

[WOLVES OF ARCANUS, Arc One: Galactic Intervention](#) by [ulyferal](#)

Summary:

A race of wolves arrives on Arista and proceed to help correct the many problems they have. The leader of the landing party finds much more than he expected when he meets the leaders of Megakat City.

Yes, I know there is no MPREG in this Arc but you have to read this one to understand the second arc which will have MPREG and births.

Categories: [Swat Kats](#) Characters: Ann Gora, Calico Briggs, Dark Kat, Dr. Liter Greenbox, Dr. Sinian, Dr. Viper, Feral, Feral/OMC, Jonny, Mayor Manx, Professor Hackle, Razor, Sergeant, T-Bone

Genres: Het, Slash

Warnings: Adult Situations, Anal Sex, AU, Explicit Sexual Situations, Hermaphrodite, m/f, m/m, WIP

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

The further I got into this story, the more I realized I needed to make it three story arcs. The titles of each arc are : Galactic Intervention, New Lives, and Homecoming. I hope you enjoy this piece which is the longest I've ever attempted. There will be lots of sex, space battles, magical fights, etc. Hope you stay with me through the whole adventure.

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Chapter 1: Arrival by ulyferal

In a galaxy far, far away, a race of wolves fought a battle for survival against a vicious enemy from space. The insectoid creatures had nearly succeeded in taking over their people and their planet before the invaders were finally eradicated and their ship destroyed.

After recovering from the creatures deprivations, their council decided no other world should suffer such a calamity. They were honor bound to hunt these things down and destroy them wherever they were found, sending a message to the species that their kind was not welcome anywhere in the galaxy and should return to their own planet.

Over the next century, the wolf race of Arcanus sent their specially trained warriors out into space in ships that traveled at light speeds to hunt the Tibican. Their modus operandi was to scan any inhabited planet that possessed the criteria sought by the Tibican; a moderate climate, industrialized but not yet in space, and lightly populated.

If the Tibican were there, the planet was searched for any survivors. They would offer their aid and destroy the creatures either for them or with them. On other planets that had been visited but had driven off the dangerous insects, they would send an insertion team to gather intelligence on how the planet survived the attack and that information was added to their data banks.

They never made contact with the inhabitants of these worlds, allowing them to remain blissfully ignorant of their visit, as they moved on to the next world. They would stay as long as a month or as short as a planetary day depending on what they found.

During their years of travel, the Arcanians were contacted by representatives of the Galactic Community which consisted of many universes banded together for commerce and protection. They were asked to join the community but it took the Arcanian Council a few months to decide if they wanted this honor. When they did agree, the decision was never regretted as their race benefitted from the commerce with other worlds that shot their technology a decade ahead in all fields.

As part of the community, they were asked to add something more to their mission....keep their eyes open for other worlds that could be an asset to community. After contact was made and the planet was deemed worthy, they were to ask them to join. As a reward for any world that took the offer, the Arcanians earned more privileges for their own world. So far the Arcanians had been very successful in their new role, adding more than six new worlds to the community, the Wotan succeeding in signing up two of those worlds.

Being in space for years at a time can be hard so to keep their crews healthy, Arcanian captains would stop at worlds very similar to their own to take shore leave. Sometimes a few would find mates among the inhabitants and brought them aboard to join the crew. This made for a very mixed breed of crew that brought diversity and new ideas which were of benefit to the Wotan.

The wolves, being a very gregarious species, would have sex with nearly any race if it was anatomically possible, having no hangups about alien species mixing their genes with their own. That's because it turned out their genes were always dominant.

They were muscular, powerfully built, tall, morally honest, sexually skilled, cunning, and very intelligent. They had only one name, having no need for a first and last as some worlds did.

To be as successful and thriving as they were, they'd developed methods of cloaking their ships when necessary (either hiding from a hostile force or remaining incognito when orbiting a world) and used medical methods to hide their true appearance, if required, when planet side.

Sometimes they got lucky when the inhabitants looked similarly enough like themselves to not

need disguises to walk safely among them. These were the best worlds for much needed shore leave.

This was true on their next stop. A planet with the right criteria for a Tibican incursion was located in a small solar system with only six planets and one sun. The Wotan eased into orbit around it, cloaking themselves from the planet's primitive satellites and observatories. For the next twenty-four hours they scanned the sparsely populated world, known as Arista to its inhabitants.

Captain Ing listened to the reports of his officers during a meeting held after gathering all the information they could from space. The Tibican, called Ci-Kat-A by the natives, had visited this world but it had been over a year ago and they had succeeded in defeating the invaders. This meant an insertion was required to determine how they'd managed it and to insure none of the insects had managed to hide somewhere on the planet. Depending on what they found, it looked like shore leave would be possible as well. That would be a bonus.

He looked toward his officer that dealt with the insertion teams, Major Wieland.

"Wieland, send down your best team and have them investigate the possibility of shore leave after they've completed their mission," he ordered. "The city..." he paused to glance at his computer pad again, "...called Megakat by the inhabitants, is the insertion point. We are fortunate this world has a form of canine called Kantin which we seem to resemble rather closely so disguises won't be necessary."

Major Wieland grinning happily. "Now isn't that a lucky break. Let's hope we get an all clear for shore leave, we sure need it."

The other officers sitting around the table nodded in full agreement.

"I second that, sir. The crew is dangerously over stressed and I'm concerned about their mental state after what we've recently been through," Tennar, ship's medical officer, added. Worry making him look older than he was.

The Wotan had run afoul of a hostile race and had to fight their way out of that solar system, suffering serious damage to their ship and many injuries to the crew in the process. It had taken weeks of work to repair the damage and the crew was still recovering.

"Yes, I'm well aware of that, Tennar." The Captain sighed. "All we can do is hope for the best. You have your orders Wieland and two hours to get the team sent off."

"Yes sir. I'll get right on it."

"Excellent, you're all dismissed." He got to his feet and pulled down his uniform shirt. His officers quickly rose to their feet at the same time and left ahead of him while he followed more slowly, making for the center seat on the bridge.

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In his spacious quarters, laying on his comfortable king-sized bed, Lt. Kam was attempting to catch up on his reading, one of his few pleasures. A female might have been a better distraction but he'd just been involved with a she wolf some months ago and it had ended rather messily so here he was bored and horny. Not a good combination.

When he went off duty, he'd heard they'd entered orbit above a possible Tibican stopping point. He prayed they'd be sending down a team soon and, of course, he hoped it would be his. They were on the roster as the next away team but the Captain was within his right to alter that if he so

desired.

Sighing, he tried again to focus his attention on his book when his comm whistled. His heart leaped with excitement as he slapped at the comm key.

"Lt. Kam here!"

"Lt. Kam, report for mission briefing, ASAP. Bring your kit!" Major Wieland's voice growled out.

"Yes sir." Kam responded. Yes! My wishes have come true! Grinning widely, he rolled off his bed and hurriedly began to change his clothes. He pulled on a non-descript coverall of dusty blue that went well with his blue-gray fur pelt and medium length, black hair. He grabbed his always packed kit bag and exited his quarters, hustling down the hall to the turbolift.

He was the second to arrive in the briefing room and smiled broadly at his engineer, Genus, a burly wolf with a golden pelt and reddish-gold hair. Genus nodded amiably as Kam took a seat beside him, dropping his kit by his feet. The door zipped open again to reveal the other two members of his team. A she-wolf named Tara with beautiful tan fur and copper hair and a male red wolf named Donar with hair of gold. The last person through the door was a huge grey wolf with nearly white hair. This was Major Wieland.

"Alright folks, here's what we know. The planet below us is called Aristal. It's at pre-space level of development and is a mostly populated by felines. They call themselves Kats and here's where we got lucky, there is a smaller population of creatures called Kantin that look close enough like us to let us slip in and mingle without need of disguises." He paused a moment to read his notes on his computer pad.

"The largest country with a population around 1.6 million is called Megakat City. This is where the battle against the Tibican occurred. The inhabitants called the creatures Ci-Kat-A so remember that when you question them. They apparently drove the things off completely leaving no survivors so they are no weak race. You know what to do. However, there is an additional order for you by the Captain. This one you'll enjoy.....see if we're able to take shore leave here."

Cheers of joy greeted his announcement.

"Yes! Here's hoping it is!" Kam exclaimed.

"We're in agreement on that but remember, don't let your understandable need for shore leave blind you. Please keep your heads about you and investigate closely for hidden danger before you tell the Captain it is safe for us there," Major Wieland warned but couldn't help smiling at the team's undiminished enthusiasm. He couldn't blame them. If it was allowed, he'd be going down with them. The view from up here showed a beautiful, unspoiled world...perfect for them to enjoy.

"We'll try, sir," Kam said cheekily.

As team leader, he was allowed some latitude in his behavior. Major Wieland could slap him down for that comment alone, but ignored it knowing the reason behind the lieutenant's rather reckless attitude. The mess they'd left in that unspeakable solar system had badly frightened and upset the whole crew, they deserved a little good luck about now. "You're dismissed. Happy hunting!"

Still grinning like a group of pups, the team rose and headed for their shuttle bay. Stowing their gear aboard the sleek looking space craft, their behavior immediately became more serious. Each took their seat for the flight down. Kam was the pilot, Donar co-pilot and navigator, Tara was the comm and medical officer and Genus was weapons and engineering.

They ran through preflight quickly and professionally then Tara asked for launch approval.

Receiving it moments later, Kam lifted the shuttle from the deck and slowly floated toward open space as the space doors yawned open.

Taking an elliptical course, he soared around the planet until they reached Megakat City's airspace. It was night and their shuttle had a cloaking device on so they were invisible to the city's defense system.

"Hmmm, they have a fairly sophisticated system in place for what appears to be a rather peaceful looking city. I wonder why?" Genus asked more to himself than anyone else as he studied the reports he was getting from his instruments.

Kam frowned at that information, something about it felt wrong.

"Could it just be because of the attack by the Tibicans?" Tara asked.

"No, because that was more than a planetary year ago, according to Major Wieland's report. This just seems a little over the top and it's not all focused toward space. Only a small margin of their attention is there, the main focus is around a variety of heavily guarded facilities," Genus said slowly.

"Hmm, I'm not sure I like the sound of that. We'd better find out why. Genus, when we land, focus your attention on finding what's behind their excessive security measures," Kam ordered as he prepared to land their shuttle.

"Yes sir." Genus grunted, downloading the locations into his personal computer he carried.

With a minimum of fuss, Kam landed the shuttle in near silence within a copse of trees. He'd chosen a heavily forested area that seemed to see little in the way of traffic by the inhabitants and was just north of the city.

They grabbed their kits and checked their comm units that resembled watches. Inserted behind their ears were universal translators that made it easy to speak with the many races they encountered. Each carried a small hand weapon that fit in their palms. It was a very powerful neuralizer that could knock most species out cold but at a higher setting it could kill. That was something they tried hard to avoid.

They debarked and looked around, sniffing the clean unrecycled air appreciatively while Genus secured their shuttle.

"Okay, remember to check in every four hours. Meet back here by tomorrow night. Stay alert, stay safe, and good hunting," Kam said in parting.

The others nodded then took off in four different directions.

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Chapter 2: Studying a Species by ulyferal

That first twelve hours were very informative for the four aliens. When they met the next night at their ship, they relaxed and traded information.

"Okay, Genus. What did you find out about their rather excessive defensive posture?" Kam asked. He found out some eye-opening things himself but wanted to hear what his team mate had discovered first.

Genus grimaced. "Apparently, this city is at the mercy of a handful of super-criminals. One is a Kat altered by an accident into some kind of lizard mutant. The next is supposed to be a super techno genius and wants to take over the city, he's called Dark Kat. Another is a strange dead sorcerer known as the Pastmaster who isn't here right now, thankfully. Yet another is actually a pair of sentient robots, if you can believe it. There are a few more but they are in jail at this moment but apparently, they never seem to stay incarcerated long which is why the city is under siege so much and why the city is forced to be on constant vigilance."

Kam nodded. "That corroborates what I'd learned as well, Genus. You know, it seems a shame that a vibrant and busy city like this, is plagued so much. You'd think they would go on the offense rather than play a continuous defensive game with these things." He mused thoughtfully.

"Well, we don't really know the circumstances as to why they don't or if they actually do and just haven't been successful. I guess you'd have to ask their military leader or stay around long enough to watch." Donar said, shrugging.

"True. I also heard the Tibican were not the first aliens to visit here. Some alien by the name of Mutilor stole a spaceship from a peaceful race, taking them hostage, then went on a stealing rampage. In this planet's case, he was stealing their water to sell to another planet. He was killed and the peaceful aliens were released. These Kats are a very feisty bunch." Genus added.

"Feisty, yes, and tough...they must be because being under near constant threat is unhealthy. I'm amazed at how resilient they are despite that. Other races would have succumbed to the stress and would be at each other's throats by now. These Kats just accept it and keep on going. A truly hardy species." Tara noted. As medical officer, she was required to assess the mental state of the races they visited to prevent her people from being harmed when they interacted.

"Well, that's good to know. I wonder if the presence of a colorful pair of vigilantes have as much to do with that attitude as their natural inclinations?" Kam questioned.

"I would have to say yes. They give hope to the masses even though the military leader is not so pleased about having to be assisted by someone outside the law." Tara responded. "Here's a pic of them I got off their internet." She showed them the image from her small personal scanner.

"Hmm, powerful looking pair. What makes them so special?" Kam asked curiously. He'd heard about these two as well.

"A jet beyond anything their military possesses plus some pretty sophisticated weapons." Donar said. "Rumor has it, the smallest of the pair designed and built it. If he did, he's really up there in the intelligent quotient. He could actually fit into our world rather handily."

Kam snorted. "Oh sure, like we need another set of people who constantly have issues with authority."

Tara laughed. "Are you describing yourself there, Kam."

"Stuff it, Tara." He said in mock sternness. Their team was known as rebels because of their rather strong beliefs in what they thought was right and wrong and weren't afraid to say so, much

to their Captain's annoyance and amusement. But they were one of the top insertion teams on the **Wotan** so he put up with some of their eccentricities.

"Alright, next, has anyone discovered how they defeated the Tibican? If so who did the deed and are there any left?" Kam asked seriously.

Dona gave his leader a rather pleased look. "I'm happy to say these Kats kicked their ugly butts and destroyed them all. It was a combined effort by those vigilantes and the military forces. It cost them a newly built and very expensive office tower that was trashed completely in the final battle, significant damages to their nuclear power plant and the loss of one of their rockets."

"And I found no DNA traces of them in the population." Tara confirmed.

"Excellent. They certainly struck me as rather a tough bunch. The Kantins, though few, are also a brave, resourceful and an intelligent group as well. So, the last question is, how does this place look for shore leave? I want to say, 'Hell yes! Unfortunately, the constant vigilance and the super criminals could be a very real danger to us when on their turf. Fortunately, they don't have anything that the **Wotan** can't handle if its necessary. But we're not here to declare war on some super criminals so, although I hate it, I'm going to have to suggest to the Captain, that until we know for certain our crew will be safe, it will be at least several weeks before we can give the green light. Anyone disagree?" Kam asked soberly.

"Ohhh...our shipmates will not be happy about that long a wait but I have to agree. Those creeps make me uneasy and I'd rather err on the side of caution." Tara said, a sad looked on her face.

"I agree." Genus grunted unhappily.

"Ditto." Donar added, a sour look on his face.

"Very well, I'll pass on the good news/bad news." Kam sighed, signaling Tara to contact the **Wotan**.

"Yes, Kam?"

"Sir, what would you like, the good news or the bad news?" Kam asked.

A grunt of annoyance came through the speaker but the captain's voice was mild when he said, "Let's hear the bad news first."

"Okay, shore leave will have to be delayed. Though, it is indeed a wonderful place and perfect in nearly all ways for us to have a grand time, unfortunately, it also is on hyper alert due to a chronic problem with super criminals. Pending your approval, I've decided to infiltrate the community and see if we can find out just how bad the problem is before allowing anyone else to come down here." Kam reported unhappily.

They heard groans of unhappiness from the bridge crew through the speaker before the captain spoke again. "Yeah, that's pretty bad news alright but I understand your caution and agree. Permission granted to look into this more. But be careful! Now what was the good news?" The captain asked.

"There are no traces of the Tibican's here. This race killed them all." Kam said in a more upbeat voice.

"Ahh, now that is good news. Send reports on a twelve hour basis and good luck to you all."

"Thanks Captain, Kam out." Kam said signaling Tara to cut the connection. "Okay guys, you heard him. Let's get to work."

Their mission now was to watch for these super criminals and observe how the military handled them. It was decided to hang close to the parties that their research told them were at the center of much of the super criminal's focus.

Kam and Genus took the enforcers while Tara would keep an eye on the Deputy Mayor, a scientist known as Dr. Sinian and an inventor by the name of Professor Hackle.

Donar was given a research center called Pumadyne which was a constant target of Dark Kat and Megakat Biochemical Labs, a favorite target of the mutant known as Dr. Viper.

All of them would keep an eye out for the pair known as the SWAT Kats to see how they fit in the defense system of the city.

With their plans made, they separated again and began to find temporary living quarters near their targets, getting to know the city better and learning the best places for them to seek entertainment for their shipmates when the planet was cleared for shore leave.

Kam and Genus decided to split the cost of an apartment. Money and appropriate clothes were made by their replicator in the shuttle, so that wasn't a problem, but they needed to keep a low profile so found out where most enforcers lived and selected a place not far from Enforcer Headquarters.

The **Wotan's** computer kept them informed on all aspects of the city from jobs to apartments to the latest news through their handheld computer data pads.

Because of this, Genus learned of an electrician's position needing filled for a temporary job at Enforcer Headquarters. This would allow him to listen in to all the doings of the military. With his other world engineering experience he got the job with very little effort.

Kam decided to take a more high level position so he could have access to the leaders of the city. Describing himself as a security specialist and showing credentials his computer had generated, he wheedled his way into Mayor Manx's confidences.

Manx was so impressed with Kam's false credentials and his knowledgeable speech, that he gave Kam carte blanc to study the way security was handled in the protection of the city and to make suggestions on how to upgrade or improve it.

He gave Kam a letter that would gain the Chief Enforcer's cooperation. Privately, Kam wondered why he needed to get the military leader's cooperation. He sensed some hostility from the Mayor toward this Feral character. Well he'd have to find out for himself why that was.

Tara found a job as an assistant to Dr. Sinian. She was impressed with the wide knowledge of the archeologist. She'd learned the doctor also aided the city leaders when the bizzare occurred. In several instances, Sinian had been instrumental in solving the problem of the day. Tara liked the light brown furred and personable she-Kat a lot. It would be no hardship to work with her.

Professor Hackle proved to be too difficult to get close to as he tended to rarely leave his secluded lab in the hills above the bay. Tara would have to do her best to keep an eye on him should his name come up.

As for the Deputy Mayor, when she learned Kam was already in place where Ms. Briggs worked, she handed the she-Kat off to him. Tara managed to find an apartment not far from the Megakat Museum of Natural History that allowed her to walk to and from work..

Donar had a problem. Both facilities he was assigned, were quite a distance from each other. He could not monitor both unless he could craft a job that involved going from one to the other on a frequent basis. With some discussion with Kam and Genus, plus checking the job market, they finally came up with a position that allowed him to do what was needed.

His job required that he transport chemicals from Megakat Biochemical Labs to Pumadyne for use in many of their research programs. This was a daily job, just what they were hoping for. The deliveries were of highly dangerous chemicals and so were not handed off to the entry guards but required the delivery person to take them to the appropriate labs himself, under guard of course. This would put Donar where he needed to be to monitor for any attacks by the omegas, as the inhabitants called them.

Since the lab was located at the center of town, which was far too noisy, he decided to find a place not far from the rather nice city park where he could take long walks at night. Being aboard a ship for months even years at a time, walking on a planet, feeling the weather on your face and the smell of untreated air was a treat to enjoy to its fullest. He felt only a little guilty that his shipmates couldn't enjoy this as well. Hopefully, they would be giving them the green light to do so very soon.

