

Summary:

A series of little kidfics based on the triplets of my story The Tiger's Mate

Categories: [Talespin](#), [Swat Kats](#) Characters: Feral/OMC

Genres: Gen

Warnings: Complete, Fluff

Challenges: None

Series: None

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I by ulyferal

A quiet Sunday at Enforcer Headquarters...

The desk sergeant looked up and was surprised to see Commander Feral enter and cross the lobby for the elevators. His appearance on a weekend wasn't that unusual what was different were the three kittens trooping after him.

Commander Feral was dressed casually in dark slacks and polo shirt. The kittens were striking. They had their father's yellow and black striped fur and their mother's ebony hair. The Commander had never brought the kittens to Headquarters before and all eyes watched as they boarded an elevator.

"Aren't they cute?" The desk sergeant said to no one in particular.

"Yeah, they sure are. Wonder why the Commander brought them today?" A nearby processing officer commented.

"Don't know. Maybe they begged him to come while he did some paperwork?" The Desk Sergeant answered, shrugging his shoulders.

In the elevator...

"Casimir don't touch the buttons." Feral warned his biggest triplet.

"This feels weird, mama." Kiara said excitedly. (The elevator moved faster than the one at Khan Towers.)

"Yeah! This is neat mama." Gaspar said jumping up and down with glee.

Smiling tolerantly, Feral said, "Gaspar stop jumping up and down. Casimir I said don't touch the buttons. That's your second warning."

Moments later the doors opened and the triplets dashed out but stopped when their mother snapped a command. They fell in behind him as he headed down the short hall to his office.

He sighed as he unlocked his office. He really should have his head examined for giving in to his three year old triplets when they begged to be allowed to go to work with him. Their father was out of town and they wanted to stay close to their mother. He hoped he wouldn't regret it. He had an important report to read and process and it was too classified and time sensitive to take home. It needed to be dealt with today.

He dug out their toys, coloring books and crayons and placed them on the coffee table. "Alright, remember what Mama told you when I allowed you to come. No running around, you may look out the windows, do some coloring or play with your toys quietly." He warned them.

They nodded their heads solemnly. He went to his desk, unlocked his file drawer, took out the special report and set to work. He was soon deeply involved with his work and since his triplets were quiet he never thought to look up.

Casimir was the instigator as he picked up a chair with Gaspar's help and took it to one of the many windows. Kiara followed along curious to see what Casimir was up to.

Casimir wanted a better look at the planes on the flight line below his mother's window but he was still too small to see over the window sill. The chair helped a little but was still not tall enough. He looked around and spotted a small round end table. He signaled his siblings and they helped him to haul the table to the chair and stacked it on top. It wobbled a bit but seemed stable enough.

With Gaspar's help, Casimir climbed onto the window sill then to the edge of the chair and on up to the top of the table. He was captivated. The view was spectacular. Below him Gaspar and Kiara were getting impatient. They wanted a chance to see too. They hissed at their brother to let them have a turn.

Casimir waved an arm behind them to hang on but Kiara wasn't willing to wait. She tapped the chair with her fist to get her brother to climb down what she didn't count on was how unstable Casimir's perch was. It wobbled alarmingly then began to shift suddenly.

Casimir shrieked. Feral jerked his head up, shock ran down his spine as he leaped from his chair to try and catch his son but he was too far and the kitten sailed through the air and landed on the floor a short distance away to the crashing sound of the table and chair hitting the floor and the terrified wails of his siblings.

Reaching his son, he gently checked him over for any damage. The kitten was sobbing in upset then pain. One of his arms was at an awkward angle. Feral's heart sank, it appeared to be broken.

"Aw Casi, it's alright honey. You've hurt your arm. Just stay very still while Mama gets some help okay?" Feral soothed his son.

"Gaspar, Kiara hush now! Casimir will be alright but Mama needs you to be quiet and stay close to Casi till I call for help." He admonished his other two kits. When they were quiet and sitting close to Casimir, he went to his phone.

"This is Feral. I need medical assistance in my office on the double. I'm afraid my son may have broken his arm." Feral told the medic on duty. He was told they would be up in a few minutes.

Minutes later, a paramedic team walked into the Commander's office. Feral was on the floor cradling his son in his lap. Both medics dropped to their knees and one of them took a look at the kitten's arm.

"Okay, little guy, let's have a look shall we? I'll try not to hurt you too much but I need to look at it." He said as he gently ran his fingers down the arm. Casimir flinched and cried but tried to hold still. "Yep, afraid it's broken alright. We'll splint it here and take him down to the infirmary to cast it."

Gaspar and Kiara watched in fascination at all the medical gear the paramedics used. Soon Casimir's arm was splinted for the trip down to the infirmary to set the arm. They got ready to take him downstairs when Feral stopped them.

"Wait! I have sensitive documents on my desk I need to secure. Please hold Casi for a moment." Feral asked one of the paramedics.

"Sure Commander!" One said as he gently took the kitten from the Commander's arms. "There, there little one. Your Mama will be right back!" He soothed the still whimpering kitten.

Feral quickly secured the documents back into his desk then retrieved his son from the medic's arms. They trooped to the elevator together and were soon on the medical floor. The paramedics kept watch on the two other kittens while their mother carried their brother to a treatment room.

The paramedics found their paws full as Gaspar and Kiara tried to explore all the neat things they saw. They spent their time fishing the kittens out of rooms, closets, behind counters, and out of boxes of supplies. A thoroughly tired pair of paramedics were extremely glad when Feral appeared with his son in his arms and took charge of his rambunctious kittens.

Feral sighed. It had been a traumatic thing to see his kitten hurt. Casimir was wearing a cast and his siblings were trying to take a look at it as they made for the elevators again. Back in his office once more, he carefully laid his son on the couch to rest, firmly ordered the other two to sit down and color and not to bother their brother. He gave Casimir his favorite stuffed bear and told him to try and take a nap.

He returned the table and chair to their rightful place. Casimir had told him why he had done it in the first place. Picking both kittens up he carried them to the window and let them see what their brother had risked his neck to see. When they had seen their fill, he returned them to the floor at the coffee table and reiterated to be quiet and behave.

He returned to his desk and quickly finished his work so that he could get Casimir home and feed them all lunch. Sighing at last, he locked up the background papers and sealed the report that needed to be sent. He got up and stretched then walked over to his kittens who were busy drawing and coloring.

"Look Mama see my picture. I stayed in the lines." Kiara said proudly as she waved her book in her mother's face.

"That's very good, Kiara. Now let's pick up everything so we can go home and get some lunch, okay?" Feral said as he helped them gather up their stuff and put them in the carry bag. Casimir was sleeping so as soon as everything was secured, Feral went to his desk, got the report, slipped the carry bag strap over his shoulder then gently picked up his son cradling him close.

"Okay let's go!" He said herding his kittens before him reaching back to lock his office door. They trooped into the elevator for the ride down to the lobby.

The desk sergeant had heard about the emergency and called out to him as he headed across the lobby.

"Is your son alright, Commander. We heard he had a little accident." He asked concerned when he saw the cast on the kitten in the Commander's arms.

"He'll be alright, broke his arm doing something he shouldn't have, thank you for asking." Feral

said politely and continued out the door for his hummer.

An officer heading for the stairs paused and offered his assistance.

"Let me help you get them in the car, sir."

"Thank you! Here's the key." Feral said gratefully. The officer quickly opened the doors and helped get each of the two kittens into their car seats while Feral took care of Casimir.

"There you go sir. Poor little guy how did he break his arm?" The officer asked curiously.

"He wanted to see the flight line better so climbed a chair with a table on top and took a swan dive from the top when it fell." Feral sighed shaking his head.

"Kittens! What won't they get into! Well I wish him a speedy recover sir. Have a better rest of the day." The officer said smiling. Feral thanked him. The officer saluted then turned and headed up the stairs.

Feral climbed into his hummer and drove home. The doorman and guard at Khan Towers rushed out to assist when they saw one of the kittens was injured. After answering their concerned questions Feral headed to their tower apartment. Once inside he took the still sleeping Casimir to his room and put him to bed. He would feed him when he woke up.

The other two kittens began complaining about being hungry as their mother contacted the kitchen for a meal to be prepared for them all. While they waited he took them to the TV room and turned on some cartoons.

"Watch some TV while your lunch is being made. Stay here and make no noise so Casimir can rest." Feral warned them then left to check on his injured kitten again before going to the living room to call his mate. She was not going to be happy but he didn't want his mate to hear about it from anyone else. He was right, She was upset and said he would be home tomorrow. Sighing tiredly, Feral closed his eyes and wished he could redo the day. Being a mother was harder than being Chief Enforcer.

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II by ulyferal

He lay on a wide, thickly cushioned divan chair in the warm sunshine that shone through the solarium windows in the indoor garden, She had lovingly designed in one wing of their penthouse apartment. Lying curled asleep beside his body in a row were his newborn triplets.

Even as he gently caressed the one closest to him, he was in a daze of wonder at the tiny forms. He had given birth to these little miracles less than two weeks ago and the amazement still had not worn off. He was completely sleep deprived. His head felt as if it was floating and his eyelids were forever heavy. Despite that he wouldn't trade this incredible moment for anything else in the world.

His peace was disturbed by soft footsteps approaching. He looked up sleepily as his mate came in followed by Mayor Manx and Deputy Mayor Briggs.

His mate smiled warmly at him and gazed tenderly down at his brood of kittens.

"I'm glad you are awake, my love. The Mayor and Ms. Briggs wished to see you and the kittens for just a moment. We won't stay long." He assured Ulysses keeping his voice soft.

"Ahh, Commanderrr, they arre the most beautiful kittens I have everrr had the pleasure of seeing." Mayor Manx said keeping his voice low as well. His eyes bright with delight. "You arre one very lucky tiger, Mr. Khan." He said, patting the tiger on the back.

"They are soo sweet sleeping like that but I bet they keep you awake a lot right now if your exhausted look is any indication, Commander." Callie murmured, smiling sympathetically.

She couldn't help note how awful Feral looked. His eyes could barely stay open and he looked utterly exhausted. She admired the silk lounging pajamas he wore. He had a pile of comfortable pillows under his head and a soft beige blanket draped over his lower half. The kittens were laying against their mother's body in a row, each only wearing a diaper and t-shirt. Their beautiful tawny and black stripped bodies a clear indication of who their father was and short thatches of black hair from their mother.

"You are soo right, Ms. Briggs. I can't remember what a full night's rest felt like." Feral said ending the comment on a huge yawn he covered with his paw.

"We will leave you to rest, my love. Is there anything you need?" Shere asked tenderly leaning down to kiss his mate warmly.

"No I'm fine, Shere. Just want to sleep now!" Feral muttered, yawning again his eyes closing without his permission. They were too heavy to open again so he gave in and laid his head back down on his pillows, sleep closing over him quickly.

"The little ones drain him a great deal. What sleep he can catch is a blessing." Shere whispered as he led his guests away from his now deeply slumbering mate.

"I'm sure the little darlings are quite the handful even at this tenderrr age." Manx said sagely as they left the solarium and made for the front door.

The birth of the triplets to a hermaphrodite male was the talk of the town and brought welcome publicity that helped cover the other more destructive occurrences caused by the omegas. The Mayor was capitalizing on that to increase tourism and help beef up the coffers that had been sadly depleted of late despite the new influx of business by Khan Industries.

