for some minutes before Jake finally pulled away.

"I'd appreciate it if you would let me handle this alone." Jake said flatly.

"Okay. If that's what you want. You know I'm here for you if you should change your mind." Chance said quietly.

"Yeah, I know...thanks." Jake said, his voice tired.

"Let's go to bed. Tomorrow's a new day." Chance said softly, coaxing his friend to head for bed. Jake didn't protest as they headed back upstairs.

*A few weeks later...*

Chance watched his partner continue to brood. Felina and the Sergeant, watched Feral spiral emotionally out of control. Despite repeated attempt to coax him into counseling, he stubbornly refused. Because of their identity issues, Chance didn't even have that option and was at his wits end at how to help his emotionally distraught partner.

The Commander just wasn't the type to unburden himself to a stranger so continued to tough it out. The kittens very real presence was a constant reminder of the true state of affairs for him. He could no longer hide his very obvious belly so he grimly went about his day, firmly ignoring the whispers and looks he got from his enforcers.

Meanwhile, Jake retreated within himself to Chance's dismay. He was worse now than when he'd been seeking revenge.

On top of that, the three watched helplessly as Feral and Razor clashed nearly all the time. It felt like a storm was brewing which seemed odd since Feral didn't blame Razor for his condition but every time they met it was with barely restrained fireworks.

It was confusing to the outsiders to understand what was going on in the pair's mind and why they seemed ready to go for each other's throats. It made for a strained atmosphere that was wearing on the ones that cared about them.

Things came to a tragic head some days later when Hard Drive made a run on the vault at a small bank on the outskirts of town. Apparently, he was short of cash and thought his chances of getting some and escaping with it would be easier at a smaller bank. Seems, with Dark Kat and Viper gone, he thought it best to get out of town. However, his clever plan was sabotaged by an alert night guard.

Before Hard Drive could get away with some ten thousand in loot, the enforcers were there as well as the SWAT Kats, who happened to be making an evening patrol. Feral should have been to bed but insomnia plagued him too often now so he heard the alert over his radio and quickly went down to the flight line.

The Sergeant and Felina were on day shift so they could monitor him hence, they were not on duty when the call came in and Feral was still at headquarters. Since he wasn't allowed to take a combat position, he ordered a pilot to take him to the site.

He arrived just after the SWAT Kats took down the techno crook with a trick that had worked before. Trapping the crook in an insulated missile. His enforcers were already taking it into custody when he pulled up.

Growling angrily, he stopped the pair from leaving and lit into them. Razor's ears flattened to his head and a low growl was emanating from his chest. T-Bone sighed mentally, surprised he wasn't giving in to anger as was his wont in the face of one of Feral's tirades...he just felt sad.

Feral's rant ended abruptly when a sharp and agonizing pain sliced through him. He gave a sharp cry of pain and doubled over. Razor quickly reached out to the dark tom as his legs slid out from under him and he went down.

Afraid of what might mean, T-Bone called out urgently to the enforcers nearby. An officer responded quickly, calling medical aid as he and a few others ran to their commander's side.

Razor held Feral in his arms as the big tom writhed in intense pain.

Feral grit his teeth but couldn't stop his cries from escaping. It felt like a knife was being plunged into his belly along with strong, intense cramping making him writhe in agony.

A siren was heard getting closer and moments later, the medics arrived. The SWAT Kats explained what happened when asked by the pair of medics that climbed out of the ambulance.

Their faces were grim as they knelt down beside the stricken tom.

The older of the two EMT'S took Feral's vitals. "Blood pressure is dropping, he's sweaty and diaphoretic. He's obviously going into shock. Let's get an IV on board quickly. We've got to package him and go. I don't like how's breathing nor how pale he's getting. " He said tensely as he injected things to help with pain and shock.

His partner quickly got an IV going then pulled the gurney closer so they could lift Feral on it. The SWAT Kats and two other enforcers took a section of Feral's body.

"Alright everybody, lift at the count of three. One...two...three!" He barked. Everyone lifted at the same time and lowered the big tom gently onto the gurney. The drugs hadn't had time to ease the pain yet so Feral couldn't help but yowl when he was lifted and laid down again.

"We'll take you in the Turbokat. It'll be faster!" T-Bone said quickly as he helped move the gurney to the jet as Razor opened the cargo hold.

Feral was rolled in and Razor cinched the gurney into floor cleats to hold it steady. The medics took jump seats Razor had pulled down. He closed the cargo doors then climbed back up to his seat, giving T-Bone the go ahead to take off.

T-Bone sent the jet into a gentle lift so as not to put too much pressure on Feral then went into forward motion. It took him ten minutes to reach Megakat Trauma Hospital. The trauma team was waiting for them as soon as the Turbokat touched down.

Feral was quickly rolled out and rushed inside. His clothes were cut off as a team of doctors and nurses swarmed around him. He was barely aware enough to answer all their questions as a cold and heavy feeling began to drag his body and mind down. The pain was dulled somewhat by the drugs but he sensed he was dying.

"He's miscarrying and bleeding far too much!" The lead doctor said urgently as he packed Feral's vagina to try and slow the bleeding enough to get him to surgery. "Start two plasma packs now! Have at least four more sent to the operating room." He ordered.

Feral was wheeled upstairs to a waiting surgery suite. That first whiff of gas was all it took to send him to sleep.

Razor had Insisted on staying. He had be sure Feral would be alright so T-Bone didn't try to argue with him about how it would look...the SWAT Kats staying around in concern for their antagonist. Instead, he left for a few minutes to remove the Turbokat from the hospital's landing pad.

While T-Bone was gone, Razor contacted Felina. She had given them her phone number in case they had need of her. She was upset to learn of what had happened and told him she would be there as fast as possible. T-Bone returned and kept vigil with him. Only fifteen minutes later, Felina arrived and stood with them. No one felt like saying anything.

It was two hours later when the doctor responsible for Feral's case and the surgeon came out to speak to Felina.

"Your uncle will be alright. It was a good thing he had been brought in so quickly since he apparently had been bleeding unknowingly for possibly thirty minutes when his body went into premature labor. The contractions sped the bleeding up so that when he arrived he was in severe shock and near death. The placenta had detached from the uterine wall causing the crisis. I did a D & C to clean out the remains of the failed pregnancy, gave him another two units of blood and now he's stable. He should recover fairly quickly now." The surgeon explained quietly.

"The kitten..." Razor blurted before he could stop himself.

The trauma doctor looked at him in surprise but answered. "I'm sorry but the pregnancy wasn't viable. The foetus wasn't properly formed. If not for the placental abruption, he might have carried it to term and delivered a dead kitten. Believe me, it was kinder this way. Nothing he did or didn't do could have changed the outcome." He said gently.

Razor swallowed his pain and nodded unable to say anything more.

"Thank you! I appreciate all you've done for my uncle. When can he have visitors?" Felina asked softly, grief settling over her for her uncle and the loss of his kitten.

"He's going into recovery now. When he's stable, he'll be taken to a private room on the surgery floor rather than the maternity ward where he normally would have gone. I'll be checking on him later this evening but you can see him in about an hour. Go to the fourth floor and the nurses will know what room he's going to and you can wait there." The doctor said.

Felina nodded her thanks and the doctors headed off down the hall. She reached a tentative paw out to Razor's shoulder but the smaller SWAT Kat suddenly shot away for the exit. Felina stared after him sadly.