With everyone in place, it was now a waiting game as they learned about the species they were hiding among and watched for the super criminals. According to the city's historical documents, they wouldn't have to wait for long.

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Chapter 3: Wolves in Kat's Clothing by ulyferal

Genus walked into Enforcer Headquarters on his first day of work. He went to the desk sergeant and asked where to find the contractor's temporary offices and was directed to lower level him, Genus headed for the elevators.

Meanwhile, his team leader was arriving separately, some fifteen minutes after Genus, so they wouldn't been seen together. Kam made for the elevator bank straight away since he already knew Commander Feral's office was located on the top floor.

He received many a curious look as enforcers got on and off during his ascension upward. He kept a pleasant expression on his face but didn't look anyone in the eye so he was left alone. As long as he looked like he belonged there no one had a reason to question him. That was one of the many lessons the insertion teams had learned very well.

The doors opened to a fairly quiet floor that was nicely carpeted and had tasteful paintings on the walls. A small number of personnel moved briskly in and out of a few offices, administrative types, he was certain. He looked both ways for a moment then noted a large opening down the right hand corridor. Taking an educated guess that this was where he wanted to go, he walked toward it.

'Good guess!' He congratulated himself as he came upon a large waiting area with a receptionist. To the rear and one side of her desk was a big door with the words 'Chief Enforcer' engraved on it in gold lettering. Walking up to the receptionist desk, he waited politely for her to finish her phone call.

The pretty she-kat put the phone back in its cradle and looked up at him questioningly.

"Hello, I'm Kam Bonner, Mayor Manx asked me to see Commander Feral. He called ahead and spoke to the Commander about me because he wanted me to get to the business we discussed, immediately, so here I am." He told her.

His team had come up with his last name. Donar had wanted to make it 'Boner' sending everyone into gales of laughter. Kam didn't think it would go over well with the Kats he had to deal with so they added an extra 'n'.

The receptionist blinked at him in surprise. "I've not been told about this. If you'll just wait a moment, I'll speak with the Commander." She said reaching for her intercom.

"Of course."

"Commander?...I have a visitor here who says Mayor Manx has sent him to see you? His name is Kam Bonner."

Kam listened as a very deep voice rumbled a rather unhappy answer. That attitude surprised him and added to the mystery of the Mayor's warning about the Commander probably not liking what he had to say on improving security

"Yes sir!" The she-kat said briskly. She smiled at Kam and told him to go on in. He nodded his thanks and went to the heavy door.

He pushed it open and entered an incredibly spacious office. Gleaming white tile covered the floor, a few potted plants were here and there as well as a comfortable couch and coffee table to the right against the wall, a small door was further down the wall (probably a bathroom) but what was right in front of him was very impressive.

On a two-step pedestal was a huge desk and behind it was a very powerful looking tom. He'd seen Feral's image on their scanner but it just didn't capture the true presence of the tom before him. A ripple of heat raced through his body, making Kam's pulse gallop when those gold eyes looked up and stared at him. 'Gods of my ancestors! He's hot!' He thought in stunned surprise.

He had to bite the inside of his cheek to prevent the howl he wanted to bay out. He shoved the distracting sensation away, to be studied later, and walked up to the tom's desk. To the right of the desk and behind was a wall of windows. He bet the view was spectacular.

"Hello sir, I'm Kam Bonner." He said amiably, ignoring the rather grim expression on the tom's face.

Staring at the powerful looking Kantin, Feral felt a sudden heat in his most nether regions. That had startled him at first, causing him to simply stare rather than respond to the male's greeting. Mentally, he shook himself and got up from his seat.

'Was that a flash of heat in the eyes of the Kantin?' He thought with a gulp, nearly pausing in midstep but forcing himself to move smoothly forward.

"Yes, the Mayor told me you would be coming over." He managed to say, reaching to shake the proffered paw that was the same size as his own.

Their paws grasped in a firm handshake and sparks of fire raced up their arms but they both managed to pretend they hadn't felt anything and held onto polite smiles, hiding their stunned reactions from each other.

Turning away from the Kantin and making for his wall of windows, Feral desperately tried to get himself under control. The male made him feel hot and needy. He'd never felt such an immediate, intense desire for a complete stranger before.

Kam was having similar difficulties. He'd never experienced such an intense attraction to another since signing onto the **Wotan**. It was disconcerting as well as very distracting. As he walked up behind the tom, his eyes were riveted to the rather nervous swishing tail. 'So he's just as affected. Well now, that has possibilities.' He thought to himself.

He moved to the side and didn't stand too close to the tom, giving them both breathing space, as he looked out the windows as well. He'd been right, it was an incredible view.

"Wow! Nice view from up here!" He rumbled admiringly.

"It is. Mayor Manx wishes you to discuss how the Enforcers might be able to improve our security

methods." Feral said, rather tightly.

'Ohh, touchy subject. Must be careful.' Kam warned himself. "Well, he thought our company might help you finally take down those dangerous omegas once and for all. We've studied your problem and part of it, of course, is your severe lack of funding from your council." He said, trying to show sympathy for Feral's untenable position and one they had uncovered in their research of the city's workings.

He found it reprehensible for a city plagued by such problems to fail to fund the very military that was supposed to keep them safe. He didn't doubt Feral was constantly frustrated in trying to do his job with nearly nothing but inadequate equipment and outdated training.

A growl of discontent escaped the tom at his side but he didn't voice what he really thought about the situation. In that, he was a good politician who knew the writing on the wall and didn't try to point blame by airing his true feelings to strangers.

"We do our best with what we have. Our city is still standing."

Kam could appreciate Feral's attitude but it didn't change the facts of the matter. "Yes, you certainly do but unfortunately, your omegas manage to return and repeat their attempts over and over again. You've been fighting a defensive war for a very long time. Why not go on the offense?" He asked carefully.

Feral grit his teeth. This Kantin knew their situation all too well for an outsider. He was either extremely good at his job or he was working for the very ones they fought against. He truly hoped it wasn't the latter. For reasons he didn't want to examine too closely, he would hate to have to arrest this very charismatic Kantin.

"For the same reasons you already gave." He admitted unwillingly. "And because the laws don't permit killing a criminal without a trial."

"Admirable and exactly what makes this city so civilized. So, what has to be done is to find a quicker method of capturing this omegas and a much tighter, escape proof method of holding them." Kam said firmly.

Feral turned his head toward Kam and frowned. The Kantin grinned and suggested they sit down and he'd lay out what he and his company could do for the enforcers.

Intrigued, Feral walked to the couch followed by Kam. Over the next hour, Kam laid out the ideas his team had come up with that might help the beleaguered defenders of this city.

At the west end of the city, another of his team was making their way to their new job. Tara walked into the Megakat Museum of Natural History, pausing long enough to ask directions to Dr. Abi Sinian's office, before finding the elevator and taking it up two floors to the research wing of the museum.

She found the beautiful she-kat in her library researching something, a big fat book of obvious age lay before her on a table. She was wearing special protective gloves to keep oils from her fingers from damaging the delicate ancient pages.

"Dr. Sinian? Hello, I'm Tara Genworth." Tara introduced herself when she had reached the side of the female.

"Oh, hello. So nice to meet you. Your credentials were exceptional." The doctor said, shaking Tara's paw warmly.

"Thank you! What are you working on?" Tara asked, genuinely interested.

Smiling at the Kantin, Abi was pleased her new assistant was willing to get down to business so quickly.

"I've had to set aside my desires to uncover the now buried anew Katchu Pichu site to one of studying how to stop that annoying and dangerous sorcerer, the Pastmaster. It was due to him the ruins were reburied. Years of work ruined in minutes." She huffed in annoyance. "So, I've been pouring through the tomes left by Queen Callista that concern magic, hoping to find something to ban him from ever coming to our time again." Sinian explained.

"An ambitious project, doctor and one I'd be honored to help you with. I've been fascinated by magic most of my adult life. Perhaps between the two of us, we'll find something." Tara said encouragingly.

Tara was relieved. She'd been afraid she would have had to try and convince the doctor to take on this study but here the doctor was already digging into the problem.

The team's mission was on how the omegas operated but Kam had added the proviso of actually aiding this city in its fight. They couldn't take action directly so they would help the Kats find a way themselves with just a little push from them and their advanced methods and technology.

This was not their normal modus operandi but they were beginning to really like this planet and the Captain had expressed a desire to see if it were possible to make this planet a galaxy-wide destination point. It would raise the planet's wealth and prestige as well as increase its technology and standard of life but first the omegas had to go before such a plan could be presented to the various governments.

"Why thank you Ms. Genworth. I'd really appreciate that." Dr. Sinian was saying, dragging Tara's attention back from her musing.

"Please, call me Tara." The alien requested, smiling back.

"Tara, then you must call me Abi. I find calling me doctor when we're going to be working so closely to be very standoffish." Abi said. "Now how about we get you started." She said briskly, heading for the sealed bookcase and retrieving a book.

"Alright, Abi it is." Tara agreed. "And I'd love to get started. Where are the gloves stored?" She asked.

"Oh, in the drawer at the table you're standing at." Abi said as she carried the book back to the table. "Here you go." She said with a smile, placing the book before Tara.

"Thank you."

Over the next several hours the pair worked in amiable silence, searching tome after tome and taking copious notes. They only broke for lunch and used the time to discuss what they'd found before going back to work. They studied many different books for hours. Dr. Sinian was very pleased with the sharpness and keen intellect of her new assistant. Her hopes of finding a way to stop the Pastmaster looked to be within her grasp with such excellent help.

Two days later...

"So how is everyone doing in their new positions?" Kam asked as they shared a pizza in their ship.

"I lucked out. Dr. Sinian was already researching Megakat City's ancient past to find a way to block the Pastmaster from ever returning to this time period. We studied a lot of information from a Queen Callista. She was the leader during the Pastmaster's most frequent appearance during the period of their history known as 'the dark ages', circa the fourteen hundreds. This Queen was

conversant and skilled with magic. So we're heading in the right direction with her." Tara reported.

"I've been accepted easily by my new co-workers. Today we repaired electrical lines that handled the lift ramps for one squadron of jets. This put me in the right place to listen to some of the scuttlebutt from the fly guys. There's a lot of grumbling about losing to the SWAT Kats constantly when they go into battle, anger at their lack of good equipment and jets, and the frustration with their enemies escaping from poorly maintained prisons." Genus rumbled as he downed a container of soda that he was beginning to take a fancy to.

"The only problem I've been having is learning to get through the ridiculous traffic then dealing with rather nasty tempered security at each point. What I could get from them was they were tired of taking flack for failing to prevent their facilities from being broken into so easily. They are very dispirited about the constant attacks by these omegas." Donar reported, grabbing another pizza.

"Hmm, seems the complaint isn't restricted to just the enforcers." Kam commented with a deep sigh. He couldn't get out of his mind how hot the Chief Enforcer was. It made it hard to concentrate on the mission when he was close to the tantalizing tom. "Feral wasn't giving away secrets or ratting out his incompetent Mayor that has tied his paws effectively, instead he just keeps trying to do his job with that inadequate military hardware you mentioned Genus and getting royally humiliated by the SWAT Kats on a frequent basis. Though he won't come out and say it, he'd give almost anything but his integrity to take those omegas out permanently." Kam observed, chewing on his large sub sandwich contemplatively.

"Does he appear to be losing heart and depressed by this?" Tara questioned seriously.

Kam frowned. "He's not happy but I've only been around him a few days and I can't detect anything like that, though I'd be very much surprised that he isn't. He is just very good at hiding his emotions."

"Sounds like he's a lot like you." Tara said with a small smirk.

"We are...surprisingly. Though he was hostile about what he conceives as a direct criticism about his job by having me there giving him advice about how to secure his city better, at first. But I managed to pique his interest and he became more open to what I was saying. He hasn't accepted what I suggested as yet, but I'm hopeful he may come around soon." Kam remarked.

"Not that I want it to happen, but I hope these omegas make an appearance soon. We can't judge what we need to do to help them until we see how they handle themselves against these guys then we can tailor our assistance around that." Genus said thoughtfully.

Kam sighed. "I agree, meanwhile, it sounds like we've manage to infiltrate well without the natives catching onto us being a bit different. So, I'll report in to the Captain and I'll see the rest of you again in two days time unless something big comes up. Any questions...anything else we need to discuss or data you have to share?" Kam asked.

Heads shook.

"Right. See you guys in a few days." Kam said, dismissing them and going to his com console while his crew cleaned up and prepared to leave for their temporary new homes, except for Genus who would ride with Kam back to their shared apartment.

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Chapter 4: Genus Checks out the Night Life by ulyferal

Two more weeks passed and still no sign of any of the omegas. The Arcanian's made the best of their situation, getting to know the city and its people as much as possible. Their first few days were spent in solidifying their positions and routine but then they felt it was time to sample the

night life provided by a vibrant and busy city.

They couldn't be seen together so if they happened to show up at the same venue they pretended to not know each other. Genus decided to check out a nightclub he'd heard about at work. It was called Night Prowl.

Dressed in tight black jeans, black high top boots, and a dark blue vest with intricate silver tracery and no shirt, he stepped into a surreal atmosphere of black lights, flashing strobes, an abrasive band, screaming away, and leather clad dancers on swings hanging from the ceiling.

He grinned widely, this was his kind of place. The music was a bit weird but it fit the decor. He pushed his way to the crowded bar and ordered a beer. This was another thing they loved about this planet, except for a few plants, nothing was harmful to their metabolisms.

Beer in paw, he turned around and watched the gyrating crowd appreciatively. The crowd was heavily male with very few females floating around. After some thirty minutes playing tourist, a tom caught his eye.

The male was some dark color he couldn't determine in this light. He was built small but more than made up for it in a well muscled physique. He was wearing a light colored silky pull over shirt, tight leather pants and tennis shoes.

Genus moved closer to the male who had just finished dancing with another male but apparently wasn't attached because he waved and split off heading for another section of the floor. The wolf followed closely until he came up behind the tom.

"Hello, handsome!" He growled.

The tom turned and eyed him in surprise. The male studied him intently, doing a once over and apparently pleased with what he saw.

"Hi, never seen a Kantin here in awhile." The male's rather rough tenor voice said.

"Naw, I'm new to the area. Just got a job, place to live and finally have time to check out the night life. My names Genus...yours?" Genus asked politely.

"Jake. Well welcome to Megakat City. This is a great place if a little crowded most times." The tom said with a grin as he managed to snag a bottle of water from a waitress.

"So I'm learning. I like it. The locals are pretty nice too." Genus leered suggestively as he sipped his beer.

Jake felt the heat rise in him. This guy was interested in him and he had to admit, the Kantin was hot. He liked his dates big, built and blond and he suspected this guy was majorly oversized. He took a quick gulp of his water.

"Glad you think so. See anything you're interested in?" He asked, one eyebrow wagging back playfully.

"Oh I think so, though in this light, I'll be darned if I know what color he is but he's just what I'm looking for if he's feeling inclined, that is." Genus rumbled invitingly but giving Jake a way out if he really wasn't interested in something more than dancing.

"Well some would say its cinnamon, others brick red..." Jake said, flirting, letting the Kantin know he was interested in what was being offered by moving closer and letting their bodies touch.

"Really. Gotta check that out under better light then. Want to dance?" Genus asked, wanting to get a feel for the tom before they retired to somewhere more private.

"I'd love to." Jake agreed and the pair headed onto the crowded floor.

They danced apart for a bit but gradually moved closer together until they were rubbing bodies as they moved with the beat.

Genus had to restrain a groan of pleasure. 'Oh yeah. This is one hot little number and he smells good too.' He thought, hardly able to contain himself as he leaned his head down and nuzzled the tom's neck, taking a deeper sniff. 'Hmm, heavenly.' He rumbled aloud then stole a kiss.

Jake gasped and moaned, pressing closer still to Genus. 'Ohhh yeah, what a kisser.' He thought deliriously and his scent is amazing. Time to get out of here.' He broke the kiss and grinned wickedly. "How about we blow this place?" He suggested hotly.

"Thought you'd never ask. Where to?" Genus rumbled as they moved to the exit.

"Hmm, your place?" Jake asked, hesitantly.

Genus paused. "I have a room mate but do have my own room...does that work for you?" He asked carefully. He had to be careful of the social mores of other species, didn't want to make a misstep at this point.

Jake grinned anew. "Not if your room mate doesn't mind."

Genus sighed in relief. "Not a problem. So, did you come in your own vehicle?"

"Motorcycle. I'll follow you!" Jake said as they burst through the door into the cool night air.

"Ahhh. Well I don't have a vehicle and got here by bus." Genus admitted. They had decided not to purchase vehicles since there was a very good mass transit system available.

"No problem, there's room for two!" Jake said with a grin. "Just give me your address." He led Genus to the sweetest ride he'd ever seen. As a matter of fact, this looked far too advanced based on the level of technology they had seen on their monitors and witnessed themselves visually for this planet to have.

Jake handed him a helmet and climbed on after disengaging a very sophisticated security system. Genus got on behind him and wrapped his arms around the small waist. He could feel the powerful muscles under his paws.

Moments later his breath was stolen as they zipped through traffic at speeds he was sure was against the laws here. He upgraded his assessment to beyond advanced for the level known to this planet. He filed away the information and promised to look into this Kat's background. This had to be personally built and was probably one of a kind. It drove as smooth as silk and had more gadgets that would look at home in his shuttle. Yeah, something wasn't quite on the up and up about this Kat.

They arrived at his apartment in less than ten minutes and it had taken him over thirty to get to the club by bus. He took the helmet off and handed it back to the tom.

"That was a fabulous ride. That's a lot of bike you got there and doesn't look like it was manufactured." He fished for information very carefully.

Jake shrugged his shoulders and smiled shyly. "That's because its one of a kind. I built it myself." He admitted.

Genus' eyes widened. 'Oh yes, definitely need to check this Kat out for certain. He's a genius alright. Be interesting to find out just how much of one he is.' He thought privately.

"That's incredible. You're obviously a smart guy. That is one sweet ride. So how about we get on upstairs?" He said, not wanting to make Jake think he was too interested in his ride. At least not yet.

"Sure!" Jake grinned then turned to set the security system again.

Genus nodded and led the way into the lobby, sending for the elevator. It arrived promptly, doors snapping open to allow a she-kat to exit. She gave them appreciative looks as she stepped past them for the outside. They only nodded politely at her before stepping aboard the car.

When the door snapped closed, Jake leaned close for another kiss. Genus smirked and leaned down to make it easier for the shorter Kat. The kiss got very heated by the time the doors opened again.

They broke the kiss and leered at each other, eyes heated. Genus led his date down the hall to his apartment. He hoped Kam wasn't in.

When the door opened, it was dark inside. He sighed inwardly in relief, Kam was out...good. He flicked on the light near the door and intended to leave it on to let his room mate know he was in and occupied. It was their signal they had arranged between them for just such an occasion.

"Nice digs. You guys are pretty tidy for a pair of bachelors." Jake observed.

"Yeah, we like neatness." Genus said with a grin showing Jake to the bedroom but feeling a little concerned. He hadn't missed how the tom had immediately checked out his surroundings thoroughly. 'He's very observant too, seems to maintain a high state of alert in strange situations. That's not normal for just an 'ordinary' Kat, better stay on my guard around him.'

He pushed that concern aside and got busy with more pleasant activities...kissing his date senseless. He shut his door behind them and moved in a swaying, dancing movement toward the bed in the dark. Only the moonlight gave them enough light to see each other.

The bachelor pad was a bit too clean, no mementoes, pictures or other personal touches were around. Jake thought that a bit odd but then the Kantin had said he'd just moved in...still, he wouldn't let his guard down around this guy even if he was a really great kisser.

Their tongues dueled fiercely. Jake noted the smoothness versus rough tongue of a Kat. He'd always found that a major turn on whenever he was with a Kantin.

Both were nimbly undressing the other, barely pausing from their kiss and nips of each other's necks and faces. The small bites enhanced the pleasure and made them more heated.

As they fell onto the big bed, the Kantin paused in his kiss to ask an important question, "Any nos I should know about before we go any further?"