"Yes they are indeed! Even with the assistance of staff there are just some things Ulysses will not allow and that is anyone else but myself to assist in feeding them right now. Even though it drains him significantly, he is determined to give our kits the best start in life and that means nursing them himself." Khan said seriously.

"But with three kittens, he certainly can't breastfeed them all?" Callie exclaimed in surprise.

"He rotates each one allowing them to nurse for a little before handing them to me for additional feedings. You are right that he can't feed them completely but he does manage to give them enough to keep them full and growing." Khan said with pride.

"No wonder he's soo tired. That also means he will not be returning to work real soon. Has the doctor said when he'll be allowed to go back to work?" Callie asked.

"Well I realize maternity leave is normally six weeks but the doctor strongly urges Ulysses to stay home for at least ten weeks due to having multiples. The birth process and the cesarean were very hard on my mate's body. After all, a male was never meant to be pregnant and though most hermaphrodites manage to do so there has been no record of one carrying as many as Ulysses did. So I quite agree with the doctor's caution." Khan explained. "Ulysses is stubborn and thinks he'll return sooner but as you can see, he's far too optimistic on that estimate." He sighed shaking his head at that bit of pigheadedness by his mate.

Mayor Manx's eyes widened, "But that's far too long for this city to be without it's Chief Enforcer!"

He objected.

"My mate's health and the welfare of the kittens comes first before his job and your wishes, Mayor Manx. Uly's second in command and his niece, Lt. Feral are quite capable of handling things for that long." Khan said coldly, getting a little miffed at the Mayor's attitude.

"You are correct, Mr. Khan. The enforcers will manage without him. Commander Feral's health and well being is of prime importance to us both. Please keep us informed on his progress." Callie quickly interjected to soothe Khan's ire. She tugged on the Mayor to get him to leave and not say anything more to upset the wealthy industrialist.

"Ah, yes of course. You are right. All the best to yourrr new family, Mr. Khan." Mayor Manx said placatingly, realizing he'd put his foot in it and hastily stepped out the door of the penthouse to avoid anymore problems.

"Thank you for stopping by. A good day to you both." Khan said his equanimity restored.

"Good day to you sir." Ms. Briggs said in return as she joined the Mayor. She led the way to the elevator, the Mayor following. They heard the door behind them close quietly.

On the elevator, Mayor Manx voiced his concern, "Callie you know Feral's second isn't all that skilled at leading. What if an omega were to strike while Feral's out?"

"Commander Feral took great care selecting his second in command, Mayor. Give him a chance. If we're lucky it won't matter the omegas might give us a break." Callie said with a sigh. Praying that it would be true. Privately, she planned on asking the SWAT Kats to step up their patrols and aid the enforcers a bit more while Feral was out of commission.

Mayor Manx sighed in defeat and said nothing more as they exited the elevator and left the building for his limousine parked out front.

*Megakat Salvage Yard a few days later...*

"Hey Chance look at the latest Kat's Magazine." Jake called to his partner shoving a magazine under his nose as he was eating his lunch.

"Aww, they look soo cute!" Chance said smiling as he stared at the pictures of Feral's new triplets.

"Yeah aren't they though!" Jake grinned taking back the magazine and studying the pictures more closely. "I can understand why Callie asked us to watch the city a little closer. These little beauties have to be exhausting Feral. You can tell in the picture he can hardly stay awake." He smirked.

"Couldn't have happened to a nicer Kat," Chance said in sarcastic humor. Though he had to admit that Feral had done something brave by carrying triplets and giving birth. The tabby had to give Feral grudging respect for that.

"Well time to get back to work, buddy. Need to get the cars done so that we can get out on patrol." Chance said as he cleaned up his mess and headed back to the garage.

"Yeah, you're right." Jake said agreeably taking a last look at the pictures before dropping it to the table and following his partner out.

*Elsewhere in the world...*

"Humph where did you get this rag?" Snorted a disdainful voice.

"Doesn't matter, look at the picture." Another voice snapped in irritation.

"What, it's just a picture of a hermaphrodite with triplets. It's unusual I grant you but I still don't understand why it has you so uptight." The first voice said puzzled.

"Look who the sire is you fool!" The other voice snapped again, losing his patience with his companion for his denseness.

"Umm...woah! Shere Khan is the father?" The first voice said in shocked amazement.

"Yes!" Hissed the second voice. "My rival is now on everyone lips! It's bad enough he leads the industry but now this..." He spit furiously snatching the magazine back and tossing it into the fireplace watching it burn with glittering eyes.

"Well I don't see what you can do about it. You're not married and you don't like males. This will lose its appeal eventually." His companion said shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes very true but meanwhile he rakes in the attention and increases his profits at the same time. I must find a way to push past. I'm tired of being number two." He snarled.

"Well unless you can give birth or invent something totally new, I don't see how you're going to." His companion stated plainly and sighed having heard this before.

Sighing in angry frustration, Sultan, CEO of Miniversal Corporation, dropped into his comfortable chair. "I know that. It still rankles that Khan gets all that free publicity. It's indecent." He grumbled grabbing his glass of wine and downing it in one gulp.

His friend just gave a commiserating nod and wisely didn't comment.

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III by ulyferal

Sighing Feral, with the help of Khan's staff, got his three five year old kittens ready for their doctor's appointment. They hated this type of visit as much as he did but it was necessary.

The only up side, the kittens thought, was the trip to Enforcer Headquarters. Since their appointment was at eight-thirty a.m. and their mother had to be at an emergency staff meeting at seven they had to go in with him to wait. Their father, Shere Khan was out of town.

"Alright let's go!" Their mother called out as he headed for the door of their apartment.

"Yay!" Casimir cheered as he and his siblings rushed to their mother's side a nanny following behind.

They loved riding in the elevator. Sometimes their father would take them to the park and let them ride the elevator up and down a couple of times and sometimes Bagera, their bodyguard, would treat them to a little up and down trip. Bagera was also responsible for putting the triplets through their morning calisthenics that helped burn off excess energy. He was their driver for this morning.

He helped Commander Feral secure the triplets in their seats then he took the driver's seat as Feral took the passenger one and concentrated on his notes for the morning meeting. The nanny,

Matty, took a jump seat facing the kittens.

Despite the heavy morning traffic, they arrived at Enforcer Headquarters within twenty minutes. Before the triplets were allowed out of the car, Bagera and Feral got out first and looked around. Then with a nod to the nanny, the triplets were unstrapped and one by one lifted out of the car. The nanny carried their necessary's and the kittens each carried a small backpack of their own. Feral led the way with the nanny and kittens between him and Bagera, who brought up the rear.

They made a small parade as they marched into the busy shift changing crowd within the lobby of the building. Many curious and smiling faces watched their progress as they crossed the lobby. The kittens were kept close together as they moved through the busy area, their eyes wide at all the activity around them. Suddenly a familiar face appeared smiling at them.

"Hello guys, how ya doing?" Lt. Feral chirped brightly at them, grinning warmly.

"Cousin Felina!" Came a happy chorus from the kittens.

She stayed close to them as each one tried to tell her what they'd been doing and where they were going today. She kept smiling even though she really couldn't tell what they were saying since they were all talking at the same time. Feral just sighed indulgently while Matty and Bagera rolled their eyes.

An elevator arrived and they waited for it to empty before all piling aboard. Felina let Casimir press the button for his mother's floor. They reached their destination in seconds, Feral and Felina stepping out first followed by the triplets, nanny and Bagera. Many eyes of the admin staff watched with amused expressions at the Commander's beautiful brood.

Feral stopped at his secretary's desk. She stood and handed the Commander a stack of mail and reports.

"Good morning, sir. I see you've brought your beautiful kittens with you this morning." She said grinning down at them. They smiled back shyly.

"Yes. They have physicals this morning after my meeting. They'll be waiting in my office. You don't have to concern yourself over them. Matty and Bagera will be taking care of them." Feral said pointing to each as he named them. "Just make sure no one barges in. Bagera might take them to the floor before asking who they are. I'd prefer to avoid that." Feral said.

"Of course sir. Your officers are nearly all here for the meeting. Here is your coffee, sir." She said briskly handing Feral a large mug.

"Thank you, Karen." Feral grunted his mind already on the meeting. He walked into his office and up to his desk. Dropping his correspondence onto its surface, he unlocked a drawer. Reaching in he grabbed a red labeled folder. Relocking the drawer he turned to leave pausing a moment to look at his kittens.

"Listen up you three. I don't want you giving Bagera and Matty any trouble. Just play with the things you brought in your packbacks and momma will be back in a little while." Feral admonished studying each face then nodding, left the office with Felina following him. She gave the kittens a smile and a wave as she closed the door.

Sighing the kittens moved to the conversation area to take out their playthings. They already knew not to pull anything with Bagera around.

When Feral returned an hour later, the kittens were immersed in a game of chutes and ladders with Matty. Bagera was reading a mystery novel not far from the door and was on his feet in seconds when the door opened. He relaxed when he saw Feral and put his book back into his pocket.



Feral was pleased to see the kittens being so well behaved. "Momma's very pleased with you. You've been very good. Now pick up your things, we've got to get going." Feral told them smiling warmly. His kittens quickly gathered up their things as Feral returned to his desk and relocked the file back in the drawer.

In very short order, the group was again trooping to the elevator, across the lobby and out to their car. Once more in their seats, Feral moved slowly into traffic and headed uptown.

As they were about half way to their destination, a frantic call came over Commander Feral's radio.

"Alert, Alert, the Metallikats Express has been seen traveling north down Tower Blvd at a high rate of speed. All Enforcers converge on the area. Calling Number One, come in." The dispatcher summoned.

Bagera handed Feral his enforcer radio. "This is Number One, report!" He barked.

"Commander Feral, the Metallikats have stolen a prototype megabeam being developed at a private lab. The beam is said to be able to punch through anything with ease." The dispatcher explained hurriedly.

"Anyone in the area yet?" Feral asked his heart hammered with concern as he looked around quickly while driving. The Metallikats were on the same road he was on and they were either ahead of him or coming up fast behind him. If it was the latter they were in trouble.

"Lt Feral here, just getting a bead on them Uncle. Where are you?" Felina asked anxiously in her chopper closing in on the hurtling car.

"We are just passing Tanner St." Feral replied.

"Oh God! Uncle get off the road, the Metallikats are nearly on top of you!" She said urgently then fired a laser at the fast moving vehicle below her hoping to distract them.

Feral looked quickly around for a way to get off and finally opted for a quick turn into a parking garage racing through the gate bar breaking it in half. He quickly pulled over to the side and hopped out with his laser pistol and radio in paw. Leaving Bagera to guard his kittens, he raced to the parking kiosk whose barrier he'd broken.

"Get out of here, trouble is on its way! Hurry." He shouted at the angry gate Kat whose face turned to fear from the urgent tone and who it was giving the orders. He quickly left the kiosk and ran back into the garage. Feral didn't have long to wait as the Metallikat Express came barreling down the street with a pack of Enforcer choppers harrying it. Oddly enough, Mac and Molly didn't return fire and instead, to Feral's horror, they veered off and headed right for the parking garage.

