

Summary:

Feral has made a grave mistake, one that will change his life forever.

Categories: [Swat Kats](#) Characters: Calico Briggs, Dark Kat, Dr. Viper, Feral/OMC, Lt. Commander Steele, Mayor Manx, Professor Hackle, Razor, Sergeant, T-Bone

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Chapter 1 by ulyferal

He panted and moaned as the huge tom pounded him senseless into the mattress. It felt so fantastic that it didn't register with him that the male wasn't where he was supposed to be.

They were soo close to the finish, he writhed and raised his hips higher to take the tom even deeper. It felt so incredible. Tingles raced up his spine, the male's cock swelled even larger then it struck...that lightning bolt of pleasure that sent both of them roaring in release.

Waves of wonderful pleasure rippled through him for several more seconds before finally releasing him into a limp, sated heap...the male draped over him.

When he'd regained his senses and the male eased out of him, that was when he realized, to his horror, that his sex partner had slipped from his first position to a totally new and forbidden one.

Inside he was stricken with fear but outwardly he smiled at the male and thanked him for the exceptional ride. He wasn't lying...the male had been very good and it wasn't his fault for what had happened. Holding onto his pleased expression he made his excuses and left for the shower, making it clear his partner should leave. Though disappointed, the male did so with good grace.

Alone at last, he let out a brief cry of frustration and anger as he hurriedly tried to clean himself. Douching wasn't an efficient way to remove a male's seed but it was all he could do. Refusing to worry himself to death over the mistake, knowing pregnancy was nearly impossible, he shoved the concern to the back of his mind and got some sleep.

The next day, he packed for his return to Megakat City. This had been a business trip and he was due home by tomorrow.

His one night stand forgotten in the hectic pace of his normal work day, Commander Feral went on as if nothing had happened.

Unfortunately, more than three months later, the mistake came back to make a new appearance in a form he could have done without.

He was dressing for work when he realized his pants were not fitting properly. Frowning, he went to his full length door mirror to look at his profile. He stood there gaping for several seconds before his mind could grasp what it was seeing.

He reached a paw down and hesitantly caressed the swelling. It wasn't soft as excess fat might be but hard as something else most assuredly was.

Absolute terror held him frozen in place. His mind flew in all directions as he tried to think of what to do now, but no answers were forthcoming. As he had done before, he did again...ignored it.

He hurriedly dressed for work. The omegas were very much active at this time and he was run ragged fighting, cleaning up messes, and doing reams of reports over the next few months. He was very good at ignoring problems he didn't want to address so simply loosened his clothing a bit and pretended his belly wasn't expanding everyday.

Time passed swiftly and after another late night at his desk, he arrived home. It had been a long

day with Hard Drive making an appearance and creating some sizeable havoc along the way before finally being captured by the SWAT Kats...again.

He'd been achy and exhausted by the time he'd returned to his office near quitting time. He had far too much work to leave till morning so he'd remained well after dark to get it done. By the time he'd gotten home, he was nearly too tired to undress, eat or shower. He managed to undress, wasn't hungry, and gave up on the idea of a shower, when he finally crawled into his bed nude.

It was nearly dawn when the pains woke him from a restless sleep. He moaned and cried out as the pains intensified. Panting, he shoved his bedding off and flicked on his lamp on the night stand. His bed was wet with fluids and some traces of blood.

'Noooo!' He cried out in his mind but there was no denying he was in labor.

It was terrifying and painful. He grunted and growled through contraction after contraction until an intense need to push shoved him to his paws and knees. It seemed to take forever before the kitten was expelled.

Feral fell to his side in exhaustion. As he heaved for breath, the kitten was struggling to breathe and its cry was weak. Instinct took over as he reached for it and began to lick it briskly all over. By the time he'd cleaned it thoroughly with his tongue, the kitten was crying lustily. Even more exhausted, Feral laid back down on his side and offered the kitten his nipple which it latched on hungrily.

All was quiet in his apartment, only the sound of the kitten's soft growls and Feral's pants could be heard. He didn't know how much time had passed when he realized he was getting cold and his body felt like lead. The kitten had fallen asleep and was curled against his side.

He sensed something was very wrong. Though it was hard to move, he looked down at himself. There were even more fluids on his bed, but that was expected, however, the fresh blood was not.

Shuddering, he laid still to catch his breath then reached for his phone.

Sgt Fallon had been enjoying sleeping in since he wasn't due in to work today so was really annoyed when his phone shrilled for his attention near his head. He fumbled for it and finally got it to his ear.

"Hello?"

"Fallon, need your help...come to my apartment asap." Came a voice he barely recognized.

"Commander?" He gasped, sitting up fast.

"Hurry!" The phone line went dead.

Sgt Fallon stared at it for a second in shock. Shaking himself, fear driving him, he hung up the phone and raced to get dressed. He decided he should wear his uniform then tore out of his apartment at a run.

Racing through the still quiet streets of the city, his heart was pounding in fear. Feral's voice sounded really bad and he was afraid of what he'd find when he got there. Some years ago, the Commander had given him a key to his apartment should something happen and he needed help. In all those years, he'd never had to use it until today.

His mouth dry, he parked before the apartment building, locked his car and ran to the entrance. Entering the elevator, he tapped his foot nervously as he waited for it to get to the Commander's floor. The elevator pinged startling him then slid open. He hurried out and went down the hall to

the right, to the last door at the end. He knocked first but when there was no answer, he used the key and walked in.

The apartment was silent. He frowned but quietly crossed the living room to go to the bedroom where he was fairly sure he would find the Commander. The first thing that hit him was the smell of blood. His heart lurched in his chest.

There was the Commander laying nude on his bed. Blood and other fluids were pooled around his nether regions and laying curled up near his chest was a tiny kitten. He froze in stunned shock, unable to move closer.

Feral was drifting in and out of consciousness. He knew he was in serious trouble, most likely bleeding to death. He heard a gasp and, though it took a lot of effort, he slowly opened his leaden eyelids.

Standing just inside the door of his bedroom was Sgt Fallon, his face a mask of shock. Feral found he had no strength to speak and watched helplessly as his assistant shook off his shock and hurried forward.

"Oh my God! Sir, are you still bleeding?" He asked urgently.

Feral nodded weakly, "Yesssss..." He barely managed.

Turning to the bathroom, Fallon frantically searched for a first aid kit. He let out a hiss of relief when he found it. He rushed back to his Commander, opening the kit he pawed through it until he found all the gauze the kit held. Trying not to hurt the huge tom but knowing he had to hurry, he spread Feral's legs enough so that he could get to the vagina.

He swallowed hard as he saw fresh blood pouring out. Quickly, he began packing gauze into the cavity, filling it up, then used a heavy towel he'd pulled from a cupboard to press hard against the opening. His paws were covered in blood but it looked like he'd managed to stop the heavy bleeding. He gently pulled Feral's top leg back over the bottom to keep the towel in place. He needed to call for help.

He went to the phone next to his Commander's head and summoned an ambulance. Done, he went and washed most of the blood off him before going to a closet to find a cleaner blanket. He pulled the sodden bedding off the dark tom and quickly tucked the new blanket around him to keep him warm.

He checked the kitten and found it was breathing easily and was warm. He sighed mentally in relief, he'd feared the kitten was dead, though that condition would have solved many things...alive presented some new problems that would have to be dealt with later...saving the Commander was what was important right now.

When the paramedics arrived they were taken aback. A breeding hermaphrodite male was very rare, but they quickly got down to business. The older of the pair complimented Sgt Fallon on his quick action stopping the bleeding. The paramedics did not undo his work but carefully moved the dark tom to the gurney. They started an IV before taking him out of the apartment.

The kitten was wrapped in warm blankets and given to Fallon to carry down and hold in the ambulance. Feral was smoothly loaded and Fallon was instructed to take a seat at the head of the gurney. The ambulance tore away with sirens wailing waking the kitten. Fallon had to soothe it during the ride because the Commander was barely consciousness.

Feral was swiftly taken into surgery while his kitten was carried off to the neonatal nursery. Fallon, his uniform speckled with blood went to the surgery waiting area and sat. He thought long and hard while Feral was in surgery about what could be done now about the situation Feral found himself in.

It was well after lunch time when the dark tom regained consciousness. He blinked heavy lidded eyes to stare at the white ceiling above him. The smells told him where he was without having to ask, he sighed in resignation.

"Sir? How are you feeling? Want some water?" A familiar voice asked from his right side.

He slowly turned his head and saw a worried Sgt Fallon leaning over him. "Yes." He whispered huskily.

Fallon went to a nearby rolling table and poured a glass of water from a pitcher there, adding a straw before bringing it close. He pressed a button on a controller beside the Commander's paw to raise the bed a little to allow the tom to drink without choking.

He offered the straw and Feral drank, thirstily. When he released the straw and indicated he'd had enough, Fallon put the cup back on the table and turned back to his superior.

Feral eyed Fallon questioningly.

"You've been in surgery for a couple of hours. You apparently tore something inside when you delivered your kitten. They sewed it up and gave you a couple of bags of blood. You're getting IV fluids right now and this is for pain meds if you need them." Fallon pointed to a machine to Feral's left that was close enough for him to touch the buttons.

"Your kitten is in the neonatal nursery. It's fine and healthy the docs say. I'll go back to your apartment and clean it up before you are sent home. They say that won't be for a week at least." Fallon said quietly.

Feral grimaced at that news. No way to cover up his problem, at least not from his superiors anyway, his troops on the other paw, didn't need to know.

"I can't believe I was so stupid...one time I allowed myself to be with someone and this has to happen." He snarled unhappily, speaking more to himself than the Sergeant.

"So this was an accident then, sir?" Fallon asked cautiously. "Should I contact the sire?"

Feral shook his head violently. "No, not his fault and he wasn't aware of what he'd done anyway...just a stupid mistake during the heat of the moment."

"Uhm, excuse me sir, but I thought it was very difficult for someone of your...uh...sexual type to get pregnant?" Fallon asked, carefully.

"You'd be right but I must have been in heat. It's so unnoticeable that I'm usually unaware of it." Feral said, heavily, certain this was what had happened. "But I still can't believe, as careful as I usually am, that I allowed this to happen at all."

Fallon was quiet a moment before he said gently, "Don't be so hard on yourself sir. You haven't been seeing anyone much less seeking some personal attention for yourself for too long so its natural that you'd go looking for it when you're away and not plagued by duty. None of us are able to be celibate...its just not in our nature and is unhealthy besides."

Feral was silent as he stared hard at the ceiling. He knew the Sergeant was right but it still didn't make him feel any better about his current situation.

"Are you certain the male involved shouldn't be notified sir? He is after all the sire and might want to know he's a father." Fallon asked hesitantly.

Feral shook his head without looking at the Sergeant. "No! He was just a one night stand...don't even know his name."

"Oh, I see." Was all Fallon could say to that.

"Now I have a very big problem and I've no clue what to do about it." Feral muttered more to himself than to Fallon.

Fallon sighed. During his time of waiting he'd not been able to come up with a solution either except for turning the kitten over to an adoption agency.

Feral must have guessed what Fallon was thinking because his next words made it clear what he felt on that subject.

"I know I should turn her over to an adoption agency, but I can't. She's mine! Whether I am able to bear another or not...whether I marry or not...right this moment I'm a mother and I can't give her up for something I did."

"Yes sir. I understand." Fallon murmured sympathetically.

The silence in the room stretched out as both males thought about what this situation would do to Feral's life and career.

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Chapter 2 by ulyferal

"No matter what you decide, sir, you'll have to notify the Mayor's office about being pulled from duty." Sgt Fallon said unhappily.

Feral sighed. "Yes I know. I would suggest you contact Ms. Briggs and let her handle the Mayor."

Fallon sighed as well. The Commander was right, Ms. Briggs was a far better choice since the Mayor would just blow a gasket. He turned and left the room and moved away from it to make the call.

"Deputy Mayor's Office." A bright, cheerful voice said.

"This is Sgt Fallon for Commander Feral. It's urgent that I speak to Ms. Briggs immediately." He said.

"Oh, uh...certainly, Sgt Fallon, one moment please." The secretary said, her voice a bit surprised.

He only had to wait a few minutes before a familiar voice came on the line.

"Ms. Briggs, Sgt Fallon, Commander Feral's assistant. Ma'am I need you to come to Megakat Hospital, fourth floor, room 422. It's urgent and concerns the Commander." He said without revealing too much on the phone.

"Why are we being so circumspect, Sergeant?" Briggs asked, confused.

"Please, ma'am. Everything will be explained when you arrive. I'm sorry I can't be anymore specific but it is very urgent." Fallon repeated, really hoping she wouldn't press him for details.

He heard Ms. Briggs sigh. "Very well, Sergeant. I'll be right there." She finally said then hung up.

He sighed in relief, put his phone away and returned to the Commander's room. Feral had fallen asleep while he'd been gone and he decided to leave him be. The tom was exhausted and needed his rest.

Some twenty minutes later there came a soft knock on the door then Ms. Briggs poked her head in, saw the Sergeant and stepped quietly into the room. Her high heels made a soft tap tap on the

linoleum floor as she approached him.

Her face frowned in concern when she saw the Commander in the bed looking pale and hooked up to an IV. She turned to look at Fallon questioningly.

"Thank you for getting here so quickly, Ms. Briggs." Fallon said quietly then gently shook Feral's shoulder. The tom moaned and sighed but didn't waken at first. Fallon carefully shook his superior just a little harder. Feral's eyes opened with difficulty and it was obvious he was having trouble focusing at first.

"Wha..." He grumbled thickly.

"I'm sorry sir, but Ms. Briggs is here to see you." Fallon murmured, wishing he hadn't had to wake the weary tom.

Feral frowned in confusion for a moment longer before his tired mind caught up to what his Sergeant was trying to tell him.

Concerned, Callie moved closer to the bed so Feral could actually see her.

"Commander? What happened to you?"

He let out a long exhalation before saying, "Something really stupid. Remember the business trip I made to the Kaimere Province some months ago?"

Callie blinked in surprise at the question. "Uh, yes I do. The Mayor was a bit put out about it."

"Now I wish I hadn't made the trip at all. As most of us do when we're away from home, I spent a pleasant night with a nameless tom. A mistake was made during that encounter that I nearly paid for with my life." He muttered then licked his lips.

Fallon quickly turned to get the glass of water and offered it to Feral. His superior sucked down the cool water and gave his assistant a grateful nod when he was done.

Callie had waited until Feral had been taken care of before asking, "What mistake did you make that landed you here?"

"I got pregnant...stupidly tried to ignore it...gave birth this morning and nearly bled to death. My kitten is in the neonatal ward as we speak." He said heavily, closing his eyes. The conversation was wearing him out.

Callie stood there in utter shock, her mouth gaped open. Shaking herself and shutting her mouth, she turned to the Sergeant in disbelief.

"He called me early this morning, urging me to get to his apartment asap. I raced there and found him bleeding profusely. I did what I could and called for help. He spent over an hour or more in surgery to repair a rip he suffered during the birthing process." Fallon confirmed for her.

"Oh my God!" Callie gasped turning back to Feral in anguished sympathy. She said nothing more as she assimilated this stunning news. It was a shock to learn the Chief Enforcer was an hermaphrodite much less that he was a rare breeding one. Now the poor tom had given birth with no one at hand to help him. Even more daunting was the fact he was faced with taking care of a newborn kitten when he held one of the most dangerous jobs in the city. She shook her head, this was going to cause an uproar.

"I don't want this to get to the press, Ms. Briggs." Feral rallied enough to say.

"Oh, Commander. I don't know how you're going to keep it out of the public eye for very long. A

kitten isn't something you can hide easily." Callie said plainly.

Feral moaned as he shifted uncomfortably, involuntarily causing pain from his midsection. Catching his breath, he willingly pressed the button for some pain meds. He waited for some of it to kick in before speaking again.

"I know Ms. Briggs, but as you can see I'm not fit enough to handle all that stress right now. I haven't even figured out what to do about my daughter. I haven't prepared for her arrival at all and now that she's here..." He let his sentence drift off unable to say more.

Callie sighed, raised a paw and rested it comfortingly on the exhausted tom's shoulder. "Rest, Ulysses. We'll come up with something, I promise. Are you keeping your daughter?" She asked softly, using his first name to show how much she cared.

Feral could only nod.

"Alright. Then rest and heal up. Giving birth I'm told is extremely draining. Even after being released from the hospital, you're going to find it very hard to do much more than sleep and take care of your daughter. You just won't have the strength for more than that. I'll tell the Mayor the truth and keep the press at bay."

"Thank you, Callie." Feral whispered, grateful for her understanding and willingness to aid him.

She gave his shoulder another pat before turning to leave, she signaled with her eyes that she wished to speak with Sgt Fallon then went out the door.

"I'll leave orders that no one is to say why you're here, sir. Don't worry. I'll also have a guard placed on the door because we don't want an enemy of yours to take it into their head to take you out while you're helpless, I'll also brief Lt. Commander Steele." Sgt Fallon said seriously. "I'll go to your apartment and clean up like I promised and be back later tonight to see if you need anything. Right now get some sleep. You really need it."

"Don't tell Steele the truth, just say I'm ill and thanks for all your help." Feral said thickly then closed his eyes.

Fallon nodded at the order then left him in peace and went out to see what Ms. Briggs wanted. She was standing near the waiting room for him. They stepped into the room, which was empty at the moment.

"What do you plan to do Sergeant?" She asked bluntly.

"I'm going to have a guard put on his door to protect him from possible enemies, notify Lt. Commander Steele that he's in charge. Commander Feral wanted me to tell Steele that he's ill not that he's given birth. He really doesn't trust his second all that well, then I'll tell the medical staff not to release the reason he's here, and, finally, go to his apartment and clean it up. I promised him I'd return here later tonight to see if he needs anything." He briefed her.

She nodded. "Good, thank you for taking care of that and I don't blame Feral about Steele. I don't like his second much either. I'll back up your stricture to the staff with the authority of the Mayor's office. That should hold off a leak for a little while but you and I both know it will slip out eventually." She said solemnly.

"Yes ma'am, I do. All we can do is keep a lid on it for as long as we can for his sake." He agreed.

Callie stared down the hall at Feral's door. "I can't believe this situation. It feels like a damn soap opera except its real life. Shows just how fallible we in positions of power really are when something like this happens. Poor Feral." She sighed. "Well, I'd better get back and inform the Mayor...that should be fun." She grimaced unhappily.

"I certainly don't envy you that chore, Ms. Briggs. Thank you for your understanding. Shall we speak to the staff together?" He asked.

"Might as well." She said with a sigh and led the way to the nurse's station.

An hour later, Callie returned to her office, put her purse away and prepared to speak to the Mayor. She stepped into his office through their mutual pass through door. The Mayor was putting on his carpet that resembled a golf green. He'd just made a hole in one in a water glass as she walked in, pausing long enough to close her door behind her.

"Mayor Manx, I need to speak with you about something serious that just came up." She began.

Manx looked up at her as he picked up his golf ball. "Aaah...it too fine a day for serious things, Callaaae." He said, really not wanting to know what was wrong.

"Well I'm sorry Mayor but it has to do with our Chief Enforcer." Callie said flatly.

"Feral? What's going on with him?" Manx asked in annoyance.

"He just gave birth and nearly died doing it." Callie said being deliberately blunt to shock the insensitive tom.

Manx's mouth gaped open then snapped shut, his face going red with anger. "If you think you're being funny Callaaae, you're sadly mistaaken!" He snapped.

Giving the Mayor a flat, cold stare, Callie said, "I'm not being funny. I was called an hour ago to go to the hospital by Commander Feral's assistant, Sgt Fallon. The Commander looked like death warmed over. He'd made a mistake while on that business trip he took a few months ago and managed to become pregnant. He tried to ignore it which was really stupid and gave birth with no assistance nor prenatal care and nearly bled to death after giving birth early this morning. If he hadn't called Sgt Fallon, he would have died as well as his kitten. He had to have surgery to save his life and is now hospitalized for about a week and a couple of more at home to recover from this."

Manx's mouth hung open in disbelief. He finally shook his head and eyed her warily. "That would mean our Chief Enforcer is an hermaphrodite...right?"

"Yes!"

Manx just shook his head some more and went to sit down behind his desk. "Alright, what does this mean to this office?" He asked, not happy about the situation at all.

Callie sighed. "Well, it means we are without a Chief Enforcer for about a month. Feral has requested what's happened to him not be released for as long as possible. He wants to get back on his feet before being hounded by the press. I ordered the staff caring for Feral to keep a media blackout on him. Feral's second will have to be in charge for now and when the Commander is on his feet then we can discuss how to deal with him being a mother and Chief Enforcer."

Manx grimaced. "That sounds so strange when you say it aloud. Well, you've done what's needed for now. I have no objection to keeping this quiet. It would cause a significant uproar if it was known so hiding it is a good idea." He said in resignation.

"Thank you, Mayor. This is a rather unusual problem." She sighed.

"I can't believe Feral did something that stupid!" Manx said huffily, sitting back in his seat.

"People do all kinds of stupid things when they are lonely and away from home, Mayor. Feral is no different. I think everyone has forgotten that he's just a Kat like everyone else...just as prone to

making a bad decision as any other. It's just more visible when its someone in a position of importance." Callie said sadly.

Manx sighed in agreement then asked curiously, "By the way, Callaae, what sex was the kitten?"

Callie grinned, "It's a she-kat."

Manx's eyes widened then began laughing. "Can you imagine that gruff, hot-tempered tom trying to raise a daughter?"

She saw his point and laughed as well, glad for the lighter moment in an otherwise sad incident.

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Chapter 3 by ulyferral

"Wonder where the heck Feral is?" T-Bone asked his partner as they went after Viper with only the enforcers and Steele screaming in anger and getting no where.

"No telling. Seems weird he's not here doing the yelling though Steele is doing a good job in his place...with the yelling that is. That guy is so worthless." Razor said caustically as he fired a brace of slicer missiles at the vines strangling the Biochemical Labs.

"You got that right...Look out, buddy!" T-Bone shouted as a phalanx of those acid spitting plantimals arrowed toward their jet nearly getting the canopy where his partner sat.

"Thanks! I've got something that'll snuff those things quickly." The smaller tom said flatly. He fired a strange bulbous missile in the center of a group of acid-spitters and it exploded in their midst releasing a cloud of white that filled the air. When it covered the plantimals they screamed and crashed to the ground dead.

"What the heck was that, Razor?" T-Bone asked in amazement.

"Just sodium bicarbonate of soda, buddy. I figured if it could clean up acid spills it could put the kibosh on those plant things." His partner crowed.

"Well it did the job alright." T-Bone said admiringly then turned the jet to get back to the building under siege. "Wha tha...where's he going?" He asked in shocked surprise.

Below them Viper was surrounded by mushroom monsters and other plantimals and they were moving down the street in a hurry instead of dropping down into the sewers as was his usual escape route. The enforcers were stymied in their attempts to stop the moving vegetables as they were being bombarded by spiny and electrified plants that kept them at bay.

"I don't know but he's heading toward the hospital district." Razor shouted. "Get ahead of him buddy!"

"Roger!" T-Bone responded, quickly flying the Turbokat toward the front of Viper's army then dropping down to try and stop it's progress.

Razor fired many different types of missiles and managed to do some significant damage but didn't stop the main force from apparently reaching their destination. The plant army was only a block from the hospital entrance when Viper stopped and did something to the landscaping that edged the parking lot.

Within moments even more plant monsters were created and were blocking the way toward the hospital. While this wall of vegetation sprang up to block them, Viper used it to run the rest of the distance and enter the hospital. The SWAT Kats had no clue as to what the mutant Kat wanted there but they had to stop him. T-Bone lowered the jet as far as he dared and still manage to

avoid the waving hedges that were now twenty feet tall and forming a barrier before them.

"Crud! He was really prepared this time and we're losing."

"I know. Nothing I have seems to be working and anything else more deadly would wreck havoc with the hospital. He couldn't have picked a better place to make a stand where we absolutely can't attack." Razor said grimly as he studied his weapons panel for something that might help them.

T-Bone watched below him in helpless anger as Viper's army continued to block them and wondered what Viper wanted in the hospital.

Only a little earlier...

Feral sighed as he prepared to leave the hospital for home. He'd just fed Elora and dressed her for the trip when Sgt Fallon arrived to pick him up.

"Hello sir. How are you feeling today?" He asked politely.

"Tired, of course. They weren't kidding when they said I would feel like death warmed over for a while. I can't seem to get enough sleep." Feral growled unhappily.

Fallon made a commiserating noise as he moved closer to the bed and looked down at the kitten. He smiled as the kitten yawned and sighed. Her eyes weren't opened yet. She was a pretty little thing. He could see her mother's dark hair on the little head but the body was a lighter brown than Feral and had dark stripes on her tiny arms.

'Must be from the sire.' He mused. Aloud he said, "She looks healthy and is very pretty, sir."

Feral turned from putting his coat on to look down at his daughter. A tender look crossed his face which Fallon thought made him look more peaceful than was his wont.

"Yes, they've given her a clean bill of health, her first shots, and a lot of stuff to take home." He said pointing at the bags filled with kitten stuff.

Fallon chuckled lightly. "They want to make sure you have everything you need, obviously. You ready to go, sir?"

"Yes. I have our discharge papers. If you'll just get all that stuff, I'll carry her." Feral said with a sigh as he leaned over carefully, he was still sore, and picked up his daughter, cuddling her close to his body.

Present moment...

They had gone down in the elevator and when the doors opened on the lobby floor they were greeted with screams and shouts of panic.

Feral stood blinking in shock near the bank of elevators trying to determine what was going on. Fallon hurriedly put down his armload and set it behind a huge potted plant next to the elevators so that his paws would be free.

Strolling in as if he owned the place was Viper. He looked around, ignoring the frightened Kats as they ran before him. After only a moment's determination of what direction to take, Viper headed down a hallway to the left of where Feral and Sgt Fallon were standing.

Feral made an abortive move forward but pain in his abdomen warned him he wasn't fit for fighting and the bundle in his arms reminded him he now had other responsibilities. It hit him hard just how helpless he was at this moment.

Fallon also felt helpless to stop Viper but he would not leave the Commander and his kitten unprotected.

There was a lot of noise coming from outside the hospital doors and the pair could see shadows of huge things moving through the glass.

'What the hell was going on?' Feral wondered, worriedly.

Outside, Razor finally managed to destroy a pathway through the monsters. Steele, surprisingly, managed to blunder his tanks through another section, destroying part of the hedge creature. Concerned about what Viper might be up to, Razor had his partner land the jet on the hospital chopper pad.

They jumped out of the jet and rushed through the emergency entry point on the roof and raced down a hallway to the elevators causing a shocked stir among patients and medical staff alike.

When they reached the bottom floor they were stunned to find Feral standing nearby, holding something small against his chest and looking rather pale and tired. Before they could ask why he was there, Feral spoke first.

"Viper went that way." He pointed down a hallway.

Shocked he was telling them where to go and letting them handle it, but knowing there was no time to ask what the heck was going on, they turned in the direction indicated and ran. Screams told them where the lizard had gone. They finally reached the cross hallway Viper had disappeared down when the criminal in question came out of a nearby lab with something clutched in his paw.

He snarled when he saw them. "Get out of my SSSSWAT Katssss."

"No way snakepuss!" Razor growled raising his glovatrix but halting seconds later when Viper snatched something from the room he was still partly standing in.

"Try it!" Viper threatened as he pulled a female lab tech into view, his clawed fingers wrapped around her neck.

"Shit!" T-Bone hissed furiously, backing off. His partner doing the same. They kept their weapons trained on Viper and followed him as he dragged his hostage down the hall back to the lobby once more.

Keeping his eyes on the SWAT Kats, Viper didn't note Sgt Fallon holding his weapon out and ready behind Viper's retreating back.

Unfortunately, Fallon was also hamstrung by the hostage. Thinking quickly, he dropped to the floor, forcing Viper to trip over him. The lab tech was released when Viper fell and scrambled away but before the SWAT Kats could move in, Viper got rapidly to his feet and used his tail to slap Fallon away.

The Sergeant was sent flying against the SWAT Kats knocking them back. The next few moments happened so fast Feral could never have said later exactly what had happened, he only knew he would always remember it as the single most horrifying moment of his life.

Viper was preparing to flee through the doors to escape when he spotted Feral and the bundle he was holding, standing just a few feet from him. In seconds, the fast moving lizard snatched the blanket covered kitten and tore away for the door leading out.

Feral screamed in horror and terror, attempting to run after Viper only to collapse in pain short of the door. "Elora!" He wailed in anguish.

The SWAT Kats had been taken by surprise and were equally horrified as they tried to catch up to the fleeing criminal, Feral's screams of 'MY KITTEN...HE'S GOT MY KITTEN' ringing in their shocked ears.

Sgt Fallon had managed to get back on his feet though his back hurt something fierce. He heard the commander's screams and saw his empty arms. Anguished terror filled him as he hurried to the sobbing tom's side. Feral was trying to get up but couldn't, tears of loss running down his face.

"Easy sir! The SWAT Kats will get her back don't worry." Fallon comforted the new mother. His heart hammered in fear at what would happen to Feral if his daughter was killed or badly hurt.

Out the doors the SWAT Kats ran faster than they'd ever run before. There was no time to get a vehicle from the jet. Steele was still busy engaging the rest of Viper's army as the criminal himself slipped by the battle and headed for a nearby sewer, clutching his twin burdens.

Razor sped ahead of his partner using the fact he was lighter to catch up to the mutant before he could drop down into the sewer he'd just opened. Taking a chance, he could grab the kitten before Viper tossed it or took it with him, Razor leaped the distance still between them and crashed into Viper's side reaching for the kitten, desperately.

He just managed to get a hold of the kitten's clothing with the claws of his outstretched paw then rolled, gathering the wailing kitten in his arms leaving Viper for his partner who pounded up as he got out of the way.

Viper hissed and rolled to his feet but before he could get to the open hole to vanish a furious SWAT Kat caught up with him.

Fury lent T-Bone extra strength behind his pile driver punch he sent straight into Viper's face.

The solid blow hurled the lizard back from the hole. Getting to his feet again, Viper lunged for the tabby only to be pummeled repeatedly until he finally fell unconscious.

Once he was out cold a lot of his creatures became directionless, making it easier for Steele to finish them off.

Meanwhile, the SWAT Kats quickly cleared out before Steele could stop them. They slipped out of sight behind a building not far from the hospital. They paused for Razor to check the kitten.

"Is it okay, buddy?" T-Bone asked anxiously as the kitten continued to wail.

Razor looked the tiny kitten over carefully. "Seems to be T-Bone, just frightened badly, poor little thing." He cuddled the kitten close and patted it gently to try and calm it.

"Did I hear what I thought I heard when we tore out of the hospital?" T-Bone asked uncertainly, as he peered down at the kitten.

"That Feral was screaming 'my kitten'? Nope, we both heard it and I'm still having trouble believing it but we'll find out when we take this little darling back." Razor said. The kitten was no longer screaming, just crying in a more subdued fashion.

The two of them hurried down the street until they could come back to the hospital entryway. Feral was still near the lobby doors, the doctors unable to coax him to lay down and rest. He couldn't until he knew what had happened to his daughter. He was trembling and tears were still running down his face as he stared at the doors anxiously.

Fallon had gone outside to see what was going on and watched as Steele started cleanup of the area. Viper had been defeated he had overheard but nothing was said about a kitten being

found. Before he could tag Steele to find out anything, a pair of very welcome warriors appeared from around the corner of the building, one of them holding a tiny body carefully against his chest.

Fallon felt a rush of relief and hurried toward the pair. "Thank god! Is she okay?" He demanded quickly.

"Yeah, just shaken up badly." Razor said.

"Thank you both, here I'll take her." Fallon said in relief, reaching for the kitten.

"Uh uh...I'll hold her. She's not screaming and I want to keep it that way until I lay her in her mother's arms." Razor insisted, tightening his hold.

Fallon shook his head but didn't argue. Feral needed to see his daughter and if it meant the SWAT Kat would be the one handing her over, so be it. This was no time to argue. He turned around and led the way back to the main doors. The SWAT Kats dogged his steps as they went through the automated doors in a group and followed him to a huddled and tear stained Commander sitting in a wheelchair not far from the doors.

Feral's eyes widened as he saw the tiny body in Razor's arms. His own arms rose up immediately. "Oh my god, Elora!" He cried as Razor tenderly lowered the kitten into Feral's desperately reaching arms.

"Oh love, mommy's so sorry!" Feral moaned as he kissed and licked his kitten almost hysterical with relief, his maternal instincts badly shakened.

T-Bone and Razor stood by, relief in their body language as well as some embarrassment at the uncomfortable sight of Feral's obvious tears and upset. The big tabby pulled Sgt Fallon to one side, giving Feral some privacy to comfort his daughter and regain his composure.

"Okay, what's going on?" He asked softly.

"It's not my place to speak of it." Fallon said firmly.

"True, and I didn't want the particulars, only wanted to know if Feral really is the mother? This isn't an adoption or anything?" T-Bone pressed.

Fallon grimaced and sighed. They deserved at least an honest answer on that. "Yes he really is the mother. He gave birth last Friday and almost died doing it. He needs rest and this will set him back a bit. I don't know if they'll let him go home now."

"Woah! Feral a mother...weird!" Razor said shaking his head. "But it's obvious he has all the instincts of one." He added thoughtfully as he watched Feral coo softly to his now calm kitten.

"Well glad we were able to get her back for him. We'd better be going. We'll make extra patrols to make up for him being out of commission. I don't trust Steele all that much though I have to admit he did manage to come through this time." T-Bone growled grudgingly.

"Really?" Fallon asked, blinking in surprise.

"Yeah, he managed to take out a whole section of Viper's plants while we we're taking out another section. So he's not completely useless." Razor admitted reluctantly. "Though, I think it was mostly luck then skill."

"That actually will help calm the Commander's fears about being gone. It's going to be at least two weeks or more before he can return to duty." Fallon said.

"Great, a month of Steele!" T-Bone groaned.

"SWAT Kats!" A hoarse, but familiar voice called out.

They turned to look back at Feral who was cradling his daughter close to his chest. He was much calmer now and was gesturing for them to come closer.

With Fallon trailing behind them, T-Bone and Razor moved back to stand before the Commander.

He stared at both of them for a long moment before speaking. "Thank you! I don't know how I can express how grateful I am that you were able to save my Elora." He said softly.

"We're just glad we were able to catch that creep before he managed to disappear down a sewer. I not ashamed to admit it was very close." Razor said humbly.

"You succeeded and that's all that matters to me and her." Feral said, sincerely.

"You're welcome. She's sure a cutey, now that she's not screaming." T-Bone said softly looking at the quiet little face.

"She is." Feral said, his look adoring when he gazed at his daughter.

"Congratulations, though I have a suspicion this wasn't planned." Razor said, fairly certain he was right.

Feral blushed a little at that perceptive observation. "You're right, but she's here and I have to change my life to accommodate her because I won't give her up." He said fiercely.

"Good for you. It will be tough but I'm sure you'll succeed." Razor said encouragingly.

Feral blinked in surprise and wished he could see the smallest SWAT Kat's eyes to know what emotion moved him to say that.

"Thank you, I'm going to try my hardest but you're right it's definitely not going to be easy. I would appreciate it if you kept this to yourself, though. The Mayor and Ms. Briggs, Sgt Fallon and my doctor are the only ones aware of my new situation." He said quietly.

"Sure, mum's the word." Razor promised. T-Bone nodded gravely. "Well, we'd better take off. Our jet is blocking the emergency pad. Take care and rest Commander." Razor said in parting as he and T-Bone turned and made for the elevators and soon vanished from view.

"I think you need to have Elora examined first then hopefully I can still take you both home." Sgt Fallon said after a moment.

Feral sighed and nodded as Fallon took the handles of the wheelchair and wheeled him back to the elevators. He made sure to collect the bags of kitten gear that were still hidden behind the potted plant before wheeling the Commander aboard an arriving elevator car.

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Chapter 4 by ulyferal

After being reexamined, Feral and his daughter were allowed to leave. Taking a back exit since the front of the hospital was still being cleaned up, Sgt Fallon helped Feral latch his, now sleeping, daughter into the car seat he'd gotten for the Commander's hummer then helped his superior to get into the passenger seat. He took the driver's seat and carefully took the hummer into the quieter back roads rather than the main streets to give Feral a gentler ride home.

At Feral's apartment, he parked at the rear entry of the building so no one would see the Commander enter with a kitten. They encountered no one when they walked in the door and

headed to the elevator. Sergeant Fallon checked the elevator before Feral came into view to make sure the coast was clear, then signaled for the dark tom to come ahead.

In very little time, Feral was once more back in his apartment. It was clean and fresh, the master bed remade with clean linens and a new bassinet sat beside it, also made up with new bedding ready for Elora.

Feral sighed in relief and laid his daughter tenderly in her new bed. He noted a changing table sat next to his dresser with stacks of diapers on the shelves and other necessities and beside that was a small narrow dresser he was certain would be filled with kitten clothing.

He turned back to Fallon who was opening the bags of things the hospital sent and putting some of it away. Bottles were laying on the changing table for him to take to the kitchen. An odd looking device lay on his dresser.

Feral picked it up and saw the directions for it...a breast pump. He blushed a bit and put it down. Fallon, with his armload of bottles was already on his way out of the room.

Feral followed him and removed his coat to hang it up in the coat closet. Fallon returned from the kitchen and prepared to leave.

"Thank you so much for all you've done. I truly appreciate it." He said warmly to his really fantastic assistant.

Fallon blushed and smiled. "I was happy to do it sir. Ms. Briggs was the one who got you the dresser, breast pump, and kitten clothes. She also left you a list of things you're going to need and can get later on your own. There are some age appropriate toys and she found you...uh...more intimate apparel to help prevent leaking milk through your clothes and bedding."

Feral found himself blushing at the mention of breast milk and leaking. "When I see her again, I'll thank her. You both have made this a much easier transition. I have a lot to learn." He said ruefully.

"Oh, as to that, here is a helpful book the hospital sent along with you." Fallon said handing over a flat, brightly drawn book on kitten care.

Feral accepted it and flipped through it a moment. It was simply done with plenty of pics as well as helpful tips. "This should help."

"I'll take my leave now, sir. Remember get as much rest as you can. I've taken the liberty, with the hospital and Ms. Briggs' assistance, to load up your cupboards and fridge with quick and easy meals containing the calories you require to feed Elora adequately. There's a nutrition guide taped to your fridge as well. I'll come check on you say, tomorrow afternoon?" Fallon asked.

Feral blinked. It was just amazing to him to realize how everyone was doing their best to help him. It was very humbling to have so many care about his welfare and were willing to help him over this very difficult time.

"Um...well, why don't you just call first." He said, a little embarrassed to be watched so closely.

"Certainly, sir. Take care and call me if you need me for anything." Fallon said agreeably then left.

