

Summary:

Kidnaping, slavery and a choice. Not what he had planned for his life but fate had given him no real option. Now he must live with the choice he's made if he's to keep his honor and life intact.

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

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Chapter 1: Choices by ulyferal

It was busy at this time of night, typical really for this place. He walked through the gambling tables filled with avid players without pausing, his two silent black panther bodyguards shadowing him. His destination was a pair of ornate doors. As he reached them an expensively dressed male Pharaoh Hound Kantin deliberately stepped in front of him.

"Greetings! So glad to see you visiting my establishment once more. It has been quite some time

since your last visit." The Kantin's cultured voice said smoothly.

"Yes. I regret to say business has been keeping me from enjoying the finer things in life." The imposing visitor said drolly.

"Ah yes! I've heard of your recent successes in the business news. So glad things are going well for you. Is there something special you are seeking tonight? I would be honored to supply whatever it is you desire?" The owner offered anxious to please his best customer.

"Hmm...I'm interested in something different tonight. Perhaps you have what I seek?" The powerful male asked cocking an eye at the Kantin.

"You have only to ask, sir and I will try to provide it." The sleek hound said smiling.

"I'd heard rumors that you have retained the services of a handsome hermaphrodite male?" The visitor said coolly.

"Ah...you have heard correctly, sir. A prize he is indeed, but very spirited and not quite manageable. He has a fiery temper and has not accepted his new life very well." The Kantin said cautiously.

"Good! I do not wish a tame or well trained bedmate. A volatile one provides a more exciting chase and the taking is far more intense than a tame one. That is exactly what I seek tonight. Is he available?" The visitor asked his eyes fairly glowing with excitement.

Your fortune smiles on you tonight good sir. He is indeed available having succeeded in knocking out the last...uh...customer who was with him." The Kantin said with a pleased smile.

"Excellent! Then let us not tarry. Take me to him!" The visitor ordered, his body tense with barely restrained anticipation.

"Please to follow me." The Kantin said turning to open the ornate door and leading his wealthy visitor through.

The noise of the outer area of the club was silenced with the closing of the door. This room was expensively done up in comfortable chairs and couches where there were presently various males and females of various ages sitting or lounging on the floor. Some were dressed in ornate silks and fancy hairdos and others wore barely anything at all, except for a chain here and there attached to body piercings. The visitor barely glanced at the beautiful bounty on display.

The Pharaoh Hound passed through the room heading for a broad, carpeted staircase. He led his guest to an upper floor where many doors lined the richly carpeted hallway. He walked past them to another short staircase at the end. At the top of these stairs was only one door. The door had a heavy lock on it and there was a heavily muscled, gray wolf standing guard. He wore no shirt only pants that resembled Arabian pantaloons with soft pointed boots. He bore a large broadsword that he held across his chest.

"Good evening Nathan, how is our feisty Kat tonight?" The hound asked.

The guard, Nathan, frowned uneasily. "In a foul temper, sir. He hasn't really calmed down since he dispatched the last visitor." He said carefully.

The hound looked at his guest again, "Are you certain you wish to have this fractious bedmate, sir?"

Eyes glittering, the powerful male, said firmly, "He sounds exactly what I wanted for the evening."

"Very well!" The Kantin conceded quietly and signaled Nathan to unlock the door. Nathan did so

reluctantly.

"My guards will remain out here. What is the male's name?" The visitor said already moving to the open door.

"He is called Ulysses. Have a good evening sir." The Kantin said politely. As soon as the guest had stepped through the door he closed it.

The visitor ignored the Pharaoh Hound and focused his attention on the dark furred Kat standing in a battle stance on the other side of the room. Not approaching his target just yet, the visitor prowled the room taking it in while casting speculative glances toward the room's occupant.

The room had obviously been beautifully decorated. A huge bed was near one wall with satin bedding in brilliant gold that was in violent disarray, it's many pillows tossed around the room. A small loveseat done in red velvet was against another wall. A table laden with finger foods and drink was nearby and on the floor was a broken carafe that apparently had held wine that was now spilled all over the Persian rug.

"My...you do have a rather destructive nature." The visitor said calmly surveying the damage while closing in on the room's occupant.

The male was indeed handsome. He was dark furred with black, short cropped hair, had a heavily muscled chest, flat stomach, and powerful legs and arms of a warrior. No weakly was he. He was nude except for the gold chains that were hanging from rings pierced through his nipples. The visitor growled at the sight. An hermaphrodite that could breed should not have his nipples pierced. He would see about having them removed. He halted a few feet from the posturing male. The gold eyes stared at him with hatred and flashed his fangs at the visitor in impotent fury.

"Well, my hot blooded beauty, I'm told your name is Ulysses. I'd like this to be an enjoyable evening for both of us but I don't mind if I have to convince you of that. As a matter of fact, I look forward to teaching you to accept me." The visitor said challengingly as he began to remove his expensive coat and tossed it carelessly onto the loveseat while keeping his eyes on the other male.

Ulysses tightened and relaxed his muscles preparing for battle. He eyed the huge tiger tensely. This time he might not succeed in keeping his virginity intact and his mouth went dry.

He'd had no real way of determining exactly how long it had been since his kidnapping though he knew he'd been here at least two weeks. He'd been kept unconscious for a period of time where they had apparently transported him, took his clothes, cleaned him up, and pierced his body. He was placed in this fancy cage and told that he would service clients. He'd made it plain he would do no such thing and that's how he ended up fighting every night.

He had been punished in such a way as to not ruin his appearance but to impress upon him that he had better obey. The pain had been unbelievable but had not gotten him to cooperate so the Kantin had switched tactics. He let it be known that he'd pay \$10,000 to the first person who could succeed in having sex with his prized slave. The fact that none had succeeded didn't stop guests from trying their luck and making the Kantin lots of money.

The rest of his time, after the club closed, he'd spent in trying to escape. He was too well guarded and had no clue as to where he was. His so called 'owner' wouldn't speak to him except to issue orders which he systematically refused to heed. He was getting so tired of this and not for the first time, he wished someone would find him. He'd even accept the SWAT Kats if they could just find him.

The huge silver and black striped tiger continued to strip his clothes off in a leisurely fashion while keeping his green gold eyes firmly on Ulysses. The tiger was powerful and well built. There wasn't an ounce of fat on his frame. Feral felt real fear since his arrival here. He shoved his terror

aside, it would only hamper him. He had only one chance and that was to get the tiger to injure him so badly that he couldn't use him for sex.

"I have no desire to harm you, my beauty but you will obey me." The tiger said coolly moving to close the distance between them.

"Never!" Ulysses spit out tautly as he shifted his feet and readied himself.

"As you wish." The tiger said simply and moved so fast the dark tom barely got out of the way.

The tiger smoothly spun around and reached out a long arm succeeding in snatching Ulysses by the forearm as he was regaining his balance from the big Kat's initial lunge.

Gasping in shock, Ulysses quickly reared up and launched his feet at the tiger's chest knocking the big Kat to the floor and wrenching himself away. He threw himself over the bed putting it between himself and the tiger.

Grinning wolfishly, the tiger bounced to his feet. "Very good but it will avail you nothing." He purred wickedly as he moved stealthily around the bed.

Shivering in fear, Ulysses jumped onto the bed and nearly got to the other side when the tiger leaped onto the bed as well and tackled the dark tom.

Ulysses felt the air woof out of his lungs as the tiger landed on top of him. Despite being winded he frantically and forcefully rammed his elbows into the tiger's chest and rolled violently to dislodge his unwanted passenger. He was rewarded by the hiss of breath from the tiger and his own body landing on the floor leaving the bed to the tiger.

The tiger recovered quickly as Ulysses scrambled frantically to the far side of the room again, panting to catch his breath. His eyes gleaming with excitement, the tiger crouched on the bed and studied his opponent. He was very pleased so far with the dark tom's fighting spirit.

The tiger leaped off the bed and, once more, padded across the thickly carpeted floor toward his prize. Ulysses' eyes flicked from side to side trying to determine what to do next. The tiger's eyes narrowed with concentration as he tried to anticipate what the tom might do next.

For several nerve wracking minutes they stared at each other until the tiger made one of his lightning moves lunging at the tom. In desperation, Ulysses dropped to the floor and kicked up with his feet sending the tiger hard into the door of the room where the big Kat slid to the floor upside down.

Once more on the other side of the bed, Ulysses heaved for breath and stared at his opponent who, unfortunately was stunned only a little. If he'd been knocked out, the tom knew he could have tied him up, as it was, he watched helplessly as the tiger staggered only a little as he regained his feet and growled at him.

But instead of getting angry and possibly making a mistake, the tiger shook himself out and studied the dark tom with a look of respect. "You are very well trained, some form of the military I wager." The tiger said conversationally.

Ulysses swallowed and refused to talk to this dangerous Kat. He was getting tired, functioning on adrenalin alone and he could feel his muscles shaking with fatigue.

The tiger knew this handsome tom was at the end of his strength. A little longer and he would be forced to submit. His tired body unable to continue the fight. With this in mind, the tiger again stalked his prey. He moved as if to come at the tom from the side of the bed again but when the dark tom made a move to leap the bed the tiger was already there wrapping his arms around Ulysses and both of them slamming down onto the bed.

Ulysses struggled frantically but couldn't find a way to dislodge the tiger. The tiger rolled further over so that the dark tom was under him. His arms kept the tom from elbowing him again and his weight prevented Ulysses from getting enough leverage to use his legs. He was pinned. He sobbed for air and his heart hammered with terror.

The tiger could smell the dark tom's fear, feel his heart beating against his arms.

"Shuushuu...my beauty. No need for such fear. I do not intend to hurt you." The tiger soothed licking the sweat from Ulysses' neck.

Ulysses couldn't help it, he shuddered and struggled even more. He had been with females and males alike but had never been the receiver.

Keeping one arm and his body firmly on his prize, the tiger snaked an arm down the other's body until he reached his goal. He felt the tom tighten his legs to prevent further contact but the tiger was determined and forced his fingers between the thighs until he was able to touch the dark tom's female mons.

Ulysses gave a wild cry and struggled even harder. The tiger tightened his grip even more and used his legs to pin the wildly bucking Kat. His fingers continued to stroke gently despite the difficulty.

'This will never do,' The tiger sighed to himself. This was something he hadn't wanted to do but he couldn't allow the tom to flail around any more. He opened his jaws wide and firmly grasped the Kat's scruff. Ulysses gave a shocked gasp and found his body going limp against his wishes just as if a switch had been thrown within him.

Not releasing his mouthful of scruff, the tiger now stroked and caressed the clitoris of the dark tom. Ulysses whimpered as flashes of pleasure rushed up and down his body from the tiger's gentle tormenting fingers.

As the tom became wet and aroused, the tiger carefully inserted a finger, thrusting gently. Ulysses moaned and writhed unwillingly, his body out of his control. The tiger inserted a second finger to the accompaniment of the dark tom's panting whimpers.

Taking a chance, the tiger released Ulysses scruff and licked and bit gently the broad shoulders while continuing his finger thrusts. To his pleasure, the Kat helplessly moved his hips in time with the tiger's finger movements. He felt the body under him shudder and tighten then the Kat howled as he orgasmed.

Ulysses collapsed onto the bed and panted his body tingling everywhere. 'Oh God, that had felt incredible.' He thought in shock.

Before he could recover he felt the tiger shift above him. He tried to scramble out from under him but the tiger grabbed him again by the scruff. He gave a whimpering cry as he felt the tiger's hard organ begin to pierce his hot and still quivering channel. The tiger took his time not wanting to injure his prize. Slowly as Ulysses writhed and shuddered, he firmly pushed in then pulled back then pushed in a little further.

He continued this for some minutes until he reached the Kat's thin membrane. With one thrust he broke through it and began a steady thrusting. He released the tom's neck and set a steady pace. Ulysses groaned and tightened around the intruder but it only made it feel even better. As the tiger picked up the pace, Ulysses whined as his body got hotter and hotter. It felt soo good and the tingling got stronger and stronger until his whole body clenched and spasmed. He cried out wildly drowned out a moment later by the tiger's roar of completion. The two sweating bodies collapsed to the bed and lay limp heaving for breath.

For long minutes only the sound of their harsh breathing filled the room. The tiger recovered first and rolled to his side taking the tom with him. Cuddling him in his arms, the tiger gently licked the sweating face.

"There now! You see that wasn't so bad was it." The tiger said soothingly.

Ulysses felt incredible and sore then a wave of humiliation struck and he struggled to get free choking with fury and tears of loss.

The tiger tightened his grip and said softly, "Now, now don't take on so. I realize your pride and sense of self has been badly shaken. It is not my intention to make you my slave but I do have a demand to make and you will listen so stop this useless struggle and tears." The tiger said firmly.

Ulysses swallowed his pain and tried to still his anguish enough to listen to what the tiger had to say. He really didn't have a choice.

"That's better. My name is Shakil Kamau and I am here on business. Rumors had reached my ears about an hermaphrodite that could breed having been recently acquired by a certain high class establishment for the wealthy. For some time now, I have been searching for a mate but I was not interested in females, such deceitful creatures. But my predilection for males would not grant me an heir required by my clan so I began a search for someone like you. For the price of your freedom, I wish for you to be my mate. I will treat you with the respect due a warrior but I demand your time in my bed and the breeding of an heir. If you refuse, you will remain a prisoner here never seen by your family again and forever used by others. The choice is yours." He finished eyeing the tom quietly.

"What kind of choice is that?" Ulysses gasped in shocked anger.

"The only one you have." Kamau said bluntly.

Ulysses pushed at the tiger and the big Kat willingly let him go. Rolling away and getting off the bed, he walked over to the loveseat. Sitting down carefully, he stared at the tiger. He felt anger, pain, sorrow at the loss of his virginity and now his freedom. Even if he agreed to the tiger's terms he would still be a prisoner. Though free to go home, he would still have to honor his deal to breed an heir. He hadn't even thought about having kittens and now he would be required to do so not for love but duty. That hurt more than anything else the tiger could do to him. He had hoped for a family one day and now that was gone.

He felt hopelessly lost. If he refused, he could continue to try to escape but until he did he would have to fight every day and possibly lose again and become pregnant and not just once but many times if he didn't succeed in escaping very soon. The horror of that threat was even worse than the tiger's. He closed his eyes in real emotional pain. He had to face reality. He'd been missing two weeks that he knew of and no one had found him. He had no choice if he ever wanted to go home again.

He swallowed hard. "Alright you win." He said bitterly.

"Excellent!" Shakil Kamau said approvingly. He got up from the bed and went over to the distraught Kat. Reaching down a paw he tipped the Kat's face up. "I promise I will be good to you. Just give it some time. If it had been my choice, I would have preferred to have courted you but that was not fated to be, still I would not have you broken. I love spirited creatures and I expect you will breed truly spectacular kittens. Now I will get dressed and see to your release and some appropriate clothes." The tiger said softly rubbing his fingers gently against the tom's chin. "Oh, and those abominable piercings will be removed as well." He added in distaste.

He released the tom and began to dress. Ulysses felt limp and lost. He sat unmoving while the tiger finished dressing then went to the door and knocked to be let out. Kamau glanced back at the forlorn figure and sighed. He may have won his prize but it would be a long time before he

ever won the beautiful tom's heart.

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Chapter 2: Dreams are Fleeting by ulyferal

True to his word Kamau very quickly gained Ulysses his release from his gilded cage. It took a little convincing though to get the Kantin to give up his most lucrative slave.

"But sir, I've only just acquired him. He's been good for the business, how can I justify letting him go?" The Pharaoh Hound said in distress.

"I will pay you handsomely and will not demand the \$10,000 winning prize for taking him. I do not wish anyone else to have or use him. I will not accept a refusal." The tiger warned coldly.

The hound wanted to protest more but the forbidding look from Kamau made him reconsider. The tiger's clan was large and powerful. If they wanted to, his business could be razed to the ground. No matter how much money he'd lose from letting the hermaphrodite leave it was cheap compared to being dead. Swallowing hard, the Kantin agreed.

"I want him ready to leave in half an hour and remove those obscene piercings. Didn't you know you could destroy his ability to nurse his kits by doing that?" The tiger growled not expecting an answer.

"I...no I wasn't aware of that. I'll get him ready right away, sir." The Kantin said nervously, quickly leaving to ready the dark tom for departure. On his way upstairs, he grabbed a young collie female. "The piercings must be removed from Ulysses. See to it immediately." He ordered her. She blinked in surprise but took off for her quarters to retrieve the equipment she needed.

Meanwhile, the Kantin went up to the second floor and to a storeroom where he kept a selection of clothing for all his slaves. Searching for several minutes, he finally came up with a decent traveling outfit that wouldn't shame the dark tom's new owner. Gathering up the items, he rushed back out to the hall and up to the third floor room.

Nathan nodded at him in surprise. The female collie was standing waiting. "Why are you just standing there?" The Kantin snapped in exasperation.

"I'm sorry sir, you didn't give any instructions to allow anyone in." The bodyguard said uneasily.

"Damn it! We don't have time for this. Unlock the door, hurry up!" He snapped, his nerves making him irritable. The guard quickly did so and moved out of the way.

Ulysses stared at his owner in distaste and surprise. When the tiger said he'd get him released, he hadn't realized he'd meant immediately. He stood there in confusion as the female collie approached him to remove the piercings and his owner dropped clothes and shoes onto the bed.

"As soon as she has removed your piercings, Nathan will take you to your room. Take a quick shower and I mean quick. Put these clothes on and make yourself presentable. Your new owner wishes to take you within..." He paused to look at his watch, "fifteen minutes. Hurry it up Regina." He snapped at the collie. She hurriedly finished, making Ulysses wince as she pulled the small rings from his nipples and applied an antiseptic on them.

"Take this with you and apply it regularly until the holes heal." She told him quickly handing him a small bottle.

"Fine. Here take these and hurry. Nathan stand with him while he gets ready then bring him to the lounge." The Kantin ordered as he handed the clothes to Ulysses and shoved him toward the door.

He was marched down the stairs and to the room that was his sleeping quarters. It was very tiny and had no window. Only a bed and small bathroom. Dropping the clothes onto the bed, Ulysses went into the bathroom and turned on the water. He stared into the mirror while the water heated and saw a haunted visage that only vaguely resembled the Kat he'd been when he'd arrived.

Shaking himself, he stepped into the shower and quickly washed his body trying to remove the scent of the tiger from his fur. Done, he stepped into the dryers then out again barely dry. He eagerly dressed in clothes for the first time in two weeks. He felt less vulnerable being clothed at last. Nathan stood in the doorway waiting. Remembering the small bottle of antiseptic Ulysses grabbed it from the bed and dropped it into a pocket then followed the wolf bodyguard to the downstairs lounge.

As soon as he stepped foot in the opulent waiting area the tiger came up to him and placed an arm around his waist and pulled him toward the ornate doors and stepped out into a busy gambling area. It was obviously a very successful club by the brief look he'd gotten of the chandeliers, thick Persian carpets and expensive foods being served.

He didn't get to see much more before he was hustled through the club proper and into the entry area which kinda looked like a hotel lobby. One would never guess this was a club until you went into the inner sanctum.

"Here's where you will be blindfolded my beauty. As intelligent as you are and with your apparent military background you cannot be allowed to see where you are or where you're going. I may not care for the owner's morals but I do like coming here and do not wish for it to be shut down by an over zealous police force." The tiger said quietly as one of his bodyguards moved to Ulysses' side and placed a dark blindfold on his eyes and, surprisingly, a set of earplugs in his ears. They weren't kidding when they said they didn't want him to know where he was.

He felt the tiger pull him gently, but quickly forward again. The tiger was solicitous and careful, never allowing the dark tom to stumble or accidentally get injured because he couldn't see or hear. He felt himself being pushed gently into a vehicle. It was expensive he was sure as the ride was smooth and comfortable, most likely a limo.

They rode along in silence. Ulysses used the time to get some much needed rest. He had to trust the tiger wouldn't hurt him. His own honor prevented him from trying to escape now that he was out of the slavers clutches. The car ride ended after some thirty minutes. He was pulled out and walked over a hard surface that was windy, helped up some stairs and moved into a narrow space then sat into a thick, comfortable seat. He felt a belt being snapped over his lap and guessed he was in a plane. He had been right, escape would have been fruitless. He wasn't anywhere near home. He felt the jet take off smoothly some minutes later but his blindfold and earplugs were not removed. Sighing to himself, he decided he might as well take a nap.

When he woke some time later, the plane was landing. To his surprise the blindfold and earplugs were removed by Kamau.

"We have arrived. It took some 'convincing' on my part to get your former owner to tell me where you were from." The tiger said getting up from his seat and gesturing for Ulysses to follow.

"You could have asked me." The dark tom snorted as he followed the tiger out of the plane and down the stairs to the familiar sight of Megakat Municipal Airport. He felt his heart tighten with happiness laced with sorrow. Dawn was just peeking over the horizon..

"Yes, I could have." Kamau said smiling but saying nothing more.

They entered a special terminal for those who owned their own planes which Kamau obviously did. The tiger stopped suddenly when they had stepped into the richly appointed waiting area.

"This is where I leave you, Ulysses. I have business elsewhere. Know this, I will be back and

expect you to come to me without complaint and share my bed for however long I may spend here. Until then, take care of yourself. I would not be pleased if you were to become injured in your job." The tiger said warningly. He pulled Ulysses close and bestowed a deep kiss on the reluctant Kat. Releasing the tom, the tiger gave a solemn nod then turned and went back to his plane leaving a badly shaken Kat in his wake.

He stood in the terminal and watched Kamau's jet take off. The only distinguishing marks on the plane was an apparent clan marking. He would look it up later.

He should be elated to be home alive and safe but an overwhelming depression settled on him at the cost of that freedom. Ulysses tried to shake it off but it clung to him like a spider's web. Anger filled him and he stalked off toward the main terminal. He quickly found a phone and called the dispatcher at Enforcer Headquarters. He caused a minor burst of excitement when they learned he was alive. He informed them of his location and he was told a car would be there immediately to pick him up.

Sighing, he hung up the phone and headed to the pickup zone of the terminal to wait. His anger smouldered as he paced the sidewalk. Ten minutes later an Enforcer cruiser pulled up to the curb. He snatched the door open, dropping into the seat and slamming the door shut before even seeing who was driving.