Feral leaped away just as the reinforced car hit the kiosk hard, shattering into pieces spraying the debris everywhere. Mack apparently lost control and the car slammed into the cement pillar straight ahead of him. Snarling with anger the male robot slammed out the bent door on his side just as Molly did the same. Molly was holding some kind of strange weapon, Feral had to assume was the prototype.

Before he could take any action, his enforcers had arrived in mass and were rushing through the damaged entryway. Furious and arguing with each other the Metallikats fled, their path taking them to where Feral's car was parked. Feral was in a panic as he raced after the metal pair trying desperately to make them veer away from his kittens.

Bagera had been watching alertly and when he saw the metal pair begin to head their way he quickly had Matty unstrap each kitten and push them to the floor. He kept hoping they would turn

off and go up the ramp not far away but the pair seem determined to head for the stairs that were not far from their stopped car. Hissing tensely, Bagera looked around quickly. There was only one option and very little time to act. Opening his door that was away from the advancing pair, he quickly got out then opened the kitten's door.

Warning them to stay close, hold paws, and move quickly with him, Bagera stayed crouched to the ground and pulled the kittens with him heading for an alcove not more than a few paces away. He hoped to hide there and avoid the attention of the Metallikats.

The kittens were frightened but did as they were told staying tightly close to each other and Bagera and not making a sound. Matty crouched after them, her eyes wide with terror but keeping quiet and moving.

They reached the alcove and hid behind it. Feral had seen Bagera move the kittens and felt a little relief when the Metallikats passed his car with only a casual glance inside before heading up the stairs at a run. He sent his enforcers to follow while he went to his family.

The kittens cried for him. "Shushu my little ones. I know you are very scared and you are being very brave. I need you to follow Bagera and Matty out of the building to safety. Can you do that for me?" Feral murmured comfortingly to his kits who were clinging to him.

"Mamma don't go!" Little Kiara wailed softly.

"I have to sweetheart. Mamma will be back I promise. Now you've got to go. Make Daddy and Mommy proud of you. Love you!" Feral said quickly then glanced at Bagera. The panther nodded his understanding of the silent message then Feral raced away and up the stairs after his troops.

Bagera quickly gathered the kittens, "It's okay to be scared but I need you to be brave a little longer. Okay?" He asked gently.

The kittens trembled but nodded with tear streaked faces turned up to stare at the panther. His heart clenched. He had to get them to safety, Feral was depending on him. "Okay let's go!"

## Chapter 2: Separated

Bagera headed for the damaged entryway of the garage. Picking their way carefully, he finally gained the sidewalk and began hustling the kittens up the street away from the danger.

Behind him, the Metallikats had reached the top of the parking garage and were deciding what to do next.

"Well now that were up here where the enforcers can take pot shots at us, what do we do now?" Molly asked her mate acidly.

"You know the plan, we get this weapon and we get it to the boss." Mac said sharply looking around as well.

"I know that part but how do we get off the roof, stupid!" She snarled angrily.

"Stop your yammering! We are supposed to press this like so!" Mac had taken a small device from a hidden panel and now pressed a button on it.

"What's that supposed to do blow the enforcers from the sky because I gotta tell you it's not working!" She growled sarcastically as she shot at the enforcers trying to reach them from the stairs.

"Don't be stupid! It's just a signaler telling the boss to pick us up and here he comes!" Mac said triumphantly as a huge dark airship moved toward them.

But before it could close in, the SWAT Kats arrived.

"Crud! It's Dark Kat again and the Metallikats. What a mess. Got anything to take the Black Widow out this time, Razor." T-Bone grunted angrily as he avoided a laser from the air ship.

"Yeah! I've got just the thing. I was afraid we might have to do battle with that thing again. Here's seeing if it works!" Razor fired an oddly spiked missile at Dark Kats ship. It hit the center of it and caused a massive fireworks of electrical shorts. The Black Widow wavered in the air then plunged toward the ground.

"T-Bone get over it! We've got to stop it from hitting the ground!" Razor shouted as he extended the magnetic clamp.

T-Bone swooped down and got as close as he could to the falling ship and moments later the solid thunk was felt when the clamp connected. It nearly jerked the Turbokat out of the sky but T-Bone kept the jet steady, moving slowly to a vacant lot not far away and beginning to lower Dark Kat's ship to the ground when they were shaken by a hard blow.

"What the heck was that?" T-Bone shouted as he tried to keep control of the jet and the Black Widow hamstringing him from below.

"It's the Metallikats. They are firing some kind of weapon at us! I'm disengaging the clamp now!" Razor warned his partner.

"Woah!" T-Bone bellowed as the jet suddenly lurched upward when the weight pulling it down was suddenly gone. Dark Kat's ship hit the ground hard, sinking down a ways before settling and a plume of dust filling the air around it.

Furious at the loss of their ride, Mac zeroed in on the temporarily out of control Turbokat as it passed over a building just down from their location. He missed and exploded part of the roof and the upper floors of the building causing it to rain down on the Kats on the street.

Unfortunately, Bagera and the kittens were just running past that area. Shocked with only seconds to take action, Bagera desperately shoved the kittens into a nearby doorway slamming it open. He and Matty barely cleared the door when the debris fell crashing down blocking the front of the building, breaking the windows, spraying glass over the supine figures before going eerily quiet.

Pushed past their ability to handle, two of the kittens fled down a dark hallway to another door with a panic bar that they shoved against and spilled out into the street beyond. Confused and frightened, the kittens stared around themselves trying to decide which way to go.

"Maybe we should hide until its safe?" Gaspar said shivering.

"I'm scared, I want mommy!" Kiara sobbed.

Her brother wrapped a paw around her and held tight. "Don't cry Kiara, we'll find momma. Stay with me." He told her moving her toward a huge stack of cartons. Finding a hole between two big ones, he pushed her through until they were inside another one. It was dark and quiet. They huddled together and rested.

Inside the building, Casimir had been knocked down and Bagera was hunched over him. Matty was sobbing for air not far away but he didn't see his siblings.

Bagera reared up, "Are you alright Casimir?" He asked as he looked around.

"Yyyyes. Where are Kiara and Gaspar?" He said anxiously, looking around wildly.

The room was dusty and dim. Bagera stood up and stared around rapidly, there seemed to be no sign of the other two kittens.

"Kiara...Gaspar...where are you!" He shouted. He and Matty frantically searched the area then he spotted the door leading outside. His heart hammering in fear he ran to the door.

*On the roof of the parking garage...*

"We've got to get out of here!" Mac snarled firing the prototype and keeping everyone at bay.

"Duh! That's obvious, but how!" Molly said waspishly.

"Let's jump the roofs and see if there's another way out of here." Mac snapped heading for the edge of the garage and leaping for the next building. Shrugging in disgust, Molly followed. They jumped two more buildings before Mac saw the alley with the cartons piled high. Without hesitation, he leaped down to the ground. Molly landed a little less gracefully next to him.

"Graceful you're not!" Mac snorted looking around quickly.

"You're one to talk..." Molly started to snarl then stopped suddenly, "Wait! What's that sound?"

She said turning her head from side to side to catch the sound again.

"What sound? We ain't got time for you hearing things, let's beat feet." Mac said sharply.

Molly ignored him and moved closer to the cartons then suddenly reached in and yanked out the frightened kittens. "Well lookee here! These two look very familiar!" Molly said firmly holding a kitten in each metal paw.

"What the heck do you want with a pair of kittens? Put them down and lets blow this place before the enforcers get their act together and catch us." Mac growled losing what little patience he had.

"These are Feral's kits!" Molly said triumphantly.

Mac stopped and stared at her then at the kittens. "How the heck do you know that? All kittens look alike!" He snapped at her.

"Stupid! I saw them in a magazine recently. Feral's mate is a tiger. These kits are tiger striped which is rare around here. We've just got our leverage!" Molly smirked ignoring the kittens wails of terror. "Shut up you little furballs. If you ever want to see your mommy again you'll stop your caterwauling." She snarled.

Kiara and Gaspar choked and wept but quieted.

"Much better! Okay, let's just get a hold of their dear momma shall we!" Molly cackled.

"I gotta admit Mol, you do have a very devious mind." Mac said in admiration. "But we still need to get out of here!" He turned and ran down the alley. She shrugged and holding the kittens close to her chest she ran after him. Soon they were breaking into a brick building and ducking in. Mac closed the door behind them.

"Okay, now we contact the Commander. This should be good!" Mac said smirking as much as his face would allow. He turned on his built in communicator and fiddled with the frequencies until he caught the enforcer band.

"Listen up you mugs, this is Mac and I want to speak to the Commander. Get him fast!" Mac demanded.

At the scene of the building collapse, Commander Feral and his enforcers had been trailing after

the Metallikats and came upon Bagera searching the alley.

"Bagera, the kittens..." He said sharply with Felina at his side.

"We had to duck into the building just as the roof collapsed. When I looked around only Casimir was with me but I know I shoved all three ahead of me. I suspect they came out this door. When I looked I found this mess." He pointed at the mess Molly had made pulling the kittens from the carton.

"Kat's Alive! Where could they be?" Feral choked in terror.

Just then his Sergeant ran up. "Commander, Mac is on an enforcer band and demands to speak to you." He said handing the Commander his radio.

"This is Feral! What do you want, Mac?" Feral snapped his nerves taut with the thought of his missing kittens.

"It's not what I want Commander, it's what you're missing." Mac said nastily. Suddenly the sound of two crying kittens could be heard over the radio.

Feral heart went cold with shock and anguish. "What do you want? Please don't hurt them!" He couldn't help but beg.

"Well that's entirely up to you Commander. We want out of here and you're going to help us. Get a chopper, take out it's tracking device and bring it yourself where we tell you. Send all your enforcers away and the SWAT Kats. Do this now. We'll be contacting you in ten minutes for pickup. Don't keep us waiting long Commander if you ever want to see your kittens alive." Mac said cruelly then clicked off.

Feral stood there in horror holding the radio. For a moment he was paralyzed. His niece touched him gently. He startled and took in a shaky breath. "Get me a chopper ASAP and do what he said. Hurry!" He snapped.

"Yes Uncle, right away." Felina said quickly. She and the Sergeant ran to the end of the alley calling for assistance as they ran.

*In the air above...*

"Oh my God!" T-Bone breathed in shock. He and Razor had heard the transmission from Mac.

"Poor Feral, no mother should have to suffer such a nightmare. We've got to do something!" Razor said tightly.

"But how? You heard Mac. If he sees us the kittens lives are toast. I couldn't bear to be responsible for that." T-Bone said in anguish.

"There's no way to know if they will even give the kittens back, T-Bone." Razor said sharply. "We are going to have to be very sneaky. I suggest we go high and use our x-ray device to keep track of them so we can follow and find a way to save the kittens." Razor said grimly.

"Okay! That does sound like it could work. Unfortunately, we can't tell Feral what were up to if we don't want Mac to overhear us. I hate to keep him in agonized suspense but hopefully it won't be for long." T-Bone sighed heavily as he took the Turbokat high into the stratosphere.

### Chapter 3: The Hunt for the Kittens

"Okay, let's get out of here. We need to find a place for them to put that chopper and a rooftop sounds like the perfect thing." Mac said as he led the way through the building they were in to

another exit. Looking outside carefully for enforcer patrols, Mac signaled Molly the coast was clear and they quickly ran down the street a short distance.