"I keep wishing this would be over but with the loss of the kitten, I don't think things will get any better." T-Bone said tiredly, a deep sadness lacing his voice.

"No, I'm afraid you're right there, T-Bone." Felina said sighing. T-Bone gave her a pat on the back and went after his partner.

He caught up to Razor who was standing on the hospital roof, just staring blindly off into the distance. T-Bone gently placed a comforting paw on his partner's shoulder.

"Let's go home, buddy. There's nothing we can do here now." He said quietly. He pushed his friend toward the part of the roof that was across from where he had parked the jet. Shooting out his grappling hook toward the other roof, he wrapped a powerful arm around his partner's waist and swung them over. He hadn't wanted to take a chance on Razor trying to do this in his upset emotional state.

He pulled them up onto the other roof. Razor made no complaint as his partner deposited him on his feet. He followed T-Bone to the jet, hopped aboard and stayed silent the whole way home.

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Chapter 12 by ulyferal

When they arrived at the hangar, Razor hurriedly jumped down, stripped and fled to his room. T-Bone grimaced in sorrow knowing how much pain his partner was in and helpless to do anything about it. He slowly changed his clothes and went upstairs, made himself something light to eat then watched some TV for a while.

He prayed tomorrow would be a little better but he didn't hold out much hope.

The next morning, Jake came down well after lunch looking grief-stricken and exhausted. His eyes held a haunted look that was hard for Chance to ignore. Against his partner's wishes, he hauled Jake off to Atakata Island for the rest of the day. They didn't do anything but walk the beach and lay in the sun for a couple of hours just soaking up the heat. By evening, Jake looked a little better though he was still too quiet for the tabby's piece of mind but it was an improvement.

While the bigger of the SWAT Kats tried to cope with his partner's moodiness, Feral spent three days in the hospital and only two weeks returning to normal health. His emotional health, however...Felina was at her wit's end. Her uncle was being torn up inside and still he wouldn't let anyone comfort him. It had gotten so bad, she was even willing to call up her father and have him

come to see his brother but she didn't...at least not yet. But, God how she wanted to.

Though relieved at no longer being pregnant, Feral also felt guilty. Though he had been told it wasn't his fault the kitten died, he still couldn't shake the terrible feeling that he might have been responsible in some way especially since he hadn't wanted it in the first place.

This final blow was more than his strong will could take. His grief and emotional pain made him impossible to be around. Those closest to him were both exasperated and extremely worried about his state of mind.

Finally, the Sergeant decided to consult someone he knew. Without giving a name, he asked what could be done. The answer stunned him. He quickly contacted Felina and T-Bone and had them meet him at a secluded place to talk.

The Sergeant was dressed in civilian clothes as was Felina when she arrived. It was dusk and they were meeting at a closed, old gas station not far from the salvage yard. T-Bone took a circuitous route so the other two couldn't tell where he had come from. He arrived shortly after Felina on his cyclotron.

The Sergeant had parked his car in some bushes nearby while Felina had parked her jeep directly behind the old building. T-Bone had parked his bike beside hers. Shutting off his bike, he climbed off, laid his helmet on the seat then leaned against it.

"Okay, so why the secret meeting?" T-Bone asked, beating Felina to the question.

"I went and saw an acquaintance of mine who happens to be a therapist. I gave him a very tiny sketch of what was going on without naming names or descriptions. He was reluctant to tell me anything based on so little background but I told him it was urgent and that we'd tried everything to get these two help but nothing worked. He relented and finally gave me some truly surprising advice." The Sergeant said.

"Oh, what was surprising about it?" Felina asked.

"He said lock the two of them together in a room with only a mattress on the floor, a blanket, some pillows, a box of tissue, and a cooler with a couple of wet wash cloths and several bottles of water then leave them." The Sergeant explained.

"Say what? That's nuts!" T-Bone blurted out, standing up suddenly from his slouch on the bike.

"I thought so too but he said sometimes emotional pain this large needs just plain confrontation to resolve it. They will either talk it out or, as he thinks is more likely in this case, quite literally beat the shit out of each other until they can't stand and are completely exhausted. Once physically drained then the emotional release can occur in the form of tears. I told him these two were very reserved and not much on showing their emotions. He told me they were even more likely to break down completely just for that reason. Simply because they needed it more than others who freely showed their emotions." The Sergeant finished.

"Uh, well that has a sort of twisted logic about it." Felina said, a little nonplused at the solution.

T-Bone was shaking his head in disbelief. "He has got to be kidding. They just might kill each other instead."

"He really doesn't think so. Admittedly he was hampered by my meager amount of information but he insists since I told him they were very moral Kats and that one wasn't blaming the other for what had happened that this would help relieve the logjam of emotions going on now. Otherwise they are going to make a fatal mistake in their jobs because they are so distracted by their pain." The Sergeant said seriously.

"Well, when you put it that way, it sounds like the only choice we have." T-Bone sighed in reluctant agreement.

"I have to agree. We can't let them go on like this. So how do we grab and where do we stash them for this?" Felina asked, accepting what they had to do and willing to get to it immediately.

"Well that's the part I'm uncertain about and why I asked you here so we could come up with an idea." The Sergeant said, shrugging his shoulders and spreading his paws to indicate the ball was in their court now.

"Hmm, well there's the old Richert Factory. It's been closed for a year now and it has many storerooms some with only tiny windows for light in them. It had been used from some smugglers a few months ago so I've had a good look at it. A few of the pilferable storage rooms are very sturdy and have heavy doors that can be locked. How's that?" Felina said after a moments thought.

"Sounds good for stashing them but now how do we get them there?" T-Bone asked.

"That actually may be the easier part. I tell my uncle that I think the smugglers have returned but there's no certainty and ask if he'd like to check it out with me before having a squad go in. You could do the same with Razor by taking him on patrol then swinging by here." Felina suggested.

"Okay, that will work. So when?" T-Bone said, pleased with the simplicity of the plan.

"We have to set the place up first. How about we meet at the factory day after tomorrow, Thursday, a couple of hours before dark. Should take us only an hour or so to clean up a room and set it up." Felina suggested.

"Hmm, I can do it. I can even find a good mattress for the room." T-Bone grunted in agreement.

"Works for me. Want me to bring the cooler, water, tissue and wash cloths?" The Sergeant asked.

"Yeah, you do that and I'll bring the blankets, pillows and cleaning supplies. Until Thursday, around six p.m." Felina said. The other two nodded and they all left for their respective homes.

Thursday was cloudy and threatened rain when the three met up again. T-Bone had used the hoverkat to bring the mattress. They parked inside the loading dock area. When T-Bone glided in and parked, Felina closed the roll doors behind him.

"Okay, so now what?" T-Bone asked as he got out of the hoverkat to join the pair.

"Well, let's go take a look at the choices we have. Here, grab some of the cleaning supplies..." Felina said as she grabbed a bucket of water with sponges from her jeep. The Sergeant and T-Bone grabbed mops, brooms, dustpans, garbage bags and bottled cleaners then they followed Felina further into the building.