"Uncle, are you alright?" Came a familiar voice filled with concern.

He blinked a second and drew a deep breath to rein in his anger then turned to look into the worried but relieved face of his beloved niece.

"Felina...I'm alright...take me to..." He paused suddenly uncertain if he wanted to face the questions of his enforcers about where he'd been or go home and stew in misery. He had been raped but didn't know how to address it. His enforcer training firmly told him to report it and give a description of the rapist but what about the slavers. They were more guilty than the 'customer' who paid to use him. Under their laws the user would be fined and maybe jailed a short time for using such a facility but that was in Megakat City. The laws could have been different wherever he had been. If that was the case, the 'customer' would not be held liable for what a slaver did. He felt sick now on top of his fury at being kidnaped and used. The confusion kept him from making a decision.

Seeing the war going on in her uncle's face caused Felina even more concern. Something truly bad had happened to him that kept him from even articulating what it was. She reached over and touched his arm gently. He startled out of his chaotic thoughts and stared at her.

"Uncle, let me take you home. You can wait to be debriefed later today. Perhaps you can tell me what happened?" She asked hopefully.

He swallowed painfully and turned away from her staring blindly out the windshield. He needed to talk to someone but his niece just didn't seem appropriate. It came to him suddenly, in surprise, that there was one who might understand his dilemma but it was so early and waking her now might be a shock. However, she was used to being awakened for emergencies. He finally made a reluctant decision.

"No, Felina. Thank you but I'm unable to discuss this with you. Please just take me home for now." He said quietly.

"Alright, Uncle." She said unhappily proceeding to drive him the fastest way home.

It was a silent drive, she could feel his anger and pain as he drummed his fingers on the dash. She pulled up in front of his home some fifteen minutes later.

He jumped out as if his tail was on fire. "I'll see you in the later, Felina." He said abruptly and

disappeared inside his apartment building.

Shaking her head sadly, Felina made her way back to Enforcer Headquarters. She knew her coworkers and superiors would be clamoring to know what had happened to the Commander and she would not have any answers for them.

With the help of the doorman, Feral entered his apartment. He stripped off his borrowed clothing as he headed toward his bedroom. Leaving the clothes in a heap on the floor he made for the shower. He scrubbed and scrubbed his fur with great intensity, fiercely keeping his anguish bottled up. Standing under the dryer he kept his mind blank. Going back into his bedroom he chose a pair of black slacks and yellow polo shirt and black patent shoes. As he was sitting on the bed he reached for the phone and speed dialed her number.

It took several minutes but eventually a groggy voice answered, "Yes, who is it and why are you calling at this ungodly hour?" She grumbled, not completely awake as she squinted at her alarm clock and saw it was only four in the morning.

"It's Feral. I'm sorry to wake you this early but I must speak with you." Feral said tightly.

Deputy Mayor Calico Briggs jerked fully awake. "Commander Feral! You're back! Are you alright?" She asked in surprised relief.

"Please, I really need to see you now!" He repeated

"Uh...I'm assuming you mean here in my apartment and not at my office." She said alerted to the thread of distress tightly held back in his voice.

"Yes, if its not too inconvenient?" Feral asked softly.

"No it's alright, Commander. Come right over." Callie said in concern.

"Thank you. Be there in fifteen minutes." He said and hung up. He searched for his spare keys since he didn't know where his originals and his wallet had gone. Finding them he left his apartment and was relieved to find his vehicle parked where he had left it more than two weeks ago. Within minutes he was on the road toward the Deputy Mayor's apartment.

Callie hung up the phone, a frown of concern on her face. She got up and quickly got dressed in a simple pant suit and brushed her hair out. While she took care of her other needs she thought about how Feral sounded on the phone. His voice was odd and it was very unusual for him to seek her out like this. He should have been at Enforcer Headquarters writing a report about where he'd been and what had happened to him.

Shaking her head in puzzlement, she headed for her kitchen to make some coffee for them. As it began to perk, she called down to her doorman to inform him of Feral's arrival and to let him come up.

The coffee was ready when she heard a sharp knock on her door. She left the kitchen for the front door and opened it to the tired and tense visage of the Enforcer Commander.

"Please, come in, Commander. I've made some coffee. Would you like to sit in here or in the kitchen?" She asked politely as she stepped aside to let him enter and closed the door quietly behind him.

"Coffee sounds good right now and anywhere will be fine, Ms. Briggs." He said heavily.

"Let's go into the kitchen then." She said and led the way to a small but bright kitchen. She gestured him toward a seat. "Cream and sugar?" She asked.

"No...black...thank you." He answered as he seated himself.

She handed him a cup of hot liquid then poured cream and sugar into hers. She took it to the table and sat down opposite him. She studied him over the lip of her cup as he drank his coffee. He looked tired and there was anguish there as well. 'What had happened to him?' She wondered worriedly.

Setting his cup down he stared at the Deputy Mayor. Swallowing his trepidation at discussing something so personal, he took a breath and plunged in.

"I couldn't tell Felina this. It...it's too personal and I felt you could perhaps understand what I'm about to tell you better than she could." He began then stopped trying to steady his nerves.

"I'll try Commander. You are obviously upset. I've seen you angry but never this emotionally disturbed. Please just say what's on your mind and I'll do my best to help you." She said gently, reaching across and giving him a comforting touch.

He swallowed hard and stared at his cup, unable to look her in the eyes. "I don't know how long I was missing. I'm only certain of two weeks. The last thing I remember was being jumped while checking out a disturbance near my apartment. I was kidnapped and hauled away unconscious somewhere far away from Megakat City. When I regained my senses, I found myself in a bordello that was part of a huge club. I only saw bits and pieces of the place so I'm only guessing. Anyway, I woke completely naked with rings pierced through my nipples and gold chains hanging from them and one around my hips." He paused painfully and drank some of his coffee.

Callie stared at him in shock. 'Why on earth would someone kidnap Feral and place him in a bordello. It made no sense.' She thought confused.

He began speaking again, shifting his shoulders uncomfortably. "A Pharaoh Hound Kantine stepped in the room and began laying down rules. He told me I was his slave and that my job was to pleasure the customers that frequented his club. He never gave his name. I, of course, told him I would do no such thing. He only said 'We'll see.' I was tortured with an electric prod but not beaten because he didn't want me marked in any way. I still refused so he changed his tactics. He told me that I would have to beat off the customers if I didn't want to have sex. He would make money on a \$10,000 wager that the first customer to succeed in taking me would win. I was shocked. But over the next two weeks during club hours, customers were placed in the room with me and I had to beat them up and knock them out to insure I wouldn't be touched. Sometimes I would be forced to fight at least five to six times a night. It was exhausting. When I was placed back in my sleeping quarters, a tiny room with no windows, I tried hard to find some way to escape but I was too well guarded." He said grimly.

Callie was appalled. She kept her paw on his arm trying to assure him she was still listening because he wouldn't look at her. She had a bad feeling that she hadn't heard the worst yet.

"Finally, last night I met my match. A huge silver and black tiger came into my room. I've never been so terrified before. Even when Dark Kat would scare us all, I never felt such soul deep fear. I was about to lose something very precious to me. I fought hard but I knew it was only a matter of time before he'd have me. I'd already fought another customer before him and wasn't as fresh as he was so he easily wore me down. He finally succeeded in pinning me to the bed." Feral halted and shook unwillingly at the memory of that moment. He startled when he felt warm arms gently envelope him.

He looked up and saw Callie's shocked and sorrowful expression. He looked away quickly and shuddered more intensely.

Callie was horrified, she knew there was more and was grief stricken for Feral. No matter what their differences she still held him in high regard and to see him reduced to such anguish tore her heart apart. She could feel his distress pouring out and held him tightly trying her best to ease his

pain as he finished his terrible tale.

"The tiger had told me from the start he would have me and he did. Though he forced me to have sex he was gentle and did not hurt me and gave me the greatest pleasure I'd ever had in my life but he also took something precious from me, my female virginity. He seemed to understand what this moment had cost me and comforted me then gave me a choice. Be his mate and breed heirs for him and he would see that I was returned home or refuse and remain at the club, a slave. It was no choice. No one had found me and the thought that I'd be used for the rest of my life and probably gotten pregnant many times made his offer the only option left open to me. I agreed and he had me released that night and flown here. I was blindfolded and my ears were plugged so that I wouldn't be able to determine where I had been held. The tiger told me that when he returned to our city he would collect on our agreement. I would warm his bed and hopefully bear his kits for his clan." Feral stopped and hid his face in his paws.

"Oh Ulysses!" She said calling him by his first name. This was too personal not too. "I'm so very sorry this has happened to you. By what you've said I guess its obvious you are a very rare form of hermaphrodite. I'm also guessing that this is why you were kidnapped. Who was this tiger that apparently had enough power to force the club owner to release you?" She asked gently.

In a thick voice filled with pain, he murmured, "He said his name was Shakil Kamau."

Callie went still with shock. Feral felt her freeze and looked up in confusion and concern.

"Oh God, Ulysses of all the Kats to be involved with you have run afoul of the worst. The Kamau Clan is wealthy, powerful and very dangerous. They are not evil and are scrupulously honest with their business dealings but they are well known for being ruthless. Fortunately, for Megakat City, they haven't shown an interest in us. To much of a risk because of our omega problems or so they told the Mayor when he met one of their clan leaders at a business conference in another city. Mayor Manx was, of course, disappointed not to be able to garner any business from them but I, for one, was grateful for their lack of interest." She said uneasily.

Feral moaned at this bit of news. "Do you know anything about Shakil?" He asked realizing just how much trouble he was in.

Callie thought a moment, " Well...I did hear a little gossip about that particular Kamau. He's said to be a bit of a disappointment to his father but I don't know why. He's supposed to be nicer than the rest...not as ruthless or interested in the business much to his family's displeasure."

"He seemed genuinely concerned for my welfare but not enough to refuse to rape me. He did say his family was upset with his choice of bed mate. He preferred males to females but was required to provide an heir. To this end, he searched for a male hermaphrodite that could breed. Apparently, I fit the bill. That was why he was there last night. The only nice thing he'd said was he would have preferred to have courted me but that the circumstances prevented it." Feral sighed painfully.

She rubbed his shoulders trying to massage the painfully tight muscles she could feel under her paws. He shivered at her touch but didn't flinch away. There was silence in the kitchen as her mind worked on what could be done for the Commander now. This was a dangerous situation, one she couldn't see getting Ulysses out of easily, if at all. This would take some careful thought.

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Chapter 3: Callie's Offer by ulyferal

She looked at the clock on the wall distractedly as she continued to gently knead Ulysses' tense back muscles.

"I...I should be going home, I have to report in just a few hours." He said thickly breaking the long silence between them.

"What are you going to tell your enforcers?" She asked softly moving away and sitting back down again.

He looked at her helplessly. "I don't really know. I have nothing to go on. How long was I really gone?" He asked.

She calculated in her mind before sighing, "It's been almost eighteen days!"

He winced and shuddered. "Kat's Alive! That long?"... I guess I can report that I was kidnaped but not by whom, why, or where I was held. The rest...I just don't know. I really don't want word to get out that I was raped because there is no way to arrest Shakil. Especially if they are as powerful as you say. Besides, even though Megakat City has laws against slavery and rape, doesn't mean the country I had been taken to has the same laws. It is still allowed in many places." He said in frustration.

"I'm afraid you are right about that, Ulysses." She sighed rubbing her temples. "The Kamaus are that powerful and none of the charges would stick. So you're left with no way to get justice. I'm truly sorry."

"I know!" He said bitterly. "I think the only thing I'm truly concerned about is how do I reconcile having to accept the agreement I made to be Shakil's mate. I never planned on becoming pregnant. Having a wife and getting her that way was something I hoped for but now all of that is ruined. And what of the fate of the kittens that I bear? Will I be forced to watch them be taken from me?" He asked in anguish.

Callie swallowed tears of sorrow for Ulysses. This was more than one Kat should have to bear.

"You could tell him that the agreement is null and void because it had been made under coercion?" She said hesitantly.

"I could and it would be legal but you and I both know that that won't matter to Shakil and besides I never renege on an agreement. I still have my honor, such as it is." He sighed in defeat. He was neatly boxed into a corner with no escape clause.

"Then you must somehow try to accept what you can't change. I would, however, get in writing some kind of agreement as to what will happen to your kittens. Who will raise them and where. Those things that are important to you get into a legal document and I will stand by you in enforcing it." Callie said firmly.

"I...I guess you're right and thank you for your support." He said unhappily. He dropped his head into his paws again and said painfully, "It feels like an arranged marriage by ones parents to a stranger with no choice in the matter."

"An unfortunate and accurate analogy Ulysses." She sighed unhappily. "I would strongly urge you to get counseling. You are going to need it badly to handle what's happened and how to accept what will be happening to you in the future." She urged him.

Rubbing his temples, he gave a sad sigh. He pushed the chair back and got to his feet. Callie did as well and moved closer to him. She gently touched his arm.

"If it gets too much to bear, you can come to me and vent. It will be just between the two of us. No one will ever know about this." She promised quietly.

"Thank you Callie. I know we've had our differences but I knew you would be able to understand and help me." He said softly, his face filled with quiet loss and pain.

"I wish there were more I could do besides offer moral support. I'm glad you trust me enough to

help you the best I can. You don't need to be so macho that you ignore the fact that you're both physically and emotionally exhausted and truly need your rest. It would be best if you didn't go in at all today. If you want me to, I can go in and tell them of the kidnaping. That will at least keep them from trying to get to you before you have had time to get your feet under you again." She suggested carefully.

He looked at her a moment seemingly lost then shook himself. "Perhaps you're right. I feel totally overwhelmed right now. It's only been hours since it happened and I feel shaky and depressed at the moment and that's so strange for me." He admitted.

The fact that he admitted that much to her, told her his true state of mind and was glad he wouldn't try to face anyone at work right now. It would have been disastrous she was certain.

"Then go home and try to get some rest. I could give you a sleeping pill so that you won't be plagued by nightmares. Those, I'm sorry to say are going to happen that's why I urge you to get counseling. Rape is a terrible thing and the emotional damage caused by it just doesn't disappear no matter how hard you try to push it away." She repeated more concerned than ever that he would be haunted by this for some time without help.

"I know. I just don't know if I can trust someone enough to talk about it besides you." He said tightly. "Thank you for the offer of a pill but I don't do well with those."

Sighing in frustration, she made a different offer. "Well, then maybe you should just come to me on a regular basis and talk about it. I'll get some advice from some friends of mine in the business without going into detail and try my best to give you some kind of help. I fear for your emotional well being if you don't address this at all." She said firmly.

He blinked at her in shock. That she would offer to be a surrogate counselor for him was more than he intended for her to do but it was obvious she was very concerned for him. He needed to think about this before making any more commitments. The last one was already going to be hard to accept as it was.

"Let me think about your generous offer, Callie. I'm still to shaken to agree to anything right now." He pleaded softly.

"Of course. I just wanted you to know the offer was there when or if you need it." She smiled sadly. "Go get some rest." She ordered as she walked with him to her front door.

"I'll try, thank you again. Sorry to have awakened you soo early." He said contritely.

"Don't worry about that. You truly had a very good reason. I'll see you soon." Callie said warmly.

He gave a small smile then made his way to the elevator. She sighed and closed her door. She had a headache now and by the clock, she only had a couple of hours before she had to get ready for work. She headed to her kitchen for some aspirin and water. This would not be a good day.

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Chapter 4: Secrets by ulyferal

She felt drained and a new headache pounded when she entered her office later that morning. The scene at Enforcer Headquarters had been a nightmare. As she reached for her aspirin bottle, her mind went over her meeting with Feral's officers.

She'd gone there as promised first thing this morning before going to city hall. As she entered the main lobby and headed for the elevators she was hailed by a familiar voice. She halted and was soon joined by Lt. Feral.

"Ms Briggs, my uncle has returned." Felina said abruptly.

"Yes, I know, Lieutenant. He came to see me." Callie said quietly.

"He saw you? When?" Felina said surprised and unhappy.

"This morning. Early." She said quietly as she punched the button for the top floor.

"But...I'm the one who picked him up at the airport. He wouldn't talk to me and had me take him to his apartment." Felina said hurt and confused. She stepped into the elevator with Callie.

Sighing Callie looked at Feral's niece trying to decide how much to tell her without breaking her promise to Ulysses. "I'm sorry Felina but he just didn't feel comfortable enough to tell you what had happened to him. Please understand, I've promised not to say anything. He may still tell you eventually, but please, give him time. It was very traumatic and he's not handling it well." She said seriously.

"I knew something bad must have happened but it hurts that he couldn't tell me." Felina said unhappily as the elevator decanted them on the top floor. "But I'll not bother him about it. I'm just glad he's back. Why is he not here though?" She asked as they walked down the hall toward Feral's office.

"That's what I'd like to know!" Came a familiar and unwelcome voice.

Callie sighed inwardly. She really couldn't stand Feral's second in command. Putting on a bland face she turned to see the blond haired enforcer come up behind them, a deep frown on his arrogant face.

"I'll explain as best I can to all interested parties. Could you have them report to Commander Feral's office please?" She asked with just a hint of command to her request.

"I don't see the need for anyone else to be involved, Deputy Mayor so why don't we just go into the office and you tell me what's going on." Steele said pompously.

Frowning at him in irritation, she said "I promised Commander Feral I would brief his department heads. He did not mean just his second in command. Please do as I requested. I and Lieutenant Feral will be waiting in the Commander's Office." She snapped turning away from him and continuing on to Feral's office. Steele stood there a moment in angry shock before finally stomping off to do her bidding.

"Hello Ms. Briggs, can I help you?" Feral's secretary asked, surprised to see her.

"I'm having a short meeting with Feral's staff in his office per his request." Callie said. Seeing the surprised look on her face, she added, "Yes he's back but he is indisposed right now. Could you get me a coffee...sugar and cream...please?"

Blinking at Callie in shock for a moment, his secretary quickly regained her aplomb, "Certainly Ms. Briggs, right away. Do you wish anything, Lt Feral?" She asked rising from her desk.

"No, thanks." Felina said heading for her uncle's door and pushing it open for Callie.

Callie walked into the room and Felina followed closing the door behind her.

Callie sighed, she was glad Felina didn't badger her with questions. Both of them went to the wall of windows and looked out. The secretary arrived moments later and gave Callie her coffee. Officers began filing in a few at a time over the next fifteen minutes.

Finally Steele returned, "That's everyone Ms. Briggs." He said masking his annoyance at being a

gofer.

Callie looked at the ten officers watching her intently, waiting to hear what she had to say.

"Thank you for coming on such short notice. I know all of you are concerned about Commander Feral. All I can tell you is that he was kidnaped and taken far away from Megakat City. Unfortunately, he never saw where he was. One, because he was unconscious when he was taken and two, because he was blindfolded and ear plugged when he was returned. Beyond that information, there is no more I'm allowed to tell you." Callie explained. She could tell by the expressions around her that no one was happy with that.

"But surely he saw his kidnaper at some point? Why was he released or did he escape?" Steele snapped in frustration.

"He did see the one who **requested** his kidnaping and the one who took him home. Unfortunately, what happened to him there was very upsetting and he is unwilling to speak of it at this time. He is physically and emotionally distraught and I ordered him to stay home and rest for today. If he wishes to tell you anymore then he will be the one to do so." Callie said carefully. "Now I've done what he asked of me so if you'll excuse me I'm overdue at city hall. . Good day." She said firmly. Nodding at everyone, Callie took her leave under many annoyed eyes. She left the coffee cup with the secretary and headed for the elevators.

"Ms Briggs, wait." Lt. Feral's voice begged her as Callie stepped into the elevator.

Callie held the doors for her and Felina stepped in. She stared at Callie a moment before speaking.

"Callie, is he okay?" She asked softly, concern and fear on her face.

"Not really. I've never seen him so devastated and upset. If he doesn't see a professional then I've offered myself to be his listener. He's going to go through a bad time for a while, Felina. All you can do is give him your support as you always have." Callie said gently.

"I will. Thank you for being there for him. I'm surprised he came to you but I'm glad he went to someone he trusts when he couldn't speak to me." Felina sighed resignedly.

"You're welcome, Felina. Be seeing you around." Callie said in farewell as they exited the car. Felina went to work and Callie left through the main doors for her car.

Now back in her office she sat waiting for her aspirin to kick in before she had to inform his honor that Feral had returned.

Coming in late, as usual, Mayor Manx gave an airy good morning as he swept by her office and into his own. She had fixed him his favorite cup of tea and carried it in to him.

"Why thank you Callie." He said accepting the cup and taking a sip.

"Mayor Manx, I have some news for you this morning. Commander Feral has returned." She said.

"Feral's back? Well it's about tiime. Did he say where he's been?" Manx huffed. "Never mind! Have him come here and explain in person." He ordered.

"I can't do that Mayor. Just listen a moment." Callie said heading off another explosion from the portly Mayor. "Feral was kidnaped, treated horribly, then returned under less than happy circumstances. He's exhausted both physically and emotionally. I ordered him to get some rest. He spoke to me less than an hour after he was returned. He was soo distraught after telling me what happened, I told him I would brief his officers which I did a couple of hours ago. I've told you what I told them. I promised to say no more than that due to the sensitive nature of what Feral told

me. It's not a good situation but it's up to him to tell anyone else and I will honor that promise." She told him firmly.

"I don't understand. What could possibly have happened to him that could be that bad?" Mayor Manx said frowning.

"Trust me Mayor Manx, it was truly awful and I've never seen Feral look the way he did." Callie said heavily.

"Alright, you know best, Callie. I'm not sure I want to know what happened now if it could shake Feral that badly. Just keep on top of it and only let me know what I have to, alright?" Manx said backing away from the issue altogether.

"Yes sir." Callie said sighing inwardly and wishing she didn't have to deal with it at all. She left his office and returned to her own and her desk full of work.

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Chapter 5: Escape from Reality by ulyferal

His conversation with Ms. Briggs had helped a little to ease some of his grief, enough to allow him to finally let go and let sleep drag him under.