Jake panted excitedly but thought about what was being asked. "I like most anything but since this is a first date, straight sex, anal and oral, with a little biting, a small amount of bloodletting, is okay with me. No kink right now."

Genus nodded. "Those limits work for me too. Now that's out of the way..." He growled as he wrapped himself around the smaller male and returned to their kissing and nipping for the moment. Their paws caressed and explored each other, mapping out erotic spots for further attention.

Getting the upper paw early, Jake rose over Genus and began to kiss and lick his way down the large, burly form beneath him. The Kantin was built nearly the same as his partner Chance. He was even sandy colored like him but there the similarity ended. Genus had a full head of gold-red hair that came to his shoulders and he looked like he had Shepard mix in him. His body was well

muscled and it was obvious he worked hard to stay fit.

Pleased at that, Jake moved from the thick neck to one of the fat nipples already hardening from their foreplay. He took one of them into his mouth to suck and bite. Genus growled deeply in his chest at the sharp pain that sent hot tingles down his body.

Pleased with his success, Jake went on to the other nipple and bestowed the same attention to it before stopping and blowing cool air over them. Genus shuddered at the incredible sensation. This Kat was good! He could hardly wait to see what he'd do next.

Jake didn't keep him waiting as he moved down the Kantin's body kissing all the way until he reached the truly magnificent cock. He paused as some aspect of this struck him as odd. This looked a whole lot larger than any Kantin he'd been with. While he thought about that and other things at that moment, he covered his inattention by using his claws to caress Genus' inner thighs lightly.

Genus nearly leaped off the bed at the sensation. Lightning had zinged straight to his cock from those stinging claws. 'Wow!' Was all his overheated mind could think.

Jake's hooded eyes looked the Kantin over more carefully and saw things that just didn't look right but for the life of him he couldn't pin down what it was. Sighing mentally and cursing his intellect that was interrupting a really intimate moment, he shoved the disturbing thoughts to the back of his mind for later study and refocused on pleasing his date for the night.

He sucked on the huge cock, that he could only get half of, into his mouth but that was enough to drive Genus crazy with lust. He fought hard to keep from thrusting into that hot and talented mouth. Jake's rough, spiked tongue was doing absolutely incredible things to his cock he'd never felt before.

Jake loved the taste of Genus. His scent and taste were intoxicating, as well as exotic in some way, and sending his senses spinning. He continued to suck and tickle the mushroom head with his tongue until the Kantin couldn't take anymore and poured his hot seed like a fire hose and howled.

The Kat tried to swallow as much as he could but it was too much and a lot of it poured out of his mouth but what he had eaten tasted marvelous, sorta like vanilla laced with nutmeg...delicious.

He climbed up the Kantin's body and shared his bounty with him. Genus moaned, 'Wow! What a Kat.' 'Hmm, you're really good. Haven't had that strong a reaction from a good suck in a while.' He complimented.

"You're welcome!" Jake grinned, pleased at his success.

"Now its my turn!" Genus rumbled hotly as he flipped their positions. Jake whooped as the air in his lungs was expelled by the Kantin's sudden weight atop his.

He proceeded to do a variation of the same things, Jake had done. The tom was soon writhing in mindless pleasure and screeched suddenly when Genus inhaled his cock to the root and suck hard. He bucked desperately then roared his climax. Genus sucked down all the Kat had to offer then returned to Jake's face to kiss the panting tom passionately.

They rested and chatted for a few minutes before light caresses turned into demanding touches and both were soon hot and hard once more.

"I want you in me!" Jake demanded.

"I'm very large...are you sure?" Genus asked cautiously, while at the same overjoyed to be asked and anxious to bury himself in the hot tom.

"I've taken larger ones before!" Jake assured him.

"Still, I'll do a little more preparing just to be safe." Genus said with a devilish grin. He flipped Jake over on his stomach.

His eyes glowed hotly at the sight of that perfect ass pointing at him. He caressed it and laid small bites on each globe making Jake jolt and bounce in pleased reaction. Grinning at that, Genus moved in to taste and open up the Kat's channel.

His tongue plunged inside Jake. The Kat mewed and wailed, begging him to take him but Genus wasn't quite ready yet. He sent one of his paws to fondle and pull Jake's cock as he continued to stab the Kat's innards with his tongue. He could feel the prostate glad swell as he tap it a few times sending sparks of fire through Jake.

The Kat was begging sweetly to Genus' ears and he grinned in anticipation as he reared up and prepared to enter this hot tom. He'd grabbed the tube of lube nearby and liberally covered himself as well as poked some inside of Jake with his finger, making the Kat rear up and cry out.

Genus sat back a moment and stared admiringly. Jake's tail was over his back and his furless pucker winked and pulsed at him in anxious need. 'What a beautiful picture.' He growled to himself. 'Time to make him mine!'

He placed himself at the entrance and gently shoved the head of his hard and weeping cock in, freezing a moment when Jake hissed. When he felt the tom relax he pushed in a little more and stopped. He continued this for some five minutes until his balls slapped the Kat's butt.

He let Jake settle a moment, adjusting to his size then when the Kat began to squeeze him impatiently, he began a slow, easy rhythm. 'Ohhh...he's so hot and tight...' Genus groaned in delirious pleasure.

'Ahhhh...he's so big and it feels so incredible...' Jake thought, his heart drumming wildly as jolts of extreme pleasure shot through him.

After a long (to Jake) warm up, Genus picked up speed until he was roughly ramming Jake's face into the pillows and they were both grunting and crying with joy. The end came far too soon for Jake as he felt Genus stumble in his rhythm and thrust really hard a couple of times before sending them both over the edge. Again Genus howled while Jake roared.

It had been an incredible ride. They lay limp and exhausted in a heap on the bed.

"Oh yeah, I want to hang on to this little Kat for a bit while I'm here. Anyone who can take me so easily is worth his weight in platinum.' Genus thought, thoroughly sated.

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Chapter 5: Feral is Taken for the Ride of His Life by ulyferal

Kam had a problem and wasn't certain how to deal with it. Ever since that first day he'd met Feral, he'd been unable to push away the intense desire that dogged him. Now two weeks later and he was still panting for the tom and couldn't understand why.

After leaving Feral for the day, he'd gone to eat dinner out and to take a brisk walk in the park to try and cool off. He'd entertained the idea of maybe going to a club and finding some temporary company to ease his tension but the mere thought of laying with someone else instead of the tom made his gut clench. It made no sense.

Sighing in sexual frustration, he finally went back to his temporary home. As soon as he opened the door he knew he was in trouble. The light being on told him Genus had company but he didn't need that to tell him as the air was ripe with sex and at that very moment a volley of shouts came

from the bedroom.

Groaning in annoyance, he hurried to his room and shut the door wishing he could close his ears as well. When he was finally able to go to sleep it was haunted by a certain tom that left him with an extreme hard on in the morning.

He cursed mentally, Feral was gradually coming around to his way of thinking and tentatively implemented some of the ideas Kam had put forth but it was very slow going. Until an omega attacked, Kam was fishing around in the dark with just what he could do to help. Going to work sexually heated might send the tom the wrong message. He shoved his bedding off and headed for the shower.

Kam would have been less upset if he'd learned Feral was suffering the same problem. The Kantin had him hot and bothered for reasons he couldn't pin down. He wasn't particularly enamored of Kantins in the first place but this one had him panting and desiring him in a big way. Even the part of him he ignored was sitting up and taking notice and that had definitely not happened since puberty for him.

This morning he woke up so hot he had to take a cold shower to ease his sexual frustration from the intense erotic dreams he'd had. It made him nervous to be around Kam now but he didn't know what he could do about it. The Kantin did have some excellent ideas to solve their escape problems and that should be the only thing on his mind. Yeah right! Sighing in irritation, he shoved the unwanted feelings of attraction to the back of his mind yet again and went to work.

Preparing for work himself, Kam tried hard to ignore his extremely hard and uncomfortable cock that the cold shower hadn't shrunk. It hadn't helped to see Genus' look of satisfaction at the breakfast table which only made him grumpy and sour.

Genus blinked at him in surprise but didn't comment on his leader's bad mood. He had been wanting to speak to him about Jake and what he'd seen but he decided he'd wait until a better time.

Kam knew he was being unfair to Genus but his hormones were driving a little too hard for him to be civil at the moment. He blamed that for what happened later with Feral.

It started with them studying a plan for a better security system for the cell block in the basement of Enforcer Headquarters where the omegas waited for their court dates and time and time again they managed to escape at the cost of lives and property damage.

However, Kam was having an impossible time trying to concentrate on the subject at paw with the tom standing so close to him. 'This Kat stirs my blood hotter than any she-wolf I've been with. Why is that? I've not dared to do this, but I must learn the reason he has me wanting him so fiercely.' Kam thought, finally at his wits end.

Feral was leaning a little closer to the schematics for the security system and was asking about one part of it. Kam moved even closer until he was nearly touching the tom and used that moment to take a quiet sniff. He moaned mentally as an incredibly arousing scent reached his sensitive nose.

Feral felt the Kantin's warm breath caress his neck as the huge Shepard-like dog leaned over him. His body tightened not with fear but intense lust, especially that part of his anatomy he steadfastly refused to acknowledge. It was clenching and growing wet and swollen from Kam's proximity.

The wolf took a deeper sniff and growled loudly in shocked amazement. 'Yes!' His mind and body were suddenly overcome by more primitive emotions...Feral's arousal triggering ones that usually only happened during mating season. He should have been alarmed but his senses were on overload and had temporarily hijacked his mind.

Rumbling heatedly deep in his chest, he slipped his paws around the tom's waist and pressed himself closer. He lowered his head and nipped and licked the dark fur.

Feral gasped in surprise then moaned in hot desire at the Kantin's bold move. The deep rumble sending flashes of heat through him. A very large, hot something was rubbing against the base of his tail, sending more sparks of desire up his spine.

"Where can we go to pursue this? I won't take no for an answer." Kam growled demandingly, rubbing himself even more forcefully against the writhing tom.

"Uh..but it's mid day...I can't possibly..." Feral stuttered, surprised by the shakiness of his voice.

"I don't think you'll be able to think for long...I know I can't." Kam said darkly, as he nibbled Feral's ear tip and neck.

Feral mewed frantically. 'Oh God...soo hot...I can't think!' His mind gibbering in need. He hadn't known his ears were an erogenous zone. "...officers quarters ten floors down!" He panted out.

"Mmmm, too far but no choice. Let's go!" Kam ordered urgently, backing off the heated tom and striding for the door.

Feral stood in shock, trembling for a moment. The sudden withdrawal of that hot warmth from his body left him addled. Finally, shaking himself to some semblance of sanity, he turned and headed for the door as well.

He paused outside his office long enough to tell his secretary he'd be incommunicado for a few hours and only an omega attack would be a sufficient reason to interrupt him then he made for the elevator where the mesmerizing Kantin waited impatiently.

It was a torment to stand patiently as the elevator went down. His body twitched and throbbed for the huge creature standing so very near to him. He could hardly breathe and was so very overheated.

This had never happened to him before and he shouldn't indulge during duty hours something he never did for any reason. 'What the heck am I doing?' He wondered frantically but his body refused to leave the Kantin's side.

The elevator dinged, causing him to jump a little. 'God's he'd never been this distracted before!' He thought in stunned amazement.

He was startled again when the Kantin shoved him in the small of his back. He realized he hadn't moved from the elevator car. Kam had him so hot he couldn't think straight.

Kam was smirking to himself that he succeeded in shaking the stern tom's world so thoroughly. But the smile vanished moments later as he followed the tom down a quiet hallway. It should concern him that he wasn't acting normally but he was overwhelmed. What little control he had, was hanging by a thread.

Feral reached a room at the end of the corridor. Kam noticed it said 'Commander's Quarters'. Nice to know the tom had his own personal quarters here. It meant they wouldn't be interrupted.

As soon as the door closed, Kam was all over the tom. He twirled Feral to face him and kissed him hard. Moans of hot desire and need filled the room in moments.

Nearly frantic, Kam stripped the tom and himself of their clothes then shoved the heated Kat toward the kingsize bed.

Feral landed with an umph of displaced air in his lungs then groaned hotly as the Kantin placed his body over his. It was then he noticed something odd.

Blinking in a combination of shock and suspicion, Feral noted this Kantin seemed a bit too big even for a Shepard and his fur coat seemed too shaggy and thick.. Looking down this impressive body he gulped at the size and thickness of Kam's cock.

"What are you?" He breathed, beginning to get nervous.

Kam halted and cursed himself mentally. In his excitement, he'd forgotten he would look just a bit different below than the local male Kantin. Though there were a wolf-like primitives on this world, there were no sentient ones.

"Let's just say I'm more unusual than most!" He murmured softly then proceeded to kiss Feral to complete distraction.

Feral groaned and moaned. Whatever this creature was, he wanted what was being offered very badly. The Kantin's scent was driving him completely out of his mind.

Kam was overwhelmed by the scent of female and male mixed together in a brew that made his head spin. The aroma was like nothing he'd smelled before and it had his body on fire. He wanted this creature intensely.

He kissed, bit, licked and nuzzled the tom everywhere until the Kat was trembling with need and begging for more. This only made Kam even more aggressive and hotter. But he held himself back with every bit of his will. He did not want to hurt the tom with his rather impressive size. He would take it slow even if it killed him.

Kam shoved two fingers in the dripping vagina and moved them in scissored fashion, stretching the entry.

Feral screamed and bucked at being taken that way. He'd never allowed anyone to touch that part of him. This Kantin was making him clench and wail like a she-kat in heat. It was maddening, but he didn't want him to stop either.

Kam grinned wickedly. The tom's begging and crying was sweet music to his ears. He could tell Feral had never been taken as female and his mouth practically salivated at the thought of being the first to enter that hot sheathe.

He pulled his fingers free and replaced them with his mouth. The dripping orifice tasted like honey and he couldn't get enough.

Feral wailed in shock at the intense pleasure Kam was pulling from him. His claws were dug into the bed and he couldn't hold still as that unusually smooth and long tongue took him to heights he'd never reached before.

He came screaming and jolting more than once before the Kantin finally desisted from his delicious tormenting. He reared back up to the hot and sweating face to lick and kiss sharing the bounty he'd enjoyed.

Kam then leaned down to capture a fat, hard nipple and sucked on it. Feral jolted again and moaned. Pleased with the response, Kam did the other nipple getting the same reaction.

Now that Feral was sufficiently heated and ready, Kam eased himself toward the hot channel waiting for him. He pushed the huge mushroom head of his cock in and paused.

Feral gasped at the invasion and shuddered. His eyes were wide and staring up at the Kantin. He panted at the incredible feeling. As Kam pushed more of his length in, Feral thought he was

being split wide open. It was only a little painful and the Kantin seemed aware of this and went very slowly.

That was almost more tormenting than the stretching. As more of that thick hard length entered him the more intense the sensations that rippled through his body. After more than ten minutes, Kam was finally all the way in. He paused to allow Feral to adjust. Most of his partners could not handle him more than once so he made it as good as he could for his partner and himself.

When Feral seemed to have loosened enough, Kam started a gentle thrusting motion, keeping a close watch over the tom.

Feral was now clutching the Kantin with all his claws, his legs wrapped tightly around the huge torso. This was beyond anything he'd ever experienced. His body was on fire and being opened wide to sensations it had never felt before. His mind was going into overdrive with all the new feelings his body was bombarding him with.

He moaned and cried as Kam picked up the pace, thrusting with more intensity. It felt like the Kantin was trying to split him apart and shove past his womb to reach the other side.

Kam moaned and panted, never had he had someone so hot in a long time. The Kat was tight but he didn't try to stop what they were doing. On the contrary, he was clutching Kam's body with sharp claws and egging him on faster and faster. What a ride this was becoming.

It couldn't last though. His large size always ensured the ride would be too intense and short. Feral screamed and clenched his vaginal muscles only moments later. Kam didn't stop though since he could keep going a little longer. Moving more strongly, he worked his width into the tom over and over. Feral was looser from his own climax making it easier for Kam and even more pleasurable as he sent the tom over the edge twice more before finally exploding into a long intense climax, a roar shaking the walls.

They lay frozen in position for some moments. Feral was shuddering and tears were falling down his cheeks. The intensity of his climax had wrung his body past the point of near pain and overwhelming pleasure. It was well beyond anything he'd experienced before.

His body vibrated and shook and his vagina spasmed and quivered around the huge cock still within him. The Kantin was still large and hard despite his climax. It was almost too much. This incredible feeling of being stuffed so full that he felt split wide open was too unique and he was having trouble adjusting. He literally clung to the Kantin hard, struggling with himself.

"Are you alright, Ulysses?" Kam asked gently, licking the tears from his new lover's face.

Feral was so overwhelmed he couldn't respond, his body continued to quiver and squeeze Kam who couldn't help but moan each time he did it. Thinking his partner was becoming too uncomfortable, Kam began to withdraw.

"No, stay!" Feral begged, clutching Kam to him with his claws. He didn't want this to end yet, it was too fantastic and wonderful.

Kam blinked in surprise. All his partners except for other wolves, wanted him out as fast as possible but this Kat wanted him to stay where he was. That was unexpected and felt incredible. He usually came away from an encounter only partly sated but this time might be different.

While he was distracted, Feral bit him...hard...on the chest and dug his claws in almost viciously. Kam groaned in surprise and returning lust. Instead of being upset by this attack, he was pleased and amazed that this tom showed such spirit and wantonness. The need and reaction was nearly as strong as a she-wolf in heat who did the very same things.

With a pleased growl, Kam kissed the tom's forehead and began to move again.

Feral's mind had gone completely wild with need and all he wanted was to be used again to capture the incredible sensations he'd just experience.

"Oh yes! Take me...take me!" He sang out hoarsely. Kam obliged him enthusiastically.

The sheer size of Kam kept Feral on a perpetual high. As they reached the peak again, a kaleidoscope of sensations bombarded him. The end came with a lightning bolt of tingles running up his spine. He wailed his release just as Kam came with another roar.

Feral couldn't catch his breath and the world fell away suddenly. Kam heaved for air, totally amazed by his new lover's enthusiasm. He stared down at the now quiet face and realized Feral had fainted dead away. Chuckling as he panted, he leaned down and nuzzled the Kat for a moments tenderness.

'What a sweet ride you were, my wonderful kitten.' Kam thought through a haze of endorphins. The afterglow was just amazing. He slowly and gently withdrew from Ulysses.

He moved off the bed, his body rather loose and shaky as searched his pants. He found what he was looking for, a small device that fit into his palm easily. Feral was just regaining consciousness when Kam crawled back on the bed.

"Just lay still lover, I will ease the stiffness away." Kam soothed the groggy Kat, caressing his face a moment before concentrating on Feral's nether regions.

Feral couldn't see what Kam was doing but almost immediately he felt something warm hitting his abused places. His vagina felt over-stretched and very sore but he also felt utterly sated and wonderful. He was sure that once the endorphin high receded he would truly hurt.

Within moments, however, he felt the soreness ease then vanish completely to his amazement. Kam put something down on the floor, then came up to his side to kiss and nuzzle.

"Is that better?" He asked in concern, pausing his cuddling to look into his lover's face.

"Ohhhh...yessss!" Ulysses sighed, blissfully then struggled to concentrate enough to ask, "Hmm, what did you use?"

"Just something I found that works well to ease a lover's soreness quickly. Not many can handle me without some pain afterwards." Kam said with a rueful smile.

"You can say that again but I didn't suffer so long as to be that aware of it." Feral said with a small smile.

"That's good to hear. Usually, my former lovers don't go for seconds either so I was very pleased and surprised when you did."

"Hmm, well give me a little time to recover and I'd be willing to do it again." Feral purred seductively.

Kam's eyes widened, "Seriously?"

"Oh yessss..." Feral rumbled as he pulled Kam's head toward him and kissed the Kantin with renewed passion.

Kam felt his heart thunder in his ears, this tom wanted him! Feral was willing to let him take him again and truly enjoyed what they did. This wasn't something Kam had encountered for a very long time. Feeling a warmth of affection flow through him for this unusual Kat, he hugged the tom closer to him and returned the passionate kiss.