Spotting what he was looking for, Mac turned down an alleyway and stopped. "Gimme those kits Molly and you pull down that fire ladder. Looking up Molly saw the ladder just over her head.

Without a word, she handed over the now quiet kittens to Mac then reached up and pulled down the ladder. She quickly ran up them followed by Mac, their metal feet making a loud clattering noise. In very little time, they were on the roof, hunching down to keep any patrol from seeing them.

In the field where Dark Kat's ship was resting, enforcers were swarming around it collecting the prisoners and Dark Kat himself. The evil genius was infuriated at being caught so easily. Feral walked up to the huge criminal.

"If anything happens to my kittens because of your cohorts, I'll see you dead!" He hissed, fury so raw it made his voice shake then he stalked away toward an arriving chopper.

Dark Kat blinked at the Commander's retreating back in surprise. He'd never seen Feral this incensed. 'A *mother's fury* fit the Commander's emotions right now,' Dark Kat thought with a shiver. He hoped the Metallikats didn't do anything stupid for his sake.

Felina landed the chopper not far away from Dark Kat's ship. She left it running and jumped down from it. Her uncle quickly took her place in the pilot's seat. She could see he was barely able to contain his terror for his kits and his fury at his helplessness. She reached in and squeezed his arm a moment in comfort. He nodded then gestured to back off. She quickly trotted away then watched as he climbed back into the sky to hover and wait for contact from the metal pair.

She prayed the Metallikats didn't do anything to the kittens, her uncle and Shere may never get over it.

*On the rooftop...*

"Okay, let's see if the Commander is ready for us." Mac said as he engaged his radio. "Feral! You out there!" He barked.

"I'm here and waiting with the chopper as you asked." Feral said tightly.

"Right, where are you located this minute?" Mac asked.

"Hovering over the field two blocks from the building you took my kittens from." He snapped.

"Perfect. Fly a straight path to the east and you'll see us on a roof top. I suggest you take it slow so you don't overfly us." Mac instructed. "See you in a few minutes."

Without responding Feral turned the chopper in the indicated direction and slowly moved forward keeping his eyes on the roof tops below him.

*High above...*

"He's on the move Razor. Have you got him on the X-ray device?" T-Bone asked anxiously.

"Not yet...yeah...there he is...okay buddy...go east slowly." Razor said keeping his eyes glued to his monitor.

"Right!" T-Bone said tightly moving the jet forward as slow as he could.

Feral flew only five minutes before he spotted Mac and Molly standing on a wide roof top. Moving to the far side of the roof he landed but left it running. He jumped out and hurried over to the pair.

"Hold it right there, Commander!" Mac ordered as the kittens shrieked at their mother.

Swallowing hard, Feral looked his kittens over, except for being dirty and frightened, they appeared to be alright. Raising his eyes to the Metallikats his eyes reflected his barely leashed fury and anxious need to grab his kittens.

"You just stay right there until we get to the chopper." Molly warned as she moved to the chopper keeping a tight hold on the kittens.

Feral watched helplessly, his paws clenching to the point of pain, as the Metallikats walked quickly to the waiting chopper. He cried in anguish and ran toward it when the two metal kats jumped into the chopper and took off without leaving the kittens.

*High above...*

"Oh God, poor Feral. Those bastards took off with the kittens and he's screaming in anger. They've turned south T-Bone at a good clip, let's up the speed but be careful not to overshoot them." Razor said cautiously, his voice tight with barely restrained anger.

"You just tell me where they are buddy, I'll keep us on their tails." T-Bone said grimly. Though they knew this had been a possibility, it still hurt to be right. Gods! He was so sorry for Feral. He swore they would get the Commander's kittens back in one piece.

*Aboard the escaping chopper...*

"You got any idea where you're going?" Molly asked as she looked around to ensure no enforcers were following them.

"Yeah, we're going to Dark Kat's hideout of course." Mac snorted.

Molly just grunted and placed the kittens on the floor near her seat. "Stay put and shut up!" She warned them.

The kittens nodded jerkily and wrapped their arms around each other to try and comfort themselves.

The ride was over twenty minutes long and the kittens were exhausted when the chopper flew into a dark hole then landed. Molly picked them up again and jumped down. The Metallikats walked into a cavernous space that accommodated the chopper easily. They were headed to another archway, around them a chattering sound echoed, getting louder as they reached the entryway. Inside was some kind of well lit work area and everywhere there were creplings that were doing chores.

A few of them came flying up to the Metallikats and chattered angrily.

"Don't know what you're saying but your boss was captured by the enforcers. We're hiding here for a little while, you go on doing what you're doing. I'm sure Dark Kat isn't going to be in jail very long." Mac told them dismissively.

The creplings looked at each other unhappily but flew off to return to their work.

"I never liked those things, gives me the creeps." Molly said irritably.

"Guess that's why they're called creplings!" Mac snorted in amusement.

"Haha, you're a riot. Where are we going to put these kits and what are we going to do with them?" Molly asked shaking the pair in question a little.

"They're our insurance. As long as we have them, Feral doesn't dare try and find us." Mac said smugly.

"Oh yeah! Well whose going to feed them eh? Whose going to take care of them? They are kittens and they'll die if we don't take care of them properly. I don't know nothing about caring for kittens, do you?" Molly said sarcastically.

"Ah come on Molly, how hard can it be. Just put them into one of those cells Dark Kat has, give em some food and they should be alright." Mac said in disgust.

"Oh sure and then they die from the cold in the cells or from fear." Molly said scathingly.

"Well what do you want me to do, Molly. You tell me!" Mac snapped irritably.

"Ah shut up! I'll think of something, I always do anyway." Molly said in annoyance as she headed to another doorway with the kittens. She went down a rock corridor lit only by strings of electric lights. She paused by a door, putting the kittens down, she opened it and shoved them in. "I'll be right back." She snapped then closed the door on them.

A single lightbulb shone down on them. The room was completely empty.

"What do we do?" Kiara sniffed clinging to her brother tightly.

"I..I don't know! Mommy will find us!" He said hopefully. Kiara just nodded and shivered against Gaspar.

Some minutes later, Molly returned. She dropped a large carton on the floor, out of it she pulled a large bucket and placed in a far corner with toilet paper then she pulled out another box that she turned upside down to make a table. The next thing she removed from the big carton was some paper cups, a bottle of milk that she poured out into the cups, and sandwiches. She placed these on the makeshift table.

"There that should hold you two. That bucket is your potty. That big box has a blanket and pillow, that's your bed. Now eat up and go to bed and no noise from either of you." Molly instructed them before opening the door and leaving them alone.

Staring at the door for long minutes, the kittens were afraid to move but hunger finally won out and they hesitantly went to the food. It was peanut butter sandwiches, Gaspar didn't care for that but was too hungry to turn it down. They both ate quickly and finished the milk. Staring at the bucket uncertainly, they turned to the bigger box. With a little help from her brother, Kiara managed to crawl in with Gaspar following. Soon the warmth of the blanket and their full bellies dragged them into exhausted slumber.

*Not far away...*

"Well now we know where Dark Kat had been hiding out at." T-Bone said heavily. "What do we do next, Razor? We obviously can't just go blasting in."

"You're right there. Hmm...I'd say we should just carefully sneak in and check things out but it occurs to me we should go get Feral. These are his kittens and if I was him I'd want to be here getting them out." Razor said with decisiveness.

Sighing, T-Bone said, "You're absolutely right, buddy. He's probably going crazy with worry right now." Without further words, T-Bone turned the Turbokat back to the city, throwing on all engines to return quicker.



Reaching the outskirts, Razor used his radio, "Attention Commander Feral, this is the SWAT Kats, do you read me?"

"Feral here! What do you two want?" Feral snapped his anxiety showing in his voice.

"We don't want to be overheard on the comm. Where are you now and we will come to you?" Razor asked urgently.

"I'm still at the site where Dark Kat's ship is at." Feral answered heavily.

"We'll be there in minutes." Razor said closing the connection.

Barely five minutes later, T-Bone was lowering the jet close to where Feral and a group of enforcer's were standing. They jumped out of the cockpit and ran to Feral.

"We know where Mac and Molly took your kittens. We came to pick you up and take you there. It's Dark Kat's hideout so we know there are probably creepings about." T-Bone said rapidly before Feral could say anything.

Feral's look was one of relief and worry. "You didn't go in did you?" He asked urgently.

"No! We need to use stealth to slip into that huge place. It's a mountain cave. I'd say take only a few enforcers with you and let's get going." Razor said quickly.

"Yes! Good idea! Felina, Sergeant, you and you and you." Feral said turning and pointing at several of his officers. "Check your ammo and reload if you need to, quickly." He ordered doing the same.

When everyone was ready they followed the SWAT Kats back to their jet. Razor lowered the ramp and everyone got on board. Within minutes they were airborne and speeding back the way they'd come. T-Bone landed the jet just west of some scraggly trees in the area to hide it. They quickly off loaded and moved as quietly as they could toward the mountain entrance.

Dusk was only an hour away, when they snuck into the main entryway. Everyone was tense and alert, so much so that when a creepling sprang up suddenly from just inside, T-Bone snatched it and broke its neck in one swift motion. Laying its body out of sight, they continued on grimly.

Feral was actually grateful the pair of vigilantes had used their own judgement to track Mac and Molly. He could not have asked for their assistance but the fact that they had done so on their own and had been able to find his kittens without being seen was a relief to him. Now if only they could find Kiara and Gaspar quickly. His heart was hammering with fear as they crept further inside using the shadows to hide themselves. They saw another entryway across the cavern and headed that way.

#### Chapter 4: Mommy to the Rescue

As they reached the lighted entryway, they froze when they heard voices and the chattering of creepings.

"We should probably recharge while we have the chance. Nothing else to do right now." Mac said to Molly as they watched the creepings busily working around them.

"Huh! Wish we had some TV to watch. This is boring watching those things." Molly snorted.

"At least those kittens are quiet." Mac said as he headed for a control board against a far wall.

"Ah they're too tired to give us much trouble. Probably sleeping in that box I gave them." Molly told him as she joined him.

"Box?" Mac asked confused as he pulled out some charging cables.

"Yeah, what did you think I was going to use? It's just one of those big cartons Dark Kat has around here with a pillow and blanket they'll be warm enough." Molly said grabbing a set of cables for herself.

"Oh, works for me." He shrugged and closed his eyes. Molly snorted and did the same.

The watchers looked around the work space. The Metallikats looked like they would be out for a little while though there was no way to know for certain if they would still hear the rescuers but even if they didn't the creepings would. There didn't seem to be enough cover to hide behind to allow them to sneak in.

They anxiously waited and watched for an opportunity. After about fifteen more minutes, the creepings suddenly left for the main cavern. Mac and Molly opened their eyes for a moment to note the creepings departure then closed their eyes again.

'So they weren't completely oblivious. This would require great care.' Feral thought. He signaled everyone to take off their boots and anything else that might jingle and leave them where they were hiding. When they were ready, Razor led the way silently followed by the enforcers and T-Bone bringing up the rear. Much to their relief, they succeeded in slipping by the Metallikats and into the far doorway safely.