"My beauty, you are mine now. Let me show you what it means to belong to a Kamau." A powerful voice whispered into his dreams. Once more he felt the weight of the tiger's body over his, remembered the helpless feeling as he struggled violently to prevent what was going to happen. A scream clawed its way from his throat and the presence of the tiger blew away with the remnants of his nightmare.

He struggled from the bed and fled to the bathroom. He barely made it to the toilet where he heaved repeatedly. Panting, his throat burning, his stomach in knots he slid away from the bowl and pressed his back to the wall. Tears of anguish and grief began slowly running down his face.

He felt as if he were at the edge of a precipice. He didn't know how long he remained on the floor but finally, he dragged himself to his feet. Leaning heavily on the sink he washed his face and rinsed his mouth out. Back in his bedroom he stared at the bed and shuddered. Just the sight of it made his stomach tighten even more.

He forced his tired body out into his living area and dropped into an easy chair. He noted it was only eleven o'clock. He'd been asleep about five hours. He stared blankly around him unable to focus on anything. Leaning back into the chair, he stared emptily at the ceiling. He never knew when conscious left him until he woke stiff and aching much later.

Dust was falling outside by the way the sun was pouring dimly across his face and still he didn't move. It was full dark when his bladder made its demands known. Groaning he pushed himself to his feet and staggered unsteadily toward his bedroom again. Once in the bathroom, he emptied his aching bladder then turned on the shower. When it was hot, he stepped in and moaned with relief as the steaming water eased his stiffness. A moment later he hissed as the hot water stung the open holes in his nipples. He remembered unwillingly the small bottle the female collie had given him.

Leaving the shower after nearly a half hour soaking himself, he stood slumped shouldered in the dryer until his fur fluffed then moved jerkily to the bedroom. He pawed through his drawers and pulled on a pair of soft sleep pants and equally soft short sleeved shirt. He couldn't stand to be naked even though that had been his chosen method of sleep before all this happened.

The shirt rubbed his sore nipples drawing another hiss of discomfort from him. Leaning down he rummaged through the borrowed clothes he'd worn for the antiseptic. Using a handkerchief, he applied the meds. It had an anesthetic in it which eased the sting. Sighing he closed the bottle

and placed it on his dresser. He kicked the clothes into a corner and made his way out to the kitchen.

As he crossed the living room he was startled by someone clearing their throat. He turned his head sharply and saw Ms. Briggs standing there uncomfortably.

She been soo worried about him all day. Unable to stay away, she'd coaxed Feral's building security guard to allow her into his apartment. She'd only told him that he'd suffered a traumatic event and that she was concerned for his welfare. He'd been reluctant but finally took her to Feral's apartment and unlocked it for her.

When she stepped in, she could hear the shower running. She nodded thanks to the guard and closed the door quietly in his face and relocked it. She heard him walk away. Sighing she went to the couch and sat to wait.

She stood as soon as he stepped through the door of the bedroom making a noise to get his attention. Her heart was in her throat and tears threatened when she beheld his sunken eyes, slumped shoulders, and lost expression. 'Oh this was much worse than she'd expected.' She moaned helplessly to herself.

Moving carefully forward, she reached out and touched his arm. "Ulysses, I'm sorry to barge in like this but I just couldn't shake the feeling that you might need someone." She said softly.

He turned away from her, unable to speak for a moment. "...it's not been a good day and sleep hasn't helped, what little I got that wasn't broken by nightmares." He finally said hoarsely.

She squeezed his arm a little, "Have you eaten at all?" She asked hesitantly.

"No, not hungry...was just getting something for my throat...it's a little sore." He murmured heavily.

"You need some tea. Do you have some?" She said pushing him a little to continue on to the kitchen.

"I don't know...maybe." He whispered moving slowly.

In the kitchen, she pulled a chair out and made him sit. She quickly looked around the cupboards finding cups, a tea kettle and some herbal tea. She also found a can of chicken broth. He didn't make a sound as she pattered around his kitchen. The kettle whistled and she quickly poured it into a mug and placed it before him. The microwave dinged a moment later.

He hadn't moved to take the first mug when she placed the second one beside it. Taking a seat near him, she gently got his attention by touching his face. He'd been staring off into space, his face a blank. She was worried. He showed all the signs of emotional overload and shock.

"Ulysses, please, drink the tea. It will help a little." she urged gently bringing his paw up to it.

He blinked in confusion for a moment then snapped back into focus. He looked down at the mug and carefully brought it up to his mouth. He sighed a bit as the hot tea soothed his throat and eased his stomach some. He set it back down again and just stared at it. He couldn't seem to keep his attention focused for long.

Callie rubbed her forehead. It wasn't like him to give up this way. She knew he was in serious trouble and needed help now. She racked her brains for an answer and finally one came to her. She reached for her purse and pawed around for her address book. Getting up from the table she went out into the living area, using her cell phone she tapped in the number.

She prayed her acquaintance was home. A warm voice answered the phone to Callie's relief.

"Hello Sheila, this is Calico Briggs. I'm sorry to be calling so late but I need your help on a serious matter."

"You have me intrigued, Callie. Tell me what's the problem." Sheila said warmly.

Carefully, Callie told Sheila Norson what she could without telling her the name of the person she was describing.

"It's difficult to know for certain over the phone but you are right to be concerned. It sounds like this individual is disassociating from reality. The incident is just too much for him to bear right now. Even though he is a strong willed person and usually can handle most anything as you say from knowing his normal behavior, what's just happened to him has pushed him beyond that ability. It can be temporary with immediate treatment. His own resiliency should be able to aid him in coping and recovering his balance more quickly but not if he fails to receive care. He will continue to withdraw within his mind to escape what he presently conceives as a no win situation." She said seriously.

"Oh God! Sheila this is very bad. This individual is important to the city's welfare and to have him completely out of commission now is terrible plus, unfortunately, his problem will be coming back to collect on his agreement. We must get him taken care of now for all our sakes not just his." Callie said worriedly.

"Then I'll need to see him immediately, Callie. Can you get him to my clinic or will you need an ambulance?" Sheila asked preparing to leave.

Callie moved back to the kitchen and checked on Ulysses. He still sat staring at the cup and hadn't moved. "He seems more out of it than I thought. I'm afraid an ambulance will be necessary, but Sheila, security must be strict and the barest minimum of Kats can know about this. It's extremely important." Callie stressed.

"I understand. He's high profile. We know how to deal with that. I'll come along. Give me the address and we will be there within thirty minutes." Sheila said briskly, putting on her physician persona.

Callie quickly gave the address and hung up. She called downstairs to the security guard and warned him an ambulance was coming for Commander Feral, to be alert for it and guide them up. He voiced his concern and she reassured him that the Commander would be alright but that he did need to receive some medical care. He assured her he would try to maintain Feral's privacy. She thanked him and hung up.

Sighing, she thought a moment then went into his bedroom and looked for a robe. She found it hanging on the bathroom door. She carried it to the kitchen.

"Ulysses, let's put this on." She coaxed as she pushed one arm into a sleeve. He barely moved as she worked the robe onto his body.

He'd felt himself draw further and further away from everything around him since Callie's arrival. He could no longer feel her there. He should feel frightened by that but instead he felt oddly comforted. Nothing seemed to be able to reach him here and that felt safe. The world seemed distant and hazy like an out of focus camera. His body felt heavy and lethargic.

She took the cups and placed them in the sink then took a seat again and stared worriedly at him. He looked nothing more than a statue sitting there. It sent chills down her spine to see him like this. She truly hoped Sheila could help him.

Some twenty minutes later there was a sharp knock on the door. She jumped up and hurried to answer it. She was greeted by Sheila Norson, two orderlies with a gurney and the security guard. She quickly stepped out of the way.

"He's in the kitchen." She told them pointing the way.

The orderlies nodded and moved in that direction followed by Sheila and Callie with the security guard trailing behind in concern.

Sheila sucked in a breath when she saw who her patient was but maintained a professional attitude as she moved to his side and took his vitals.

"Commander, can you hear me?" She asked quietly. He didn't respond. He blinked slowly when she shone a small light in his eyes. Shaking her head, she placed her bag on the table and reached in for a small phial and syringe. She drew out a small amount of clear fluid. Pushing the robe off his shoulder she injected him.

"This should help him a little." She said quietly to Callie who hovered nearby. Turning to the orderlies she said, "Okay guys, let's gently get him onto the gurney. Might as well keep him in his upright position. He won't startle that way."

She stepped out of the way and the two orderlies carefully and gently pulled Feral from his chair and pushed his body to the gurney and then arranged his limbs comfortably on it. They covered him with a light blanket and shook out a sheet placing it on a chair for the moment then they strapped him to the gurney. Moving him out of the kitchen, Dr. Norson grabbed the sheet and followed. When they reached the hallway, they halted a moment and the sheet was gently draped over Feral's head hiding him. The security guard made sure to turn off the lights, checked that everything was secure then locked the Commander's apartment door. He squeezed into the elevator with the group. It was a silent ride down. The guard led the way and held open the outside door as Feral's gurney was rolled out. Fortunately, there was no one around as the silent group moved to the ambulance and Feral was loaded.

"I'll meet you at the clinic, Sheila." Callie said grimly. The doctor nodded and boarded the ambulance with her patient as Callie headed for her car.

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Chapter 6: Acceptance by ulyferal

He woke feeling rested. When he looked around himself, though, he was disturbed to realize he wasn't in his apartment. Frowning he started to reach for the bedding to pull it off when the door opened.

A handsome female entered. She was tall, her fur a tawny color, brown eyes, and with a fall of dark brown hair. She was wearing a pastel green pantsuit with a name tag on the shirt.

"Hello, Commander. Glad to see you awake and aware again. I'm Dr. Norson. How are you feeling?" She asked him in a pleasant tenor voice.

He blinked at her for a moment. "Where am I and how did I get here?" He asked ignoring her question for the moment.

Not taking offense at his brusque manner she answered easily, "You are at the Norson Mental Health Clinic and you were brought here two days ago. Ms. Briggs was visiting you when you began to withdraw from reality. She called me to help you."

"She had no right!" He said angrily, yanking the blankets away preparing to get off the bed.

Sheila Norson stepped forward and pressed a paw against his chest to restrain him. "Please Commander. I would highly recommend that you hear me out completely before you try to march out of here. It's for your sake not mine." She said firmly.

Though he could easily shove her out of the way. It would be a rude and unforgivable thing to do. He wasn't unreasonable even if he was angry at the circumstances. He relaxed but didn't lay back in bed and waited for her explanation.

Relieved that he was being reasonable, she explained how he came to be there and what his condition had been. "So you see, Commander, Ms. Briggs saved your sanity. You would have continued to retreat until there was no way to make you come back. Now I understand what happened to you and what you face in the future. I can't change what you've agreed to and though I certainly don't like it, I will attempt to help you accept what you can't change and make the inevitable attentions by this tiger more easier for you to bear." She said quietly.

His face burned with humiliation that more Kats were aware of what had happened to him. His mouth tightened into a bitter line.

She touched him gently on the arm. "Commander, we've endeavored to protect your privacy as much as possible. Only Ms. Briggs and I know the true circumstances surrounding your hospitalization. Ms. Briggs has already given a press release stating that you suffered some damage during your kidnaping and are receiving treatment for it but not where. No one outside and inside this clinic except for the few that handle your care, are aware of who you are. Everything I can do to protect you I have done. I want you to focus completely on helping yourself during your therapy sessions. I will be your therapist and if you're up to it we can start immediately." She looked at him patiently awaiting his decision.

He relaxed suddenly and sighed. He stared at his paws as he thought about what she'd said. It seems he owed Callie a debt of gratitude for coming to his aid when he wasn't even aware he was in trouble. This Dr. Norson seemed certain she could help him cope with his changed circumstances. He certainly hoped so. He raised his head and looked at her.

"Yes, thank you! I'd like to get back to work as soon as I can. I've already lost enough time when I was kidnaped. No telling what that fool of a second in command has done to my files by now." He said resignedly.

"Good! I think we can get you back to work real soon but I won't know for certain until you and I talk so let's do that now. If you will follow me to my office, we'll get started." She smiled warmly at him.

He found slippers at the bedside and his robe hanging nearby. She waited politely as he put these on then led the way out of the room and down a warmly decorated hall toward an elevator. Stepping inside she pressed a button for the second floor that's when he realized he was on the top floor of a three story building. They stepped out onto another warmly decorated floor and headed to a door a short distance from the elevator.

She opened the door and gestured him in. Her office was decorated in different hues of blue with sea scenes on the wall. It was soothing to him. There were a couple of comfortable chairs before a big oak desk covered with several items of a personal nature as well the inevitable record files, notepads and other office debris laying on it. She gestured to a chair and took the one behind her desk. Reaching for a pad and pen she relaxed back and eyed him quietly.

"Let's go over what had happened to you. I want you to tell me what emotions were going through you during the time you were kidnaped." She said quietly.

He swallowed and tried to order his thoughts. He could tell this was not going to be pleasant.

Two weeks later...

Feral sat at his desk trying to unravel the mess Steele had made of it. Giving him a hand was Felina.

Felina was grateful to Ms. Briggs for getting her uncle help. She still didn't know what had happened during his kidnaping but she had known it was bad enough to derail her uncle's usually strong mind. Now he was seemingly back to normal though she would occasionally catch a haunted look in his eyes.

He still wouldn't tell his officers what had happened and forced the file to be closed. Mayor Manx didn't question it either just relieved that Feral was once more back at work.

Callie was relieved as well. Feral looked much better but she knew he was still uneasy about the reappearance of Shakil Kamau. They both knew it was only a matter of time before the tiger blew into town and claimed his 'rights' to Feral's body. It kept the Commander on edge despite the therapy he was getting. There was nothing that could be done about that, unfortunately. Callie could only wait till afterwards to pick up the pieces and help Feral carry on.

Time past and Feral could almost forget about the silver and black tiger. Omegas stirred up trouble for weeks on end, trashing the city and making reams of paperwork for Feral and his enforcers. It was near the end of one such miserable week that the tiger reappeared.

Feral sighed tirededly as he dragged himself out of his hummer and walked into the lobby of his apartment building late at night.

"Working late again, sir? You sure look beat. Sorry to hear those danged omegas are giving you and the city soo much trouble." His building security guard said politely.

"Yeah me too. Don't know why they feel the need to all come out of the woodwork at the same time." Feral grumbled as he reached the elevators.

"Try and get some sleep sir, you could really use it." The guard said solicitously.

"Thanks, I'll certainly try." Feral grunted as the doors closed.

Yawning he stepped out of the elevator and walked down the hall to his apartment. Unlocking it he flipped the light near the door on as he stepped in and turned to relock it. He hung his coat up and locked his weapon up in a hidden safe in his coat closet. He stretched and removed his tie as he headed for the kitchen. He wanted a quick sandwich and drink then a shower and bed.

Flicking the light on in the kitchen he froze and his heart leaped in his chest. Sitting in the dark at his kitchen table was Shakil. He couldn't bring himself to move closer so stood in the door and stared.

"Hello, my beauty. Surprised to see me I see. Please come in and sit. I've taken the liberty to bring you something hot to eat. I guessed you hadn't the opportunity to do so with your very hectic day and late departure from the office." The tiger said smoothly gesturing for Feral to sit across from him.

Swallowing hard and shaking inside, Feral moved slowly into his kitchen and sat down. "How did you get in here?" He asked the first thing that came to his mind.

"I merely learned who your neighbors were and said I was visiting one of them for professional reasons. I was let in and simply used a lock pick on your door. No one saw me besides the guard and my own guards are waiting for me in my car behind your building." He answered with a smile.

"That's breaking and entering." Feral said flatly.

"I don't think of it that way. I'm here to see my mate. Perfectly legal." Shakil said plainly. "Please my beauty, eat. I know you must be hungry and you need to keep your strength up." He urged pushing a covered dish toward Feral.

Feral didn't look at it. His appetite had been lost when he'd seen the tiger. "No thank you. I'm not hungry." He said flatly.

Shakil eyed his mate for long minutes. He looked in better condition than when Shakil had last seen him though there was a haunted quality in his eyes. He understood that better than he thought Feral realized because he saw the same look in his own eyes. Perhaps this is what Ulysses needed to know to help him accept the situation they were both in.

Relaxing back in his seat, he sighed. "Ulysses we are both in the same bad situation. I'm truly sorry for what I must do but if you'll listen perhaps you will understand better why I must do this.

My family had been pressing me hard to produce an heir. They would not accept my very real problems of being with a female. They care not that I simply cannot perform with a she-kat. They only want an heir. I've been punished for my proclivity and given some truly distasteful jobs all in the name of the future. I rebelled but it did me no good. I was always found and punished to the point of death." Shakil paused and stared at Ulysses with bitterness in his eyes.

"You have no idea what it's like to be constantly hounded and ridiculed for being what I am. I was desperate to find a male that would meet my needs but also give me what I so badly desired...companionship...love. Too many fear my family, no lover dared stay long with me fearing their lives. I have been forced to accept fleeting moments of tenderness from paid whores or be celibate. I've done both. Then when I heard about you...Gods...I thought I would finally find what I'd been searching for. You were beautiful and spirited and everything I'd hoped and dreamed of except I couldn't court you and make you mine by capturing your heart, I had to settle for taking your body by force. It still hurts to have done that and I know you must hate and fear me for it. But you must understand something...something I know you aren't aware of..." Shakil leaned closer, his manner urgent and intense.

"I was not the only one wanting you. A male such as yourself is rare and extremely valuable to many in the world I live in which is exactly the reason you were kidnaped. I had learned upon my return to my clan that your former owner had planned to auction you off after another month. Many prospective owners were furious and angry when I succeeded in taking you from right under their noses. There is nothing stopping them from learning where you live since your previous owner could be made to tell them. I've done my best to keep you safe by calling in every favor I could to put a protective ring around your city allowing you to live your life freely." He told Feral earnestly.

"So you raped and made me accept your agreement to protect me?" Feral said incredulously.

"I know that sounds bad when you say it like that but yes that is exactly what I did. You are still not safe until you bear a kit of mine. When that happens the clan will give you full protection and no one will try to take you again until then you are in constant danger." Shakil said solemnly.

Feral was shocked and could only gape at Shakil. Shaking with anger he finally said, "But the price I pay is the loss of my right to have a family of my own choosing with a female bearing my kittens. Instead I have to bear kittens for you with no choice in the matter."

"Yes, I know and I'm truly sorry for that. Each of us has had dreams that have been destroyed by this cruel twist of fate. Please try and accept this. It can't be changed no matter how much we both may want it." Shakil pleaded softly. "I can't bear the thought of you being taken from me and harmed."

Choking on anger and sorrow, Feral studied his mate that circumstances had forced upon him and saw the same anger and sorrow shining from those green-gold eyes. It helped only a little to know his unhappiness was shared. Normally, he would never accept another's statement without investigating their claims first but in this case he and Callie **had** checked and were appalled to find he was on the most wanted list of every slaver outside Megakat City borders so he knew Shakil was telling the truth.

"My therapist says the same. She told me that she wasn't happy that this had happened to me but that she would help me accept what I couldn't change." He finally said bitterly.

"She sounds like a very intelligent person. Perhaps I should see her as well. I have many unresolved emotions that eat away at my feelings of self worth. Even having you does not ease my guilt and shame. I want your body soo badly but at the same time I want your heart freely given and I know I may never have it." Shakil said equally bitter and unhappy.

Rubbing his temples trying to staff off an insipid headache Feral sighed resignedly. Things were actually better than he'd originally thought. Oh, he was still trapped by the choice he'd made but it was eased by the very real anguish of his rapist. Shakil was as much a victim as he was. What a pair they made.

"I may never be able to see you as anything but the one who raped me but there is no telling what the future will bring to change that. Right now, I agree that you should see my therapist. I completely withdrew after you left me and, if not for a friend, you wouldn't be talking to me now." Feral told Shakil grimly.

The tiger gaped at him in horror. "No! By the Gods! I am so sorry for causing so much mental anguish. I am truly grateful to your friend and this therapist. I would not have bothered to continue on if I'd lost you. You are my only hope for some kind of happiness however fleeting and messed up it might be." Shakil moaned reaching out and touching Ulysses' tentatively.

Feral could feel the tension and anguish driving the tiger. He thought, surprising himself, that they might be able to overcome their initial meeting eventually. It was apparent that they had found common ground between them...hurt...loneliness...anger and destroyed dreams. There was pain enough between them, time to heal what could be healed and move on.

He still didn't have much of an appetite but knew he needed to eat and get some much needed sleep. He reluctantly pulled the covered dish to himself. He found a barely warm roasted tuna sandwich. He eyed it in surprise.

"You been checking me out or did you just get this by chance?" Feral asked.

"Checked you out, of course. I needed to know who you are. I take it you are pleased?" The tiger asked, smiling wanly at him.

"I'm still not that hungry but, yeah, I'm pleased. It's my favorite." Feral said shaking his head then picked up the sandwich and ate at least half of it and got a glass of milk to wash it down. He put the rest of the sandwich in the fridge and left the kitchen with Shakil trailing after him.

Moving to the bathroom he made to close the door but paused and looked back at Shakil. "It's not a very big shower but you are welcome if you want to wash up before bed. I'm assuming, of course, that that is your intention." Feral said matter-of-factly.

A smile of relief lit the tiger's face when he answered, "I'd like that very much and, yes, I intend to sleep with you."

Feral just nodded and headed into the bathroom.

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Chapter 7: The First Step Toward Intimacy by ulyferal

He set the water to hot and began to strip off his clothes tossing them into his hamper nearby. Shakil placed his clothes on convenient hooks on the wall. Feral pulled out another towel for the tiger to use then stepped into the shower. Shakil hesitated a moment longer and stared at the beautiful male starting to soap himself in the chamber. His mouth went dry as he beheld his dream come true.

Shaking himself, he slid the door open and stepped in behind Feral. Gently taking the soap from the dark tom's paw he soaped up a washcloth and began to wash the tom's back.

Feral stood still and held his breath. It wasn't unpleasant to have Shakil wash his back until he moved the cloth down his body to gently soap his buttocks then slip between his legs. He shivered with some fear and a little excitement. He hadn't forgotten how the tiger had made him feel before. Waiting tensely he stood still as Shakil rubbed him down with the washcloth and brushed his claws just a little between Feral's thighs.