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Chapter 6: Gossip, Ideas, and Research by ulyferal

Feral was literally floating on air by the time he went to work the next morning. He and Kam had played for hours, broke for dinner and went at it again. Because of the strange device Kam possessed, Feral was never sore for more than a few moments. What was left was complete satiation.

By the time they finally parted at dawn, so they both could go home to get ready for work, he and Kam were firmly lovers. This was no temporary fling and that surprised him. He should be uneasy how well the two of them melded together as if they'd been lovers for years. But for reasons he really didn't want to pick at for the moment, he accepted Kam into his life and accepted the incredible feelings of being whole for the first time.

Kam, however, was very uneasy. His intense desire for Feral hadn't been eased by their consummation of that attraction all last night. On the contrary, he still hungered for the tom, his need to possess him utterly and thoroughly was overwhelming. Feral had gotten under his fur in a way none had since he reached maturity. He feared what this might mean but shied away from looking too closely at it yet. The mission had to come first.

As he showered in the apartment he shared, he growled in annoyance. No omegas had appeared and if he'd been a skeptical wolf, he would have said the stories were fabrications by the inhabitants except they couldn't deny the live video feeds when they tapped into the news centers of the city and first person stories from those that had survived the attacks. The omegas were very real. He'd had Donar do a historical review to see just how long these creatures had been harassing this city and figure out the time line between each attack.

They were to meet at the shuttle two days from now, so he needed to concentrate on getting Feral's defenses beefed up with the new methods he'd briefed him on, but backing off from Feral's bed was out of the question. He bristled at just the thought of it.

Sighing in resignation, he dried off and quickly ate breakfast then took off for Enforcer Headquarters. Entering Ulysses' office he was pleasantly relieved to be greeted by an 'all business' attitude from his lover. Uly did give him a warm smile but went right to work. This only made him that much more attractive to Kam.

With a much lighter heart and his mind fully focused, Kam was determined to make Uly's enforcers more prepared and ready to take on any omegas that appeared.

Under the massive flight line that spanned the twin towers of Enforcer Headquarters, contractors were hard at work rewiring and repairing the damage done to it during the last attack by Dark Kat a few months ago. Genus was working along side a group stringing line and reconnecting electrical connections that had been ripped out.

He'd learned the contractor was on speed dial with the resource manager for the enforcers and considered the Enforcers a regular source of work due to the depredations of the omegas. He listened intently without appearing to, at all the recollections of the workers about the variety of omegas and the damages caused by them.

A few had lost family and/or friends in the attacks and yet they still had a tough, stick with it attitude that allowed them to continue on when much weaker types would have abandoned the city to the aggressors a long time ago. That didn't mean the Katizens weren't hardily tired of being on the defensive though.

Genus could hear anger, resignation, outrage, acceptance in all the voices he listened to. This was a hardworking, brave, and strong species. He thought the Captain's tentative question of whether this planet would be a good addition to the galactic alliance could be answered with a strong yes.

These people managed to handle everything thrown at them and were, amazingly, accepting of the strange and weird with a laissez-faire that was laudable. It also meant they should have no problem accepting other species' visiting their world for rest and relaxation. They would certainly benefit financially by becoming an intergalactic way station. Considerable jumps in technology, medical care and environmental management of their planet were just some of the things a new member gained with their membership.

He had a lot of thoughts to bring up on their next meeting and he thought Captain Ing would be pleased by the possibility of the **Wotan** being able to gain a new member for the alliance. It was considered a coup for a hunter/exploration ship to succeed in signing up a new planet. It gave them a lot of prestige back home.

As he moved further down the line, his mind drifted to the unusual tom he'd spent the night before with. He'd managed to glean a bit more information from the tom but not as much as he'd liked. Jake was closemouthed though warm and friendly. It almost seemed Genus was dealing with someone with two personalities or plenty of secrets.

He was intrigued enough that he had begun to investigate the tom's background. He hadn't too much time to do more than find out that Jake had been an enforcer and had been kicked out. For what reason, he'd not had time to discover.

He needed to dig a little deeper using his scanner to look into the immense amount of documents this planet, fortunately, maintained on its Katizens. Genus planned to do that when he got off today since he wasn't supposed to see Jake until the weekend.

He grinned to himself. It had taken quite a bit to convince the tom to see him again. Despite the intense attraction between them, Jake had remained cautious and reluctant to continue any kind of lengthy relationship. But, finally just before they parted in the early hours of the morning, he got the cinnamon tom to agree to another meeting.

At lunchtime, he decided to do a little fishing. Normally the contractor's workers ate their meals clustered together but Genus had cultivated a tentative friendship with the enforcer engineers that worked with them. So far he'd been able to glean a lot of interesting tidbits from these sources.

Today, he wanted to see if any of them knew Jake. Sitting in a comfortable, makeshift break area they used, he dug into his meal with gusto and listened closely to the conversations around him, waiting for the right moment to ask his questions.

"Hey, you hear about that foam bomb the SWAT Kats used on that major fire over at warehouse row?" One of the engineers asked another.

"Yeah! Man I wish we could get our paws on that bright Kat that's coming up with those funky and outright incredible inventions. I hear the R & D guys are just frothing at the mouth wanting to get their paws on those glove weapons of theirs." Another responded.

Genus' ears pricked up. "Is it both of them that makes these things?" He asked innocently.

"Heck no! Everyone's fairly certain its that little SWAT Kat that's the genius behind that stuff. That big lug appears to be just the pilot." The second respondent answered, snorting.

"Hey, that big Kat doesn't come off stupid you know! He might not be the inventor of those gadgets but he is one incredible pilot as well as fighter!" Another objected.

"No argument there." A fairly young engineer said, awe on his face.

"Yeah, well, that small SWAT Kat isn't as good as that young fella we lost when he got booted out with his partner. No, that was a real brainy youngster." A much older engineer said, scoffing

at the youngster's around him.

"Aw Tyner, you ain't going on about that Clawson fool, are you?" A middled aged engineer sneered.

"He weren't no fool! Clawson was a brilliant engineer and should have been in R & D rather than have his talents wasted as a gunner to that big tabby." He defended the disgraced enforcer.

"Yeah, well he wasn't so smart if he and that tabby couldn't be bothered to obey orders. Look where it got them!" The middled aged engineer snorted in derision.

The rest got into a heated debate about the treatment of the pair of disgraced enforcers until the lunch period ended. As Genus threw his trash away and headed back out to work, he was pleased by the significant amount of unexpected information he'd gained on Jake. Now he had a bit better picture on the small tom. He could hardly wait to find out more when he began his research tonight.

Donar paused to wipe his brow, after hauling huge empty tanks of chemicals into the store room at the Biochemical Labs. He had just brought them from Pumadyne. Unlike his team mates, he'd not heard as much gossip because he worked alone. All he had gotten was snippets of gossip from the guards when they were willing to talk and the lab people.

It was disappointingly little. All the personnel seemed to talk about was the annoying problems of restocking, repairing or even rebuilding destruction caused by the omega attacks. They didn't have much good to say about the enforcers, except to say they were inadequate and that the vigilantes caused nearly as much damage as the omegas and enforcers combined.

He had managed to overhear a small piece of gossip about Professor Hackle. It appeared he was the one responsible for creating the Metallikats but it had been totally an accident and, as one of the speakers derisively said, 'That Kat is such a bleeding heart. All he goes on about is making life easier for Katkind with all his inventions especially his robots. Too bad he's now known as the one for creating the worst pair of robots in history.'

Donar wasn't surprised by that attitude. It seemed to be universal among inventors and scientists with no moral standards. They just developed things that killed because of the money and with no regards to what their devices would be used for.

He might be a bit unfair to this group of scientists but the information he gleaned with his research said he was right on target. Though Pumadyne did create things to push Kat kind ahead, like the satellite to break up earthquakes and the exploration robots, still their main function was creating weapons and military hardware.

Professor Hackle, on the other paw, had been one of them early in his career but had gradually become disillusioned by all the violence and had broken away to quietly invent things for the betterment of his species. The fact that one of his good intentions had gone awry was no excuse to condemn him out of paw completely.

Donar would like to meet this Kat before they left here, just to see if his impression of the elderly inventor matched his profile of him. If this planet didn't think much of him, he knew a lot of other races that would revere him and encourage him in his work.

Just thinking about the Professor gave him a inkling of an idea. Hackle had already invented some robots, he'd heard. Would it be possible to coax him to allow their use in defeating a few of their enemies? He began to get excited as he mulled the idea around in his mind.

Depending on what kind of robots Hackle had developed, it was too great an opportunity to ignore. Because of his pacifist attitude, Hackle probably didn't even think about how his inventions could eradicate, say...Dr. Viper and even Hard Drive. Now there was an idea worth

pursuing. He'd have to come up with an excuse that would get him in to see the Professor, then they would see. But first, he needed to bring up the idea with Kam.

He sighed, that would have to wait another couple of days. Meanwhile, he could hardly wait till his shift was over. He'd certainly gotten the boringest job of all of them. Maybe he should check out the club scene tomorrow night. Donar hadn't gone out since he'd arrived since he spent his evenings doing research for Kam. Walking in Megakat Park had been his only relaxation, time to do something else. Tonight, however, was confined to doing that time line research, Kam wanted.

Over at the museum, Tara was in heaven. Working with Abi Sinian was really great and the stuff she'd been researching from this planet's past had kept her enthralled. It was really too bad this species had veered almost completely away from magic. It was now practiced in a very limited way by small die hard groups that hadn't changed their beliefs for centuries but there were very few. Science ruled the day now and they were just discovering that hadn't been entirely a good thing.

Some basic knowledge of magic might have helped them when they began to have omegas with the ability show up and cause such havoc. They had been incredibly lucky in their encounters so far but that might not continue. Which was a good reason for Sinian to focus her attention on this neglected area.

Tara found the time of Queen Callista endlessly fascinating and had recently learned, the Deputy Mayor of the city was apparently her descendent and quite possibly possessed dormant talents in this area. The Pastmaster, one of their worst omegas, seemed to think so and was constantly trying to take her.

This gave Tara an idea on how to finally rid this city of its magical menace. It would require some tinkering with their advanced technology to check Ms. Briggs for a magical signature then, if she possessed it, help her develop it enough to allow her to defeat their enemy. It was worth a shot and it helped that Ms. Briggs was a very brave Kat who was willing to do anything to protect her city.

But to do this, they would have to reveal who they were and why they were here. This wasn't a decision she was authorized to make and a lot of other factors had to come into play before they could or would reveal themselves to this world.

She sighed. In the meantime, she would research everything she could about how Queen Callista used her powers so that, if the opportunity arose, they might be able to go forward with her plan.

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Chapter 7: Debrief by ulyferal

As a first step toward ending this city's omega plague, Kam talked Ulysses into going after Dr. Viper. Of all the omega's this one kept a more or less permanent address and could be found much easier than the others, except for the Metallikats but they were a different problem.

Sneaking in a little of his technology and passing it off as a bit of new tech his agency came up with, Kam gave his lover a way to detect Viper's cold blood signature among all the hot blooded signatures in the swamp.

Armed with this, Feral planned a special ops mission with him and Kam heading it. But first, they would send a jet to fly high over the swamp to find the mutant Kat's hidden home, without giving away their intentions.

"It will probably take them a day to search just one section of that huge area." Feral sighed impatiently.

"Most likely, but considering how you always had to wait for him to appear in his own good time, waiting just a few days to find him yourself is well worth the time, hmmm?" Kam cajoled his lover.

"Yes, you're right. For once we will get a jump on that creep." Feral said, a hard smile of anticipation gracing his lips.

Kam grinned at his lover's enthusiasm. He couldn't imagine what it's been like for the proud Chief Enforcer to always be on the losing end with his enemies. This capture (or death, if Kam had his choice) would give Ulysses a much needed boost to his sagging self esteem.

While they waited to hear from the search team, Kam shadowed Ulysses as he worked, they discussed ways to get funding from the tight fisted Mayor, batted around strategies for catching Dark Kat next and made love at night.

Three days later and still Viper hadn't been located. Kam sighed at that, especially since he knew his shuttle would have found the omega in minutes. Resigned to wait, he had to tell his lover he wouldn't be with him that night, telling Uly, that he had a prior commitment (which was the truth) and wouldn't see him until the next day.

He could tell Uly was curious, since Kam was a stranger to the town, he wouldn't have anyone here to see but held his peace and said nothing. Kam would have to give him a good excuse by morning, his lover was very smart and might become a little suspicious by his very necessary absences.

Genus, had spent the evening after hearing some very revealing gossip at work, doing some serious research on his new lover. Sitting in his room alone, Kam having begun to spend nights with the Chief Enforcer, Genus began researching using his uplink to the shuttle's computer. As he dug into the files maintained at city hall, the news morgue's, and library files, his mind was momentarily distracted by a stray thought that had been haunting his mind of late. His leader's behavior was off somehow.

When they saw each other, which was becoming very infrequently, Kam was brisk and informative about what he was accomplishing at Enforcer Headquarters and asking Genus how he was doing but he was unusually closed mouth about why he was spending so much time with Feral.

Genus knew they were intimate because he could easily smell the other tom on Kam despite the wolf taking a shower. He also smelled the scent of a female and that confused him. Why would Kam risk their mission by getting involved so intimately with two Kats at the same time?

This worried him. This wasn't like Kam and that was cause for serious concern. Perhaps he should take Tara aside and speak with her about it so that she could observe their leader discretely. After all, that was her job...monitoring their health and state of mind.

Yes. That's what he'll do after their next meeting unless an opportunity to see her sooner came up. His mind now settled on a course of action, he was able to give his full attention to his research.

Some three hours later, he rubbed tired eyes. What he'd found out was stunning. He'd tracked Jake's career...from his blacklisting by the tech community for reasons that weren't clear in the files he found but that he suspected was piracy of a young Kat's ideas, to his time spent in the enforcers (academy to active duty) until his dismissal with a tabby by the name of Furlong, then his ignominious new position as one of the caretakers of the Megakat Salvage Yard.

That would have been a crushing blow to such a bright and engaging mind and yet, Genus could find no sign of depression and anger at the loss of their reputations. Instead he and Furlong opened a garage and worked on cars to make additional funds to pay their debt to the enforcers.

That just didn't make sense, especially if one looked in the profile for Furlong. No way would that Kat accept being demoted this way without hatred or some form of retaliation.

Instead the two seemed like a likeable pair, honest, hardworking, compassionate and easy about their new station in life. So how had they managed to keep their optimism under the conditions they existed under now?

Genus sensed something more had to have happened to give them a new purpose that allowed them to accept this demotion and still have an upbeat outlook on life.

As he poured through everything he could find on the two, one thing caught his eye. He nearly missed the connection but as he kept digging it slapped him between the eyes. Of course, a salvage yard, a genius level inventor/designer, and a spectacular pilot add up to one thing. Not more than a few months after their banishment to the yard, a pair of colorful vigilantes complete with new tech and a fancy jet burst on the scene.

Inputting their physical description from news pics and the enforcer records for the pair into his uplink verified what he already suspected. His new lover was the SWAT Kat Razor.

Genus grinned, 'Well I'll be!' He thought in pleased amazement. 'Wait till I tell Kam and the others about this.'

He shook his head at how people could miss the obvious because they were too close to it. Being an outsider had allowed him to see everything as just information without the emotions involved that would blind a local from spotting the similarities because they wouldn't accept the information as truth knowing the pair involved and that mindset had protected the SWAT Kats identities all this time.

Pleased with his night's work, he yawned and noted it was after midnight. Sighing, he shut down his link and went to take a shower. Time for bed

Donar yawned and shutdown his link nearly the same time as Genus. He'd tracked the information Kam had wanted and came up with some surprising results. Checking the time line, he'd discovered the omegas had begun appearing some twelve years ago.

Before that time, local mobs were the only real threat that plagued the city. The enforcers were able to keep that in check but when the omegas appeared, first Dark Kat, then the accident that created Dr. Viper, Hard Drive, the escape and death of Mac and Molly Mange soon altered into sentient robots, Turmoil, and the Pastmaster. Interspersed among them were various 'accidents' or deliberate creations that brought forth numerous creatures. Finally, there were the aliens that 'dropped in'. This place was busier than a spaceport with all the strange things that kept appearing and happening.

All his research, though, could not find out why this all began occurring in the first place. All he did find out was the enforcers began to lose ground rapidly against these occurrences. According to his extrapolations, if one factor hadn't happened, this city would be a dead ruin and the rest of the planet would have rapidly followed. But that one event, the appearance of the SWAT Kats, changed the tide and saved the city from complete annihilation.

In the timeline, the pair appeared a little over five years ago. Since then, the city had managed to keep itself in one piece. What spooked him most was the Pastmaster. That creature had the ability to alter time and the repercussions of that could have catastrophic effects way beyond the boundaries of this planet. He shuddered at that. They really had to get rid of that creature not for Arisal alone but for the rest of the galactic community.

Shaking his head he returned to the surprise he'd discovered when creating the timeline. If Feral or any of the news hounds had bothered to do what he was doing now they would have discovered who were behind the SWAT Kats masks. It was pretty obvious by the data he'd

searched through, that the pair of ex-enforcers relegated to manage the city's salvage yard were the vigilantes. That alone was an excellent bit of info. It may come in handy very soon.

Three days later, the team regrouped aboard the shuttle. Each member arrived and settled into their familiar seats and waited until everyone had arrived. Kam was the last to appear. He nodded at everyone as he sealed the door then took his seat.

"Okay, let's hear what you've got." He said briskly. "Donar, what have you found out about these omegas?"

Donar displayed a hologram of his timeline. Over the next twenty minutes he showed what this city had endured and for how long. "During my research, I did come across a very interesting fact. See this area here..." Donar pointed at the part of the timeline that showed the appearance of a pair of enforcers, "...well if you follow these two you get a surprise..." He pointed to the end.

"Hey! No fair Donar! I was hoping to break that news." Genus said, pretending to be upset but everyone could see the humor in his eyes.

Everyone eyed him questioningly. "Now how did you come across it?" Donar asked in surprise.

"By an ironic twist, I hooked up with a really cute cinnamon tom who seemed way too smart to be just a mechanic he said he was. His motorcycle is one of a kind and its equipped with tech that should be beyond this planet's capabilities. He told me he built it himself. Well that got me to thinking so I did a little digging about him and low and behold I came up with the same thing you did, Donar. My lover is none other than Razor." Genus said in amusement.

"Well, what are the odds of that?" Kam asked rhetorically then blew out a breath of air. "So, we now know the identities of the SWAT Kats. That is interesting and you have an intimate tie, Genus...that's good. We may have use for that. Are you continuing to see him?"

"It took some coaxing but yeah. He's actually a shy fellow but he's also very much a warrior despite that little flaw. He's always on alert so if I'm going to keep seeing him, it won't be long before he suss out that I'm not what I appear to be." Genus warned.

"Hmmm, by then you maybe able to tell him." Kam said thoughtfully then gave his crew a questioning glance. "What else do you have?"

"I just wanted to add that my observations of this species say they would be an excellent addition to the alliance as a way station. They are very flexible and courageous. I feel we should tell Captain Ing of that possibility so that our anthropology department and medical can do a deep probe of the inhabitants. It will give them something to do while they wait their chance to come down here." Genus suggested.

Kam's eyebrows rose in surprise. "How does everyone else feel about this...Tara?" He asked glancing at her.

"In my professional opinion, Captain, I have to agree. They are a very resilient race and would make a great addition to the alliance." She responded.

"Donar?"

The red furred wolf frowned a bit. "Well, sir, I really can't answer that. I've not had as much contact as these two have but if I went by what I've researched, then yes, they would make a great contribution. However, I reserve judgement until I see a little more of them."

Kam nodded. "Understandable. I personally agree they seemed very suited to being a way station and based on everyone's input, I will notify the Captain of it and let him decide. Does anyone have anything else to add?"

"Yes sir. During my work with Dr. Sinian I got a glimmer of an idea how we could dispose of a truly dangerous creature... the Pastmaster." Tara said grimly.

"Oh yeah. Most definitely that creature has to be gotten rid of." Donar interrupted to say fervently.