She went through a door at the back of the loading area. This led to a hall filled with offices. She passed them by and passed the elevator. No one was willing to try that in a building that had been closed a year. She continued on down the hall till they came to a door that opened to a dark staircase. She flicked a light switch on and they went down the wide stairs. At the bottom was a wide hall with many doors. At random they each opened doors and checked the interiors of the rooms. Too many of them were filled with junk and would take too long to empty. Finally they found five that might work. They studied each one critically for ease of cleaning, the strength of the door, the lightning, and whether the lock was still working.

Finally, they picked one that met all their needs and began to work. After a couple of hours they were tired and dirty but the room was clean and ready to be set up. They went back up to their vehicles and collected the supplies they had brought for it.



T-Bone placed the mattress up against a corner wall away from the door. Beside it the Sergeant set the cooler filled with ice, four bottles of water, two wash cloths in a baggy and a large box of tissue. Felina made the bed up. The final touch was some work out tiles that T-Bone had brought. The Sergeant and Felina helped him fit them together to make a good size area covered in the soft rubber material. It was bad enough that the pair would be beat and bloody from pounding each other without getting badly hurt by the hard cement floor as well.

"Nice touch, T-Bone. Glad you thought of it." Felina said, pleased by his thoughtfulness.

"Yeah, thanks. Well we're ready. Now we have to get them here. When do you want to do this?" T-Bone asked.

"Tomorrow! That way they can go home and recover over the weekend. It wouldn't look real good for them to try to return to work wrung out and looking like they did three rounds with Dark Kat." Felina said grimly.

"Okay, but it can't be early in the day. It wouldn't look good if Feral came up missing during working hours. Would he think it strange that you ask him to check this out closer to quitting time?" T-Bone asked.

"Well..." Felina began before being interrupted.

"Excuse me Lieutenant, but I think I should be the one who tells him about the lie. He won't suspect me. Then you just happen to drop by to see him as you usually do. He'll automatically ask you to go with him to check it out." The Sergeant said.

"Huh! You do know my uncle really well, don't you?" Felina said in amusement. "Yeah, that sounds like a great idea and he will never suspect me of doing something nefarious either."

"As for me, I'll ask Razor to go on a testing flight. We have a firing obstacle course in the desert we use and I'll suggest we go out there for a bit. When we're done, if you'll set off an alarm that you send only to me on frequency 47, I'll coax Razor to go along to check it out." T-Bone said.

"Okay, I can do that. But you'll have to be here quickly before my uncle suspects something." Felina warned.

"Roger. We'd better set a time and synchronize our watches." T-Bone said.

"We'll set the trap for four-fifteen. It's eight-ten and six seconds...mark!" Felina called out. Everyone set their watches on the mark. "Okay guys. Here's hoping we pull this off. See you tomorrow." She said with a sigh.

The Sergeant and T-Bone nodded solemnly. They went back up to the main floor and departed their separate ways.

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Chapter 13 by ulyferal

Friday morning shone bright and sunny, the rain having blown off the night before. The day was fairly normal. As the afternoon dragged on, the Sergeant was getting more and more nervous. He wished the day to be over already.

At the salvage yard, Chance was hurrying but trying not to appear he was doing that, as he worked on the cars waiting repair. His partner was still broody, so was not paying attention to his friend.

By two-thirty, the cars were finished. Jake looked a bit bemused by the fact they were finished so early.

"Come on buddy, let's you and me go out for an hour of target practice? I'm feeling antsy and want to get some flying in." Chance said as he wiped his paws off. He was relieved to see the last customer leave through the gate. It had been cutting it fine, getting done in time.

"I guess we could use some practice time." Jake said somewhat reluctantly as he helped Chance close the garage and gate to the yard.

It didn't take long before they were screaming along the canyon pathways taking out targets Razor had set up some weeks before. It was exhilarating and had helped to loosen his partner up to T-Bone's relief. He checked his watch and noted it was time to set the trap in motion.

"Well I think that's enough for the day, buddy. Let's go home and get something to eat." He said nonchalantly.

"Sounds good, T-Bone. It was a good practice." Razor agreed easily.

Sighing inwardly, T-Bone deliberately took a more northerly route back. Razor frowned and wondered why his partner was veering away so far from their home.

"I thought we'd pass over the city for a brief patrol before quitting for the night." T-Bone said, divining his friend's unspoken thoughts.

"Oh, guess that's a good idea. Been quiet lately which is a good thing." Razor said agreeably.

Right on time, T-Bone received the alert and made sure Razor heard it through his headphones.

"Hmm, we're not far from there, why don't we check it out?" T-Bone asked casually, though his heart was pounding hard. He never liked to lie to his partner.

"Alright by me!" Razor said.

Sighing inwardly, T-Bone veered the jet toward the Rickert Factory.

Meanwhile at Enforcer Headquarters, the Sergeant noted the time and took a deep breath. Taking hold of the Commander's door handle, he briskly opened it and strode up to his superior's desk. Feral looked up at him questioningly.

"Sir, I heard a rumor that those smugglers may have returned to the Richert Factory. There's been no official confirmation on that but I thought you should hear about it." The Sergeant said formally.

Before Feral could answer, Felina came in on cue. She walked up to his desk and dropped a report on it. She didn't say anything and looked at the Sergeant inquiringly as she waited for her uncle to acknowledge her.

Feral frowned a little at her interruption and distractedly picked up the report but didn't look at it as he responded to the Sergeant's report.

"Hmm, I think a patrol should go and have a look and let dispatch know if they see anything suspicious." He ordered.

Felina felt her heart stutter a moment but kept her face bland. "What's up, Uncle?" She asked casually.

Feral glanced at her but signaled the Sergeant to repeat his report. After the Sergeant had done so, Felina pretended to be thinking about it.

"Uncle, they shouldn't be coming back there. We beat them soundly and arrested the leaders.

Perhaps something or someone else is thinking of taking over their operation thinking we wouldn't go back there again since it had been exposed. It'd be a canny thing to do. Why don't we go check it out? The last thing we need is a smarter than average crook starting up the catnip trade again. Besides you've been cooped up in here all day, getting out would do you good." She coaxed, hoping she tweaked his curiosity enough to get him to go.

The Sergeant and her held their breath as Feral frowned and stared at his niece for a long moment.

"Perhaps you're right, Felina. Very well, let's you and I check it out." Feral grunted finally. He got up from his desk, put away his files and locked up others then stepped down and made for his coat.

Behind his back, Felina and the Sergeant traded relieved looks before schooling their faces back to the business at paw.

"Take care of those reports, Sergeant." Feral said gesturing to a small pile of folders on the end of his desk.

"Yes sir!" The Sergeant said briskly moving to retrieve the folders while behind him Felina and Feral left for the elevator, taking it down to the lobby. As she hoped, he was taking his sedan. As soon as they reached the factory, she would alert T-Bone.

Her uncle parked his car in the alley and they went in the side door, Felina had a key. The interior was gloomy and they pulled out their weapons and began their search. Felina paused a moment to press the jury-rigged alarm then hurried to catch up to her uncle.

Only five minutes later, the SWAT Kats arrived. T-Bone landed the jet on a roof opposite the building in question. They rappelled down to the ground and made for the main door. Razor used his glovatrix to get them inside. T-Bone took point once they were in and pretended to search the top floor before leading Razor down to the basement.

Felina and her uncle were in the basement already and were nearing the room the conspirators had set up. Behind them they heard a noise, Feral whirled around and pointed his laser pistol at T-Bone as he and Razor came into view.