The touch sent little quivers of pleasure up his spine. It made him spread his legs a little wider to the tiger's pleased relief. Shakil went slowly, this moment was precious and he didn't want to ruin it by rushing. He would do whatever it took to make both of them comfortable with each other. Continuing to soap the dark fur between the tom's legs he lightly caressed the cloth over Feral's sensitive clitoris. He was rewarded with a groan of heat from the dark tom.

'Ohh that felt good.' Feral thought giddily. He appreciated the way Shakil was taking his time and not hurrying. It made this experience much more pleasant than their first time together. The tiger drew the cloth again across that sensitive area and Feral couldn't help but press down against it and moan for more.

The tiger responded by drawing the cloth back and forth and pulling it up against the heavy balls that were starting to draw up tight and the cock that was just appearing from its sheath. Excited by the sweet smell of arousal from his mate, Shakil reached around his mate's body and tugged gently on the emerging cock while pressing his own hardening cock against the base of Uly's tail.

Feral gasped and leaned forward against the wall of the shower unable to stand completely, the pleasure making his legs tremble. 'Oh yes, this was much better than last time.' He thought his mind floating with the sensations racing through his body.

Feeling his mate's readiness, Shakil carefully positioned himself. He didn't try to enter Uly just yet but did tease his mate by rubbing his hard pole between the dark tom's thighs. Feral cried out and shuddered getting more and more excited.

"Oh yes...feels good...God don't stop..." He pleaded so hot his toes were beginning to curl and tighten. He pressed back against Shakil.

"Ahhh...my beauty...so hot...are you ready for me?" The tiger groaned having a hard time holding back.

"Yessss...do it...do it now!" Feral begged the tiger.

Only too happy to oblige, Shakil reared back and carefully entered the hot sheath of his mate. Feral cried out as the huge spear opened him up and filled him completely. He tightened his muscles around the invader and growled his pleasure, his legs trembling harder.

Shakil paused only a moment to allow them both to adjust to his possession then began a slow rhythm that increased as Feral met his thrusts. Whining with need, Feral spread his legs wider and pushed back with every one of the tiger's thrusts. Shakil put one paw on his mate's cock the other paw was against the shower wall. The pleasure spiraled higher and higher until Uly felt lightning shoot through his body as he spasmed around the tiger's cock, and heard as if far away Shakil roar and explode within him which caused his own cock to spray the wall in front of him.

The tiger leaned against the smaller tom as they panted and shook with tingling aftershocks. He was still deep within his mate and being locked together so intimately brought home to him just how much he wanted this wonderful tom. He prayed that this step would lead to many more pleasurable encounters.

After long moments of panting and shuddering, Shakil realized to his delight that he was still erect and began moving slowly again within his mate. Feral moaned in surprise. He pressed back against Shakil in abandon reaching his paws behind him to grab the tiger's ass and squeeze it. Shakil growled his pleasure at that by licking the dark brown tom's neck, face and ears taking care not to bite should it remind Ulysses of his being previously restrained.

Ulysses was flying. All his previous fears had flown for the moment and he was able to enjoy the sheer intensity of Shakil's loving attention. The fire burned hotter and more intense this time and he felt himself rearing up on his toes as he came again, Shakil growling his frantic release from behind him. They trembled and panted, the water turning cold. Shivering, Uly reached over and turned off the taps. Unable to move, he leaned back into the tiger's embrace languidly. Shakil had to spread his feet apart to keep from falling over with Feral's weight pressing him backward.

It felt heavenly and he was unwilling to move. This had been better than any dream he'd had over the past few weeks. His mate was gradually accepting him. His hopes of winning this beauty's heart seemed more attainable.

Sighing finally, Ulysses moved reluctantly, opening the door to the shower and stepping out. Shakil held onto the door a moment waiting for his legs to work. He watched the dark brown tom stand with eyes closed while the blowers blew his coat dry.

Feral's eyes blinked open and saw the tiger's eyes on him. Instead of feeling fear and anger, a quiet peace filled his being. He was even a little pleased to have someone desire him that much. It felt only a little odd that it was a male that looked at him that way but he was starting to get used to it. With a bare twitch of his lips for the tiger, he went out the door to the bedroom.

Shaking himself, feeling warm from that hint of a smile, Shakil dried his coat and completed his nightly preparations before walking out nude to the sleepy eyed beauty already in the bed under the covers. Padding across the carpeted floor, he reached the other side of the bed and climbed in behind the other tom. When Ulysses didn't object, he spooned the dark tom and placed an arm around his waist and buried his nose in his neck fur.

Finally at peace, two weary warriors fell into a deep slumber not broken until the early morning sun found them.

Yawning and stretching, Feral awoke before his alarm as he used to. The return of some form of normalcy went a long way for him to accept the warm weight pressed and twined around his body. Shakil was still asleep. Ulysses twisted a little to look down on the silver tiger. He was extraordinarily handsome and looked peaceful in sleep. Only the dark shadows under his eyes hinted at the troubles that plagued him. Uly reached a finger down and caressed the soft fur of Shakil's face.

Sighing, he shook off his reverie and pulled away. He needed to get ready for work. His movements woke the tiger.

"Rising so early my beauty?" He asked sleepily.

Feral winced slightly at that endearment. It would be a while before he could tolerate hearing it.

"Yes, I've got to go to work. What are your plans for the day?" He asked politely as he stood up.

"I have some business to conduct in the city. Can I pull you away for lunch?" He asked yawning and rolling to his back.

"Hmm, don't know. You'll have to check. It's been far too hectic lately in the city." Feral grunted as he padded to the bathroom.

"Hmm, so I've noticed." Shakil murmured to himself concern flashing through him for his mate. He

was worried about Uly's safety not just from the crazy criminals haunting this city but the slavers persistent attempts to capture him. Uly wasn't aware of just how much danger he was in of being abducted. He had the best protection money could buy around his mate. They were paid to stay invisible as well. He didn't want Ulysses to feel like a prisoner again.

His thoughts were interrupted by the reappearance of Ulysses, nude, his fur fluffed from the dryers moving gracefully to his dresser. His cock rose in interest but he knew Uly wouldn't be distracted so sighing in regret he climbed from the bed and, with a passing caress to his mate's backside, he stepped into the bathroom.

Feral had shivered with pleasure when Shakil had gently caressed him. Perhaps it won't be so bad after all. He hadn't slept that well since his unwilling stay in the hospital. Humming to himself he got dressed and headed for the kitchen. He soon had coffee, toast, bacon, and fruit on the table. He was reading the morning paper and drinking his coffee when Shakil appeared to sit in front of him.

They ate in companionable silence, clearing the table together, and gathering their things to leave. Shakil waited politely as Uly armed himself and put his coat on. Looking at him dressed as the Chief Enforcer of this city it was hard not to see a flash of the angry warrior standing nude before him in that room at the club. Dressed, Uly looked even more impressive and formidable. He felt truly lucky to have found this wonderful male.

"You have an interesting look on your face. Care to share?" Feral said mildly as he gestured Shakil to proceed him out the door.

"I was admiring a warrior dressed for war." He said innocently as he stepped into the hall and they walked together to the elevator.

Feral blushed a bit at that comment. Shakil merely smiled in amusement. When the elevator decanted them into the lobby the new shift security guard merely looked up mildly before returning his interest to the paper on his desk.

They went outside, Feral heading for his hummer parked nearby and Shakil walking around the building to where his guards waited in his limo.

When he reached his office the Commander was immediately buried in reports and meetings. It wasn't until late in the morning that he had a moment to himself. He eyed the phone for several minutes before finally relenting but instead of using his desk phone he pulled out his cell and speed dialed a number.

"Deputy Mayor's Office, may I help you?" Came the bright and cheerful voice of Callie's secretary.

"This is Feral, is Ms. Briggs free to speak with me?" He asked.

"Let me check, Commander." She answered briskly.

Moments later, Ms. Briggs' voice came through the line, "Commander, is there something you need?" Callie asked quietly.

"Callie, do you have time to see me in my office...say in ten minutes...?" He asked hesitantly.

"I'm pretty busy, Ulysses but if it's important...?" She asked in concern.

"You could say that. A certain someone is in the city." He said softly.

"Oh no! Are you alright?" Her voice rising, anxious for him.

He was warmed by that note of concern for his welfare. She'd become a good friend and he treasured that. "It's okay, Callie. As a matter of fact it's better than okay, please come and see me. My office is more secure and I really need to talk to you." He urged her.

"Of course. I'll be right there." Callie said quickly hanging up.

Smiling warmly to himself he closed his phone and put it away. While he was waiting for her he went over the special investigation he had initiated. He frowned at the contents. This wasn't good and he knew Callie wouldn't be happy about it either.

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Chapter 8: Female Talk by ulyferal

Callie arrived in Feral's office in less than ten minutes. She was anxious to know what went on between the Commander and Shakil Kamau.

She strode in a little breathless, breezing past the secretary giving her no chance to speak and into the Feral's inner sanctum. She was relieved to see that he appeared composed and not angst ridden. She turned and locked the door behind her then walked up to his desk.

"Made quick time Ms. Briggs." Feral said laconically before smiling warmly and gesturing her toward the conversation center near a wall. She eyed him curiously as she took a seat. He took one across from her and dropped a file onto the table.

"You look great considering the tiger is in town." She stated bluntly.

"Yes, I know. Most of it is because of a little honest confession about his behavior. Some of what he told me matched our investigation into his family and the Kamau Clan. He's just as much a victim as I, if not more so. Though he doesn't deny forcing me to have sex with him he also honestly believed he was saving me and from this report I've just gotten from my little spy network he had a right to feel that way." Feral explained.

"How could anything you found out compare to being raped?" Callie asked in shocked annoyance.

"When it really was done to protect me. According to that file, there is a ridiculously high bounty for me by various wealthy foreigners that want me as their brood mare and slave. The slavers have been trying for weeks to penetrate the ring of protection Shakil and I have made around this city to prevent them from abducting me. I don't think Shakil is aware that I know about his paid protectors just I'm certain he doesn't know about mine. Makes the security even better and prevents any traitors collecting on the bounty." Feral smiled grimly.

Callie sat back in her chair and stared at Ulysses in horror. "All those males want you that badly?" She whispered in amazement.

"Yeah! Sorta strange to me too." Feral conceded.

"Alright, so he was justified. When did he get into town?" She asked changing the subject a little.

"Apparently last night. He was waiting for me in my apartment. I was shaken to see him there and just froze. That's when he offered his explanation and pleaded with me to accept our mutual situation because we are both trapped within it. Having already learned why he did it and now seeing just how anguished and guilty he felt about it made it easier for me to relax in his presence. After that understanding occurred between us then things just sort of happened on their own." Feral said softly his face burning a little with embarrassment.

"Meaning you and he had sex and it was okay!" Callie said with a little smirk at Ulysses' look of discomfort.

"Meaning just that. Seriously it was wonderful and non-threatening. Shakil did everything he could to be gentle and allow me to take things as far as I was willing and no further. We may make it after all, only time will tell but I feel at peace with it now." Feral said quietly.

"Then I'm glad for you and it relieves my mind a lot to know you won't be falling off a cliff emotionally from now on about this anyway." She said in relief then she frowned, "But what about the threat to your safety?"

"Yeah, I know, beyond what Shakil and I are doing there is nothing else we can do since none of them has broken Megakat law as yet. The only way to get them off my tail is to get pregnant." He said noting Callie's raised eyebrows of surprise. "Yes, you heard right. When I'm pregnant with Shakil's kit the clan will step in and clear away the hunters just by showing solidarity for the newest clan member but until then they'll do nothing." Feral sighed in disgust.

"Seems stupid to me. It would make more sense to protect the prospective mother than risk him being taken." Callie snorted at the clan's seeming idiocy though she thought there had to be something more to their refusal. She was correct.

"It does to me too until Shakil explained. It seems he must prove that he is cunning and strong enough to protect his own chosen mate. It's sort of a rite of passage for the males of the clan. It's harsher for Shakil since his chosen mate is a male hermaphrodite, something just not acceptable to the clan in the first place. I've heard that they give a little bit of protection to new relationships but in our case all paws are off." Feral said shrugging his shoulders at the strange customs of other lands.

"Then I guess you guys will have to be on your toes at all times to ensure you aren't snatched. I don't like that a bit but there is nothing I can do either to change it." Callie said unhappily.

"I know and thank you for wanting to try. This situation keeps me on constant alert. I try to keep a watch for trouble but I'm not always successful as Shakil getting into town and into my apartment clearly shows. But I refuse to hide myself away. I'll just have to take my chances just I do taking care of this city." Feral said firmly.

"Good! I'm glad you have that attitude, it will be your saving grace in the time to come. By the way, please excuse the personal question but I think it best that I know. Do you have a regular heat cycle like a normal female?" She asked seriously.

Feral blushed and shifted in his seat uncomfortably, "Ahh...well no. I have a heat cycle but it's not strong enough for me to even notice and it lasts only about 24 hours, once a month."

"Hmm, but you weren't sexually active male to female until now. That can alter it. It may take some time, months probably, to do that though." She sighed shaking her head. Feral's problem would not be solved quickly.

"I didn't realize that. How would I know if it changed?" He asked unfamiliar with this part of his body.

She smiled faintly and explained, "Well, Ulysses, it varies from female to female. In some it's so distracting and intense they have to use pills to mute it or simply stay home for the worst of it while others are only mildly affected most of the time and have an occasional intense bout."

"But what does it feel like?" Ulysses asked, really squeamish about this conversation but needing to know.

"I wish I could tell you but again it's different for every female. The best description I can give you that I've felt and others have told me, it's an intense need for sex and your fingers and tools just won't do. You're really hot and uncomfortable. You can't stand to have clothes on and you're

desperate to be touch and used. It can be pretty overwhelming for a first timer." She warned him quietly.

Feral grimaced as an unwanted image came to mind, "You mean just like a wild cat in heat." He said in disgust.

"Unfortunately, that's a pretty good comparison." Callie said just barely keeping the amused smirk off her face at Feral's horrified look. "Sorry, I hope your first time won't be that bad." She told him but privately she was afraid it might be worse since he was only half female and the other half horny male. What a horrible combination. "Well since you seem to be okay, I better get back to my office. Thanks for letting me know about a Kamau being in town and the slavers." Callie said getting to her feet. Ulysses walked her to the door.

"Thank you for being there for me Callie and thanks for the information." Feral said quietly.

"You're welcome." She said warmly and left.

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Chapter 9: Chasing the Prize by ulyferal

Two months later...Mid afternoon, east side of the city...

His lungs burning for air, he and T-bone were trying to be quiet as they raced their way through a maze of tunnels and pipes in this underground labyrinth beneath a huge now closed fish packing business. The tunnel system was apparently part of a an escape system during the war. T-Bone spotted a small alcove and tugged him into it. They heaved for air but tried to do it softly, their ears pointed back the way they'd come. For many agonizing minutes they strained to hear anything that might be Viper's monsters. He trembled inside as he prayed they would get out of here. He remembered how all this got started...

Flashback...Earlier that day...Enforcer Headquarters...

He was on his third cup of coffee for the morning when his niece, Felina burst into his office.

"Uncle there's been a report of an omega at the old Finburn Tuna Fish Packing Factory on the east side of town." She reported breathlessly.

"Crud, call for a squadron to launch immediately." He barked as he moved quickly from behind his desk and went for his coat.

"Already done so, Uncle. They're ready and waiting for the order." Felina said briskly following her uncle to the elevator.

"Good work Felina. Any inkling of who the omega is?" He asked.

"No Uncle not a word." She answered as the elevator decanted them at the flight line entry point.

He moved fast across the staging area for the choppers waiting on the launch apron. He jumped into his seat as Felina climbed into the cockpit and took the controls. Strapping in, Feral quickly gave orders to the squadron and soon they were heading fast to the east of the city.

Megakat Salvage Yard...

"Chance, something big's going down near the old tuna fish factory east of town. Let's go!" Jake shouted at his partner who was working on a car in the garage.

Putting down his tools and locking the door to the garage, Chance quickly followed his partner down into their secret hangar. In very little time they were winging their way east.

Finburn Tuna Fish Packing Factory...

The enforcers arrived at their destination within twenty minutes of the call. Feral had them circle the factory for several minutes trying to see if there was any sign of an omega. Finding nothing, he ordered them to land. Once they were in a group, Feral lead the way into the broken doors of the factory.

For several long minutes they searched, finding nothing. Feral had the group split up into squads of five and to stay in radio contact. Feral took a small group deeper into the factory. Felina headed up another group going toward an area of offices.

It was dark and gloomy inside making the search harder. Reaching a large area filled with old containers meant for packing, Feral pushed ahead and was suddenly caught in a net that had been hanging from the ceiling. His enforcers tried to free him but were suddenly set upon by a group of Kats with high powered weapons. To his grief, his small squad was killed.

The vicious group of Kats lowered Feral to the floor then freed him from the net only to wrap him in tight cords, disarming him and throwing his weapon to the floor. A gag was shoved into his mouth and tied in place.

"Finally, we've got our prize, now let's get out of here before the rest of his enforcers find us." Growled one of the Kats.

They quickly hustled him down a pathway that wended through the high stacks of crates. Just as they reached a cross section and were turning they were set upon by hideous plant creatures.

Feral's eyes widened in fear and he turned around and fled back the way he'd come. He was completely hampered by his bonds and could hear the slither of the creatures on his heels. Just as he made it to the spot where he'd been captured, the SWAT Kats appeared and fired behind him.

"Come on Feral!" Razor shouted at him as he fired at the creatures charging toward them. As Feral passed him, Razor stopped his forward rush and cut his bonds, handing him his weapon the SWAT Kat had retrieved from the floor.

Grateful to be armed again, Feral turned around and began firing. The creatures just kept coming but finally they managed to halt the group that had descended on them. Catching their breath they looked around to see where to go next. Over their comm, they heard a frantic call from Lt. Feral. Turning as one they rushed back toward where the offices were located.

They came upon a confusing sight. Scattered around the factory floor were dead enforcers, monsters and armed strangers. Not far away they could hear more laser fire. Heading that way they ran into the battle waging on the other side of the cluster of offices. Trapped inside an end office were more strangers and facing off against the plant monsters were the rest of Feral's enforcers. Somewhere behind the plant creatures they could hear Dr. Viper yelling.

The chaos was unbelievable. The SWAT Kats waded in with their more sophisticated weapons and began to make headway against Viper's army. The strangers firing at all parties from the office halted their fire and tried to use the confusion to escape.

Seeing Feral though, five of them veered toward the preoccupied Commander. Overwhelming him, they wrapped him in cord and quickly dragged him away. But their attempt to escape with their prize was thwarted as they ran into a battle zone with the monsters on one side and the enforcers on the other. Trying a different direction brought them face to face with the SWAT Kats. See they were attempting to kidnap Feral, the duo used cement shot to plaster the strangers to the crates behind them.

Cutting Feral's bindings, Razor smirked, "Didn't I just do this once, Commander?"

Feral just grunted. Besides being concerned about Viper and his monsters now he had to worry about the slavers (that's who he guessed these strangers were) from trying to nap him.

As for the SWAT Kats, they were confused as to why this group of strangers kept trying to capture Feral and drag him off despite the danger all around them. But, since Feral didn't seem to want to enlighten them they shrugged off the mystery for now and joined the battle in progress.

Viper and his monsters retreated back through the factory to large floor drains, escaping down them. When the enforcers, Feral and Felina in the lead with the SWAT Kats behind followed them down they discovered a huge tunnel system. Chasing the monsters through this seemingly endless run of tunnels soon became extremely hazardous as Viper had the advantage here and used it. He had more of his plant monsters down here and he sent them to destroy his pursuers.

His hideous laughter followed the defenders as they were forced to flee in every direction to escape the oncoming hoard. In such close quarters, it was impossible for the SWAT Kats to use most of their armament without the risk of bringing the ceiling down upon them so running away was the only option. T-Bone and Feral became separated from the main group and were now fleeing down a dark wet tunnel hoping to find a way back to the surface.

Flashback ends...

Feral's mind snapped back to the present. He touched T-Bone's shoulder. The SWAT Kat hissed softly but looked back at him questioningly.

"I think we're safe for the moment but we should find a way out of here." Feral whispered tightly.

"Great idea, Commander, except we don't know the way out of here. Razor has a guidance system on his glovatrix but that's no help to us." T-Bone said in frustration.

Feral didn't answer. He carefully leaned out of their hiding place and looked around. Down the end of this tunnel they were in he saw a faint light. Pulling his head back he turned to T-Bone.

"There's a light down there. Let's risk taking a look, it's better than waiting here." He hissed.

T-bone thought about that for a moment then nodded and both of them padded down the tunnel staying close to the wall heading for that faint light.

Finally reaching it, T-Bone carefully put his head around the corner where the light seeped out. Less than a few feet away was a door where the light came from. Moving together they slipped to the door and listened hard. Hearing nothing T-Bone tried to open it. Locked. Using his glovatrix he pried it open.

Quickly entering the room, they saw it was a small access chamber of some kind. The light was coming from a small grate in the ceiling. Their shoulders slumped, there was no escape from here. The only good thing was they could catch their breath while they decided their next move. Using Feral's coat they put it at the bottom of the door so the light would not attract any of Viper's monsters. Feeling a little safer, T-Bone contacted Razor.

"Razor where are you?" He said keeping his voice low.

"T-Bone? Lt. Feral and I are in the factory. We managed to destroy a good many of these things with one of my home made bombs. Where are you?" Razor asked hurriedly.

"We're still trapped in the tunnels. We managed to find a small chamber with a door that we've locked. We're safe for the moment. There's a grate that lets in a little light from above. We have no idea where we are. Afraid you are going to have to find us buddy." T-Bone explained.

"Roger. Leave your comm signal on. I'll find you." Razor promised.

"Roger!" T-Bone acknowledged in relief. "Okay, so all we have to do is wait until Razor finds us."

Feral just nodded and decided to get some rest while they waited. He slid to the floor resting his head on his knees. T-Bone stood a little while longer then joined the Commander on the floor.