Leaving his enforcers to guard their backs at the doorway, The SWAT Kats, Feral and Felina walked down the short hallway. They stopped at the first door they came to.

Using paw signals, they split into pairs and stood at either side of the door. Razor reached forward and opened it cautiously. Inside, to their relief, was the big box Molly had mentioned. Feral rushed into the room, leaned over the box and beheld his beloved kittens. Tears falling unbidden down his face, he tenderly reached in and picked up both in his arms, blanket and all. They never woke, too exhausted to stir. He nuzzled each taking their scent deep into his nose, Feral choked with relief.

The SWAT Kats stayed by the door and gave Feral privacy. They'd seen the shine of tears in the dim light and were embarrassed by the show of emotions from the normally stoic Commander but didn't blame him a bit. They were just happy to see a mother reunited with his kits.

Felina stood close to her uncle and sighed in relief. Though she knew they needed to get out of here quickly she couldn't begrudge her uncle's very real need to relieve his anguish by holding his kittens. After many long minutes, she gently touched him on the arm. He raised his head and nodded. Hugging his kittens tightly to his chest, he let the SWAT Kats and Felina be his protectors on the way out. His only purpose was to protect his little ones from any further harm.

Quickly reaching the waiting enforcers, they all halted and watched for a few precious moments before carefully retracing their steps. They soon made it to the main cavern entrance. They stopped long enough to collect their boots and other things before moving to enter the bigger cavern that lead outside.

To their dismay, the creepings were swarming all over the place. They seemed to be cleaning and moving various things everywhere.

"Crud! How do we get past them without causing a ruckus?" T-Bone whispered in frustration.

Razor watched the proceedings in the other room for some minutes before finally responding. "Hmm, it seems like they are very nearly finished with what they are doing. It might not hurt to sit tight and wait."

"I don't like the idea of staying here but you are probably right." Feral hissed softly his kittens

made a soft mewling sound before settling down again.

They moved back until they were completely hidden from view behind a rock formation. The wait seemed to drag on for a long time but according to Felina's watch it had only been twenty minutes when the creepings again gathered together and sped out of the cavern, surprisingly heading for the ceiling. When they didn't seem to be coming back down some ten minutes later, the group decided it was safe to move out.

Again keeping to the shadows, the group slipped as quietly as they could for the entrance. With Razor in the lead, Feral just behind him, his enforcers and Felina and T-Bone bringing up the rear, they nearly reached the outside.

A sudden loud screech that echoed loudly in the cavern made them jump in their furs. It was another hidden creeping. Razor stunned it but it was too late. Down from the ceiling came the other creepings and from the other room they heard the bellow of Mac.

No point in being quiet now, T-Bone, Razor and Felina with the other enforcers spread out in front of Feral and began firing at the creepings.

"Get out of here Feral. Head for the Turbokat as fast as you can!" T-Bone shouted at the Commander.

Laden with his kittens, Feral knew he couldn't help the others so quickly began to run down the hill and across the field to the trees where the jet was hidden. Running with him, protecting his escape, were his Sergeant and two other enforcers.

Behind his departing form, the rest held off the creepings until they felt Feral had a good head start and the Metallikats were just entering from the other room. Firing a mini matchhead missile at the ceiling, Razor managed to trap the robots temporarily behind a wall of rocks.

"That's it! Let's hightail it out of here. Run!" T-Bone shouted at the others. They quickly turned tail and ran after Feral who was just reaching the trees.

Racing after them, looking back only occasionally, the rest caught up to Feral just as he reached the jet, panting hard. His kittens had been jounced awake and were crying. Razor opened the cargo ramp and Feral and his officers raced inside. Feral sat down onto a jump seat and Felina quickly cinched her uncle's safety harness. Taking the seat next to him, she quickly did the same as did the rest of the enforcers. They'd barely got restrained when the Turbokat launched skyward rapidly pushing them into their seats hard.

The kittens wailed. "Oh loves it's okay" Feral murmured nuzzling each of them. They stopped screaming in fear and cried for their mommy instead, their small arms wrapping themselves around his neck. He hugged them and purred to help them calm down as well as himself. The jet jolted around them setting the kittens off again.

"Look out T-Bone, those two are really pissed." Razor warned his partner as he targeted the two robots that were now standing outside the mountain entrance and firing at them. He sent three plain old missiles at the two blasting them both back into the doorway and sending said entryway down on top of them.

"Great shot, Razor. That should hold them until the enforcers can come and neutralize them." T-Bone said in relief. "If they have any problems we'll just come back and give them a hand once we get rid of our precious cargo."

"Right you are T-Bone. From the sounds coming up from the hold, Feral is going to have his paws full comforting his kittens. Poor things." Razor said sympathetically.

"Yeah, hope they don't have too many nightmares from this experience. Just glad we got them

out of there safely." T-Bone said gratefully.

Razor switched on the intercom to the cargo hold, "Commander, do you want us to take you to your apartment? Or somewhere else?" He asked.

Feral thought a moment then said, "Take me to the Khan Tower."

"Roger!" Razor acknowledged.

In very little time the Turbokat was setting down gently on the, fortunately empty, chopper pad. Razor dropped the ramp and both he and T-Bone saw the little family off safely.

"Felina, go with the SWAT Kats and ensure those robots are rounded up and have Hackle shut them down." He ordered.

"Right Uncle, don't worry about a thing. Maybe you shouldn't come in tomorrow. I think these guys are going to need you for a bit yet." Felina said hesitantly.

Feral looked down at his exhausted, teary-eyed and traumatized kittens. "Yes, you are probably right, Felina. See that Steele is informed of my absence." He said quietly.

"Yes sir." Felina said, saluted and returned to the jet.

Before the SWAT Kats could join her, Feral called out to them. They stopped and looked at him puzzled. "I don't know how to thank you enough for saving my kittens." He said huskily.

"Don't mention it Commander, we're just both really glad they are safe again." T-Bone said brushing off the thanks even though privately he was stunned to be getting it from Feral in the first place.

Feral just nodded then turned and went down the short stairs to the entrance to his penthouse. The SWAT Kats ran to the jet, closed the ramp and quickly took off to take care of unfinished business.

As Feral stepped into the patio foyer that led into the main living area, a small furry missile struck his legs. Looking down he saw the crying face of Casimir.

"Mommy...mommy...you found Gaspar and Kiara!" He shouted.

Behind him came Bagera on the run and Matty as well as some of the servants. They surrounded the pair.

"So glad to see these little ones again." Bagera said in relief.

"Yes, thanks to the SWAT Kats." Feral said gratefully as he began to move forward, Matty picking up Casimir so that he could stay close but not hinder his mom from trying to move.

Bagera stared at Feral in surprise. "The SWAT Kats?" He asked shocked.

"Yes, I'll tell you about it later, Bagera. Right now I need to get these three washed and comforted. Would you please contact Dr. Wanser. I want him to check them over." Feral said quietly as he headed for the kittens bedroom.

"Of course, sir, right away." Bagera nodded leaving swiftly to do Feral's bidding.

The other servants including Mattie followed after Feral and helped him strip each of the kittens and help them into the bath with Feral. He had decided to take them into the large pool in the master bedroom. The soothing water helped calm them as well as the hot chocolate Matty made for them when they were dressed for bed.

Dr. Wanser arrived as they were drinking their cocoa and checked them over gently.

"Fortunately, Commander, they are fine just shaken up. They may suffer nightmares for a while but I think they'll recover quickly with extra TLC from you and Mr. Khan. If there are any lingering emotional problems, please let me know quickly so that we can nip it in the bud." Wanser told him smiling warmly at the kits and giving each a sugar free lolly.

"Thank you!" Feral said relieved and tired.

Wanser just nodded and took his leave. Feral insisted the kittens sleep with him tonight and no one objected.

"I'll have a meal sent in for you, sir. It's dinner time and I know you'll be hungry soon. Just relax and take comfort from your kittens being returned to you." Matty said warmly and left to take care of ordering a meal for him.

Casimir clung to one side of Feral while Gaspar was on the other and Kiara lay against his chest. He purred softly to them nuzzling each one in turn. Exhausted, it wasn't long before they were all sleeping soundly. He tenderly laid them on one side of him and caressed each little face repeatedly. So very grateful that his little ones were back safe with him. He knew he had to call Shere soon but he was loathe to disturb his kittens by reaching for the phone. He lay there silently for some time.

Matty soon returned with a tray of food for him. She smiled down at the sleeping brood and her bosses tender way of touching each one unceasingly. Though he was male, she was always impressed at how good a mother the Commander was.

"Here you go, sir. Eat up! You'll need it to keep up with these guys when they wake up." She said softly placing the tray over Feral's lap.

"Thank you Mattie. Could you hand me my phone and the TV controller?" He asked quietly.

"Of course, sir." She moved across the room and retrieved the items he'd requested. Just leave the tray on the floor, sir and I'll get it later. Good night to you."

"Good night, Mattie and thank you for all your help. I meant to ask, are you alright? It was a pretty traumatic thing for you too." Feral asked in concern realizing he hadn't asked after her well being.

"I'll be alright sir. It was very scary but all's well that end's well and that is all that matters. I've just got a few bruises here and there. Don't worry about me." She told him with a warm smile then took her leave.

Calling his mate was going to be tough but better now than when he heard it on the news. He knew Shere hadn't known about it despite it happening some hours ago so that meant he wasn't near a TV or radio at the moment for which Feral was grateful. Shere would have been beside himself with worry. As it was, when he told him, the tiger was very upset and angry. Feral just let him rant and rave for several minutes knowing it wasn't directed at him. The tiger was just upset and frightened.

Finally, when he had calmed down sufficiently to be able to hold a quieter conversation they talked for some time. Feral missed his mate. He could really use a hug right now. It had been a very traumatic day. Shere promised he would be on the first flight out.

"I love you and I'm so very sorry I couldn't be there at this awful time." Shere murmured still feeling a deep shock at what had nearly happened to his beautiful kittens.

"I know love. Just come home as soon as you can. I need you!" Feral said softly.

"I will. Get some rest my beloved." Shere said warmly.

"You too my love." Feral whispered back then hung up.

Sighing he finished his food and set the tray on the floor. He had intended to watch the news but then decided against it. Setting the controller on the nightstand, he slid down into the bed and turned out the light. Curving his body around his kittens he drifted off to sleep.

It was nearly dawn when a heavy weight pressed the bed down beside him. He sleepily opened his eyes and tried to orient himself when he felt a familiar nuzzle on his neck. Sighing happily he carefully rolled over to face his mate.

"Welcome home, love!" He whispered. Khan's answer was to kiss his mate deeply for several long minutes.

When he'd arrived home thirty minutes ago, he had rushed into the room and beheld his family blissfully asleep in their super size bed. He went to his kittens side of the bed and sat down carefully. He reached out and gently caressed each little face tenderly.

'Gods! If he had lost them...! No...he wouldn't think about it. It was too horrible to imagine.' He thought. 'What Ulysses had gone through didn't bear dwelling on.'

He was grateful that he'd been able to get back here so quickly. After caressing each face once more, he got to his feet and headed for the bathroom. He took a quick shower and dry then padded nude to his mate's side and slipped in behind him. Uly's sleepy response tightened his heart and when Uly rolled toward him he couldn't resist kissing him senseless.