Feral sighed and looked around. It felt good to be alone again after the nightmare of the day's events. He tried to decide what he wanted to do now and was unhappy to learn he was very tired. Resigned, he went to the bedroom and stripped off his clothes, grimacing when he saw his shirt was milk soaked.

Tossing the shirt in his laundry basket in the bathroom, he washed his chest clean then went looking for whatever it was Ms. Briggs had gotten him for this problem. When he located it, all he could do was hold it in shock.

It was a bra with special panels that allowed nursing and absorbent pads to be placed in the cups. There was a selection of washable and disposable pads in the top drawer of his dresser. During his search, he also found a kitten bag for use when they left the apartment.

He swallowed at the sight of the feminine piece of clothing. If giving birth and nursing his daughter hadn't brought home to him that he was just as much female as male, this piece of clothing slapped him in the face with it.

He took a deep breath and spent the next fifteen minutes figuring out how to put it on and getting used to wearing something strapped to his chest. He wonder how she-kats got used to this thing.

One thing he knew, he would never hassle a she-kat for taking too long to get ready, ever again. Add to the embarrassment of the bra there was the 'special' underwear pads he had to wear. Because he had male equipment, the pad rode rather oddly and felt just as weird but was necessary since he was still bleeding a little.

By the time he'd finished putting on his motherly gear, he was even more exhausted. He pulled the bedding down and crawled onto the bed and collapsed. He was asleep before his head hit the pillow. Unfortunately, it felt like he'd only been asleep a few minutes when a wailing cry jerked him awake. His body trembled from the adrenaline rush and it took him a moment to orient himself.

Groaning, he shoved his bedding off and leaned over the bassinet to pick up his daughter. His nose detected the need to change her. God he was soo tired. It took him a moment before he could get to his feet. Holding her against his chest, he tried to calm her, that wasn't exactly the right thing to do as her little nose could smell food and wanted it right now.

Her cries increased and her little claws dug into his chest demandingly. Growling in defeat, Feral gave up trying to get to his feet and lay back down.

"Easy, sweetie. Mommy's hurrying." He said groggily as he fumbled to open the special section of the bra. Finally he freed his nipple and Elora latched on urgently. Feral sighed and rested as his daughter nursed. Her tugging and sucking felt strange and wonderful at the same time.

He didn't know how long his mind drifted but he finally realized Elora had finished eating and was now asleep. He sighed unhappily, she still needed changing.

He sat up carefully with her in his arms and got slowly to his feet. He walked slowly to the changing table and laid her down gently. During the time he had been feeding her she had soaked through her clothes. He tilted his head toward the ceiling, as tired as he was this seemed like the last straw but he knew this was just the beginning.

Shaking himself, he carefully pulled her clothes off. Elora showed her displeasure by fussing sleepily. He got her all cleaned up then redressed. He carried her to her bed and laid her down. He watched her sigh and settle into a deeper sleep before moving off to the bathroom to take care of his own needs.

He checked the time and saw he'd only been asleep less than two hours. He groaned and crawled back into bed once more.

By evening, Feral was soo tired he could hardly see what he was doing. How did females handle this? Of course, most had a mate that helped split the work but he had no one and felt it. After feeding Elora yet again, he struggled to make himself something to eat, really glad for the quick prepared foods. He barely knew what he was eating and had to force himself to finish it then put

his dishes in the sink, dragging himself back to bed once more.

Just after the incident in the hospital, the SWAT Kats returned to their hangar. As they changed their clothes they couldn't help thinking about Feral's new situation.

"I'm still blown away by the fact Feral is mother." Chance said shaking his head as he zipped up his coveralls.

"Yeah, it's a shock alright." Jake said. "What's worse is he's trying to do this alone. He has no clue what its like to take care of a newborn and try to get sleep yourself. By the end of today he'll be like the walking dead."

Chance's face scrunched up. "How the heck do you know all that? I thought you were an only kitten?"

"I was, but I helped a cousin who was having to raise her new kitten on her own. I was in school and I would stop by to give her a paw everyday and evenings. She was so grateful because it was far more than she'd expected and she was exhausted." Jake said, shrugging.

"I know that as well, having seen my mother after the birth of my little sister. My dad had to go to work so I would help her out when I was home and my dad did it at night. Still we were all really glad when Jayna slept through the night." Chance said, smiling at the memory.

"Well, we've got work to do, buddy. Let's get to it." Jake sighed, heading for the ladder and climbing up to the garage. His mind, though, was still on Feral's plight.

As they cleared their work load, both couldn't shake just how hard Feral's new life was going to be and though they never really liked the big arrogant and stubborn tom, having a kitten on his own without a mate had changed their feelings about him and brought out their compassionate side.

When they closed up their shop for the evening and went up to order dinner, they sat on the couch waiting for their food and brooding.

"Ya know..." Chance began.

"I think..." Jake said at the same time.

They stopped and stared at each other in surprise.

"You go ahead, buddy." Chance finally said.

"Uh, okay. I think I should give Feral a paw. He's going to be so exhausted and that will be detrimental to himself and his kitten." Jake said seriously.

Chance shook his head. "What a surprise that we're both thinking the same thing. Despite what I normally feel for that pain in the neck, I do feel sorry for him. He's in way over his head and with him keeping it secret, he can't get help during these early days."

Jake eyed his partner in surprise. "I never thought I'd hear you say you'd be willing to help Feral but I'm glad. I think the best way to help is to take turns giving him assistance through the night. What do you say?" He asked.

"Good idea. Flip you for tonight!" Chance said, pulling a coin out of his pocket and flipping it.

"Heads!" Jake called.

"Huh! Heads it is. Looks like you have Feral watch first." Chance sighed.

Their doorbell rang. Their dinner had arrived. Once he'd finished eating and ensuring he had his signaler on him in case of a call for the SWAT Kats, Razor took off on his cyclotron for Feral's apartment.

Parking his bike behind a huge dumpster behind the apartment building and setting its security system, Razor shot his grappling line to the roof and repelled up. He entered the building through the roof door. He knew Feral had his apartment near the exit and on the top floor for easy access for chopper pickup.

Slipping into the quiet hallway from the emergency stairs, Razor padded softly to the Commander's apartment door. Using his glovatrix he jimmied the lock and snuck in. The apartment was dark and silent.

He closed and locked the door behind him then padded across the living room for the bedroom. A small night light lit the room making it easier for him to see Feral sound asleep and just beyond him, the bassinet. Smiling quietly, he let them be and went into the living room. Turning on the TV, sound very low, he flipped the channels until he found something interesting and settled in.

Less than an hour later, a soft cry came drifting out of the bedroom. Razor got to his feet instantly and entered the room. Feral was still asleep and hadn't responded yet. The cinnamon tom padded around the bed quietly and raised the little one from her bed.

He carried her over to the changing table and did a diaper change. Once done, he carried her over to Feral's side. Elora was fussing nosily but the Commander still hadn't heard her. Razor shook his head in sympathy, the Commander was just too tired.

As gently as he could he pulled the covers down from Feral's front and saw the bra, nodding to himself, he reached forward and popped the snap on the upper breast because he could see it was swollen more than the one below meaning this one was the one needing to be emptied. He used a spare pillow to hold Elora at the right height and helped her latch on. Feral grunted as she sucked hard but made no other sound nor woke up.

It took Elora some fifteen minutes to finish nursing. Razor stayed close and watched with a small smile as he waited. When she was done, he gently picked her up, tapped her back gently until she burped then laid her back in her bed.

He went to the dresser next and looked around. Opening the top drawer he found what he was looking for. He grabbed a clean pad and returned to the bed. He removed the soaked one and replaced it then snapped the bra flap closed and pulled the covers back over Feral. Nodding in satisfaction, he left the room to do the dishes and some light housekeeping then watched TV again.

Razor took care of Elora at several intervals throughout the night. The last time was when dawn was peeking through the curtains. Elora cried out and he quickly went through to pick her up. This time, however, Feral snorted awake and was shocked to see his daughter in the paws of a SWAT Kat.

"What the heck!" He blurted trying to get out of his bedding, frantically.

"Easy, don't stir yourself unless you need to go to the bathroom. I'll get her cleaned up and changed so you can feed her when you get back." Razor soothed him as he expertly began doing just what he'd said.

Feral gaped at him as he watched Razor expertly change Elora.

"What is going on?" He finally managed to ask as he slowly got out of bed.

"Well, its like this...T-Bone and I got to thinking just how hard this was going to be for you. We

both have experience from our kittenhood of doing kitten duty so we thought we'd supply you night time help so that you can get some much needed sleep." Razor said simply as he finished his chore and raised Elora into his arms gently. He turned to Feral.

"Don't you feel a little more rested?" He asked, smiling.

Feral blinked at that question, actually he did feel more rested.

"Yes, I do surprisingly." He said slowly staring at Razor with new eyes. "Why do you want to do this? You don't like me." He asked, trying to get a handle on this new behavior from his constant antagonist.

"Yeah, well, you are a pain in the neck but you've done something truly amazing and shouldn't suffer for it as most new mother's do." Razor said, shrugging again, blushing a little.

Feral still found this hard to believe but he couldn't deny that he felt more rested and he hadn't woke all night and he knew Elora had but she was clean, though hungry and, to his shocked embarrassment, so was he.

"Uh, you didn't by chance..." He started to ask, face flushing in mortification that the SWAT Kat had done something so intimate for him.

"Yeah, I did. I helped my cousin. It makes sore nipples if it isn't done. Think nothing of it." The cinnamon tom said, smoothing over the awkward moment quickly.

"Uh, thanks. I..." Feral began before Elora let out a particularly loud complaint.

"Guess she's lost her patience. Do you need to use the bathroom first?" Razor asked politely, as he bounced the kitten to calm her.

Feral blushed yet again but realized he did need to go and hurriedly got up, vanishing into the bathroom. Moments later he was back and beginning to reach for Elora.

"I've got her, you go and get back into bed so you can feed her more comfortably. By the way, it's your left breast she needs." Razor said quietly.

Feral raised an eyebrow at him but didn't argue as he moved to the bed and laid down on the side he needed, he'd already grabbed a replacement pad. He opened his bra and waited. Razor came over to him and tenderly laid the kitten next to her mother.

Elora, however, was angry and wouldn't latch on despite how hungry she was. Feral frowned in frustration as he tried to coax her to eat.

"Its alright, she's just too angry. Try caressing her face gently and purr, she'll come around." Razor advised.

Desperate to try anything at this point, Feral did as suggested. Gradually, Elora calmed and was soon nursing with gusto.

Feral sighed then looked up and stared at Razor for a long moment. "Thank you, you obviously do know something about caring for kittens. I have no such background and am lost."

"Hey, you're welcome. So I've go to go home now. T-Bone will be on duty tonight."

Feral blinked at him in shock. "What?"

"We're taking turns. You have her all day and we'll help you all night. She'll space her feedings out in about another month. We'll do this for the next week or two for you since that is the worst

time for a mother in the beginning. Take it easy today, don't try to do too much. If you haven't gotten your necessary chores done, don't sweat it. We'll get the dishes, housecleaning and laundry done while you sleep." Razor assured the stunned Commander. He waved good bye and left the apartment.

Feral lay there in complete astonishment. Never would he have dreamed these two vigilantes would reach out a helping paw to him but here they were doing it. It changed his way of thinking about them considerably.

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Chapter 5 by ulyferal

After Razor left him that morning, Feral rose to take a shower. The hot water felt good and woke him up more. After checking on Elora and finding her blissfully asleep, he made his way to the kitchen to fix himself some breakfast.

He turned on the stove and began to scramble some eggs while putting toast in the toaster. His mind went back to what Razor had told him. He still found it unbelievable that the SWAT Kat had willingly stayed at his side all night, did his household chores, fed and changed Elora and even did that embarrassing personal chore for him.

It just felt all wrong but he couldn't deny how much welcome sleep he'd gotten. He couldn't believe how tired he had been nor how groggy. It took everything he had to even climb out of bed to go to the bathroom. It was unpleasant to say the least and Razor assured him this was just the beginning. He could only cringe at that thought as he served up his breakfast.

He hurriedly cleaned up, grabbed his milk and plate then made for the living room. He flicked the TV on and sighed as he settled into his comfortable recliner, eating his food slowly while watching the news. It felt decidedly odd being home during a work day. He'd only just finished eating when a loud cry from the bedroom told him his little darling was awake.

Setting his plate down he made for the bedroom. Walking around the bed, he reached the bassinet and lifted out his wailing daughter. Cooing and swaying with her in his arms, he made for the changing table. She'd wet through her clothes again and, giving a passing thought to poorly made diapers, he pulled everything off her, cleaned her up then redressed her.

By now she was fairly shrieking angrily at him. Sighing and folding his ears down in self defense, he paused at his dresser long enough to pull out a breast pad then hurriedly made for the living room.

Getting settled in his recliner again, he bounced his irate daughter, trying to calm her down while he opened the light shirt he was wearing and popped the snap on his bra to allow his nipple to be exposed. Tossing the wet pad onto the coffee table, he brought Elora to his breast and spent the next five minutes coaxing her to eat rather than continue to throw a tantrum. Using the techniques Razor had shown him he finally succeeded in getting her to settle down and nurse.

Sighing again (he was doing that a lot he noted), he went back to watching TV. Some fifteen minutes later, he noticed the urgent activity at his breast had ceased. Glancing down, he saw she had fallen asleep, a drop of milk on her tiny lip. He tenderly lifted her to his shoulder and tapped her back to release any bubbles. She didn't burp, only sighed and nuzzled his neck. He laid her down beside him a moment while he slipped a new pad in his bra and snapped it back up, not bothering to close his shirt.

He picked her back up and carried her to the bedroom, laying her sleeping form in her bed. Yawning and stretching, he returned to the living room and collected his plates. He flicked the TV off then walked to the kitchen to lay his dishes in the sink, stood there trying to decide if he wanted to wash them but finally realized he was just too tired so made his way back to bed to catch some more sleep.

As his eyes closed and sleep began to roll over him, he remembered Razor said T-Bone was taking over tonight. He wondered how he and that arrogant tom were going to get along or would he even be aware of him being there. He yawned hugely and let the thought go for now.

For the rest of the day, he moved through a haze of feeding, changing, sleeping, over and over again till the sun began to fall below the horizon. By then he was dragging his tail and could barely keep his eyes open long enough to make himself a meal. He'd just fed Elora again and wanted nothing more than to go to bed but his stomach was growling loudly and he knew it would keep him from sleeping and skipping meals wasn't good for milk production.

He shuffled tirededly to the kitchen and pulled together some meat, veggies, and potatoes and tossed them in a skillet. As the food cooked, he felt his eyelids dragging shut. Feral didn't know how long he'd been literally sleeping on his feet when he startled awake as finger suddenly and gently took the spoon he had been holding from his paw. He blinked in shock as he realized he could smell something burning, looking down he saw he'd burned his dinner.

"Let me just dump this and make you something else." Rumbled a voice he never expected to hear in his apartment.

Trying to wake himself enough to see clearly, Feral beheld the burly shape of T-Bone as the tom pushed him to a seat then began to move around the kitchen making another meal and turning on fans to clear the smoky air. Feral couldn't do anything but gape at the tom and cough. His addled brain finally remembered Razor had said his partner would be taking over his care tonight and here he was.

As the kitchen air cleared of the smell of burning food, T-Bone finished making a hot sandwich and deposited it and a tall glass of milk before the exhausted dark tom.

"Here, eat up before you fall face first to the table." He said gruffly, his voice sounding mildly amused and sympathetic at the same time.

Feeling like a robot, Feral picked up the sandwich and ate mechanically. He was just too tired to even taste the food. He gave up trying to keep his eyes open as it took too much effort just to eat so it wasn't surprising he nearly knocked his milk over reaching for it blindly, but T-Bone caught it and gently placed it in his paw.

In this fashion, he finally finished his meal then felt the tabby help him to his feet and guide him to his bedroom. As they nearly reached the door, a wail greeted them.

"Do you need to use the bathroom?" T-Bone asked, ignoring the wail for the moment.

Feral blinked and thought a moment then nodded. The big SWAT Kat helped him to the bathroom then left him to do his business while he took care of Elora. When Feral managed to stumble back into the bedroom, T-Bone was cradling Elora, cooing at her while he waited for the dark tom to reach the bed and lay down.

Halfway there, Feral paused trying to think what he needed, turning to the dresser to retrieve a pad then going to the bed to lay down with a groan. He released the flap on his left breast and felt Elora being lowered into his arms. Soon she was nursing and he was drifting to sleep.

He never felt Elora being lifted from him, his bra being snapped up again nor his covers being pulled over him.

T-Bone shook his head as he gently burped the tiny kitten then laid her in her bassinet. He stared down at her for a long moment. It was hard to believe Feral had given birth to this little beauty.

As for the stiff-necked tom, he was very glad he'd arrived when he did... Feral had nearly burned

down his kitchen, falling asleep the way he had, over his cooking food. Poor guy, he was like a walking zombie.

It was going to be a long night but it would be worth it. No matter how he felt about the arrogant tom, he admired him for doing something truly incredible and having the courage to keep his daughter and raise her despite how difficult that was going to be as a single parent and in such a dangerous career field.

Sighing, he slipped from the bedroom and went to the kitchen to do the dishes and clean up the kitchen.

He quickly fell into an easy but tiring routine of taking care of Elora and Feral's needs through the night as well as doing any minor housework that needed doing.

The smelliest job was dumping the diaper pail. He had to slip out of Feral's apartment without being observed, go down to the basement and dump the trash bag then slip back upstairs and into the apartment once more. He also had to do the laundry, all those tiny clothes were a nightmare of making sure he didn't lose one in the washer or dryer. Razor had done the main laundry, consisting of Feral's uniforms, linens and towels, yesterday so he was left with his least favorite chore...ironing.

Finding the ironing board and iron, he set it up in the living room so he could watch TV while he did his work. In very little time, he finished and hung up the freshly pressed clothes just in time to take care of Elora again.

By the time dawn peeked through the curtains, T-Bone was ready to crash. He would stay until Elora woke again which should be in another two hours then wake Feral, fix him breakfast and leave for home.

If Feral was behaving like the walking dead, he and Razor would be nearly the same by week's end. He sighed and shook his head, well they did volunteer so he would just suck it up and exist on long catnaps for awhile.

Some two and a half hours later, he was placing Elora back in her bed while Feral was trying to wake up enough to rise. T-Bone eyed him critically to see if the dark tom was going to be able to get to his feet then sighed mentally in relief when Feral lurched to his feet and stumbled his way to the bathroom, soon the shower was heard. Giving a huge yawn and stretch, T-Bone headed for the kitchen and very quickly had a nutritious breakfast made by the time a more awake tom walked in.

"Sit, eat!" The tabby ordered the dark tom brusquely, setting a plate and tall glass of milk on the table.

Feral eyed the SWAT Kat warily but did as he was told and sat down at the table. The food was good and he was tucking in with gusto, surprised at how hungry he was.

"Nursing Elora will make you far hungrier than you're used to. Don't ignore it and ensure you eat plenty. Now isn't the time to worry about your waistline. That's all my mother could think about after my sister was born, bout drove my father crazy." T-Bone said knowingly.

"I don't think I'll be as concerned about that as much as trying to stay awake." Feral said ruefully, finishing his food and pushing the plate away.

T-Bone came over and whisked the dishes to the sink and began to wash them. "Yeah, I can imagine. That will take some time as your body recovers from giving birth and having surgery. Listen to your body and don't try to tough it out, now isn't the time for it."

Feral stared at T-Bone's back as the SWAT Kat busied himself setting the kitchen to rights. It just

felt so weird to have both of these vigilantes pattering around his home and helping him during this trying time of adjustment being a mother. He really didn't know how to react to this and was just too darn tired to analyze it much anyway.

"By the way, I washed Elora's clothes and put them away as well as ironed your uniforms...took out the trash as well. Shouldn't be much for Razor to do on his shift unless you'd like your bedding changed." T-Bone interrupted Feral's internal musing.

The dark tom looked up in surprise as he noted the SWAT Kat was done and was preparing to leave. He had been so out of it he hadn't even noticed. He was stunned to hear what the big tom had accomplished for him the evening before.

"Uh, thanks...I..."

T-Bone just waved off Feral's attempt to thank him and gave the Commander a friendly slap on the back.

"Don't worry about it. Just rest, take care of Elora and eat. That's all your responsibilities are for right now. Razor will be in tonight. Take it slow and rest. See you in a couple of days." T-Bone promised then left the room. Moments later, Feral heard his door open then close. He was alone for the day.

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Chapter 6 by ulyferal

Feral and the SWAT Kats fell into a regular routine over the next few weeks. The Commander got used to seeing one or the other vigilante when he went to bed and woke the next morning. His apartment remained clean and fresh as he slowly climbed back to normal. The fact it was taking so long to do that was chafing on him.

He said so to his physician during his first postpartum checkup. "I just can't seem to get any of my normal energy back despite getting enough sleep at night." He complained.

Dr. Burman eyed his patient critically. "I'm glad you're getting help at night so that you are receiving a full night's sleep but you must understand, your body has undergone a major crisis and it will take time to recover. There is no rushing it." He warned.

Feral huffed irritably. "I know that! But how long is long enough?"

Dr. Burman sighed and reached a commiserating paw out to the huge tom and gave his shoulder a small pat. "You have done the unimaginable...being male and giving birth. There just isn't any precedence for this since such births are extremely rare. I can only go by how your body is reacting as it heals and I'm telling you, it will be at least another month before you begin to feel almost normal."

"Another month?" Feral nearly shouted but remembered in time that Elora was sleeping in her carry seat nearby.

"Or longer. You are making strides and I can tell you're eating well and almost getting enough rest so there's a small chance it could be sooner but I rather doubt it." The doctor said.

Feral could only moan at that as he picked up Elora and left for home. Being away from his office this long was making him antsy. His second wasn't too incompetent...just green. Sgt. Fallon had been keeping up with what was going on and bringing him reports that required his attention so he really wasn't too far out of the loop so he shouldn't complain.

His most urgent concern was what would happen if an omega showed up but blissfully they had been lucky there. None had made an appearance, except for Dr. Viper, though no one knew why.

The only other thing that had made him squirm was his new notoriety once the rumor mill had spilled the beans about him giving birth. Actually, he was very lucky it had been kept a secret as long as it had. He could thank Ms. Briggs for that as well as his assistant. Even the Mayor was reluctant to let that particular piece of information get out, not wanting the notoriety of having an hermaphrodite Chief Enforcer bandied about. It wasn't all that great for his image.

But it couldn't be hidden forever and, of course, it was Ann Gora who had noted Feral's long absence from duty which sent her to ferret the information out of the hospital staff. So after he'd finished with his appointment and was preparing to load Elora into the car to go home, Gora swooped down on him with that damn camerakat of hers.

"Commander Feral. I see the rumors are true that you've done something remarkable and that's why you're on medical leave." She said brightly over his left shoulder.

Feral nearly jumped out of his fur when she spoke next to his ear and he wasn't the only one, Elora had been startled as well when he jerked her carrier and began to wail. Grumbling irritably, he set the carrier into its restraint system then removed Elora from it and began to cuddle her close to his chest to soothe her. She immediately calmed and sleepily closed her recently opened eyes.

"Oh, she's beautiful, Commander." Ann said honestly, politely lowering her voice as she stared at the tiny bundle completely dwarfed in the big tom's paws. "I'm sorry we startled her. She has such pretty gold eyes just like you. What's her name?"

Feral sighed and nuzzled his kitten before answering. "I named her Elora." He said quietly as his tiny daughter slept against his chest.

"What a sweet name." Ann said, truly taken with the tiny creature. She thought it absolutely incredible that this big hulking tom had actually given birth to this beautiful kitten. "When was she born? I heard you had some difficulty giving birth."

Feral knew he couldn't avoid this any longer so gave her a brief report of what had transpired without going into too many details.

"What a traumatic thing to go through. Which brings me to my next question...how did you end up in such a predicament in the first place and who is the sire of your kitten?" She asked.

"I failed to note I was in heat when I was with the sire. It's normally so light, I rarely notice it. Unfortunately, for me, he caught me at the right moment. As for who he is, a one night stand from another city whose name I never got. I don't hold him responsible and he's not involved in our lives." He said firmly, putting an end to that line of questioning.

"If that's true, Commander, then you've been incredibly lucky not to have this happen before now." Ann said, knowing there was something about this Feral wasn't saying.

"No comment. And before you try to ask anymore questions, I really need to get home. I tire very quickly and must get off my feet." Feral said, not prevaricating at all as he felt like lead and truly wanted to sit down...soon.

Ann frowned but as she stared at the Commander, she realized she could clearly see lines of exhaustion around the tom's eyes and, by the slump of his shoulders, that he was indeed very tired and barely able to stand right now.

"I'm sorry, I should have remembered you would be still recovering. Thank you for your time and do get your rest. I hope you have help though. Doing this on your own without assistance is a recipe for falling ill and ending up in the hospital again." Ann warned him gently as she and her camerakat got out of his way.

He nodded at her in thanks for her concern then turned and put Elora in her car seat. 'Ann would be falling all over herself if she ever learned who was helping me.' He thought in tired amusement as he closed the back door and made for the driver's seat.

Hours later, T-Bone was watching the news and gave a low growl of annoyance when he saw Ann Gora stopping Feral in the parking lot of the medical building that morning. No wonder Feral looked more than unusually tired this evening after having to put up with that.

He couldn't fault Ann for the way she handled such a sensitive subject though. Unlike her usual tell all stance, this time she kept the story brief and to the point, quickly ending it when asked. He was glad she had realized the danger she put Elora in by this interview so wisely didn't show anymore than a brief image of the kitten in case those that had it in for the Commander would use her as a hostage. Feral, like most of the important persons of the city, had his address unlisted, so he wouldn't be that easily found when he was home, still, it made T-Bone uneasy about the tom's safety.

When he went home that morning and before he crashed for a nap, he found Jake had been just as upset about the broadcast as he was.

"I'm going to set up a security system around Feral's place. It will make me feel better that he's as protected as we can make him." His partner said grimly.

"Good idea, buddy. I'm going to catch a nap. How's our workload for today?" Chance asked around a huge yawn.

"Not too bad, just a few cars. Nothing I can't handle on my own. See you later." Jake said, waving his tired partner off.

As he worked in the garage, he went over in his mind what kind of security he wanted to set up. He was very glad the omegas had taken an apparent leave of absence. He didn't want to think about how hard it would be for either of them to be sharp enough to protect the city when they were tired from kitten duty.

For more than a week afterward, the news stations and papers were constantly talking about the amazing tom who had given birth to a kitten. Feral could have really done without the notoriety. It was fortunate that Sgt Fallon took over the responsibility of making sure Feral's bills were paid and did the shopping he needed so he didn't have to step foot out of his apartment except for his medical appointments plus the assistance he received from the SWAT Kats who took care of everything else. This made his life so much easier and by the time he did finally return to work, all the hoopla would be over...at least he hoped so.

Now, as he drove home from his most recent appointment, Feral fiddled with his radio until he found a soothing station and sort of vegged behind the wheel. He hated that he still felt tired even from such a short trip away from home. He would be very glad when all this was in the past.

He was within two blocks of his apartment when the unthinkable happened. A large tractor trailer had tried to negotiate a corner up ahead of him and failed. A loud screech of metal was heard even over all the traffic as the trailer keeled over and fell onto its side catching two vehicles beneath it and causing the rest of the traffic to plow into each other.

Feral's reflexes, slowed by his weakened condition, failed to react swiftly enough to prevent his hummer from smacking the car in front of him despite him stomping his brakes hard to try and stop. Behind him, an inattentive driver slammed Feral's hummer with such force he was shoved into the cars ahead pushing them into each other and buckling his own hood in the process. When everything finally stopped moving, Feral found himself pinned in his seat by the exploding air bag and his steering wheel which had buckled from the impact. From the rear seat, Elora was wailing in terror.

He felt shaky and out of breath as he took stock of himself. His dash was buckled but perhaps the built in enforcer radio still functioned. He reached around the collapsing air bag and searched for the mike. It had fallen to the floor and he had to use the cord to retrieve it.

"This is Feral! Can anyone hear me?" He called.

Static greeted him for a moment then a welcome voice came over the line. "Dispatch here, sir! What's the problem."

"A tractor trailer has keeled over at the intersection of Fourth and Mason Streets causing a major pileup. I, unfortunately, got caught in it and am trapped in my vehicle but otherwise alright. Send assistance immediately. There seems to be about fifteen cars involved." He reported.

"We've just received the call, Commander. Help is on its way. We'll get you out as soon as we can, sir." Dispatch said quickly.

"Thanks." Feral sighed and let the radio fall from his paw. "Elora...sweety...its okay...come on honey stop crying for momma..." Feral tried unsuccessfully to soothe his frightened daughter.

At the salvage yard, Jake had just finished his third vehicle of the day when he heard the radio call. He froze in the act of wiping his paws as he heard Feral's call for assistance and the wail of Elora in the background followed by more calls by dispatch for emergency crews to report. His heart jumped with fear. Even though he knew the fire department, medical and enforcers were on the way, he couldn't just stand by and not help.

He quickly closed the garage, put up a sign that said they were temporarily away then raced up the stairs to their bedrooms.

"Chance, wake up!" He shouted, shaking his sleeping partner. .

"Huh...whazzup!" His buddy grumbled, groggily.

"Come on. Feral's been in a major accident near his apartment. We gotta go help him." Jake said urgently.

Chance blinked his eyes open in shock. "What did you say?"

"You heard me! Get your butt in gear, hurry. We gotta help Feral." Jake repeated then disappeared from the room.

Chance could hear his partner running back downstairs. Throwing his bedding off, the tabby stumbled to his feet and pounded after his friend.

Down in the hangar, Razor was already dressed and warming up the jet as Chance rushed to dress and follow him. Soon he was in the pilot seat and taking the Turbokat through the hidden runway and into the air racing toward the plume of smoke he could see rising skyward.

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Chapter 7 by ulyferal

In less than ten minutes, the SWAT Kats were hovering over the terrible scene. The wrecked tractor trailer was still blocking three lanes of road and as many as twenty cars were smashed or disabled nearby. Smoke from several of the cars was what caused the plume they had seen. It didn't take them long to spot Feral's black hummer some five vehicles from the main incident.

"Land on that building, T-Bone." Razor ordered tensely, indicating a roof just above Feral's location.

"Roger!"

As soon as the jet put down smoothly, the canopy was shot back and the two jumped out quickly. They made for the edge of the roof then rappelled down to the chaotic scene on the street.

Enforcers were already on the scene as well as emergency crews but the SWAT Kats managed to slip by the cordon being set up and raced toward Feral's car. No one had reached it yet so they were first on scene.

The driver's side window was shattered and T-Bone could easily see the Commander. They could also hear poor Elora screaming in the back seat.

"Feral, are you alright?" T-Bone asked quickly as he studied the door to see if he could open it.

Feral blinked in surprise at the sight of the SWAT Kat but managed to nod his head. T-Bone got the door open but saw it wasn't going to be easy extracting the Commander. Grimacing, he straightened up and looked around. This was something the fire department was more skilled at doing. No way did he want to accidentally harm the tom by trying to get him out himself.

Elora's crying eased then stopped. Feral tried to turn to see why she'd gone silent, fear beginning to show on his face.

"Easy, its alright, Razor has her." T-Bone soothed him, making him relax. "I'll be right back." He told him as he spotted a fire crew. He jogged over to them. "Hey! Commander Feral is pinned in his car by the steering wheel. He seems okay otherwise."

A firekat eyed him from his position near another car where he was checking the driver. "If he's not in danger, he will have to wait. We have some critical cases here." The Kat told him.

"Is there anything we can do to help?" T-Bone offered, understanding the firekats had to use a triage method to determine who needed help the most so wasn't put off when he was told Feral would have wait.

"Don't know yet. Just stand by. You might come in handy getting that tractor rig out of the way." The firekat said distractedly.

"Sure. We'll be over at Feral's hummer...that vehicle over there..." T-Bone pointed out. "Just holler when you need us."

The firekat nodded. T-Bone trotted back to Feral's side. "Sorry Commander, there are more seriously injured Kats that need help more than you at the moment but maybe I can get you out myself." He reassured the tom then jerked on the door until he could get it open then studied Feral's predicament.

Razor came over to his side hugging Elora close to his chest. He studied the problem too.

"Hmm, T-Bone, you're going to have to use your torch very carefully and cut the steering wheel away but check his feet first to insure they aren't trapped as well." He decided.

"Right." T-Bone agreed as he squatted down to check the floor area. Using a flashlight he could see Feral's left foot alright but had to put his head in to see the right and grimaced at what he saw. The Commander's foot had been jammed by the accelerator peddle back against the seat. He gently felt along it and got a cry of pain from above.

He pulled out quickly and looked at Feral's pained expression. "Can you move your feet at all?" He asked anxiously.

Moaning, Feral gritted his teeth and tried to move both his feet. "Argh! My right foot hurts but my

left seems okay."

"Yeah, your left foot is free but your right is trapped between the peddle and seat. I'm going to have to cut the peddle too, Razor. Hopefully, one of those paramedics will be over here by then to take care of Feral's ankle. But first I'll get the steering wheel out of the way." T-Bone said grimly.

Razor nodded and watched as T-Bone carefully used his handheld torch to cut through the steering wheel. Feral was able to hold onto it so it wouldn't fall into his lap when the SWAT Kat finished cutting it free. T-Bone took hold of it and tossed it to the street behind him.

"Hold still, Commander. I need to cut the peddle free." T-Bone called up. He carefully made sure his welder was on its narrowest beam before bringing it back into the car to start cutting.

As he was working a voice spoke to them. "What's happening here?" T-Bone let Razor answer as he continued to work to free Feral's foot.

"Feral was trapped by the steering wheel and the accelerator peddle. As you can see T-Bone has already taken out the steering wheel and is now cutting the peddle. His ankle might be broken." Razor briefed the paramedic standing nearby and looking Feral over without getting in T-Bone's way.

"Good work. Saved us some time. It's a real mess out here." The paramedic grunted. "Commander, how are you sir?"

"Okay, except for my ankle." Feral grunted then hissed as T-Bone finally freed his foot.

"Do you have any other pain...how's your chest...any pain there?" The paramedic asked as he gently pressed various parts of Feral's body.

"No, air bag kept me from getting too badly hurt. Just bruised." Feral told him. "I don't know about my daughter though." He said in concern.

The paramedic quickly looked in the back seat before Razor caught his attention.

"She's right here. She seems okay, only frightened." He told him.

The paramedic gently examined the kitten and found she seemed to be okay. "She should still be checked." He said.

"Sure, we'll get her to the hospital." Razor promised. The paramedic nodded then waited until the bigger SWAT Kat finished his work.

T-Bone pulled out from the small area at Feral's feet to allow the paramedic to inspect the tom's ankle.

"Yeah, its broken." The paramedic confirmed after a few minutes examination as he pulled out and stood up. He called on his radio for assistance then began to paw through his medical case. Another paramedic arrived and T-Bone and Razor stepped back out of their way.

It took over thirty minutes to package Feral and haul him to the hospital. He was grateful that he didn't have to worry about Elora. She was in good paws with the SWAT Kats which was a very strange thing to realize.

It was a small problem for the pair to take care of the tiny kitten and help the fire department move the trailer but they managed. Elora was safely in her car seat strapped into the jump seat next to Razor. After the rig had been hauled to an empty field where they'd been instructed to put it, they were released.

Fortunately, Elora didn't get too frightened of flying in the jet, especially since Razor would spare a paw to gently comfort her every now and then.

T-Bone quickly flew them to the hospital. Elora would soon be hungry and since Feral was nursing her, they had to take her to his side soon. They had also promised she would be examined by the doctors as well.

They had made sure to collect her kitten bag so when they appeared in the ER, Razor made a strange sight as he carried it over one shoulder while T-Bone followed with a kitten carrier over his arm as they walked into the ER waiting room.

They stepped up to the nurse at the triage desk. The nurse looked up and stared at the pair in surprised concern. "Are you two alright?"

"Yeah, we're fine. We're here because of this little cutey. Her mother was in an accident and we are just taking care of her until we can reunite them. Elora was in the accident as well and the paramedics said she should be checked out. She's been okay though." T-Bone assured the nurse.

"Even so, she should be checked out since she was involved in an accident. Come with me." The nurse said urgently then led the pair through to an examination room. Their wait wasn't long before an intern appeared. He blinked in surprise at the sight of the pair with a kitten carrier.

"Hi doc. This is Elora Feral. Her mother, Commander Feral were in that big accident with the tractor trailer. Feral was brought in with a broken ankle and the paramedics said Elora should be checked out too. We can tell you she's been okay, cried when she was frightened in the jet and comforted easily." Razor told the doctor.

"Really. Okay, let's just check her out okay. Do you know how old she is?" The doctor asked as he gently removed Elora from her carrier and placed her on the exam table. She stirred and waved her arms around a little.

"She's six weeks old." T-Bone said promptly.

The doctor wondered how he knew that but shelved the mystery as he carefully pulled Elora's clothes off and began to exam her. The cool air of the ER woke her and she began to cry lustily.

"Ahh, I'm sorry little one. Well at least her lungs are okay." He said mildly as he used a small flashlight to check her eyes, whenever she opened them. After checking her all over, he seemed satisfied that she'd taken no harm from the accident.

"Well, she certainly looks and sounds okay to me. She was restrained, right?" He asked as he put the diaper back on.

"Oh yeah, and there was no damage to it, luckily. It's a good thing Feral drives a hummer. It buckled but still held together well." T-Bone answered.

"That's good. Well, I think there's nothing to cause any concern then. Is she nursing or bottle feeding?" The doctor asked as he washed his paws.

"Nursing and now that she's wide awake, she'll be yelling to be fed and we don't know Feral's status." Razor said in concern, folding his ears at the loud wails.

"I can check on that for you. Go out to the waiting area and I'll have someone one tell you his status." The doctor said as he left the room.

"Swell. He gets her all riled up and we're left with trying to calm her down." T-Bone grumbled as he quickly redressed Elora.

"You got that right." Razor said sourly.

T-Bone raised Elora into his arms and began to rock and coo to her trying to calm her down, even offering his finger to suck. She took it for a few minutes while Razor searched her bag for a pacifier. He gave a cry of triumph when he finally located it and gently coaxed her to accept it. She almost didn't but finally was sucking on it hard. It wasn't going to hold her long though, they both knew that.

The two went out to the waiting area and found a quiet corner. Many eyes watched them in fascination. Not many got to see the SWAT Kats up close and personal like this.

More than an hour later and both SWAT Kats were nearly frantic as they each took the very angry and hungry kitten in turn, trying unsuccessfully to comfort her but she was having none of it as she wailed demandingly.

Everyone around them including the triage nurse winced in sympathy at the stressed out kitten cried. The nurse had been told about who the kitten was and had been checking regularly to see if Feral could have visitors but some kind of hangup in x-rays had forced the Commander to wait before getting done.