"By the way Commander, why were those strangers trying so hard to take you. Despite all that was going on with Viper's monsters, these guys seemed determined to take you with them." T-Bone asked.

Feral winced, "Not your problem, SWAT Kat." He snarled hoping that would stop the tabby from asking what he didn't want to answer. No such luck.

"Hey! If there are more of those guys around, I want to know why they are insistent on taking you before I stick my neck out again saving yours. Don't forget, Razor and I saved your hide twice now from them. So give!" T-Bone growled.

Squirming uncomfortably and not just from the SWAT Kat's question, Feral became distracted by some unusual sensations coming from his body. The adrenaline of danger had made his body push aside its other problem but now that he was safe the adrenaline surge faded and was being replaced by a need as old as time.

He began to feel hot and tingly all of sudden. He had a vague memory of being a little tense and warm all morning long but had ignored it. He twitched and shifted again causing the crotch of his pants to rub against his clitoris sending thrills of fire throughout his body. Shocked he realized he was swollen and wet.

'Kat's Alive! No! Callie had not been kidding! This was like being on an aphrodisiac times ten. Oh God, he was in heat and it was the intense form Callie had warned him about.' He thought with horror. He was soo distracted that he didn't notice when T-Bone crouched down beside him.

"What the heck is wrong with you? You're twitching so bad one would think you were sitting on an anthill." He said in curious annoyance at Feral's continued silence and now his strange behavior.

Feral gasped as the alluring scent of a male assaulted his nose making his body cry out with intense desire. Horrified, he lunged to his feet and scuttled away from the SWAT Kat, eyes wild with need and desperation. He wanted Shakil not this tom. A scream of frustration was hovering on his lips.

"Commander, what's wrong? T-Bone said in concern but keeping his distance from the highly agitated Commander.

"Use your damn nose!" Feral hissed savagely biting off a moan.

Blinking in surprise, T-Bone sniffed the air carefully. He choked in shock and backed away as far as the room would allow him.

"Whoah!" He gasped "You're in heat! I never would have guessed you'd be an hermaphrodite." He said gaping in amazement.

Feral made a helpless needy sound and kept himself turned away from the tabby whose scent was starting to smell delicious to his overheated senses.

"Ah man! This is a real mess. The dangerous situation must have put the need on hold but now its grabbed your attention again, huh? Is this your first intense heat?" T-Bone asked worriedly.

"Yes! Ohhhh... I've never felt anything like this before!" Feral moaned again, unconsciously rubbing himself against the wall to get some kind of relief.

T-Bone stared at him grimly. This was a very bad situation and they were all still in danger from Viper's plants. 'Could this day get any crazier?' He thought in frustration. "We've got to get you out of here and I've just realized we haven't heard from Razor in a while." He muttered aloud staring at Feral warily. He tapped his comm again.

"Razor where are you? I've got a problem here." He said tightly.

Loud noises of a battle could be heard over the comm. "Sorry buddy, can't talk now, were under attack." The comm went dead. T-Bone stared at it in shocked anger. He slammed a fist against a wall in frustration. "We're here and they are out there fighting those things. We should be there with them."

Not able to stand having a male he didn't want near him, Feral lunged for the door and unlocked it.

"Feral what are you doing?" The tabby shouted reaching for him.

"No! Don't touch me. You're not Shakil! Stay away from me." He growled, a sob of need escaping his throat as he frantically dashed out of the chamber and into the dark tunnel once more. Thankfully there were no more monsters as he ran blindly down the tunnel in the direction they had been going before stopping in that chamber. He heard T-Bone running after him but not getting too close.

'Aw crud, Feral is out of his mind, practically jumping out of his skin. Can't get close...don't want to be drawn to him by his pheromones...brother! they are stronger than a females...don't want to make the situation worse for him either.' T-Bone thought as he pursued the Commander through the tunnels

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Chapter 10: Aftermath by ulyferal

They seemed to be going on forever but suddenly the tunnel ended in a ladder going up the wall. Scrambling up frantically, Feral practically leaped to the top and was shoving hard at the sewer cover. It wouldn't budge.

"Back away! I'll blast it." T-Bone said raising his glovatrix.

Not hesitating, Feral jumped down again and waited as T-Bone fired at the metal cover and blew it off with one of his missiles.

Relieved Feral once again scrambled up the ladder and out into the late afternoon sun. There was no one around. The silence was deafening. Keeping a modest distance from Feral, T-Bone hit his comm trying to raise Razor again.

To his relief after a moment his partner's voice boomed from his comm. 'T-Bone at last. Are you and Feral okay?'

"Yeah buddy were on the surface. We found our way through the tunnels but don't see anyone around." He told his partner.

"It's okay I've got your signal. Lt Feral and I are heading your way just stay there." Razor ordered.

T-Bone looked over at Feral and saw him pacing like mad, his body twitching violently. Sighing, he had no clue how to help Feral. He hoped the Commander had a mate or lover not too far away. Suddenly, a blast of gun fire sprayed the ground between them.

From a large all terrain vehicle that had just arrived from around the back of the factory another batch of strangers raced up. They stopped near Feral and yanked him inside, holding their weapons on him and T-Bone as they spun around to leave.

"He's in heat! He'll fetch a fortune in this condition. Let's get out of here!" T-Bone heard one of them shout as they raced past him going back the way they'd come. He could see Feral struggle violently, trying to escape.

Before they could get out of range, T-Bone pressed a button on his glovatrix firing a gas grenade into the speeding vehicle. There were screams of anger and fear as the driver lost control. It hurtled through a wall of the factory. Wood splintered and plaster exploded as it crashed through and continued on until it finally fetched up nose first into a stack of crates. The crates toppled and landed on top of the car crushing the top.

T-Bone rushed to the trapped vehicle, from behind him he heard his partner and Felina yelling something but he didn't stop to find out what they wanted. Reaching the vehicle, he saw two of the strangers had been tossed out and were obviously dead. Groaning could be heard inside the crushed interior.

Razor reached his side as he tried to clear the debris to free Feral. He could just be seen slumped on the floor with another of the strangers laying on top of him which is probably how he survived the crash.

"T-Bone back away a minute. We have to clear the stuff off the top if we're to get him out!" Razor shouted. The tabby quickly backed away as Razor blasted the broken crates off the top. Moving close again, Razor used his laser torch to cut the door away.

T-Bone dragged the dead body off Feral then he and Razor very carefully pulled the Commander from the wreckage. Felina walked beside them as they carried him further away from the vehicle in case it caught fire. Laying him down gently, they quickly checked him out.

Feral moaned and blinked his eyes open. Hovering over him was Felina and the SWAT Kats. It took him some minutes to remember what had happened. His body hurt in many places but it also throbbed in one place and that helped him snap alert quickly. He tried to sit up but his head spun.

"Easy, Uncle, just lay still! There's no telling what kind of injuries you sustained from the crash." Felina warned him, pressing her paw on his chest to keep him from rising.

Trying hard not to think about his other problem separate from his injuries, he squinted at Felina and asked, "Where's Viper? What's happening with those plant creatures?"

"Those crazy plants are destroyed but Viper got away again." Razor answered.

"We've had significant enforcer losses as well, Uncle." Felina said sadly. "We also have some dead from gunshots and I have to assume they were killed by those strangers. No one seems to know who they are and why they were shooting at us." She said annoyed and confused by the mystery.

"They weren't after the enforcers just one enforcer. Razor and I freed Feral from them twice and this was the third time they tried to nab him." T-Bone told Felina then glared at Feral. "Alright Commander, what's going on? Why did those creeps want you? And don't say you don't know because I won't believe you!" He snapped.

Exhausted, injured and in heat, Feral was in no real condition to fight with the SWAT Kat. To think he'd been able to keep this secret for weeks and now here he was. He could just say he didn't know but these three would never buy it and would keep after him for an answer.

Fainting now would be great right about now unfortunately his heated state was keeping him alert and despite his less than stellar condition, desiring the hunky tabby. 'Oh yuck! I can't be thinking that!' He groaned, disgusted with himself.

"Uncle, on some of my patrols, I've noticed an unusual amount of security, both black ops and strangers, surrounding this city. As soon as I spot them, they would vanish before I could get close. This has been going on since you returned from being kidnaped. I don't think it's a coincidence." Felina said flatly.

"Come to think of it, so have we!" Razor said thoughtfully.

'Aw crud! Spare me from overly observant vigilantes and relatives.' Feral thought resignedly. "Fine, only Ms. Briggs is aware of what happened. I want your word that no one else know about this!" He demanded feeling sick already that he would have to relive this incident again.

Frowning in surprise, the SWAT Kats looked at each other a moment then apparently coming to a silent agreement, they looked back at him and nodded.

"Of course, Uncle!" Felina agreed.

Closing his eyes, unwilling to see their expressions, he told them what had been done to him, the agreement with the tiger, who the Kamau Clan was and why he was now being hunted which was the reason for the security perimeter. His fists were clenched trying to hold back the rampant emotions racing through him on top of the intensely heated desire burning inside him. Lying here on the ground felt almost like the moment when he was helpless before the tiger. It wasn't a pleasant memory and he tried to get up again. This time he succeeded in sitting up.

It was then he realized no one had spoken since he'd stopped talking. He opened his eyes and wished he hadn't. Though he couldn't see their eyes, the SWAT Kat's body language showed their anger and sorrow for him. Felina was crying softly and had looked away. Swallowing he turned away from all of them and struggled to his feet. Shoving a helping paw he felt on his arm away roughly, he walked stiffly toward the front of the factory.

After a moment, the other three trailed after him. Some ten minutes of silent walking brought them to their vehicles. The Turbokat was parked in a field nearby, enforcer back up was taking care of the survivors and were investigating the scene for their reports. Lt Commander Steele was directing the activity with Feral's Sergeant standing by him. It was the Sergeant who saw them first and tapped Steele on the shoulder.

Steele turned and saw them and walked to meet them halfway. "Commander Feral you're alright."

"Report!" Feral barked.

"Yes sir! The wounded are being packed up to be shipped to the hospital and CSI are already doing the scene." Steele said briskly. "Clean up crews are due to arrive shortly."

"Good!" He said then winced as a particularly sore area of his back twinged.

Narrowing his eyes, Steele said, "Perhaps you should be seen too sir!" He commented carefully.

"I'll take care of myself, thank you. You're doing fine, Steele. Carry on! I'm signing out for the day." Feral grunted turning away from the scene and looking for his vehicle then remembered he and Felina had flown there.

As if reading his mind, Felina offered, "I'll take you home, Uncle."

"Fine, alright." He said heavily and walked toward his chopper.

Before they reached it though, a black limo raced up, stirring up a cloud of dust as it stopped sharply near them. The SWAT Kats ran up, on the alert for more trouble, glovatrix at the ready. Felina had already pulled her weapon. The door to the limo opened and a big silver and black tiger got out.

Feral gave a cry of relief upon seeing his mate, "Shakil!" He reached out for the tiger.

Shakil took two steps and swept Feral into his arms. "My beauty! Are you alright?" His melodic voice said in concern.

"I am now, please get me out of here." Feral murmured, his face buried in the tiger's neck fur.

Confused by all the weaponry pointed at him, Shakil shrugged mentally and concentrated on his obviously tired and dirty mate. "Yes of course but let me take you to my hotel room. You need to use the jacuzzi. It will make you feel better." He said softly.

"I hope it has good sound proofing." Feral muttered.

Shakil blinked not certain what he'd heard, "What's that love?" He asked.

"Nothing, let's go!" Feral said a little louder.

"As you wish." The tiger said and helped his mate into the limo. Closing the door behind him, he bade the driver to return to his hotel quickly.

Felina and SWAT Kats watched it leave. They were stunned by this turn of events, hadn't Feral just told them this tiger had been the one to cause all this trouble in the first place?

"Well, he did say that he and that tiger were making the best of a bad situation." Razor said shrugging his shoulders.

"Hope that was true because Feral's in heat and that tiger is in for a very busy night." T-Bone grunted in mild amusement.

Razor and Felina gaped at T-Bone in shock. Seeing their expressions, T-Bone laughed and told them what had happened in the tunnels.

"Well, crud! Poor Feral! It's not bad enough to be running for your life from creepy crawlies and slavers then be creamed in an accident but to be in heat as well..." Razor just shook his head in amazement.

"Yeah, he's had a really messed up day and it's going to be a wild night too. Wouldn't expect him back to work tomorrow, Lieutenant." T-Bone snickered.

She just shook her head at him. "I can't believe all that he's suffered. It explains why Ms. Briggs had him hospitalized. He had a small break down from the trauma now this happens. I hope he makes it through it alright in the end. I'd better get going! Thanks for your help and for saving his life." She said turning to head for her chopper.

"You're welcome, Lt. Feral and don't worry your Uncle's tough. He's managed to make it this far." Razor said encouragingly.

She nodded but didn't turn around and was soon taking her chopper into the air. The SWAT Kats ran to their jet and lifted away into the sky.

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Chapter 11: Oh What a Night! by ulyferal

On the way to the hotel, Shakil looked down at his exhausted mate. "Can you tell me what happened back there." He asked softly.

Sliding down until he was laying in the tiger's lap, Feral gave him a quick synopsis of what happened at the factory.

"Oh love, are you sure you don't need to see a doctor?" He asked worriedly.

"No! I hate hospitals!" Feral said bluntly.

"I can have my personal physician check you over in my hotel room. Please, I need to be sure you have no hidden injuries that adrenaline is hiding and once calm will appear at a bad time." Shakil urged his mate while caressing his face gently.

"Alright, if it will make you feel better." Feral sighed in defeat. "By the way, I'm in heat as well." He tossed out as an after thought.

Shakil stilled in shock. He sniffed the air lightly and groaned, 'Oh yes, and not just a mild heat but an intense one. Uly never did things halfway.' He thought excitedly. 'But first I must have him checked out then...what an evening this will be...' He thought giddily. He leaned down and kissed his mate's face and was rewarded by a low murmur of need from his tired mate.

Thirty minutes later they were pulling up to the five star, Megakat Elite Hotel. It was located not far from Megakat State Beach Park. The penthouse had a breathtaking view of the bay. Shakil helped his mate out of the limo, his guards alert and attentive at his side. They strode as quickly as Feral was able, to the bank of elevators.

Very quickly they arrived on the penthouse floor. The elevator opened onto a spacious foyer with a set of ornate doors across the white marble floor facing them. Their footsteps clacked loudly as the guards reached the doors and opened them. Shakil gently guided Ulysses through the richly appointed living area for an equally opulent bedroom. Feral wanted to head for the bed but the tiger steered him toward a door to the left.

Inside was an incredible bathroom. The huge tub could hold up to ten Kats comfortably. There was a huge walk in shower, a sauna, and dryer area. Shakil made Ulysses sit on a cushioned bench while he went to turn on the taps. Coming back to his mate's side he gently began to strip him. He paused a moment to reach for a phone on the wall to call his physician then returned to getting Uly's clothes off. By the time a trim looking Balinese male arrived with a doctor's bag in paw, Feral was wearing a robe and sitting drinking an herbal tea.

Dr. Benser examined Feral carefully. "If what I heard is true, Commander, you have been very lucky not to have more serious injuries. All I can find is some severe bruising, a lump on the back of your head and, of course, a very intense heat cycle. Though you could really use some rest, I know this cycle will not allow it." He sighed turning to the tiger standing anxiously nearby, "Please try to be as gentle as you can though this level of heat will make that extremely hard. Keep him hydrated and I would like to examine him afterward to insure he needs any care for tears and recheck his injuries." He told him. Turning back to Feral he asked, "How long is your cycle normally, Commander?"

"Only twenty-four hours." Feral murmured finishing his tea.

"Alright, then I will see you tomorrow evening. Now I'll take my leave of you. Good night." He said closing his bag and leaving them alone.

Taking Uly's cup from him, Shakil raised him to his feet, removed his robe then guided him to the tub and helped him climb in.

'Ohhh...this feels wonderful.' Feral sighed as he let the water soothe him but it also increased his

desire as he watched with heated eyes as Shakil climbed in to join him.

Shakil moved to Uly's side and was instantly assaulted by a wet mate. Ulysses wrapped his arms around the tiger's neck and began urgently kissing him. Shakil was startled but pleased, the dark tom had not willingly kissed since they began their tentative relationship. He was sorry that it was only due to his mate's heat cycle that Uly was willing to be this intimate but he would take full advantage of it anyway.

Ulysses was becoming more and more urgent in his movements. "Shakil...please...take me...it's too strong...I can't wait..." He panted writhing against the tiger's body wildly.

"As you wish, my beauty." Shakil growling excitedly.

Groaning, Shakil never dreamed he could get this hard this quickly. His mate's urgent movements and heady pheromone perfume were driving him insane. Without any further hesitation, he obliged his mate by plunging into Uly's hot channel. They both cried out when he buried himself to the hilt. Not wasting a moment, Shakil set a punishing rhythm that Uly matched frantically, trying to ease the intense ache in his womb.

Already too close to the edge, Uly came abruptly, screaming, squeezing Shakil's cock hard milking the tiger of his seed and making him roar. He collapsed, heaving for air on his mate's chest. Shakil's breath, washing across his face, made him shiver with desire and he began moving his hips once more, groaning. It was going to be a long night.

A couple of hours later, his mate nearly insensate, Shakil shakily heaved them both from the tub and under the dryer. When they were both mostly dry, he half carried, half walked Uly to the already turned down bed. He dropped his mate who sprawled limply across it and went to the mini fridge to get them some water. He brought extra bottles for later, mindful of the doctor's orders. Uly barely responded when he sat next to him and lifted the dark tom up enough to coax him to drink. Finished he rolled his mate to his side and spooned him from behind before dropping into exhausted slumber.

Around midnight, Ulysses' body began its demands again. Groaning with annoyance and burning desire, he felt his mate pressed up against his back. Rolling himself free, he pushed his mate on his back and began nipping and licking down the beautiful silver and black striped body. Shakil muttered sleepily and opened a heavy eyelid. He could smell his mate's renewed arousal and his body reacted to it. Growling with pleasure, Uly licked and sucked the emerging cock. Shakil moaned and shivered at the attention. 'What a wakeup call.' He thought blearily.

"Hmmm, my turn now." He rumbled deep in his chest as he reared up and pulled Uly to his face for a burning kiss. Uly didn't resist and hotly returned it, excitement racing through him as he rubbed his body against the tiger and felt his erection being pressed between their bodies adding to the thrill as well as the heady scent of Shakil's arousal filling his nose. He quivered from Shakil's deep kisses. It might be the heat driving him on but he couldn't deny how wonderful it felt being loved by the tiger. He'd never experienced such intense sensations in his other liaisons.

"Ohhh...Shakil...you smell so good..." He crooned rubbing his face against the tiger's.

"So do you, my beauty...so hot..." Shakil rumbled as he tasted one of Uly's small breasts.

Ulysses gasped at the shock wave it caused. He arched his back even more to allow Shakil access to more of his chest. Beneath him, he felt the hard pole of his mate's arousal. Mewing excitedly, he lifted up and sat down taking all of Shakil's cock at once. Because they were in a seated position, the cock drove much deeper than Ulysses had ever experienced before. He groaned at the incredible feeling as he rocked up and down on it.

Shakil gasped and moaned when Uly took him deep inside. It was fantastic, his senses were reeling as he dug his claws lightly into his mate's buttocks as Uly rocked up and down. Uly's

breasts were waving in front of his nose and he took full advantage of it sucking and licking them, hearing his mate's wild cries of pleasure. The fire spiraled higher and higher finally exploding like rocket fire. He clutched Shakil with claws and teeth as he came. The tiger roared and shuddered around him.

They rolled to their sides and Shakil pulled slowly free causing Uly to sigh in regret. Hugging his mate close he kissed him deeply as they caught their breath.

For the rest of the night and into the next morning they would mate and rest. By late morning, Uly was sore but unfortunately, his heat cycle was not completely appeased. He hissed in mild discomfort when he went to the bathroom.

Shakil had heard him and came into the room, "Aw love, you're too sore for more. Perhaps a soak will ease it a bit?" He asked softly as Uly stood and moved close.

"I wish! But I'm still in heat!" He sighed in frustration.

"There are other ways to ease your need, love. Allow me to show them to you." Shakil said softly guiding his mate back to their bed.

For the next few minutes, Shakil drove Uly out of his mind with lust bringing him to completion in both his male and female parts. As Uly lay on his side, still heated, panting to catch his breath, the tiger grabbed the tube of lube he'd retrieved earlier and spread it over his fingers and his mate's furless pucker. Gently he inserted a finger, Feral gasped at the strange sensation. Shakil carefully felt around until he found the gland inside. Feral gave a wild cry as a jolt of fire zipped through him.

Encouraged, the tiger inserted another finger and minutes later a third, by now Ulysses was begging Shakil to do something, anything to ease the rising intensity of pleasure.

"Shakil!..." He wailed tautly, his body quivering with need.

"What do you want, my beauty?" The tiger asked wickedly.

"Please...no more...I can't take anymore..." Feral whined and panted frantically.

"Oh you'll take more my love, I guarantee it!" Shakil rumbled lustfully as he pulled his mate to his paws and knees and prepared to mount Uly. Easing himself inward, he halted whenever Uly hissed with pain but didn't withdraw. It took some minutes but soon he was completely buried within his mate's rear.

Feral gasped in amazement at the feeling of possession by Shakil in this manner. He'd taken males but not allowed it done to him. Everytime the tiger hit that special spot, he thought his head was going to explode. It felt incredible. Shakil set an easy pace but it couldn't last long and soon he was forcefully pounding his mate into the mattress. They came screaming together, the after shocks causing them to shudder and tremble for minutes after.

When he could speak again, he nuzzled Uly's face tenderly, "How was that?"

"Fantastic...spectacular...do it again!" Feral panted joyfully.

"Insatiable!" Shakil said in amusement giving his mate's rear a light swat.

It wasn't until late afternoon that they finally woke from a few hours nap, hungry, sore but very satiated. Shakil ordered dinner and they ate sprawled comfortably on the huge couch in the living area while watching the evening news. A brief piece by Ann Gora of Kats Eye News told about the battle with Viper's plants. Feral sighed at that, wishing they hadn't lost that slimy reptile again.