Tara eyed Donar in surprise but continued her report. "Checking their ancient history, it appears the Deputy Mayor is a direct descendent of Queen Callista. This queen was the leader of Megalith City and a sorcerer. It was the last century where magic flourished. What I propose is taking a DNA sample from of Ms. Briggs, see if she is a descendent then see if our technology can goose her dormant magical genes to activate. If it works, with the help of Queen Callista's spellbook, she could be taught to do a banishment spell to rid the city of that menace completely."

Kam and the others stared at her in surprise and a little disbelief. "Uh, Tara that's reaching even for you." Kam finally managed to say.

"Not really sir, though we can't really do anything until the Captain decides its alright to reveal ourselves, it has a good chance of working and Ms. Briggs' profile shows she would be willing to do it as well. You have to admit it would be worth the attempt. The Pastmaster isn't just a threat to this city but to the whole time continuum. I'm truly surprised it hasn't cause some serious repercussions already." She said seriously.

"That's what I was thinking as well." Donar agreed wholeheartedly.

"I won't say you're wrong there...both of you...but...okay...I'll bring it up to the Captain and we'll see." Kam said shaking his head at the fantastic idea and what the Captain would make of it.

"I have something more to add, Kam." Donar said. "What I've been able to find out about Professor Hackle and his penchant for building robots, is his passion for helping Katkind. I would like to utilize that passion and try to coax him to allow his robots to be used to rid the city of Hard Drive, Dark Kat, Viper, and Turmoil."

"Hmm, you might have something there! But Viper is already going to be taken out by the enforcers, so we don't have to be concerned about him. The rest though...perhaps...I'd say go slow and feel out the Professor first, Donar then we'll see how it plays out." Kam decided.

"Yes sir. One more thing...the Metallikats..." Donar said then paused.

Kam grimaced, now here would be a moral dilemna. "Yes, should they be destroyed or captured...a good question.. I'll have to ask the Captain. I take it you want to 'deal' with it when you manage to get close to the Professor?"

"You got it, sir. I could make sure they never resurface again." Donar said grimly.

Kam nodded. "Well you've given me a lot to pass on. Anything else?" He asked. Head shakes to the negative were his response. "Fine then I'll call the ship."

That was the crew's cue to leave the shuttle and to wait outside for the results of Kam's report to the Captain.

Genus took this time to speak with Tara. "Donar, can you tune out. I need to speak with Tara privately."

Donar nodded and wandered off, pulling out some mini-earbuds and flicking on some tunes to give the pair some privacy.

"What's up Genus?" Tara asked, leaning against the shuttle.

"It's about Kam. He's been spending a lot of time with Commander Feral. I suspect he having relations with him which, as you know, could compromise his objectivity. But, that's not the main problem. Besides the smell of male, I've picked up the scent of a female on him at the same time. I'm concerned about him apparently becoming entangled with two Kats at the same time." Genus said worriedly.

Tara frowned. Okay, that was not good. Genus had a right to be concerned. "Hmm, I'll speak with him about it, Genus. Thanks for telling me." She said quietly.

Genus nodded then moved off to Donar and tapped his shoulder to say he was through speaking to Tara. Donar nodded and they fell into talking about the tom and the club where Genus had met him. Tara joined them and they talked softly, Donar and Tara planning on taking in this club at some point themselves.

An hour later, Kam poked his head out of the shuttle and signaled them back inside. Within minutes they were settled in their seats once more.

"Okay, the Captain was impressed by what we've come up with and he'll be discussing it with his staff and giving us the results in a few days. Meanwhile, Donar you have permission to get friendly with Professor Hackle and to tell him who we are. Have him keep it secret. His profile says he's very honorable and good at keeping his mouth closed on sensitive matters."

"And the Metallikats?" Donar asked, a bit surprised that they were going to be allowed to unveil.

Kam shook his head. "Not yet. Captain needs to discuss it with morals staff first. Tara, you must not pursue this matter on the Pastmaster and Ms. Briggs as yet. The Captain is concerned at how sensitive this particular matter will be even if Ms. Briggs would be willing to do it. Fortunately, that creature hasn't appeared so we can leave it be for now. However, continue your research with Dr. Sinian. When or if this is approved I want you to be as prepared as you can be and no word who we are with her, not yet."

"Yes sir."

"Now, Genus...play it cool for a while longer. Captain Ing is very intrigued by the profile on Jake and Chance. But we don't want to tip our paw yet."

Genus nodded.

"Okay, that's it for now. Excellent work guys. See you again in a week." Kam said, dismissing them. "Tara would you stay please. I need to discuss something with you."

"Of course, sir." Tara murmured then said farewell to her team mates as they filed out and disappeared into the night.

Kam closed the door and sat but said nothing for a long moment.

Tara let him be. It was obvious he was troubled by something. Perhaps it would be about what Genus had told her. She hoped so, it would save her from bringing it up herself.

"Tara, I've been seeing Commander Feral on an intimate level. I hadn't planned on getting that close to him." He laughed uneasily at that statement. "Anyway, things just got heated between us but I'm concerned. I'm feeling too much for him especially for such a casual contact."

Tara eyed him. He really looked trouble about this. "Why do you think that?"

Kam sighed and rubbed his face. "I can't seem to keep my paws off him. He's an hermaphrodite."

Tara's eyes widened in surprise.

Kam smiled at her expression. "Yeah, a real rarity huh? His scent is incredible and so exotic, it just strikes me like a hammer. I've never reacted to anyone this strongly before."

"Well, he is definitely exotic, Kam, and that could be all it is that's got your hormones all stirred up. I'm sure it's nothing to be concerned about. You're lucky to find such a catch here. You certainly won't be bored." Tara said, smiling gently, an amused twinkle in her eye.

Kam relaxed. If Tara thought it was nothing but the fact Ulysses was really different then he could relax and enjoy it. "Thanks, he's really something in bed. He can take me and wants it more than once. I think he's wearing out my healing wand." Kam said in amused concern.

"Huh! You're serious? Wow! You are lucky." She grinned.

"Yeah, I think so." Kam smiling. "Well, we'd better get back to our homes. Looks like I'm going to be home for once since I told Ulysses I wouldn't be back until tomorrow." He sighed wistfully.

Tara snorted, "You'll survive, Kam."

"Yeah, but it won't be fun."

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Chapter 8: Making new Friends by ulyferal

When he met Uly in his office the next morning, they received word that Viper had been found. Excited, Ulysses gathered his special forces team and they loaded up in five choppers an hour later.

After a flight of some thirty minutes, the pilots hovered over a small piece of dry land no more than a hundred feet from Viper's front door.

New inventions were going to be used in taking this omega. With advice from Kam, the R & D section designed special wet suits that were insulated against electricity while producing an electrical charge on the outside of the suit. When the enforcers wearing these got into the waters near Viper's home, they would flick on the suit and anything from the swamp, whether natural or Viper-made, would receive a lethal shock. The enforcers would also be armed with shock wands to keep things from getting too close.

The ground forces wore something similar, an electrical net worn over their body armor. Kam was doing everything he could to ensure Feral's enforcers got off this alive. He had noted the high numbers of fatalities among the enforcers and felt this needed to stop.

Feral with Kam repelled from their chopper, they were with the ground troops. The dive team had already been dropped first so they could come in on the water side of Viper's home. Given the go on their radios, the teams charged from three sides.

They burst into Viper's front door and charged forward with beefed up lasers, shock wands, and small electro grenades (idea taken from the SWAT Kats arsenal, a spent one was studied to aid them in copying it).

Viper shouted in shocked fury, sending all his plant monsters to head off the invaders into his home. He grabbed some things that were apparently important to him and headed for a back escape hatch.

Kam's eyes narrowed as he spotted the lizard Kat slipping away. Ulysses was being pressed by all the creatures Viper had here but was holding his own very well, so he slipped past the melee killing several more creatures himself as he raced after Viper.

Hissing to himself, Viper cursed as he reached his escape hatch and was forced to halt when he

opened the portal. Wet suit enforcers had found the escape route and were coming up through it. Viper slammed the door violently then frantically looked around for another way out. While he dithered, Kam managed to reach him. He slammed the lizard into a far wall hard.

Viper dropped his precious samples and bottles. He screamed in fury and lashed out with his tail. Kam ducked it then snatched it as it came back to try again. Grasping it, he used it to swing Viper headlong into a few walls repeatedly. Trying desperately to free himself, Viper extended his claws and raked the walls and Kam's chest, ripping open his armor but not reaching skin. The wolf never gave him a chance to make another attempt as he shot Viper with a lethal dose of electricity.

The creature screamed, shook then went still. Kam leaned down and checked for a pulse. Hissing to himself as he couldn't tell whether there was one or not, he looked around quickly.

Uly was just finishing off another creature and was busy still. Taking a chance, Kam quickly used his scanner to check Viper's vitals. He grinned in cold triumph as his device gave a negative reading of life. 'One down!' He thought.

Feral finally reached his side, glanced at Kam to see if he was okay then leaned down to check Viper. Oddly, his lover reached under one of Viper's arms and pressed in. After a moment, he stood up and shook his head. He looked at his lover narrowly.

"He's dead!" He said flatly.

"Oops! Sorry, didn't know how much was enough." Kam said innocently.

Feral didn't look like he was completely sure Kam was telling the truth but let it go as he turned away and began to bark orders to clear out. Others were ordered to carry Viper's body out then the place was to be torched.

This had been the hard part. Feral's sense of duty told him he needed to preserve some of the experiments and notes as evidence for a trial. It had taken Kam a long time to make Uly see that this kind of stuff would only increase the risk of someone else trying to continue Viper's work. He'd impressed upon him that he'd seen this scenario far too many times to be willing to watch Uly fall to the same mistake. But Feral was adamant, however, he bent enough to say 'If Viper dies then it goes because its not required to close the case.'

Kam was relieved to have gotten that much from the stubborn Kat and now his plans had succeeded. Viper was out of the picture and so was all of his deadly creatures and experiments.

A vital victory for Megakat City and especially a redeeming one for the enforcers because they had finally defeated a major criminal without the interference or assistance of the SWAT Kats. Feral was ecstatic. Equally great was he hadn't lost a single enforcer during the raid, another major victory.

That night they celebrated with an orgy of sex that left them both completely exhausted and sated.

While Kam was enjoying his victory and planning the next offensive action, Donar was making his move to see Professor Hackle. It was two days after the team briefing and just after dinner time when he arrived at the professor's compound.

It was impressive place he noted as he drove up to the gates. The compound seemed built into the side of a hill with many windows and several floors. Security was tight, surprisingly, with a gate, security camera and intercom to let Hackle know who was at his gate.

He had taken a moment to explore the perimeter first and found cameras all the way around, a hidden drive went up to a huge hangar door on the far side away from the main road, screened

by a forest. All in all a really nice place and very secure. He returned to the front gate and pressed the intercom button.

It took some minutes before an old voice spoke. "Yes?"

"Professor Hackle? Sir, I've come to see you on an important matter. May I come in and speak with you?" Donar asked politely.

"Let me see you! Step out of your vehicle." The voice said bluntly.

Donar stepped out of his rental vehicle and stood before the camera.

"Goodness! What are you?" Came the surprised response.

"My name is Donar and as for what I am...well that's something I'll have to tell you in private sir." Donar raised his arms and showed he was unarmed. The Professor's security system would not recognize his uplink nor his stunner.

"Hmm, very well youngling, come through." The voice finally said after some minutes.

The gates opened silently. Donar climbed back into his vehicle and drove up to the front door which opened to show a white haired elderly Kat wearing spectacles and using a cane. His eyes were sharp as they looked him over. A robot was standing watchfully behind him.

Donar was impressed by the caution of the elder. Old he might be, but he wasn't stupid or careless despite the problems he had with the Metallikats.

Professor Hackle stepped back from the door and gestured for Donar to enter. The wolf walked into a comfortable and tastefully decorated living space with a couch, armchairs, coffee table and flat screen TV which looked like it saw very little use. As a matter of fact, the whole room looked unused and probably would be thick with dust except for his robots which he was certain did his household chores while the Professor buried himself in his labs.

"I'm waiting for an explanation." Professor Hackle said quietly, taking a seat on one of the chairs with a soft groan.

Donar sat across from him. "What I'm about to tell you sir, is to be kept under strictest security. I've been given permission to allow you to know this but no one on your planet is aware we are here."

Hackle straightened and glanced at his robot nervously.

Donar spread his palms in a universal gesture of peace. "Easy sir, we mean you no harm, I am 2nd Lt. Donar of the Hunter/Exploration Starship **Wotan**. Our species is wolf and we hale from the planet Arcanus." He proceeded to explain their mission and why they were on their planet. When he finished, he waited patiently for the Professor to absorb what he'd been told.

"If you will excuse me a moment? Please don't leave this room." Hackle suddenly said, levered himself carefully to his feet and hobbled quickly off.

Donar was a little worried but he stayed where he was and waited. He was becoming more worried when the Professor hadn't returned after some thirty minutes. He badly wanted to pace but dared not with the robot guard watching him.

It was nearly an hour before Hackle came hobbling back into the room. "My apologies Lieutenant for keeping you waiting so long. I needed to verify some things before taking what you said at face value." He said as he took his seat again.

"I can certainly understand that, sir. May I ask what the results of your research was?" Donar

asked politely.

Hackle frowned but answered readily. "I first checked the heavens with my telescope. I could find nothing but suspected you would not be visible for your protection so used a special filter that allowed me to discern the shadow of an object that moved too purposefully to be random space debris. Further, my scanners have determined you are not from this world so your story must be a true one." He finished.

Donar blinked in shocked amazement. The reports of this Kat's brilliance had not come close to just how very talented the Professor was. His idea to contact this person had been a really good one.

"May I say sir, your reputation did not indicate just how very smart you are. A pleasure indeed to make your acquaintance." Donar said sincerely.

Hackle blushed at the compliment which he could tell was sincere. "How may I help you, Lieutenant?"

"Well sir, we would really like to bring your world into the galactic alliance. You're a very resourceful and brave species and would be a fine addition to the alliance of worlds. You would benefit as well with access to new technology, medical advances, ecological and environmental advances as well. But to allow this to happen, your omegas must be dealt with so that you can concentrate on setting up a way station and begin stepping out into space." Donar told him.

Hackle's eyes lit up. "What an incredible offer. However, I don't have the authority to initiate diplomatic relations for our world." He said humbly.

Donar smiled warmly. "Oh I know that Professor. What we're trying to do is help you solve your problems with minimal help from us. It's very important that it be Kat kind that defeats their enemies, for reasons of morale and taking back control of the city yourselves. My team leader, First Lieutenant Kam is working with Commander Feral while two other of my team mates are keeping an eye on your city and finding ways to help you defeat your omegas. Your part is important. I'd like to suggest using your robots to capture Hard Drive, Dark Kat and Turmoil. Dr. Viper has already been dealt with." He explained earnestly.

Hackle leaned back and stared thoughtfully at his guest. This was too much like Pumadyne asking for more weapons to wage war.

Donar divined the Professor's reluctance and sudden wariness correctly. "Sir, we are trying to ensure no more Katizens and enforcers lose their lives. In Commander Feral's raid of Viper's lab, only Dr. Viper was the fatality and that was because Kam was unaware of how much voltage was lethal. Feral was unable to tell him before the mission because I'm not sure he knew either. But the good news was not a single enforcer died and all of Viper's experiments were destroyed."

'Well, that's good news. These people are not bloodthirsty warriors even though I'm sure they could be if they needed to be. They certainly look formidable but they are so much more advanced than us, so I'm guessing they have no need for brutality when their technology levels the playing field.' Hackle thought.

"A noble purpose, Lieutenant and one I'd be honored to help with. So shall we go to my lab?" Hackle asked as he struggled to get up again.

Donar hurried forward and offered a helpful arm to raise the elderly Kat to his feet. Hackle gave him a grateful smile and led the way to his extensive labs.

Elsewhere in the city, Genus was getting ready for his second date with Jake. He hummed to himself as he took extra care with his appearance. They had decided on a light supper together then going to the club where they had met, for dancing and after that...well they would see. He

grinned at his image in anticipation.

Meanwhile, Tara stood in her bathroom and primped. She planned on going to a club she'd heard about from one of the other associates of Dr. Sinian. The club Genus had gone to mainly catered to males though some females were there as well but she was more interested in a mixed club. The Phoenix Club sounded right up her alley.

Grabbing her keys, pulling on her light jacket, and slipping her purse strap over her shoulder, she stepped out of her apartment and locked it behind her.

Catching a taxi outside her building, she settled back in the seat and tried to control her excitement. The cab pulled up to a fairly nice looking club, a flaming bird glowed in the night sky above the front awning. Paying the cabbie, she got out and walked up the carpeted walk and reached for the handle of the thick built door.

A wall of loud dance music slapped her the minute she opened it. Squinting against the flashing lights, she carefully make her way through the wall of bodies. The club was packed.

Managing to get a drink from the raised bar on one side of the room, she climbed a winding staircase to a balcony that looked down on the floor of dancers. She drank something that made her eyes water and went down fiery. 'Wow! Donar would love this!' She thought enjoying the kick the drink gave her. She watched the swirling crowd of fems and males. 'Oooh! Lots of prospects here!' She thought giddily.

She didn't miss all the looks she received either. She was slim and tall, with a well toned body, quite unlike any of the fems here and much more exotic looking with her Kantin appearance, copper hair and tan fur. As she swished her thick tail in casual invitation, many males with a sprinkling of females were giving her an appraising look.

Chance Furlong had come in to blow off some steam. It had been a long day in the garage and on top of that was the word that Feral and his enforcers had managed to take out Dr. Viper by themselves. It had been a blow to his ego though he knew he shouldn't feel that way since it didn't matter which of them took out the omegas as long as the criminals got taken down. Still it had felt weird so he thought, since Jake had gone out earlier, he'd go looking for some tail himself.

The club scene was jumping and he'd already danced with some hot prospects. As he was trying to decide between a beautiful willowy blond or a black haired buxom fem, his eyes caught sight of the exotic looking Kantin.

'Wow! I've never seen a Kantin like that before.' He thought. His body got hot just looking at her. As he made up his mind to check her out, he realized many others were eyeing the female as well. Growling to himself, he pushed and bulled his way through the crowd until he managed to get up a different stairwell to the balcony.

He hoped she didn't got down her end before he managed to work his way to her. Tara's eyes were focused below her and didn't see the tiger tom bearing down on her from the side. Just as she was about to move off, he reached her side.

"Hello, beautiful!" He said smoothly.

Tara looked over her shoulder and stared. 'Ohh, what a hunk!' Was her first thought. 'He's built too and such beautiful green eyes. Hmmm, for some reason he looks familiar as well.' Unfortunately, she couldn't bring up his image in her mind so let it go for now.

"Well, hello to you too, handsome." She said turning to face him and give him her full attention.

Chance grinned widely. 'Oh yeah! She's sooo...hmmm...everything!' He thought inanely.

"What'cha drinking there?" He asked, getting a whiff of something really strong.

"Hmm, they called it a Firebird. It's got a great kick to it. I like it!" She said grinning invitingly at him.

"Want another?"

"Maybe...you buying?"

"Sure...want to wait here or come down to dance a bit then get a drink?"

"Ohh, now that sounds like a great idea." Tara cooed and turned back to the stairs to lead the way down to the dance floor.

Soon they were gyrating to the hip hop music and enjoying each other immensely. They paused after an hour and got the promised drink. Chance gasped as the fiery brew burned its way down his throat.

"Woah! Strong stuff that!" He coughed.

"Yeah, isn't it great?" Tara said smirking as she smacked her lips in obvious delight. She was rapidly getting tipsy but not completely drunk. This stuff was really great.

"Oh yeah! Haven't tasted anything like it." Chance snorted, eyeing his companion, a little concerned. He didn't want her falling down drunk that wouldn't help later...if there was a later. "I think this will be my only one. I like keeping my wits about me." He said casually, keeping an arm wrapped around her waist possessively.

"Hmmm, yeah, this will be my last too. I like having a buzz but not being blotted completely." She agreed as she sipped a little more before giving up on it and setting it down on the bar. "So handsome, want to dance some more?"