Finally, when everyone in the waiting room had their ears flat in self defense against the appalling noise, the nurse was able to tell the two they could go back. She quickly escorted them through a set of doors then down a hall, Elora's wails echoing off the walls.

The nurse paused at a closed door and hurriedly opened it. Feral was looking toward the door anxiously having heard the distinctive cry of his kitten. With a feeling of great relief, Razor handed over Elora into her mother's waiting arms.

Her face was red with anger and her tiny fists beat the air in fury. Feral raised her to his face and cooed at her then licked her face vigorously which he had learned was a quicker way to distract her from her pique.

The kitten choked and whimpered but finally stopped screaming long enough for Feral to hurriedly open his hospital gown then bra to let her begin nursing. He hissed as she latched on and sucked hard. His breasts were becoming really uncomfortable the longer he had to wait to nurse her.

Everyone sighed with relief as silence reigned at last. The SWAT Kats relaxed against the nearby wall as they watched the kitten nurse.

"Elora was examined and the doc says she's okay. No signs of injury from the accident. So when do they say you can leave, Feral?" T-Bone asked.

Feral grimaced. "I don't know yet. I only just got back and haven't seen the doctor again and my ankle hasn't been casted. I don't think they'll keep me though. Thanks for caring for her and having her seen."

"Hey, no problem. You know we love her too. However, now you have another problem." Razor said heavily.

Feral knew what he meant as he looked down at his splinted foot. How was he supposed to take care of Elora now?

It was more than two hours later before Feral was finally released. Following the wheelchair the nurse was pushing, they took the elevator to the roof landing pad where the Turbokat was parked to one side. When they reached the jet, Razor took Elora's carrier from Feral and T-Bone helped the tom, who was using crutches, up the ramp and into a jump seat he'd pulled down. He cinched

the Commander in then did the same with Elora's carrier beside him on another jump seat.

Once they were secured, the two climbed the ladder to the cockpit and started the jet. Elora didn't like that much and Feral had to keep his paw on her to keep her calm the whole trip.

Landing on the roof of Feral's apartment gently, the pair climbed back into the hold. Razor signaled the door to open as T-Bone helped Feral to his feet, waiting for him to get steady on his crutches before letting go of the tom's body. Razor had already gotten Elora and they made their slow way down the ramp then down to Feral's apartment.

By the time they had gotten into the apartment, Feral was exhausted and wobbly on his feet. Pride kept him from asking for help as he determinedly made his way to his bedroom. By that time he was sweating and his ankle throbbed painfully.

He groaned as he tried to catch his breath. Setting Elora's carrier on the changing table, Razor went to get pillows while T-Bone quickly stripped Feral of his clothes ignoring his objections. Once the tired tom was situated in the bed properly, T-Bone gently raised the injured limb while Razor put pillows under it to elevate it per doctor's orders. Taking a loose blanket, T-Bone covered most of Feral's body while leaving his ankle exposed.

Razor took care of Elora's needs, changing her and putting her to bed, while T-Bone went to the kitchen to make a late lunch for Feral and to make up an ice pack for his ankle. Some ten minutes later, he arrived in the bedroom with a tray and a bag of ice.

He set the tray before Feral then put the bag on his ankle. The tom hissed then sighed as he felt some of the throbbing ease.

"There are two pain pills for you on the tray. You need to take them now or you won't get any rest." T-Bone told him.

Feral grimaced. "I really don't like taking these. They'll make Elora sleepy too." He objected.

"They could if you took them then nursed her thirty minutes later but you just fed her and she sleeps about three and half hours. By that time the pills wear off. You nurse her then take more pills. Easy." Razor reassured him.

Feral sighed grumpily but took the pills.

"Okay, one of us will have to remain here during the day now." Razor sighed. "We have time to go home and take care of things then one of us will be back before you wake up."

"But you already are here at night!" Feral said as he ate his meal.

"I know, but no way will you be mobile for several days so its just going to be longer shifts for us for a little while." T-Bone said with a shrug.

"How will you protect the city if you're taking care of me day and night?" Feral pointed out.

"You just let us worry about that and keep your fingers crossed the omegas continue to stay absent right now." Razor said firmly. "Now we're off. Get some rest."

Feral sighed but said nothing more as T-Bone took his tray. Truth be told he was totally wiped and that just made him angrier. Not only was he tired due to being a new mother but now he was injured as well.

'Could it possibly get any worse?' He thought miserably as he heard the pair leave then allowed sleep to steal over him.

As the SWAT Kats climbed aboard their jet and prepared to leave, T-Bone voiced his own concern.

"You know he's right, buddy."

"Yeah, but what choice do we have?" Razor asked rhetorically.

T-Bone could only sigh in agreement as he took them home.

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Chapter 8 by ulyferal

Across the world, two old friends meet at a favorite night club in the Kingdom of Asszeria. The club served excellent food and great entertainment.

"Hey! Hadrian! Long time no see, amigo." A handsome blue-toned Korat mix hailed his old and dearest friend.

"Good evening, Tafari, so good to see you too. It's been...what...three years now?" Hadrian, a powerful Bengal mix asked as he gestured for his friend to have a seat beside him.

"Oh too long!" Tafari chuckled, sitting down and signaling a waitress. "So where have you been lately?" He asked.

"Well, I've just returned from the Tymurr Federation and before that I spent a month in the Tribal Kingdom of Mubatu and before that I was in Sandeval Bay, then returned here again...and you?" Hadrian asked as his food arrived and was set before him.

Tafari didn't answer right away as he ordered a meal. When the waitress hurried off, he poured a glass of wine from the carafe on the table and sipped it.

"Unlike you, I managed to stay home and work for six months. I've only had to travel twice in all that time." He smirked.

"Lucky you or not." Hadrian smirked back. "You may like staying in one place but I get too bored."

"That's because you haven't found someone to make you want to stay put." His friend said wisely.

"Does that mean, you have?" Hadrian asked, raising one brow in surprise.

"Yes, it does. The sweetest turtle dove in all Lignaria." Tafari grinned happily.

"Hmm...does that mean congratulations are in order or is this a fling that has you in such a euphoric state." Hadrian said in mild amusement.

"Congratulations of course. I found my perfect mate at last and I'm over the moon about her." Tafari sighed, joy oozing from his pores.

"You lucky tom! Then a big congratulations. Are you planning on a marriage or a bonding or both?" The Bengal asked politely.

"Only a bonding...marriage is more the stiff-necked establishments style and that's not for me as you well know." Tafari sniffed indignantly.

Hadrian laughed at his friend's antics. "Of course, only the best for you my friend. To your happiness!" He toasted, holding up his glass so Tafari could clink it with his own then they emptied their glasses together.

At that moment, music began and a troop of dancers came out on stage. Tafari's meal arrived and the two friends ate while they watched the show. But Hadrian's mind wasn't on his meal. He was thinking over his friend's good fortune. Lately, he had been wishing for a special someone to make his life more meaningful.

Oh, he loved his work as a trouble-shooter helping to restore ailing businesses to robust health once more, but the constant travel was beginning to pall a bit. He realized he was beginning to desire having someone waiting for him when he returned from his travels rather than an empty home, no matter how opulent it was.

He brooded as the dancers twirled and moved with supple grace. His friend noticed Hadrian's moody expression and when the dancers vanished behind the curtains once more, he pulled something from his inner coat pocket.

"By the way, Hadrian, I came across this really incredible article that I thought you might find interesting. It's about several months old, but I found it in a news rag when I passed through Sandeval Bay on my way home." He handed the scrap of news sheet to his friend.

Hadrian frowned but took the paper and began to read as his friend watched him for his reaction. The Bengal's frown turned to shock. His mouth fell open and his face seemed to pale.

Tafari hadn't expected that reaction at all. "Hadrian! What's wrong? It's only an article about a male who did something remarkable. Why on earth do you look like someone died?" He asked anxiously.

At first, Hadrian couldn't even speak. The article had shocked him so badly, his brain was still reeling.

"I know him!" He finally blurted.

"Really? How interesting. But why the extreme reaction?" Tafari asked, still confused.

Hadrian shook his head violently. "No, I mean I **know** him."

Tafari raised both brows in consternation. "Hadrian, calm down. You are not making any sense. So you've met him so what?"

"No, argh...I mean I was intimate with him when we were both in the Kaimere Province nine months ago!" He managed to get out.

Tafari blinked in total shock. He looked down at the article Hadrian had dropped on the table then back at his friend. His mind quickly put the two together and his mouth dropped.

"Hadrian! You don't think..."

"I don't know but its very possible. I mean read what the age of the kitten is and how long ago this was. What are the odds?" His friend said in a hushed voice.

"I don't know, Hadrian. How can you be certain its yours? He could have been with others in the same time frame." Tafari said reasonably.

Hadrian ran anxious fingers through his thick blue-black wavy hair. His brilliant emerald eyes looked at his friend in dismay. "Tafari, I did something unforgivable. When I met him at a local club, we hit it off immediately. I've never been so intensely attracted to anyone like that before. We ended up in his hotel room and things got heated fast. I could smell his mixed scent and it just about drove me crazy. Until that moment I hadn't suspected he was dual sexed. We came together and it was like lightning."

"So far it sounds like you had a really great time together so what did you do that was wrong?" Tafari asked, confused.

"I didn't ask permission to take him as female." He said, shame glimmering in his eyes.

"We'd already had preliminary sex and had taken each other at least once. But when we went again and I took the lead, I'm afraid in the heat of the moment, I forgot myself and slipped from anal to vagina and brought us both to climax. When we were done, I felt him stiffen as I removed myself. I think he had just realized where I had been and was shocked. But to my surprise, he pretended nothing was wrong but did ask I leave, thanking me for a great evening which, thankfully, I could tell he was sincere about, then vanished into the bathroom like his tail was on fire." Hadrian said unhappily. "At the time, I didn't know what I had done wrong but did leave as he'd asked. I've not seen or heard from him since."

He paused and rubbed his face in distress. Speaking from behind his paws, he moaned, "Oh god! Tafari, how could I have done that to him. I couldn't be certain, but it felt like I was the first to ever take him that way and its obvious now that he had been in heat but from what little I know of hermaphrodites, its so mild they sometimes are unaware of their condition."

Tafari felt sad for his friend...the tom was truly upset. "Hadrian, I know you. You wouldn't deliberately hurt anyone. It was an accident. Stop beating yourself up about it and anyway you still can't be certain the kitten is yours." He soothed gently, stroking his friend's arm to comfort him.

Hadrian stared into his friend's eyes beseechingly. "But I have to know. If its mine...I should find out for certain." He said thickly.

"But what will you do if it is?" Tafari asked gently.

"I...I don't know for sure. We don't know each other at all except for that one night." Hadrian sighed. "But I do know I like him...I think I could learn to love him if he'll let me. And if I'm a father...Oh Tafari...I hadn't realized that was what I was missing...family. I want a family of my own and now, maybe I have a chance at one." He said hopefully, his eyes shining with tears.

Tafari swallowed his concern and leaned close to hug his friend tightly. "Then I hope you are fortunate in this endeavor my friend. I know no one that needs a chance at happiness as much as you do." He pulled back to look into Hadrian's face. "Promise me you will be careful. Hope is a fragile thing, don't let its loss, should it happen, destroy you. If you need me...don't hesitate to call me and I'll come to your side." He urged his friend.

"Thanks Tafari. I couldn't have a better friend and I don't know where I'd be without you." Hadrian said, sighing deeply. "I'd better make my flight plans immediately. Delaying will only make this 'reunion' harder."

"I'll go with you to the airport and see you off, my friend." Tafari promised.

They stayed on a little longer at the club before parting for the night. Tafari promised to meet him early in the morning and share a taxi to the airport.

Sleeping was impossible for Hadrian so he used the time to pack, call his office and tell them he was taking an extended leave then made reservations for a flight to Megakat City.

The rest of the night he spent laying on his back and thinking of that moment when he held the dark tom known as Ulysses Feral in a night of heated passion. He didn't know if this was fate or the most horrible mistake of his life but he would see it through and hope for a miracle.

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Chapter 9 by ulyferal

While Feral's one night stand was having an epiphany, he was getting hardily bored and angry at being confined to his bed.

Over the first week of his confinement, one of the SWAT Kats was at his side 24/7 and it was getting on his nerves. Yes, they were very efficient and did care for Elora, himself and his apartment with impeccable skills but having them around that much gave him no privacy.

By the end of that first week, he was so tense his stomach was giving him constant heartburn. Today, Razor was on duty and had brought him lunch. He stared at it angrily, as if it were responsible for his situation.

Razor eyed him narrowly. He was tired and cranky, himself and having a prickly tom for a patient didn't make it easier to try and be civil to him.

"What's the matter, don't like your food?" He growled.

Feral sucked in a breath to blast Razor with a blistering response but managed to swallow it at the last second.

"No. It's fine," he said tightly but still didn't reach for the sandwich sitting before him.

Razor's face tightened in barely controlled anger. "Look, Feral! I know us being around so much is giving you hives but you don't have a choice. If you were honest with yourself, you could see how rested you are now compared to a week ago and Elora has definitely benefitted from it," he snapped irritably.

"The doctor said you could get up next week. If you can get around okay, take care of Elora without dropping from exhaustion then T-Bone and I will be glad to stop coming here. Believe me, this has been no picnic for us either. We are exhausted and you are a prickly pain in the tail to care for."

"Then stop coming! It was your choice to do this," Feral snarled.

Razor shook his head. "I'm not complaining. I'm just stating the facts. We don't regret helping you. Your daughter is a sweet kitten and she shouldn't suffer because you were unprepared to be a mother. We told you before that we think you are real gutsy to keep your kitten and try to be a good mother. We're only trying to help you get a good start at being just that. So for all our sakes, try and mellow out. It's only a few days more then we're out of your fur," he said in a more conciliatory tone.

Feral grit his teeth then forcibly relaxed his body, let out a deep sigh and stared up at the ceiling.

"I hate this!" He finally said, almost whining.

Razor swallowed a smile and said soothingly, "Yeah, I can relate. I'd be climbing the walls and biting my partner's head off as would he in the same position. It's the pits but you can manage."

Saying nothing more, he continued on to the kitchen to clean up. Feral watched him leave then returned his attention to his lunch. He hated to admit the smaller SWAT Kat was right. He felt a little ashamed at his churlish behavior when Razor was doing everything he could to make him comfortable. He wasn't really hungry but knew he needed the calories for Elora. Finished, he placed the tray on the floor.

He grimaced as he tried to shift his position for the nth time. His mind wasn't the only thing tired of sitting in one place, his tail bone was strongly objecting to it as well. He gave up trying to watch TV and shifted himself down into his bed more so he could take a nap.

After a trying weekend, on early Tuesday the SWAT Kats were caught just as they were

changing sitting duties by Dr. Viper's appearance. Exhausted, the pair made a few mistakes that could have been deadly if it hadn't been for the enforcers actually coming through for once and distracting the mutant enough for the vigilantes to take him out quickly before too much damage could be done.

Returning to their hangar, T-Bone nearly fell on his face as he jumped down from the jet. It was his turn to go take care of Feral and he was barely able to stand up.

"Crud! I am so wiped," he groaned as he tried to decide if he should take the time to shower before leaving.

Razor looked over at his partner through heavy lidded eyes. "Yeah, I know. I can barely see much less try to work in the garage," he said thickly, stifling a yawn as he changed clothes. He had been up more than twelve hours and was dying to drop into his bed for some shuteye.

Mumbling incoherently in response, T-Bone finally decided a quick shower might help him wake up but when he noted what time it was, he cursed.

"Ah damn, Elora is probably driving Feral to distraction with her hungry cries. It's past breakfast time for her," he said anxiously, realizing he had no time to take care of his needs as he stomped off to his cyclotron.

Jake watched his friend hop aboard the bike. He shook his head tiredly as he watched T-Bone start the engine then roar out of the hangar as if his tail was on fire. He hoped his friend didn't wipe out as tired as the poor tabby was. Despite, T-Bone having slept last night, it hadn't been long enough to make up for the long periods of awake time, consequently, neither of them had any reserves when an emergency called them out. They had just been lucky the omegas had been silent up til now.

He yawned and stretched. Deciding not to open the garage despite them needing the money, he made his way upstairs and to his room to catch up on his sleep.

T-Bone used the adrenaline racing through him to help him stay alert enough to get to Feral's place in one piece. It was because he hated causing Elora any distress that he was upset and tense at this moment. Viper's appearance couldn't have come at a more difficult time but he really shouldn't complain since the omegas had stayed away for quite awhile.

He managed to get to the apartment building alley without incident. He was going to repel up to the roof as was his usual method of entry but he realized he was so tired his muscles were shaking. Frowning, he decided a different route was necessary. Taking due care, he went in the back entrance of the building. No one was around at this time of day as he quickly went up the stairs. The elevator would have saved his tired legs but he couldn't risk it so when he finally reached Feral's apartment, he was nearly falling down in exhaustion.

Despite being tired, he picked up his pace when he could hear the muffled cries of Elora through the apartment door. Upon entering, T-Bone was slapped by the piercing wails coming from the bedroom.

Stepping into the room he found Feral on his feet, using a pair of crutches to reach his daughter. He had managed to get a diaper and make his way to Elora's crib to change her but couldn't find a way to lift her. He had been purring and cooing to her as well as caressing and petting her small body, trying to calm her but the longer she was forced to wait for food the angrier she became and the louder her cries.

T-Bone quickly sprinted around the bed and came to Feral's side. He leaned over and picked Elora's red faced little form from the crib.

"Go lay down!" He breathlessly ordered the mother.

Feral growled but hurriedly got himself around the bed as best he could. He dropped to a sitting position and leaned the crutches against the wall before turning and placing his foot on the pile of pillows then settling his back against the headboard.

He opened his clothing and unsnapped his bra before reaching for Elora. T-Bone leaned down and lowered the angrily crying kitten into her mother's waiting arms.

Cradling his daughter in one arm, Feral used his other paw to raise his breast while he maneuvered the kitten's wailing mouth closer to him. Taking careful aim, he gently squeezed his aching full breast until a thin stream of milk shot out and spilled into Elora's gaping mouth.

At first, the kitten choked and blinked in surprise when the milk touched her tongue but it didn't take her more than a second to make urgent mewling noises which was Feral's signal to press her close enough that she could latch on to his breast. He hissed in discomfort as Elora clamped down and sucked...hard.

While his daughter sucked anxiously, Feral looked up at the SWAT Kat to ask him about what happened with Viper earlier but halted at the sight of said tom literally swaying on his feet, head to chest and breathing slowly.

Blinking in surprised concern, Feral nudged the tom with his elbow but only received a snore in response. His eyebrows raised in consternation...T-Bone was asleep on his feet.

'Well, Kat's Alive! Now that's something I've never seen before. How the hell is he managing to stand there without falling?' Feral wondered, continuing to stare at the exhausted tom.

Concerned the heavy tom might fall on him, Feral nudged T-Bone harder with his elbow as well calling to him just loud enough to rouse the SWAT Kat, but, hopefully without startling Elora.

His efforts got him mixed results and not in a good way. At his nudge and barked call, the tabby startled awake with a snort while Elora jerked in surprise at the sudden loud noise. She pulled away from the nipple and began wailing in fear.

Growling in annoyance, Feral went about soothing his daughter yet again, taking more than five minutes of purring and cajoling before she settled, returning to nursing. When he could turn his attention back to T-Bone, he found the tom now laying prone on the floor beside the bed, completely inert. He sighed in disgust.

'Now what do I do?' He thought. He was hungry, having had no breakfast yet, he needed to go to the bathroom and, on top of that, Elora needed to back to bed. Though he could use the crutches to take care of his personal needs, he still couldn't get his daughter back to bed.

He groaned in frustration. 'Could this day get any more chaotic?'

Just an hour earlier, he had been watching TV and had seen the incident with Viper. He stayed tense during the whole episode and was very relieved when the whole thing ended without too much damage. As the news went on to other matters, it was then Feral realized the SWAT Kat nanny was going to be late.

He snapped a look over at Elora's crib nervously then at the clock beside him and swallowed...it was almost time for his daughter to awaken for lunch. As if he had signaled it with his own thoughts, right on cue, Elora began to fuss in her crib.

Groaning, Feral flipped the blankets off himself and laboriously got up on his crutches and carefully made his way to the dresser for a diaper then over to Elora, who was now getting a bit louder in her complaints. He was pleased that he'd managed to get her changed but now he was faced with a dilemma...how was he supposed to pick her up and feed her?

Her cries had gotten progressively louder as he was changing her and now were getting positively strident. He was at his wits end trying to come up with a solution when T-Bone came tearing in.

Though relieved the SWAT Kat had managed to get there as fast as he could, it was obvious to him that the SWAT Kats were at the end of their stamina. He had been concerned from the beginning how they would be able to juggle all their responsibilities while taking care of him and his daughter.

It worried him that the pair could get themselves injured or dead by pushing themselves this much. Though he thought them a real nuisance, he didn't want to be the one responsible for getting them killed. Unfortunately, at this moment there was nothing he could do about it.

His present caretaker was dead to the world on the floor and he suspected the other one was in the same shape at their secret hangar. He resigned himself to getting his own breakfast and getting to the bathroom. 'It's going to be a long day,' he sighed to himself.

It took over fifteen minutes before Elora was sated and asleep. He gently burped her then laid her on her back between two pillows. Now that she was taken care of, he reached for his crutches and levered himself to his feet while trying to avoid stepping on the insentient SWAT Kat.

After washing his face and using the toilet, he felt a little more refreshed as he worked his way to the kitchen. Leaning against the counters, he was able to make himself some cereal, toast, and coffee. He sat down at the table and hungrily chowed down. Finished, he left his dishes where they were and headed back to his bedroom. Careful to not wake Elora, he got back into bed and settled down to take a nap. Getting around on crutches was exhausting.

T-Bone had never been so tired before. As he watched Feral soothe Elora enough to coax her to eat and stop screaming, he felt his heavy eyelids fall shut without his say so then everything went away. The next thing he knew he was waking up on a soft floor and staring at the edge of a bed spread before his face.

He blinked in confusion before his groggy brain was able to realize he was staring at Feral's bed and that he was on the floor. Shaking his head at his stupidity, he dragged himself to his feet. On the bed Feral was dozing with Elora cradled between pillows nearby.

T-Bone groaned mentally as he checked the time. 'Shit! It's dinner time and poor Feral never got lunch. He's going to be extremely hungry,' he thought as he turned and padded quietly out of the room for the kitchen. It was then he saw the dishes on the table.

'Well, it looks like he got breakfast at least but no sign he woke for lunch,' he mused.

Yawning widely, he shook himself out and began puttering around the kitchen. Half an hour later, he had put together a substantial meal for both Feral and himself. He had just gotten it done and was carrying it to the bedroom when he heard Elora wake.

Feral looked up when T-Bone swept in with a loaded tray, the scent of something mouth watering drifting to his hungry nose. The burly tom set the tray down on the bed then took Elora into his arms and took her to the changing table.

Feral didn't object. He needed to go pee badly so carefully got up without disturbing the tray to get on his crutches and hobble quickly to the bathroom.

While he was gone, T-Bone got Elora cleaned up then retrieved a breast pad for Feral. He rocked and cooed to her while they waited for Feral to return. It took the dark tom a bit to get done then to hobble back to bed and settle himself again.

Once Elora was nursing, T-Bone settled the tray before the tom, took his own dish and drink then

went to sit in the arm chair Feral had in his room and sank gratefully down on it while beginning to eat his own meal.

They ate in silence while easing their hunger pains. Feral's stomach had been growling angrily when Elora had awakened him with her own hungry cries.

When his stomach was quieter, Feral turned his attention to the SWAT Kat. "Thank you. Though late, it was a great dinner. You should never have let yourself get to that point of exhaustion...it's dangerous," he observed.

T-Bone grunted. "Yeah, we know. We **were** managing to keep up until Viper dropped in. That pushed us past the reserves we had worked hard to maintain. Sorry about crashing like I did," he apologized.

Feral just shook his head. "I don't want to be the cause of you two getting killed because you are just too tired to protect yourselves from an exhaustion induced mistake." He said in concern.

"Sounds weird to hear you actually say you're worried about us." T-Bone said cheekily then sighed and took a more serious tone before Feral could retort. "Appreciate the concern but we'll manage somehow. I know that Razor is trying to make up for lost sleep right this minute and I plan on crashing again after you and Elora are finished eating. I'll take care of the dishes tomorrow or Razor will," T-Bone assured him.

"I'm just surprised you two hadn't collapsed before now," Feral snorted, giving up trying to convince the tom he needed more rest.

"Yeah, me too, actually." T-Bone said, shrugging his shoulders as he continued to eat his dinner.

Feral blinked in surprise by that honest reply and couldn't think of a suitable rebuttal so decided not to say anything more on the subject. They would do what they thought best no matter what his objections or concerns were. 'Both of them were stubborn but then so am I,' he mused.

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Chapter 10 by ulyferal

Hadrian yawned and stretched. The flight had been long and exhausting but at least it was at an end. He got to his feet and made his way off the plane. Pushing his way through the crowds, he made for the baggage claim area where he endured the same long wait as his fellow passengers.

While he watched the baggage carousel go around, his mind went over what he planned to say to Feral. The night before, he used his laptop to try to find out everything he could about his one night stand.

There was quite a bit about the public Feral but little to nothing about the private one. Except for that interview about giving birth to his daughter, Hadrian could find nothing about the Feral he had been immediately attracted to that night in the Kaimere Province.

That tom had been a witty and excellent conversationalist, a great dancer and, of course, a fantastic bed partner. Parting from the dark tom had been more wrenching than he thought it should have been for a supposed one night stand. The memory of that evening had haunted him for weeks afterwards until work managed to push it the far reaches of his mind.

With this new and shocking revelation, that memory was once more as fresh as if it had occurred last night. He was determined to not let Feral slip away from him so easily this time and that meant learning all he could about him.

The next morning as they shared a cab to the airport, Hadrian asked his best friend for advice on

how to handle his first meeting with Feral.

Tafari was reluctant as first, this being a very sensitive subject and so many things could go wrong but Hadrian was a complete basket case this morning and nearly frantic with nerves. He couldn't bare to see his friend in such a state so he relented against his better judgement.

"Alright, my friend, but you must understand there are so many variables that could go wrong the moment you two set eyes on each other again. The first being a really bad case of 'awkwardness'. After all, there's now a kitten firmly between you, if its yours, that is. That will make this tom very protective and cautious. Being a military leader will increase his wariness toward you as well." Tafari said cautiously.

"I know! That's what has me so terrified. I just don't know what to say to him in that moment that won't get me kicked out his apartment. I've spent all night trying to come up with something that will convince him to hear me out long enough to tell him how much I want to be a part of his and our daughter's lives. I want to tell him how much he's been on my mind since we parted, how strong the attachment I feel for him is and that it wasn't just a one night stand." Hadrian moaned worriedly, nearly pulling his hair out.

"Easy, Hadrian, easy!" Tafari soothed, reaching out to pat his friend on the shoulder. "I know this is hard. I don't think I'd be any better at this than you. Anyway, since this Feral is a military leader, I firmly believe honesty is the best way to open the conversation. I have a feeling he'd smell any kind of prevarication so don't dance around the subject. Just come right out and tell him how upset you were at making such a mistake but that you truly enjoyed being with him and would like to pursue a relationship."

And for goodness sake, don't stumble around about it either no matter how shaky you're feeling. Be masterful as you are when doing business. From what I've learned of this fellow, he should respect that approach more." Tafari warned.

"If he allows you to continue talking, because I've heard he has a hot temper, quickly move on to the question of the kitten's paternity. Say how much you'd love it to be yours and that you'd be willing to do a paternity test if he wishes. If things go well after that then go on to suggest starting a tentative relationship and about how much you would love to have a family." He finished.

Hadrian's eyes glowed with excitement and hope. "Thank you!" He sighed in relief. "I knew you could guide me in this. Those are excellent suggestions and ones I intend to follow."

Tafari smiled wanly at his friend's hopeful face. "I'm glad I could help you. However, be prepared for rejection. He may have already reconciled to raising the kitten alone and there is every possibility he has no desire for a relationship now or later." He warned gently.

The gleam dimmed a little at that statement but Hadrian quickly rallied and nodded in understanding...determination showing in the set of his shoulders. "I know, Tafari but I have to try."

"I know and I truly hope you are successful, my friend." Tafari said smiling. "Ah, we've arrived. I wish you a safe flight and await your call on how things went." He said as the cab pulled to a halt outside the airport entry point.

"I will, I promise. Take care, my friend." Hadrian said warmly, hugging his friend then getting out of the cab. He retrieved his luggage and quickly strode through the airport doors.

Now, with bag in paw, Hadrian hurried to the taxi stands, climbing into a nearby empty cab he told the driver to take him to the Bayview Shores Hotel. As the cab pulled out into traffic and hurried toward its destination, Hadrian made his plans.

First, he must check in and clean up. Second, he would go to the news agency that had done the

most reporting on Feral. He hoped to find more information on the tom in the newsroom's archives and his last stop would be the library. Knowing more about Ulysses might make approaching him easier...he hoped.

Oblivious to what shock awaited him, Feral was hopping to his bed from Elora's crib. He had already laid out his clothes and planned getting dressed. He was finally becoming more mobile and it made him very happy. His ankle was nearly healed and Elora was almost sleeping through the night. That last was a huge relief to her poor mother as well as her temporary caretakers, T-Bone and Razor. They'd cut back to only four hours in the day and night, alternating with each other on the shifts to take care of house cleaning, laundry, dishes, and the meals. Feral was able to take care of Elora by himself so the pair wasn't needed for that any longer.

Regaining his privacy had the result of easing Feral's tension making him more civil to his helpers. T-Bone found that a very welcome change as he arrived for his turn of duty on this Tuesday morning the second week since Feral had broken his ankle.

"Good morning, Commander. How are you managing?" He asked cheerily as he entered the apartment via the balcony door.

Feral gave the tom a small smile. "We're doing well. I find I can sort of hop a bit from bed to crib and back so my arms can be free to carry Elora ...she thinks it's fun and giggles when I do it."

"Ahhh, that's so cute." T-Bone smiled warmly at the news. He and Razor were smitten with the little kitten. She was so easy to care for and a joy to be around. "So what would you like done besides the dishes and laundry, Razor told me about?" He asked, getting back to business.

"Hmmm, well Elora's bed needs changing and I'd like the bathroom cleaned." Feral told him.

"Okay, consider it done. I'll get the bed done when you feed her next." T-Bone said, smiling as he left the bedroom to take care of the household chores.

At lunch time, he made them a meal, changed Elora's bed while she nursed then did the dishes before bidding Feral goodbye for the day.

"I made you a snack for later...it's in the fridge. Take it easy and I'll see you tonight." T-Bone said leaving by way of the balcony.

"Uh...I thought it was Razor's turn?" Feral asked frowning.

"Yeah, it was but he has a project he wants to finish and I said I would take his shift," the tabby explained.

"Oh, okay, thanks. Be careful and see you later." Feral murmured, mollified. The tom nodded then disappeared from view.

When the SWAT Kat was gone and Elora was down for a nap, Feral went to his computer to catch up on his work. As he regained his strength, he'd called Sgt Fallon and ordered him to begin sending over reports for his review and he kept up with what was going on in his command on the computer.

He was very anxious to return to work. They had been fortunate not to have a major outbreak of omega activity. Except for that one incident by Viper, the rest of the deadly criminals had still been keeping a low profile. That made him very nervous. Something was up and it bothered him so much he had done something very uncharacteristic for him...he brought up his concerns to his caretakers.

Razor had told him he also was suspicious of the lengthy peace. He promised Feral, he and T-Bone were already poking around places the criminals liked to haunt and making their presence

more obvious to try and act as a deterrent. The smaller SWAT Kat said he was working on some new weaponry too because he had a strong suspicion they were going to need it.

That admission increased Feral's feelings of urgency. Razor was very good at sensing something was in the air and always seemed to plan accordingly, He'd learned the cinnamon tom had some kind of second sense that told him he needed to be on the alert and always seemed to develop just the right new weapon to deal with it. He always thought that was a little creepy but couldn't deny the ability always managed to save their tails.

Since he still was housebound a little longer yet, he'd ordered Sgt Fallon to tell the squadron commanders to go to a higher alert status and increase patrols. Trouble was in the air and he wanted his forces geared up now rather than be caught blind sided

There was one more thing he needed to accomplish before he returned to work and that was to find a safe, secure place for Elora when he was on duty. This was going to be very hard since the sitter was in as much danger as his daughter.

Finding someone who was willing to put their life at risk to protect Elora from all his enemies, that wouldn't hesitate to use her as a bargaining chip for any number of nefarious plans they came up with, was going to be nearly impossible. He figured he had maybe a week left in which to find someone.

'Perhaps Ms. Briggs might know of someone,' he murmured thoughtfully. He reached for his phone to give her a call.

While Feral was making his call, T-Bone was just arriving in the hangar at the salvage yard, roaring up the ramp and across the huge expanse of floor then slowing down to a stop next to the other cyclotron parked there. He shut the engine, climbed off, leaving his helmet on the seat before walking to where the lockers were to change his clothes.

Jake was already working in the garage when he climbed the ladder to join him. He checked the job orders and picked a truck to begin working on.

"Hi, ready to work?" Jake asked as he passed by to retrieve a part.

"Yeah, looks like a full house," Chance grunted as he lifted the truck's hood up.

"It is but we need the jobs since we've been closed for too long," Jake said as he returned to work.

"I know. I'm just glad we don't have that much sitting duty now."

"Definitely a plus and thanks by the way for taking the next shift. I want to finish those two new missiles I'm working on." Jake told him, his voice slightly muffled from under the hood.

"You really think we're looking at something major happening soon?" Chance asked, frowning, raising his head and turning to look over at his partner.

Jake pulled his head out from under the hood of the car he was working on to look over at his friend. "Unfortunately, the feeling has only gotten stronger as time passes. I almost feel I might not get done in time," he said grimly.

Chance shuddered. Jake didn't get these feelings too often but when he did it always meant something really bad was about to hit the fan.

"And Feral is feeling it too." Jake added.

"Okay, that's just too creepy for me. Normally, he's so blind to that sort of thing that he's nearly

always caught off guard. Wonder if it's because he's become a mother that his senses have been hyped up?" The tabby said a little facetiously, the whole subject weirding him out.

Jake eyed his partner sympathetically. He knew how much his friend disliked anything he couldn't see or touch, especially magic. In that, he and Feral were really alike but, as Chance had just learned, Feral was beginning to experience this nebulous extra sense stuff too.

His expression grim, Jake said, seriously, "I wouldn't be surprised. He's a very protective mother with an excellent bond with his daughter...so, yeah, he's probably more sensitive to threats that could harm her."

Chance grimaced at that but shrugged his shoulders in an accepting way. "I guess I have to agree there. He's a real protective momma, alright. Wonder who he's going to find to sit her when he gets back to work?" He asked casually.

Jake stopped working and stared at him in dismay. "Crud! I've been so busy preparing for a possible assault that I completely forgot about Feral needing a sitter." He shook his head and frowned. "It can't just be an ordinary Kat since Feral's enemies wouldn't hesitate to use her against him and kill the caretaker."

The tabby froze as that likely scenario struck him. "Oh Kat's! That is so true. But what can we do? I don't know of anyone that can help?" He asked anxiously.

The cinnamon tom rubbed his forehead as he tried to think of possibilities. "I don't know. I'll have to think on this. I'm sure Feral is trying to find someone. Maybe he'll get lucky." Jake finally said, worriedly.

"Well, I hope he can or that you come up with someone. I couldn't bear to have that sweet kitten harmed in any way." Chance said in concern.

"We'll figure something out, buddy. I promise, but right now we've got tons of work so let's get busy." Jake said returning to the vehicle he'd been working on. His partner sighed and did the same.

Across town, Hadrian was leaning back from the computer screen he'd been sitting at for hours at the Megakat City Library. Earlier he'd spent a couple of hours over at the Kats Eye Newsroom's morgue, digging out everything he could on Ulysses' military life then had gone to the library to see if he could find out more on his private life.

Hadrian was rubbing his eyes after hours of researching hundreds of articles involving Ulysses. He sat back in his chair and closed his eyes for a minute to give them a rest.

He'd found out a lot about his one night stand. At the news room, he found out, thought Ulysses might not be liked by his superiors, he was respected. Some of the articles weren't very complimentary especially the ones about his failures and the pair called the SWAT Kats successes at the enforcers expense.

His business skills allowed him to see between the lines of the articles to see a beleaguered individual who was being hamstrung by the ruling party of the city government. Severe budget constraints had prevented Ulysses' enforcers from being the force they used to be under other administrations.

It made him angry at all the ridicule that was heaped on Feral for things he couldn't prevent no matter how much he obviously tried to. The SWAT Kats were successful due to advanced tech and no constraints on their behavior. Yes, they did save the day in many cases but they also created a lot of damage that was left for the legal forces to deal with.

He was amazed Ulysses had remained in such a thankless job but he had learned that had a lot

to do with the tom's hard core devotion to duty and not backing down no matter how bad things got.

'An excellent trait in a mate,' Hadrian thought, very pleased.

The information he'd managed to glean from his research gave him a picture of a driven individual who pushed his way to the top with bravery, determination, and being willing to take on things in his job others wouldn't. Feral possessed a strong moral core that guided everything he did. He was very much a type A personality hence the temper, the need to oversee everything and be at the forefront of all actions, an excellent strategist and leader.

However, Hadrian wasn't certain such a personality made a good mother. He would have to see Ulysses interacting with their kitten to know for certain. Sighing tiredly, he finally turned off the computer he was working on and made his way out of the library. He hailed a taxi and went back to his hotel room for a meal and rest while he absorbed all that he'd read that day.

He needed to check a few more sources before he made his move as well as find out where Feral lived. He'd already learned the dark tom's address was hidden under security and privacy rules. Perfect precautions for someone in Feral's position so finding it out would require some careful research on Hadrian's part.

He could approach Feral at his office but that didn't seem right for something so personal...no, he must do this very discretely. He'd already learned Feral was still on medical leave so he needed to find the tom and confront him in his home.

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Chapter 11 by ulyferal

Much to his unhappy surprise, it took Hadrian more than a week to find out where Feral lived but fortunately, the tom was still at home for another couple of days, his source told him.

With his heart pounding in nervous tension and fear, he stood with his paw poised to knock on Ulysses Feral's apartment door. Suddenly, from inside, he heard a muffled wail. He froze with his paw raised as he listened hard but he could hear nothing else but the soft wail.

Swallowing his trepidation, he completed his motion and firmly knocked on the door.

Inside the apartment, Feral had been in the kitchen fixing himself a meal when Elora began crying, loudly. He sighed and set aside his food to go to her but just as he was within a step from the bedroom, he heard a loud knock on his front door.

Frowning in surprise, he glanced toward the bedroom then the door in indecision for a long moment before Elora's insistent cries convinced him she took priority. Ignoring the door for now, he hurried into the bedroom and to Elora's crib. He reached down for her, cooing as he carried her over to the changing table.