Hugging Ulysses, he whispered huskily, "I missed you my love, so very much. It terrifies me to know how close I came to losing all of you. I couldn't have borne that. So I'm home for a while. They need both of us to recover from this terrible incident."

"I'm glad. I'm off tomorrow as well." Feral told him then kissed his mate again and hugged him tightly to him. He didn't want sex right now just comfort and Shere seemed to realize that. Very soon they were spooned together and falling back to sleep safe once more.

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IV by ulyferal

Four year old Kiara had been playing a game of hide and seek with her brothers when she realized she hadn't seen Mommy for a while. Curious, she slipped away from the playroom and looked around the huge penthouse.

Not seeing her mother in the places he could usually be found, Kiara went to her mother's bedroom. Normally this was off limits but she was becoming concerned. Daddy was out of town again and, this being the weekend, they usually had just Mommy and the servants and of course the guards outside the apartment door.

Tiptoeing into the huge master bedroom, Kiara looked around then she heard a strange sound coming from the bathroom.

Hurrying across the floor, she made for the open door. The bathroom was enormous with a large pool as the bathtub which was one of the reasons the master was off limits. Through another door was where the toilet and sinks were and the noise was coming from there.

As she peeked around the open door she squeaked in shock and fear. She rushed forward to where her Mommy was sitting on the floor leaning over the toilet. He was throwing up when Kiara hurried to his side.

"Mommy, you not feel good?" She asked worriedly.

Her Mommy could only hang his head and pant. Sweat ran down his face and his eyes were barely open.

Scared now, Kiara hesitated, not knowing what to do then it came to her. She whirled around and raced out of the bathroom, through the bedroom, the living area, down the hallway, and into the playroom. Her brothers were wrestling on the floor.

"Mommy sick!" Kiara shouted, tears of fear beginning to run down her face.

The boys stopped and stared at her in shock.

"What you say?" Casimir asked as he jumped to his feet and went to her.

"Mommy throwing up!" Kiara said in anguish.

"Oh, that not good!" Gaspar said with a squeak.

"Let's go see!" Casimir said and ran through the apartment to his mother's bedroom. When they got to the bathroom their mother was laying on the floor.

"Mommy!" Casimir cried and went to the floor beside him. He carefully touched his mother's sweating face and it was hot. His mother never responded as they huddled around him. He panted and his eyes were closed. He moaned every few minutes.

This upset the kittens even more.

"What we do? I'm scared!" Gaspar said anxiously.

"Get help!" Casimir said and ran to the front doors of the apartment.

"But we never supposed to open front doors, Casi!" Gaspar shouted chasing after his bigger brother. Kiara stayed by her mother patting his face gently, tears still running down her face.

"This is emer...emer...this bad and guards can help!" Casimir said importantly and without hesitation opened the front door.

The two panther guards looked down at the two small kittens in unhappy surprise. But before either of them could say anything the kittens started talking excitedly at the same time.

"Hold it! One at a time. What has you so upset that you would break a very important rule?" James, the bigger of the guards, asked firmly.

"Mommy sick!" Casimir said urgently. "He lay on bathroom floor and don't hear us," he added.

The guards looked at each other in consternation. "I'll watch the kittens, you go see what's going on with the Commander," James told his partner, Brad. Nodding agreement, Brad quickly went into the apartment and hurried to the master suite.

He found Commander Feral sprawled on the floor just as the kittens described. Little Kiara was caressing her mom's face trying to wake him. Brad gently pulled her back then checked the Commander himself. The dark tom was panting and moaning. He was running a high fever and there were signs that he had been throwing up.

Pulling out his cell phone hurriedly he summoned the Khan's private family physician, Dr. Wanser.

"Doctor, Commander Feral is very ill and is barely conscious on the bathroom floor. He has a high temperature and it looks like he's been throwing up," Brad told him.

"I'll be there in a few minutes. Wet a wash cloth with cool water and put that on his face until I get there," Wanser ordered him.

"Yes sir," Brad acknowledged then dialed his partner. "James, the Commander is very ill and unresponsive. I've summoned Dr. Wanser, he'll be here soon. Kiara is here with me but I can't leave the Commander. You want to come and collect her?"

"I can't leave this post unguarded. I'll call for more help. We may need it anyway," James answered.

"Good idea...make it quick," Brad said tightly. After hearing James' acknowledgment he hung up and put his phone away. Kiara was becoming more afraid and was crying harder.

Brad distracted her by asking for her help, "Kiara, sweetie, it's okay...we're going to take care of your mommy and you can help. Go get a wash cloth for me...okay?" Brad pointed to a stack of wash cloths on the counter.

Hiccuping for breath, Kiara nodded and jumped to her feet. She grabbed two wash cloths and handed them to Brad. He smiled encouragingly at her as he got the cloths wet with cool water.

He knelt back down near Feral and put one cloth on his neck while he used the other to wipe the sweat off the tom's face. Feral moaned in response but didn't open his eyes.

"Commander?...sir?...can you hear me?" Brad asked gently shaking the big tom but he only got more moaning.

To his relief, Dr. Wanser came hurrying in with James behind him. James gently picked Kiara up and carried her away to be with her brothers. He had already called the nanny back from her day off to care for them. She would be arriving soon.

Meanwhile, Brad was bringing the doctor up to date, "He hasn't responded at all since I've been here. I tried shaking him gently but he only moans. The kittens said he had been throwing up when they found him."

"Hmm...he's got a high fever alright," Wanser murmured reading the fever gauge he'd used on the big tom. He pulled out his stethoscope from his bag and listened to Feral's chest. "Well the lungs are clear...that's good news...his pulse is rapid but that's expected under these conditions. Looks like he's gotten a really bad bug. Only thing we can do is cool him down a bit and put him to bed. I'm going to take some blood and have the lab run some tests but I think we're going to find it's a virus," Dr. Wanser said as he got to his feet. "Right, do we have some help here now?" He asked Brad.

"Yes sir...What do you need us to do?" Brad asked him.

"Four of you carry him out to the pool. I want two of you in the pool to hold him up," Wanser ordered briskly.

With quick efficiency, four powerful guards carefully carried the weak Commander to the pool side where they stripped him then gently lowered him into the waiting arms of two other guards already in the pool in their boxers.

When the water covered his body, Feral suddenly cried out in a panic. The two guards holding



him tried to soothe the bewildered kat.

"Easy Commander, it's alright..." Dr. Wanser soothed calling out to the struggling kat.

Blinking Feral stopped fighting the guards supporting him and stared up at Wanser owlishly.

"Wanser?" He ask hoarsely, looking confused.

"Yes, Commander. Your kittens found you ill in the bathroom and got help from the guards. They are very bright. I think you have a virus. The pool was to cool the high fever you have," He told him gently then turned his attention to the guards holding the tom, "Move him closer so I can recheck his temperature."

The guards helped Feral move to the side of the pool. Wanser leaned over and ran his gauge over Feral's forehead. "Hmm, okay, that looks better. Take him out and towel dry only. I don't want him heated again."

The guards helped Feral up the pool steps and servants moved close to quickly towel dry his body then two new guards helped him walk to his bed. He was tucked in with only a sheet and a high stack of pillows so that he was partially sitting up. Wanser ordered some cool gatorade to be brought then sat down to take some blood from Feral's arm.

"How's your stomach feeling...still queasy?" He asked as he put a bandaid over the needle site.

"Only a little," Feral said wanly. "My throat is raw."

"I'm sure it is. I want you to drink a little gatorade...it'll help your throat and I'm going to give you an IV. You're too dehydrated right now. How long were you throwing up?" He asked.

"Not sure...wasn't feeling so good when I got up this morning...felt worse after breakfast with the kittens...I didn't eat," Feral said thickly, his eyes having a hard time staying open. He felt awful.

"Alright. Let's get some fluids on board. I know you're tired but try and drink a little of this," Wanser urged him handing Feral a glass a servant had brought. Feral was trembling a bit as he brought the glass to his mouth and drank a few mouthfuls then fell back to the pillows exhausted.

Wanser took the glass and handed it off then set up an IV. "Here...one of you hold this at this height," he ordered one of the guards and showed him how high to hold the IV bag. After ten minutes it was empty and Wanser took it back and removed the needle from Feral's arm. "There that should make you feel a little better. Rest now. We'll see if you can eat some soup a little later," Wanser said gently patting Feral on the arm and letting him fall asleep.

Wanser walked out of the bedroom followed by a group of guards. A servant stayed by the Commander's side keeping watch.

The kittens saw the doctor passing through the living room. Their nanny was there taking care of them. The kittens had pleaded with her to allow them to wait and see the doctor when he left. She relented knowing how worried they were and she had to admit she wanted to know too.

Casimir was the first to reach Wanser's side. He halted and looked down at the little ones now clinging to his legs.

"Mommy, be okay?" Casimir asked pleadingly.

Wanser smiled warmly, "Yes, your mommy will be okay. He's just got a very bad cold and needs lots of rest. You did a very smart thing getting help for your mommy so fast. What you can do now is keep quiet and not bother your mommy for a while. Do you think you could do that?"

The kittens nodded their heads solemnly. He smiled, patted each one and left to have the blood tested.

"Alright little ones, how about we go into the playroom and each of you do a picture for your mommy. He loves your drawings." Mandy encouraged them as she hustled them toward the playroom.

The kittens did their best to keep quiet and were allowed to see their mother at bed time for a few minutes.

"See pictures we draw Mommy?" Kiara said eagerly as she pushed her drawing ahead of her brothers into her mother's lap.

Feral was sitting up and eating some broth and crackers. He was feeling a little better but was still very tired. He smiled wanly at his kittens and commented on each drawing.

"I'm sorry I can't kiss you goodnight my loves. Mommy doesn't want to give his cold to you. Thank you for getting me help. I'm very proud of you all," He said warmly waving good night to them as the nanny gently hustled them off to bed.

It took Feral three days to get over the worst of the nasty virus he'd caught. He was still required to rest so was in bed when his mate returned from his business trip.

Shere Khan had been nearly run over by his excited kittens. He gave each of them a tight hug then frowned when Casimir told him Mommy had been sick while he was gone.

Casimir proudly told his father what they had done when they'd found their mother ill. His heart tightened when he heard of his mate's illness but relaxed when they told him Ulysses was on the mend. He gave his kittens extra hugs and praised them for helping their Mother in his time of need then presented each of them with a new toy he'd bought for them. They squealed in delight and raced to their playroom to play with their presents.

Sighing, Shere, handed his briefcase to a servant and made his way to their master bedroom. He found his mate propped up with pillows and watching TV. Feral turned his head and gave his mate a welcoming smile.

"I heard you were ill, my love," He said questioningly as he came and sat at his mate's side.

"Yes, apparently I caught a nasty virus. I'm grateful to the kittens for getting me help when they did. It helped me recover faster and they've been very good at behaving and staying quiet too." Feral said with pride.

"Yes, they told me what happened. I gave them some presents I'd acquired on my trip which are being admired and played with as we speak. So glad I got them something since it seems they earned it," Shere smiled warmly at the thought.

"I'm just glad you're home," Ulysses murmured as Shere leaned close and kissed him gently.