"What are you two doing here?" Feral growled angrily.

"Caught an alarm for the building, thought we'd check it out. Seems you were doing the same." T-Bone said innocently, shrugging his shoulders.

Feral was about to argue when Felina interrupted him.

"Uncle, look at this!" She called him urgently, standing before the open door of the trap.

Hissing in annoyance, Feral turned away from the pair and went to the indicated room. T-Bone stood still a moment letting Razor precede him. Razor's curiosity was getting the better of him so he didn't notice that his partner was lagging behind strangely.

"What the heck is this?" Feral rumbled in confusion, staring at the prepared room.

Razor stepped in behind him and looked around in puzzlement as well. At that moment, T-Bone stepped to the doorway, tossed a quick acting gas capsule into the room then quickly slammed the door shut.

"Why did you gas them?" Felina said in shocked anger.

"Because they are armed and there was no other way to take their weapons from them." T-Bone

said simply.

"Oh, crud, we forgot about that," She said in chagrin.

"Yeah, I know. I just realized that as we were coming down here." The tabby said equally annoyed at himself. "I least I did remember or the whole plot would have failed."

"Good thing...whoops! Someone didn't pass out immediately!" Felina said as they heard a loud thump against the door.

"Huh! Probably your uncle or Razor or both. They would have tried to hold their breath but Razor made that pretty potent so it would work quickly." T-Bone said shrugging his shoulders.

"How long will they be out?" She asked.

"About ten minutes. They should be unconscious now. Hold your breath when I open the door." T-Bone warned as he reached for the door nob and opened it. The residue of the gas rushed out then dissipated.

On the floor near the door was Feral and Razor. Working quickly T-Bone and Felina began to strip the pair. T-Bone removed his partner's weapons harness, glovatrix, his helmet and emptied his pockets. Felina removed her uncle's coat, tie, belt, shoes, weapon and emptied his pockets. She searched him for other weapons then nodded that she was finished just as T-Bone finished as well.

"Okay, lets lock them in. You have the note?" T-Bone asked as he prepared to close the door.

"Oh, yes." Felina reached into her uniform pocket and took out the note they had composed the other day. She laid it near her uncle so that he would see it when he woke.

A groan warned them time was up. The pair quickly left the room and locked the door. They left for the upper floor.

"You know, this is the part we didn't discuss. How long do we leave them and shouldn't one of us stay and guard, ensuring no one bothers them and to let them out when they are ready?" T-Bone asked.

"You're right! Well, can you take the first shift? I have to return to headquarters with my uncle's vehicle so no one sees it here." Felina said.

"Yeah, we were done for the day so I can stay. Any TV around here?" He asked looking around.

"Hmm, yeah I saw one in the front offices. Going to watch a little screen?" She said in amusement.

"Well I don't want to be listening in especially when they reach the weepy stage. Though I will keep an ear during the fight first. I hope that therapist is right and they don't try to kill each other." T-Bone said in concern.

"So do I. If it does go sour, contact me immediately." She said firmly.

"Yeah, I'll do that but first I'll toss another gas capsule in to stop the mayhem." The big tabby said, grimly.

"Good idea! Okay, I'm off. Here's hoping it works out. I'll see you around seven p.m.." She told him as she made to leave. He just nodded and started to move back down the stairs as she hurried out of the building.

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Chapter 14 by ulyferal

"Ohhhh...Kat's Alive! I hate being gassed." Feral groaned as he managed to roll to a seated position.

"Umph...I can second that!" Razor hissed angrily as he too sat up slowly. "I want to bash my partner's head in for doing that once I find out why he did it."

Feral blinked in shock. "Your partner did this to us?"

"Yeah. I recognized the gas. It's one of mine." Razor said flatly, looking around.

Feral started to move when his palm encountered the note. Frowning, he picked it up and began to read it. His eyes widened and he was shaking with anger by the time he finished it.

Razor had seen him pick up the note and watched him as he read it. His eyes narrowed behind his mask as he saw Feral turn to him, fury flashing in his golden eyes.

"Here you read it!" Feral hissed, barely able to contain himself from ripping the note to pieces.

Razor took it from Feral and read:

*"Dear Uncle Ulysses and Razor,*

*Sorry we had to do this but it's for yours and Razor's own good. A therapist suggested we put the two of you together and allow you to work out your obvious pain and anger. How you do this is your own affair. We have provided you with all that you need and will be keeping guard over you but you will not be released until you solve your problems with each other. We are praying for a good outcome.*

*Sincerely,*

*Felina, The Sergeant, T-Bone"*

Razor reread the note and still couldn't believe what he was reading. He looked up and saw Feral had gotten to his feet and was banging on the door. Dropping the note, Razor went to his side and checked the lock. He searched his pockets and discovered he had been stripped.

"Damn it! He's taken everything off me and insured the lock and door were very strong." Razor snarled.

"They did the same to me." Feral said bitterly. "So now what do we do?" He asked angrily, glaring at Razor.

"Don't look at me! I'm stuck here too!" Razor growled.

"They planned this! If you two hadn't interfered in enforcer business we wouldn't be here." Feral snapped back.

"Oh funny, haha! Don't lay that crap on me. T-Bone's the one who decided to check out an alarm which was probably set by your niece." Razor rumbled flatly. "Doesn't matter how it happened, we're still stuck here until we 'discuss' our issues."

"I have nothing to say to you!" Feral bite off.

"Same here!" The smaller SWAT Kat snapped.

They both walked around the room and avoided each other. They poked and prodded at every

corner looking for a weakness of any kind but their 'captors' had been very careful to ensure they could not find a way out.

They met again in the middle of the room, fuming.

Feral felt a slow burn of frustration building within him. 'How dare they interfere? If he wanted to wallow in his misery, it was no one's business but his own.' He thought angrily. 'I hate being psychoanalyzed! I wish everyone would just stay out of my head!'

Razor glanced at Feral from the corner of his eye. He could see the tom was building up a fine fury and it was only a matter of time before it spilled all over him. He didn't know what to think of what Felina and his partner had done. It was obvious the two...no three...somehow Feral's Sergeant had also been part of this...were very concerned for the both of them.

'Was it that obvious?' He wondered. A grimace flashed across his face for a moment. 'Hell yeah, it had been obvious.' He thought bitterly. He was miserable and angry. Feral had pushed him away during the whole sorry affair and it rankled. He had been the father and he was grieving too, dammit, but Feral insisted in pretending it was in the past and had no bearing on the now. But neither of them were moving on. The grief hadn't been released and still clung to them both.

"It was my kitten too! I'm hurting just like you are but you act like it never happened...but it did and...I...can't ...forget...about...it!" Razor finally shouted angrily. "It's not going to go away. It happened! Okay! It happened and you are going to face that!"

Feral glared at him. "Or what!" He snarled furiously, fur fluffing up.

"I'll make you feel it!" Razor hissed suddenly as he charged Feral. Months of frustrated emotions spilled out in a flurry of fists.

Feral found himself being driven back against a wall as Razor came at him hard and fast. As the first few blows rained down on his chest, arms and face, he was momentarily stunned by the fury behind the strikes but he quickly recovered and began getting in his own licks.

He slapped out with one of his large fist and connected with Razor's chest, sending him flying to the opposite side of the room.