Elora stopped crying and stared blurrily up at her mother, cooing and gargling happily at him while waving her tiny legs and arms.

Feral smiled at her antics as he changed her diaper then lifted her into his arms. He nuzzled her face with his and purred. He was feeling great, especially since the cast on his ankle had been removed two days ago. He was enjoying this peaceful time with Elora before going back to work in few days time.

The knock at the door interrupted their private moment causing him to sigh and, hugging her closer to him, he reluctantly made for the front door. He was guessing the annoying visitor might be Sgt Fallon with more reports for him.

Hadrian had been getting edgier the longer Feral took to answer the door. He did hear the wailing stop so assumed the tom was attending to the kitten's needs. After waiting some ten minutes longer, he decided to knock again.

This time he got an immediate response as the door opened. The dark tom he had remembered stood frowning in the doorway. He found himself just standing there drinking in the picture before him. Feral stood there in a dark pair of sweat pants and a button up shirt of white. In one arm he hugged a wriggling bundle dressed in a pink and purple sleeper. The tom looked rested and his expression when he opened the door had been one of annoyance which had morphed to a gaped mouth shock at the sight of him.

Hadrian found himself wanting to sweep the delectable image into his arms and kiss the tom senseless. In the back of his mind, he sighed with relief as he had feared he wouldn't still be attracted to Feral but gazing upon the one he had searched a week for proved he did want this tom with the same intensity as their first meeting.

Feral could only stare at the apparition standing in the hallway. The handsome Bengal mix with the beautiful green eyes still had the ability to steal his breath away as he had done so effectively that one night months ago. It came rushing back to him...the attraction...the warmth and enjoyment of this male's company...the night of incredible sex despite its shocking ending...everything flashed through his mind as they stood staring at one another.

After a long pause of mutual staring, Hadrian broke the standoff. "Hello Ulysses. It's Hadrian. I can see you've not forgotten me even if you probably don't remember my name. I've been looking for you for more than a week but after seeing you in the flesh once more, the search was well worth it. May I come in?" He asked softly.

The tom's soothing tenor voice made Feral shiver anew with desire. He had to shake himself mentally. 'What am I doing? This is the tom that put me in this position?' He snapped angrily at himself but almost instantly chastised himself. 'Yeah, but you wanted him badly and it was an accident so you can't blame him. But why is he here now and why was he looking for me?' He wondered then growled at himself, 'you aren't going to find out standing here and gaping...you loon!'

"Sorry for staring. I never expected to see you again. Please, come in." Feral finally managed to say as he stepped out of the doorway.

"I can certainly understand that as I felt the same way." Hadrian said quietly as he walked in and politely waited for Feral to close the door. He couldn't help but stare at the tiny kitten. He ached to hold her in his arms but firmly held himself in check.

After closing the door, Feral led the way to his living room. Taking a seat in his recliner, he watched as Hadrian went to the couch and sat where he could be close to him.

Elora began squirming in earnest in Feral's arms and fuss. Without taking his eyes from the tom sitting near him, he bounced and caressed his daughter to calm her.

Hadrian almost closed the gap between them as his eyes watched Feral perform his duties as a obviously loving mother. The picture of motherhood sat oddly on the gruff and powerful tom but that only endeared him more to the Bengal tom.

It was hard to wrench his eyes from the kitten but he hadn't missed Feral's watchful eyes and guarded stance. He needed to convince the mother of his kitten that he meant no harm.

"I know you're wondering why I sought you out after all this time. When we parted, I assumed you wished to have no more contact with me and I honored your wishes. However, just two weeks ago, a very good friend of mine brought me an article in a magazine he found on one of his business trips. To say I was completely shocked when I read what it said, is a serious

understatement. I was very upset that I had done something so careless as to cause you a situation I'm certain you had never planned. I'm truly sorry...it was never my intention to take you as female when your scent told me what you were. I can only blame the heat of the moment for my lapse in judgement. The moment I saw the article, I suspected the kitten could be mine so immediately hopped a flight here to ask your forgiveness." He finished explaining, staring hopefully into the tom's eyes.

Feral blinked at Hadrian's anxious face. He never dreamed the tom would be this upset enough to fly all the way to Megakat City just to apologize. 'What does he really want?' He thought in concern, as he hugged Elora more tightly to his chest.

"You didn't need to feel guilty nor come all the way here to apologize. I don't hold my getting pregnant against you. If anything, I was angry at myself for being so careless. I never noted I was in heat when I allowed myself to be with you. Also, even in heat, it's rare for my type of sexuality to even get pregnant so neither of us can be at fault for the result. I've accepted my responsibility for her so you needn't feel beholden to me or her." Feral said plainly.

Hadrian stared at Feral for a moment. He was relieved the tom was not angry with him but Ulysses was wrong when he thought his one night stand wanted to wash his paws of it all. Now that he knew how Feral felt, he was less nervous and more surer than ever of his desire to be a part of this tom's life.

"I am grateful that you don't hold this against me. But just apologizing for my behavior was not the only reason I sought you out." He paused and stared at the frankly squirming kitten. "Is she mine?" He asked.

Tensing at the question, Feral went on alert. His eyes bored into the tom's with suspicion as he said slowly, "Yes, she is. You were the only one I'd been with for quite awhile, before and after we'd met."

Hadrian didn't miss Feral's sudden tension and was very cautious on how he should respond. He needed to convince the tom he meant no harm but that he did have plans for them all.

"I have not come here to make demands of you, Ulysses." He began carefully. "As a businesskat who has traveled much, I've been with many sex partners but none made me feel the way you did and still do. Even months after we parted, you haunted my dreams for a long time. I've never been with someone I truly enjoyed being with as much as you.

"When I heard about this little beauty," he paused to look adoringly at Elora, "I thought this was my chance to be happy and to have a family. Like you I never thought it possible nor figured my career would allow it but now fate has dropped it in my lap and I find I can't turn away from it." He said earnestly.

He paused again and stared into Feral's eyes. "However, I will not press my hopes on you. The choice to perhaps start a relationship is yours but I pray that you would at least consider it." He begged softly.

Feral was left gaping at the tom in utter disbelief. He had expected possible recriminations that he'd caused this...or a demand to be a part of Elora's life...or even blackmail...but a sincere wish to be a part of Feral's life by requesting a chance at beginning a relationship, was something he had never even considered.

He could only sit there in confusion, uncertain how to respond to this situation. It was at that moment Elora provided him a much needed interruption. She had been content being held but now wanted to be fed and made that wish known...loudly.

Turning away from the male's intense gaze, Feral cooed softly as he opened the buttons of his shirt, unsnapped his bra and raised Elora up to begin nursing. As she sucked nosily, he used the

moment to allow himself to think.

Hadrian (how had he forgotten that exotic name?) was just as breathtakingly handsome now as when he beheld him that first time in the club. The tom was right, they both had hit it off quickly, enjoying one another's company for many hours before they actually left to have sex. Normally, a quick one night stand for him meant just that, a quick roll in the hay but with Hadrian it had been a long evening together, dancing, talking, having a meal then the truly spectacular night of sex.

Even now, as Elora tugged on his breast, he could feel the heat rising between them. He was a fine male...a wonderful catch as his mother would have said...but did he want a relationship? That was the important question that must now be answered but he was completely at sea for a proper response.

Hadrian eyed Feral closely. The tom looked gobsmacked. Apparently, such an offer was totally unexpected. Watching Ulysses nurse their daughter took his breath away. The tom made a strange but poignant image of the doting mother and it tugged strongly at Hadrian's heartstrings. He knew he would be devastated if Feral should refuse his offer.

The only sound in the room for the next fifteen minutes was Elora's purrs and growls as she nursed but even those got softer and finally ceased as she lapsed into sleep. Only Feral's purring remained and Hadrian found it enchanting. Males could not purr but being half female, Feral obviously could and it was very pleasing to his ear.

"I believe she's asleep, Ulysses." Hadrian murmured softly when Feral still hadn't moved.

Feral blinked awake, realizing he'd been off in his mind a little too long. He looked down at Elora and saw she was frankly asleep as Hadrian had said. He lifted her up to his shoulder and gently patted her back. She gave a small burp and a sigh which caused Feral to smile tenderly at her then he prepared to stand up when Hadrian spoke hesitantly.

"Please, may I hold her a moment?" He begged softly, eyes staring at the tiny bundle with wonder.

Feral halted his upward motion and stared at the tom for a long moment before standing up then stepping closer to Hadrian and cautiously handing their daughter over.

Hadrian gingerly accepted the tiny form. He'd never held a kitten before, afraid to hurt or wake her and uncertain how to hold her properly.

Feral couldn't help but smile in mild amusement as he remembered his own trepidations about holding Elora for the first time. "Here, you hold her gently like this..." he carefully positioned Hadrian's paws in the right positions then returned to his seat. "Don't worry, you won't wake her," he advised gently while returning his clothes to normal.

Hadrian glanced over at Feral and saw the amusement in the tom's eyes and found himself smiling back then returning his attention to his daughter. Awe filled him as he gently cradled the kitten close and studied her. She had Ulysses' ebony hair, stray strands lay over her tiny face and stunning gold eyes but her exposed arms showed she possessed his fur coloring and distinctive bars on her arms of his Bengal heritage. He had no doubt her body bore the beginnings of the spots and bars he sported on his own pelt.

He lowered his face closer so that he could take her scent. Her sweet odor of milk and something like vanilla and rose blossoms rose from her body overlaid by the scent of her mother which caused other things in his body to stand up and take notice. He pulled back then laid her carefully against his chest, hugging her as his eyes filled with unshed tears of joy. Fate had given him a precious gift and he would do everything in his power not to squander this chance at having a family.

As he watched the father of his kitten, study and scent her then hug her close, his eyes filling with undisguised joy, Feral felt a warmth spread over him. Perhaps he should just stop thinking and start feeling. It was obvious his instincts weren't sounding the alarm but were urging him to trust the tom and to accept what he was offering.

He had been alone a very long time and it would be good to have another adult in his life to help raise Elora. He had to admit trying to do it alone had been difficult and frustrating at times even with the SWAT Kats assistance. But he wasn't one to rush into anything, so investigating Hadrian's background would be his first task when he returned to work and while he was doing that, he would allow the tom to court him. No need to rush things...this was too important a decision to make quickly.

Hadrian finally looked up from his daughter's quietly sleeping form to see the considering look in Feral's eyes. His heart leaped with hope as he carefully and reluctantly, handed his daughter back to her mother's arms.

Feral cuddled his sleeping kitten and gave Hadrian a decisive look. "I think getting to know each other would be a good idea. I find myself still attracted to you and I have no wish to prevent you from having a part in our daughter's life. However, I insist we take things slowly while we feel each other out to see if we really are compatible. I formally give you the right to court me." He said in proper fashion for such things.

Being careful not to give away just how overjoyed Feral's decision had made him, Hadrian said with equal formality. "Thank you. I welcome the opportunity to court you. It's more than I could have hoped for and I agree, taking it slow is a very reasonable request and one I can accept."

"Excellent. So, how will this affect your career?" Feral asked with some concern.

"I requested a long sabbatical of a few months. I've worked for my company for some twenty years so I have earned the leave time." Hadrian said, confidently.

"Oh, that's good." Feral said, pleased with his foresight. "I, however, must return to work after being gone for nearly two months, so what are you going to do with yourself while I'm occupied?"

Hadrian sat back and took a moment to think. Beyond getting here to sort out their situation, he hadn't really taken any time to think of what he'd be doing while here so he quickly did so now. "Hmm, well I've only visited your city on business and for only a day or two so haven't really seen the sights. I suppose that is what I should do now since this is your home and I should become familiar with it and it's considerable dangers as well." He said slowly.

"I'm glad you added that last part. It shows me you aren't oblivious to the near constant threat of criminal activity we're cursed with here." Feral snorted, relieved Hadrian wasn't ignorant.

Hadrian grimaced in commiseration. "Oh yes. Even from my home in the Kaimere Province, we'd heard about the weird stuff that happens a lot in Megakat City. I had been fortunate not to encounter any of it on my visits but I do know about them."

Feral's face twisted sourly. "I would have given a lot for our city to be less plagued. But I'm glad you are aware of what you've walked into. Just take the proper precautions and keep your wits about you when you are out and about. That's the best advice I can give you."

"I promise I will." Hadrian said with nod. "Would I be imposing if I wished to stay awhile and just talk?" He asked carefully.

"No, I was just making myself lunch if you'd care to join me once I put this one down to bed?" Feral invited, as he stood up.

"I'd be delighted. I'll wait here for you." Hadrian said warmly, relaxing for the first time since he'd

entered the apartment.

Feral smiled back then left the room to put Elora in her crib. 'This afternoon should be interesting,' he thought.

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Chapter 12 by ulyferal

With Elora safely out of the way, Feral could relax more and spend some serious 'getting to know you' time with Hadrian. They had traded the usual things one did with a one night stand; name, where you lived, what you did for a living, and not much else.

Now was the time to find out more about the person and with that in mind, he returned to the living room. "Hadrian, why don't you come join me in the kitchen so we can talk while I make lunch." He said casually.

"I'd be delighted to." The Bengal tom said with a smile as he rose from his seat and followed the dark tom into the other room.

As he headed to the counter where his sandwich fixings still waited, Feral gestured to a chair and went to work. "I was making a roasted tuna sandwich with a potato salad side. Would you like one as well?" He asked as he began to make lunch.

"I confess to never having had one of those before. I'll give it try, if you don't mind?" Hadrian said agreeably.

"No problem."

As Hadrian watched the dark tom performing his self-imposed task, he struggled with what to say to open a dialog that would help break the ice. Despite all that he'd researched about Ulysses, none of it helped him know the Kat himself. He realized there was one question he needed answered. It was very personal but it was something he should have been here for and now needed to know what he had missed. He felt it would bring him closer to Elora.

"Ulysses?"

"Hmm?" Feral glanced over his shoulder, a questioning look in his eyes.

"What little I know of hermaphrodites has told me giving birth is very difficult. Was it for you?" Hadrian asked, concern in his voice.

Feral turned away and kept making their lunch. He wasn't certain if he wanted to discuss something so personal. It had been a scary time and had shaken him to the core. Trying to decide what to say, he finished making their plates then turned and placed the filled dishes on the table.

"Milk?" He asked.

"Uh...sure that's fine." Hadrian answered uneasily. He felt he might have overstepped with that question and didn't know how to extricate himself from it now.

Feral poured two glasses, put the milk back in the fridge then returned to the table, placing one glass at each place setting. He sat down and picked up his glass, taking a big sip to cover his discomfort.

Hadrian picked up his sandwich and took a bite and blinked in surprise.

"Oh, this is very good, thank you." He said enthusiastically.

Feral gave a wane smile. "You're welcome."

Taking a sip of milk, Hadrian eyed the pensive tom who hadn't touched his sandwich at all.

"Ulysses, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked but..." he started to apologize but was cut off by Feral raising a restraining paw.

"No, it's alright. I...it was just such a traumatic thing for me and I've not discussed it with anyone." He said shaking his head.

Hadrian put his sandwich down and reached out a paw to touch Uly's arm. Feral looked into his face, a puzzled look in his eyes.

"Then perhaps it's time you did. Traumatic events that still haunt should be spoken of to a trusted person otherwise they color everything you do from now on and not in a good way. If I'm not the one you wish to speak to about this then please find someone who is." Hadrian said earnestly.

"I once had an associate who had lost his mate and was struggling to raise his son alone. He never spoke of his loneliness or grief with anyone but those of us who knew him could see something was very wrong. In the end, his grief sent him to the hospital with a breakdown and frightened his son. He finally got the help he needed but it cost his son pain that could have been prevented. From his example, I learned to never to keep problems that were bad enough to disturb my work and sleep to myself. My best friend, Tafari has been my confidant and he has kept my sanity and I his for many long years." He related quietly then removed his paw and returned to eating his sandwich.

Feral stared at him in amazement. This tom was very grounded and had someone important in his life that helped him deal with life's stresses. He realized, he did not. He couldn't even consider Sgt. Fallon a confidant since he never revealed anything personal to the sturdy tom.

He'd made it a habit to simply ignore or shove to the back of his mind anything he didn't want to deal with. It was a poor way to handle what life threw at him but he had no other way to deal with them except to deny they bothered him or existed. As he stared at Hadrian, he realized he actually envied the tom. Having a friend that close was a wonderful thing.

Perhaps he should answer Hadrian's question. Who better to hear it than the father of his kitten? If he'd been more accepting of his condition, he could have had Hadrian at his side during that difficult time. It was too late now but perhaps talking about it would help him deal with it better. He realized, Hadrian was right...he still harbored some resentment for his change in circumstances and though he loved Elora dearly, he never would have chosen to have this happen at all.

"Perhaps you're right. You are a very lucky person. I have no one close to me to talk to." He finally admitted, feeling very alone at that moment.

Hadrian felt his appetite leave him completely. He stared at Uly with sad eyes. 'To not have a close friend? How had he managed to handle all the stresses of his job?' He wondered worriedly.

"I'm sorry to hear that. It must be a very lonely existence." He said carefully.

"It can be when I bother to notice, but my job ensures I have no time to realize it much as it is so hazardous and demanding. I usually am far too tired at the end of a day to dwell on it much." Feral said with a fatalistic shrug.

"Oh, Ulysses! That's not right." Hadrian said in distress wanting to get up and hug the tom tightly and offer comfort but something warned him now wasn't the right time.

"Don't worry about it. You're here now and perhaps, if things work out between us, I won't be

alone for long." Feral said lightly, trying to dispel the growing gloom the current discussion was causing.

"Then I will make it my mission to win your heart and become your confidant for life." Hadrian swore firmly, giving the tom across from him a determined grin.

Feral couldn't help but smile at the tom's certainty and secretly hoped the Bengal succeeded but for the moment...time to unburden himself.

"When I found out, I was pregnant I was more than a little upset. I refused to accept it, shoving it and its implications to the back of my mind, getting on with my job. It was a very busy time so it was easy to ignore my expanding belly. I never really showed much right up to delivery. I was home sleeping and it was near dawn when I received a very rude awakening." Feral began without preamble.

"The pain was indescribable which was strange since I've been injured any number of times in the line of duty but this was not like anything I'd suffered before in my life. It was so intense and seemed to last a long time before I finally expelled her. I was exhausted and still had to take care of her because she wasn't breathing right at first but after I licked her over, she was soon wailing loudly. Once I placed her on my breast, I was finally able to collapse. However, that wasn't a good thing as I gradually grew cold and my limbs felt like lead. I realized rather slowly, that I was bleeding to death." He said pragmatically.

"What? OMG! Ulysses, how did you manage to survive?" Hadrian blurted in horror.

"By calling my faithful and most excellent personal assistant, Sgt. Fallon. I had the foresight to give him a key to my apartment so I called him and he rushed over. Taking emergency measures then summoning help was why I made it to the hospital in time. I was in surgery for a couple of hours and in the hospital for a week. And that wasn't the end of my nightmare...just as I was leaving the hospital, Dr. Viper came charging in to steal something. He hadn't seen me yet and rushed on by. Sgt. Fallon couldn't go after him as he was guarding me. Though it pains me to say it, those annoying SWAT Kats arrived and went after him but that damn mutant grabbed a lab tech and held her hostage. He kept them at bay while he made for the doors I was still near. Sgt. Fallon managed to trip him, forcing him to release his prisoner but he got to his feet again quickly and to my horror, the slimy snake puss ripped Elora from my paws and ran out the doors. I was far too weak to give chase so was only able to scream my loss which the SWAT Kats heard as they charged after him. They succeeded and brought her back, unharmed to my arms. I'd never been so terrified in my life nor so grateful. It left me totally confused and bewildered for a long time." He finished, reaching for his milk and downing the glass.

Hadrian sat there in shocked dismay. What Ulysses had gone through was horrific and he'd not been here to help him. It didn't matter that he hadn't known, he still felt guilty.

"Oh, Ulysses. What a terrible thing to endure. I must thank Sgt. Fallon and these SWAT Kats for keeping you and my daughter safe." He finally said after a long moment trying to come to grips with this news.

"The SWAT Kats!" Feral grimaced. "I can't believe how much I owe them. It places me in a strange position. On the one paw, they've been very helpful to me but on the other, they are working outside the law and I'm supposed to arrest them for it. However, I can't do that since they've been very good to me and Elora during this trying time. It just twists me up inside to be so split about my duty to the city. If only they didn't cause me so much trouble, they'd be a force to reckon with on the right side of the law." He admitted reluctantly.

"We're only doing what your poor enforcers aren't equipped to do, Commander. We aren't law breakers. We bring them in. However, I'm glad to hear you think so well of us even if you can't admit that in public." A familiar gruff voice said from the door to the kitchen, amusement tinged.

"T-Bone!" Feral growled, jumping to his feet. "What are you doing here?"

As the colorfully dressed and powerful looking tom stepped into the kitchen, Hadrian studied him. He had heard about the SWAT Kats but except for the newspapers and TV, he'd not seen them in person. He was impressed. The tom exuded strength and confidence but he could sense a core of goodness in him despite his formidable appearance. But why on earth was he here? By all reports, there was no love lost between them and Ulysses.

"I just came by to be sure you and Elora were alright and to ask if you have thought about how you're going to guard her when you return to work. Razor and I are concerned for her safety." T-Bone said bluntly.

Feral blinked in surprise. These two troublemakers never ceased to amaze him. He'd been trying to solve that problem since he knew he was going back to work but even with Ms. Brigg's help, he still hadn't come up with a solution. Now here was his bane of existence asking the same thing. It just felt too weird. However, there was a more serious problem...T-Bone had given away to a stranger that he was much closer to the Chief Enforcer than anyone knew.

"I think you've just managed to endanger both her and I by appearing in my apartment." Feral growled at him angrily, getting up from his seat.

"Easy there, Commander. I was listening in and know this is Elora's father. I don't think he would endanger his daughter by blabbing to people about you having the SWAT Kats in your apartment. He should be made aware of what we were doing though so he doesn't get the wrong idea and because we still have a vested interest in Elora's safety." T-Bone said raising a paw to calm Feral.

But Feral was even more furious rather than reassured. "You had no right spying on me!" He nearly shouted, fury making him shake.

T-Bone bristled and took an aggressive stance but before things could get more heated, Hadrian jumped to his feet and planted himself between the two.

"Hold it! Calm yourself Ulysses. He's right about me even if I don't like the idea he was spying on us. I can assure you I have no intention of revealing anything that was said here. I don't know what is going on with him being here but I can sense he is only interested in our daughter's safety. Is he right? Is she in danger?" He asked anxiously.

Feral was annoyed Hadrian had interfered but backed down when he saw how upset the Bengal was. But his temper nearly flared again when T-Bone answered rather than letting him do it.

"Yes she is. Feral has lots of enemies who'd love to get to him through his daughter. Razor is worried that the moment he's back to work they will make a move." T-Bone rumbled darkly.

Feral's temper deflated instantly and fear clutched him. If Razor thought there was a threat against Elora, he couldn't dismiss it out of paw. That damn tom had been right too often and he'd not risk his daughter by ignoring it.

"You mean because of the lack of action by the omegas lately." He said more calmly. He'd been feeling more anxious lately and hadn't been able to shake it. Was he beginning to sense danger like the smaller of the SWAT Kats? He shook that off as being way on the weird scale even for him.

T-Bone relaxed a little as he realized Feral was taking him seriously and no longer fighting. "Yes. It's just too eerie that they've been so quiet all this time. We suspect Dark Kat has some plan in mind and Elora is part of it." He said grimly.

Feral hissed and clenched his paws helplessly. "Damn it! I haven't been able to secure any kind

of safe place or person for her even with Ms. Briggs' assistance but I have to return to work and taking her with me isn't a good idea." He growled angrily.

"Okay, then you'll be happy at the solution Razor came up with. I have to admit it's brilliant and no one would suspect her being there." T-Bone smirked with real pleasure.

Feral frowned at him. "Well, don't keep us in suspense here." He grumbled irritably.

"Oh, sorry! Have her stay with Professor Hackle." The burly tom said easily.

"What? Why should I allow that crackpot to care for my daughter when he can't even keep control of those two metal criminals?" Feral shouted furiously.

"Whoa keep your voice down...aw crud now look what you've done." T-Bone growled irritably then surprised Hadrian by turning and leaving the room just as he began to hear a wailing sound.

Frowning in confusion, Hadrian turned to stare at Ulysses questioningly and was further surprised when the dark tom began pacing the kitchen in agitation. Before he could ask why he wasn't going to get their daughter, the SWAT Kat reappeared with Elora in his arms. The kitten was making happy sounds as the big tom gently bounced and cooed to her as he approached Ulysses.

"Here, I changed her. Geez, Commander...calm down will ya. You don't need to be scaring your daughter like that." T-Bone scolded the dark tom.

Feral scowled at the tom but was very gentle as he took Elora from the tiger tom's arms as if he'd done this many times before. "I don't need lectures from you." He hissed which caused Elora to whimper. Feral quickly cleared his expression and cooed at his daughter until she was calm again.

"Yeah, sure you don't." The SWAT Kat muttered softly as he passed behind Hadrian to stand across the room from Feral.

"Look, Professor Hackle is not a crackpot. He's very smart and extremely security conscious. You should see his home and lab. You'd have to take an army to break into there plus you'd have to contend with his security bots first. Trust me, for a frail old guy, he's well able to keep Elora safe. And before you ask, we already checked with him. He's got a little cyberbot that helped us out when those mummies of the Pastmaster came calling. It's a feisty little thing and a very good guard. We trusted it with our lives and it didn't let us down. As for the Metallikats, Razor checked and they are disassembled at this moment and off line." T-Bone explained calmly. "Come on, Commander. No way would we risk her life with just anyone. Give us some credit for insuring this was the best way to protect her. And to ensure no one knows where she is, Razor suggests you allow us to take her there and back. We are able to move about faster and more under the radar than you."

"No way! I'm not about to let you transport my daughter anywhere..." Feral began to object as he bounced Elora in his arms but his anger and fear was being transmitted to Elora and upsetting her.

Hadrian stepped in. "Ulysses! You're too upset and it's making Elora upset. Let me hold her if you can't keep calm." He insisted quietly.

Feral froze in place and stared at Hadrian's reaching arms for a long moment. Elora squirmed and fussed anxiously in his arms. He sighed and reluctantly handed over his daughter to her father.

Hadrian carefully cradled her in his arms and began to rock her back and forth. This seemed to calm her quickly and she began to drift off.

Feral had to admit, though inexperienced, Hadrian had managed to calm her and apparently, Elora sensed her father meant no harm and trusted him enough to sleep in his arms. He wasn't certain how that made him feel so he returned his attention to the SWAT Kat's suggestion.

But T-Bone jumped in before he could speak. "Think, Feral! You'll be followed the moment you step out of here. The press are waiting for you and so are the bad guys. You're a good enforcer and mother but you can't be on alert every second of every day. It will wear you out and that's when they'll make their move. Don't let them get her for the wrong reasons. You know we'd rather die than let anything happen to her." He insisted urgently, knowing this was the only way to protect the kitten.

Feral stood shaking, his fists clenched...fear and frustration were warring within him. His more strategic mind told him the SWAT Kat was right, this was the best way to protect her but his motherly instincts were upset at trusting them to take her away every day.

T-Bone pushed off the wall he'd been leaning against and walked to the Commander's side. He put a paw on the tom's shoulder and looked him in the eyes. "I know it isn't your enforcer side that's objecting. It's hard for a mother to see their kitten leave their protection and this will be the first time you will have to do so. I know it's not fair but you are in a dangerous position and you knew this would happen no matter how much you wanted to deny it. Let us keep her safe for you and let's work together to eliminate the threat that prevents you from your motherly duties." He said softly.

Feral swallowed. T-Bone had hit on his reason for resisting with perfect precision. It hurt more than he'd dreamed it would, allowing Elora from his sight. He couldn't look at the tabby and stared at the floor.

"It's what happened with Viper on that first day, isn't it?" The burly tom asked sympathetically. "I don't blame you. That had been a very terrifying moment for you and believe me, it won't get any easier as time goes on but mothers' do get used to coping with danger toward their little ones and you'll be no different. And now that her father's back in the picture, perhaps he will help you let go more easily." He said gently, giving the tom a squeeze then stepping away to give Feral breathing space. "You think hard about this solution and I or Razor will be back to get your answer. You return to work on Monday, right?"

"Yes." Feral said thickly.

"Okay. Then I'll be seeing you again soon. Take care." T-Bone said, stepping out of the kitchen and vanishing as quietly as he had arrived.

Feral could only stare at the doorway blankly. He'd never expected to receive such gentle understanding from the gruffest member of the SWAT Kats and, that plus the fear of letting Elora go, were causing his emotions to spiral out of control. Ever since his pregnancy, he cursed how emotional he'd become. His female hormones pushed his male stoicism aside and made him a blubbing mess just like now as he felt another emotional overload beginning to swamp him. 'Oh god...not now! I hate losing control!' He moaned mentally.

He struggled to hide it but Hadrian, who had been watching and listening closely to everything, had noted the shudder and look of distress on Uly's face. Still holding their daughter with one arm, he came to the tom's side and wrapped a commiserating arm around him.

Giving up trying to choke back tears of distress and worry, Feral sobbed against the Bengal tom's comforting shoulder. 'How humiliating,' was his last coherent thought.

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Chapter 13 by ulyferal

Hadrian felt strange but at the same time exhilarated. In one arm he held his kitten and in the other he comforted his hoped for mate. Elora was asleep, thankfully, as her mother had a mini-break down.

It had been a surprise but it didn't put him off to see such a powerful tom reduced to tears. As a mother, Ulysses had every right to feel anguished over the danger his kitten faced just leaving the apartment and about letting her go with his supposed antagonists to a hidden place for her safety on a daily basis. If he were a mother he'd be scared too. As it was, being the father made him just as fearful.

Because he had only just come into their lives, no way could he ask to guard their daughter. Letting her go with these vigilantes didn't set well with him either but it was obvious Ulysses had a recent history with them that allowed this level of trust.

He hoped when Ulysses had calmed down, he would be willing to tell him what on earth had been going on during the dark tom's convalescence. It had to be a fantastic story that's for certain.

It took nearly fifteen minutes before Ulysses calmed enough to pull away, hiding his face. He began to reach for his daughter while keeping his face averted but Hadrian halted him.

"Don't be ashamed Uly. You had a perfect right to come unglued by what that SWAT Kat had to say. It scares me too. Why not show me where to lay our little darling down and you go and wash up...hmmm?" He coaxed.

Feral sighed, sniffed then, nodding in agreement, he walked to the doorway of the kitchen. Hadrian sighed mentally in relief as he followed the slumped shouldered tom to the bedroom. Feral headed to the bathroom while Hadrian went to the crib against the far wall and tenderly lowered his daughter in it after giving her a kiss.

He left the bedroom and went back to the kitchen. It was fortunate they had nearly finished their meal when all this started because what was left was inedible. He cleaned up the table and searched around for something to soothe Uly's frazzled nerves, finally coming across some chamomile tea bags in a cupboard. Making a pot of hot water, not being able to find a kettle, he made Uly a cup then went out to the living room to wait for him.

His eyes still a little red but more composed, Feral walked into the living room and was surprised to see Hadrian sitting quietly on the couch, a cup of something steaming on the table before him.

Looking over his shoulder, Hadrian offered a small smile and patted the seat next to him. "Come, Uly. Sit beside me. I made you some tea to help soothe you." He said gently.

Offering a watery smile, Feral came around the couch and sat down beside the Bengal tom. He reached for the tea and drank some of it, sighing when it eased his still tight throat.

"I hate these female hormones." He growled irritably when he could speak.

"I'm sure they are a little hard to take." Hadrian said sympathetically.

"More than just a little." Feral snorted then sighed. "I'm sorry for coming apart like that though. It's soo embarrassing."

Hadrian shook his head. "Don't be! You were handed some hard truths and it struck a nerve that's all. Now that you're calmer, why don't you tell me how you came to be so cozy with two vigilantes?"

Feral groaned then leaned back against the couch with his tea. "That was their doing not mine. When I came home from the hospital, I learned just how hard it was to get much needed rest when you can only get less than two hours of sleep at a time. I was exhausted. Suddenly, the

SWAT Kats began showing up at night. They told me they both had experience with kitten sitting and knew exactly how I was feeling. Since I couldn't risk anyone knowing about Elora they volunteered for the duty. I'm ashamed to admit, because of them I was able to recover more quickly and get enough rest to take care of her myself. I almost had them out of my fur when I and Elora were involved in a serious accident. She was alright but my ankle got broken. The SWAT Kats took over her care and mine 24/7 until just four days ago. They nearly dropped from exhaustion themselves but they wouldn't stop caring for us." He explained..

Hadrian stared at Ulysses in amazement. The things that happened to this tom were incredible. It made him very aware of the things that he'd read about on Uly's enforcer duties and the dangers he fell into often. He hadn't even been on duty and still trouble found him.

Hadrian was forever grateful that the two vigilantes had such good hearts and were able to set aside their animosity to aid Ulysses in his time of need.

"Well, I know you find them an irritant but it's obvious to me they have good hearts and truly do care about what happens to you and Elora. I feel better about them taking care of her safety." He said thoughtfully. "Now don't get me wrong, I still feel fear about letting her leave with them on a daily basis, but from what you both said, this is the only way to keep her safe."

"I still don't like it but T-Bone is right. This would be the best way to protect her." Feral said reluctantly then frowned as a new thought occurred to him. "Damn, if the omegas learn about you, then your life will be in the same danger as our daughters." He said tightly.

Hadrian's eyebrows rose at that. He hadn't thought about that either then he shook himself. "One problem at a time, Ulysses. Right now these criminals don't know about me and neither does anyone else. I'll make it my business to ensure no one does for a long time but I know eventually people are going to wonder why we see each other so often. It helps that I'm not from here and we can let drop that I'm in the security business and you're just talking with me about that subject. We should keep more personal contact between us behind closed doors."

Feral thought about that for a long moment then nodded reluctantly. "You're right, that's all we can do at this early junction." He sighed and drank the rest of his tea.

"My, this certainly wasn't the way I thought our first meeting would go. It's been a rather stressful day so far. How about some quiet music and gentle dancing, that should make us both feel better." Hadrian suggested.

Feral blinked at him in surprise. He really didn't feel like it but perhaps it would take away for a little while the feeling of doom that hung over him. He slowly rose from the couch after setting his cup on the table then strolled over to his entertainment center. After looking through his library of music, he finally selected a romantic dance cd and put it in the machine. Soon the strains of violins filled the air as well as two voices, male and female, singing a duet.

Hadrian smiled as the soothing sounds filled the room. He rose and went to Feral's side and wrapped an arm around the tom's waist, pulling him gently into a slow dance step, pressing their bodies close.

Feral relaxed and placed his head on Hadrian's shoulder, loving the feel of his body close to his as they moved through the steps of the dance. It felt so nice and comforting to be held so warmly. He missed this.

They danced for some time, their paws caressing each other as they swayed and moved with the music. The earlier grimness had slowly seeped away, replaced by a sense of peace and quiet pleasure. When the cd ended, they parted and nuzzled each other.

"Want to stay for dinner," Feral asked softly.

"Hmm, be pleased to Uly," Hadrian murmured back, reluctant to let go but a soft cry from the other room destroyed the mood somewhat. "Ahh, sounds like our little one is hungry." He said

"Very good. You guessed that cry very well." Feral said in amusement. "Be right back after I feed her." He said and vanished into the bedroom.

Hadrian sighed and decided to look over Ulysses' music selection. After a few minutes perusal, he found three disks he liked. He replaced the one in the machine and a nice orchestra piece filled the air. Going back to the couch, he sat down and relaxed, letting the music surround him.

Fifteen minutes later, Feral reappeared and came up behind the couch. "Would you like to order out? I have some really good places I like to order from." He suggested.

"Sounds wonderful. What are they?" Hadrian asked turning his head to speak with the tom.

"Hmm, well there's The Jade Palace, Frederick's Fine Cuisine, Pizza, of course, Jeremiah's Home Cooked Food, and Antonio's Italian Take Out." Feral told him.

"Oh, I love Italian." Hadrian said brightly.

"So do I. Alright Antonio's it is." Feral said with a smile as he headed for his phone to place an order.

A few minutes later, he returned and sat down. "Dinner should be here in about thirty minutes." He reported.

"Why don't we use the time to talk about our jobs a bit more in detail. I know a great deal about yours but I'm certain you have no clue about mine so how about I start?" Hadrian suggested.

"Sure, that will certainly pass the time more quickly." Feral murmured.

"Well I work for Wisepoint Solutions Consulting Firm. We're trouble shooters who help companies that are failing to solve what their problem or problems might be and offer solutions. Its up to the companies to use the solutions given if they want to save their business." Hadrian explained.

"Interesting. I've heard about such firms before. Doubt it could help me though." Feral grimaced.

"Actually, we could help tell you how to improve your way of obtaining funds. I know by researching your military command that the mayor's off the scale spending on high priced and risky building projects has prevented you from obtaining the much needed funds you need to upgrade your equipment and training programs. It's possible we could find you other means of obtaining the money you need." Hadrian suggested, thoughtfully.

Feral eyebrows raised in surprise. "Other means? What other means could there be that are legal?"

"Oh there are many ways to do this, for example: without any funds at all you could try new weapons for free."

"What? You're kidding?" Feral blurted, disbelief in his voice.

"No I'm not. You see there are many high quality weapon's producers that need people to test their newest inventions. To that end they offer them free. All they ask is that you do a complete and thorough report on the results. The way I see it, you are the perfect testing ground. With all the criminals you must fight, you can give their inventions a good testing. All you have to do is convince them you are a perfect testing ground and you in. You need to avoid your local weapons factory since they have been completely unhelpful to you. You must seek out the

weapons factories beyond your city." Hadrian advised.

Feral could only gape at him in shock. 'It couldn't be that easy...could it?' "Yes, but I need more than just a single piece of equipment or invention to fight with." He said shaking his head.

"Of course you do but see, these companies have many inventions they need tested. You could easily get thousands of new toys to try and, yes, there are only one of each but so what, that just means you'll need to use only your most experienced officers in testing them but it will still provide you with many new weapons at one time to fight with than all the outdated stuff you have and that's what you need right?" Hadrian asked.

"I...yes...but...my god, Hadrian. With new weapons no one has seen before we might actually succeed in winning for the first time. However, these **are** experimental and could fail spectacularly." Feral said, reining in his excitement.

"True. But you are at even more risk now with outdated equipment so which is greater? Dying by a new weapons failure or dying by equipment that is inadequate against your enemies? Dead is dead in either case." Hadrian said, bluntly.

Feral sighed. "You're certainly right there. I'll have to think about this. I would like to hear about other ideas you said might work too. So I guess I'd have to hire you...hmm," he said, a little amused.

Hadrian laughed, "Well, yes, if you want to finally win your war at last."