"If you'd like to." Chance said warmly, putting his glass down and pulling her back out to the floor.

It was very late by the time they squeezed their way out of the club and onto the street.

"Interested in a nightcap, my handsome dancer?" Tara asked, eyes bright with lust.

"Ohh, I like the sound of that. Your place?" He asked.

"Sure, if that's easier."

"Yeah, I share my apartment with my best friend." Chance said easily.

"Oh, good reason."

"Uh, did you drive?"

"No, took a cab."

"Good, I've got my ride over here. Like motorcycles?"

"Ohh, do I. Wow! This is some ride!" Tara said in awe as she noted a motorcycle that didn't resemble anything she'd seen so far on this planet. That triggered something in her mind. 'What are the odds I'd see something Genus has seen once already?' She thought as she climbed aboard behind the male and put a helmet on he offered her.

She gave him the address and soon they were whizzing through the light, late night traffic. It was a thrilling ride and she was almost regretful at its too soon end. She climbed off and handed the

helmet back. She watched as he set a very sophisticated security system.

They walked paw in paw through her lobby, into the elevator where he held her close and gave her a nuzzle on the cheek, then they were stepping off and walking down the hall to her apartment.

They stepped in and she locked it behind her, dropping her keys on the nearby table and tossing her jacket and purse on the couch. Stepping up to him, she wrapped her arms around his neck. She was glad she wasn't too much taller than he was...that might have been awkward.

"So handsome, what's your name?" She growled huskily as she ran her fingers through his blond hair.

"Chance Furlong." He rumbled, rubbing his paws up and down her back, his face buried in her neck.

She nearly stopped playing with his hair when she heard his name. A name she'd heard only a few days ago. 'Goddess! One of the SWAT Kats. For the love of all the stars, how did I manage to find the partner of Genus's lover? What an amazing coincidence.' She thought in shock. 'Well, well now isn't this something!'

"Something wrong, beautiful?" Chance asked, pulling his head back and staring into her eyes questioningly.

Tara recovered quickly and smiled warmly at the tom. "None at all Chance and my name is Tara."

"Hmm, nice name, it suits you."

"Thank you!"

Without further words, Chance pressed his lips to hers. Her toes curled and heat rushed through her. 'Ohh, yes just what I've been needing. This is going to be a great night.'

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Chapter 9: Making Love in a Variety of Places by ulyferal

Chance thought Tara tasted like fine wine and something smoky that was just her. He deepened the kiss and began taking her clothes off.

Tara's paws were busy as well. She let her fingers drift over the firm bulge she could feel pressing hard against her inside his pants. He groaned when she squeezed him teasingly.

Not to be outdone, he dug his fingers down her skirt and scritchd the base of her tail. She groaned and shivered.

'Ohhh, he's got great finger action!' She thought breathlessly. He tasted wonderful and his scent was a mixture of male musk, jet fuel, vehicle grease, some herbal soap he'd used, plus a base scent that smelled of something earthy which was all him.

"Let's take this to the bedroom, Chance. I can't wait to feel you against me." She said huskily, tugging him toward a door in the far corner of the living room.

"I'm with you beautiful." He rumbled hotly, letting her lead the way.

In the bedroom, they hurriedly stripped off their clothes. He looked even better with his clothes off she thought giddily. He had dark brown stripes on his arms and legs as well as faint bars across his ribs. His cock stuck out proudly and was a nice size, not as big as her wolf brethren but

definitely not small.

Chance gave Tara's body a bold perusal. Her slim built body was muscular, the fur shorter than his, her pert breasts were straining toward him and her gorgeous fall of copper hair fell down her back. He couldn't wait to bury his fingers in it.

Grinning invitingly, Tara went to the bed and flipped the covers down then lay in the center on her back and stared at him...waiting for his next move.

She looked like a feast laying there and Chance was hungry. He moved to the end of the bed then crawled toward her slowly keeping his eyes locked on hers.

He stopped at the vee of her legs and deliberately sniffed the perfume of her arousal. He dipped his head down and used his rough tongue to give a teasing lick at her clitoris.

She yelped and bucked at the unexpected sensation of that rough tongue so unlike the smooth ones of her species. 'Wow! What a crazy sensation.'

He looked up at her with a devilish grin then went back to his delicious task. She moaned and bucked her hips as he laved her sensitive tissues then slipped his tongue into her hot center. She roared and came hard. She blinked and stared at the ceiling in blank amazement. 'Wow! I've not been sent flying that far or fast in a very long time...try never!'

Grinning like a fool, knowing he'd won the first round, he began his task again, heating her up past endurance then leaving her hanging. She gave him a wild-eyed look as her body pleaded for completion and he wouldn't give it to her.

He raised up, crawled further up her body, then paused to lick and nibble each hard nipple before climbing up further and presenting himself to her.

She smirked up at his handsome face and willingly took him in her mouth and sucked...hard. He groaned above her. She raised her paws up to wrap around his perfect butt and squeezed each orb in her big paws then slipped one paw down to fondle his balls a moment before going back up to flutter a finger across his furless pucker.

He hissed, clenching his teeth, not wanting to come yet. He tapped her face to request she release him and with a last swirl of her tongue she did so. He went back down her body then raised her legs. Lining up he slid home to both their relief. Groans of pleasure filled the room as he began a hard rhythm that satisfied both their desires at that moment.

She wrapped her legs around him and dug her claws into his back. He was good and she was flying.

'Wow is she hot!' He thought deliriously as he plunged madly, pushing them to their limit until they both screamed in completion, her hot channel squeezing his climax to the last drop.

They collapsed in a limp, panting tangle of limbs. She could feel their hearts drumming in matching rhythm.

'Hmmm, tonight is definitely going to be good!' She sighed mentally, as she caressed his back and rested till they both recovered enough to play some more.

At nearly the same moment, across town, Genus stared hungrily down at his prize. Jake lay naked under him on his bed and it had taken a lot of coaxing to get him there. For once he was glad Kam was at Feral's tonight. Apparently, something had upset Jake and he was needing some personal attention but was reluctant to let Genus help him.

They had gone to a really nice, quiet restaurant and enjoyed a dinner of steak with all the

trimmings and tech conversation, his favorite kind. It would have been more enjoyable if Jake wasn't so distracted through the whole meal.

"Hey there handsome, remember me, I'm your date?" Genus tapped him on the nose in mild amusement.

"Oh, uh...yeah...sorry Genus. Minds far away and that's rude. The food's great isn't?" Jake startled, apologized then steered the conversation back where it belonged.

He firmly shoved his disturbed thoughts away about Dr. Viper's death, the rumor of an outside security assistant aiding Feral in improving enforcer response and abilities, and his unexpected intense attraction to Genus. The Kantin was intelligent and articulate. They could talk about engineering and his eyes wouldn't glaze up like his past dates. Though this was only their second date, he knew he could fall for this guy like a brick.

That shouldn't be a bad thing except for the nagging doubt that there was just something about Genus that felt wrong somehow. It wasn't an evil feeling but it did feel like Genus wasn't being completely honest about himself and there was just something...off...about him but he would be darned if he could put his finger on just what it was and that was why he felt off balance when he was in Genus' company. Of course, he wasn't being completely honest either and that was probably why, against his better judgement, he was with Genus at his place.

Genus could see the smaller tom was again far away, sighing, he ordered Jake to roll onto his stomach. Reaching up he began a deep massage of the Kat's shoulders. Jake was very tense. This was going to take time.

"Relax Jake...breathe in and out slowly...you're very tense...let your mind drift. Have a bad day?" He asked quietly as he applied some essential oils to his palms and rubbed it in.

"You have no idea but I really don't want to talk about it." Jake grumbled tightly but trying to do as Genus asked.

"Sure, no problem kitten, just relax and let me loosen you up." Genus cooed soothingly.

"Hmmm, really you don't have to do this Genus...but it does feel good." Jake sighed, enjoying the strong fingers kneading the tension away.

"That's it, just relax."

Genus dug into each bundle of tightened muscle and worked it until it loosened. His lover kept his body in excellent condition which, as a secret super hero, he would need to do to keep himself alive. But the tension wasn't a good thing since it increased his odds of getting ill more easily. Fortunately, Kats heal quickly and are generally resistant to most serious illnesses. They weren't, however, very prolific in reproducing.

When he'd reviewed the initial work up on this species, he was pleased to see how hardy they were but as he looked deeper, he was shocked to see they were so few. The planet could easily hold four times the population but there were barely a billion on its whole surface. He knew Tara had sent samples up to the ship so they could study why this race was so slow to reproduce.

He hoped it wasn't something serious. A planet they had visited about a year ago, were slowly vanishing due to a growing wave of sterility. On that world, it was due to age. The species had been around a very long time and was at its end. Nothing they could do would reverse that trend. The **Wotan's** computer calculated the species would be extinct in about another one hundred years. It had saddened the crew as they left that world to its fate. He hoped Arista's problem was something simple and perhaps indigenous to this species...just slow breeders, perhaps.

He shook himself mentally and refocused on his lover. He finished with the arms and shoulders

and was working his way down the lean torso. He could see scars here and there where the tom had not ducked fast enough.

Jake was now a puddle of jello. He'd not felt this relaxed in a very long time. Whatever Genus was, he was very good with his paws. He sighed.

Genus grinned, now that his lover's body was loose and comfortable it was time to ease his troubled mind. He leaned down and gently lifted Jake's tail. Placing his face down level with the furless pucker he extended a tongue and flicked it across the puckered surface.

Jake's eyes widened and he gasped. That tongue was smooth and felt so strange and wonderful at the same time. His body tightened immediately with heat.

Running his fingers up and down the cinnamon tom's sides and back increased Jake's pleasure and he groaned to show his appreciation for the attention. Genus continued his ministrations, occasionally poking his tongue into the hot channel making Jake buck and rear helplessly.

The tom couldn't take the incredible fire Genus was generating and had to lift his hips up until he was on his knees and his tail was over his back. Smirking, the wolf rose to his knees and kept up his tormenting rimming action.

One of his paws reached under the tom and fondle the tightening ballsack and thickening cock. Jake was whining and pleading for Genus to quit teasing and take him already but the wolf wasn't ready yet.

He continued to tease and torment his lover until Jake was literally beside himself with need. Getting really hard himself, Genus finally relented and mounted the tom smoothly and slowly. He was big but Jake like it that way. Soon he was firmly seated. He leaned over his lovers body and grabbed the scruff in his mouth and set a hard, steady pace pushing them both to the top in a hard driving rush of fire. The long foreplay ending in twin satisfying climaxes.

As he lay panting to regain his breath, his lover cradled in his arms nearly out cold, Genus felt content and well sated. This little tom was a real firecracker and he would really regret leaving him when the **Wotan** left this system but until it did, he would enjoy every moment he could with this special Kat.

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Chapter 10: Dark Kat Has A Plan by ulyferal

While members of the **Wotan's** insertion team enjoyed their evening, elsewhere in the huge city an angry set of eyes was watching the news in his hidden lair.

A huge fist slammed down on a console startling a batch of pink creatures who flew off toward the ceiling to avoid their angry master.

"Damn fool! How did he let himself be killed and how did that fool Feral manage to accomplish it?" A deep voice snarled bitterly.

"Perhaps that new security specialist is the reason, sir." One of his ninjas, that were hovering near him, ventured to say nervously.

Dark Kat growled but said nothing as he thought about that piece of information. "This has changed my plans somewhat. Prepare to depart tomorrow. I don't care if it takes all night to get ready. Go!" He barked.

His minions took off like a flight of geese to do his bidding.

"I will not allow this event to ruin my plans. I will simply move up my time table while my enemies are feeling victorious. It may make them careless and that works to my advantage." He rumbled to himself.

He flicked off the TV and turned toward a huge computer system that took up one wall of his hideaway. He studied a monitor that had picked up something interesting a few weeks ago.

He'd set it to watch the skies for anything of interest and it had picked up an odd flickering that shouldn't be there above their planet. His computer extrapolated that it might be something that reflected their radar but couldn't determine what it might be.

Dark Kat believed it to be some kind of space craft. What it was doing there was a mystery but he was determined to find out and see if he could use it to his own advantage. His black widow had been rebuilt with the capability of entering space as he'd heard the SWAT Kats had done during the incident with Mutilor.

Tomorrow would reveal all.

Early the next morning...Enforcer Headquarters...

With Kam in tow, Feral arrived at his office feeling happy and ready to tackle another omega. He and Kam had bounced ideas around last night as they lay entwined after hours of great sex. It was decided that a search for Dark Kat and Hard Drive should be made.

This morning, Feral called a meeting of his squadron leaders and set them the task of finding the two criminals. This would take some time unfortunately, so Feral set to working on his pile of reports and meetings he'd needed to get done. Kam simply followed him around, listened and occasionally gave advice.

Jake and Chance arrived at the salvage yard at nearly the same time. They drove their bikes into the secret entrance to their hangar and parked.

"Well fancy finding you just getting in." Chance said with a smirk. "Get lucky too?"

Jake blushed, but nodded as he put his helmet on his bike. "I was with Genus."

"Oh, that guy you met before. Cool." His partner said moving toward the ladder for upstairs.

"Yeah. So who were you with?" Jake asked as he followed his partner up.

Chance moved to their fridge and retrieved a can of milk. He eyed his partner questioningly and received a negative head shake.

"I met this really hot looking Kantin bitch last night. She was fantastic."

Jake frowned, "Kantin you say? What did she look like?" He asked cautiously.

"Uh, she looked something like a Shepard but not exactly. She had lovely tan fur with a fall of copper hair that went down her back. She was built really nice too, only a little taller than me." Chance told him.

"Huh! Interesting. Genus looks like a Shepard too, but not exactly and he has golden fur with reddish-gold hair that comes to his shoulders." Jake said slowly.

"Really, what a coincidence." Chance said with a shrug.

"Buddy, its looking more than a coincidence since Feral's visiting security specialist also looks like a Shepard but isn't really. What are the odds of finding three Shepard-like Kantins in town."

Jake said seriously.

Chance stared at his partner in confusion. "While it might be unusual to see that many at once its not really that strange, Jake. We do have a good sized Kantin population not far from here." He reminded his friend.

Jake shook his head firmly. "No, Chance. These three Kantins only look like Shepards but there is something about them that just makes me think they aren't Kantins at all."

"What? How did you come up with that?"

"A variety of things keep nagging me. I'd swear they bear a striking resemblance to the primitive wolves we have here on our world." Jake said adamantly.

"Wolves? You're really reaching there buddy. What hard facts do you have for this crazy notion?" Chance asked shaking his head.

"None...yet...but I'm keeping my eyes and ears open." His partner said grimly.

The tabby sighed. "Well, I'm just going to enjoy Tara's company, if you don't mind. There's nothing about her that makes me feel uneasy. What about you and this guy Genus?"

"That's what's bothering me. I like Genus...a lot...for someone I just met. He's very intelligent, can tech-speak just like me, and is really a great sex partner but there's just something about him that sets off my alarms." Jake said, not being able to articulate what it was that bothered him about his lover.

"You think he could be dangerous?" Chance asked in concern.

"No, not that kind of alarm. Just that something about him tells me he's not what he seems to be but in a good way. If that makes any sense." His friend said, spreading his paws in frustration.

"No it doesn't, actually, but I know you. Whatever it is will become clear to you in time." Chance reassured his bothered partner.

Sighing, Jake nodded. "Yeah, you're right. Let's shelve this for now and get to work."

"Roger that."

At the museum, Tara was flying high. Her night with Chance had been fantastic. They had set a date to see each other again very soon. She could hardly wait.

Donar was in a happy mood as he started his supply run for the day. His evening spent with Professor Hackle had been exceptional though he still hadn't got the old Kat to completely accept the need to use his robots the way he envisioned but that was okay. Donar felt he would be able to bring the tom around to his way of thinking soon enough if he spent more time around the inventor. The Kat's labs were an incredible oasis of inventive genius. He couldn't wait to tell Kam when they met in a week.

Across town, Genus was arriving at his job at Enforcer Headquarters. He was feeling cheerful and ready to start the day. His night with Jake had been invigorating but he could feel the Kat eyeing him oddly when Jake thought he wasn't looking. Despite his reassurances and their definite attraction for one another, Genus could see Jake didn't completely trust him. The wolf guessed the tom was adding up clues in that incredibly smart mind of his and coming up with the possibility that Genus wasn't from around here. He gave it a few days more before Jake confronted him about who and what he was. When he did, Genus wouldn't hold back the truth, that would make a dangerous enemy of this brilliant Kat and Genus had no intention of that happening.

Meanwhile, as everyone else settled into their work day, Dark Kat was setting his plans in motion by launching his Black Widow into the morning sky, heading for space and a rendezvous with a shadow.

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Chapter 11: The Wotan is Revealed by ulyferal

As Feral was inspecting a new style of body armor in his R&D section, Sgt Fallon came racing in, face showing major concern. Feral sighed mentally as he prepared to receive some bad news.

"Commander, there's been a report of something odd hovering our world which was discovered by the observatory and whatever it is looks like its in a fight with something else."

Feral's eyes widened. "A fight?...in space?" He blurted in disbelief.

"Yes sir!"

"Kat's Alive! We'd better head over there on the double, ready my chopper!" He bellowed, rushing out of the research section and heading for the elevator at a run.

Sgt Fallon contacted the tower on his radio so that a pilot and chopper would be ready on the pad when the Commander arrived. As Feral jumped into the waiting elevator, Kam quickly squeezed in beside him. It was obvious his lover had forgotten all about him.

"Let me come with you, Ulysses." He said urgently.

Feral whipped his head to the side and eyed his lover. He had forgotten him but should he take him along?

Before Feral could make up his mind, Kam hurried on to say, "I could be of some help with this new threat."

The dark tom sighed and nodded. The elevator arrived on the flight line level and the two rushed out, running for the chopper warming up on the pad. They climbed aboard, Feral taking the seat next to the pilot with Kam getting in the rear.

"To the Megakat Observatory, stat!" He barked into his helmet radio. The pilot acknowledged and they were soon lifting off and zooming north of the city.

Kam sat tensely in his seat. The only thing in space right now was the **Wotan** but who could they be fighting. He didn't dare contact the ship until he could see what was going on.

They arrived within twenty minutes, the pilot setting down in an empty section of the parking lot. Feral and Kam jumped out and ran to the main entrance. There they were met by a small excitable Kat who led them to the main observatory. Visitors were eyeing the enforcers with some concern, wondering what was going on.

Feral and Kam were led into the huge room where the telescope was, all visitors had been cleared out for the duration of the emergency.

"Up here Commander!" Called one of the scientists up on the cat walk where the computers were that ran the telescope.

Wending their way up the stairs and onto the balcony, the two arrived next to someone whose name tag said, Canton. Before Feral could say anything, this Kat immediately started speaking in a precise voice, excitement and worry in his eyes.

"We'd been changing the position of the telescope for a new project. While that is going on the

computer monitors the images as the telescope moves to its new configuration just in case it spots something interesting as its traversing. The computer alerted the operator that something unusual had been spotted and he halted the telescope and sent it back to the image it had captured. "If you'll move over here, sir, you'll be able to see in real time exactly what is going on at this very moment." He gestured to a viewer that allowed the scientists to see what the telescope lenses were focused on.

The screen revealed the darkness of space with stars sprinkled in the background but what caught the eye was the bright blasts of light that signified weapons fire. A large dark ship was engaging something that could only be seen briefly when hit with a missile before vanishing from view again.

Feral hissed sharply as he recognized the black ship but was totally unprepared to see it managing to be in space when the last time he'd seen it was when it attacked the nuclear power plant a couple of years ago.

"I don't know how its possible but that's Dark Kat's Black Widow. He's somehow managed to make it space worthy. I have no idea what he's attacking though."

Kam did and was worried. The **Wotan** was under attack and by the looks of the fight, just barely holding its own since its cloaking was functioning fitfully. It was obvious it had taken damage already.

He had to make a quick command decision without being able to speak with his Captain. His leader needed assistance...now but the shuttle couldn't fight this enemy alone. There was no choice. He reached out and grabbed his lover by the sleeve.