A couple of hours later, Dr. Benser returned to reexamine Ulysses. He gave the Commander some anesthetic cream for his soreness and proclaimed him well enough to return to work the next day.

Now it was only a matter of waiting to see if the mating had been successful. Shakil hoped the unexpected battle with Dr. Viper had scared off the slavers enough to keep them away from Megakat City and his mate. All he could do was watch and wait.

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Chapter 12: Conspiracy of Hate by ulyferal

Now that the mating was over, the waiting began. Shakil had wanted desperately to stay in Megakat City near his mate but the clan had other ideas. After spending only two days with Ulysses he was sent off to a far off city on clan business.

Ulysses sighed, they were just getting to know each other better since the heat cycle broke the ice than any of the times they'd spent over the past two months. He shrugged off a surprising feeling of melancholy and dug into reports on the mess Viper and the slavers had made.

In the Kamau Clan enclave...

"This business with Shakil leaves a bad taste in my mouth. It's disgusting, vulgar and besmirches the Kamau reputation." An older tawny tiger rumbled from his huge oak desk in a richly appointed study.

"My cousin always had some nasty proclivities, Uncle." A crimson colored tiger in his thirties sneered drinking a glass of wine as he sat indolently in a leather chair.

"Yes, true. My spy here tells me the situation may get worse. It seems this male whore of Shakil's has just gone into heat. As of this moment, he may very well have conceived the kitten Shakil must have to consummate this union. The clan's stance is to watch and wait until a kitten is born. My nephew will receive no help during his whore's pregnancy. I am not inclined to wait until that male delivers. That kitten will never be born!" The older tiger snarled slamming a fist onto the desk setting everything on it to shaking.

"But Uncle, that flies in the face of clan law?" His nephew protested.

The older tiger's brow furrowed angrily. "It is the clan I am thinking of in this matter. No Kamau has ever taken a male as a mate and especially not the clan heir. Shakil is not bringing disgrace down upon us. We would be the laughing stock of the other clans." He snapped.

"Well what do you plan to do to stop it? You can't kill this male. He's too well known and holds a place of importance in that city." The younger tiger said reasonably.

"Whatever you might think of this male, I know for a fact he is a formidable warrior and has uncommon luck. The amount of danger he has faced in his five years as Chief Enforcer would have killed any one else. " A dark furred tiger mix interjected solemnly from where he stood in the shadows. "Just recently, luck favored him when Shakil spirited him away from the Tiger's Den and again when the slavers had him in their paws not once but three times but lost him to the omega that showed up unexpectedly and those vigilantes that rescued him. Trust me when I say, he will not be an easy target." He warned.

"Impressive, but it doesn't matter! The honor of the Kamau Clan will not be tarnished. I want that male watched carefully. If he is pregnant, I want every effort made to force him to abort it. He will be harried constantly, he will not know a moments peace until that occurs. I will ensure Shakil will not be around to protect him. See to it!" He snapped to his nephew and his spy.

The crimson tiger grimaced unhappily but nodded agreement and got up from his chair and left

with the tiger mix.

The older tiger turned to look out his window that overlooked the exotic gardens and ponds that were spread throughout the enclave. He brooded. 'My brother would let this go its natural course but he's a fool. He cannot see the damage such a union could cause the clan but I do and I will see to it that that male never becomes a Kamau Clan member.' He promised himself.

Two months later...

"I'd rather keep this a secret. If it gets out my life will be in even more danger not necessarily from your clan but from my enemies." Feral argued.

"But Ulysses, the pregnancy must be publicly announced just as the birth must be witnessed or the clan will not believe it." Shakil argued back urgently. "I agree the situation is not good considering who you are but unfortunately, it's necessary."

"I don't like it! You might as well put a bullseye on my back and say shoot me!" Uly snapped.

"I understand. I really don't like it either." Shakil soothed. This argument had only one outcome and Uly knew it but it didn't make either of them happy.

"We must get you to Megakat Hospital and have the test done there with the press on hand to validate it and the sooner we do this the better." The tiger said firmly escorting his mate to the door of Feral's temporary quarters in Enforcer Headquarters. He'd moved most of his valuables and personal things to this apartment due to the increased threat of his being snatched.

Feral had been extremely unhappy when his relationship with Shakil had been released to the public. It only increased his humiliation, though the public never learned anything about how the Commander ended up being mated to Shakil. His therapist helped him handle this added stress before it could overwhelm him. It didn't help that Shakil could not be around enough to ease it more gradually.

They rode together in silence to the hospital. Shakil had contacted Ms. Briggs and received her aid in setting up this press conference. Callie wasn't happy about putting Feral in further danger but she understood the reason this had to be done.

Megakat Salvage Yard...

"Hey Chance, look it's Feral!" Jake said having glanced up at the TV from the engine he was tuning.

"Huh!..."Chance grunted distracted from the fan belt he was reinstalling. He looked up at the TV as well.

They both listened as Ann Gora interviewed Feral and his mate Shakil with Ms. Briggs standing nearby. When it was over they looked at each other grimly.

"Great! As if his life wasn't already in danger from the slavers, being pregnant will make him an even bigger target for some of the omegas." Chance said sourly.

"They don't have a choice, Chance. I checked out the Kamau Clan, Shakil is from, buddy. Shakil must have a kitten to show if he wants to keep Feral as his mate. His clan will not protect or defend his choice until that kitten is born. Until then, Shakil must protect Feral at all costs. It's considered a right of passage for their males. The fact that Shakil has chosen a male has put him at odds with his clan. They couldn't keep it a secret because then the clan could accuse Shakil of manufacturing the pregnancy and birth to keep Feral. Everything must be publicly announced. I don't envy Feral at all." Jake explained shaking his head.

"Crud! I'm willing to bet Feral didn't like that part at all." Chance growled in sympathy.

"No bet! I'm certain he and that tiger had some hot words about it." Jake said with a snort as he returned to his engine.

Chance stood there thinking for some minutes, finally he said, "You know Jake, I think we better keep a closer eye on Feral. My instincts are screaming that he is in for a really bad time during his pregnancy." He said thoughtfully looking over at his partner to see his response.

Jake looked up in surprise and frowned a moment. "Yeah. I think you're right buddy. It feels weird to be so concerned over someone we hated so much. But after hearing what he's endured, I can't really be pissed at him anymore." Jake said quietly shaking his head.

"You're right there partner. It still makes me sick to think about it." Chance said wincing at the memory of what Feral had told them had happened to him.

Jake just nodded solemnly and they both returned to their work trying to put those unpleasant thoughts away for now.

Some two weeks later...

"Uncle, look out!" Felina shouted firing at something just over her uncle's head.

Feral ducked and saw a sniper fall from a warehouse window to the street. Everyone looked around warily for anymore surprises. They were here due to a botched robbery that had raced through downtown Megakat City to end here at the docks. The robbers had not been willing to give themselves up and had managed to escape their vehicle for a nearby abandoned storefront. They had been trading gun fire for some minutes when Felina had spotted the sniper. There were apparently no more hidden gunners and within ten minutes they finally captured the robbers.

Tired, Feral left the cleanup for Felina and had his Sergeant take him back to headquarters. Sighing, he ordered lunch to be delivered and got ready to sit at his desk when Steele burst in his office.

"Sir, we had a brief power outage over the whole grid and our backup didn't come on. I'm having the reason checked out now but the outage temporarily froze out computer core. The techs said nothing was lost and that it would be back up again within a couple of hours."

"Great! That's all I need for today. Have you checked to see if there was any sign of Hard Drive?" He asked wearily.

"Yes sir, Hard Drive is still in Alcatraz Prison." Steele answered promptly.

Feral blinked at Steele in surprise. "Who are you and what have you done with Steele?" He asked in amazement.

Steel blushed pleased that he had surprised the Commander with getting something right for once.

"Well, very good work Steele. I'm pleased and frankly surprised. If you'd only do this more often I'd think better of you." Feral rumbled. "Keep me apprised of the repairs. Dismissed!"

Smiling with pride, Steele saluted and smartly about faced and strode confidently out the door closing it quietly behind him.

Feral shook his head, 'Will wonders never cease...a near competent Steele.' He sighed and returned to the work on his desk.

Dusk was falling when he finally called it quits and left his office for his temp quarters. Yawning he unlocked the door and strolled in. He took off his coat and tie, dropping them on the couch nearby and removing his boots. He released his harness for his weapon and dropped it on the couch as well. The actual weapon was locked in his office, however, he'd begun to carry a smaller piece in a pants holster and a knife in his boot. He felt almost paranoid carrying so many weapons but he just didn't feel safe anymore even in Enforcer Headquarters.

Stretching, he padded silently for the kitchen planning on making himself a light dinner. He had just reached for the light switch when a flicker of movement caught the corner of his eye. He immediately dropped to the floor just as a silent shot thwacked into the door frame. Kicking out with his legs he caught the sniper, knocking his feet from under him.

He quickly reared around and pinned his assailant to the floor and clocked him one in the jaw. The male was out for the count. Panting, his heart hammering, Feral staggered to his feet and grabbed the phone nearby.

"This is Feral! Send a team and CSI to my quarters immediately then have Level One search initiated for the entire complex. An attacker was in my quarters, I want to make sure there are no others." He barked hanging up before hearing the acknowledgment from the surprised watch command.

He went back to his prisoner and held his small handgun on him in case he regained consciousness before help arrived. Within minutes, a small team of officers arrived at his quarters.

'This was getting ridiculous! Now he wasn't safe within Enforcer Headquarters but there was no where else he could go. I'm going to just have to step up security within the building.' He thought grimly, watching as the prisoner was hauled away and CSI began collecting evidence.

The next morning...

"Uncle, I heard there was some excitement here last night." Felina said looking her uncle over in concern.

"Yes! Someone tried to take me out last night in my quarters. The perpetrator has clammed up and made sure to leave no trace of where he came from, no ID, no listing of him from his finger prints, the ultimate invisible Kat." Feral snarled irritably.

"So we don't know if it's from the slavers, the omegas, the crime syndicate, or the Kamau's." Felina said grimly.

"Why did you add the Kamau Clan?" Feral frowned at his niece.

"It's a big clan, Uncle. I'd be surprised if there weren't someone unhappy about Shakil taking you as a mate. They might try to prevent the union forcefully." Felina said.

"I'm surprised that that didn't occur to us but I'm afraid you may be right, Felina." Feral said thoughtfully. "But I've increased security within Enforcer Headquarters and I have bodyguards that Shakil saddled me with so I don't see what else I can do. I refuse to be made a prisoner by these idiots." He growled.

"I understand Uncle and I agree that there isn't anything else we can do right now." Felina agreed with a sigh of frustration.

Salvage Yard...afternoon...

"Chance!" Jake hollered as he entered the garage.

"Yeah." Chance called back raising his head from under a car hood at the back of the garage.

"I just heard the recent gossip at Enforcer Headquarters when I dropped that sedan off." Jake said his face grim.

"By that look on your face, I'm guessing what you heard was bad...?" His partner grunted wiping his paws off on a rag.

Jake went to his side and growled, "Oh yeah, it's bad alright! Feral was attacked in his quarters last night. He's alright and his assailant is jailed but not talking."

"Well crud, how the heck did someone manage to get in. That place is almost like Fort Knox." Chance said in unhappy surprise.

"There was a power outage that knocked out their computers for a few hours. It's obvious to me, whoever has it in for Feral did it." Jake said angrily. "Feral's already cleaned house so he's safe again but there is no telling for how long."

"Man, this bites. None of this is going to stop until Feral has his kitten and whoever it is seems determined that that will never happen. We're all doing the best we can to cover his back. I don't see what else we can do, Jake." Chance said in frustration.

"I know, buddy but I'll tell you now...when we find out who is behind these sneak attacks, I'm going to make sure whoever they are will never forget the SWAT Kats." Jake growled angrily. "Feral should only have to worry about his pregnancy, not about staying alive."

Chance just raised a surprised eyebrow at his friend's unexpected fury. Wisely, he didn't respond to it and returned to his work. Jake grumbled to himself and went down to the hangar to work on the Turbokat to help him dump his anger.

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Chapter 13: When Protection Fails by ulyferal

Over the next few weeks that moved into months, Feral was constantly being targeted. He was saved by being alert, the sharp eyes of his bodyguards, his enforcers, and, surprisingly, the SWAT Kats. Shakil had used his own spies to try and find out who within his clan was targeting his mate but whoever it was kept themselves too well hidden.

Feral was four months pregnant. His belly was still small enough to hide within his coat. He lay stretched out on his side as he watched his mate strip for bed. Shakil had gotten into town only that afternoon and Feral found that he was beginning to hate their constant separations especially as his pregnancy progressed.

"That's a very pensive look on your face, my beauty." Shakil murmured as he lay down beside Ulysses.

"I find myself resenting our separations. I don't know if it's the damn pregnancy hormones or I'm just tired of being alone when I'm supposed to be mated." He grumbled.

"Ahhh, my love! I am soo sorry! I suspect my family is deliberately keeping us apart." The tiger said in frustration and sorrow. "I'm besieged constantly by willing females of the clan to take them and toss you. It truly disgusts me. I'm harassed on every trip I make. Whoever is behind this is insuring we are constantly under stress."

"That I can well believe." Feral rumbled irritably while rubbing his swelling abdomen.

His mate leaned forward and captured his lips in a passionate kiss. Feral sighed and rolled over on his back as Shakil loomed over him kissing and nipping his face and breasts. Feral was

continually amazed by how good the tiger made him feel. He no longer harbored negative feelings about how they had first met, only now mattered and he reveled in the pleasure Shakil gave him.

"Hmm, I love how you make me feel." He purred caressing the tiger's back

"You don't know how much that pleases me, my love." Shakil rumbled deep in his throat as he caressed his mate's changing body with undisguised joy and pleasure. He kissed Ulysses again deeply while trailing his fingers over his mate's genitals until he reached his soft folds. Uly gasped and moaned at his touch.

"Hmmm, so responsive you are beloved." He purred lustfully.

"Ohhh...Shakil...oooooo god..." Ulysses could only moan incoherently as Shakil drove him insane.

Several minutes of teasing brought his mate screaming. While Uly panted to catch his breath, the tiger drew his mate's hips up to get the proper alignment then plunged forward. Uly cried out and clutched Shakil hard, digging his claws in. The tiger groaned at the pricks of pain that only drove his passion higher. Thrusting firmly he quickly spiraled them higher and higher until Uly couldn't take anymore and came, squeezing down on his mate's hard cock as well as spraying his own seed on their pressed together chests.

Shakil rolled them over to their sides as they caught their breaths. He gently nuzzled his mate's face. Uly suddenly gasped and reached a paw towards his belly in surprise.

"Is anything wrong, love!" He asked anxiously.

"Nothing's wrong. Put your paw here." Uly said a smile of wonder growing on his face.

Confused, Shakil did as he was told and placed a broad palm over his mate's belly. Immediately, he felt a hard thump against his paw. A smile of joy spread across his face as he looked up into Ulysses' shining eyes.

"That makes it official, I guess." Uly said with a smirk.

"Oh my beauty, this is soo wonderful." Shakil whispered reverently.

"Glad you think so." Uly snorted. "It isn't your insides that are being pounded."

"So true! But it's wonderful nonetheless." He said joyfully and kissed Ulysses breathless.

Kamau Clan enclave...

"It's been four months, why haven't you succeeded?" The older tiger growled angrily.

"I did warn you sir that this would not be an easy thing to accomplish. Time and again the Commander has succeeded in avoiding serious harm." The tiger mix said unhappily.

"I refuse to believe that one Kat can avoid, outwit or defeat all that has been mounted against him. Surely someone has been able to get close to him?" The tawny old tiger snapped.

"We have had infiltrators in Enforcer Headquarters but they were quickly found out. We tried to sneak some into his doctor's office until he switched back to being seen at headquarters again. He now lives there 24/7 which makes it impossible to get at him. When he is out on missions, he is constantly guarded or those damn vigilantes show up just in time." His nephew snorted in frustration.

"Well then you are just going to have to be more cunning. Since the omegas of this city are always showing up, I suggest you listen to the Enforcer bands and be there when one of them appears and while this male is occupied make your move." The old tiger ordered coldly.

Neither of his guests made a comment. They left the study of the angry tiger quickly and silently. When they were alone in the nephew's quarters, only then did the crimson tiger give vent to his anger.

"Damn it! What does he think we are doing. We've already tried that route without success." He snarled furiously.

"He is as frustrated as we are about our failure. I'm not certain this is a battle the fates mean us to win." The tiger mix said flatly.

"It doesn't matter what we think, only what he wants matters." The crimson tiger snapped.

"Then we have no choice but to keep trying to catch Commander Feral when he is battling one of these formidable enemies. He is now restricted to ground vehicles only and not permitted by his own regulations to be on the front lines though he tends to ignore that often. It's that 'getting himself in the line of fire' that will insure a victory on our part." The tiger mix said grimly.

"You hope!" The crimson tiger said sarcastically but conceded that this was the only way.

Two weeks later...

"Kat's alive, what are those things?" Feral barked to no one in particular as he huddled in a stairwell of a building near the museum where the Pastmaster was making a very good effort at stealing something. The enforcers and the SWAT Kats could not get close to the museum because of some monstrous looking rock creatures that stood over twenty feet tall and were resistant to nearly everything the defenders threw at them.

Feral had been on the street in a tank when the creatures began tossing said vehicles like they were toys. The Commander barely escaped before his tank was lifted and thrown into another building nearby. He and his enforcers ran into this brick building and climbed up far enough to try and see what was going on. Watching from the stairwell window, he winced as more of his forces were trashed. He caught sight of the SWAT Kats making yet another pass at the monsters and again, their weaponry just bounced off the creatures tough hides.

"There's got to be some way we can bring those things down." He snarled bitterly to no one in particular.

"Razor, you've thrown nearly everything at those things and nothings worked. What are we going to do. Pastmaster should be coming out of there shortly and we can't stop him." T-Bone said anxiously.

"I have something new, but it's not tested yet and could do more harm than good." Razor said hesitantly.

"Well buddy, our options are gone so you might as well give it a try." His partner advised.

"Get in as close as you dare to one of the monsters located furthest away from the enforcers." Razor instructed as he jumped down into the cargo hold. He quickly put together a strange device and mounted it in the place of the x-ray machine. Moments later he had it installed and climbed back up into his seat. He quickly programmed his weapons console for the new weapon.

"Okay, buddy! There's your target at three o'clock." T-Bone warned him.

"Roger. Go to VTOL mode and hold it steady." Razor said and waited till his partner had done so

before targeting the monster. He pressed the trigger and a beam of deep blue light shot out from under the jet. It hit the monster dead center. For several seconds nothing seemed to be happening but suddenly there was a loud cracking sound and the monster crumbled to the ground.

"Yes!" Razor crowed. "Okay T-Bone let's get these suckers."

"Gotcha!" T-Bone yelled back and sent the jet to the next target.

"Well, wadda ya know! They finally found something that worked." Feral said in disbelief as his enforcers cheered then shaking himself from the sight he turned on his radio. "This is Feral! As soon as the SWAT Kats clear those things from the area, I want everyone to converge on the museum. Beware of Pastmaster's watch." He ordered. He watched for a few minutes more in fascination as each monster crumbled to dust under the blue beam then led his troops down the stairs for the outside.

Trapped inside the museum were a few tourists and museum personal. They had taken refuge inside an exhibit for rare antiquities from ancient times. The door was closed except for a crack that Dr. Sinian was peering out of. She knew the Pastmaster was in the dark ages exhibit and she and her personnel had done their best to round up the innocent parties and park them in here for their safety. So far, to her relief, no one had been hurt.

What she wasn't aware of was two visitors were shadowing Pastmaster, staying close but not so close as to attract the dangerous criminal's attentions. They weren't certain their quarry would try to confront this creepy person but they stayed close just in case.

Pastmaster was muttering to himself unhappily. So far he hadn't found what he was looking for paying no attention to the commotion going on outside. As long as the noise didn't move inside, he knew his minions were holding back the defenders just fine. Just as he was about to lose his temper, he found what he was looking for. He broke the glass and grabbed an odd crystal like thing shaped like a pyramid. Cackling with glee, he stowed it in a hidden pouch in his cape and turned quickly to leave.

As soon as he cleared the room, his watchers quickly followed. Pastmaster had just reach the main corridor for the entrance to the museum when a crowd of enforcers burst in. Growling with fury, the Pastmaster raised his watch but before he could fire another group, who had arrived through a back entrance, plowed into the little gnome from behind. The watch was thrown from his paw. Feral, coming in behind his troops, swooped down and picked it up.

The Pastmaster struggled furiously but was outnumbered. He was quickly bundled up then searched. The stolen artifact was found and handed over to the Commander. After having his officers sweep for damage, he looked for Dr. Sinian. His guards were trailing behind as the Commander walked down the corridor calling the doctor's name. He'd turned the corner just ahead of his guards and was unprotected for a few precious moments. The hidden pair jumped out and snatched him into another room, covering his mouth to prevent an outcry.

Startled and angry, Feral struggled furiously managing to knock one of his assailants away and dropping backward causing the one holding him to fall with Feral's weight pinning him down but before Feral could use this to his advantage the other attacker yanked the Commander up by his coat and pulled him to his feet.

Feral swung a fist at the Kat in front of him while out of the corner of his eye he saw the other one coming at him with something glinting in his paw. Guessing what it might be he whirled the opponent holding onto him around so that he knocked his partner away.

He had just gotten free of the assailant holding him and pulled his gun, when the other came at his back, at that moment the SWAT Kats burst into the room. They had been come in behind the enforcers that entered from the back entrance when they heard a scuffling noise behind a door

they were passing.

They charged the pair but were not in time to prevent the one at Feral's back from stabbing him. The Commander's weapon dropped from nerveless fingers and he followed it heavily to the floor, curling into a ball of agony. Furious, the SWAT Kats used their cement guns to pin the pair to the walls. Once the assailants were out of the way, they quickly dropped to their knees to render aid to the pale and panting Commander.

"Oh God no...my kitten...my kitten..." Feral moaned in fear and pain.