Feral could only shake his head and smile. Hadrian was turning out to be full of surprises. It seemed fate had provided him with an intelligent and handsome mate. This might work out but still he would wait and see.

The doorbell rang and he got up to answer it. Paying for their food, he closed the door then carried it off to the kitchen with Hadrian trailing after him.

"Wow! That smells heavenly." The Bengal said as he took a seat at the table.

"Yes, it does." Feral said hungrily as he quickly got plates, cups and cutlery.

Very quickly they were digging in and enjoying their Italian meal. They chit chatted about everything from music to art to food. When they'd finished, Hadrian insisted on helping clean up. They washed dishes...Feral washing, Hadrian drying until the kitchen had been set to rights then went back out to the living room again.

The cd had finished and Hadrian went up to the machine and put in his next selection then gestured for Feral to dance with him. Smiling and replete from their good meal, he willingly moved closer and wrapped an arm around Hadrian. Once more they were dancing to the music.

As they swayed sensually together, Hadrian dared to steal a kiss. Feral didn't resist and soon they were lost in it. Their bodies still moved but very slowly as the kiss deepened and their movements became more sexual.

Hadrian slowly maneuvered them toward the couch where they finally stopped moving altogether and Feral was leaned over the back of the couch with Hadrian pressing himself as close as he could get. Their bodies ground together getting more and more heated. Hadrian would give anything to sink into that hot channel once more but he had learned his lesson and would not take such a liberty again until given permission and besides this was only their first meeting after so long. He would not jeopardize it with a quick bout of sex but that didn't mean they couldn't seek release after the trying day.

Feral was moaning as his body got very heated. It had been soo long since he'd taken care of

himself. His female genitals were swollen and wet...aching to be filled but one part of him did not want to cross that barrier yet...it was too soon but oh how he wanted to. His cock was hard as well and press tightly inside his pants.

Hadrian was getting so very hard listening to Feral's moans of pleasure as he nibbled on the dark furred throat. He could smell the musky scent of male mixed with the heady odor of a nursing female both combining to drive him insane.

His paws caressed and dug into the buttocks of the dark tom making him shudder and groan even more. Feral's own fingers were doing their share of teasing and driving Hadrian crazy.

The Bengal's scent was so wonderful...something that smelled like honey mixed with some musky scent that was all his own with dashes of his favorite shampoo and body soap. The scent smelled like home, like he'd been waiting for this all his life and now it was here and he felt safe wrapped up in it.

Hadrian felt he'd finally found his missing half. He'd heard of people talking soul mates and other such fanciful terms but never dreamed he might be so lucky. It was early still but he couldn't push aside how right this felt holding this tom so tightly in his arms.

The fire was building to a fever pitch and needed release soon. Since he didn't intend to consummate this completely, he would have to satisfy them both a different way. Feral had his thighs spread wide and was rubbing frantically against Hadrian's hardness through his pants and that gave him an idea.

Pulling one of his arms free from their caressing duty, he reached for his zipper and pulled it down quickly. He kept Ulysses preoccupied with deep tongue duels as he hurriedly released himself. His hard, long cock pointed like a sword toward the hot vee between Feral's legs. He pressed forward, allowing his hard pole to thrust in and out of the dark tom's thighs and pressing against the pant covered clitoris.

Feral gasped but couldn't say anything at all as Hadrian kissed him to distraction while his cock pistoned between them. Groaning hotly, Feral wrapped his legs around the Bengal's waist so that he could get as close to that hot pole as his clothing would allow him. Their pressed bodies also gave his aching cock the rubbing it needed as well.

Twin groans filled the air as they panted and writhed together. It had been too long for both of them and they were soo very hot. Feral choked and shuddered as his body lit like a firecracker and waves of exquisite pleasure poured through him, first his female organs clenched then his cock exploded.

The double explosion sent Hadrian spiraling over the edge, spilling his seed between those hot thighs.

They trembled together for several more seconds before sagging against each other, only the couch keeping them from sliding to the carpet.

When he'd recovered enough, Hadrian withdrew, regretting the feel of Feral's legs releasing him.

"Hmm, that was truly wonderful. You were magnificent." He murmured, kissing the dark tom tenderly.

"Ohh, that was incredible. I didn't realize how much I missed this until just now." Ulysses murmured dreamily.

"It was my honor to pleasure and remind you just how much you mean to me even with our clothes on." Hadrian chuckled softly, nuzzling the tom's neck.

"And you did that so well. Thank you."

"You are welcome, handsome." Hadrian whispered. "It pains me to say goodnight now but I know Elora will be singing for her supper soon and you need your rest. If it pleases you, I could come over tomorrow?" He asked, coaxingly.

"Hmm, call first. I'll give you my private cell and home number. I don't want you to run into Sgt Fallon just yet and he is expected to bring me reports tomorrow, usually around morning time." Feral said with a reluctant sigh as he slowly released Hadrian but not without another kiss.

"Certainly." Hadrian said warmly as he released Ulysses from his arms.

Smiling, Feral crossed the room on slightly wobbly legs and went to his desk. Fetching one of his business cards, he brought it back to Hadrian.

The Bengal tom fished a card from his own pocket and gave it over. With arms wrapped around each other, they walked to the front door. Before Feral could open it, Hadrian stole another lingering kiss then opened the door.

"Until tomorrow, Ulysses." Hadrian said softly, a dark, erotic smile lingering on his lips as he moved away.

Feral felt a rush of warmth spread across his face at that look. "Good night, Hadrian." He breathed then watched the tom as he headed for the elevator and vanished inside the waiting car. Closing his door, he locked it then leaned against it for a long moment. It had been a very unusual day and tomorrow promised to be even more interesting.

He sighed and slowly went around the room turning off lights and the cd player before heading to his room. He was loathe to remove Hadrian's scent but he was all sticky and needed to clean up. With another sigh of regret he removed his clothes and went into the bathroom, turning on the shower.

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Chapter 14 by ulyferal

The next morning dawned bright, the sun falling gently over Feral as he fed Elora her breakfast. He relaxed while she nursed and enjoyed the quiet morning letting his mind replay the good and bad that had happened yesterday.

The good, of course, was his time spent with Hadrian. It felt like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders when the handsome tom reentered his life. The fire between them had not been extinguished by the long absence. That caused him to pause a moment...it still felt strange how deeply attracted he was to the Bengal tom from that one brief encounter.

He never really believed in love at first sight...lust certainly...but not love...and he wasn't certain this was what it was now either but he couldn't shake just how comfortable he felt in Hadrian's company.

He let his mind drift a moment as his body remembered how it felt to be touched again and how Hadrian seemed to know his body so well that he brought completion without taking their clothes off. Now that had truly blew his mind, feeling such an intense connection with the tom that had allowed him to be swept off his feet so easily and it hadn't been one sided. Hadrian had been completely enthralled with him as well.

The bad was the thought of letting the SWAT Kats take his precious little one away on Monday morning. It made him just sick inside. No matter how much he knew this was the right thing to do to keep Elora safe, it tore him apart to let her go to strangers on their first parting. Though Elora accepted the SWAT Kats with ease, he wasn't so certain about Professor Hackle. He didn't know

that much about the tom. Perhaps he should go and see him?

A soft sound drew him out of his musings. Looking down he saw Elora blinking wide eyes up at him. He smiled tenderly at her.

"Are we full now?" He cooed at her as he raised her to his shoulder to tap her back gently.

She cooed and softly babbled then gave a quiet burp. It didn't look like she was in a hurry to go back to sleep yet so he got up and placed her in a small carrier that allowed her to watch her mother. He cinched her in place then carried her to the bathroom, setting her on the wide counter. He talked to her as he stripped then took a shower.

She startled a little when the dryer came on but waved her tiny fists when her mother played peek a boo with a towel at her. Dried, he picked her carrier up and walked back into the bedroom. He set her on the bed so he could get dressed.

After getting his bra on and a pair of electric blue boxers, he put on some sweat pants and a light weight tailored shirt and opted to go barefoot. Collecting Elora, he left the bedroom and headed across the living room for the kitchen.

A strong knock caught his attention before he was halfway across the room. Changing directions, he made for his front door. Opening it revealed Sgt Fallon with an armload of reports.

"Good morning, sir. I hope I'm not too early?" The sergeant asked as he glanced down at Elora in her carrier under Feral's left arm.

"I was just going to get breakfast for myself. Elora's not sleepy so she's been watching. Come on in and we can talk while I throw something together," Feral said easily, stepping back and allowing the sergeant to pass in front of him then closing the door.

He lead the way to the kitchen, setting Elora on the kitchen table. The sergeant laid the files on the table beside her and smiled down at her happy face.

"She's looking good, Commander and very happy. Things going well now?" He asked, as he made funny faces at Elora and she cooed at him making him smile.

Feral glanced over his shoulder at Fallon as he pulled ingredients out of the fridge. "Yes. She's nearly sleeping all night now and I feel very rested. Thank you. Would you like something yourself?" He asked politely.

"No thanks, sir...I'm good." Sgt Fallon demurred taking a seat at the table. "Glad to hear she's sleeping through the night. Are you still planning to come back to work on Monday?"

"Yes, I am,." Feral answered and sighed mentally, knowing what Fallon's next question was going to be and not happy to be discussing it but Fallon needed to know.

"I know it's not my place to ask, sir but I'm concerned about where you're going to keep Elora when you're on duty," Fallon said cautiously.

"It's alright, I understand your need to ask. I've made secret arrangements that will ensure no one knows where Elora is being taken on a daily basis. She will be picked up from here and taken away before I go to work and after I return home this way no one connects her with me. Anyone watching will think I'm leaving her here but they will soon learn the apartment's empty during the day," Feral told his sergeant, though the words 'taken away' still made him whimper inside.

Fallon frowned a little but nodded his head. "I'm glad, sir. It had me very concerned."

"I thank you for your concern, now what have you for me today?" Feral asked, changing the

subject.

Fallon cleared his throat and began relaying what Feral needed to know.

Elora was sound asleep in her carrier by the time Sgt Fallon carried off the completion of their mornings work some two hours later. Feral saw the sergeant off then took Elora to her bed before returning to the kitchen to clean up.

As he puttered around, doing laundry and some light housekeeping the phone rang. He picked it up and smiled when he heard a familiar voice.

"Hello, Ulysses. Is it safe for me to come over?" Hadrian asked.

"Your timing is excellent. Sgt Fallon was already here this morning and I'm just finishing up with my self-imposed housework. Elora is asleep and will probably wake when you arrive but come ahead. I'd welcome your company right now," Feral said warmly.

"Wonderful. See you in about fifteen minutes then," Hadrian said eagerly as he closed the call.

Feral put down the phone and smiled happily to himself as he finished his tasks.

Exactly fifteen minutes later there came a knock on his door. He hurried to open it and his face lit up when he saw Hadrian. The Bengal tom stepped in and closed the door behind him before wrapping his arms around Feral and giving him a searing kiss.

Feral moaned as his body responded immediately. If he wasn't careful, he would allow this tom any liberty with him. Hadrian just made him feel soo good in such a short time it left him giddy and scared.

Hadrian's heart leaped at the eager look on Ulysses' face the moment he opened the door. He was soo grateful that the tom felt the same thrill he did when they were together. It made his hopes of a relationship that much more certain.

It had been nearly impossible sleeping last night as his mind and body wanted desperately to be wrapped around the dark tom, sharing their warmth and making love. It was going to be really hard trying to keep a restraint on his desires but for the possibility of making the tom his forever mate, patience had to be his watch word.

Still moments like this were to be savored as much as possible. He reluctantly let the kiss end naturally but couldn't make his arms release the hard body pressed against his own.

Feral sighed as the kiss ended, his forehead leaning against the Bengal's as they shared a moment of perfect harmony which was broken by a familiar wailing cry. Sighing, he pulled away, Hadrian releasing him reluctantly.

"Someone's hungry," the Bengal said, smiling warmly.

"Yeah, it's about that time, make yourself at home while I tend to her," Feral murmured then turned and made for the bedroom.

Hadrian watched his lover's backside as it walked away from him. His jeans became instantly tighter than they already were. Growling deep in his throat, he forcibly turned his gaze away and looked around the apartment. He'd not had a chance the last time he was here.

The apartment was good sized with comfortable and tasteful furnishings. The kitchen was small but that was all the tom needed. He did have a more formal dining area closer to the sliding glass doors that led to a small balcony. He walked over and opened the door to step outside. The view was of the city scape. To the right he saw Enforcer Headquarters twin towers then he turned and

saw the distinctive clock tower of city hall in the distance and beyond that a little of the bay could be seen. The breeze was warm and balmy. It promised to be a really nice day.

He turned around and went back in just in time to meet Feral with Elora in his arms coming from the bedroom. His daughter was wide awake and waving her arms happily in the air.

Hadrian smiled at her warmly then blinked in surprise when Ulysses suddenly passed her over to him. Still a little timid where his daughter was concerned, he cautiously took her into his arms. Her warm weight in his arms felt so right and it made his heart swell when the little face cooed at him without fear.

"Hello my little angel. How's my little one today?" He murmured to her, unconsciously swaying with her in his arms. She gave a gargling sound of happiness, seeming to enjoy the sound of his voice.

"She seems to recognize her daddy's voice," Ulysses said softly, looking at his daughter adoringly.

"I'd loved to think so but its more likely she just likes my voice in general," Hadrian said modestly though he liked the thought his daughter seemed to know him. "I wish we could go out to the park or beach. It is so nice out today," he sighed regretfully.

"Yes, I know. She could really use going outside but I dare not even take her out on the balcony with me," Feral said sadly. "I was actually wishing I could see Professor Hackle and see how Elora reacts to him and what he has set up for her. Not knowing is driving me crazy."

Hadrian looked up and stared at his lover with sympathetic eyes then frowned as a thought crossed his mind. "Perhaps, we could do this but you would have to trust me completely and I don't know if I've gained that much trust from you, yet," he said cautiously.

It was Feral's turn to frown. "What are you talking about?"

"You want to see Professor Hackle so here's what I'm proposing: I take Elora wrapped as if she was a bag of clothes I'm taking out to my car which is parked behind your apartment. Then you disguise yourself, wait ten minutes before coming downstairs to meet me at my car. We can go in it without anyone being the wiser," he suggested carefully.

Feral stared at him in shock, his mind working on all that could happen with the plan but finding it sound. "It could work at that," he said in surprise. "The trust you're speaking of is me letting you take Elora in the first place?"

"Yes."

The dark tom stepped away and thought hard about what Hadrian was asking of him. His need to see that Elora would be alright when she was taken away by the SWAT Kats was intense but did he trust Hadrian that much? He looked back at the tom waiting patiently for an answer. The answer he realized was yes...he did.

"I like it. Let's do this!" He said, feeling better than he'd had since he heard Razor's suggestion. "Let me get her ready and pack her bag then put a disguise on."

Smiling, Hadrian sighing with relief. This made him feel better as well as he was going to get the chance to see where his daughter was going to be kept too. He helped Ulysses prepare Elora and aided Uly with his disguise which was rather simple. Feral simply took out a shabby long coat and a slouch hat that hid his distinctive face and put on a dark pair of old, scuffed boots.

Feral had to search around for a large enough bag then put it around Elora's car seat with her in it. To keep her calm, her mother gave her a stuffed bear to play with. She would still make some

complaint at not being able to see anything but the trip should be quick enough for Hadrian to get her to his car and release her before she could start crying.

It was decided, Feral would take her diaper bag and hide it under his long coat. When they were ready, Feral opened his door and looked out to see if the hallway was clear. It was quiet and empty. Hadrian slipped out and went to the stairwell, the elevator being too risky, and hurried down them as fast as he dared.

For Feral, it was a nerve wracking ten minute wait. He paced in a circle while constantly checking the time. Finally, he was able to slip out, locking his door behind him then hurrying down the stairs himself.

Hadrian had managed to exit the rear of the building without being spotted by anyone. He briskly walked to his car, appearing unconcerned and easy. Even though he could hear Elora start to fuss, he was careful to not notice anything was going on as he finally reached his car and proceeded to place the plastic bag on the seat. Quickly, he uncovered his daughter and gave her a happy face and a tickle which helped to ease her anxiety and restored her good humor.

Relieved she had managed to stay fairly calm, Hadrian set about getting her seat cinched into place. As he was occupied but still keeping a weather eye around him, he spotted Ulysses emerging from the rear door. Instead of heading directly for the car, Feral actually made for the dumpster and threw a bag of trash out then almost casually, he made for Hadrian.

He climbed into the driver's seat and adjusted it for his longer legs as Hadrian finished his task and moved to the passenger door and climbed in himself. Feral pulled the diaper bag from his coat and handed it to Hadrian who placed it on the backseat next to Elora.

Still keeping his face hidden, Feral started the car when Hadrian handed over his keys and slowly left the parking lot heading for an alley further down rather than going straight out to the main street. After going some two blocks down, Feral finally went up to the main street and headed for the freeway heading out of town.

"It looks like we pulled it off, Uly," Hadrian said, relief in his voice.

"Yes, it does. I've seen no tails," Feral said carefully, not dropping his guard until he was on the freeway. Only then did he relax a little. "It's a fifteen minute drive to the other side of the bay."

"Great, Elora seems fine and happy despite getting a little fussy in the bag. Hope this visit goes off well," Hadrian said quietly, studying the passing scenery.

"So do I."

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Chapter 15 by ulyferal

Hadrian was impressed with the layout of Professor Hackle's lab/residence. There was a long drive up to his front door with a security gate blocking some distance from the home itself.

Feral paused at the gate. He'd never been here and was impressed by the security measures he was seeing so far. There was a security camera just above the heavily reinforced gate attached to a high rock wall that went a long distance in both directions. A heavy forest hid most of the back of Hackle's home, the front faced the ocean over a high cliff to the beach below. This gate was at the side of the home.

He pressed the button attached to a small web cam set on an arm far enough out to reach a car. He quickly pulled his hat off so he could be properly recognized. "Hello, Professor Hackle. This is Commander Feral. Could we be allowed in to see you?"

It seemed to take forever before an elderly voice finally spoke through the speaker. "Commander? Why are you here?" His voice sounded concerned and surprised.

"I really needed to see where my daughter would be staying and to have her meet you," Feral admitted.

"Ah, I see. My sensors indicate you have another passenger besides your daughter." Hackle's voice questioned carefully.

"That is my daughter's father, Hadrian. He's safe," Feral assured the elderly Kat.

There was silence for a long moment then..."very well, come on in," Hackle said.

The gates opened slowly. When there was enough room, Feral carefully drove through and up the long drive. Along the way he spotted various security measures; cameras in trees as well as hidden lasers that his training allowed him to spot even though they were cleverly hidden amongst the greenery that was given free rein here, lending the area a jungle feel.

They finally reached a small parking area under some huge trees. Feral could see that the trees effectively hid any vehicles visiting the Professor from anyone flying above. They climbed out, Hadrian grabbing the diaper bag while Feral retrieved his daughter from her seat. She'd fallen asleep on the drive over.

This side of the Professor's home had what appeared to be a simple ornate door but even here there was a security keypad and screen. Feral reached to the pad and touched the button that said visitor.

The door looked like an ordinary front door then it did something totally surprising. Instead of swinging open, it slid to one side into the framing. Feral blinked at it in amazement. The professor waited on the other side, eyeing them curiously. As he passed over the threshold, he paused to look at the door more closely. It wasn't a flimsy slider but a very thick panel that could most likely handle most munitions shot at it. He was impressed.

He stepped the rest of the way in and watched the door silently slide close once more. He turned his attention back to Professor Hackle who was giving him a small smile of amusement. If this was just a sample of what the old inventor had protecting his home then Feral wasn't the least bit worried about his daughter's safety. He felt his shoulders relax their tension and he sighed.

"Professor, your place is like Fort Knox. I'm truly impressed and know Elora will be safe here. I do apologize for showing up without calling you first, but I couldn't allow anyone to know I intended to leave my apartment with Elora nor where I was going," Feral told him.

"Not a problem, Commander. I understand many eyes and ears are watching your every move right now. But how did you manage to leave your home without being spotted?" Hackle asked curiously.

"Hadrian came up with the idea of carrying Elora in a bag like he was carrying clothing while I left some minutes later dressed in a long coat and slouch hat. To further confuse anyone watching, I even dumped a bag of trash out then made my way to Hadrian's car. No one except the SWAT Kats even knows about him so no one had a reason to watch him. It seemed to have worked as I detected no one following us," Feral explained.

"Ahhh, an excellent plan. So you wished to 'case' the place your daughter will be staying... is that it?" Hackle asked gently.

Feral felt his face burn. "Yes. It's not that I don't trust you but I don't **know** you and wanted to be sure Elora accepted you as well as seeing how you planned to care for such a small kitten when you've never been a father," he said earnestly.

"I understand completely, Commander. I had reservations myself when the SWAT Kats approached me about your problem. I was extremely surprised that you accepted their assistance considering your rather acerbic behavior towards them," Hackle said, shaking his head in amazement.

Feral grimaced then sighed. "It isn't like they gave me much of a choice nor did I **have** a choice once I learned what it was like being a new mother. I may hate what they represent but they are good Kats and they have been nothing but unfailingly devoted to Elora and seeing to my welfare for her sake. I may be hard headed at times but I'm not stupid. They were lifesavers when I truly needed them and now they are doing it again...ensuring Elora's safety. What else can I say?" He said helplessly, spreading his paws in frustration.

"Yes, they can certainly get under ones fur. They do care...for every katizen and this city and I'm glad you realize it. But I do know you can't publicly acknowledge it either. I promise I won't hold that against you. I thank you for telling me this though. I now have a better picture of why you're allowing them to help you," Hackle said thoughtfully.

He came closer to Feral's side and stared down at the tiny creature in the car seat. "Oh, Commander, she is a beauty. You are the most amazing tom to have been able to give birth to your own kitten. I salute you, sir," Hackle said warmly.

"Now, T-Bone had already warned me of your reaction to leaving your little one here. I don't blame you for being afraid and concerned. No mother wants their kitten too far from them or to be taken by strangers no matter how serious the reason. Please, come with me and I'll show you where Elora will be staying while with me," Hackle told him, turning away and leading them through a side hall and into another heavily secured area where the elderly Kat tapped in a code which caused the door to open revealing a series of labs.

They stepped through the door and followed Hackle through several small to large areas until they came to one that held lots of books, a huge mainframe computer, tables full of various projects, a big desk overflowing with paperwork, a large open area where some kind of vehicle was being assembled, and to one side of one work table was a small area that held a crib, a swing, changing table with diapers nearby, a small fridge with a bottle warmer set on top of it, and a small robot that stood quietly nearby. Also in that area was a large picture window that looked out over the bay and allowed warm sunshine to pour in.

Hackle walked over to this mini-kitten area. "As you can see, I and the SWAT Kats have tried to meet every one of Elora's needs. This is Cybertron," he said gesturing to the small robot. "He is the one that helped the SWAT Kats defeat the Pastmaster's mummies last year. He suffered a great deal of damage but I've been able to repair him and he's good as new. Say hello, cybertron," he instructed the little robot.

It made soft beeps and uttered a mechanical hello that was understandable as it rolled to Feral and Hadrian and offered its three-fingered paw for them to shake.

Feral blinked in bemusement as he automatically extended his paw and it shook Feral's paw with just the right amount of pressure and released it before the little robot went to Hadrian and did the same before rolling back to the Professor's side.

"This thing is going to take care of my daughter?" Feral asked dubiously.

"Part of the time, while I am occupied. Of course, I'll handle Elora's feedings and comfortings if she needs it, though over time, I'm sure she'll grow to love cybertron," Hackle assured the mother.

Feral shook his head in unease. He wasn't so certain about this. After all, the last robots he had dealt with were Mac and Molly Mange. Suddenly, Elora began to make fussy sounds. Feral found an empty table top and placed her carrier there so he could take her out of her seat.

"She needs changing." Feral muttered more to himself than anyone else.

"Please, allow Cybertron to show you what he can do. It will be the only way you will know for certain that she is perfectly safe with him," Hackle coaxed.

Feral looked down at the little robot waiting patiently. He hugged Elora to him as he tried to decide if he could do this. Seeing his difficulty and understanding perfectly because he felt the same way, Hadrian came to his side.

"He's right Ulysses. It's the only way we'll know if Elora will be alright with this. I'm a little worried too but we already agreed this was the only way to protect her," he said gently, touching his lover's arm.

Feral sighed as he nervously lowered Elora so that she could see the robot. Cybertron stayed still and made no move to reach for Elora. Everyone waited. Elora's eyes weren't that sharp yet but apparently she felt no fear for the metallic creature as she reached out and bopped it on its electronic face shield where its glowing red eyes were with her tiny paw.

Feral sucked in his breath but nothing happened. Elora giggled while Cybertron just stood there patiently. Still nervous, he carefully extended his kitten toward the robot.

"She needs her diaper changed. Would you do it please?" He asked, feeling strange asking a machine.

Cybertron made a happy whistling sound and gently took Elora from Feral's paws. It held the kitten close while making strange musical noises as it made for the changing table, set at his height. Carefully and with obvious expertise, Cybertron set about changing the diaper. In just a few minutes, Elora was changed and heading back to her mother. The whole time, the kitten made happy noises and waved her arms and legs around excitedly.

Feral accepted his daughter back in his arms. He hugged her close while he stared at the robot in amazement. "Well, he certainly did that well and Elora didn't complain," he admitted.

Professor Hackle had been holding his breath. Though he had programmed Cybertron and knew the little robot capable, he still had his reservations about how the kitten and robot would react to each other. He was extremely relieved that all was well.

"Now, I suppose it's my turn. I will admit I have never held a little one before, Commander. If you would instruct me please...?" Hackle asked as he came close to take the kitten into his own arms after hanging his cane on a table nearby.

"Here Elora, what do you think of him?" Feral asked his daughter as he turned Elora around so that she could see Hackle.

Elora eyed the old Kat with apparent fascination and no fear. She cooed and held her arms out as if to reach for the Kat's glasses. Hackle couldn't help but chuckle at her antics.

"Aw, you are such a sweet little thing. Your mother is a very lucky Kat to have such a good-natured kitten such as you," Hackle cooed at her.

Feral passed his daughter to Hackle. "You hold her head like this and her body like that..." he instructed, moving the old Kat's arms into the proper positions.

Hackle stared down at the kitten in amazement. Such a little thing she was and what a wonderful disposition she had. Even now Elora was making efforts to try and pull on Hackle's hair or reach for his glasses. He felt his heart warm at the sight and smell of her. He could see why the SWAT Kats had fallen in love with her. She was such a wonderful treasure.

"She seems very fascinated with my spectacles," he observed as he rocked her in his arms and smiled down at her tiny face.

"Probably sees her own reflection in them," Hadrian said smiling in relief. It seemed Elora was going to be very happy here and safe.

"Well I guess that answers the question about her being comfortable here. I certainly can't complain that she won't be safe and now I can see her needs will be handled as well. So there's only one thing left to discuss; her important information and how to stay in touch," Feral said, relieved Elora would be fine though still unhappy about leaving her at all.

"Certainly Commander. I have made a special device with Razor's assistance that will allow us to call each other securely. No one will know the frequency and be able to tap into it. You just send an information sheet on her care like how often she feeds, how much usually, and anything else you'd like me to know about her care," Hackle said. "I'm certain we'll get along very well leaving you to be able to concentrate on your work. Distractions are very dangerous for you. Elora would be lost without you," Hackle warned gently.

"I know. I intend to be more watchful and not take as many risks as I used to," Feral promised solemnly as he took Elora back into his arms. "Thank you, Cybertron. I appreciate your care of her."

Cybertron made a brisk salute and piped a, 'You're welcome, sir,' to Feral.

"We should be going now. I don't want anyone to realize I have left my home. Thank you for reassuring me, Professor. I'll still have a problem being separated from her but at least I know she will be safe and that will have to satisfy my instincts for protecting her," Feral sighed reluctantly.

"It will be hard, I'm certain, for you to part with her everyday. I won't be annoyed if you want to call me often for the first few days to ease your protective instincts. I'm glad you, sir, have reentered the picture. T-Bone informed me of your intentions to perhaps begin a relationship with your daughter's mother. I hope all goes well between you for her sake. Good luck to you both," Hackle said warmly to the two adults as he saw them out of his home.

"Thank you, I hope it will work out as well and thank you for taking on this responsibility of guarding my daughter. If there's anything you need, please don't hesitate to call me," Hadrian said sincerely as he handed over his business card to Hackle.

"Why, thank you and you are entirely welcome. Enjoy the rest of your weekend and stay safe," Hackle said in farewell.

They nodded and stepped through the door back to the outside. Feral placed Elora's carrier in the back seat and cinched it in place while Hadrian tossed the diaper bag beside it.

As they were driving down the long road from Hackle's toward the city once more, Hadrian mused about the odd inventor and his fortress.

"What's the story on this guy, Ulysses?" He asked curiously.

Feral snorted then told Hadrian all he knew about Professor Hackle.

"Oh, a pacifist, huh? But still an inventor. I think his idea of robot helpers for Katkind is a good one though there should be some stringent safeguards to go with them. He's a nice fellow and I'm glad Elora likes him," Hadrian said thoughtfully. "Do you feel better about her staying with him?"

Feral sighed but nodded his head. "I still don't like being parted from her but...yes...I am relieved she will be well protected and cared for."

"Good then when the SWAT Kats take her Monday morning, I'll be right there by your side to make the transition as easy as possible on you and a shoulder to cry on afterwards," Hadrian promised, his face serious.

"You are beginning to know me far too well," Feral said ruefully.

"I'm working on it, Uly, I'm working on it."

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Chapter 16 by ulyferal

Arriving near his neighborhood once more, Feral stopped the car some two blocks from his apartment building.

"I'll go in on foot from here so no one will connect me with you. Take Elora and use the same subterfuge to get her back inside. Here is my key," he said, handing the apartment key to Hadrian then putting his hat back on.

He climbed out of the car and went to the side door to retrieve the kitten bag. "You be good for your father and mommy will see you in just a few minutes," he told his daughter who was awake and staring at him with big wide eyes. He leaned close and gave her a kiss before withdrawing and closing the door.

He immediately took off walking toward an alleyway just ahead as Hadrian drove off quickly. Doing what Ulysses had done before, he went down a back alley and came upon the apartment building from the rear. He parked close to the back entrance. Quickly climbing out, he opened the back door of the rental car but made sure he was blocking anyone from looking in as he uncinched the car seat, dragged the bag over the whole thing, pausing only a moment to reassure his daughter before hauling her out then locking the car door.

Hanging it over his back, he moved easily toward the rear door and used the key to enter. The stairwell was empty as before and he made his way upward at nearly a run as he could hear Elora begin to cry. Opening the stair door a crack, he ducked back quickly as he caught sight of a female opening the door to her apartment. Counting to five, he opened the door again and was relieved to see no one around.

Hurrying down the hall to Ulysses' apartment, he put the key in and unlocked the door, pulling it open quickly and ducking inside. He stopped just inside the door and hurriedly pulled off the bag to reveal Elora's unhappy, tearful face.

"Ahh, sugar! Daddy's sorry!" He soothed her as he undid her straps and picked her up. He hugged her close with one arm as he picked up the carrier with his other paw and moved further into the apartment. He had just set it behind the couch when the door opened again and Ulysses ducked inside.

"Is she okay?" Feral asked as he shucked both hat and coat and came to Hadrian's side.

"Yeah, but she sure wasn't happy about the bag this time and was letting me know it. Fortunately, she hadn't worked up to a fit yet when I managed to get us inside," Hadrian said then looked at Elora. "Here...you want mommy?" He said to his daughter as he handed her over to Feral.

"Sorry about the strange treatment, honey. How about some dinner, hmm?" Feral cooed to Elora as he walked to the bedroom.

Hadrian sighed and decided to make for the kitchen. It was nearly dinner time and he was very hungry. He noted the listing of take out places Ulysses had near his phone. Looking it over, he knew what he wanted but went to the bedroom to see what his lover might feel like eating.

The bedroom was lit by the small amount of sunlight coming in the closed curtains. Ulysses was laying on his side and dozing a little as Elora nursed. Hadrian paused in the doorway and gazed on them for some minutes, really loathed to disturb the peaceful sight. He could stand here forever watching over his family.

That was how he thought of them now. No matter what, this was his family and it wouldn't be long before it was so in the eyes of others as well. This was what he prayed for and would make damn certain it was what he got. He smiled to himself as he thought the battle nearly won already as comfortable as his daughter and Ulysses were with him already.

His musings were interrupted by the rather loud rumble of his angry stomach. He scowled down at his belly but jerked his head up again when he heard a soft chuckle.

He grinned widely as he saw Ulysses staring at him in amusement. "Sorry, I came here to ask what you'd like for dinner...my treat," he said.

"Hmm, good idea. I'm famished. I don't care what I have really...you pick what strikes your fancy," Feral rumbled softly.

"Okay."

Hadrian turned away and made for the kitchen once more and ordered dinner. That done, he went to the living room and turned on the TV, keeping the sound down low. Some ten minutes later he heard Ulysses pass behind him to go to the kitchen. Moments later, he returned to the living room with two glasses of milk, handing one to Hadrian before sitting down beside him with a sigh.

"Thanks, love," Hadrian murmured taking a big gulp from the glass. He was thirsty too, he realized.

"You're welcome," Feral said, smiling slightly at the endearment the Bengal had used without realizing it. He found he liked it and pressed closer to the tom who welcomed him by putting a warm arm around his shoulders.

He sighed and closed his eyes. Having seen where Elora would spend her days had soothed his worried mind though that didn't mean he was going to be any happier when she left his arms tomorrow. Pushing that unhappy thought away, Feral allowed himself to just bask in the obvious caring arms of Hadrian.

They remained that way, comfortingly at peace with each other, no words being necessary as they let the silence wrap around them. It was rudely interrupted some fifteen minutes later by the door bell. Sighing, Hadrian rose from his seat, reluctantly, and went to answer the door. He peered out the peep hole and saw it was indeed the delivery Kat before opening the door. He paid for the food and took it to the kitchen where Ulysses already had gone and was setting up the table for their meal.

They ate and chatted about all manner of things then cleaned up the kitchen. Going back out to the couch, they turned on the TV and watched a movie together. It wasn't long before they were making out hot and heavy again but once more, Hadrian stopped before anything more serious could happen.

As he was saying goodnight at the door, Feral was feeling really frustrated. Though it had been he who had suggested they take their time, he found himself desiring Hadrian more each time he saw the tom and was beginning to hate their separation.

For crud sake! The tom had only been here a few days! What was he...a lovesick she-kat? But he couldn't deny just how much he was truly falling for the handsome Bengal. He'd been lonely far too long and the tom felt like a cool drink of water after a long drought.

He shook himself and locked up, taking himself off to bed. Tomorrow would be a hectic day as he got back into the swing of being at work.

Morning came far too soon to his mind. Elora woke around five a.m. so Feral fed her then gave her a warm bath. He dressed her in a nice little jumper and let her sit in her carrier watching him as he too got ready for the day. He had made sure to pump extra milk yesterday and this morning and packed them in an ice bag before putting them in her fully packed kitten bag along with the notes he'd written up for Hackle.

The door bell rang as he rushed around taking care of last minute details and worrying about forgetting something Elora should have with her. He made for the door and opened it rather abruptly.

Hadrian stood there holding a paper bag that smelled of breakfast and coffee. Feral eyed him in surprise.

"Figured you hadn't eaten at all and I was right. You've been busy getting both of you ready and now you're obsessing about what should go with her even though you packed her bag yesterday," he said knowingly as he stepped across the threshold and gave Feral a kiss on the mouth.

Feral could only blink in surprise as he shut the door and followed his lover to the living room.

"Hello my sweetie! How's daddy's little one this morning?" Hadrian sang out to their daughter who waved her little arms and gargled happily at her father's voice.

"I can't get over how well you read me. It's positively eerie," Feral grumped as he sat down at the table.

"It wasn't that hard to guess, my love. You're a very devoted mother and this will be hard on you. Now here...eat some breakfast...I'm certain there's nothing left that needs to be done except for sitting down and eating as well as enjoying Elora's company and mine, of course," Hadrian grinned as he handed Feral a breakfast sandwich and a cup of coffee.

Feral could only sigh and take the items from the Bengal's paw. "Thank you. I was just thinking about fixing something but couldn't seem to stop to do it yet."

"Then it's a good thing I got breakfast this morning," Hadrian smirked. He took a big bite of his sandwich just to coax Ulysses to do the same.

Realizing what the tom was up to, Feral gave him a wane smile and began eating. The coffee was good and was just what he needed to steady him. They ate in peace, Hadrian cooing at Elora every now and then.

When breakfast was done, Hadrian collected the trash and insisted Feral play with Elora for a few minutes until it was time for her to leave.

Feral grimaced unhappily at the reminder as he pick up Elora from her carrier and carried her around, talking with her and making her laugh.

A noise near the balcony some thirty minutes later, startled them both. Elora was drowsing in Feral's arms when Razor came into the room carrying some kind of pod like thing.

"Good morning all. Hello, you must be the father. Pleased to meet you," Razor said easily coming to Hadrian to shake his paw.

Hadrian gave the powerful but lean built tom a return paw shake while studying him keenly. "And

you must be Razor...I want to thank you for taking such good care of my daughter and Ulysses."

"We we're glad to do it. She's such a sweet thing," Razor said warmly. "Aww, I take it she's had breakfast and play time and is very pooped now. That will actually make this easier on her. This is her travel pod the Professor and I invented to keep her safe on my cyclotron. It has baffles to keep it quiet inside for her and Agracite for its shell to make it super strong. She'll be safe! I bet my life on it."

"It does look very sturdy. We took the opportunity to go visit Professor Hackle yesterday and are pleased with the arrangements he's made. Elora found him acceptable as well," Feral managed to say, though his heart was hammering with fear and anxiety about the coming separation.

"Okay, let's load her up, its nearly time for you to leave for work and I should be away before you leave the apartment. I didn't detect anyone lurking about but with the type of enemies we've got that doesn't mean anything," Razor said seriously as he opened the pod and set it on the couch.

Swallowing hard, Feral hugged his daughter tightly for a moment longer before giving her a kiss and putting her into the snug pod that held her comfortably. Gently, Razor moved close and did up the complicated harness he'd made for her. Soon Elora was cinched in and the pod was closed.

"Her bag ready to go?" Razor asked briskly, not wanting to extend the torture for Feral any longer than necessary. "Oh, and here is the comm unit that will allow you to call either us or the Professor. Position one is us and two is Hackle," he showed Feral on the device before handing it off to him.

Feral could only nod, taking the device, then watched as the SWAT Kat grabbed the bag, slung it over one shoulder then slipped the straps attached to the pod over each shoulder so that Elora hung on his back snugly.

Feral nearly reached out for her but Hadrian was there to wrap a comforting arm around the distraught mother as he watched his kitten quickly disappear over the balcony rail on the back of a SWAT Kat. He shuddered and tried hard to shove down his feelings of distress.