Razor was made of sterner stuff and was on his feet in a second, charging the big tom again. Ducking under a power house swing, he dropped to the floor and swept Feral's feet out from under him.

Feral rolled quickly and was back on his feet. He caught a flying kick meant for his head and twisted Razor down and to the floor. He tried to pin the slippery smaller Kat but Razor used both his legs to kick Feral solidly backward.

For the next hour they traded blows using a variety of different fighting skills. Razor's smaller size allowed him to duck and weave quickly and be able to strike devastating blows that truly hurt then ducking away again.

Feral's larger size and powerful frame allowed him to absorb most of the blows that would have taken out a lesser opponent. He used that to his advantage to catch the faster moving Razor and deliver some hard hits of his own.

They hit the floor and walls rather frequently and were beginning to leave blood painting the surfaces they encountered.

Outside the door, T-Bone listened anxiously. So far the fight seemed to be evenly matched. Neither seemed to be winning over the other. He was relieved about that, it told him they were not out to kill each other but were going to punish each other thoroughly before they were

through. Sighing, he went back upstairs and let them be.

Feral's greater size and strength finally overcame Razor's speed and agility. Exhaustion probably had a lot to do with it though as Razor was beginning to tire. The dark tom feinted a right hook and Razor bought it. That was all Feral needed to snatch the smaller Kat from the air and pin him in a half nelson on the floor. As skilled as Razor was, there was no way he was getting out of this hold.

They stayed in that position on the floor, panting and dripping blood for several minutes.

"Concede!" Feral panted into Razor's ear.

"Never!" Razor hissed.

"You can't escape. Concede!" The dark tom spit angrily.

"I...won't...concede! You'll have to break something first." The smaller Kat said tightly.

Feral froze. He realized he couldn't do that. He couldn't deliberately hurt Razor and that made him even angrier. He tightened his hold and Razor choked, clawing Feral's arms as his air was cut off. As he struggled desperately, Feral suddenly released him and rolled away to lie on his back and stare at the ceiling.

Razor laid still coughing and choking as he recovered. Finally he was able to roll to his side and stare at Feral laying not far away.

Only the sound of their harsh breathing was heard for many minutes then Razor kicked out with one foot and caught Feral hard in his hip sending him across the floor.

Snarling in fury, Feral rolled to a squat and lunged for Razor who was a tad slow in getting away. The big tom's arms wrapped around the smaller tom's thighs and dragged him to the floor. Razor smacked him in the head hard enough to rock Feral's head back and seeing stars. It had the effect of making Feral let go.

Scrambling to his feet, Razor crouched, waiting for Feral to come at him again. Shaking his ringing head, Feral got to his feet and stared at his opponent with narrowed eyes. They were both tired but the anger still burned.

"It's my body that suffered...not yours. You have no reason beyond the conception to be involved in any way about what occurred and how I deal with it!" Feral said coldly.

"That's where you're wrong! It takes two to create life and it doesn't matter that it was forced, I was still responsible for its existence. Now that it's gone, I have as much right to grieve as you. I'm angry because I could see the toll it was taking on you and wanted desperately to comfort you and in turn get comforted but you pushed me away...repeatedly. I'm not made of stone...I hurt...I grieve...I want you! You make it so damn hard to care but you're burned into my mind and body and I can't put you away. If that makes you unhappy...too bad!" Razor said in anguish, his throat closing with unshed tears.

Feral reared back in shock. He turned away suddenly, unable to face the grief in the smaller SWAT Kats face. It made the cold knot in his chest tighten even more, the pain and grief welling up and trying to choke him. He didn't want this...he didn't want to feel...it was soo much easier shoving it away and being cold and strong. Breaking down emotionally just wasn't his thing...but the anguish was too intense, the memory too fresh for him to hide it behind the wall in his mind where he'd tried to keep it. His sleep was haunted with dreams of dead kittens and he'd wake screaming, a cold sweat beading his skin. Closing his eyes to rest was now something he dreaded.

Suddenly, he felt a strong pair of arms wrap themselves around his waist. He shuddered and kept his eyes closed not wanting to see the one holding him.

"Let go...Ulysses...let go! We've both been fighting so hard and trying to be so strong that we're actually losing everything important to us. I don't know about you but I'd like to be able to sleep again. We're dead if we don't deal with this. It messes with our heads too much!" Razor pleaded anxiously against Feral's throat, being too short to reach the tom's face.

Feral shuddered again and swallowed hard, a tear escaped from under his closed lids despite his effort at reigning in his emotions.

Razor allowed his own tears to fall as he hugged the big tom tighter in his arms.

Unable to hold his head up any longer, Feral let it drop to rest on top of the cinnamon tom's, surrendering to the embrace and draping his own arms above Razor's. He still could not let go so trembled on the edge for a long time as they stood there leaning on each other, silent and still.

Felina walked into the factory trailed by the Sergeant. They followed the sound of a TV to an office where T-Bone was sitting on an old office chair with his feet on the desk and watching something on the set.

He looked up when they walked into the room. "Hi, so far they didn't try to kill each other and the last time I checked, about an hour ago, it had quieted down. Wish we could look in and see how they are doing but I don't dare open the door." He said, not bothering to get up.

"Well that's good news. I wish we could peek in too but you're right it not worth the risk." Felina sighed, turning to the Sergeant, she asked, "Want to go down with me and do a little hard listening?"

"Sure! I hope there's something good to hear." He said with a sigh.

Felina just nodded and went back out to the hallway and made for the stair leading down. Flicking the switch on, they quietly walked down to the basement then to the door behind which was silence. Felina and the Sergeant leaned against the door and listened hard but still there was nothing but silence.

Eyeing each other in concern, they moved back from the door to talk softly.

"What do you think? Asleep, maybe?" Felina asked the Sergeant.

"It's truly hard to tell without opening the door." The Sergeant said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, if they were fighting an hour ago, it may be likely they are asleep or just silent with each other. I guess all we can do is wait and watch. It might not be until morning before they ask to be let out." Felina said, frowning thoughtfully.

"You're probably right. Let's go back to the SWAT Kat and set up a monitoring schedule." The Sergeant said, already walking back toward the stairs.

"Yeah, okay." She said, giving the door a parting look before following him.

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Chapter 15 by ulyferal

The Sergeant stepped back into the office T-Bone had commandeered with Felina close behind him.

"We need to set up a monitoring schedule. Since tomorrow is Saturday, I volunteer for the next



four hours." The Sergeant said.

"Okay, then I'll take the next four hours. That means you'll be the one to release them in the morning T-Bone." Felina said looking at the tom who was getting to his feet.

"Humph! Wonderful! Hope things will be settled by then. I'd hate to think we wasted all this time and still had a pair of unhappy toms who will be very angry with us." T-Bone said drily.

"Well, there was nothing else we could have done so we'll just have to deal with the consequences whatever they end up being." Felina said shrugging her shoulders, taking a fatalistic attitude.

T-Bone sighed and nodded. He and Felina took their leave of the Sergeant who sat in the seat T-Bone had vacated and flicked through the channels looking for something to watch.

Meanwhile in the locked basement room, Razor could feel Feral beginning to shudder more and his mask was getting damper from not just his own tears but the big tom's that were dripping down from his head where Feral still rested his face.