"So am I, my love. I only wished I had been here but since I wasn't, I'm glad the kittens were there to help," he purred lovingly as he nuzzled his mate gently.

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V by ulyferal

"You want to do what?" Feral asked his tiger mate, not sure he had heard Shere say something so outlandish.

Eyeing Ulysses carefully, Shere said, "I wish to present our kittens to my clan. They have been demanding I do so for some time but due to your health and their size I was able to put them off but no longer."

Feral grimaced in resignation. "Well, I guess we better do it then. You did willingly move here for me so I guess I should bite the bullet accept the fact you have a right to see your family too." He sighed.

"Thank you, my love. I appreciate the sacrifice you are willing to make. I know it isn't easy for you to leave your job but Felina is more than capable of holding the fort, as it were, in your absence." Shere said warmly, hugging his mate.

"Yes, you're right. Well let's get this show on the road. I assume you have already made the arrangements?" He asked with a sigh as he prepared for bed.

"Since I own the jet, my love, I can leave anytime I wish. I needed to ask you if you're able to make the break sometime this week?" Shere said, cocking an eye at Ulysses questioningly.

"Hmm, well I'll have to recheck my schedule, but I think that's doable." Feral said consideringly.

"Excellent! Then I will wait for your call and set things in motion." Shere smiled then leaned close to kiss the dark tom which led to other things.

In his office the next morning, Feral went over his schedule with Felina.

"It looks good, Uncle. You could really use this break with Khan and there's nothing that can't wait for a little while or that I can't take care of for you." Felina said warmly.

"Yeah, I guess, Shere did pick a good time for this and he has been patient. I didn't know he was receiving so much pressure to visit his clan and I've been churlish not to realize I've been unfair to him about visiting Cape Suzette. But darn it, Felina, it's just not easy to haul three six month old kittens anywhere. It takes major planning." Feral groused mildly.

Felina scrunched her face in commiseration. She had been drafted a couple of times when it came to taking the triplets anywhere. It was sometimes a nightmare.

"Yeah, don't I know it, but, Uncle, that's where being mated to the wealthiest Kat in the world comes in handy...lots of servants." She smirked.

"There's that." Feral snorted good-naturedly.

Two days later, the triplets, their parents and a fair army of servants were loaded aboard Khan's private jet. The flight would take over three hours. Feral used the time to do some reports as Khan was looking over some prospectus'. On the floor, with their nanny herding them, the triplets were crawling around and playing on the thickly carpeted floor.

Casimir crawled to his mother's knee and pulled himself up his leg. Feral felt the sharp needle claws and looked down past his paperwork.

"And where do you think you're going?" He asked smiling tenderly at his largest triplet.

Casimir grinned and mewed then lost his grip and fell backward to the floor. He gargled happily and rolled over to his knees again and made for his father to do the same thing.

Feral just shook his head. He still found it hard to believe that he was a mother. It was a true life

altering event in his life next to being bonded to Shere.

The triplets were napping when the jet began its descent by late afternoon. The landing didn't wake them as they were covered with blankets and off loaded to the waiting limo. They were soon all loaded and on their way to the Khan Tower.

On their arrival at the Tower they were met by Khan's director for Shere's operation in Cape Suzette, Mr. Sheridan.

"Welcome sir and Commander Feral. I trust your flight was comfortable?" He asked politely.

"Smooth flight overall, Mr. Sheridan. My compliments to the crew. The triplets are still asleep, so let's get them upstairs, shall we?" Shere said as he accepted one of the car seats from the servants unloading the limo.

Feral took another carseat and Sheridan took the last. He stared down at the sleeping female he was holding and smiled warmly.

"She is beautiful sir. You are very fortunate to have such exquisite kittens." He complimented.

"Thank you. I think so too." Shere said with pride, looking down to study the sleeping face of Casimir.

Very quickly they boarded the elevator and were soon on the top floor of the Tower and were carrying the triplets through to their room. With practiced efficiency, Khan and Feral unloaded their triplets, checked diapers, then placed them in a very large crib. The triplets loved to sleep together and wouldn't accept being separated.

With their kittens taken care of, the parents were free to have lunch and Feral listened as Sheridan brought his boss up to date with the affairs of his Cape Suzette end of his empire.

When he was done, Sheridan bid them a good evening and told Khan he would see him in the morning. The rest of the day was spent getting settled in.

The next morning, while Khan was in his old office one floor down, Feral was glad he had a new laptop to allow him to keep up with his work in Megakat City. He and Felina would talk about the days needs and he would advise her on what needed to be done. He'd never taken a vacation before so this felt a bit weird for him.

To the kittens this was a new adventure. They spent the day exploring the confines of the penthouse. The most fun was looking through the glass to see the amazing fall of water from the immense waterfall. Gaspar and Kiara were totally mesmerized by it but Casimir was restless and wanted to see more. The nannies rode herd on them, keeping them from any major trouble while still allowing them to explore and exercise but Casimir managed to go on an adventure on his own and create complete chaos that affected the whole building.

Khan had invited the 'Higher for Hire' crew over for lunch to meet the kittens because they had helped save their mother and ensured they would survive to be born. He felt they had a right to see what they had risked their lives to save.

*Down at the docks the day before...*

"You're joking, Becca! Why would Shere Khan invite us to some fancy lunch?" Baloo asked in disbelief.

"Well, I was a little surprised myself but he said it was to thank us for saving Commander Feral. He said we should see what we had risked our lives for." Becky Cunningham said.

"Huh! Really! Well I'm not going to turn down a free feed. When is this shindig?" The big bear asked.

"Tomorrow at noon. I've already made sure our schedule is clear. And the invitation was for all of us, so that includes you too Wildcat and Kit. Molly is allowed to come too." Becky said with a grin.

"Great! Sounds like it'll be gas. Tomorrow then!" Baloo sang out as he headed for the door. "I'd better get that shipment taken care of today then, come along Kit."

"Right, later Ms. Cunningham." Kit said as he dashed after Baloo.

*The next day, eleven-forty five...*

"I don't know why we had to get duded up, Becca!" Baloo grouched as he pulled at the tie he was wearing. He'd been forced to wear a green tailored shirt with tie and dark black slacks.

"This is high society, Baloo. One doesn't go to a fancy lunch in the Khan Tower looking like the garbage collectors." Becky said tartly, straightening her skirt a bit. She was dressed in a lovely lavender skirt with a lighter shade blouse.

"Maybe so Ms. Cunningham, but I feel ridiculous in this." Kit mumbled. He was dressed in a sharp looking polo shirt and slacks.

Next to him, Wildcat stared at all the interesting things in the elevator, totally at ease in a pair of brown slacks with a yellow polo shirt. He looked strange without his ever present cap.

Molly pouted in her rather frilly blue dress. She'd rather be in her coveralls.

In the Khan apartment, the nannies were getting the triplets dressed in simple jumpers. The kittens were excited, sensing something was up.

Feral had opted to dress in a comfortable pair of black slacks topped by a yellow polo shirt. Khan was dressed in his usual three piece suit.

Sheridan was double checking the arrangements for the buffet in the large dining room. Everyone was very busy. The kittens had been allowed to play in their room because they were too excited to be still and this would wear them out so they would be quieter at the luncheon.

With the constant in and out of people, an adventurous kitten saw an opportunity and took it. When the door to the nursery was left slightly ajar and the nannies were occupied, Casimir pulled at the door and slipped out.

His eyes were wide as he took in the new view from his floor level. Seeing many exciting things to explore, he crawled quickly down the hall. Making the living room without being seen, he crawled under tables and stared out at the fancy living space.

Unfortunately, there were too many feet moving around, so he went behind the couch and came out near a constantly opening door. A rolling cart came close to where he was hiding and halted a moment.

Casimir pulled up the sheet that hid the underside of the table and peered in. It was a silver colored and empty shelf. Curious he climbed in, before he could decide to get off, it began to move. Enchanted, Casimir peered through a gap in the sheet and watched people, walls, and things go by.

The cart halted again, he saw a wall slide open, then the cart moved onto it. A strange feeling passed through him as the cart went down in the elevator for the lobby.

The wall slid open again and the cart rolled through then halted again. It stayed still so Casimir crawled off it for the floor. This area was boring, so he crawled to an open area ahead of him. The cart had been left just outside the servants hall. The doorway the kitten was headed for led to the lobby proper.

When he reached the polished floor, he sat up and stared at the high ceiling and all the cool things around him. As he looked around, he saw another moving wall. He crawled along the wall among the potted plants to avoid the adult feet as he made his way to the elevator doors.

He found one empty and decided to climb on. The doors closed silently and he rode up several floors.

Meanwhile, back in the penthouse, the nannies prepared to take the kittens to the dining room. It was then that Casimir was discovered missing. No one panicked at first until after a fruitless ten minutes the kitten couldn't be found.

The nannies contacted the guards, who quickly instituted a silent search of the penthouse. When that failed to find the missing kitten an alarm was set off.

"What's going on?" Feral demanded at the sound of the alarm. He had been working with Felina in the den.

"Casimir is missing, sir." A grim and tense faced Bagera, Khan's head bodyguard, reported.

"What?" Feral said in shocked anger.

"We've searched the entire penthouse. We've surmised the little one had most likely climbed aboard one of the serving carts and had been unknowingly transported off the floor. We've already checked and no one that shouldn't be here was found." He said tightly. "I've instituted a floor by floor search and the building is in lock down mode."

"My God! There are so many places he could come to harm in this building." Shere said in horror. "Notify all floor supervisors to search. I want all work stopped until my son is found." He ordered angrily.

At that same moment the members of 'Higher for Hire' arrived in the lobby, the building security had been alerted and all floors were scurrying like ants searching for the lost kitten.

"What the heck is going on?" Baloo said as he saw a group of security frantically searching at floor level around them.

Kit grabbed hold of one of the security fellows to inquire what had happened.

"Who are you?" He demanded quickly, looking them over suspiciously.

"We are here at the invitation of Mr. Khan to have lunch with him and his family. We're 'Higher for Hire'." Rebecca told him.

"Oh yes. I'm sorry ma'am. One of the Khan triplets has managed to escape the penthouse and is somewhere in the building. We're trying desperately to find the kitten before he comes to harm." The guard said anxiously, letting his eyes search the floor.

"Oh my! That's terrible. Can we help?" She asked anxiously. As a mother herself, she knew the terror she'd feel losing Molly.

"Of course, ma'am. Just keep your eyes open for him. I'm told he's an enterprising little thing and can only crawl being only six months old." He said already moving off to continue the search.

"Well, where do you think we should look Becca? This is a huge building." Baloo said, scratching his head in frustration as to where to start.

"I'd suggest we take the elevator and glance out each floor and see if we spot him. I suspect he was fascinated by it and might have used it to go up and down quite a few times. Molly did that in our building when she was younger." Becca suggested.

"Well I guess that's the best we can do!" Baloo shrugged.

"I think we should take an elevator a piece since there are so many of them." Kit said pointing at the wall of elevators.

"You're right! Molly come with me, honey." Becca said as she made for one car. Each of the group picked an elevator and began their search.

At each floor, each member stepped out and went a ways down each hall before getting back on and going to the next floor.

"Let me go that way, Mommy while you go that way." Molly said.

"Well...okay. Just don't leave Mommy's sight," Becca agreed reluctantly.