"Commander, I need to speak to you privately. It relates to this and time is of the essence." Kam told him grimly.

Feral looked over at him, frowning. He was about to protest but the look in Kam's eyes stayed him. He nodded then turned back to the lead scientist, Canton.

"Keep an eye on this, record it for evidence purposes. I'll let you know when to stop." He ordered.

"Understood, Commander." Canton nodded.

Feral quickly left the balcony following Kam's hurrying form as he made for the outside. He didn't try to ask why his lover was in such a rush, just followed until they could speak privately.

When they made it outside, Kam continued on until they were halfway to the chopper and far enough away from the main entrance of the observatory.

He stopped and raised his communicator. Feral came up to his side and stared at him, puzzled. Kam tapped in each member of his teams signal in quick succession, sending an emergency burst to their comms telling them to respond immediately.

"What are you doing?" Feral asked.

"Just wait a moment longer, love, and I'll explain everything I can but we're short on time for a full explanation." Kam said tightly as he waited for responses from his team.

At the museum, Tara blinked when she felt the alarm on her communicator sting her. Leaving her work table, she casually left the room for the rest room nearby. She quickly checked to see if she was alone and responded to the call.

"Tara here!"

"Tara, be outside for pickup by enforcer chopper asap. This is a priority one response. Acknowledge!" Kam commanded.

Tara sucked in a breath of concern but answered, "Acknowledged sir, awaiting transport at north side of museum. Out!" Wondering what had happened, Tara returned to the office she'd left and sought out Dr. Sinian.

"Abby? I'm sorry but I've just received an urgent call from family. I need to respond asap and don't know when I'll be back." She told the doctor.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Do what you need to, Tara. I'll see you when you can come back, don't worry about it." Dr. Sinian said kindly.

"Thanks." Tara said with a brief smile then quickly put away what she'd been working on and headed out of the building for the pickup point.

Genus had been walking back into the building after finishing a section of wiring on the bridge section. He was supposed to fetch more wire and head for another area to work, when his communicator alerted him to answer he looked around slowly, then stepped back into the supply closet and shut the door. Kam told him to wait for pickup on the flight line, Feral would give clearance for him. Genus acknowledged. Worry creased his face as he informed the crew chief of his absence.

Feral was getting really annoyed especially when Kam asked him to clear some Kantin named Genus to be permitted on the flight line. He nearly refused but the look on his lover's face made him think twice, it was worried and grim. Something really major was going on and it had his fur standing on end.

Kam's last contact to reach him was Donar. The wolf had just completed a run to Pumadyne and was just preparing to reload. Receiving the message, he signed out for the day without explanation and hurried to the far side of the building so no one would see him being picked up by an enforcer chopper.

Once the last of his people had checked in, Kam hurried to the waiting chopper with a confused and starting to get angry, Feral on his heels.

"Please send us to the closet pickup point then each one in sequence than I'll give you our final destination. Hurry Ulysses." Kam hissed urgently as he climbed into his seat.

Still frowning, Feral quickly gave the pilot his orders then, instead of sitting next to him, Feral went in the back to sit next to Kam. The chopper went airborne and as they sped off, Feral gave his lover a demanding stare.

Kam removed the helmet and gestured Feral to do the same. The helmet radio was not secure and he didn't want anyone to overhear him.

He leaned close to Ulysses and shouted in his ear. "That ship that's under attack by Dark Kat is mine. It's called the **Wotan** and its from the planet Arcanus as are myself and my team mates." Over the trip to the first pickup, Kam explained their mission and why they were here.

Feral's expression had, at first, been one of disbelief but as Kam continued to explain it grew tense and upset. Kam wasn't happy to see that expression on his lover's face but he could do nothing about it right now, the situation was too dire.

Pursing his lips tightly, Feral's mind was whirling in angry confusion. This was an alien sitting beside. It was an alien that he'd been having intimate relations with and he didn't know how to take that. He shoved his personal distress aside for the more important fact facing them both right now.

Dark Kat had learned of the visitors and had taken his ship up to confront them and most likely, to try and take their technology from them to use on Megakat City. Of that, Feral had no doubt. If Kam's people had wanted to take over their planet or just their city, they would have done so long before now. And besides, he had no feeling of evil intent from Kam.

Oh, he had lied to Feral, there was no doubt of that but it was duty that required him to and the dark tom could not fault him for obeying his own Captain and the rules that governed his people. On that he and Kam were the same and that more than anything allowed Feral to trust him despite the subterfuge used on him.

"Fine! So your people were trying to help us and now Dark Kat is trying to steal your technology. What do you suggest we do about it? We have no space capabilities." Feral finally said flatly.

Kam sighed. This was why he was becoming so enamored of this Kat. He had was angry, confused and upset but still managed to set that aside to deal with the matter at paw. He was indeed a worthy lover and companion.

"The SWAT Kats can get into space and have fought this enemy before. My shuttle is armed as well. I figure the two of us could help the Wotan defeat Dark Kat. You're welcome to come along." Kam said.

Feral grimaced about the SWAT Kats but had to admit Kam was correct, those two **were** properly equipped to handle this.

"Damn right I'm going along. I may not be in charge of this mission but I have enough knowledge about Dark Kat as well to prevent you from getting shot down." He said firmly.

"Excellent. Then you better contact the SWAT Kats and have them meet us north of the city near the spiked ridge mountains. I'll give you the coordinates as soon as I'm aboard the shuttle." Kam said.

Feral nodded then put his helmet back on and contacted his tower. He had them relay an open frequency message to the SWAT Kats.

Chance and Jake were working on an engine together when the enforcer band sang out from a shelf nearby.

"Attention SWAT Kats! Emergency! Commander Feral asks you to head toward the spine ridged mountains north of the city. Load up your weapons and be prepared to go into space! Urgent you respond immediately!" The dispatch said and repeated twice more before going silent.

Both friends gaped at the radio as if it had jumped off the shelf then turned to each other.

"What the heck?" Chance started to say.

"Wow! Something must be coming in from space!" Jake cut his buddy off. "Wait! Genus and the others!" He said excitedly. "I knew they weren't from here!"

"Wha...Wait! Jake you can't be sure of that!" Chance said, feeling the situation running away from him.

"And we don't know it isn't and the only way we're going to get our answers is to respond to Feral's call." The cinnamon tom said with certainty, quickly going about closing the garage then heading for the trapdoor to the hangar.

"But what if it's a trap?" Chance tried again, moving reluctantly to follow his partner.

"Then we run!" Jake said simply as he hurried to change his clothes.

Sighing in defeat, Chance did the same. Soon the pair were loading missiles for just about anything then taking off in the direction Feral had given them.

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Chapter 12: The Battle to Save the Wotan by ulyferal

Feral's chopper set down at the north end of the museum and he watched as a beautiful female wolf entered and sat across from him. She nodded at him politely as the chopper once more took to the air, heading toward the Biochemical Labs.

No one spoke, as the chopper arrived at its next destination, landing and taking on board a slim built wolf who sat next to the female. Off again, they flew to Enforcer Headquarters where a burly wolf climbed aboard.

As the chopper lifted for the final time, heading toward the northern mountains, Feral studied the passengers closely, noting they were the same species and it was obvious now that they weren't Kantins. Their similarity to the primitive wolves that resided on Aristal was uncanny.

"So you're wolves," he stated, a questioning lilt to his voice, glancing at his lover.

"Yes."

Feral shook his head. Despite knowing Kam was an alien, he still felt a strong pull of attraction. This wolf was everything he'd been looking for in a lover; considerate, gentle, extremely intelligent, well built, loving...but alien just the same. Swallowing hard, Feral turned away and stared blindly out the canopy window of the chopper, trying to reconcile his growing emotional attachment to Kam when he now knew the wolf could not stay on Aristal and how that made him feel.

Perhaps he should break it off immediately! He knew he was falling for Kam and that just wouldn't do though trying to separate himself from his alien lover would hurt him deeply. 'Kat's Alive! Why did I allow myself to become so enamored of him?' He asked himself bleakly. Shaking himself, mentally, he refocused on the here and now. 'Dark Kat had to be dealt with now, emotional issues later,' he scolded himself.

His self castigation ended when the chopper reached a rather remote area of the mountains. Kam signaled him to order the chopper to land in the nearest cleared area then leave. Feral gave the pilot the command and soon they were landing in a small meadow.

Feral and the passengers got off then the chopper raised up and flew back to headquarters per his orders. Giving Kam a questioning look, he waited to see what would happen next. Kam started off for a heavily forested area, everyone falling in line behind him.

It took them some fifteen minutes of walking to finally reach the hidden shuttle. Feral stared admiringly at the sleek looking space craft. It resembled a bullet and was only as big as a city bus. He watched as Kam signaled the door to open and gestured for his lover to enter.

He cautiously did so, surprised to see a nicely appointed space with six seats when he got completely inside. Each seat had a control console in front of it. The two forward seats were obviously pilot and copilot as he noted Kam and the slim wolf at down there, the console filled with familiar and unfamiliar controls and readouts.

Feral was gestured to a rear seat by the burly wolf who took the seat in front of him. These last two seats were apparently for passengers, the forward seats for crew. He looked behind him and saw a door that probably hid the engines, storage, and armaments.

Suddenly a deep thrumming feeling came up beneath his feet. He looked forward and saw the

burley wolf flicking switches and pressing different lights on his console. Beside him was the female wolf doing the same on her different style console.

A nervous tension seized him as he realized he was really going out into space aboard a real spaceship. It was both frightening and exhilarating! He just wished this was a pleasure trip rather than facing battle. It made him uneasy and fretful that he couldn't help in the coming conflict. He was never good at just standing by and watching. His thoughts were interrupted when the co-pilot gave a warning.

"Kam, sensors indicate a jet arriving overhead."

"That would be the SWAT Kats," Kam said calmly as his finger flew over his own console. The engines made a deeper sound. "Prepare for lift off!" He warned as he engaged the engines, the ship lifted from the ground smoothly and nearly soundlessly.

Clearing the trees that had hid it, the ship paused, hanging in the air with ease. Through the huge view screen, they saw the Turbokat coming up on them...fast.

"Razor!" T-Bone shouted, slowing the jets speed and going to VTOL immediately.

"I know! My sensors already detected it."

"What do we do?"

"Wait for it to make the first move."

"SWAT Kats!" Came a familiar voice over their comm..

"Feral?" Both blurted in shocked surprise.

"Yeah, it's me. This shuttle belongs to Kam and his team. Overhead, in space, his mother ship is under attack by Dark Kat. We're going up to help them. Do you copy?" Feral asked.

Kam had felt it would be wiser for the Commander to speak to their allies rather than spook them and his lover had agreed. Tara had shown the Kat how to use their comm system. The SWAT Kats weren't happy, they could tell, when the smaller of the pair responded with a less than friendly question.

"Why should we help them, Commander?" Razor demanded, suspiciously.

"For once SWAT Kat trust me that I know what is going on and am not trying to lure you into a trap. When we get up there, you'll see for yourself what I saw on the Megakat Observatory's telescope just a short time ago. Dark Kat wants to steal their technology and use it on us. I'm certain of it," Feral assured them gruffly.

"Surprisingly, I believe you Commander. Lead the way, we'll be right behind you," Razor agreed without further arguing, taking a leap of faith they were doing the right thing.

Grumbling in doubt but following his partner's lead, T-Bone guided the Turbokat after the sleek alien craft as they headed toward space.

It took them only ten minutes to break through the stratosphere which was Razor's cue to engage their speed of heat shield that would protect them while in space. Of course, it did have the down side of reducing them to using only sensors to 'see' what was going on ahead of them.

"Wow! Feral was right, there's a mega battle going on up here," Razor said moment's later when his sensors detected weapons fire. "Switching to the x-ray cam to see which is our enemy," he announced as they approached the battle.

"T-Bone, the smaller ship, see on your screen..."

"Gotcha, there's old ugly. I don't think he's spotted us yet," T-Bone said grimly as he got the Turbokat in position to attack Dark Kat.

"What do you intend to do?" Came an unfamiliar voice over their radio.

T-Bone blinked in confusion. "Who is this?"

The voice responded immediately, "Lt. Kam, pilot of the ship to your right quadrant. I need to know what you intend so that I don't clip you while doing my own run."

"Roger! We will attack Dark Kat directly. You can get between your mother ship and him once we've pulled him away then attack from that side, taking him between us," Razor jumped in, making a quick decision.

"Good plan! I'll wait for your first move!" Kam agreed grimly then turned to his copilot. "Donar, ready photon torpedoes."

"Aye sir!"

"Okay buddy, let's kick some Dark Kat tail!" T-Bone hollered as he lined up for Razor's first volley.

"You got it, T-Bone. Sending a brace of plain old missiles and scramblers away. Let's see how that new ship of his handles these," Razor called out as he fired.

Dark Kat was totally focused on the alien ship before him. He'd not been able to make a crippling strike as yet as the aliens were formidable, however they were not completely beyond his capabilities to take down. He just had to hit upon the right combination of weapons to do the job.

Suddenly, his ship rocked hard and alarms went off. Cursing he checked his sensors then cursed even more.

"The SWAT Kats! How did they know I was even up here?" He wondered angrily. "Wait, what is that?" His sensors had detected a second ship. It was much more modern and sleek, obviously it had come from the ship he was fighting. Snarling to himself, he fired a brace of missiles behind him as well as another few ahead to keep the mother ship off balance.

"If nothing else, we should be able to wear him down enough to use up all his munitions," Razor growled tightly when his own weapons only shook the Black Widow but didn't do it any lasting harm.

The shuttle decided to fire some of its own armaments to see if that could help against Dark Kat.

"Donar fire!" Kam ordered.

A burst of light left the shuttle and splashed against the Black Widow, scorching it's side. Dark Kat quickly took evasive action by dropping down below his pair of antagonists. That didn't help as the Turbokat kept on his tail and Razor fired nearly everything from his arsenal to harry him.

No longer trying to fight alone, the **Wotan** joined the shuttle in firing on the Black Widow. Dark Kat found himself pinned with alien weapons fire as well as the SWAT Kats persistent pounding on his shields with their own brand of unique missiles.

Not liking the odds and finding retreat a better option, Dark Kat sent his ship plunging back into the atmosphere to escape the pounding and to get away to try again another time.

Not willing to let such a devious and deadly enemy escape, all three ships pursued Dark Kat. The evil Kat hissed in fury and the edges of fear. His pursuers were determined.

The **Wotan** had to halt before entering the atmosphere but the SWAT Kats expected that possibility and managed to cut Dark Kat off sending him veering back up to encounter the **Wotan**.

Hissing in fear, Dark Kat sent his ship on an elliptical course to try and out run his pursuers. The shuttle engines were faster than the Turbokat but they didn't have enough fire power on their own.

Genus came up with a brilliant idea. "Speed ahead of the guy, Kam. I'm going to provide a nasty speed bump in his path."

"What do you have in mind?" Kam asked in concern as he pushed the shuttle's speed and caught up then passed the Black Widow.

"Oh, I just happened to have a couple of special little devices that should really make his day." Genus smirked as he pulled out from the armaments cabinet some paw size disks, activated them, then put them in the launch tube. He looked up to see where their target was. "Pull ahead and let him close the distance, Kam. When I toss this out, pour on the power to get out of the way," He warned.

Grinning, as he guessed what Genus planned to do, Kam did as asked and shot ahead of Dark Kat while calling out to Tara, "warn the SWAT Kat!" Watching for his moment, Genus waited until just the right second then fired the contents of the tube. "Hit it Kam!" He shouted.

Kam sent the shuttle hurtling forward at nearly light speed to escape being caught in the subsequent explosion.

The SWAT Kats, who had been behind the Black Widow, were nearly closing the gap when Tara shouted her warning.

"T-Bone avoidance alpha now!" Razor shouted.

Without hesitation, T-Bone pulled the Turbokat into a steep climb away from Dark Kat's ship just before Genus' present impacted the nose of the Black Widow.

Dark Kat was confused by the solid thump he felt against his forward shield but didn't have time to scream when the alien magnetic mines exploded on contact with his shields, which dispelled them leaving the bulk of the explosion to blow the Black Widow to bits.

The **Wotan's** much stronger shields protected it from the ship debris. Captain Ing sighed in relief, ordered the crew to stand down from alert status and put the ship back in regular orbit.

"Might as well release the cloak as well, Ensign. They already know we're here," Ing ordered, mildly amused. "Taglar...repair status?" He asked a tall wolf behind him.

"Well, we did suffer some damage to our cloak, hull damage on deck four but no breach. All is under repair and should be completed in a few hours, Captain," His Chief Engineer reported.

"Good...Tennar?" He called to his medical officer who was at a station on his left.

"Only minor injuries, Captain."

"Excellent, Liela, connect me with Kam," Ing ordered his communications officer, as he returned to his center seat and stared at the screen before him that was displaying bits of the alien ship drifting away, the Turbokat moving into docking position, and the distant shuttle hurrying to join

them.

"Kam here, sir."

"Great job, Kam. I'm assuming your cover is blown?" The Captain asked.

"Afraid so sir, I was with Commander Feral when we found out the **Wotan** was in trouble. I made a command decision to take Ulysses into my confidence, recalled my crew and summoned the SWAT Kats to help. They don't have the whole picture yet and are probably bursting with questions," Kam told him.

"I've no doubt of that. Have them come aboard and we'll bring them up to date," Capt Ing ordered.

"On our way sir." Kam said then severed the connection "Well, now you'll get to see my home, Ulysses."

Feral grunted in response, as he watched the huge ship grow larger on the view screen.

"Tara, hail the SWAT Kats please," Kam instructed her.

"SWAT Kats on the line, sir," She reported moments later.

"T-Bone, Razor. My captain offers the hospitality of the **Wotan**. He would be pleased if you would accept and he promises we'll answer all the questions I'm sure you're just dying to ask," Kam invited politely.

"We accept! We'll follow you in," Razor responded after a moments discussion with his partner. "Wait here for them to join us, T-Bone."

T-Bone grunted an affirmative then brought the Turbokat into a holding pattern, waiting until the shuttle came up to them, passed them, before closing in on the yawning opening of the shuttle bay that waited for them.

Following close behind, T-Bone paused at the opening to allow the shuttle to enter and park first before guiding the jet through the opening. In the large hangar a lighted, empty square glowed like a beacon on T-Bone's video display, the speed of heat shield still covering their canopy, letting him know where he was expected to land and he did so with ease.

Signaling the shield to retract then the canopy to open, T-Bone then Razor jumped down to the hangar floor. They walked toward the shuttle whose door was opening and stood nearby as the crew and Feral filed out. They stared uneasily at Tara and Genus but didn't show it outwardly. They had to remember, these two did not know them as the SWAT Kats, or so they thought.

Feral eyed them with his usual disdain and they gave him cocky grins, as usual. Kam stopped and faced them for a moment, saying, "welcome aboard the **Wotan**! We'll take you to meet with the Captain, now," Kam said with a small smile.

The group trooped through the hangar toward a far door. Beyond was a well lit corridor filled with people of mixed races going about their business.

Feral and the SWAT Kats forgot their animosity as they studied their surroundings, very much impressed with the alien ship and a bit nervous and weirded out by the strange crew.

They reached an odd door that turned out to be an odd kind of elevator that moved so smoothly and silently that it was hard to tell they were even moving at all. They emptied out on yet another corridor and were led to a door that slid open at their approach, revealing a large, comfortable conference room with windows that looked out into space.

They didn't see anyone else at first, as the three of them froze at the incredible view of their own world spinning below them serenely.

"Quite a view, isn't it?" Came a hearty voice from their left.

Feral, T-Bone and Razor turned to look at a wolf who wore a uniform and had the bearing of a leader.

"Captain Ing, this is Commander Ulysses Feral, T-Bone and Razor." Kam made the introductions. His crew had been included in this briefing and they had taken seats with their backs to the windows.

"A pleasure to meet you all, please, have a seat and we'll talk," Ing greeted them warmly, gesturing to a group of seats next to him.

Still in awe at the view, the three sat and stared until the Captain drew their attention back to him.