T-Bone and Razor looked at each other in horror, suddenly enforcers poured into the room. Some took the assailants into custody while Steele, Felina, and the Sergeant came close to see how badly injured the Commander was.

Steele sucked in his breath when he saw the knife sticking out of Feral's back. Jumping to his feet he pulled his radio out.

"This is Steele, medical alert! I need medical assistance at my location asap. The Commander is down...I repeat the Commander is down."

Moments later he received a response, "Medical team on the way, sir. Be there in five!"

"Roger!" Steele responded then returned to the huddled groups side.

"I sent for medical assistance. They say they'll be here in five minutes." He told the group.

Razor had taken out his medical kit and was doing what he could for the Commander. Felina was on the floor and resting her uncle's head in her lap while soothing him as much as she could. T-Bone just watched helplessly. He felt sick for Feral and prayed the knife had not hit the kitten.

"SWAT Kat, you may have to take the Commander to Megakat Trauma Center. It's a mess out there and would take far too long to get help in here." Steele said tightly.

T-Bone looked up at the second in command in surprise. This was the first time that he'd seen Steele actually do his job and truly be concerned for Feral's welfare. Steele's face was grim and angry. T-Bone nodded.

"No problem. As soon as the medics say he can be moved we'll get him there quickly." T-Bone told him, his own anger tightly reined.

At that moment, a medical team charged in with a stretcher. Checking Feral over and stabilizing the knife, they hooked him up to an IV.

"Okay! We need to very carefully lift him onto the stretcher without jostling the knife." The lead paramedic said.

T-Bone and Razor gently took his shoulders, Felina his head, the paramedics took his side and holding the knife from moving while Steele and another enforcer took his legs.

"On the count of three...one...two...three..." He intoned as they heaved the Commander up at the same time and gently lowered him onto the stretcher.

Despite their care, Feral cried out. Everyone felt bad about that but it didn't stop them from lifting the stretcher and hurrying him out of the museum.

"Wait..." Feral panted urgently. Everyone stopped in surprise. "The Pastmaster's watch is in my coat pocket as well as the stolen object..." He gasped and groaned. Felina carefully searched

and found the objects in question and handed them off to Steele.

"Don't worry sir, I'll take care of everything. Just worry about yourself." Steele said solemnly. "Go with him, Lieutenant." Steele ordered quietly to Felina who blinked at him in surprise then flashed a look of thanks before running after the stretcher.

They took off again and loaded him into the Turbokat. T-Bone rushed him there as fast as he dared without going to any high gs. When they arrived, a team rushed out and Feral was placed on the stretcher and all on a gurney and moved rapidly into the trauma center.

The SWAT Kats moved their jet to another building and returned to guard the Commander. Someone was obviously after him and they wouldn't leave until he was out of danger. Felina remained outside the doors of the treatment room when the SWAT Kats returned and joined her. She was grateful for their presence.

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Chapter 14: Keeping Watch by ulyferal

"Commander, I'm Dr. Erhardt. How many months pregnant are you?" An orange tabby asked Feral as he checked him over.

Groaning in pain, Feral gasped, "Almost five months."

"Okay, just try to relax as much as you can. I'm going to do a quick ultrasound to see how the kitten's doing then you're going to be taken upstairs to surgery to remove the knife." Dr. Erhardt told him quietly.

"I want a chem panel done stat and has a surgery room opened yet?" He asked the room at large as he prepared Feral's belly for the ultrasound.

"They say one will be open in five minutes, doctor." A nurse said rolling the machine to the bedside.

"Good!" The doctor grunted. "Someone get the lights. Alright let's take a look."

For several agonizing minutes, Feral waited to hear whether his kitten was alright while unrelenting pain throbbed through his body.

"Well, Commander we got lucky. The knife entered the abdomen and halted in your intestines. The kitten is fine."

Feral felt instant relief at that pronouncement. The doctor cleaned off his belly, gently pulled the sheet back up.

"Alright, let's get him ready to move." He ordered. The room became ordered chaos as Feral's bed and medical paraphernalia were gathered up and he was rolled out of the room.

Felina was pacing nervously outside the treatment room while the SWAT Kats watched her sympathetically. Suddenly the doors to the room burst open and Feral was rolled out. He looked pale and his face was shadowed with pain.

"Uncle?" Felina called hesitantly.

Dr. Erhardt came up behind the gurney and halted only a moment. "It's alright Lieutenant. Your uncle is going up to surgery now to get the knife removed. The kitten is fine." He smiled comfortingly before turning to join the group heading for the elevator.

Felina felt relief at that news but was still worried about the surgery. T-Bone and Razor moved

closer to her.

"Think we better get up there too, Lieutenant." T-Bone said quietly guiding Felina toward the elevators.

"Thanks guys for hanging around." Felina smiled wanly.

"Just wish we could have gotten there quicker. We're not leaving until he's out of danger and his enforcer bodyguards are here to take over." Razor said seriously.

They reached the surgical floor. As they walked to the waiting area they received many a gaping look but they were far too grim to notice and no one was willing to approach them as they waited for the Commander to leave surgery.

In another country...an hour later...

Shakil was conducting a business meeting on certain trade agreements his clan had with this company. He had just finished his clan's desires and opening the session for questions when a figure burst in hurriedly and rushed to his side.

The small brown furred Kat muttered something to Shakil that the others couldn't hear but whatever it was had made the tiger pale with shock. "When did this happen?...How bad is it?" He blurted anxiously.

"I only know that it happened a little over two hours ago, sir, and that he is in surgery at this moment at Megakat Trauma Center." The Kat told him.

"The kitten...is it alright?" Shakil asked urgently, he felt his heart tighten with worry.

"I'm sorry, sir, I do not know!" The Kat said unhappily.

"Is something wrong Mr. Kamau?" One of the company leaders asked in concern.

"My apologies for the disruption. I've just been informed that my mate has been seriously injured. I must go to his side immediately." Shakil said gathering his papers.

"Of course, sir. I sincerely hope your mate will recover and do not worry. We will fax any questions we may have to you. Please do not concern yourself." The leader said.

"Thank you for your understanding!" Shakil said quickly, taking his leave, nearly running to the elevator followed by the small Kat. He pulled his cell out. Summoning his guards and his car he then called for his jet to be ready for takeoff immediately. His heart was in his throat and unshed tears filled his eyes as he prayed his mate and kitten would be alright as he rushed to be by Ulysses' side.

It was two and half hours later when a distraught tiger's jet finally landed at Megakat International Airport. As he dashed down the ladder a limo was waiting. He jumped in with his bodyguards and ordered the driver to take him to Megakat Trauma Center quickly. As the limo raced from the outskirts of the huge city for the downtown area, Shakil dug his claws into the upholstery in agonized tension.

It took about thirty more minutes before the limo pulled up at the front entrance of the hospital. Shakil shadowed by his guards strode up to the main reception desk.

"Excuse me. I was informed my mate, Commander Ulysses Feral had been brought in with a knife wound. Can you tell me where I might find him now?" Shakil asked trying hard to keep his voice steady and calm.

"Yes sir, just a moment and I'll see what his status is..." The receptionist murmured quietly, entering the patient's name. "Pardon me sir but I must see some identification. Commander Feral is under major security measures and is receiving a very restricted list of visitors." She told him, eyeing the security alert notice on her screen then looking up at the visitors.

"I am grateful to know that. His life has been in danger for months. Here is my ID." The tiger said graciously, handing over his wallet. "These two gentlemen are my bodyguards." He added.

"Thank you, Mr. Kamau. You are permitted to see your mate, however, I'm sorry your guards must wait here. We have our own security there so you should be safe enough." She said firmly.

"I understand. That is no problem." Shakil said agreeably, signaling his guards to wait here, though by their faces he could tell they weren't happy about it.

"Thank you for your cooperation, sir. Commander Feral was taken to the surgical recovery floor about ten minutes ago. That is the fourth floor, room 402." She told him politely.

"Thank you!" Shakil said with relief turning away from the desk and quickly heading for the bank of elevators. When the doors opened on the correct floor he was stopped by a pair of grim faced enforcers. He showed his ID once more, they checked it against a list one of them was holding, then he was permitted to continue on.

He quickly found the correct room and entered. His mate lay pale and sleeping on the hospital bed. He was connected to many pieces of medical apparatus. Sitting next to him on a chair was his niece, Felina Feral. Standing behind her was the Deputy Mayor. Eyeing him from the wall near the door were the SWAT Kats. He nodded at them in grateful relief. He couldn't think of better protectors than these two. He moved to the bedside.

"How is he?" He asked Felina as he reached out to take his mate's paw anxiously.

"He'll be alright. He was very lucky, the knife nicked a few loops of intestine but never got close to the uterus so the kitten is fine. He was awake for just a few minutes. The doctor says he'll be out of it for most of the night. I'm glad someone told you and you were able to get back here." Felina told him warmly. "I would have notified you but didn't know how to reach you." She added apologetically.

"That's quite alright, Felina. I have watchers on Ulysses and one of them brought the message, unfortunately he couldn't tell me if the kitten was alright. Thank you for letting me know." Shakil said smiling wanly at her. "Would you tell me what happened?" He asked.

"Actually the SWAT Kats were the ones on the scene." Felina told him.

Shakil turned his head to look at them. Razor nodded and quickly told the tiger what had transpired.

"I really wished we could have gotten there just a few minutes quicker." Razor said bitterly.

"Don't berate yourself, at least you and your partner did get there and I thank you most humbly for saving my mate. I'm also very grateful to you both for your extra vigilance on his behalf. I can never pay my debt to you for that willingness on your parts." Shakil said warmly.

"Hey. We're just glad we can be of help. Anyway, now that his enforcers are here to keep watch, Razor and I really need to get home and get some rest. We'll be keeping an eye on the hospital while Feral is here." T-Bone told him brushing off the thanks. "Would you like a lift to Enforcer Headquarters Lieutenant?" T-Bone asked Felina.

"Thank you, I'd like that. There's nothing more I can do here tonight." She said smiling tiredly.

"I should go as well. Let me know if you need anything, Mr. Kamau." Callie said quietly.

"Thank you Ms. Briggs, I will." Shahil smiled warmly.

Nodding at the tiger in farewell, everyone left him alone with his sleeping mate.

"Oh, love you've frightened me to death. I've never been so terrified before. I was a nervous wreck racing back. My father is going to be furious that I left that meeting so quickly. I could care less. As long as you are here, I am not leaving your side." Shakil murmured to his mate leaning down to softly kiss his forehead.

A nurse came in to check Feral a few hours later and smiled softly at the sight of the huge silver and black tiger with his head next to his mates and sound asleep. She did what she needed to do without disturbing either Kat and left quietly.

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Chapter 15: Dark Dealings by ulyferal

His mouth felt like cotton and everything ached especially his back. He moaned and tried to change position but hissed when pain shot through him.

"Easy my love, you mustn't move too much. Here let me raise the bed just a little. Let me know if it causes you too much discomfort." Came the smooth tones of his mate.

He felt himself rise slowly, he hissed again when he reached a certain point. It eased immediately when Shakil relowered the bed a little. He felt a straw being pressed against his mouth and he immediately sucked at it. 'Oh water never tasted this sweet.' He sighed. His eyes felt gummed together so it took a couple of tries and an attempt to wipe at them before he felt a warm, wet cloth being used on his face.

He finally could open his eyes and saw Shakil leaning over him anxiously. "Shakil" He whispered huskily.

The tiger smiled in relief. "Thank god you're getting better, Ulysses. I've been beside myself with worry since my arrival. It's mid afternoon of the next day by the way. You've been sleeping for a long time. You woke briefly a couple of times but you weren't really aware. I'm sure you don't even remember." Shakil rambled on uncharacteristically.

Uly realized just from that, how upset and afraid his mate had been. Though his limbs still felt like lead he reached slowly and touched his mate's paw. "S'lrigh" He breathed softly. "They didn't succeed...again. Sooo tired of them trying so often, though." He panted heavily.

"Please love, don't talk too much. It's tiring you. Yes I quite agree, I'm fed up with the constant attempts on your life. I'm staying right here until you are better." Shakil said firmly.

"Your father..." Uly said questioningly.

"He can shove it!" The tiger snarled angrily. "It's because of the clan that you are in so much danger and I cannot be considered your protector if I am not at your side protecting you. How do they expect me to pass my rite of passage if I'm failing to defend my mate. They will just have to try and drag me away because that is the only way I'm leaving your side." He said with finality.

"Good!" Uly said pleased. He was never happy that his mate was constantly away from him. He could never really let his guard down.

The Kamau Enclave...

"You failed!" The old tiger roared throwing a paperweight at his nephew who ducked. He

covered to the floor trying to avoid any further chances of injury from his irate Uncle while trying to explain the failure of the attack on Feral.

"He was stabbed in the back but again those damn SWAT Kats and his enforcers prevented a repeat blow to insure the kitten would be damaged." The crimson tiger explained.

"I'm tired of your excuses! It's time I took matters into my own paws and showed you youngsters how its done." He snapped furiously seating himself again.

"But Uncle, you could be exposed..." His nephew tried to say.

"Nonsense!" The old tiger snapped. "I was very good at these sorts of things when I was your age. My age does not prevent me from using that skill again. We will have to wait for the right moment again. I chaff at the time that gives that Kat to carry that abomination but there is no choice. Shakil and those defenders are on too high an alert right now. Go! Keep me apprised of that Kat's every move and report to me regularly." He ordered his nephew then turned his chair to face the gardens and fumed.

His nephew quickly scuttled out of the room. He was humiliated and furious with his uncle. That old tiger just didn't realize what he was up against. If any city was said to be jinxed it was Megakat City. He was beginning to believe the half-tiger's assertion that Feral led a charmed life. That was the only reason to explain his constant ability to defy the odds in that accursed city.

Two weeks later...

He felt like he was some countries important leader the way he was literally surrounded by security when he was released from the hospital. Even the SWAT Kats were keeping an eye high above them. All he could do was shake his head in disbelief. It seemed strange to think that he was that well thought of that so many wanted to protect him.

He climbed into the specially reinforced limo with Shakil and Felina at his side. They were headed for Enforcer Headquarters. Shakil was willing to forego his luxuries to keep his mate safe though he did request a few modifications to Uly's formerly small quarters. The tiger, of course, footed the bill so that the city wouldn't have to cough it up.

Shakil had one arm around his shoulders holding him close. He was a bit clingy but Uly couldn't be upset with him. He had received a terrible scare, both of them had, and a little over possessiveness was to be expected.

Ulysses sighed and leaned against the tiger's body. Despite resting for two weeks, he still tired easily. The doctor told him it was the pregnancy as well as his injuries and that he would have to take many naps until he was fully healed. Nothing would speed it along faster.

They arrived at Enforcer Headquarters and was greeted by a cordon of enforcers leading from the car to the entrance. Feral sighed in aggravation. There were better uses for his enforcers than guarding him but held his piece. It would do him no good anyway. He moved slowly up the stairs and through the main doors. At least here the business of law enforcement was being conducted as usual. A few officers saluted and there were many calls of welcome from others as he made his way to the elevators.

He wanted to go to his office but Shakil pressed the button for quarters, he sighed again. Shakil looked at him sympathetically but was unyielding about where he wanted his mate to be right now. Grumbling softly, Feral walked down the hall to his, now shared, quarters. Shakil unlocked the door and Feral stepped into a surprise.

Enforcer quarters were spartan at best. The officers decorated them with homey touches but it didn't alter the utilitarian look of them. Shakil had contractors alter their quarters to look like a five star hotel. The walls were painted in earth tones and had various expensive paintings on them.

The furniture was expensive and comfortable. An up-to-date electronics setup was in the entertainment cabinet. Wandering into the bedroom, which had originally been another apartment, was a larger than kingsize bed and other richly appointed furniture.

He sat down on the bed in bewilderment. Shakil sat next to him and placed an arm around his waist and nuzzled his neck.

"Does it meet your approval, love," He murmured.

"It a little over done, don't you think? This is supposed to be a barrack not a hotel." Feral muttered a bit put out.

"Considering you must reside here for some time to come, I didn't think there was any reason to be uncomfortable or cramped. I think the interior designer did a wonderful job sprucing these quarters to be more liveable." Shakil said coaxingly.

"I suppose so!" His mate sighed.

"Here, if you wish to go to your office today, then I insist that you nap a little right now," the tiger said pulling his mate's coat off then his boots. He pulled his mate carefully onto the bed more fully and laid a light blanket over him. "I promise to wake you in an hour or so." He murmured leaning down to kiss Feral's cheek then left the room after closing the curtains.

In the dim room, Feral sighed yet again. He had been doing that a lot lately, especially now that he was pregnant. Even if he wanted to object, his body had other ideas and very soon, he was sound asleep.

In a different country...

An old tiger sat in a darkened corner of a small elite restaurant waiting. He had a bottle of high quality, expensive wine before him. He griped the base of his filled wine glass and his forbidding expression insured he would not be disturbed unless he signaled otherwise.

It was some ten minutes later when a tall, willowy female came in. She wore a business suit of deep blue and over that an overcoat of black leather. Her boots were thigh high and clicked authoritatively as she strode across the floor toward his table. Her cold blue eyes focused on the old tiger as she approached the tiger.

"You are Blackfire?" She asked flatly in a low accented voice.

"Yes and you are Turmoil?" He questioned back.

She nodded and sat down in a chair opposite him but with her back facing a wall. Her avenue of escape unimpeded.

"Would you care for some wine? It's a very good vintage." He offered.

She nodded sharply, her eyes looking him over as she reached for her now filled glass.

"You wanted to speak with me. Why?" She asked getting straight to the point.

"I have a proposition for you. A certain prominent person in Megakat City is a serious slap to my clan. I don't want this person dead but I do want what he carries destroyed. If he dies in the process..." He shrugged his shoulders eloquently, "...well those things happen. He is a thorn in your side as well...or at least one of them. I'm willing to make it worth your while. Money is no problem. I have many connections that can get you back in the air and with a force to be reckoned with." He said watching her reaction closely.

Turmoil's eyes narrowed as she considered the tiger's offer.

"Who's the target?" She asked bluntly.

"Feral!" He spat distastefully.

"The female or male?"

"Male."

"You said you wanted what he carries killed but not him. What do you mean?" She asked sipping her wine and looking puzzled.

"He is an hermaphrodite and is five months pregnant." He said flatly drinking more of his wine.

Her eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Well, that is certainly news to me!" She said shocked.

"Are you interested?" He asked impatiently.

"What are you offering?"

He named a figure. She sucked in her breath and went still. She looked at him hard. It was apparent that this old tiger had it in for Feral to be willing to put out that kind of money.

"How soon do you want this done?" She asked already planning how she would accomplish it.

"Within a week!"

She jerked her head up and back. "No way! I wouldn't have time to gather some troops and equipment to do the job." She protested.

"Not a problem!" He cut her off. "I can provide you a small force right now. All you have to do is be a very big distraction. I have another person in mind to further cause havoc in Enforcer Headquarters where Feral is under near constant guard." He explained. "My own people are going to be the ones to do the actual deed not you."

"Aah! I see!"

"Interested?" He demanded again.

She smiled ferally, "Yes."

He nodded pleased, "I will send you the particulars by late tonight. Will you be at the number you gave me?" He asked.

"Yes. I'll be standing by. It is a pleasure doing business with you." She said simply then rose to her feet and took her leave.

He stayed some fifteen minutes longer before finally leaving himself. He had someone else to see tonight.

Enforcer Headquarters...evening...

He could barely stand on his feet, even though he had only worked a few hours, he was completely wiped.

He stepped into his quarters, Felina, who had been his guard, bid him a quiet good night and a promise to collect him in the morning. He nodded at her warmly then closed the door.

From what used to be a bedroom, he heard his mate speaking on the phone. Shakil had turned the small room into his office.

He went to the open door way and leaned against it. His mate looked up and saw him. He continued to talk as he got up from his seat and went to Ulysses' side and pulled him against his chest in a gentle, supportive hug.

Feral sighed and leaned against his mate's willing body. It felt strange to feel so comfortable in this tiger's arms now considering how their relationship had begun.

He liked the feel of being protected and comforted when he needed it. Shakil hung up the phone and tossed the phone onto his desk. He turned his face to his mate and gave him a warm kiss.

"You are very tired, my beauty. Have you eaten?" He asked softly as he guided his exhausted love to their bedroom.

"No, no yet. I can't believe how tired I am." He complained not caring that it sounded like whining.

"Then I must rectify that oversight immediately. But first let's get you into a shower. I wish you could soak in a tub, but, alas, that is forbidden to you right now." Shakil said regretfully as he helped his mate to sit on the bed.

"You start undressing and I'll start the shower." He told his mate.

When he returned, Uly had removed his uniform shirt and pulled off the t-shirt he wore underneath. He moved stiffly, a waterproof bandage was spread across his wound on his lower back. Shakil helped him remove his boots and pants. Helping him to his feet he pulled Uly's underwear down and off.

The tiger wrapped his arm around his mate's waist, careful of his sore back and helped him into the shower. He stripped his own clothes off and stepped in. He gently washed Uly making his mate hold the wall for support as he quickly shampooed him. Rinsing him off, he reached past his mate to turn off the water then aided Uly to the dryers.

Dry, he put light sleep wear on Uly and sleep pants on himself and a robe. He tucked Ulysses into bed, propped by a mound of pillows. He gave the brown tom the remote so that he could watch TV while the tiger made dinner.

Shakil had already preordered a meal and it was in the oven staying warm. He quickly served up the food and poured a couple of glasses of milk and placed it all on a tray. He carried it to the bedroom. His mate was nearly asleep when he placed the tray on the bed.

"Here you go love. I know you're tired but you need to eat first." Shakil coaxed.

"It smells good and I am hungry." Ulysses sighed softly quickly tucking into his food.

It didn't take long to finish. Shakil took away the tray and set it down. He reached over and helped his mate get settled, placing pillows in strategic places. After putting away their dishes and tidying up, he went back to finish up some last minute work before finally crawling into bed and spooning his mate from behind.

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Chapter 16: Setting a Trap by ulyferal

Megakat City... Theater district...

Some hours later, the old tiger was sitting in a private box watching a performance of *Le Chat*. A well dressed young male slid into a seat beside him. He was nervous and kept pulling at his tie

uncomfortably as if a suit was not his usual style of clothing.