"It's alright love, I know how hard this is. It didn't feel so good for me either seeing her leave that way but she will be back safe and sound later tonight...just keep that in mind," Hadrian told Uly firmly while offering all the comfort he could.

It took Feral much longer than he thought it should to get over letting Elora go. The lump in his throat just wouldn't go away and his breakfast sat in his stomach like lead.

"You need to be going, love. I'll leave first out the back way and you out the front. Take a deep breath and let it out. Focus your mind on all the work waiting for you and don't forget the communicator Razor gave you to call later to check on Elora. I will be back here later this evening with dinner," Hadrian promised, giving Feral another hard hug and a kiss before reluctantly leaving.

Feral knew Hadrian was right and he tried to do his best to keep his focus on the day ahead and not obsess about Elora's safety. He waited some ten minutes before finally leaving his apartment, locking the door behind him. He took the elevator as he usually did, meeting no one on the way down, much to his relief. Looking around him as he made for his hummer parked on the street and seeing nothing suspicious, he climbed aboard and started the engine. He was soon on his way to work but his mind refused to forget that last image of his daughter going over the balcony.

Razor had moved quickly down the building by his grappling line from his glovatrix to his cyclotron parked below. It was a smooth getaway as he zoomed away down a back alley then out to the main road going faster than the cars could see him.

In less than twenty minutes, he was driving up the hidden paved road to Professor Hackle's rear entrance he and T-Bone regularly used when they visited the elderly inventor. The huge door slid up just as he came close and he drove right in. The door silently went back down as Razor shut his engine off and climbed off.

He handed the kitten bag off to Cybertron who gave him an electronic hello.

"Good morning to you too," Razor said. "Well here she is Professor. Let's see how she handled the trip here."

Razor went through the lab hangar to the smaller work lab where the professor had set up the kitten area, slipped the pod off his back and set it on the changing table to open it. Inside the pod, Elora was fast asleep.

"Aww, she handled the trip like a champ. The baffle system we designed worked like a charm, Professor," Razor said as he undid Elora's harness.

"It did indeed. She looks so peaceful," Hackle said as he stared down at the little kitten.

"Yeah, doesn't she. Let's just get her into bed now. She should sleep for about two hours or longer before waking to eat and stay up looking around for a little after that. I'm sure Feral has put instructions in the bag as well as milk for her," Razor told him.

"And how was the Commander when you left?" Hackle asked curiously.

Razor grimaced as he turned away from the bed and pulled the kitten bag to him, searching for her favorite blanket. Cybertron had already removed the milk and placed it in the fridge.

"The poor guy looked miserable...nearly had tears in his eyes. I got out of there as fast as I could so as not to make it worse on him. Expect to hear from him fairly soon. He'll want to know she arrived okay and how she took the ride. It's weird to think of that arrogant so and so being such a loving mother," Razor said shaking his head in mild amusement as he laid the blanket over the sleeping kitten.

Hackle could only smile at that statement. "At least he knows she will be safe and that is all that matters. But it will be some time before he will get used to her leaving him this way every day."

"You got that right. Okay, I better get going myself. Let me know if you have any problems. Elora knows us well and we are able to calm her if need be," Razor said heading for his bike.

"Don't worry, she should be fine," Hackle assured him.

Razor nodded, climbed on his bike and was soon zooming out the opening door, heading back to the hangar.

Feral pulled up to his parking spot. It felt strange after being gone for so long, but the feeling eased as he quickly left his vehicle and climbed up the steps of the Enforcer Building after more than two months absent. As he walked into the huge lobby, he got many a shouted welcome and stares as his enforcers welcomed him back with relief.

He caught an elevator and rode up swiftly to his floor. Sgt Fallon met him near his office.

"Good morning, sir. Great to see you back," Fallon said warmly.

"Glad to be back," Feral said as he entered his office, removed his coat and hung it up then made for his desk. It seemed to be overflowing with reports. Growling to himself, he wondered just how big a mess he was going to have waded through.

"I've tried to keep up on what needed to get done sir and farmed some of the important stuff to Lt. Commanders Wilson and Barrington to handle but there's still a lot left," Fallon said apologetically.

Feral just sighed. "I thank you for the efforts you made. Just give me the low down and let's get started clearing this mess but first get me some coffee and last night's blotter."

"Yes sir," Fallon said briskly as he about-faced and left the office.

Feral used the time while the sergeant was gone to take out the comm device and switched it to Hackle's frequency. It only took a moment before the professor answered.

Before he could say anything, Hackle spoke up saying, "she's fine Commander. She fell asleep in the pod and is presently resting in her bed right now."

Feral sighed in relief. "Thank you, Professor. I'm glad this worked. I might call again at lunch if I have time."

"Certainly, sir. Have a good day and please try not to worry about your little one," Hackle soothed the worried mother.

"I'll try. You have a peaceful day as well. Elora can be a pawful at times," Feral said in parting. He received a warm chuckle in response then Hackle said farewell. He sighed and put away the comm just as Fallon returned. It was a good thing he was going to be very busy. He wouldn't have the time to worry about Elora.

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Chapter 17 by ulyferal

As Feral dug into his work after being gone soo long, elsewhere on the outskirts of the city in a deteriorating mansion with dead lawns and a crumbling wall that made a sad attempt to protect the place but was failing as time and the weather chipped away at it mercilessly sat a dark figure going over some plans laid out on a huge oak desk in a magnificent library/den with a still functioning fireplace which was burning a large log, sending flames up the chimney. Decay had been stopped within the mansion so the new inhabitants could reside within it comfortably while its exterior discouraged anyone from wanting to approach.

The library held no books and the curtains were looking decidedly tattered but the carpets and furniture had been cleaned and gleamed with new life. However, the dark figure paid no heed to his sumptuous surroundings. His plans for conquest were all that mattered to him.

Suddenly his concentration was interrupted by a pair of Kats wearing black fur tight suits that covered them from head to toe except for their eyes with black boots covering their feet. One of them hurried forward and rapidly whispered an urgent message.

The dark figure roared with anger, tossing his pen down and getting to his feet so that he could pace. Anger poured from him making his minions back away fearfully but not daring to leave the room without permission.

Through the still open door two figures walked in having heard the roar of anger and wanting to investigate its cause.

"What'ssss wrong, Dark Kat?" Viper hissed, his forked tongue getting in the way of clearer speech.

"Yeah, what's all the hullabaloo?" Hard Drive asked, frowning.

Dark Kat turned to face them, a scowl on his odd face. "It seems Feral anticipated possible

danger to his progeny and has found a way to have her whisked away with no one seeing how or who had done it nor where she is hidden while he's at Enforcer Headquarters."

"Seems your plan has run into a roadblock," Hard Drive said carefully.

The huge Kat gave the techno thief a cold look that caused the tom to cringe and step back. "No it only means it has been delayed a little. We will simply keep a closer eye on the Commander and if we must, you, Hard Drive may have to spy on Feral from inside his apartment."

Hard Drive grimaced at that option. Going back to jail was not high on his list right now. "Let's hope not since I have a suspicion Feral has insured he has a high tech security system in place to spot anyone trying to slip into his home," he said sourly.

Dark Kat eyed Hard Drive with a coldly calculating look for a long moment then growled, "That's the first time I've heard you voice an opinion that could be very accurate. Despite your reservations, if it comes down to you testing his security that is what you will do."

Hard Drive bit his lip to keep from snarling a negative to that order. He wasn't in a hurry to be made an experiment of Dr. Viper's if he angered DK too much. Hunching his shoulders, he just nodded and escaped when DK indicated they could leave. He hissed angrily to himself as he returned to the room he had made his own in this huge mausoleum of a place.

As he slammed the door behind him and set a security system he had stolen on his door that gave him a small amount of safety, he went to the bed and threw himself down on it. As he stared up at the ceiling, his mind ran itself in circles trying to find a way out of his present predicament.

After his last time in jail, he vowed to skip town and see about starting life somewhere else less hazardous to one's health. Unfortunately, those damnable ninjas of DK's had found him before he could make good on his escape.

He had been captured without effort, much to his disgust, and brought before Dark Kat. He was told what was expected of him and, though the deadly Kat didn't say so, he made it clear the techno thief had no options but to aid the big tom in his grand plan...refusal meant death and not necessarily a quick one either.

He grimaced bitterly at that last thought. He hated this! It wasn't like he had a pristine conscious but damn it...he didn't just kill people to get what he wanted. Evading enforcers was a lark to him and selling the stolen plans was just business. But DK's plan to kidnap a very young kitten and use her as a hostage against her mother's cooperation sat wrong with him.

Sure he hated Feral but that arrogant and annoying tom had done something truly amazing. Even now, Hard Drive was having trouble wrapping his mind around the fact that huge tom had actually given birth...a male giving birth...what a shocking thing!

From the things he'd been able to glean from the surveillance on the dark tom, Feral was a loving mother to his tiny kitten. That was even more amazing. No way did he want a part of harming a kitten nor causing agony to its mother. He drew the line at harming innocents!

But how could he stop DK's mad plan and get himself out of harm's way in one piece? He stared at the ceiling as he went through plan after plan.

Meanwhile, Dr. Viper quietly slipped to the old attached green house on the back of the mansion when he left Dark Kat's presence. He hated that ugly great tom with a passion but he didn't have the resources DK had. His swamp home had been flooded during a recent monsoon and was temporarily uninhabitable. He liked the water but too much of it interfered with his work.

So here he was making a deal with his enemy to get another chance at taking the city. Of course, once Dark Kat had implemented his plan, Viper would swoop in and take his victory out from

under him and make that arrogant tom submissive to him for the rest of his miserable life. He vowed it! The delay was actually a boon to his own plans. Some of his greatest mutations were not yet old enough to do what he needed so having to wait was a good thing.

His hissed to himself with laughter as he checked the vats harboring his newest life forms. "Ssssoon my prettiesss! Sssssoon!"

Back at Enforcer Headquarters, Feral was putting the finishing touches to the last report on his desk. He sighed as he tossed it into the out basket. At midday he'd called Professor Hackle and had learned Elora had a pleasant, trouble-free day. That had made him feel more relaxed and able to focus on his work.

Now it was time to go home. He wondered as he got his coat on and locked his office, how and when the SWAT Kats planned to bring his daughter home without the watchers they knew were at his apartment and on him wouldn't see them. He worried all the way home.

At the salvage yard, Chance and Jake were just finishing up their day at their garage. Jake filed the receipt of the last car just being driven off. Chance had gone out to the gate and was closing it behind the departing customer.

"Well that's it for the day. Want to clean up first before getting Elora?" Chance asked as he came back into their office and locked the door behind him.

"Might as well. We're not picking her up for another hour anyway. Want to take a change of clothes and eat out after we've seen her safely home?" Jake asked as they headed upstairs to their apartment.

"Sounds like a good idea. We staying around for a bit when we drop her off?" Chance asked as he began to strip his clothes off and throw them in a hamper in his room.

"Yeah. I just know there are watchers around, I can feel them but not spot them anywhere when I'm there. Don't know how long we're going to be able to pull this off and keep her safe. I just wish they would make their move already so we can take the bastards out. However, just once I'd like to get the drop on them before they get the drop on us," Jake grouched as he too stripped his clothes off.

"You and me both. You know buddy, we really need to do just that but damned if I know how we can uncover those creeps hidey holes!" Chance said in disgust as he turned the shower on. "Dips on it first!"

"Yeah, go ahead. I want to think a bit," Jake agreed, sitting down on his bed and letting his mind work on the problem.

A little under an hour later, the pair left their hangar on their cyclotrons. T-Bone headed to Feral's apartment while Razor went to Professor Hackles.

His security sensors warned him a cyclotron was approaching and he signaled the doors to open. He looked over at the kitten watching him from her swing.

"Your ride home has arrived, little one," he said warmly.

Some moments later, Razor strode into the lab carrying Elora's carrier. "Hello, Professor. How was she today?" He asked as he approached the kitten who was smiling at him.

"She has done very well and been quite happy. She is a true joy to have around, I must admit," Hackle said, smiling.

"Great, glad things are going alright so far. Feral call?" Razor asked as he lifted Elora from her

swing, gave her a warm hug and nuzzle before putting her into her carrier.

"He called around lunch time. He sounded pleased and relieved," Hackle said with a light chuckle.

"Well, I know he's worrying himself sick right now waiting for her to be returned to him. So we better scoot. See you in the morning Professor," Razor said as he turned and left at a brisk pace for his bike in the other room.

"You too, my lad. Good night!" Hackle called then returned to his work.

Securing Elora's carrier firmly to his bike, Razor quickly took off for the city, taking a little known route. In about fifteen minutes he arrived near Feral's apartment. He had pulled up in an alley that allowed him a direct view of the building he was headed for. The smaller SWAT Kat sat unmoving for some minutes, his ears raised high to listen for anything amiss in the area.

T-Bone was hiding somewhere nearby also watching for anything that could be construed as a threat to the kitten.

Though still uneasy, Razor finally got off his bike, set its security system, then used all the cover he could to get closer to the apartment building. It seemed to take forever but soon he was in the shadow of Feral's home and still he hadn't seen anything suspicious though he couldn't shake the feeling of being watched.

In his apartment, pacing worriedly, was Feral. His mate was sitting on the couch watching him in concern but didn't offer any comfort. It would not have been welcome at the moment and, besides, he was just as worried.

He'd arrived before Ulysses was due to get off work and found a hiding place to wait. When his mate arrived in the parking garage he slipped into the elevator and waited, holding the car with the door closed. He counted to ten then opened the door, standing out of view, while Ulysses stepped in and blinked in surprise to see him.

"Good trick. Probably wouldn't work again but an excellent way to slip in unseen," Feral complimented Hadrian.

"Thanks love. I've been waiting for about forty minutes for you to come home," Hadrian told him as they rode up.

The doors opened and Feral stepped out but Hadrian again waited in the elevator until Uly had unlocked and opened his apartment door then he quickly scooted inside, closing the door behind him.

"So now we wait for our little one to be returned home. I think this wait will be much worse than the first one," Hadrian said, going to sit on the couch.

Feral could only grunt an acknowledgment as he took off his coat and weapon then decided to peel off his dress shirt as well. Though he was hungry, he couldn't think about eating until his daughter was safe in his arms again.

Down below, Razor prepared to rappel up the shadowed side of the building. Keeping on alert, the smaller SWAT Kat quickly zipped up to the roof then scurried to the door. Sighing in relief to be out of the open with his precious cargo, he peered out the stair door to the hallway. No one in sight.

He made the distance from his location to Feral's door in a lightning move then inside the apartment without anyone seeing him.

Hearing the door open Feral was hurrying toward it just as Hadrian was launching himself from the couch. Razor, knowing full well how worried the big tom was, wasted no time taking Elora from her special carrier and handing her over to her mother's open arms.

"Hello my precious one," Feral cooed in relief as he hugged and nuzzled his kitten close to his face.

Her father came close and smiled, equally relieved to see his daughter safe and sound. He looked over at the SWAT Kat who was already preparing to leave.

"Thank you. I know this is going to become really stressful as time passes. I hope you have some plan to rid us of the problem?" He asked anxiously.

"I've been giving it some thought, definitely. I don't see T-Bone and I doing this for a long time. Someone is bound to see us soon enough. My partner and I were talking about trying to find the omegas rather than wait for them to take us out. I'm tired of always being at a disadvantage," Razor growled.

"I agree but don't see how you'll accomplish it. With all my resources at my disposal, we've still not been able to find the creeps before they can cause trouble," Feral said unhappily, as he sat on the couch nursing Elora.

"Nor do I at the moment but I'll keep thinking about it. Something will come to me if I persist. Anyway, I've got to be off. See you in the morning," Razor said then made for the door, peered cautiously out before vanishing from view. Hadrian closed the door behind him then returned to his mate's side.

"I hope he does come up with something. I don't fancy being this stressed out about Elora's safety every day," he said heavily as he sat down beside Uly.

"I agree. It leaves me in a constant state of heightened awareness which is tiring," Feral sighed.

Hadrian had to agree with that assessment as he hugged his lover.

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Chapter 18 by ulyferal

When Hadrian left his lover that evening, his mind was filled with concerns for his hoped-for family's safety. He headed quickly for his hotel and upon arrival went up to his room to make a long distance phone call.

He felt a little ashamed that he hadn't made this call long before, but there had been far too much going on since he'd arrived in Megakat City. Reconnecting with his former lover and getting to know his new daughter had occupied his mind completely but now that they were in so much danger, his mind turned toward the one who had been his rock for so many long years.

"Hmm, hello?" Came a sleepy voice.

Hadrian winced as he realized what time it was in Lignaria. "Tafari, my friend, I am so sorry to be calling this early in the morning. I truly forgot the time differences."

"Hadrian?...No...no...it is nothing, my friend. Are you alright? I've been beside myself with concern over you since you left," his friend said quickly, waking up completely. He made an 'it's okay' gesture to his new mate who muttered in annoyance at the early morning call. Climbing from the bed, he went to the living room so as not to disturb her any further.

"I'm so sorry...things just got so involved that I just didn't make time and now that danger threatens my loved ones, I'm beside myself trying to find a way to protect them," Hadrian said

anxiously, pacing the floor of his room.

"Wait...slow down...Hadrian, what danger are you talking about...start at the beginning. So things went well with your meeting with Commander Feral?" Tafari asked, glad to hear from his friend but now concerned about what could have gone wrong.

"Oh yes I've met him and kissed him...he's everything I remembered and so much more. He's willing to begin a relationship and we've already become close in just a few days and my daughter...oh Tafari...she is so beautiful and has such a sweet nature...I love them both with all my heart. I don't think it will take long before I'm with them all the time," Hadrian said, love and joy filling his voice.

Tafari smiled broadly at the sound of such happiness in his friend's voice. "I'm so happy for you, Hadrian. Just be careful you don't hurry things too quickly," he warned, amused. "You've kissed already so things sound very hot between you but a relationship isn't based on just sexual attraction alone."

"Oh I know...but it helps!" Hadrian's smirk could be heard easily over the line. "Every time we are together we set the world on fire but I never cross the line even when I can tell he is starting to get frustrated with me for leaving him so hot and bothered every time we part. Even though I'm honoring his request to go slow...I can't help it if we sort of get very heated when we are together," he said in amusement then became more serious when he went on to say, "...but sexual attraction aside, Tafari, we are dealing with some serious issues right now and they are causing Ulysses a great deal of stress. He is already leaning on me for comfort and advice which is binding us closer together so I feel we have more in common than just being attracted to each."

"Nothing like a crisis for bringing individuals together," Tafari stated, wisely. "So exactly what is this danger that has you both so anxious?"

Hadrian explained the threat of omegas using their daughter as a bargaining chip against the Chief Enforcer, the measures being taken so far, the involvement of the SWAT Kats, and how he was managing to keep himself unknown to the enemy.

Tafari eyes widened in consternation as he listened to his friend. When Hadrian had finished his explanation, his friend was shaking his head. "Oh, Hadrian, this is very serious indeed. I'd heard about all the strange things that are always happening in that city and I'm so very sorry you are now in the middle of such a dangerous situation. I'm glad you're able to keep your identity secret from them so far, but what do you intend to do now?"

"That is why I've called you my friend. I thought if we put our heads together we might come up with a solution using my contacts in the weapons and security fields and yours in the more cloak and dagger business," Hadrian suggested carefully.

His friend's field of expertise was in espionage and he'd always been careful not to probe Tafari nor ask favors of him since that field was extremely dangerous. Just being friends with Tafari all these years carried considerable risks but one that added spice to their friendship and was profitable for him as well. If anyone could help his fledgling family, it would be Tafari.

"Hmm, it's possible but I'll need a current picture of Megakat City's threat level and what Intel the surrounding countries have collected on these omegas, Dark Kat especially since they are under constant threat of invasion if one of these creatures were able to take over such a large and wealthy city state. After speaking with them, I'll get with the local authorities and compare Intel. The locals information will, of course, be tainted by their closeness to the problem and won't necessarily be as accurate. Knowing this criminal's modus operandi will help us determine how best to deal with him and anyone else he's got working with him," Tafari said, already falling into his more professional mind set as he laid out what needed to be done.

"Understood! Ulysses would have that information, of course, but he would want to know why I

needed it, so I must be more circumspect. Hmm...perhaps asking the SWAT Kats would be a better choice to get that more personal experience aspect. Then I need to probe the local security forces around here for their input...yes...and some of the more unsavory sources as well. I think it's time I called in some favors..." Hadrian mused, his mind already working on the problem from his end.

"Good! That will lessen the amount of work I'll have to do. However, I do hate for you to do this behind your lover's back when you are at such a delicate stage in your relationship," Tafari murmured in concern.

Hadrian sighed, "I know! I hate doing it as well but he is very stubborn and very much by the book. What you and I do protects and defends the world at large while Ulysses is only concerned with his small corner of it. Besides which, much of it is in that gray area no self-respecting law enforcement person will go, least of all...my lover. If I even mentioned this to him, we would be butting heads and getting no where very quickly...so, no...I won't let him in on what I'm up to. He only knows what my company's face is to the world which is repairing businesses and bringing them back to robust life. He'd really flip if he knew it was in reality a troubleshooter enforcement operation that protects his place in the world. I haven't lied to him though, I really do help companies get back on their feet but that's after my company has cleaned their house of pesky criminals first. You know I can't tell him the real mission of my company and it's really not something he needs to know since my part of it is safe and above board...ah...most of the time that is...there have been a few, shall we say, ticklish situations, over the years."

Tafari snickered. "Oh yes, some of those situations were quite dangerous and tread perilously close to breaking the law on many occasions but it's what has made you the top 'fix-it' Kat in your chosen profession, my friend."

Hadrian snorted, smiling, though his friend couldn't see it. "One does what one has to in getting the job done. So, we have a plan of action?"

"Yes, I'll get to it immediately from my end then catch the next flight out to Megakat City in a day or so," Tafari agreed readily, already moving ahead in his mind on what he needed to get done and who he needed to speak with.

"Thank you, my friend. I truly hated to ask this of you, but..."

"Don't! You've never asked anything of me...ever. This is the most important thing in your life and as your best friend, I will do anything in my power to see you happy and safe. Think nothing of it. See you soon, Hadrian," Tafari told him briskly, not brooking any argument or apology from his friend.

Sighing in relief, Hadrian said, "thank you my friend. See you soon!" He broke the connection and turned his mind to what he needed to do.

Going to his briefcase, he drew out some paper and a pen, took a seat at the small table near the window and began to make some notes. When he finished, he locked it back up in his briefcase and went to bed. Tomorrow morning he would be with his lover until Elora went off to the sitter then it was off to begin his covert work. He hoped by the time he saw Ulysses tomorrow evening, his plans would be in motion and see fruition before Dark Kat made his move.

In the dilapidated mansion that was Dark Kat's present hideout, Hard Drive had finally had enough. What Dark Kat planned was hideous and he wanted no part in it. And it didn't help that Dr. Viper had a plan of his own that would trump everyone's and leave a totally devastated city no one could live in but himself and his creatures.

He had been fortunate to have overheard Viper while he was zipping through the security system in the house to test it for DK. Good thing the ugly mutant loved to talk to his plants. At the time, he thought Dark Kat wasn't paying attention to his 'partner's' doings but not too long after he'd

discovered Viper's plans, he found Dark Kat wasn't as completely oblivious to Viper's mechanizations as he'd thought due to an off-hand comment the big tom had made one day, but Dark Kat was soo arrogant, the fool truly thought he would be able to put Viper down before the mutant could pull off his nightmare plan.

Hard Drive may not have been as brilliant as these two were, but he wasn't stupid. Because he really didn't have that much of an ego that needed to be stroked, he was able to see clearly that these two would either kill each other or one of them would succeed in their mission. But no matter what the outcome was, he and the city wouldn't survive it.

So despite Dark Kat's threats, which were formidable and scared him witless, he made his plans to escape. All he needed was an opportunity.

Hadrian rose early and was at Ulysses' apartment, carrying breakfast, once more. Entering quickly when his lover opened the door, he grinned widely at the sight of Elora reaching for him from her mother's arms. He loved her madly and was thrilled she accepted him so easily.

Smiling indulgently, Feral willingly handed over their daughter while he took their breakfast to the kitchen. Hadrian followed, cooing and tickling his daughter...she giggled happily and spit bubbles of milk at him. He chuckled and grabbed a tissue to wipe her mouth before giving her a kiss.

"She is in good spirits this morning, my love," he murmured to Ulysses who was setting out glasses of milk.

"Yes, she is. She's also beginning to sleep longer through the night, though I've been told she needs to begin eating solid food soon for that to happen completely," Feral said, smiling at the picture before him...the doting father playing with his daughter...it made him warm inside, despite the worried flutters about her leaving soon.

"Ooohh, that will be an adventure," Hadrian said delightedly. "How about that Elora? Would you like to try some cereal that you'll spit at you papa, eh?" Elora just cooed happily.

Feral shook his head as he took his daughter back from her father then set her in her small carrier that allowed her to be near her parents. "Here sweetie," Feral cooed, handing over a set of plastic keys for his daughter to play with.

Her strong little fingers clasped it tightly then shook it, enchanted by the sound they made. Her father smiled warmly down at her as he began to eat his breakfast.

"She is such a treasure, my love. What a wonderful thing we've done even if it wasn't planned by either of us," he sighed, totally besotted with her.

Feral blushed warmly and had to agree with Hadrian...Elora was the greatest treasure in his life now as was this wonderful tom. If he could just get rid of this doom hanging over them, they could be just like any other family...enjoying life and love...he'd waited long enough for it, after all. That gloomy thought made his smile fade, his gaze staring into the distance. No matter how he pushed his ops people, no one had been able to find a hint of where Dark Kat was holed up but he had heard disturbing rumors that Viper was with him.

That had left a cold feeling in the pit of his stomach. One of those criminals was bad enough but when they teamed up, no one survived. It was only their egos and their total lack of trust with each other that had made their plans fail time after time. Unfortunately, it took only one time for their cooperation to work then they would all suffer the consequences. He desperately wanted to catch them before that ever happened.

It felt truly odd to know the SWAT Kats felt just as desperate about the situation as he did, though it really shouldn't have since their stated goal in life had always been to rid the city of omegas

but, he'd never believed that fully until recently. Now he knew them better, he realized they did indeed want peace for the city just as much as he did...just was willing to accomplish it their own way. Inwardly, he groaned at that because their way always gave him major headaches due to the amount of property damage they caused. He was drawn from his gloomy introspection by a light touch on his arm. He blinked and cleared his thoughts to give his lover his full attention.

"I don't think I have to guess at why you have such a mournful look on your face that our daughter's disposition couldn't hold at bay," Hadrian murmured quietly.

Feral grimaced, then sighed, "no, I doubt you have to guess. I just wish we could find that crud!"

"I know love, so do I. I hate that it is interfering with our desire to get to know each other better and that it endangers our daughter," Hadrian agreed grimly.

Feral could only nod. All this fear held a pall over what should be a wonderful experience. He wanted nothing more than to drag his lover to his bed and be with him and hang the 'take it slow' pace he, himself had advocated, but with this hanging over their heads...life truly sucked at times.

A noise in the living area warned of Razor's arrival. Feral's body tightened with worry once more as he gently picked up his now drowsing daughter, took her toy from her limp grasp, and prepared her to leave him for the day. Hugging her tightly, Feral carried her out to the living area followed by Hadrian.

Razor already had the pod open and ready on the couch while he slipped the already prepared diaper bag over his head and right shoulder.

"Good morning all. Are we ready to go?" He asked warmly.

Feral could only give a wane smile as he hugged Elora one more time then laid her tenderly inside her travel cocoon. Razor gave a comforting smile to the worried mother as he briskly got Elora ready then closed the pod, slipped it over his shoulders, waved goodbye and strode across the room to the balcony where he climbed over and disappeared from view. Hadrian was grateful to the SWAT Kat's brisk and efficient method of leave-taking...his lover may be still anguished at the parting but at least it was quick and not drawn out.

Shuddering, Feral wrapped his arms around his body. This was the second time Elora had been carried off from him and it felt just as nerve-wracking as the first time. A warm arm wrapped around his waist and a familiar scent filled his nose as Hadrian leaned close and nuzzled his neck, offering comfort.

He sighed out a long breath and stood still accepting the comfort then straightened his spine and readied himself to go to work. Feeling his lover, take back control of himself, Hadrian deposited a brief kiss on the dark brown cheek before releasing the tom.

"Have a safe day, my love. I will see you this evening as usual...try not to worry too much," he said gently.

"I'll try. Hadrian?"

"Yes?"

"Thank you for being here. It's...made it easier to...let her go. I'm not sure I would have been able to handle it as well without you."

Hadrian smiled. "Oh, I think you sell yourself short on that, Ulysses, you'd be unhappy and worried but you'd do what was necessary regardless. However, I'm glad you don't have to. Besides, I need the comforting just as much as you do," he said encouragingly.

Feral smiled wanly, very glad he was here too. "Have a good day, Hadrian...see you later!" He said warmly, seeing his lover to the door, trading a rather scorching kiss before opening the door to peer out, checking to see if the coast was clear. Giving the 'all clear', he stepped out of the way and Hadrian hurriedly slipped past him and ran to the stairs, quickly disappearing from view.

Feral closed the door and sighed again. He went to the kitchen, quickly tidied up, put on his gun harness, slipped his gun in it then pulled on his coat. Picking up his radio from the table near the door, he stepped out of his apartment. Time to get to the office and focus on work.

The cyclotron roared through the open hangar door and pulled to a smooth stop. Razor shut the engine and climbed off. No one was in sight as he walked through the hangar and passed through two labs before coming to the one where Elora spent her day.

Cybertron greeted him with a happy electronic whistle.

"Good morning to you too. Well here she is. Where's your master?" Razor asked as he unshipped Elora's pod from his back and set it on the changing table.

"I am here, Razor. Good morning to you both," Professor Hackle's voice came from behind him.

He turned his head and gave a quick smile hello before turning back to open the pod and undo Elora's restraints. The kitten, as was usual, was asleep.

"I think the vibrations of the bike put her to sleep," he commented as he carried her over to her crib and gently laid her down, covering her with her blanket. He handed the diaper bag off to Cybertron who carried it off to be emptied.

"I'm sure they do," Hackle said in amusement.

"I've got a lot of work to do so I'll be off Professor. Have a good day!" Razor said heading back out.

"You too...be safe!" The professor called out to the retreating back before returning to his own work.

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Chapter 19 by ulyferal

The first thing Hadrian did when he left Feral's apartment was head for a rendezvous with a contact of his. Using the GPS in his rental car, he found the coffee house located in the waterfront district fairly easily.

He parked, went in and took a table at the back of the room in a secluded corner and waited. After drinking most of his second cup of fairly decent coffee, a figure walked in, looked around, made eye contact with him then casually walked to where Hadrian sat.

A waitress bustled up, was given a coffee and pastry order then hustled off to fill it. The figure eyed the handsome golden Bengal mix with a jaundiced look as he took a seat across from him.

"So, haven't seen nor heard from you in several years. What brings you to this benighted city? Vacationing?" He asked, sarcasm dripping from his hoarse voice.

Hadrian studied the fellow across from him. The male was lean, fur colored a dark orange with black stripes, eyes yellow-green, face bland with no identifying features and dressed in black jeans, tan polo shirt with a black windbreaker and feet shod by a pair of white with black trim tennis shoes.

"Not exactly. Why I'm here is none of your business. What I need is your particular expertise at

convincing a couple of individual's to leave this city," he said coolly.

The male narrowed his eyes but said nothing until the waitress, who had just appeared, finished setting out his coffee and pastry then hurried off again. He fussed with his coffee...adding cream and sugar, tasting it then adding more cream before being satisfied with it only then returning his attention to Hadrian.

"A removal job, eh? So who got on your hit list?"

"The two and their associates won't be an easy job to coerce nor get rid of and you'll be getting assistance accomplishing it because of that as well as a bonus....," Hadrian began before being cut off.

His guest scowled and hissed in a low, deadly voice, "I work with only my own crew! You know that! No outsiders welcome!"

"When you hear the targets, you might want to reconsider," Hadrian said smoothly, undisturbed by the others show of anger.

Snorting in derision, the male took a large bite of his pastry and a sip of coffee while giving Hadrian a look of disbelief.

"I want you to find a way to make Dark Kat and Dr. Viper leave this city...permanently," Hadrian said, dropping the bomb casually.

The male spit out his half-eaten pastry, face going shocked and pale. Swallowing hard, he hurriedly grabbed his coffee and drank nearly half of it before speaking again.

"Are you mental? Those aren't your average joe blows you want disposed of. Those guys are heavy league nut cases with creatures at their command that are everyone's worst nightmare," he spat in shocked disbelief.

"I'm fully aware of that, which is why I said you would be getting some high powered help to do the job thoroughly and completely. Secrecy is not wanted here, though. The enforcers need to know the pair are out of the city permanently or they will stay on constant alert and I don't want that," Hadrian said firmly, sipping his own coffee calmly.

Shaking his head and eyeing the Bengal balefully, the male growled, "what you ask is out of my league. Find yourself another lackey."

"So, you'd rather your reputation be tarnished then? No one will hire you after this refusal because I'll make sure all know what a coward you are," Hadrian said coldly.

The male smiled thinly and stood up then leaned over the table so his face was closer to the Bengal's. "Do it then! I'm not afraid of you or your threat. I'm good enough to get all the work I can handle no matter what you say about me. No one in my 'field' is crazy or stupid enough to take on such a mission. I take jobs that are guaranteed to make me money and still let's me come out alive. Good luck! You're going to need it!"

Having made it clear he wasn't interested, the male stalked out of the coffee shop. Hadrian scowled in annoyance. The male steaming away, was his more reliable contact, his next choice was just plain insane which was why he hadn't wanted to use him, however, it looked like he wouldn't have a choice. He pulled his cell out and searched for a less used number. Calling it, he wasn't surprised to find the person not answering his cell, so left his number for a call back.

Sighing in disgust, he laid some money on the table and quickly left. There was other work he had to do now which entailed a trip to the library then a local criminal dive finishing with a visit to a geeks hang out and, in a few hours, his best friend would be arriving at the airport.

While his lover was checking out the seedier underside of the city, Feral was reading over the latest reports from his special ops teams. He sighed and threw the last report on his desk with disgust. Nothing! They had found nothing! It was like Dark Kat had managed to vanish without a trace and there was still no confirmation that Hard Drive and Viper were with him.

He got up from his seat and stepped down from his pedestal desk to look out the huge windows of his office to the flight line below. Leaning against the glass, he frowned unhappily, worry riding his shoulders as he tried to think of what other actions he could take that might drive Dark Kat out of hiding but was coming up empty.

Stretching his back and shoulders, he returned to his desk and dug into his other work, letting his subconscious deal with the problem for a while.

Elsewhere in the city...

Hard Drive stormed into his room and, after setting his meager security system, threw himself onto his bed and tried to rest but his mind was whirling with anger and fear.

Dark Kat had sent him out on a reconnaissance mission yesterday. The evil tom wanted to know how Feral was hiding his kitten. His temper got more and more hot as his plans continued to be thwarted and all because no one had been able to detect where the Chief Enforcer's kitten was being hidden while he was away.

Not daring to disobey, Hard Drive did as instructed and shadowed the Commander the whole, boring, 24 hour period but to his disbelief and disgust, the canny enforcer never left his apartment with the kitten nor returned home with it. Where the hell was he keeping it and how did it get out of the apartment every day?

As instructed, he had managed to slip into the apartment by passing a very sophisticated security system that nearly fried him. Once inside, he searched every where for the kitten but found no sign of it. He learned it was a female from a framed picture sitting on the desk in the living room but he never passed that information to Dark Kat. He didn't care about its sex anyway. His search didn't turn up any clue as to how the kitten was disappearing each day.

He returned to tell Dark Kat what he'd found and the powerful tom had smacked him into a wall in retribution for the lack of information the techno thief had brought him.

"You will have to find a way to remain in that apartment until you actually witness where he's taking it!" He ordered coldly.

Wiping blood off his mouth from his busted lip, Hard Drive got to his feet and nodded but said nothing and got out of the room quickly.

Dark Kat expected him to slip in tonight and roost there all night, well no way was he going to do that. He'd reached the end of his rope...he wanted out...now! He hadn't come up with any real good plan but since Dark Kat wanted him to invade Feral's place, he would oblige him but not the way the evil tom wanted.

Megakat International Airport...

Hadrian waited eagerly for his best friend to disembark from his recently arrived flight. The rest of his afternoon had been very productive and he couldn't wait to relay his findings to Tafari.

Down the gangway came his best friend, a huge smile on his face. They hugged tightly when he reached Hadrian then the two of them headed for the car park.

"How was your trip, Tafari?"

"Smooth as silk. How are things here?" Tafari asked as they reached Hadrian's rental car.

"I've got a lot to tell you," Hadrian said as he climbed into the passenger seat after opening the doors.

Tafari tossed his small amount of luggage on the back seat and slid into the passenger side of the car.

"I'm all ears."

On the drive to his friend's hotel, Hadrian briefed him on the research he'd done.

Tafari frowned, "too bad your contact backed out but truly I can't blame him. My own research has told me these two omegas are truly dangerous. Even I'm not certain I have the resources to take them out either. Truthfully, my friend, Commander Feral's had the most experience and luck taking these two on. He simply knows this enemy far too well and I can't discount those two vigilantes either. According to my friends in the business, it's the combination of the two fighting styles that has seen this city still standing."

"I was afraid you'd say that. My research has pointed unequivocally to that as well. So where does that leave us in trying to head off Dark Kat's plans to steal my daughter?" Hadrian asked, unhappily.

"I don't know...I need to soak up everything about this city, your new mate, and the SWAT Kats before I can come up with a viable plan that has a certainty of success," Tafari said slowly.

Hadrian could only sigh at that. They fell silent, each thinking deeply about this situation as Hadrian drove to the hotel.

Unknown to Hadrian, his friend, Tafari, and Feral, Hard Drive had made his decision which would solve their problem within days.

Since Dark Kat wanted him inside Feral's apartment, Hard Drive would oblige him. Collecting his meager belongings and hiding them in a backpack, he slipped from the house under the watchful eyes of Dark Kat's ninja security and those damnable creepings.

His surge suit was in its usual case which told security he was out on a mission so his personal backpack was not searched and he wasn't hassled as he left the hideout.

Slipping away from the old mansion on foot, it took Hard Drive more than an hour to reach the edge of the city proper. There he took a city bus that deposited him near the block Feral's apartment was located. As he had over the past few months, he approached the place cautiously, going around back to enter through the residence only door. As he had many times before, he used a burglary tool to gain access then slipped in and headed up the stairs to the top floor.

He went past Feral's floor to the roof. Cautiously peering about, he slipped out the door, putting his surge suit carrier in the doorway to keep it open while he looked about for a good place to stash the rest of his belongings. A maintenance tower for the air conditioning offered him a small ledge within to hide his backpack securely. Retracing his steps, he was soon outside Feral's apartment and slipping inside, carefully bypassing the security system.