The smaller tom still had the presence of mind to realize they couldn't stand for very long due to their gradually waning strength so he slowly pulled the other tom to the floor. They went down more or less gracefully as only Kats can. Soon they were huddled together on the floor sharing their silent tears.

Feral wasn't given to sobbing and neither was Razor so they continued to cling to each other as their silent tears fell and their bodies shuddered in each other arms.

Time had no meaning as the pair's grief poured out. Eventually, though, the tears finally ceased leaving an exhausted and emotionally wrung out pair of toms.

Razor raised his face away first. Feral's gold eyes were red rimmed and there was a lost and sad look in them. The cinnamon tom tentatively began to groom Feral's face gently, licking the wet cheek fur.

Feral gave a long sigh and closed his eyes, accepting the tenderness offered. His arms lay limply around Razor's waist. He felt drained of all emotion but sadness. The tears had washed away his anguish and pain, dulling it down to a more manageable level, and Razor's gentle attention was something he had craved for a long time but refused to admit it. He had tried hard to deny that he needed anyone or that he was truly lonely. Razor's grooming was soothing to his battered soul and was very welcome. He was far too tired to analyze why that should be wrong to him. All that mattered was he wasn't alone in his grief and need for comfort.

Razor closed his own eyes as he continued to nuzzle and lick Feral's face, the task strangely soothing to his own spirit. At peace finally, the grief still there but not so intense any longer and he sensed Feral's willingness to accept his peace offering and to share their grief at last. He was no longer fighting the need to comfort each other. The smaller tom sighed in relief at the small victory.

All their bitterness with each other had only been Razor's attempts to get the big tom to share his anguish with the one person who would understand his grief and pain the best simply because he was feeling the same things. Now they had come together and it felt as if a great weight had been removed from his heart.

He stopped after several long minutes and just nuzzled the dark tom. Finally, he raised his head and looked to the side and saw the inviting bed laid out for them. He was soo very tired and he knew Feral was too. He rolled to his side but tugged on the big tom's arm at the same time.

Feral opened his eyes and blinked rather blankly at Razor and the arm he was pulling on. When

he saw what Razor was trying to coax him to do, he sighed again and crawled toward the bed. Sleep sounded like a very good idea right now. Razor let him go and did the same.

When the smaller tom reached the bed he pulled down the bedding and crawled in. Feral crawled up to join him and collapsed face first into a pillow. Razor noted the cooler nearby and looked inside it. Sighing gratefully, he pulled out two bottles of cold water and a wash cloth.

He pushed at Feral gently. The big tom rolled to his side and looked at him blearily. Razor handed him an opened bottle then washed the tired face. He washed his own and chugged down the water while Feral did the same.

That felt good on his raw throat acquired from the long crying jag. He took the empty bottle from Feral and put it and his own into the cooler then lay down beside the exhausted dark tom, dragging the bedding half over them then curled close to the bigger tom's body, placing an arm around the other's waist, and allowing himself to sink into slumber, Feral having already done so.

The Sergeant took over from a tired and yawning, T-Bone.

"Hasn't been a sound from there in a while. I think they're sleeping." The SWAT Kat reported.

"That's something they've needed for some time. Sounds like my shift will be very quiet." The Sergeant commented.

"Heh! Sounds like it. See you in the morning." T-Bone said with another yawn escaping him. He gave a lazy wave goodnight and left the Sergeant to his lonely vigil.

It had indeed been a very quiet night and the Sergeant had a hard time staying awake. Felina came on duty and found him nearly drowsing in front of the set. He snapped more or less to alertness when she walked in.

"Been quiet?" She asked.

"Very. T-Bone said it had been that way for him too." The Sergeant reported as he got up from his seat and stretched.

"Maybe we should look in on them." She said thoughtfully, frowning. The Sergeant simply shrugged indicating that it was her decision.

She turned around and went back out of the office with the Sergeant trailing behind her. When they reached the door where their temporary 'prisoners' were, they listened carefully but there was no sound.

She unlocked the door and carefully opened it. The dim light they had left on shone down on the sleeping pair on the mattress. They were cuddled close much to Felina's surprise. She hadn't expected that but was nonetheless relieved they were at peace with each other and felt comfortable enough to be that close.

The two of them pulled their heads from the doorway and Felina closed and locked it once more.

"Well that's certainly an encouraging sign. Looks like things may have been settled at last." She said as they headed back upstairs.

"One can hope so." The Sergeant agreed with a tentative smile of relief on his tired face though he too had been a little surprised by the pairs closeness. "They are also going to be very hungry in the morning since they didn't eat dinner." He added, after a moments thought.

"Oh damn! That's right. I should have had T-Bone bring them some food for breakfast." Felina said in exasperation that she'd forgotten that.

"Don't trouble yourself. I'll pick up a hearty breakfast for all when I come back in the morning I intend to see this thing to the end." The Sergeant said with a tired smile. " I assume you'll be coming too?"

"Oh yeah, definitely and thanks for the offer. I should be here around nine-thirty, I think. They haven't had much rest for a while so they might sleep in." Felina said.

"I don't doubt it. Then I'll see you in the morning, Lieutenant. Goodnight!" He said heading for the door. Felina just waved goodbye and took a seat in the old office chair.

Dawn was approaching when Razor woke. It was not unusual for him to get by on very little sleep. He felt remarkably refreshed and at ease. The constant nagging depression that had hovered over him for the past few months, had finally lifted.

Feral had turned around sometime during the night and was now facing him. Razor studied the quiet face, now free of the anger and pain it had held for so long and looking very peaceful in slumber. Their lower bodies were entwined and he could feel the big tom's pant covered erection pressing against his thigh. Feral was well endowed.

His mind couldn't forget how it had felt having sex with the big tom. That heated responsiveness had been soo intensely wonderful and having a partner that could be both sexes was incredible though he didn't get to experience being on the receiving end during that encounter and he would very much like to be.

Feral's very size made the smaller tom hot and excited. He liked his male lovers to be big and powerful. It allowed him to let go his rigid control over himself and let someone else be in charge. It was a very freeing sensation that he craved but couldn't find very often. He didn't trust strangers well enough to allow that kind of trust and it had been a long time since he had a lover he wanted that way.

As he was musing, Feral began to waken. He blinked his golden eyes open and beheld the masked face of Razor before him. He paused for a moment in confusion then memory flooded him. He should shove the vigilante away immediately but the feel of their bodies entwined under the covers felt too wonderful. He couldn't bring himself to let go of this warm and comfortable feeling after being cold and alone for too long.

Razor's erection pressed against his thigh reminded him of that moment they'd shared in Dark Kat's clutches. Though the situation had been bad, the mating had been soo very good. The feel of the smaller Kat's body against his sent tendrils of warmth through him and to his surprise, not just to his own burgeoning erection but to his female sheath as well which was beginning to swell and grow wet at the memory of their last encounter.

Razor watched Feral awaken and was pleased he had not pushed him away. He was surprised, however, to pick up the scent of arousal, not of male (which he expected) but of female, that rose up between them.

Sucking in a careful breath, Razor dared to make a bold move. He leaned his face closer and touched Feral's lips with his own in a light kiss.

Feral was taken by surprise when Razor kissed him. He didn't stop it, instead he found himself moving into it, letting it deepen and grow. Their arms wrapped around each other and began caresses that excited them both.