"Relax, enjoy the show." The tiger admonished his young visitor.

"I hate these kind of things." The young tom muttered unhappily.

"Pity!" The tiger drawled, his voice cold as a glacier. The young male went still, fear making his fur rise.

They sat silently, the tiger watched the play intently, the young tom fervently wishing he was elsewhere. Finally, intermission arrived. The tom made a move to get up but was stayed by a hand gesture from the tiger. He reseated himself uneasily.

"I have a proposition for you. I can allow you revenge on a certain someone who is a deterrent to your endeavors." The old kat murmured quietly.

"Who would that be and what's in for me?" The young tom asked nervously.

"A tidy sum for your participation and it's the Chief Enforcer." The tiger said bluntly.

The young tom's eyes widened then narrowed suspiciously. "How much and what would I be doing and just so you know, I don't kill." He growled.

"I'm aware of your limitations. You are to be a diversion, nothing more," The tiger said quietly and named a payment that made the tom choke.

Swallowing nervously, the young kat said hesitantly, "And if I refuse?"

The tiger's cold eyes narrowed, "That would be very bad for you. It would be easy for me to have you turned over to the Enforcers who I believe are looking for you."

A flash of anger sparked in the young tom's eyes before quickly being suppressed.

"You don't give me much choice." He hissed.

"No," was the icy response.

"Fine. When and where?" He asked resigned.

"Enforcer Headquarters and I will inform you of the day and time later tonight. Be at the number you gave me tonight." The tiger said. "You may go now."

Hard Drive scrambled from his seat as if he'd been shot and quickly disappeared in the crowd returning to their seats for the second half of the show.

Another tiger took the seat Hard Drive had left. "You sure you can trust that small time creep?" He asked a bit concerned.

"It isn't he that double crosses but the criminals he associates with. For a small time criminal, he has some surprising scruples left. He's just not particularly smart in being a criminal." The tiger said, a satisfied smile on his face. "Is everything ready?"

"Yes Uncle. The small fleet you needed is fueled and the pilots ready and waiting. My associate has reviewed the plans for Enforcer Headquarters and he feels confident he can get us to where we need to be when the power goes haywire and she attacks." He reported briskly.

"Excellent!" The tiger said, pleased. He returned his attention to the play.

Morning...Enforcer Headquarters...

Feral woke up still tired and aching but he got up and dressed anyway despite his mate's objections.

"You should not be pushing yourself. It is not good for your wound or your pregnancy." Shakil said annoyed by his mate's stubbornness.

"I have much work to finish and reports and tasks I need to delegate to others before I am unable to do it myself." Feral said firmly though he winced when he tried to put his shirt on.

Shakil moved quickly to his side and helped him. He sighed and pulled Ulysses to him for a moment, nuzzling his face. "You worry me endlessly, my beauty."

"I can't change what I am, Shakil. You will just have to accept that." Feral said softly nuzzling him back. Nodding reluctantly, Shakil released him and escorted Ulysses to breakfast.

Across town at Megakat Salvage Yard...

Jake was fussing with the engines on the Turbokat while Chance was loading ammo aboard. The garage was quiet so they were using the time to do maintenance and prepare the jet.

As Chance returned from the loading chamber, Jake called to him. He stopped and came close to the engine Jake was fiddling with.

"You know its been too long since the last attack on Feral. He's getting bigger and I can't see the one trying to end the pregnancy waiting too much longer. At this point, trying to destroy the kitten will kill Feral as well. It makes me very uneasy." Jake said tightly.

"Yeah, you're right. I feel a little edgy too. Like the clock is ticking. It's hard to wait for the bastard to try again." Chance said his voice a little lower showing his tension.

"That's what makes it worse is the increasing tension of waiting. It can make us careless." Jake warned. "I have a strong suspicion we will see some action any time now."

Chance just grunted in agreement and went to continue loading missiles.

Enforcer Headquarters...mid afternoon...

Jake would be unhappy to know time had run out. It was just after lunch, when the electronics in the building went nuts. Lights blinked, power fluctuated, computers flickered and spouted gibberish, elevators worked intermittently, and security systems opened and shut doors with no rhyme or reason. The worst was cell doors opening and closing causing chaos in the cell block. The tower could not direct air traffic because their computers kept malfunctioning. They warned off aircraft that were already airborne and cancelled flights that were supposed to be taking off.

As this was going on, other alarms went off. Coming at the building was a small fleet of aircraft. When they got close enough, bullets spit and broke countless windows and sent flight crews scurrying for cover on the flight line. The tower tried to send a mayday but their radios were out.

Using cell phones only, sections were able to speak to each other but that only helped ease the panic but not help launch planes. Using his cell phone, Feral called the flight deck and had his gunners man the cannons on the roof. They had to get there by using the stairs. Very soon, he heard the guns fire at the small, fast jets.

The noise alerted a nearby news chopper and Ann Gora had her pilot get as close as he dared while she captured the battle at Enforcer Headquarters.

It was her live broadcast that alerted the SWAT Kats.

"Crud, Chance look at the TV!" Jake shouted at his partner from his position on the wing of the jet.

"Damn, we've got to go. Stop messing with that and close it up." Chance said sharply running to change his clothes.

Jake quickly closed the engine cowling, pulled the ladder away and stowed the tools quickly then he too rushed to change clothes. T-Bone was already waiting for him on the jet. Razor leaped into his seat and his partner closed the canopy and began to taxi out of the hangar.

Within minutes they were airborne and heading for the embattled enforcers.

In Feral's office, Shakil had run up the stairs and arrived in his mate's office just as glass sprayed inward. He dove on top of his mate and covered him. Moments later, he got up and help his mate to his feet pulling him to leave. As Feral resisted leaving, two strangers rushed into the office. They both were dressed as ninjas and rushed the two.

Shakil pushed his mate behind him backing them up to his pedestal desk. One opponent tried to end run around the silver tiger to get at Feral. What he didn't know was Feral's cell phone was still open to the flight line. The officer there heard the attack and contacted Lieutenant Feral.

Feral ducked the attack coming at him and made it under his desk before the other could snatch at him. Shakil roared in fury as he wrestled with the other, bigger opponent. He was stabbed in the arm but he ignored it and fought harder.

Under the desk, Feral kicked out at his attacker catching the other in the jaw and knocking him back.

Outside, the SWAT Kats had arrived and were engaging the small fighters. Some of the patrolling choppers had also returned to the area and were trying to protect the building from any further attacks.

Inside, Felina had finally arrived as well as the Sergeant who had been alerted by Feral's secretary. They charged into the room. The Sergeant immediately went for the attacker battling Shakil while Felina went after her uncle's opponent.

Shakil's attacker managed to stab the silver tiger in the chest causing Shakil to stagger back gasping. The Sergeant used his drawn laser to shoot the knife from the attacker's paw then slammed his weapon in the other's skull dropping him. Seeing he was definitely out for the count, the Sergeant quickly went to the tiger's aid.

Felina had drawn her weapon and fired as the assassin made a last effort to reach her uncle under the desk. Feral used his chair to slam the kat back and Felina's laser finished him off.

Panting hard, Feral crawled out from under his desk. Felina helped him to his feet and held him when he swayed a bit. He looked around and saw Shakil on the ground with a knife in his chest.

"Nooo...Shakil...," he cried in anguish dropping to his knees beside his mate.

The Sergeant was applying pressure around the wound and Shakil was still conscious.

"You are alright, my beauty?" The tiger said thickly.

"I'm alright but you...," Feral said tightly taking one of the tiger's paws in his.

"I've come too far for a knife to take me. Don't fear for me, my love." Shakil said tiredly.

Using her uncle's cell phone, Felina called for the medics.

Outside the battle had ended with most of the enemy jets destroyed and two of them were captured by the SWAT Kats and put down on the flight line where the enforcers angrily grabbed the pilots and arrested them.

The SWAT Kats asked the controller if Feral was alright. They were informed that the Commander's mate had been injured. T-Bone told them they would be willing to transport. The flight controller acknowledged and passed the word.

The medics finally arrived to take charge of the badly injured tiger. He was stabilized as best they could under the circumstances and then transported downstairs to the waiting Turbokat.

Razor monitored the loading as T-Bone got back into his cockpit and prepped for takeoff, calling the trauma center to warn of their plans to land at their chopper pad and insure it was cleared.

Razor made sure the gurney was secured and pulled down jump seats for the traveling medics, Felina and Feral. Once he was certain everyone was secured, he climbed up to his seat and gave T-Bone the go ahead.

Feral ordered a blackout on who had been injured. Whoever ordered the attack was still out there and he was determined to draw out the guilty party at the hospital.

When they arrived, he ordered that Shakil be covered so that no one could see who was being brought in and ordered tight security. Then he took his jacket off and put a tarp over his head that Felina had pinched from the SWAT Kats supplies.

Before they left to follow the gurney, they spoke hurriedly to the SWAT Kats. They nodded grimly in agreement and as soon as the last of their passengers departed, the Turbokat took off.

They didn't go far. They took the jet out of sight of the hospital and landed it on a roof only after depositing a cyclotron on the ground first. Rapelling down from the roof, they mounted the bike and tore off back to the hospital.

Meanwhile, Shakil was wheeled into a private trauma bay and only those medicals needed were allowed in. It was determined that the tiger needed surgery and he was covered and guarded the whole route.

The SWAT Kats arrived as Shakil was wheeled into surgery. They stayed out of sight as much as possible so that they wouldn't scare off their quarry. The tiger was in surgery for two hours then taken to recovery. Only Feral, a surgical nurse, and the doctor who had performed the surgery were allowed in the room.

Shakil regained groggy consciousness. "My beauty," he said hoarsely his voice barely a whisper.

"Hush, it's alright. You've just come from surgery to repair a lung and stop the bleeding. You're safe and, yes, so am I so stop worrying and get some rest." Feral admonished leaning down and kissing his mate on the cheek.

Shakil sighed and fell back to sleep. Feral sighed and caressed his mate tenderly. He was so tired, he realized belatedly that he was clinging to Shakil's bed to keep on his feet.

"Come on Commander, he is going to be taken upstairs in about an hour. You should be laying down as well so no arguments. I'm going to get a wheelchair for you. You'll be taken to the room he's been assigned and you and your kitten are going to be examined." The doctor told him firmly.

Feral didn't have the strength to argue. The nurse grabbed a chair and made him sit. He continued to hold Shakil's paw while waiting. The doctor went out and spoke softly to Felina telling her about the tiger and her uncle then left to retrieve a wheelchair.

Felina walked to a shadowed area nearby and signaled to the SWAT Kats hiding there.

"They are taking my uncle upstairs because he's too exhausted to walk and needs to be checked over. I think one of you should go with us and the other watch Shakil." She said softly.

"I agree. I'll go with you Felina." Razor volunteered.

"The doctor said Shakil will be kept here for another hour than taken to where my uncle is going." Felina told T-Bone. He nodded and took up his vigil again.

Down the hall came the doctor rolling a chair. Felina and the doctor went into the room and came back out with Feral covered by a sheet. Razor took control of the chair with Felina following. The doctor had told her what floor and what room to go to. They took an empty car up to the indicated floor. They wouldn't allow anyone on as they moved up the floors.

When they arrived, a nurse met them and walked by their side. She opened the door to the room they had been assigned. She indicated the bed nearest the door and said Shakil would be placed near the window. "Understanding the security involved, is this going to be okay?" She asked hesitantly.

"Yes," Feral answered as he removed the sheet from his head. She nodded and between Razor and her they helped Feral get on the bed. Razor stepped outside the door while Felina aided her uncle in undressing. The nurse had left a set of pjs for his use.

"You know I really hate these things," Feral sighed his voice exhausted.

"Yeah, I know, I hate them too," Felina murmured as she helped him. She noted just how big her uncle was now and sighed. She would be very glad when he finally delivered. It looked really odd seeing her very male relative pregnant. She gently helped him into the pjs just as a knock sounded on the door. Razor poked his head in.

"The doctor is here to check Feral over. Are you ready?" He asked quietly.

Felina nodded as she carried her uncle's clothes to the closet and began to hang them up. The doctor, followed by Razor, came into the room. Razor went behind the privacy curtain and Felina joined him. The doctor had wheeled in a fetal monitor and was hooking it up while they listened.

"Alright, let's check you over first before we listen to the kitten." the doctor said as he proceeded to check Feral's heart, lungs and eyes. He finished by checking his wound. "You need to have that changed. Okay lay back down please," he instructed as he helped ease Feral onto his back and raised his legs and swung them onto the bed. He turned on the monitor and the fetal heart tone filled the room with its reassuring and fast heartbeat. "Sounds perfect. Alright, I'm going to get a wound kit and fix that injury of yours then I want you to get some rest. Be right back." He said warmly and left the room.

A few minutes later, the doctor returned. "Now, Commander, I want you to roll onto your side please. Just hold still for a bit and I'll fix this up." He said briskly as Feral complied.

He was quickly done, drew the covers over the tired Commander and dimmed the light over his head. Felina and Razor followed the doctor out into the corridor. The doctor went off and the pair leaned on either side of the door.

"Thanks for staying around and for helping out against the attackers." Felina said quietly.

"You're welcome. Hope this works and we finally catch the bastard responsible for causing all this." Razor said grimly crossing his arms tightly across his chest.

"Yeah, me too!" Felina agreed.

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Chapter 17: A New Kamau Heir is Born by ulyferal

A little less than an hour later, Shakil was rolled upstairs, head covered, into the room. Feral woke from his light doze and watched with sleepy eyes as Shakil was transferred to the bed and settled in with all his medical gear.

He looked very pale to his mate and he realized this must be how the tiger felt when it was he who had been stabbed. Once they were finished, they left and the floor nurse checked him over and made notations on his chart before going to Feral's side and checking him as well before she too left the room. He heard a noise and looked toward the door and saw the SWAT Kats slip in along with Felina.

Felina smiled at him as they pulled the curtains around his and Shakil's beds. He could see them through the curtain as the pair settled around his mate's bed and Felina came next to his. They turned the lights to very dim and the waiting began.

"Rest Uncle. We will be watching," she said softly.

Reassured, Feral yawned hugely and allowed his eyes to close. Felina sat near her uncle for about an hour before rising and moving to the back of the room. She was joined by the SWAT Kats.

"Okay, you take the bathroom and I'll be under Shakil's bed and ...Razor..." T-Bone started to say before Razor interrupted, "yeah I know...I get the window..." he sighed. T-Bone and Felina grinned and took up their positions. Razor climbed out the window and secured himself for the long uncomfortable wait.

Sometime around three a.m. the sound of the door opening and a brief casting of light from the corridor alerted the watchers. The nurse had already made her rounds an hour ago so they knew it wasn't her. A large shape slid into the room and up to Feral's bed. Whoever it was, didn't make a move toward Shakil. It hovered over Feral for a moment before reaching for the tom's belly with a needle.

Felina flew out of the bathroom and T-Bone, seeing her feet fly by him shoved himself out from under Feral's bed calling for his partner. Razor jumped back in the window as Felina reached the intruder. The figure was strong and Felina barely held him back from her uncle's body but it was enough for T-Bone to reach her and grab the assailant and shove him against the wall hard. Razor was there to help hold the now struggling and snarling male.

Felina turned up the lights which woke her uncle. He blinked owlishly at the tableau that greeted his eyes. A big silver tiger was being forcibly pressed against the wall by the SWAT Kats and Felina was holding a laser on him.

At first, Feral thought it was Shakil because the tiger had an uncanny resemblance to him. A hoarse cry of shock came from the other bed in the room. The curtains had been pulled by the struggle. Shakil had awakened and was staring in angry horror at the tiger.

"Father...why?" He asked in anguish.

Feral gaped at his mate then looked back at their prisoner in shock. Shakil's father snarled furiously.

"Because you shame our clan. That abomination must not be born. The thought that a Kamau could mate with a male is sacrilegious. No son of mine will take a male to mate. I will not accept this thing into our clan." He spit savagely.

Shakil looked stricken then his face twisted in fury. "You speak of the one I love. Ulysses Feral is my mate and nothing you or the clan can do or say will change that. You have broken clan laws by threatening a legitimate mating and interfering with my rite of passage. Both are serious violations that the clan elders will not overlook. Remember that as you sit in Ulysses jail, father." Shakil said with anger and sadness. He panted in exhaustion as he glared at his father.

Felina handed the SWAT Kats a pair of pawcuffs. Razor put them on when T-Bone spun the tiger around and pressed him against the wall again. Felina called for a pickup from headquarters. As Feral struggled to get out of bed, Felina quickly stepped to his side and helped him stand and move to his mate's side.

He leaned over and hugged his upset mate. Shakil let tears of humiliation and sorrow soak his mate's hospital clothes.

Less than twenty minutes later, four strong enforcers collected their prisoner and Felina went with them to do the report. The SWAT Kats bid her good night, politely ignoring the pair on the other bed. Two more enforcers stood guard for the rest of the night outside the pairs room.

Feral slid onto the bed with Shakil and comforted him as they both fell back to sleep.

The next few weeks were not happy ones for the Kamau Clan.

As a gesture of good will, the city, in the person of the Mayor, handed their prisoners over to clan for judgment. As the injured party, Shakil with Ulysses by his side met with the clan elders and gave their side of the conflict.

The half-tiger was used as a hostile witness against Skakil's father. Shakil's cousin had been killed by the Sergeant in defense of Shakil during the attack on Enforcer Headquarters. His father was sentenced to seclusion within the clan holdings. He was stripped of his authority and wealth. These were transferred to Shakil.

Shakil was told, in formal session, that he had fulfilled his rite of passage and that his mate and unborn progeny were under the full protection of the clan. Word would be spread quickly so that Feral would no longer be hounded by slavers. Shakil's mating to Feral was officially recognized and a bonding ceremony was conducted in full clan regalia much to Feral's dismay.

He was exhausted by the time everything had been completed and the sun was going down.

Shakil took him to his family's estate within the clan holdings. It was beautiful but he really couldn't enjoy it right now.

"When you are rested my love, I'll give you the grand tour," Shakil told his tired mate gently. He clapped his paws and a bevy of female servants rushed in. Over the next hour, Feral was stripped, washed gently, dried, his fur brushed to a shine and wrapped in a beautiful and expensive silk robe. A tray of finger foods and drink were waiting for him by the expensive and huge bed in the ornately decorated master bedroom.

Feral felt a bit overwhelmed by all the attention as he was guided to the bed and tucked in, the tray placed in his lap. The servants, their duty done, quickly vanished as quickly and silently as they had appeared..

"You are carrying the clan heir, my beauty. That makes you a very important person." Shakil smiled in amusement.

Feral just huffed in annoyance as he began to eat. He was too far along now to go back to work so they would be staying here until the kitten was born. 'It really wasn't a bad place to be for a vacation,' he sighed.

Over the next month, he was pampered and cared for which kind of grated on him at times. Shakil couldn't be with him as often as he'd like due to the need for him to meet all the business leaders of his father's, now his, business empire. He had to physically meet them to ease the transition from his father to him. There was a great deal of paperwork he had to sign as well.

It was on a particularly overcast day, that Feral began to feel discomfort in his back. He tried to ignore it but it got stronger. When one of the servants saw him grimacing when he tried to get up and was holding his belly, she ran to get the healer.

The healer arrived immediately and insisted Feral get into bed. She quickly examined him and determined that he was in early labor. Shakil was quickly notified so that he could get back in time for the birth.

Everything was done to insure Feral's comfort while he labored. It hardly mattered since it soon became too painful for him to care. He found himself clutching the sheets in a death grip during some contractions.

'Kat's Alive! This hurt!' He thought after a particularly nasty contraction had taken his breath away.

The healer told him things were going well but Feral hardly believed her. Just when he wanted to scream at her, Shakil finally arrived. He rushed into the room and sat down at his mate's side.

He very quickly regretted giving Ulysses his paw to hold. It was soon crushed painfully multiple times over the next few hours as his mate labored.

"Oh shit...ahhh..." Feral screeched unable to contain himself any longer as the pain became even more intense.

"Pant my love...it will help ease the pain a little during the contractions..." Shakil tried to help his mate.

"You pant...ahhh...ooooo...uh uh uh...shit that hurts...arg..." Feral kept yelling.

"It is time for you to push, Commander," the healer urged him.

"Ohhhhh...nooo...huuuu..." he was past any form of articulate speech as he pushed.

"That's it Uly...push...it's almost here...," Shakil said excitedly as the head crowned.

A final screech by the laboring mother and the kitten slid into view at last. Feral could only gasp in relief as the healer let the father cut the umbilical cord then handed the kitten to the other healers in the room who took care of it. The kitten began squalling as soon as it had entered the world announcing its unhappiness with the cold air.

Feral's abdomen was pressed gently to expel the afterbirth then he was cleaned up, gently washed, and his bedding replaced under him. His newborn son was placed in his arms and he stared at it in exhausted wonder.

"So you are the cause of all my troubles." He murmured softly.

"He is a precious jewel, my love and I'm very pleased." Shakil said warmly kissing his mate and looking adoringly at his new heir.

Two days later...

"Hey Chance look at this..." Jake called his friend as he walked into the garage.

"What?" He asked with his paws deep inside an engine.

Jake shoved the paper under his partner's nose. On the front cover was Feral, Shakil and a newborn kitten.

"Well, how about that? What sex is it?" Chance asked.

Jake pulled the paper back to him and read, "Says here, it's male born two days ago. They named him Shere Kamau. He sure looks cute."

"Yeah, glad the danger to Feral is over finally. We have enough to do with the omegas around without being on 'Feral guard' all the time." Chance said.

"To right! Glad he's happy too, considering how things started." Jake said tossing the paper onto the desk and going over to an enforcer sedan to begin work.

"Yeah, me too." Chance agreed returning to his work.

At Enforcer Headquarters, Felina smiled at the picture in the paper. Her new cousin was adorable. When she had her next leave, she would have to go visit her uncle at the Kamau enclave to see her new cousin unless her uncle managed to talk Shakil into letting him return to Megakat City sooner but knowing the silver tiger, she doubted very much her uncle was going to win that argument. She chuckled to herself and returned to her work.

END

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