On each floor, Molly went down the hall a short way and looked into open doors and behind plants and carts while her Mom did the same in the other direction.

It was on the twentieth floor that Molly got lucky.

Casimir was getting tired. He had looked at lots of things and rode the elevator many times. But he was hungry and wanted his Mommy. He took refuge behind a wall of recently delivered bolts of cloth leaning against a wall near a laboratory for experiments on clothing.

Molly and Becca arrived on the twentieth floor and separated. Molly looked behind lots of stuff lining the hall. Sighing and getting hungry, Molly just glanced behind the bolts of cloth and nearly left when she heard a whimper. She stopped and looked closer. Laying on the floor was a small kitten.

She started to reach for it but stopped. Her mommy would know how to pick up a kitten. She turned and looked for her Mom. Becca was just coming down the hall.

"Momma, come quick," She shouted at Becca.

Becca's eyes widened. She hurried to her daughter's side.

"Behind there mommy." Molly pointed excitedly.

Becca quickly dropped to her knees and looked behind the rolls. There he was.

"Oh little one, its alright. Come here sweetie. I won't hurt you!" She coaxed.

Casimir had seen the little kat face looking at him then disappear which caused him to whimper then a nice she-kat's face appeared and was calling to him. Crying in relief, he crawled out to her.

"Aw, it's alright. We'll get you to your mommy." Becca soothed as she held the kitten tightly to her body and made for the elevator with Molly close at her side.

"Molly, I'm very proud of you." Becca told her daughter warmly as she bounced the little kitten comfortingly.

Molly smiled happily glad she was the one to have found the missing kitten.

Becca had pushed the button for the penthouse. The doors soon opened to subdued chaos and a distraught Commander Feral who was pacing anxiously. Shere Khan was no better as he stalked around with a cell phone to his ear.

"Commander Feral, I believe my daughter has found someone for you." Becca called out as she approached the dark tom.

Feral's eyes widened as he hurried forward and took his son from the female bear's arms.

"Oh Casi, love. Mommy was so worried." He cooed. Casi wailed at the sight of his mother and dug his claws into his mother's shirt. Feral nuzzled him to assure himself his kitten was alright and offer comfort to his little one. Shere came close immediately and caressed his son's face in relief then he got on his phone and told his security to notify all floors that the kitten had been found.

Soon over the loud speakers the announcement went out. On the elevators Baloo, Wildcat and Kit gave a sigh of relief and all punched the button for the top floor.

They soon joined Becca and Molly. The little bear breathlessly told the rest how she had found Casimir.

"That was great, Molly. I'm proud of you!" Kit said giving her a hug.

"Please, if you will all follow me to the dining room. You have my thanks for finding little Casimir and the least we can do is feed you." Sheridan said in amused relief as he escorted them to the dining room.

As they entered the room, Commander Feral, still holding Casimir, along with Shere Khan approached them.

"Thank you so very much for finding my son, Ms. Cunningham." Feral said.

"Actually, its Molly who you have to thank. She's the one who found him." Becca said proudly holding her daughter before her.

Feral knelt down to Molly's level. "Thank you, Molly. I'm very grateful to you." He said solemnly shaking her little paw while still holding Casimir with the other.

"You're welcome." Molly said shyly.

Feral stood back up as Shere leaned down and shook Molly's paw. "I want to thank you too." He said warmly. Molly just smiled and blushed.

"I'm sure that long search has made everyone hungry so please grab a plate and enjoy." Shere said waving to the buffet.

"Don't mind if I do. I'm starving." Baloo said moving to the tables of food quickly. Kit and Wildkat hard on his heels.

Casimir tapped his paw impatiently against his mother's face. Feral looked down at him.

"Hungry are we? I hope that taught you not to wander off." He said as he placed his son in his high chair next to his siblings. The nannies brought food for the kittens and Casimir wasted no time in digging in.

Feral sighed and shook his head.

"They can really make you grey fast." Came an amused voice behind him. He turned and smiled



at Becca.

"Most definitely. Especially Casimir. He's my most adventurous." Feral sighed.

"I don't envy you, Commander. I thought it was hard enough raising Molly but taking care of three at once would make me crazy." Becca said shaking her head.

"They do me at times and I'm certain I'll have lost my mind by the time they can walk." Feral shuddered at the thought.

Becca laughed in commiseration as she and Feral went to get something to eat.

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VI by ulyferal

"Yes! This should put me at the top!" A distinguished, older looking tiger said with a glint of triumph in his eyes.

His nervous inventor, Mel Bansoft, stood next to his boss, pleased his new invention was being so well received. He was relieved that something he invented was finally going to see a profit. Everything else their section had turned out had come out second best against the mega-giant Khan Industries. This invention should put them in the lead at last. At least he truly hoped so.

"I want a prototype made immediately." Sultan of Miniverse Corporation told his employee.

"Yes sir! We're about seventy percent complete on that." Bansoft said quickly.

"Good! Then I'll let you get to it. Let me know immediately when it is ready for presentation but make it soon!" He warned as he stalked out of the lab.

Bansoft sighed and went to the lab where the others were waiting nervously.

They looked up when he walked in. "He loved it and said to produce the prototype asap." Bansoft said briskly.

There were some worried frowns but no one argued as they returned to the work at hand.

Some two weeks later, Sultan made his grand announcement of Miniverse's most advanced microscope ever invented. It was so powerful, they could actually detect viruses under it. His company received huge orders for it within a month of its unveiling.

Khan was seething when he saw the announcement in Inventor's Weekly.

"I can't believe that weasel has finally managed to leap ahead of me. I've been far too occupied with my mate and kits." He grumbled in annoyance but then his face softened. 'But as distractions go my mate is a magnificent one and my beautiful triplets are a joy to my heart,' he thought warmly. He sighed. There was nothing for it but to go down to his labs and see exactly what they had going on and if there was anything that could top Sultan's coup.

He was in an irritable mood when he finally went home that evening. He tried not to stay too late at the office since his mate had a tendency to be caught up in crime fighting at all hours. The kits needed at least one of their parents at hand in the evenings.

As he stepped into the apartment, he was assaulted by his seven year old triplets.

"Papa, papa!" His daughter chirped excitedly.

Khan smiled warmly and after handing off his briefcase to the butler he leaned down and swept Kiara into his arms.

"And how is my beauty this evening? Have a good day at school?" He asked as he carried her to the couch followed closely by her brothers.

He sat down with her in his lap and the males sat on either side of him.

"Oh yes, papa! We read a neat story, played a new game and learned about your home, Cape Suzette." She said excitedly.

"That wasn't the best part though, daddy." Casimir cut in. "The projector went wacko toward the end of the movie we saw on eco...econ..." He frowned unable to think of the word.

"Economics!" Gaspar said with a superior smirk.

"Yeah! Anyway, the movie was booooring but the jerking and flipping of the film was funny." Casimir chortled.

Shere could only chuckle at that observation.

"But the most exciting thing that happened today was the fire drill. We got to march outside. Our class lined up the fastest." Kiara said proudly.

"That's wonderful, Kiara. I'm proud of you all." Shere said warmly giving her an extra hug.

"Yeah, that was pretty cool but I think the accident was more interesting," Casimir said, trying to one up his sister.

Shere frowned. "What accident?"

"The one while we were standing outside. Two cars went boom...smacked into each other!" Casimir said, smacking his two fists together.

"No one was hurt, though," Kiara was quick to say, not liking that to happen to anyone.

"That's good. Anything else happen?" Shere asked, carefully, a feeling of alarm rising within him.

The three looked at each other and shrugged.

"Well, after the accident, some people came pushing through our lines shoving Kiara and me from our group but our teacher was nearby and quickly pulled us back in line then we were told to go back inside," Gaspar ventured cautiously, when he noted his daddy was still waiting for an answer.

Shere felt a chill run down his back. "Did any of these 'people' try to grab you?"

Kiara's face scrunched up in annoyance. "Well, I don't think they meant to, but one of those pushy people did grab my arm but Gaspar was holding onto me and pulling back so the person let me go and walked across the street away from us."

"Ah, I see. Well it seems you had a very eventful day. If I'm not mistaken, I smell dinner," Shere said turning the subject away.

The kittens cheered at that. Kiara jumped down from her father's lap and grabbed his paw to tug him to the dining room. Her brothers had already run ahead of them.

Later that evening when the kittens were in bed, Shere brought up the incident at the school to his mate, Ulysses, who had finally gotten home less than an hour before. Feral was stripping off his clothes as he listened but froze in the act of removing his pants to turn his head and stare at Shere in angry shock.

"What?"

Shere's face was grim, "That was my reaction though I didn't let onto the kits that what they said had upset me. Kiara was annoyed but forgiving of the individual who had tried to pull her away. Fortunately, Gaspar had a tight hold on his sister and that made the fool let go. The kits weren't afraid at any time, thankfully. They didn't realize the danger. I, however, was feeling residual shock at just how close our two kittens came to being kidnaped. The accident was obviously a distraction! I intend to have a word with the school and find out why our kittens were without their guards."

Feral felt a sudden rush of fury. 'How dare someone try to take his kitten again? Once had been way too many already,' he thought angrily, remembering the time the Metallikats had taken these very same kittens before. He would not allow it to happen again.

"I just wish we could tag our kittens somehow in case they are snatched. No matter how much we guard them, there are those who might succeed in taking them from us. I couldn't bear for that to happen again," he hissed bitterly, throwing his pants rather violently into the laundry basket. He didn't see the sudden look of excitement on his mate's face until he turned around.

Frowning, he asked, "what the heck is wrong with you?"

"I've just had an incredible idea and I have you to thank you for it!" Shere said excitedly.

"Huh?"

"We have transponders on our planes, tracking devices we use to find things, why not something similar to attach to our kittens. Then we'll know where they are at any time. Also, I could have my R & D section figure out some kind of defense device a kitten could use to ward off an attacker that's still safe for them to have since kittens being kittens could use them in play accidentally and we don't want them harmed to badly using it." Shere's mind was awchirl with ideas and couldn't wait to see his inventors in the morning. This would put him back on top!

"Kat's Alive! Why the heck didn't I think of that?" Feral chastised himself. Shaking his head, he climbed into bed and was immediately set upon by his still excited mate. "Whoa!"

"Thank you, love!" Shere murred hotly, giving Ulysses a hard, intense kiss.

When he could catch his breath, Feral blinked at Shere in bemusement. "Maybe I should come up with ideas more often if that's the reaction I'm going to get," he smirked.

Shere chuckled then moved suddenly to cover his mate. "Perhaps you should," he growled heatedly and proceeded to make his mate writhe and cry out excitedly for the next hour.

More than six months later, Shere Khan unveiled the newest device in personal security...the Zoac GPS. The device would be attached to the person's fur in some out of the way spot and was the size of a dime. It would send out a continuous signal that would tell the one with the locator device keyed to it, where the person was at all times.

It went on the market as a way to protect kittens but also for very important dignitaries. Along with that invention, Shere also put out the first Kitten Defense Weapon. It was a small flashlight device worn around their neck on a springy cord. The device sprayed out pepper spray.

Both devices were a hit on the market and quickly surpassed Miniverse Corporation's new lense

putting Khan Industries back on top.

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