They kissed for what seemed like a very long time. Razor tapped his tongue for entry and thrust inside when Feral allowed him access. They dueled for long, breathless minutes until they were forced to part to draw air.

They rubbed faces while they caught their breath and without saying a word, their fingers began

removing clothes. Razor kissed and nibbled the big tom as each piece of clothing was tossed to the side. Feral licked and nipped Razor's ears making the small tom gasp and twitch.

Once nude, Razor kept control as he aggressively explored the body pressed close to him. His long powerful fingers tweaked nipples, teased the dark furred buttocks, drew nails gently up the long pole of steel pressing against him, and lightly caressing the soft folds of the clitoris.

Feral shivered at the various expert touches the smaller tom graced him with. He'd never been handled this way before and he rather liked it. His own fingers explored Razor's powerful form, small the SWAT Kat might be, but he had not an ounce of fat anywhere, only hard muscles on a lean frame. His cock wasn't as big as Feral's own formidable one but he well remember it was more than enough to bring him a great deal of pleasure. He was eager to feel its hard length pounding into him again. To that end, he grasped it and stroked, eliciting a deep growl from Razor's chest.

Excited, Razor increased his teasing and stroking of Feral's female folds then thrust a finger into the wet channel.

Feral gasped and bucked, whimpering hotly at the oh so wonderful and mind blowing touch. It had been so long since he tended to himself that he couldn't hold out against the maddening fingers. Only minutes later, he went rigid and shouted, the orgasm catching him by surprise.

His eyes were wide with amazement as he lay panting. Razor grinned wickedly down at him then captured his mouth in another passionate kiss that took the rest of his breath away and made him hot again. This time Razor ran his claws carefully up and down Feral's inner thighs making Feral jerk reflexively and groan.

'Oh this Kat was just way too good.' Feral moaned and writhed deliriously.

'Oh yes! He is soo hot and wanton. I've never had a lover like this.' Razor growled heatedly as he tested the dark tom's readiness.

"You want it hard or gentle." He rumbled deep in his chest.

Feral stared at the mask covered eyes, he wished he could see, as the smaller tom pushed him on his back and hovered over him waiting for his answer. His cock just inches from Feral's hot channel.

The dark tom licked his lips and panted, "Hard, deep and fast." He growled eagerly.

"You got it!" Razor said wickedly, plunging in with one deep thrust.

Feral arched upward, legs wrapping around the smaller torso and claws digging into the strong back in reaction. The sensation of being penetrated to nearly the end of him was indescribably intense and soo wonderful.

Razor leaned down and captured Feral's mouth in a hungry kiss. The ride was just the way the dark tom wanted it. Tingles of fire raced up his feet to his head. He could feel his climax rushing closer and closer. His cock was being rubbed hard between their bodies, doubling his pleasure.

Finally, a lightning of sensation roared through him causing him to clamp down and spasm around Razor's cock. He cried out and bucked as waves of pleasure swept through him, going on and on, his cock exploding its hot seed on their chest fur, only moments later, making a gluey mess. Razor wasn't far behind as he felt Feral's channel squeeze him tight, dragging a roar from him as he spilled inside his new lover.

Razor dropped onto Feral's chest as they both heaved for air.

Feeling the hot body and heart drumming through his chest from the male sprawled atop him gave Feral an indescribable feeling of euphoria and peace. Through his mind ran a mantra... no longer alone...thank God...no longer alone.

Seeing the dreamy, distant look in Feral's eyes, Razor licked and kissed his face to bring the tom's attention back to him.

"You seemed far away. Something on your mind?" He asked softly.

Feral allowed a smile of genuine happiness spread across his face. "Just thinking that I'm no longer alone anymore." He said warmly.

Razor grinned in relief and joy. "Does this mean you aren't going to push me away in the future when it suits you?" He asked cautiously.

"Yes! That's exactly what I mean!" Feral said firmly, using a paw to hold the tom to him while he quickly flipped their positions. "It's my turn now! You want me?" He rumbled hotly, beginning to kiss and bite the smaller tom.

Razor gasped and moaned at the reversed roles. "Yesssss..." He moaned wantonly.

Grinning widely, Feral was very skilled at doing males and brought all that experience to bare on his smaller lover insuring Razor was properly prepared to take such a large pole. Before he was done with the preliminaries, Razor was begging him.

With a last hard kiss, Feral rolled Razor onto his stomach. Realizing why, Razor immediately went to his paws and knees, flicking his fluffy tail over his back. Taking the obvious invitation, Feral mounted the smaller tom and grabbed his scruff in his mouth and slide himself in carefully.

Despite his care in preparing his lover, he could feel Razor mew in pain at first. Sliding in and out slowly and going deeper each time, helped Razor accept the larger cock. After a long ten minutes, Feral was finally all the way in. They stilled for a moment savoring their union, before Razor wiggled to signal his desire to get on with it.

Grunting through his teeth, Feral obliged, pounding the SWAT Kat forcefully into the mattress. The sound of their rasping breaths and growls filled the room. Razor hadn't had a large lover in a while so couldn't hold out long. He came with a long, loud howl, squeezing Feral tightly.

Feral released Razor's neck and growled deeply as he continued onward past the cinnamon tom's climax, hitting the prostate with uncanny accuracy. Razor moaned frantically as his head threatened to explode from the intense pleasure. He was reaching another climax when he felt Feral's rhythm stumble and his cock swell larger. It was too much and they came together in a loud howl.

Trembling, Feral held his position for another long moment before his limbs gave way, flattening his lover. He managed to find the strength to pull them to their sides so as not to prevent Razor from breathing.

As they lay there languid and easy with each other, Razor flicked his tail teasingly along Feral's leg and resting genitals while Feral nuzzled his face, laying butterfly kisses on his cheek and eyes. Deep purrs of contentment rumbled from their chests.

Neither one wanted to think about what this would mean to their working relationship as enforcer and vigilante much less worry about how T-Bone, Felina and the Sergeant would take this new and tentative closeness between former adversaries. This moment was theirs and they would enjoy it for as long as they could.

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## Chapter 16 by ulyferal

Felina arrived only minutes before the Sergeant. T-Bone was waiting for them just inside the door of the factory.

"Hmm, something smells good!" T-Bone commented, his nose sniffing the air.

Felina chuckled as she helped the Sergeant carry the food he'd bought into the factory door making T-Bone back up then turn and lead them back to the offices but they didn't stop there. T-Bone hit the switch on the stairs as they headed down to the basement.

An hour earlier, the pair had fallen back to sleep after their dawn sexual calisthenics. They were cuddled under the bedding, nude, when Felina unlocked the door and opened it. The three stood and gaped in shock. Clothing was scattered around the floor. Feral was spooning Razor on the bed.

The noise of the door startled Razor who jerked and opened his eyes drowsily. His movement stirred the bigger tom who raised his head and blinked sleepy gold eyes toward the door. The smell of food permeated the room.

"Ohhh, food...I'm starved!" Razor said excitedly, sitting up, disregarding his nudity.

"Hmm, so am I but I need something else right now and I hope there's a working one not far away." Feral rumbled urgently as he too sat up pulling a blanket from the two covering them.

"Uhm, yeah...uh there's one at the top of the stairs!" T-Bone managed to say, still stunned.