Looking around the quiet apartment, he sighed and slipped on his surge suit. Looking around carefully, he found an out of the way corner in the hall closet to hide the case. Thus ready, he went to the kitchen to scrounge something to eat, being thorough about cleaning up after himself then went to the living room to watch some TV. The residents were not expected home for at least another two hours so he felt safe enough relaxing for now.

Two hours later as he heard the clock on the wall chime the hour, Hard Drive flicked off the TV,

put the controllers exactly where he had found them then zapped himself into the nearby table lamp he knew Feral had a habit of turning on when he settled into his recliner for the evening.

Elsewhere in the city...

After spending more than an hour and a half with his best friend discussing everything they knew or had researched on Dark Kat and Viper, Hadrian bid Tafari a reluctant good night.

"My friend, there is no reason to be so downhearted. I've found worrying about what you can't alter or change is unproductive and produces only ulcers. We've done all we can at this moment and your mate has done all he can to protect your daughter. Tomorrow is another day and, who knows, fortune may smile on us yet. Go to your beloved and try not to obsess too much tonight," Tafari advised, warmly clapping his friend on the back.

"I hope you are right, my friend. I want this to be over and soon. I'm tired of it interfering with my wooing of Ulysses. The threat to our daughter puts all else on hold," Hadrian sighed in annoyance.

Tafari smirked and said in amusement, "ahh, someone sounds sexually frustrated."

Hadrian blushed hotly. "Uhm yeah, you could say that! I want him badly alright but promised to go slow however, it is so damn hard to keep that promise when all I want to do is lay with him and love him through the night. It's all I dream of," he admitted.

His friend laughed and shook his head. "You have it bad, Hadrian. You truly love this tom to absolute distraction and I am so pleased to see it. It's quite possible Ulysses is just as frustrated as you are if those kisses you told me about were steamy enough to set you both on fire. Perhaps you should just let things go on naturally rather than hold yourself back...he may thank you for it."

Hadrian sighed and gave a hopeful smile. "You really think so? Last time I was with him, the look in his eyes showed serious disappointment when I called a halt. Perhaps you're right. I've never felt such a rightness about anyone before like I do with him and I feel strongly that he reciprocates that feeling as well. I think I can say for certain, if it weren't for the danger we'd have already said to hell with waiting."

"Yes, there is that deterrent alright. Well, my friend we just have to solve that quickly, don't we? Like I said, perhaps tomorrow will see a resolution to the problem. So I'll see you tomorrow...say around breakfast...to attempt a solution to your problem."

"Sounds like a plan. Have a good night, my friend and see you in the morning," Hadrian sighed, taking his leave.

Feral had finished up a day of frustrating paperwork and a serious lack of leads on Dark Kat's whereabouts. With a grateful sigh, he stepped into his apartment and shed his coat and weapon.

He went into his bedroom to strip off his dirty clothes and slipped into something more comfortable. He glanced at the clock as he passed through the living room for the kitchen. Elora would be home soon and Hadrian should be arriving shortly. He had just enough time to put in a casserole he'd bought on his way home into the oven and fix the sides.

Within a half hour the apartment filled with the smells of something good cooking. In the lamp, Hard Drive watched Feral putter around doing simple domestic chores showing a side no one outside his home would be privy to. It made the criminal feel a little weird so he focused on the mystery of where Feral's little one was.

'Where the heck is he keeping her?' He wondered in frustration.

The ring of the doorbell drew his attention away. He watched in surprise as a strange male was

let in by Feral. The mystery of who the male was would have made Hard Drive blink if he had a body to do it with as he observed the pair share a very steamy kiss.

'Well, what do you know! This must be the kitten's father,' he thought in surprise bemusement.

He was hit with an even greater surprise only a few minutes later when a third male arrived by way of the balcony sliding glass door. He hissed to himself in shock.

'A SWAT Kat! Feral actually trusted a SWAT Kat to protect his daughter? No wonder we couldn't figure out how he was doing it because none of us would have believed it!' He thought in stunned amazement as he watched the smaller of the vigilantes take a small kitten from a special carrier he had on his back.

Razor gave a brief report of how the kitten fared for the day then gave Feral a farewell, promising to be back in the morning then departing the way he had come in.

There was a look of such utter devotion and love on the Commander's face as he held his daughter, cooing and talking to her that Hard Drive felt like a peeping tom. He'd wished he had such a warm upbringing. Perhaps his life might not have ended as it had.

He watched with some embarrassment as Feral took a seat on his recliner and lifted his shirt, unsnapped a bra (now that looked really odd on the big tom's chest) then offered a rather fat nipple to his kitten. Feral sighed and caressed his daughter as she happily nursed. The tom, named Hadrian sat beside the Commander and looked adoringly down at his daughter.

It was a very happy, domestic scene that made his heart ache in a way it never had in his life. Now he was very glad he had refused to do Dark Kat's bidding. No way did he want to be responsible for destroying such love and happiness. Now all he had to do was tell Feral what Dark Kat was planning and help him prepare for the assault that was sure to come once that evil Kat learned of his defection.

He wouldn't jump out yet though...no way did he want to disturb the kitten's feeding. He would wait until the little one was abed and the pair before him had eaten. Time enough to ruin their evening much later.

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Chapter 20 by ulyferal

The kitten had been put to bed and Feral had returned to sit close to his mate. Hard Drive felt now was the time to intrude before the pair decided to become amorous which looked to be possible as the male, Hadrian had put an arm around the Commander's shoulders and was pulling the dark tom close.

Leaping from the lamp he landed just in front of the pair. Feral jumped to his feet, outrage, fear and anger flashing across his features.

Hard Drive knew what the big tom was thinking and he hurried to reassure him before he ended up experiencing what a mother could do if it thought its kitten was being threatened.

"Easy there, Commander! I'm not here to harm your family. Just hear me out!" His paws held up in a calming gesture, powering down instantly, as he tried to look as non-threatening as he could.

Feral froze and stared at the techno thief suspiciously. Beside him, Hadrian eyed this stranger with hostile eyes, his body tense and ready to jump the guy if Ulysses reacted unfavorably to the thief's overture.

"Why should I believe you?" Feral hissed, barely holding himself back from taking down the slippery thief.

"Because, despite what you think, I don't kill kittens! Dark Kat is planning something really nasty with the help of that slimy lizard, Viper. I was supposed to take your daughter as hostage before he launched his attack to hamstringing you! But I won't do that! I may be a thief but I'm no killer!" Hard Drive argued hurriedly.

Blinking in disbelief, Feral gave Hard Drive a cold look. "How do I know telling me this isn't part of your plan to get our protection then turn on us?" He demanded flatly.

Huffing in annoyance, Hard Drive growled curses under his breath as he took off his surge coat and dropped it to the floor then stepped away from it. His hair and eyes instantly returned to normal revealing an ordinary looking male, some six feet tall, slim built, dressed simply with mussed up blond hair. He was someone you wouldn't have looked twice at if passing him on the street.

'This is the dangerous threat I heard about?' Hadrian thought in stunned disbelief. 'He sure as heck don't look like much of a tough guy. That tech is the only thing that makes him deadly' he mused to himself.

"There! Does this convince you? You know I'm nothing without the coat so here I am totally ordinary and helpless. I'm telling you the truth. I want no part of what that maniac is planning and when I saw you with your little one, I knew my decision was the right one. I'll tell you where Dark Kat is hiding out, what security he has in place, how many creepplings and ninjas that I've seen...sorry I don't have a complete count of them since there were areas I wasn't allowed in, and I can tell you what to avoid when you go for Viper who's in the basement of this place working on God knows what in his lab. All I want in return is protection from Dark Kat and Viper and the assurance that I won't be put on trial nor in the same prison with them."

Feral stood there in stunned amazement though his face still maintained its stony expression. There was no doubt now that Hard Drive meant what he said. For the first time, Feral felt a leap of hope. At last, he could finally get the jump on the two worst omegas the city faced. With this priceless information, he could preempt Dark Kat's attack plans...oh yes...things had finally turned his way.

He gave Hard Drive a nod, "alright, I'm willing to entertain the novelty that you're actually telling the truth for once. You and I are going to Enforcer Headquarters where you'll brief my officers and the SWAT Kats on what you're trading...don't touch it!" He barked suddenly when Hard Drive made to reach for his coat. "Hadrian, if you would..." he gestured toward the coat without taking his eyes off his prisoner.

"Certainly, Ulysses!" Hadrian said, understanding exactly what Ulysses wanted from him. He hurried past Hard Drive, quickly picked up the odd coat then moved back to the Commander's side.

"Alright, Hard Drive...assume the position!" Feral snapped, carefully going past the criminal to retrieve his pawcuffs from his great coat and returning to snap them on the criminal who had done as instructed...feet apart...paws behind his back.

Once his prisoner was secured he paused in indecision. He glanced over at Hadrian and came to a difficult but necessary decision.

"Hadrian...I have to take care of this. You'll have to stay and protect Elora," he said, trusting his lover with the most precious gift in his life.

The bengal tom sucked in a surprised breath. He stared into his lover's eyes for a long moment then nodded gravely, accepting the responsibility, knowing full well how much it cost Ulysses to leave his daughter this way, especially with someone he barely knew. This was his chance to prove how important Uly's love and acceptance of him was and how determined he was to be a

part of their lives. He would not fail to guard his daughter with his life.

"Go on. Elora will be safe with me...I swear it. You be careful though...you will now be a target once Dark Kat learns of this tom's betrayal," he warned, worriedly.

"Don't worry. I'm used to being a target but be on guard, Hadrian. He may still come after Elora," Feral warned in return as he took the surge coat from his mate.

"I know. You have a way I can contact you quickly and I don't mean your cell?" Hadrian asked urgently.

Feral blinked at him in surprise. "No I don't!"

"Then I do. I'll get it quickly and insure you get the other half. Leave it to me!" Hadrian said grimly.

His lover eyed him in puzzlement but Hadrian raised a paw to forestall him. "Go! You have to get him to safety quickly and get yourself over to Dark Kat's hideout before he knows the jig is up. You've got very little time and the clock is ticking!"

"You're right! Be safe, Hadrian," Feral said in resignation, giving his mate a quick kiss then turning to grab Hard Drive by the arm and hustle him out of the apartment. Once down in his vehicle, he cuffed Hard Drive to the far passenger side of the rear seat, the surge coat safely laying beside the driver's seat. Before taking off, he quickly used the personal signaler from the SWAT Kats.

"What's up?" Came the gruff tones of the pilot, worry in his voice.

That still amazed Feral at how much these two vigilantes cared for what happened to him and his daughter. Quickly he told T-Bone what had happened then said, "meet me at Enforcer Headquarters ASAP! I'll call ahead so you're not hassled."

"What about Elora?"

"She's in her father's safe keeping. Now I've got to go. We haven't much time!"

"Roger! See you there!"

When T-Bone signed off, Feral reached for his dashboard radio and called dispatch. Relaying his instructions quickly, he signed off as soon as he got the acknowledgment then turned his vehicle on. Within minutes, he was racing through the light evening traffic with siren screaming.

Back at Feral's apartment, Hadrian had gone to the balcony and watched as his lover made it safely away. He looked up at the night sky and scowled. Nighttime would be Dark Kat's friend but hopefully, it would be Ulysses' as well if they were able to get to the omega before he found out about Hard Drive. He stepped back inside, closing and locking the sliding door. Pulling out his cell phone he called Tafari.

"Good evening my friend. I thought you were with your mate?" Tafari asked the moment he realized who was calling.

"I was until we had an unexpected visitor...listen closely..." Hadrian briefed his friend on what had happened.

Tafari listened gravely, getting up from the chair he'd been sitting in reading a book to quickly go to his bedroom to change. While in the process of switching out his pants, he said, "if I were this Dark Kat creature and trusted no one, I would have had Hard Drive followed. You are in danger, Hadrian. If my guess is correct then the watcher will have already informed his boss and he will be coming for you. Things may get hot any moment now. I'm coming over immediately!"

"Thank you my friend. I'm afraid you are right and I have locked myself in."

"Get Elora and tie her in some way to yourself or she will be taken without you. You must insure you're with her at all times!" Tafari said urgently as he pulled the last of his clothing on then hurried to the closet for a special case he had there.

His face grim, Hadrian walked quickly to the bedroom while talking with his friend. He quickly gathered what Elora needed and tucked them away on his person.

"I understand. See you soon my friend," Hadrian said quickly as he hurried to the kitchen next.

"And you, Hadrian!" Tafari responded then hung up. In the case, he had opened on the bed, he pulled out a luger, extra ammunition, and some interesting looking tech and tucked them into inner pockets of his suit jacket then he pulled on an overcoat. He closed the case and put it back on the shelf. Striding back into the living area he grabbed his room key and rental car keys off the coffee table then hurried out the door, rushing for the elevator.

At this time of night, there was no one about. TV's and voices could be heard behind doors indicating most of the hotel visitors were in their rooms while others were out on the town. So none saw or heard Tafari as he hurried by, pulling out his cell phone to make several urgent calls while stepping from the elevator through the doors to the parking lot and, finally, disconnecting when he reached his vehicle. In a few minutes, he was racing across town.

Hadrian had grabbed two pre-made bottles of breast milk from the fridge and placed them in a special nylon carrier meant for them then pulled the handle over his arm to fit snugly on his shoulder. Looking rather like a pack mule, Hadrian returned to the bedroom and searched for the kitten harness Ulysses sometimes used. Though Elora was really too big for it, right now it was the only thing he could think of to keep her close to him.

He found it tucked in the bottom of Elora's dresser and was very glad Ulysses hadn't gotten rid of it yet. He pulled it on and grimaced at how tight it was on him because of all the things he already had packed on.

Finally ready, he reached into the crib and gathered up Elora. She grumbled sleepily at him, making him sigh unhappily at having to do this to her. He quickly checked her diaper, changed her which made her mad at being disturbed then put her in a one piece jumper that would protect her. She was crying irritably by the time he was done.

Taking precious moments and feeling time slipping by, Hadrian gently rocked her in his arms to soothe her and to get her to stop crying. Since she was very tired it didn't take too long. He prayed she didn't get upset when he put her into the tight harness. She did fuss but he finally had her strapped firmly to his chest then got his overcoat and pulled it on without her doing more than grumble then go silent as she went back to sleep. Buttoning it partway up, he allowed her head to peek out only a little but would close it if danger struck.

Feeling as ready as he could be, he was making for the living room when the doorbell rang. Hurrying to answer it, he paused to peer through the peephole. With a sigh of relief, he opened the door to his friend then closed and locked it immediately behind Tafari once he entered the room.

Tafari quickly scanned the living area before giving his friend a look of concern. He seemed a bit bulky then he spotted the top of Elora's head peeking out of Hadrian's coat. He smiled and relaxed a bit.

"Got her all ready then?"

"Yes, as best I could and have what I need if we're taken or leave on our own."

"Good but there's one more thing you need..." Tafari reached into his coat and brought out the odd tech he'd packed. "This is a tracker...just in case you end up somewhere different than Dark Kat's hideout," he said as he approached Hadrian and indicated the tom should lower his head a bit.

Hadrian did so and waited as Tafari affixed something in his fur next to his left ear. After fiddling then stepping back then fiddling again, Tafari felt satisfied and let Hadrian straighten up.

"I promised Ulysses something by which I'd be able to contact him instantly should something happen," Hadrian said, eyeing his friend questioningly.

Tafari frowned, "I can inform him if something should happen. I'm not leaving you undefended, my friend."

"I know but he would be angry and devastated not to be informed the second trouble hits and I did promise."

His friend sighed, pulled out his cell and made a call. Some fifteen minutes later there was a knock on the door again. Tafari went and peeked out then unlocked and opened the door. Outside was a lean looking tom in a dark suit and glasses despite it being nighttime. Tafari had him come in then pulled something else from his pockets, typed quickly into a tiny keypad then handed the small device to the waiting tom.

"Take this to Commander Feral only. Mention Hadrian's name and that it's urgent, you'll get safe passage straight to Feral. Tell the Commander, this is the communicator he was waiting for," he instructed the other.

The tom simply nodded and went back out the door, disappearing swiftly from view. Tafari locked the door again then walked to the balcony and looked out the glass for some minutes before turning back to his friend.

"There! That should get to Feral very soon. Now we wait!"

At Enforcer Headquarters, the SWAT Kats had arrived nearly the same time as Feral did. The Commander quickly hustled his prisoner through the lobby and onto the elevator much to the enforcers in the lobby surprise. Reaching his floor, he continued to tug Hard Drive along until they reached his office.

He shoved the tom toward the stairs that lead up to his pedestal desk. "Sit and don't move," he instructed as he indicated the top stair not far from his chair at the desk. Without complaint, Hard Drive sat down and stared at the floor.

Feral took his seat and began to make some calls. The SWAT Kats arrived only moments later and walked up to his desk. They spotted Hard Drive then looked up at Feral who was still on the phone. They said nothing and waited.

Hard Drive eyed them curiously. He still found it incredible that these two had been willing to set aside their hatred of Feral to actually help take care of the tom's kitten. He still wondered how that had come about. Must be a really interesting story and one he'd never get to hear.

The phone hitting its holder made him jump a little.

"My officers and black ops team will be arriving momentarily. Instead of repeating what I have to say let's just wait for them to arrive."

The SWAT Kats just shrugged and nodded. They were just as anxious as Feral to see this conflict to its end and were really thankful for Hard Drive's defection. It was great to finally get a jump on the omegas for once. If they were in time, that is.

Only ten minutes later and the room was filled with the officers Feral had summoned. Surrounding his desk, they waited to hear what Hard Drive had to say.

"This is your moment, Hard Drive...now sing!" Feral ordered.

Without hesitation, the techno thief quickly relayed location, numbers, the mansion's layout and where they could find each omega within it.

The officers and Razor took note of the information then Sgt Fallon was detailed to take Hard Drive to processing and that he be placed in a secluded cell for his own safety. Once he was out of the room, planning began.

Feral and a large force of enforcer tanks and choppers would converge on the mansion while the black ops teams would stand by and when the battle began, they would penetrate the mansion's security and slip in to take out as many ninjas and creepings they could while hunting for Dark Kat and Viper. The SWAT Kats insisted on joining that team.

"We've got the tech to take out Viper's guards as well as creepings that your people don't Feral as well as what's needed to take out those two," Razor said firmly.

Feral could only sigh and concede the SWAT Kat was right. He wasn't going to fight about this as he didn't want either of the two omegas to get away. Before he could answer, there was an interruption.

Someone was outside knocking firmly...one of the ops members went to see who it was. A quiet but urgent conversation took place with the door opened only a crack, before the ops guy hurried to Feral's side and whispered something in his ear. Feral straightened suddenly and rushed to the door. He took the device given him by the stranger who gave his message then turned and left with his enforcer escort.

Feral sighed in relief and pocketed the device before returning to the meeting.

Facing the SWAT Kats, he said, "fine, I agree you're better equipped and I don't want to lose those two omegas because of misplaced pride and jurisdictional arguments." He turned to the rest staring at him, some with a little surprise in their eyes. "I want them caught! We can't afford to let them get away since this is apparently a major offensive Dark Kat has planned. So whatever it takes..." and here he gave the SWAT Kats a sour look, "...or whoever I have to accept as part of the team...we will get them this time!"

His officers nodded gravely. Looking down at his watch, Feral noticed at least forty-five minutes had passed since he'd gotten to headquarters. Time was swiftly getting away from them.

"Let's get moving! We head out in ten!" He barked. His officers quickly left the office heading for their squadrons who had already been alerted and should be standing by to leave. The black ops would pause by the armory then head out immediately with the SWAT Kats who'd volunteered to ferry them there. They would take a high altitude approach then wait until Feral's army got there to cause a distraction before they landed and made their own entry.

The battle for Megakat City had begun!

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Chapter 21 by ulyferal

While Feral, the SWAT Kats and the enforcers headed for Dark Kat's hideout, Hadrian and Tafari were tense and waiting in Feral's apartment.

Hadrian jumped a little when Tafari's phone sang out. He spoke to someone for some minutes then hung up. "That was my contact here. He's waiting with an attack force surrounding this

building in case it becomes necessary to save you."

Hadrian sagged with relief. He gave his friend a wane smile. "That makes me feel a little better."

"You're welcome my friend. I just hope we can keep you from being taken in the first place."

"Me too!"

To change the subject and take their minds off the terrible tension of waiting for something to happen, Tafari asked, curiosity in his voice, "so how do you feel about being a father now that you've had the chance to hold and be with Elora?"

Hadrian looked at him in surprise then smiled shyly as his eyes went down to the tiny form close to his chest. "More wonderful than I ever dreamed it could be. She's a sweet and undemanding kitten which has made it much easier for Ulysses and I to spend time together."

"You fairly glow with happiness my friend," Tafari said smiling warmly.

Hadrian blushed and smiled back.

"So...have you and Ulysses done the nasty yet?" His friend leered suggestively.

"Tafari!" Hadrian blurted, pretending to be scandalized then shrugged with a small leer of his own. "Not yet but then we've not had a moment that didn't have something happen. Tonight I was going to make my move when that techno omega burst in the room."

"Ohhh, really bad timing, eh?" Tafari commiserated, shaking his head.

"No kidding! I just wish..." whatever Hadrian was about to say was rudely and violently interrupted by the sounds of gunfire, a weird chittering, and yelling.

"In the hall closet, Hadrian," Tafari barked, his tone commanding as he drew out his Luger and went to the balcony to look out quickly.

Hadrian did as ordered. He went to the back of the closet and closed the door tightly then pulled down a couple of coats to hide himself further. Fortunately, Elora didn't waken. He listened hard to what was going on outside his hiding place.

Tafari saw his help was engaging a rather large attack force of ninjas and creepings. He began to back away to go to the front door when a batch of creepings flew at him from somewhere above the roof area, crashing through the glass door.

Ducking and rolling away to keep from being hit by the glass and reaching creepings, Tafari rapid fired his weapon with deadly accuracy, taking out more than half of them before scrambling to his feet, dragging a heavy chair with him toward a corner next to the closet so that he had protection behind and in front, while doing all he could to keep the enemy from realizing their target was hiding right nearby. Keeping his head down so the pink creatures couldn't grab him, he methodically fired at any that got too close to him.

While one group kept him at bay, others searched every room making a huge mess as they did so. Tafari was hard pressed to keep the things from investigating the closet without making them too suspicious. The front door suddenly crashed open and in poured some of his fellow agents. They forced the pink horde back toward the outside.

Unfortunately, that only worked for a few minutes as a group of ninjas came through that same door and fought the agents paw to paw. Tafari was disarmed during the first battle with two ninjas. He fought well but in the end lost to overwhelming numbers. Each of his friends and colleagues were also knocked out or killed.

With the opposition crushed, the remaining evil crew searched the apartment more thoroughly. Inside the closet, Hadrian heard the battle end but the voices shouting and moving about were not his friends he was certain, so stayed very still and silent. A chittering sound warned him in time to hit the button on the device Tafari had given him just before the closet door was suddenly ripped open.

What sounded like triumph in those weird sound and sharp claws that obviously knew he was there, proved it by yanking the coats violently out of the way then grabbing him none too gently. The pink, ugly creatures held him, painfully, in the air before a group of black clad Kats whose identities couldn't be seen. Giving the room a quick look, he spotted his friend sprawled in a heap against a far wall. He moaned in anguish but wasn't given any time to grieve when a ninja came close to his face. Tightening his arms around his precious cargo, he waited to see what they were going to do.

The ninja abruptly reached out and grabbed Hadrian's arms then attempted to pull them away from his chest but the Bengal tightened his protective grip, keeping Elora from being taken. All the commotion had awakened her and she was wailing in fear and discomfort.

"Give us the kitten!" The ninja demanded, still tugging at him.

"No! You have to take me too. I doubt you know anything about caring for one!" Hadrian said bravely, knowing they could simply kill him and take Elora anyway.

It appeared this ninja was going to do just that, raising a deadly looking pistol toward his face, behind him, another, apparently more ranking member, had strode in the door, saw and heard what was going on and snapped, "put up your weapon! Dark Kat will be delighted to have gotten the father as well. Now, let's move out!" He barked.

The few ninjas left, headed for the balcony instead of the door leading out of the apartment. He soon saw why as creepings swarmed close and picked every ninja up including him and Elora. Soon they were flying high and swift over the city landscape, feet dangling.

Hadrian closed his eyes and swallowed hard. It just didn't feel right to be carried aloft like this with nothing but a pair of claws on each arm and tiny wings that allowed them to fly but obviously these things were very strong so didn't show any signs of strain. His shoulders, however, screamed in pain from being carried this way and Elora was still crying inconsolably because he couldn't touch her to calm her even though he did try to use his voice but she wasn't having any of it so the flight was done in a misery of aching arms and battered eardrums.

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Chapter 22 by ulyferal

Feral was riding shotgun in his chopper, his face grim and tight with tension as they flew toward Dark Kats hideout. Above him flew the SWAT Kats with the insertion team. It made sense for them to take the team rather than sending them in a transport chopper. Surprisingly, the Turbokat could be very quiet if the pilot so chose and that was going to be very handy now.

In less than fifteen minutes, they arrived at the mansion in question. It sat in a very run down section of town that once was a very fashionable area more than fifty years ago but was now very much down on its luck with decrepit buildings and houses that were little more than collapsing shacks that still held a faint patina of their past glory.

Hovering high enough to not be detected yet, Feral used night binocs to see if his troops were in place. No radio contact was allowed to prevent Dark Kat from getting a hint of their presence. He could see the last of his tanks and troops getting into position, the perimeter was now secure.

Now was the time! He was about to give the command for the distraction to begin when the

special signaler in his pocket went off. He couldn't hear it but the buzz could be felt through his pocket. He froze with his paw on his radio as anger and fear raced through him. The signaler going off told him Hadrian expected to be taken. With his other paw, he pulled out the special communicator he used to reach the SWAT Kats.

"I thought we decided radio silence?" Razor responded, a little surprised and angry at being called.

"Dark Kat has Elora and her father!" Feral cut off his complaint.

"Shit! What do you want to do?"

"I need to be part of the insertion team. Take me aboard."

Razor was silent for a second then said, "I understand. Best way to do this is for you to repel down to the jet. I'll let you know when we're in position. Have your pilot hold the chopper where it is!" Finished with Feral, Razor called through his radio to his partner. "Feral's just learned Elora and her father were taken!" His partner cursed. "Yeah! Well he intends to go with us and I don't blame him. Fly us beneath his chopper for pickup!"

"Roger, moving into position." Within moments, the tabby had flown the jet beneath the chopper then went to VTOL to slowly rise upward until he was as close as he dared to be to Feral's chopper. Only then did he open the canopy.

"Feral? We're in position below you. Throw me your line!" Razor told him through the comm.

Feral peered down and saw the jet below him. "Roger, be there shortly," he responded then turned to his pilot and ordered him to join the distraction group when he heard Feral's go command. Releasing himself from his seat, he made for the back of the chopper. Opening the cargo door, Feral squinted against the wind as he hurriedly tied a climbing rope onto a cleat near the door and dropped it to Razor who was standing, waiting for it.

Climbing down in these kind of conditions (darkness, high winds) was crazy, but there was no other way to do it. Gritting his teeth in determination, Feral began his descent, buffeted by the winds which threatened to rip him off the line. Razor had tied off the line to the jet which was a dangerous thing to do. If even one of the flying machines shifted too much, the line would snap and send Feral to his death.

After a harrowing five minutes, Feral was finally down and in the cockpit. Taking the jump seat next to Razor, he sat down and strapped himself in. Razor released the line and gave T-Bone the go ahead. The tabby closed the canopy and moved the jet down and away from the chopper then flew it upward, letting the chopper pilot see him so the enforcer would know the commander was safe and on board before heading back to their original position.

"We ready to do this Feral?" Razor asked.

"Yes, let me order the attack then we'll go in," Feral said, tightly, as he brought out his radio and ordered his officers to begin invading the mansion's grounds.

T-Bone flew them over the mansion and hovered there, while Razor used his ground scanner with night scope to watch the action. Feral leaned close so he could see how the battle was going so he could decide when was the right time for them to land and do their part.

Flashes of light and explosions filled the night air as Dark Kat's forces engaged Feral's. The tanks had managed to blow the crumbling walls surrounding the mansion down so they could rumble on in, firing as they went at the enemies tanks and ATV's. Creepings flew overhead and tried to take out the flight of choppers, succeeding in a few cases.

"Now's the time. Let's get down there!" Feral barked after watching tensely for more than ten minutes.

Razor had already been searching for a likely spot to land and decided the rooftop would be the best and would keep their jet from being over run and taken. That didn't mean they wouldn't meet opposition there too but at least it wouldn't be the greater forces on the ground.

"T-Bone fly to that flat area on top of the mansion," Razor shouted through his helmet radio.

Feral eyed the roof and had to agree, privately, that an over head insertion was a good idea.

Of course, the moment T-Bone managed to land, a huge cluster of creepings flew at them. Feral scowled but this attack wasn't unexpected, what he didn't like was the fact he couldn't do anything at the moment to help the SWAT Kats fight off the swarm and he hated sitting on his paws like this.

"Looks like we have a fight on our paws, buddy. Use the cement guns and I'll send some of my new presents their way," Razor ordered. All around them the creepings beat, banged and scratched at the jet, trying to get at them.

As he ordered up his weapons, he heard the phut-phut sound of the cement gun going off. Smiling, grimly, Razor prepared to engage his first weapon at the creepings.

"Wait!" Feral shouted, shock and anger in his voice. "Look, that group just arrived and they are carrying someone...I think its Hadrian."

"Shit!" T-Bone cursed as he ceased firing immediately.

"I'll use my viewer to get a closer look to be sure!" Razor said hurriedly. There among the fighting creepings were a tightly clustered group that was heading for the mansion then disappeared just below the roof line making them suspect they'd used a window to fly in. Razor could see clearly the Bengal male being carried by them before they vanished from view.

"They have him alright but he's been taken inside already and that's where we've got to go. I'm going to clear the area first," Razor shouted.

He depressed a key on his weapons panel and the jet seemed to glow for a moment. All the creepings on the jet, screamed and fell off dead. The rest hovered angrily a short distance away, still waiting for them to try and leave the jet but Razor had something else special for them. From a lower port, he shot out some small grenades into the air.

This was one of his older weapons that worked before with Viper's creatures. The spread of grenades exploded just a few feet from the gathered creepings, releasing a large field of high voltage electricity that fried the creepings. They only had time to scream before their bodies jerked and twitched violently, dropping to the roof...dead.

"Wow, that worked really well, buddy. Now we can get moving!" T-Bone called out, releasing the canopy and opening the cargo door.

The insertion team quickly deplaned. Running out the back and coming around in front they were amazed at all the dead creepings. Most grimaced at the foul odor but quickly gathered with their commander at the center of the roof, awaiting orders. Razor turned, pointed his glovatrix to set the Turbokat's security system. They certainly didn't want someone to steal their ride out of here.

"Get in through the windows on that side and we'll take this side then work your way down to the basement where I'm sure Dark Kat is holed up at!" Feral commanded.

Giving quick nods, the team hurried to the far side of the roof, threw out grappling lines then

quickly disappeared over the side. Feral went with the SWAT Kats as they ran toward the side they'd seen the creepings take Hadrian. Setting a grappling line, T-Bone wrapped an arm around Feral and the two went over the side to the window just below, Razor close behind. The window was open, no surprise there, so they swung inside, landing as softly as they could in the dark, empty bedroom.

~0~0~0~0~0~

Three hours earlier, Dark Kat was going over his plans one last time. The attack on Megakat City was slated to begin tomorrow night once Hard Drive snatched the Commander's kitten. Viper had already informed him his secret plant weapon was ready for launching. He summoned his troops and put them on alert.

An hour later, he received word from one of his little spies that Hard Drive had betrayed them to the enforcers. Furious, he sent a team to retrieve the kitten and to kill anyone who interfered. In a cold rage he moved his plans ahead to tonight and called in his troops. Ordering them to mobilize, he prepared to leave himself in his fear ship. He summoned Viper to his control center in the basement

"What'ssssss going on? Why are you mobilizing now?" Viper demanded, angry and upset.

"Hard Drive has turned on us. The enforcers have been alerted so for the plan to still succeed we must launch tonight. Go get ready to leave!" He ordered the mutant.

Hissing to himself, Viper left for his labs. At least his secret weapon was ready and becoming a bit fractious as it was anxious to feed. Walking up to its cage, Viper cooed at it, lovingly.

"Easssy my pet. You'll get what you want tonight." He turned away and shouted orders to the rest of his plant army. "Move outside and take this cage with you!" He ordered.

Forty minutes later, his plant army was congregating on the north side of the grounds preparing to load aboard the fear ship once it appeared from its storage place beneath the ground some fifty feet away from where Viper stood.

But in the next moment, all their plans were ruined when several tanks came breaking through the walls near him. Furious and scared, Viper shouted at his army to attack the invaders then released his secret weapon and instructed it to head toward the lights of the city in the distance and let nothing stop it, then he ran back inside the house, hoping to find another way out. He didn't have an underground escape route here as the tunnels beneath this house had collapsed so he was just as trapped as the other omega which never sat well with him in the first place so the only escape left was the fear ship. There was a tunnel that led to it from the house and he intended to use it after he went to speak with Dark Kat first.

"Dark Kat! The enforcerssss are here and we are sssssurrounded!" He reported, once he reached the huge tom's side.

"I know this, Viper. My forces are already out there battling but my ace in the hole is on its way back. We'll see if they have any heart to continue after I have Feral's kitten in my paws!" Dark Kat growled.

Viper didn't think much of that plan but had no other in place and his secret weapon was already doing its part to decimate the forces arranged against them. Since there was nothing more he could do, he slipped away to the door that led to the fear ship. Dark Kat paid no attention to him as his focus was on his screens and the battle outside.

Ten minutes later a cluster of creepings flew into Dark Kat's control room carrying someone. They swooped in then dropped their passenger unceremoniously and none too gently onto the floor. A loud, wailing filled the air, making Dark Kat and Viper flatten their ears.

"What is he doing here and where is the kitten that I hear?" Dark Kat demanded, shouting over the loud wail.

A creepling chittered at him in response.

"What?" Dark Kat snarled as he stepped up to the male trying to rise to his feet.

The omega grabbed the Kat by his shoulders and jerked him into the air, leaving his feet dangling. Looking down, he saw the kitten's head just peeking above the coat the male was wearing. Jerking his head up, he stared coldly into the male's eyes. "Who are you?"

Hadrian felt fear chase up his spine. Despite all the stories he'd heard about this omega, none did the strange Kat justice. The face was evil and the eyes bored right through you. Now he understood better why no one was willing to take this being on...he was scary and insane.

Even though he was cold to his marrow and afraid for his daughter, Hadrian kept his fear to himself and returned the stare with a fierce glare of his own, remaining mute though his ears were flat to his head from the appalling racket Elora was making with her loud screams, his coat only muffling it a little.

The insistent, grating, noise made Dark Kat grimace with pain and annoyance. It was so loud, conversation, let alone trying to question the male were all but impossible. He dropped Hadrian back on the floor though this time, the tom managed to keep his feet.

"Make it stop caterwauling or I will make it stop...permanently!" Dark Kat loudly warned.

Swallowing hard in fear, Hadrian had no doubt the intimidating omega would do what he threatened, so he carefully reached into his coat and after some fiddling, managed to find a bottle which was warm from his body heat then gently did his best to try and calm Elora enough to get her to nurse.

Dark Kat paced impatiently, staring at his screens showing the battle raging outside while casting irritated looks back at the tom sitting on the floor rocking back and forth. Finally, Elora calmed enough to take a bottle and blessed peace descended but it was short lived as a loud commotion was heard through a closed door on the right.

Cursing, Dark Kat gave the tom on the floor a fierce, angry look before grabbing a formidable weapon off a wall hook near him then pointed it at Hadrian's head while keeping his eyes in the direction of the noise.

Some ten minutes before, Feral and the SWAT Kats had quickly scouted the top floor they'd arrived in then made for the bottom floor. Knowing Dark Kat's habits, the basement was the most likely place to find him and Hadrian.

As they reached the main floor an eerie howl reached their ears.

"Elora!" Feral hissed, turning to run through the kitchen area and to a door that led downstairs from where the sound emanated.

A ninja guard was on the other side of the door when Feral yanked it open. But before the Kat could lunge at him, Feral slammed an arm across the tom's throat, causing him to gag. While he was incapacitated, Feral yanked on his costume and threw the ninja behind him into the kitchen then hurried down the stairs with the SWAT Kats on his heels.

When they reached the basement, the high pitched, familiar wail came from the right of their position. The basement was huge and finished with large areas segregated by four doors. From behind the one ahead of them came Elora's screeching. As they were charging toward it the

wailing stopped.

Fearing the worst, Feral barreled into the door, slamming it open. His eyes were greeted by a horrifying sight. Dark Kat stood over a male sitting on the floor, holding a weapon on the tom's head. Four ninjas stood surrounding them and creepings were clustered up near the ceiling. Of Viper, there was no sign.

Everyone froze. Feral cursed under his breath as he aimed at Dark Kat while the omega gave him a cold smile, keeping his weapon pointed at Hadrian's head. Even if the tom could lie flat, the shot from DK's gun would still hit him and Elora. However, if Hadrian rolled swiftly to the right, Feral would have a clear shot but how to convey that to his mate?

T-Bone and Razor kept their glovatrixs pointed at everyone else but couldn't move for fear of Feral's family getting hit. Razor flicked his eyes toward the Commander to see what the tom might be planing to do before taking action himself.

Feral was giving his mate some intense and pointed looks. If Razor interpreted them correctly, the tom wanted his mate to roll out of danger. Good idea, if the tom got the message. To distract Dark Kat from seeing what Feral was doing, he deliberately moved his arm a little causing the omega to flick his eyes toward him briefly. That's all Feral needed to convey his message

"Well, Commander, I see we have a bit of a stalemate," Dark Kat spoke, cold humor in his voice.

"Leave my family out of this dark crud!" Feral hissed, furious, all the while trying to get Hadrian to get his message. He gave his mate a brief look then flicked his eyes over and past the tom to the other side of the room.

When Feral had burst into the room, Hadrian sighed in relief. But they weren't out of the woods yet as long as the omega held a weapon on them. He sat very still, the bottle Elora was drinking from waving a bit above his coat and under his chin making a bizarre image to those watching.

Staring into his mate's eyes, he watched for any kind of signal then realized he was being sent one. When he guessed at what Uly wanted him to do, he gave an infinitesimal nod of his head to show he understood then got ready for the signal from his mate to do it.

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Chapter 23 by ulyferal

"Oh no, I think they will stay with me as my insurance policy against you taking any action against me. If you want them to remain alive, you'll do exactly what I tell you," Dark Kat smirked.

"Spare me your lies! You won't keep your word not to harm them nor will you be bothered to keep them alive if they cause you too much trouble," Feral snarled. "I'm not a fool to believe you'll do otherwise, so you might as well give up now!"

Dark Kat was unfazed by Feral's threat. He gave the tom a coolly appraising look as another idea occurred to him. "It seems we have a stalemate, Commander. I admit, having a noisy, troublesome kitten around would be irritating plus having to deal with a fractious male as well, but you on the other paw, have much more to offer me than they do. Being an hermaphrodite and able to breed makes you an extremely valuable commodity if sold to the right buyer. For the life of your mate and kitten, you would come willingly with me."

Feral blinked in surprise. Whatever he'd expected to hear from the omega it certainly hadn't been that. "You want to sell me?"

"Your attack will have decimated my resources and I'll need money to build anew, you being sold to the highest bidder will get that for me," Dark Kat said, smugly, his weapon never wavering from Hadrian's head.

Affronted, Feral nearly squeezed the trigger. He wanted to fire straight into that smug face and end this stalemate but didn't dare and didn't know how to end this without someone getting hurt.

Dark Kat's eyes narrowed. He'd seen Feral's paw twitch. "Go ahead! Shoot! And your future will go with it!" He declared coldly.

'Okay, enough of this, time for some action,' Razor thought, fingering something in his paw that he was itching to throw.

The sound of weapons fire outside the room finally gave Feral and Razor all the distraction they needed.

"Hold your breath," Razor growled just loud enough for his companions to hear as he tossed something small toward Dark Kat's feet. The omega had frowned at the noise, flicking his attention from the sitting tom for just a moment, long enough for Feral to fire his laser.

Dark Kat never saw the capsule rolling to his feet as he was holding his injured paw Feral had hit sending the weapon flying to the floor where Hadrian could reach it. Holding his breath, as he had seen the capsule and had divined its purpose, he snatched up the weapon and fired off a round into Dark Kat's torso. At such close range, the weapon went through DK's armor, killing him instantly, a shocked look on his face as he slumped to the floor.

All the other combatants slumped to the floor and, for a moment, it was raining creeplings. Unfortunately, the gas only made the pink creatures unable to fly or walk well. The gas had been colorless and odorless and was normally used for crowd control but Razor felt the situation was dire enough and that Elora was in direct danger if a battle had broken out, that knocking everyone out was a far better option.

He hadn't expected the bonus of Dark Kat getting killed but he wasn't unhappy about it either. However, they still had the creeplings to deal with. "You can breath now, the gas dissipates quickly," he announced then began taking out the creeplings with electro grenades.

Feral hurriedly went to his lover's side and helped him to his feet. Hadrian gave him a huge smile which Feral returned. "That was an amazing shot, my love," he said, shaking his head. "How is Elora?"

Hadrian opened his coat to reveal an unhappy and surprised Elora. Feral leaned down to nuzzle his daughter making her sigh and whimper a little. "Ahh, I'm sorry, my sweet," he cooed to her, gently rubbing her face with his fingers to comfort her. He raised his head and gave his mate a quick peck. "Thank you!" He murmured.

"You're welcome, my love. Is it safe now?" Hadrian asked, looking around carefully and still holding the weapon.

Before he answered, Feral scanned the room. The SWAT Kats had tied up the sleeping ninjas and dispatched the creeplings but he saw no sign of Viper anywhere in the room. Suddenly, from the door they had entered, the special ops team appeared, a little worse for wear but alive.

"Sir," the leader came forward to speak with Feral. "We found no signs of Viper. We'd hoped he would be here," he said looking around, "...but it seems he's not. Any ideas where we should look?"

Feral frowned, thinking. Meanwhile, Razor had gone to Dark Kat's console and was studying it. T-Bone watched over his shoulder then noted the action on the screen.

"Crud! What the heck is that thing?"

Razor jerked his attention up and stared at the screen as well. "Must be what Viper was working on that Hard Drive told us about. Everyone else came close to study the screen as well. The leader turned to his commander.

"Sir, that thing at least isn't moving too fast, unfortunately, it appears we don't have anything to stop it either," he said, frustrated as they all could see the tank and chopper squadrons firing away with no effect on the crawling monstrosity.

"I might have something that'll stop that thing. I guess we'd better go take care of it buddy. Feral?" Razor turned to address the Commander. "According to the plans I've been able to call up, Dark Kat intended to use his fear ship. It's apparently in some underground storage area and that door..." he turned and pointed toward a far door, "...apparently leads to it. I'm willing to bet that's where Viper is now, trying to escape. Let me give you a special weapon I made specifically for him that might help you guys take him out while T-Bone and I go after that big plant thing crawling toward the city."

"Agreed! Give us what you got and go take that other thing out!" He ordered.

"Gotcha! Okay, who wants the honor of firing this thing?" Razor said pulling his glove off.

"I'll do it!" Feral stated firmly. Razor just nodded gave Feral the glove. The tom couldn't wear it because it was too small for his huge paw so he would have to hold it in his palm instead.

"Okay, here's what you do. Press this button and it will fire a really unique kind of net. Keep everyone else away and just aim it at Viper, it will do the rest." Razor told him.

Feral nodded his understanding. The SWAT Kats quickly left the basement for their jet on the roof while the ops team stayed with Feral.

"I want you to stay here Hadrian. Best if you go hide in that corner until I give the all clear," Feral said to Hadrian.

"Just come back to me in one piece, Ulysses. I'll insure we stay safe, promise," Hadrian said.

"I will," Feral said quickly then turned to his team and said, "let's see if we can find a snake!" He lead them to the door Razor had indicated.

The door opened to reveal a dark tunnel with a light at its end. Moving swiftly and silently, the small group ran to the end of the tunnel and appeared in a large space where a black, round, ship waited, its engines rumbling, indicating someone was aboard and had started the engines.

Making a paw sign to indicate they were sneaking aboard, Feral lead his team up the still open door into the ship. At first they encountered no one, but suddenly a small group of creepings came winging their way from a corridor on the right. The group quickly dispatched them and moved on. By the time they finally reached the control center, they had taken out four ninjas and more creepings, losing only one of their number, who had been badly injured.

When Feral eased the control room door open, he spotted Viper to the left and three ninjas sitting in the control seats before him. He pulled his head back and gave his team instructions...he would take Viper and they would dispatch the ninjas. Counting to three, he shoved the door open violently and fired the special weapon Razor had made at Viper while his team quickly fired their lasers at the ninjas.

Viper hissed in fury and tried to get out of the way of the missile aimed at him but to his amazement and horror, the missile followed his every move. Finally, it struck him dead on since he'd run out of room to escape. It exploded, the net spreading out to cover him but before he could just rip it to shreds as he'd had before it set off a high voltage shock wave through the net from a tiny device that triggered moments after the net fell over him. Viper screamed and jerked

before falling unconscious, his body still twitching from the volts passing through it.

"Well, now that's a weapon," Feral said, admiringly. He walked up to the still sparking net but didn't touch it. He suspected Razor had a way to deactivate it so he would have to wait for the SWAT Kat to do that. He hoped they were having good luck against that plant creature. "Alright, search the ship for any more enemy and I'll keep guard over our prize."

Nodding the team hurried off. Feral wished he could see what was going on outside.

~0~0~0~0~0~0~0~

Flying over the battle scene, using a high powered spotlight to see in the dark, the SWAT Kats found the creature heading toward the city on a straight path, not caring or disturbed about the fences, homes, cars, or anything else that might be in its path. Nothing seemed to hurt it as it moved slowly over the ground, letting nothing stop it.

"Hope we can stop that thing," Razor muttered, then tuned his radio to the enforcer frequency. "Attention enforcers, back off. I'm going to use some new munitions and don't want you caught in it."

Responding instantly, the sadly reduced enforcers gladly gave up the field to the SWAT Kats. They were hardly tired of battering away at something that didn't have the decency to die from everything they'd thrown at it.

With a cleared field, Razor fired a barrage of different types of new weapons, hoping one or more of them would do the job. A variety of explosives: scramblers, electricity, match head, slicer, drop tops, megavolt, blow torch and freeze missiles, struck their target.

Some of the missiles managed to cut off many of its tentacles and cause it severe pain but it didn't stop the thing from its slow crawl toward the city.

Razor had one last thing he prayed would work and it was something he had stolen from the enforcers before they could confiscate it, the vertical cannon from Turmoil. He'd mounted it in the nose cone along with their Mega Laser.

"I hope you have something else, buddy," T-Bone said, worriedly.

"I do! And I sure hope this works cause I don't have anything else. Point our nose at it so I can get a clean shot," Razor said.

T-Bone did as ordered, getting the plant monster which was as large as a small house, was flat and round with tons of tentacles coming out of its center. It looked a mess now, bleeding some kind of green ichor from everywhere they'd managed to injure it.

Razor aimed the vertigo beam and struck the thing dead center. It really shouldn't work as you had to have ears for your vertigo to be messed up but he simply didn't have anything left, and, anyway, didn't know if it had ears or not. As an after thought, he added some banshee missiles to the mix.

When the beam hit it, the plant halted and seemed to be in distress as it made that awful high pitched noise, then when the banshee's struck, it went nuts. It whirled in a mad circle for some minutes then simply blew up.

Everyone gaped in surprise even the SWAT Kats. Messy, smelly plant debris was everywhere even on the jet. It would be a hell of a mess to clean up but at least it was finally dead. Cheers went up, heard over the radios.

"You did it buddy!" T-Bone added his own congratulations.

"Yeah, finally. Better tell Feral its all clear now," Razor said, pleased by the outcome. He used their personal way to communicate with the Commander. "Feral? Yeah, it's dead finally. Took everything I threw at it but it was the last weapon that finally took it out. Everything alright there? Did you get Viper?"

"Good work, SWAT Kat and yes, your weapon worked flawlessly and took out Viper. However, you'll need to come down and shut the damn thing off," Feral responded.

"Sure, no problem. We'll land on the ground near the front entrance this time. See you in a few minutes," Razor said. Feral acknowledged then cut the connection.

Back in the mansion's basement, Feral heaved a sigh of relief then turned to his mate. Hadrian gave him a relieved smile, happy his mate was alive and well. "Everything okay now?" He asked, lowering the weapon and walking toward Feral.

"Yes, at last it's over." Feral looked down at Dark Kat's body. "And at least one of the omegas will never be a threat again."

"I say good riddance too," Hadrian said with feeling, glad he had a part in ending the threat to his new family.

Elora chose that moment to make a loud complaint. "Oh, sorry love," Feral murmured as he and Hadrian removed her from the harness. Feral took her into his arms and hugged her which calmed her though she still whimpered a little about all the treatment she'd endured over the past few hours. Feral gave his mate a warm look. "Thank you for protecting her so well, Hadrian."

"My duty and honor to do so, Ulysses," Hadrian said, proudly then his face fell.

"What's wrong?" Feral asked, concerned.

"My best friend, Tarfari helped fight off the attack at your apartment until he was overrun. It was he that sent you the signaler and told me what to do to keep Elora from being taken from me. I saw his body on the floor when I was whisked away," he said, worried and upset.

"Oh I'm sorry, my love. I'll find out what happened immediately," Feral promised as he took out his radio and asked dispatch about the battle around his home. No one seemed to know the answer right away and promised to call him as soon as they did.

While he'd been on the radio, the SWAT Kats had arrived and they walked to the fear ship to take care of Viper. Minutes later, they walked back carrying the omega. Feral ordered his troops that showed up as well to clean up the area, take the body to the morgue, and have CSI check out Dark Kat and Viper's labs thoroughly.

Once everyone had their orders, Feral spoke with the special ops team and told them they would return with him by Turbokat along with Viper's unconscious body. It was with relief, the group left the basement and headed for the SWAT Kats jet. When everyone was safely loaded, the SWAT Kats took off for Enforcer Headquarters.

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Chapter 24 by ulyferal

They arrived at Enforcer Headquarters when the city hall clock chimed eleven in the evening. The whole affair had last only a couple of hours even though it had seemed much longer than that. Viper was carted off to a reinforced cell while Feral ordered his ops team to get some rest and take the next day off after they'd written up their reports. Thrilled to have time off, they saluted and headed to the armory to put their weapons away.

Feral called up to the SWAT Kats, "hey you two."

"Yeah?"

"Thanks for your great work. I think we can dispense with you coming to pick up Elora now. We'll be able to do that safely ourselves. Thank you for all you've done to protect her and I," he said sincerely.

"Hey, you're welcome, Commander. But we'd still like the option of seeing her from time to time. We love her too you know," Razor said, grinning.

Feral's face lit with a quiet smile. "You may, just warn me of your visits. I...hmm...might be busy," he murmured, giving his mate a sly smile.

T-Bone chuckled and gave Feral a hard swat to the back and snickered, "Heheh! Oh I get where you're coming from and may we say, we approve of your life's choice. He's a fine catch, Commander."

Blushing, Feral muttered, "Thanks, I think so too."

With their farewells through, the pair waved good bye and leaped into the cockpit of their jet. They waited until the small family had moved to safety before taking off for home.

Hadrian pressed closer to Ulysses as they walked off the flightline, making for Feral's office. "Does this mean you want me to stay?" He asked softly.

Feral halted a moment and gave his lover a long look. Leaning closer, he deposited a warm kiss on Hadrian's lips then said softly, "I think we don't need any further 'getting to know you' time. You've proven yourself to me and I want you in my life, whatever it takes to manage that."

Hadrian felt his heart sing. He was finally going to have the family he always dreamed of, now if only his friend was alright then the world would be perfect!

They started walking again and were soon stepping out of the elevator and strolling down the hall to Feral's office. When he opened the door he was surprised to find the lights on and someone sitting at his desk. A tall, lean golden Korat male sat there with a bandage around one part of his head. He stood up the moment they entered, a huge smile of relief on his face as he came to meet them.

Hadrian gave a cry of relief as he met his long time friend halfway. "Tafari, my God I'm so glad to see you're alive and well."

"Just a bang on the head, my friend. It was you who were in the most danger and it warms my heart to see you unharmed. And I see so is Ulysses and little Elora," Tafari said grinning, happily.

"Ahh, so this is your good friend," Feral said, smiling warmly at the Korat who shook his paw.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance at last. I heard a lot of good things about you and may I say thank you for doing the best you could to protect those I love," Feral said with heartfelt sincerity.

"You are welcome, Commander. Though I wish I could have been in on the final showdown. I was so worried about Hadrian and your little one when I woke up in that mess," Tafari.

"Well, thanks to the SWAT Kats and Uly, the battle was very short lived so that Elora and I suffered no harm. If it weren't for that fellow Hard Drive's defection, it might have had a very different ending," Hadrian said soberly.

"Yes, you are quite right about that but now, the three culprits are in jail, correct?" Tafari asked.

"Not exactly," Feral said, a small smile playing on his lips. "Hadrian took it upon himself to rid the

city of Dark Kat so only Viper and Hard Drive are in jail. Unfortunately, Viper will probably only be there just long enough to recover from the Mega shock the SWAT Kats gave him then he'll disappear into the swamps again."

Tafari gave his friend a surprised and pleased look. "Well, you certainly took your job of defending your mate to the extreme, my friend."

Hadrian could only blush at the compliment. Shaking his head, Tafari turned to Feral and ventured a solution to his problem, "Ahh, Commander, if it wouldn't seem to presumptuous of me, I have a suggestion that might end your problem for good," Tafari ventured carefully.

Feral blinked in confusion. "What might that be and is it legal?"

Tafari gave him a wolfish grin. "I'm sure you're wondering how I was able to protect Hadrian the way I did, hmmm?"

"That would have been my next question after I'd had a chance to see all the reports on the incident, yes," Feral said, cautiously.

"I'll save you the time," he opened up a wallet and displayed something for Feral.

"You're kidding!" Feral blurted when he got a gander at something he'd heard of but never seen before. He glanced over at his mate with questioning eyes. "Did you know what your friend does for a living?"

Hadrian shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Yes, but that's because of what I do for a living. Our lives crossed a lot in the beginning and a life long friendship grew from it."

"Unbelievable. So when you offer to 'deal' with my problem, do you mean permanently or ..." Feral asked suspiciously.

"Well, personally I would have wanted to end it permanently but since that would upset your firm morals and devotion to the letter of the law, I would only offer a solution that would make not only make you happy but also make the Katizens of this city happy as well," Tafari admitted.

Intrigued, Feral asked, "I'll bite, what's your solution?"

"Have you heard of The Felinus Stronghold?" Tafari asked, casually.

Feral's eyebrows rose in shock. "Yesss...the nastiest, harshest, most secure prison in the world and run by the Kingdom of Mubato. But it's only for their prisoners...not outsiders."

"Normally that's true. But I have connections so what if I said I could get Viper and Hard Drive a cell of their own there, would that solve your problem?" Tafari smirked.

"Crud, I'll say, except for Hard Drive. Without his coat, he's just an ordinary criminal and he did prevent a possible war, but definitely Viper. How soon could you do this?"

"I can have them transferred and incarceration within a day," Tafari promised.

Feral could only stare at him for a long moment. 'Kat's alive, if he can do this...wow...our city would finally be safe at least for a long while, if he ever found a way out of that place,' he mused. "Alright, you have a deal. I'll even draw up the extradition paper myself and have the case locked up with all the evidence by later today. Will that do?"

"Perfect! I'd be glad to do it as soon as you're ready. So, it is very late and I know two people or should I say three," Tafari said as he smiled at Elora's sleeping face, "...that need to get some sleep. All this can wait. However, you do have a small problem..."

"What might that be?" Feral frowned.

"Your apartment was thoroughly trashed by those creatures and ninjas of Dark Kat. Do you have somewhere else you can stay?" Tafari asked.

"Crud!" Feral groaned, having forgotten that fact with all that was going on. "Well, there's no help for it. Fortunately, I have quarters here and I happened to have put a portable bed and kitten things in it just in case I needed to keep Elora by my side. We can sleep there for now."

"Perfect. I'm glad. So with that, I'll bid you both a good night and I'll see you tomorrow," Tafari said, briskly, heading for the door, pausing to give his friend a strong hug before walking out.

"Well, that was a fantastic bit of good luck, I must say," Feral said shaking his head at his good fortune.

Hadrian grinned warmly, "yes, he's good at the 'knight in shining armor' bit and I love him dearly for it. Shall we go to your quarters now, love or is there something else you need to do first?"

Feral blinked then yawned. "Oh...uhm...sorry. No, I have nothing else to do right now so let's get out of here." He led the way back out of his office, locking the door on his way out, and back to the elevator. They got out at the thirteenth floor, walked across the sky bridge to the other tower then down to the tenth floor where the dormitories were.

The Commander paused outside a room at the end of a short hallway and unlocked the door. The room was large, with a mini kitchen and bathroom, plus kingsize bed. Over in the far corner that functioned as a small living room, was a portable kitten bed.

Feral walked to it and laid their exhausted daughter down for a bit. He would see if she would eat again, change her, then put her to bed again.

When he turned away to walk into the mini kitchen, Hadrian was there before him getting two bottles of cold water out and handing one to him. He smiled gratefully and chugged it down in one go.

"Ahh, didn't realize how parched I was," Hadrian sighed, then grinned at his mate as Feral tossed his bottle in the trash, "...and so were you I see."

"Yeah, definitely. Want to shower first?" Feral asked politely.

Hadrian tossed his bottle then moved to wrap his arms around Feral's waist. "I'd rather share it..." he murmured softly.

Feral felt his face heat as did other things. Despite being tired after such a long day and night, he felt he didn't want to put this off any longer. "If you'd like," he whispered, huskily, accepting the intense kiss Hadrian bestowed on him at that moment.

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Chapter 25 by ulyferal

The kiss was so wonderful and what a perfect way to end a long dangerous waiting game with the enemy. Hadrian was relieved everyone was safe and he could at last do what he'd planned to do for weeks now.

His paws slid down Uly's back until they cupped the firm ass. He kneaded the delectable globes making Uly moan and press even closer to him.

Feral could feel the Bengal's soft cock begin to harden and press against his own growing member. 'Oh yes, what I've been dying for and now can indulge in without fear of

interruption...finally,' he thought, eagerly reaching for Hadrian's belt and undoing it.

Feeling fingers undress him, he mentally smiled and rapidly did the same, stripping Uly's tie off and tossing it over his shoulder, then working the buttons of the sweat-stained dress shirt open.

Feral pulled back from the hot kiss and gave Hadrian a sultry smile. He was simply too eager to get on with things to drag out the undressing so pushed away from his lover to pull his clothes quickly off then sitting down on the bed so he could pull his boots off.

Another pair of paws gently pushed Uly's away and looked up at the dark tom from where the Bengal knelt on the floor before his lover. "Let me..." Hadrian whispered.

Feral blushed, nodding shyly. He watched breathlessly as Hadrian slowly pulled each boot off then the pants and underwear followed by each sock. Feral leaned over to give him a kiss before standing up and walking, completely naked, toward the bathroom, giving his lover a come-hither look over his shoulder.

Hadrian was beside himself with lust at the handsome backside walking away from him. He madly stripped his clothes off and nearly galloped to the bathroom where Ulysses was testing the water temp prior to stepping in. He wrapped his arms around the dark tom's waist and walked them both into the shower, the hot water feeling so very good on their tired bodies.

He reached passed Uly's body for the soap and began to rub it into the dark tom's fur. Feral writhed in delight as Hadrian set off tingles of pleasure with his sensuous washing of all his most intimate parts.

He turned suddenly, grabbed the soap from Hadrian and returned the favor while they kissed hotly. His paws worked the soap all through the beautiful striped and barred pelt, insuring to give the rising cock some loving attention as well.

Hadrian groaned at the fingers caressing him everywhere but as much as he was enjoying this, it he that intended to do the taking so with that in mind, he gently retrieved the soap bottle once more and turned his lover to face the wall. Feral didn't resist as he felt Hadrian work a lather into his dark fur and elsewhere once more.

Pressing his front against Uly's back, his now hard cock slipping between the soapy thighs, Hadrian began a slow thrusting motion while his fingers worked the soap around the nipples, tweaking each as he gave them loving attention. He let the soap bottle fall to the front of the shower so he could slid his soapy paws down Feral's body going down till he reached the hard staff sticking straight out, giving it a brief tug before cupping the balls that were already tightening up from all the play.

Feral groaned hotly and leaned back against Hadrian. "Ohhhh...Hadrian...feels soo good," he gasped, moaning and writhing, unable to hold still. The stiff, slowly moving cock between his legs was driving him out of his mind. Crouching a bit and spreading his legs apart gave Hadrian more access to him, spreading fire throughout his body.

Hadrian's breath was coming in hard pants, so completely turned on by Uly's wanton response to his many touches. The heat from Uly's dripping and swollen clitoris made him crazy.

"Ohh, love...I gotta have you!" He groaned, leaning forward to nip and kiss the wet neck.

Feral shuddered at the feel of the Bengal's fangs in his neck sending more tingles of pleasure down his spine. Oh yes, he wanted it too so he placed his palms against the wall of the shower and leaned forward, sticking his rear further out to give Hadrian better access.

Growling hotly, Hadrian practically pounced on his mate, as he slid home into that heated center for only the second time since they'd met. Feral cried out at the sensation of being filled after so

long empty and wanting.

Hadrian began a quick, hard rhythm, while one of his paws reached around and took hold of Feral's impressive erection and began to slide his palm up and down in time with his thrusts. To make it even better for his mate, he slipped his other paw between them and used his thumb to circle the swollen hood of the clitoris.

Feral's eyes widened and he howled as he came hard from all the different sensations Hadrian was pulling from him. His body shuddered and throbbed but the Bengal wasn't even half done as he continued to thrust furiously. Feral hissed and moaned as Hadrian drove him back up to an impossible high and brought him again.

On Uly's second orgasm, Hadrian's rhythm stumbled but managed to continue on though he knew he couldn't go too much longer, having waited just as long for this special moment. Once more he drove his mate to the peak then both of them exploded into pieces.

Trembling and shaking, their bodies leaning against the wall, the only thing keeping them on their feet. They heaved for breath as they waited for their hearts to slow and their legs to hold them up.

The water was getting cold so Feral reached out and shut it off. Hadrian nuzzled the dark tom's wet neck as they stood there enjoying the incredible endorphin high. Feral turned his head so they could share a warm, intense kiss.

His eyes held a soft sort of wonder in them as he gazed into those wonderfully emerald orbs. "You are truly a great find," he whispered softly, licking Hadrian's face tenderly.

"Au contraire, my love...you are the great find. The treasure I let slip away so long ago but now have firmly in my grasp once more. I won't ever let you go again," Hadrian murmured, lovingly.

Ulysses sighed and murmured, "that sounds wonderful."

The two finally stepped from the shower and stood together as they let the dryers blow the water off their fur, kissing all the while.

Leaving the bathroom completely naked, they entered the room to hear a soft complaint coming from the corner of the room.

Feral gave a sigh and a smile to his mate as he moved away to tend to Elora. Reaching her bed, he smiled down at her warmly then lifted her up to nuzzle her face. She stopped fussing and gave her mother a brilliant smile.

Hadrian smiled at the image standing a few feet from him. His mate had a beatific smile on his face as he looked into the glowingly happy face of their daughter. His heart swelled with pride and joy. A family!...He finally had a family of his own and he was overjoyed. He couldn't wait to start his life with his new mate.

Once Feral had cleaned up their daughter and fed her. Unfortunately, despite how tired her parents were, Elora wasn't tired and wanted attention. Sighing, Feral carried her over to the bed where Hadrian reached his arms out for her.

"Let me have her, my love. We need a little daddy/daughter time."

Feral nodded and handed her over then lay down to watch Hadrian make faces that got their daughter to giggle and squeal.

He played with his daughter until she began to droop. Smiling, he hugged her close and carried her off to her bed. Now they were alone once more as he returned to the bed and slipped under

the covers. Ulysses had pulled the bed open and had climbed in, yawning and watching him beneath sleepy eyes.

When Hadrian had joined his mate, he spooned Ulysses from behind and wrapped his arms around the tom's waist.

"Goodnight, love. Sleep well!" He murmured, kissing Uly's neck.

"Hmm, you too," Feral muttered sleepily. He felt so comforted and happy to have someone share his bed at last. Sleep swept over him within minutes.

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Feral woke refreshed and alert. Hadrian was still asleep and he couldn't resist leaning close and giving him a kiss before leaving the bed to prepare for work. Since Hadrian was on vacation, Feral felt comfortable with leaving Elora with him for the day.

He spent a little time giving her a hand wash, change of diaper let her nurse until she was ready to nap for a little. He left a short note for his mate, then left for work feeling on top of the world.

When he reached his desk and sat down he poured through the reports left by his special ops group and the preliminary report by CSI. He sighed with pleasure and a feeling of triumph that they'd managed to shut down Dark Kat's operation and the kat himself permanently.

Feeling excited about getting rid of their other headache, Feral quickly drew up the extradition papers, called the DA for any further information he required to complete the transfer the had it typed up.

Now, when Tafari showed up, he could hand him the necessary documents for taking Viper off his paws for good. He wouldn't celebrate until he watched that mutant Kat fly off on a jet to his, hopefully, permanent new home.

On another matter, he wrote up his portion of the report on Hard Drive and what the criminal did to save the city and put away a dangerous omega. He checked the techno thief's record and learned he had just been released from prison. He could find no hard proof that HD actually broke the law, though he must have cased his home and did break in but Feral felt he could excuse that and suspected the DA could be persuaded to let Hard Drive off the hook this time. The criminal had said he was trying to leave town when Dark Kat had taken him forcibly. If he still wished to do so, Feral would put the Kat on the first bus to wherever and pay for it himself as their thanks for what he'd done for the city.

All that was left were the usual assortment of criminals, experiments gone wrong, the Pastmaster, and other minor league omegas. If he could arrange with Hadrian on that weapons testing plan he'd mentioned to him, then keeping the peace in the city would be almost a snap.

He grinned as he realized that also meant the SWAT Kats were pretty much out of business. But, perhaps, with this new sense of cooperation between them, he could use them as emergency back up. They were certainly useful when it counted. He would think about that then present it to the pair to see how they felt about it.

It was nearing lunch time when he finished up the major portion of his work. This afternoon, he was due to brief the Mayor about what had happened with Dark Kat and what was planned for Viper. A knock at his door made him look up from his desk. Before he could say anything, the door opened and in came his mate and daughter.

Grinning happily, Feral tossed the file in his paw into his out basket then rose to his feet. Climbing down from his pedestal, he met his mate halfway. Elora was alert and waving her paws about as she drooled and gave her approaching mother a gummy smile.

"And how is mommy's little one?" He cooed as he took her from Hadrian. Elora shrieked with pleasure, surprising her parents who gave her a startled look. "Well, that good, huh?" Feral couldn't help but laugh.

Through the open door came a disgruntled Steele and a very chipper Sgt Fallon.

Steele stared in surprise at the sight of the kitten and the handsome male standing nearby. No one but the SWAT Kats, doctors, and a few others had laid eyes on Feral's daughter.

Though he wasn't that big on kittens, Steele had to admit the little one giving her mother wet kisses, was kinda cute.

"Sir, the clean up at Dark Kat's hideout has been completed. Any and all devices he'd had around there, have been dismantled and/or disarmed. The BioTech Lab guys destroyed most of the dangerous biohazards Dr. Viper had in his lab and the room was sterilized to ensure no germs could escape," Steele reported.

Sgt Fallon handed over the report which he'd proofed and corrected before preparing it for the Commander's signature.

"That's great news. I would like to set up a briefing to be given to each shift telling them what to expect in the future now that almost all our major omegas have been dealt with. Should be rather peaceful around here finally," Feral said, smiling.

"But sir, Dr. Viper, always manages to escape and trouble us again," Steele objected.

"Not this time, Steele. Viper is going away to a special place where the only way you get out is dead or very old," Feral said rather smugly.

Steele eyed him in surprise. "Where is this place? Why haven't we heard of it before?"

Feral shook his head. "No one will know. Just suffice it to say, Viper will never trouble us again after tomorrow."

Scratching his head, Steele could only sigh. "Well, I guess that's good news then and with Dark Kat permanently out of the picture, yeah things are going to get better. However, how are you going to deal with the legal problems of a civilian killing someone, even if that someone was an omega," Steele asked.

Feral gave a snort of disdain. "He was kidnapped, was doing his best to protect my daughter from harm, found a moment to turn the tables on his enemy and, in the heat of the moment, fired at the one who had kidnapped him. He didn't know if he was safe or not and did the only thing he could at that moment. That's self defense and not a problem."

Steele nodded. "Fine, then I guess this case is closed, thankfully. So, I do have minor cases to deal with..."

"And you should go on ahead and take care of them," Feral ordered.

"Yes sir," Steele sighed, saluted, then turned on his heel and left the office after casting a last look at the Commander's kitten who was beginning to squirm impatiently.

Feral raised his daughter up and down suddenly making her squeal in delight. Sgt Fallon, smiled as the sweet domestic scene. His eyes slid toward the big Bengal standing quietly to one side watching everything with a warm, happy smile on his face.

'Obviously, this is the sire,' Fallon thought. 'What a handsome looking fellow and the Commander had never looked happier, I'm thrilled for him. He deserves to have a family and someone who

cares and love him. Things are going to be kinda nice around here now.'

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Chapter 26 by ulyferal

When Sgt Fallon left the office shortly after Steele, Feral took Elora up to his desk and prepared to feed her lunch. Hadrian came up the pedestal too and sat on the corner of the desk.

Looking down at the surface of the desk and over to the impressive stack of reports in the out basket, Hadrian said, "you've had a very productive morning, my love."

"Yes, I did. No interruptions, thank God. I've also got that extradition paperwork completed for your friend. I can't wait to ship Viper off."

"I can well imagine. He gave me a call just a little while ago to see if we were up and about. When I told him you'd already gone to work, he promised to come to see you in...oh...about thirty minutes. Soon enough for you?" Hadrian grinned.

"Perfect," Feral grinned back. Elora made a burbling noise that made her mother look down at her. "Finished already? My you were hungry," he cooed at her. Hadrian quickly handed him a small wiping cloth he had tucked into his pocket so Ulysses could wipe his daughter's milky mouth.

He handed his daughter to his mate so he could set his uniform to rights once more. Hadrian put her against his shoulder and gently burped her. Feral took her back and made funny faces at her to make her giggle and bounced her on his knee.

He and his mate talked about other things, realizing they still didn't know that much about each other, like what their favorite color was and what hobbies they enjoyed if any, etc. So while they played with Elora, they talked and learned.

When lunch was over a knock at the door signaled the possible arrival of Tafari. Hadrian held Elora while Feral called to the person outside the door to come in. The handsome Korat strolled in through the door, giving his friend a warm grin, a funny face to Elora, then a greeting smile to Feral as he approached his desk.

"Seems you all have had an excellent rest as you both look very relaxed and happy. I've contacted my connection at the prison and made the necessary arrangements for Dr. Viper's incarceration. I'm pleased to say there were no complications and a small private jet will be arriving about four pm to pick him up with the proper guards," Tafari told Feral.

"That is wonderful news," Feral sighed in relief then reached for the folder holding the extradition papers and showed it to Tafari. "Here's the paperwork, nearly completed. It still needs the Mayor's signature but that won't be a problem. I'm supposed to see him this afternoon so the papers will be ready in time."

"Excellent. Then I'll be happy to collect them later, just give me a call. Hadrian knows how to reach me," Tafari said, pleased.

"I truly can't thank you enough for doing this for me and this city," Feral said humbly.

"Think nothing of it, Commander. Consider it a gift toward you and Hadrian's joining and coming happiness together. Have either of you decided on a bonding or marriage or both?" he asked, smiling.

Feral blinked in surprise then glanced over at Hadrian, a question in his eyes. Hadrian shrugged to show he didn't have an answer either. Feral turned back to Tafari and said, "You know, we've not even had time to discuss that..."

"Of course...forgive me...I forgot for a moment that though you're obviously devoted and love each other that you still do not know each other well. There's plenty of time for that decision. Still I want to congratulate you both on the good fortune of finding one another again. And to the lovely surprise that brought you together. She is such a treasure, Commander," Tafari said warmly.

"Thank you for the kind words and she is isn't she. Elora's the most precious thing in my life and though I hadn't planned on being pregnant, I have no regrets and love Hadrian for giving her to me," Feral said, giving his new mate and wonderful daughter a look of utter devotion.

"I want to thank you again, my friend. Are you leaving today too?" Hadrian asked, rocking Elora who was beginning to get sleepy.

"Yes, I'm afraid I must. Duty calls as does the demands of my new mate who misses me terribly," Tafari said.

"Well, if Ulysses doesn't mind me taking out little darling to her sitter, I'd loved to spend what little of your time you have left visiting," Hadrian said, giving his mate a questioning look.

Feral smiled warmly. "I have no problem with that, love. Elora looks like she'll be napping for a bit anyway. Enjoy your afternoon together and I'll see you later, Tafari with Dr. Viper in tow."

"Perfect, have a quiet afternoon, Commander and I look forward to spending a little more time with you as well, my friend. I have a feeling it will be a long while before we see each other again," Tafari said, a small sad smile tugging his lips.

Hadrian sighed and had to concede that was true as he wouldn't be leaving Megakat City. He planned on transferring to a local office, closing his home but not selling it (hoping to take Ulysses and Elora there on vacation sometime), and moving his things here. He knew his mate couldn't leave so he was the one that had to and he didn't begrudge it a minute.

With a final kiss to his mate, Hadrian and Tafari left Feral's office together.

Feral sighed and returned to work. An hour later, he left to brief the Mayor on all that had transpired. It took another hour to cover it all and answer Ms. Briggs' questions.

"Well, that's the best news, I've heard in a long time, Feral," Mayor Manx said, smiling happily.

"Yes, I have to admit it will be great to be able to plan things that could bring in new business and tourism to the city with those two gone," Callie sighed, truly relieved. "May I also say, you are looking very happy yourself, Commander, she commented.

Feral blushed a little. "The father of my kitten has come back into my life unexpectedly and we're getting to know each other better. He's quite wonderful and Elora loves him," he admitted.

"He's the one that killed Dark Kat?" Manx asked, curious.

"Yes, he is."

"Well, he sounds like a very brave Kat and a wonderful catch, Commander. Hope we get to meet him sometime soon," Callie said, happy for Feral.

"Oh, I'm sure you will soon enough," Feral promised.

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At four pm sharp, a squad of guards kept a tight watch on their prisoner. Viper was shackled with heavy chains held by four powerful guards as they waited to load him aboard the jet that had just arrived and was pulling up to the parking spot set for it. Feral was no taking chances.

Hadrian and Tafari had arrived right on their heels and were now standing beside Feral and waiting too. Feral handed the folder with the extradition papers over to Tafari who accepted easily.

Soon the jet parked and a group of grim faced individuals off loaded. One who was apparently the one in charge of the detail stepped forward of the group and saluted Feral. Feral returned the salute then Tafari stepped forward and presented both his badge and the papers. The leader took the folder, studied the badge a moment then looked the papers over, signed the release sheet on top before giving it back to Tafari, taking the rest of the folder with him.

Without saying anything, the guards at his back moved forward and took custody of Viper who was completely confused as to what was going on. He demanded to know where he was going but no one paid him any attention. Within minutes he was being hauled up the jet stairs and inside.

Feral dismissed his squad back to duty while he, Hadrian and Tafari waited and watched as the jet sealed up, taxied then flew off. Only then did Feral relax completely.

Hadrian hugged his friend some thirty minutes later, as Tafari prepared to board his own flight home. Feral again thank the handsome Korat then watched with Hadrian as the special agent boarded his flight.

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Over the next few months, Feral and Hadrian learned a lot about each other, decided to simply bond rather than fuss with a wedding, found a house to buy near the bay with a nice yard for Elora, and began their new life together.

Hadrian followed through on his promise to help Ulysses acquire test weapons from various weapon's development labs which significantly beefed up the enforcers ability to defend the city and raise their spirits as well. Enforcer recruitment levels rose steadily over the next few years because of it.

Feral had given Hard Drive the choice to leave town and the techno thief took it without a backward glance. The Commander put the former criminal on a greyhound bus himself and watched it leave for some distant city.

For reasons of his own, the Pastmaster had not appeared to trouble them but they had other bothersome problems to keep them busy. Out of control robots, exploding experiments as well as biology experiments gone wild almost reminiscent of Viper's pests but not nearly as deadly as annoying, and a few gang related problems. Nothing the enforcers couldn't handle.

As for the SWAT Kats, Feral followed through with his original idea to use them for special cases. They were extremely useful in taking down a slave ring and a major illegal weapon's pipeline. They were also very helpful during a flooding disaster and a major fire.

As he sat in his office more than two years later, Feral stared out his office window and smiled. The city was enjoying a golden era. He and Hadrian were madly in love and little Elora was a very precocious two year old who kept poor Professor Hackle on his toes to his delight.

She was particularly thrilled when she was allowed to spend time with her uncles the SWAT Kats who spoiled her endlessly.

Yes, life was very good and all due to what he used to think of as a mistake but turned out to be the most wonderful mistake of his life.

The end

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