"Good!" Feral grunted, getting up with the blanket, wrapping it hurriedly around him and almost running them over getting out the door and racing down the hall for the stairs.

Razor snorted and got up with more decorum, but he too made a toga of his blanket and followed the Commander more slowly to the upstairs bathroom.

The three continued to stand near the door in utter shock.

T-Bone recovered enough to sniff the air. He blinked in renewed shock. "Okay, that is not what I expected when they finally got their act together." He said in dismay.

"Uhm, well...we know they aren't fighting anymore." Felina said lamely, a bit taken aback herself.

"I'll say I didn't expect this at all and don't know how it's going to effect how he's going to treat you SWAT Kats from now on." The Sergeant said in unhappy concern.

"I think we may be jumping the gun here guys. Let's just wait and see what..." Felina started to say when her uncle returned to the room trailed by Razor.

They stepped past the huddle near the door and returned to the bed to sit. He turned to the cooler and saw there was another two bottles there. Grabbing them both, he tossed one to Razor as the smaller SWAT Kat came to sit next to him.

They both guzzled the water half down before finally addressing the watching threesome.

"Well, are you just going to stand there or are we going to get a chance to eat. I'm hungry!" Feral growled irritably.

"Be nice! At least they brought breakfast, Ulysses." Razor chided him.

Feral just snorted and looked at the bags Felina and the Sergeant were holding, pointedly.

"Oh...uh...certainly sir!" The Sergeant said, blushing in embarrassment, quickly moving forward to sit on the rubber flooring and depositing the bags he was carrying in front of him.

Shaking herself, Felina hurried forward as well and sat down next to him. T-Bone eyed his partner with a confused and worried look before moving slowly to sit beside him.

The meal was quickly distributed to everyone and they began to eat hungrily.

"Okay, so what's going on? We'd hoped you two would make peace but this is more than we expected." Felina finally asked.

Feral looked at Razor who shrugged and blushed a bit. Feral sighed but continued to eat instead of answering. Razor gave him an annoyed look before looking back at the three waiting for a response.

"Well, ah...we sort of clicked when we were forced together by Dark Kat and Viper. Even though it was an intense heat and an aphrodisiac that pushed it to occur, it wasn't unpleasant for us as it should have been. We probably never would have known we were attracted to each other though if that damn pair hadn't done what they did." Razor explained rather uncomfortably.

"I didn't hate it as much as I should have and that's what upset me the most and caused me to shut Razor out of my life." Feral finally said, not looking at anyone.

"That's what made me so mad! I knew I meant more to him than just the pregnancy but I could never get him to admit it nor get him to let me get close to help or comfort him. So I guess, what you did was a good thing." Razor admitted reluctantly.

"That doesn't mean I'm not angry with you three for doing it." Feral jumped in, eyes flashing his displeasure.

"Well that's just too bad! You two were becoming a danger to yourself and all of us. We had to do something before you got yourselves or one of us killed." Felina said, scoldingly to her uncle, not letting him try to use anger and his authority to over ride the good that had come of their intervention.

"I know that, Felina but I don't have to like it." Feral grunted in response.

"He just has to assert his authority for the principle of it or he'll be accused of being soft." Razor snorted, knowing exactly what Feral was doing by his posturing.

Feral didn't respond as he finished eating his breakfast.

"Seems you know him a little too well, buddy." T-Bone observed, a questioning tone in his voice.

Razor studied Feral a long moment. Feral noted the scrutiny and eyed him back in question.

"I think it's because it isn't lust that attracted us though the sex is great. There's a very real bond forming. I've seen such things but never expected it for myself." Razor said slowly.

Feral looked surprised and thoughtful. He had to admit their closeness was different than just attraction but didn't know what it was about it that made it feel right. A bond would explain it but he had trouble believing it.

Razor saw the skepticism in Feral's eyes. "You'll realize it's true the longer we see each other outside of our public lives. Just wait." Razor said with certainty.

Feral didn't accept that but let it go for now. "Whatever...you three go now so that we can get dressed. See you upstairs in a few." Feral ordered gruffly.

Collecting the trash, the three quickly did as asked, closing the door behind them.

"You believe that don't you?" Feral asked as he was getting dressed.

"Yes, but I understand why you need time to believe it and that's okay." Razor said softly, moving close and giving Feral a deep kiss before moving away to redress.

Feral shook his head but said nothing more. Once dressed they left the room and went upstairs to join the others.

*A year later...*

"Can you come to my apartment right now?" Came a breathless and sultry voice over the phone.

Jake had answered the special communicator he used to talk with his lover. He frowned in concern at the odd sound of Ulysses' voice. "What's wrong love?" He asked. "What are you doing home at this time of day?"

"My intense cycle has started and I can't stand it. I need you! Please come!" Feral panted urgently.

"Oh love, of course I'll get there as quick as I can! But an important question first...do you want to be pregnant?" Jake asked seriously.

"Noooo!" Came the abrupt reply.

"Okay, it's alright, I'll take proper precautions." He soothed his frantic lover. "Be there shortly, love." He said then clicked off and hurried for the hangar.

Chance had been listening and shook his head. "You better have plenty of condoms buddy as hot as you say he is when he's like this." He warned his friend.

"I know, I've got plenty. Sorry to leave you with the work..." Jake started to say.

"Heh! Don't worry about it. See you tomorrow. Have fun!" His partner snickered.

Jake just blushed and hurried off.

Chance shook his head and went back to work. He still found it hard to get used to about Jake and Feral but he couldn't really complain. They were in a committed relationship and, because of it, the enforcers were no longer breathing down their necks all the time.

That didn't mean Feral had accepted them because due to the laws about vigilantes he really couldn't and still be the Chief Enforcer. Chance no longer held that against the stiff-necked tom. It was obvious he loved Jake very much even though he still didn't know who he really was.

Chance had a suspicion that Feral did know who they were but was pretending not to know and it was really safer that way. His partner was very happy and that was all that mattered to him.

*Three years later...*

"Pant love, it won't hurt as much...that's it pant!" Razor urged his laboring mate.

"Gods! This hurts!" Feral gasped.

"I know, I'm sorry! Won't be long now, I promise!" Razor coaxed as he rubbed Feral's aching back as he reached the end of more than five hours of labor with their kitten.

"Push with the next contraction, Commander!" The doctor ordered.



Feral groaned and cried out as he pushed as hard as he could then relaxed. Another half an hour worth of turning red in the face he finally pushed out their new son. The kitten howled in anger as he was dried off and cared for.

Feral lay exhausted and sweating. Razor used a cool cloth to wipe his face and gave him a glass of water with a straw. Feral sipped it gratefully. The cinnamon tom leaned down and kissed his mate's forehead.

"Thank you, love! He's beautiful.

"You're welcome but I'm not doing this again." Feral huffed, only wanting to sleep now.

"And I wouldn't let you. It was an accident this time but I'll get neutered before I let you risk this again." Razor promised.

"You don't have to do anything that drastic." Feral said in surprise.

"I want you safe and if that's what it takes then I'll do it." Razor said solemnly.

"Well...it's possible we might want to do this again. At least I'd like to keep my options open." Feral said hesitantly as he stared into the tiny face of his new son that had been laid in his arms.

"Whatever you say, my love." Razor said softly, a look of amusement in his hidden eyes.

End

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