"I know you have a lot of questions but I think if we give you what our mission here is and some background, it may answer a lot of them. Is this agreeable to you?" The Captain asked politely.

After a moments hesitation, all three nodded.

"Excellent. Kam if you will..."

"Yes sir."

Kam stood up and turned to address the three. It took over an hour to brief them on the mission the **Wotan** was performing at the behest of their people.

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Chapter 13: Dark Kat is Dead but new Problems Arise by ulyferal

When Kam finished the briefing, he had not said anything about the chance their species might be accepted in the alliance or their plan to help them rid themselves of their omegas but as he expected Razor caught his omission. So when he asked if there were any questions, sure enough the smaller of the SWAT Kats asked what he tried avoid speaking of.

"What are you planning now. I mean the threat of the Ci-Kat-As is past, but you haven't left. I understand you were interested in giving your people a rest but apparently you haven't done this...why?" Razor asked.

Kam looked to his Captain for a response. Ing sighed mentally. Genus had not been underestimating the sharpness of this Kat. He eyed Razor candidly for a moment.

"Several things have come up and I've been discussing them with my officers. I only came to a decision just before we were attacked. Your race have suitably impressed my team with your high intelligence, perseverance under extreme pressure, bravery, hardiness and fortitude. These are highly prized among the galactic community and it was thought you might become a welcome addition to that community. You would be assisted in building a way station above your world where many races could stop, rest and trade with you," He told them earnestly.

"Your benefits from such an arrangement would be tremendous. Your economy would flourish under such a large trade base and technology, medical, and environmental programs would leap ahead several decades catapulting your race into the future faster than you would have gotten there on your own," Captain Ing explained.

"It all sounds incredible and too good to be true...so what's the catch?" Feral asked dryly, not convinced.

"There's no catch, Commander. I assure you. If your leaders decline our assistance and the placement of a way station then you will be left strictly alone. We will keep an eye on you, help keep undesirables from landing and causing trouble, watch your progress, but we will not interact with you again if that is your desire. We are not in the business of raping worlds of their use then moving on," Captain Ing said seriously.

"It does sound very good. Of course, we can't speak for our world..." Razor began when Captain Ing raised his paw.

"We know young sir. But you are here and would be the best advocates for acceptance if you believe it is worth telling your kind about us."

All three went silent, glancing at each other uneasily.

"You still did not answer why you've not let your people at least have shore leave," Razor went back to question he'd not received an answer to.

"Because of your omega problem." Kam answered bluntly. "Captain Ing felt it would be too dangerous for our people so we were given a new mission to see if we could help you solve that problem and that, in turn, would allow us a much needed break."

"Ahh...okay, that makes perfect sense and is totally understandable," Razor said.

"So now what? You've helped us remove two thorns now. Did you have plans for the rest beyond what Kam has already set up with me?" Feral asked.

"Tara had an idea for getting rid of the Pastmaster for good," Kam said, glancing at her.

"Captain?" She asked first, since he was thinking it over before giving her the go ahead.

"Go ahead Tara. You have my approval."

Grinning excitedly Tara explained what she'd learned working with Dr. Sinian and what she'd come up with as a possible solution.

T-Bone frowned at that. "Yeah, Ms. Briggs would volunteer but I think it's far too dangerous for her," He growled unhappily.

"I understand, T-Bone but we would do everything we can to ensure her safety unfortunately, she is the only viable option to rid your world of this dead sorcerer," Tara said quietly.

"I still don't like it," he rumbled unhappily.

"I agree that it sounds too hazardous for her but it is not our call to make. Ms. Briggs must be allowed to make her own decision about this," Feral said equally unhappy.

T-Bone just glared at him but said nothing more.

"We won't push you on this. It is your choice since you guys know this creature far better than we do," Tara said soothingly. She didn't want to alienate her lover by making him angry and upset.

"Alright, what about Hard Drive, Turmoil, and the Metallikats?" Feral asked bringing the discussion back to the point once more.

"Well, you and I have discussed about how we want to tackle these guys, but Donar has some further data to add to this," Kam said turning to his second.

Donar nodded and presented his case about using Professor Hackle's robots. How he had

already approached the old inventor and was feeling him out about doing this.

"The reason for using the robots is to prevent any more lives from being lost," Donar said, seriously.

That was one refrain Feral kept hearing from these wolves. They cared a lot about preserving life where they could and taking it when it was justified. He rather liked that mindset even though the laws of his city forbid acting on it.

"Hmm, well I'm willing to entertain the idea." Feral said, reservedly.

"That's good enough for us." Captain Ing said good-naturedly. "Now, how would you like a tour of our ship?"

"Ohh, that would be cool!" Razor said excitedly.

The Captain smiled at the young Kat's enthusiasm. "Well I'll let the team take you around to see everything and then return you to the surface. By the way SWAT Kats, did you suffer any damage to your jet in your fight."

"Some, nothing major," T-Bone acknowledged.

"Well my engineers would love to offer their help if you'd like to repair it here. I'll admit they are very curious about your jet and are itching to look it over," The Captain chuckled.

For the first time since they boarded the alien ship, T-Bone grinned. "Love to give them a tour but we have to be on hand for any repairs."

"Understood. When you're ready just tell Genus. He's an engineer. Enjoy my ship and join me for dinner later before you leave." He told them then left the conference room with his command crew.

Kam took Feral aside, tugging him toward the door. "I want to show you my quarters."

Tara moved to T-Bone's side. "Hi handsome, like me to give you a personal tour." She cooed, smiling at him.

"I'd like that," T-Bone grinning at her, wishing he could tell her that they'd already met.

"How about I show you the guts of this ship, Razor?" Genus offered, smiling.

"You're on!" Razor enthused, though he knew he had to be careful not to tip off the intelligent wolf that they already knew each other...very intimately.

Donar grinned at all of them then went off to take care of business of his own while his team mates took off in different directions.

"Here we go!" Kam said as the door slid open to reveal a comfortable room.

"Nice," Feral murmured appreciatively then turned to the wolf. "How could you keep this from me?" He asked bluntly.

"Orders," Kam equally blunt.

Feral sighed. "Unfortunately, I understand that all too well. But it presents me with a difficult problem."

Kam frowned and eyed his lover as the dark tom moved to look out the window into space. "What problem is that Uly?"

Feral turned and frowned unhappily at him. "You live here!" He said spreading his arms to encompass the room. "I live there!" He pointed out the window. "I think it best if we don't see each other intimately anymore." It hurt to say that, so much so that he had to turn to the window again so he wouldn't see the stricken look on Kam's face.

Kam froze. Intellectually, he knew Ulysses was absolutely right. He would only suffer more emotional pain if they continued this relationship. But emotionally, something reared up and screamed a resounding no.

"Is that what you want?" He asked softly, struggling to hold back something he couldn't name, within him.

"No, but it's the right thing to do. I can't go with you and you can't stay. Why torture ourselves continuing something that will have to end," Feral said thickly, his voice tight. Keeping his gaze on the view through the window so his emotions couldn't be seen.

That last word snapped something inside Kam. An overwhelming feeling of possession roared through him and he lunged forward, snatching his lover by the neck and pulling him to the floor. Before Uly had a chance to defend himself or even yell, Kam plunged his fangs into the scruff of his lover's neck and forced the big tom to his paws and knees beneath him roughly.

Feral released a shocked cry before completely submitting under the dominating wolf. Kam growled deeply in his chest and tightened his fangs while his claws shredded the back of Feral's pants open including his underwear.

Trembling, Feral was overwhelmed by emotions of fire and need that swamped him. His vagina throbbed in excitement and his clitoris swelled in preparation for what was to come. He moaned encouragingly to his lover...his mate.

Beside himself with lust and violent need, Kam freed himself from his pants and plunged the head of his cock only, in his submissive lover but even under extreme need, he still retained enough control to prepare his mate and not rip or cause pain.

Feral groaned in ecstasy as his body spasmed from the invasion of that huge mushroom head then climaxed violently. Shuddering with waves of intense pleasure he was now looser and slicker which allowed Kam to sink to the hilt and take Uly fully. He set a hard, driving pace that pushed them both to climax at the same time.

Tears streamed unheeded down Feral's face as he sagged to the floor in a blissful faint. Kam slumped over his lover's body, panting to catch his breath. As he gradually regained his senses, horror filled him. Looking down at Uly, he saw the tears on the dark tom's face along with a blissful look. On his neck were deep fang marks.

'What have I done? I've nearly brutalized him,' Kam thought in anguish as he fished around in his pockets hurriedly, searching for the medical wand and quickly waving it over his lover's abused tissues.

Uly groggily came around as Kam was healing him.

'By my ancestors, how could I do this to him? He's right, we need to stop seeing each other because I can't stay but something in me insists I never let him go. What do I do now? I have to speak to Tennar about this right now,' the wolf decided, worriedly.

Uly groaned, trying to sit up. Kam pushed aside his concerns for the moment and helped his new mate to a seated position.

"Oh, Uly, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to take you like that...I just seemed to have snapped

somehow...forgive me!" He begged, thoroughly upset as he nuzzled and licked the tears off Ulysses' face. The deep fang wounds were bleeding sluggishly as he raised the wand again to heal them.

Oh don't!" Feral exclaimed, reaching a paw up but it was too late. "No." He moaned sadly. "I wanted them! I've needed someone who would dominate me, want me so much they'd take me for their own and make me submit. It's so freeing to let go of my rigid control finally and you did that!"

Kam blinked at the dark tom in shock. 'No...he couldn't mean...' Shaken, Kam tried to object to what he thought Uly was trying to say. "Uly, I..."

"Don't Kam. I was wrong. I need you, please don't leave me," Feral begged, having finally come to the realization that he'd fallen madly in love with Kam. "I love you!" He murmured desperately pulling the wolf close and nuzzling his face.

Kam felt his heart plummet. 'Oh no! This can't be happening and yet I don't want to let him go either. I'm in real trouble now.' "Uly, I...oh damn...I need to speak to someone urgently."

He helped Uly to his feet as he got to his. "You're welcome to use my bathroom and rest until I return. Here's a robe!" He said, pulling a brilliant blue silky thing from a hidden drawer and handing it to Uly. "I'll be right back. Okay?" He said, his heart hammering with fear and anguish.

Feral stared at him for a long moment, holding the robe in one paw, his tattered pants in the other. It didn't feel like rejection so he simply nodded and gave Kam a gentle kiss.

"Sure, I'll wait. I liked what you did, Kam. Don't let it tear you up. I'll be waiting for you when you come back because I've realized I can't really let you go," he said firmly then with a shy smile he turned and made for the bathroom Kam had pointed out.

Kam watched his lover's departing backside with a mixture of desire and regret. He tucked himself away and straightened his clothes, departing his quarters quickly.

He headed for sick bay as quickly as he could, nearly running. He was afraid Tennar was still with the Captain but sighed out a huff of relief when he heard the crusty old wolf speaking to one of his nurses.

Tennar blinked in surprise to see Kam. "May I speak privately with you sir. It's urgent," Kam said breathlessly.

Nodding, Tennar gestured toward his office. They stepped in and the door shushed closed softly behind them. The Chief Medical Officer eyed the young lieutenant critically. Something was up. Kam was tense and upset and he smelled of sex and fear.

"What can I do for you Kam? I thought you were with Commander Feral?" The sex scent obviously is from the Kat, he thought.

"I was. Sir, my reactions to him have become far too intense that it scares me. What I just did to him was unforgivable, I..." Kam blurted out.

"Wait! Easy now, exactly what have you done that has you so upset," Tennar asked, worried now.

"I...he was saying we needed to break up because it would be more painful to do it later and I agree with him but hearing him say it caused something to snap within me. I just grabbed him, plunged my fangs in his neck and took him hard. He submitted to me immediately. He doesn't hold what I did against me...on the contrary, he says he loves me and cannot let me go now," Kam said in flood of words filled with anguish.

"Ahh, so that's it. I think I know what your problem is. Come with me." Dr. Tennar said leading the way back out to the medical area. "Sit down here." He patted a bed.

Confused, Kam did as he was told. Dr. Tennar pulled out a medical scanner and ran it over the wolf's body. "Hmm, yes, I thought so."

"What is it?" Kam asked anxiously.

Dr. Tennar eyed his patient seriously. This was going to cause a lot of problems. "You are mated, my young wolf. What happened was a mating bond taking place."

"Oh no! But...I can't stay and he..." Kam held his paws out in a helpless gesture.

"Easy, you can't change it now, Kam. I'll speak with the Captain but for now, just enjoy your mate. Fate has a way of working these things out so don't distress yourself any further about it," he soothed the young wolf.

"But..." The lieutenant tried to object again.

"You have your orders lieutenant. Go enjoy your mate, let things take care of themselves," Tennar said more firmly, pushing the young wolf out of sick bay.

Kam stood in the corridor in shock. 'Mated! He was mated!' Shaking himself he hurried back to his new mate.

Tennar sighed as he put away his scanner. He would have to pull the Captain aside and tell him about this immediately. He let his nurse know where he'd be and headed for the Captain's ready room.

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Chapter 14: The Future is Wild with Possibilities by ulyferal

While Kam was suffering a major crisis, T-Bone was getting a shock of his own. Tara had shown him around the impressive ship and was now leading him along many corridors and down an elevator until they came to a quiet corridor of doors. She halted at one and it whooshed open without her appearing to do anything.

She stepped in, he followed more slowly. Looking around he saw a very cozy and nice room just like any nice apartment at home except for one very large thing...a window that look out into space.

"It's breathtaking isn't it?" She said warmly, coming to stand close to him.

"Oh its that alright." He said shaking his head, reluctantly pulling his gaze from the sight to look at her. "So why did you bring me to your quarters...that is I'm assuming this is where you hang your hat."

Tara smiled. "Yes, these are my quarters. I brought you here because I really enjoyed my time with you in my temporary home on your planet." She said softly, watching his reaction.

T-Bone blinked and froze. 'Last night? Oh shit!' "You know who we are?" He blurted, half angry, half scared.

"Easy Chance, it wasn't that difficult for us to figure out who you were just from the data we collected. Your people have never guessed because they are too close to you and would not believe the facts before them." She said matter of factly.

"Uh...really...just reading information on my world allowed you to be able to pick us out of the bin

and come up with our identities?" T-Bone said, disbelief dripping from his voice, his fists clenched in tension.

Tara sighed, "Here, I'll show you exactly how Genus then Donar figured out your secret." She went to her desk that was in a small corner. Sitting down, she activated a computer that was impossibly small. She asked it to relay the pertinent information and it responded in a pleasant male voice, immediately working on the request.

T-Bone was fascinated despite himself as he moved to stand behind her. Moments later, the computer began to spout information. He listened as it described the paper trail that, if anyone had bothered, had lead right to them. Shock rocked him. If just one person had gotten curious among the millions that handled this data everyday, their secret would have been revealed years ago.

"I stand corrected." He said in a hushed voice.

"No one knows this information except for our team and the command crew. We have no desire to give away such an important secret since you and your partner serve a very important purpose." Tara said seriously as she shut her screen down.

T-Bone gave a wane smile. "Thank you for that. I guess its sorta like we were fated to exist since no one had bother to look closer." He said shaking his head in amazement. "Wait till I tell Razor this."

"Oh, I'm sure Genus is going to do that for you." Tara said with a smirk.

"Uh, yeah that's right, they are lovers. Ah crud! That's what gave you a start in the first place. The Captain said Genus is an engineer. I'm sure just talking with Razor would have made him suspicious." The tabby said ruefully. "No way my bright friend could hide his intelligence under a rock."

Tara grinned. "Well that and the incredible bikes he invented and built. Even I knew the one I rode on was far beyond what your kind has developed so far."

T-Bone snorted in amusement. He reached out and pulled Tara from her seat and brought her close to his chest. "So, what is your true calling?"

"I have dual responsibilities as a member of an insertion team. Communications and Medical Officer. My rank is first lieutenant."

"Nice! I like a fem that's multi-talented." The tabby growled warmly, giving her a kiss.

She rumbled her pleasure at his willingness to accept what was happening and still care about her as well. "And I like big powerful super heroes."

T-Bone snorted at that but continued to renew his acquaintance with her and her luscious body.

As T-Bone and Tara spent some quality time, Razor was like a kitten in candy store. It was an inventor/techie's dream to be able to see such advanced technology up close and personal.

Genus felt a kindred spirit in the small cinnamon tom. He was a bright star in the heavens and he was going to truly miss him when they left.

Such a mind could do unimaginable things in this environment. So much Razor could accomplish if he had access to the tech he needed to spread his wings. Genus couldn't help but wish he could sweep this jewel away with him.

Suddenly, he paused in his rambling thoughts as something struck him. He was falling for this

Kat. The sex was amazing, they were so insync with each other it was a little scary, and, though, Razor was definitely much brighter than he, it didn't stop them from being able to carry on endless tech conversations without getting bored. The small Kat was just so engaging and Genus hadn't had such a perfect partner before.

He sighed and shook his head, 'Get your head out of the clouds...he can't come with us, so stop dreaming about it.' He told himself. He pushed the wish to the back of his mind as he gave Razor a thorough tour of the ship and all its wonders.

Finally, after the cinnamon tom had gluttoned himself on everything, Genus began to steer him toward the crew quarters, the tom still asking a blizzard of questions.

Shaking his head and grinning, Genus answered everything he could to the best of his ability. Only a few times did he have to admit to not knowing the answer as the tom simply leaped intuitively ahead to things Genus had no conception of.

As he reached his door, it recognized him and opened with a soft noise. Razor stopped his questions to stare at it for a long moment.

"Sensors...it recognized you when you approached." Razor said with certainty.

Genus grinned warmly. "Correct. Welcome to my quarters." He said moving to the center of the room and spreading his arms out.

Razor stepped through the door and looked around the room. A huge window showed the starscape outside. Inside were comfortable furniture, a very advanced computer in the corner, a bedroom could be seen through a open doorway to the left. It was very nice and cozy. Some kind of alien artwork was on one wall and alien weapons were mounted on another.

"Really nice place you have here." Razor commented.

"Yeah, much quieter than my temporary apartment on your planet too. Though with you there I can safely say I've noticed only the noise we made." Genus said casually, beginning to count to see how long it took Razor to guess what he meant by that statement.

Razor froze and went still. He eyed Genus carefully as his mind quickly raced through reasons for what Genus was trying to say and how the wolf would have known their closely guarded secret.

"My bike...our discussions...and research of our past and the crumbs that lead to where we are now. As advanced as your kind are, it must not have been hard to put the pieces together and come up with the answer of who your bedmate was." Razor said flatly, tension singing through his body. The real question now was what Genus intended to do with that information.

"It took you precisely twenty seconds to come up with the correct answer." Genus said admiringly. "That steel trap mind of yours is why I like you...a lot. If you let yourself, I'm sure you'd realize that none of us will give away your secret. You and your partner are far too important to your people's survival...at least for right now while the threats still exist...perhaps after..." Genus let that hang as a brief flash of an idea sprang into his mind. But he needed to speak to his Captain first then see if Razor would consider it.

"What about afterwards?" Razor asked suspiciously.

"Honestly, I don't know. I have to speak to a few people first and we have to rid your city of its most dangerous criminals. Only then will I speak of what ifs." Genus said easily.

Razor cocked his head, eyes narrowed. He wasn't sure he liked where his mind was going on this...perhaps, like Genus said...it was too early to say anything more.

Before he could think of anything else to say, Genus moved closer to him and wrapped his arms around his body, pulling the smaller tom against him.

"So now that we've seen everything and we have a little time to ourselves, could I interest you in a little playtime here in space?" He rumbled invitingly, nuzzling the tom's cheek with his own.

Razor gasped and felt heat rise through him. This was why, despite his suspicions of Genus, he couldn't leave the wolf. He set his soul on fire, he was his mental equal in many ways, and he was very good in bed. With that last thought, he allowed Genus to take him away on a sea of pleasure.

Feral was grateful the bathroom was very similar to ones on his home though far more advanced. The shower was strange though, there were no handles to turn.

Frowning, he grumbled, "Well how the heck do you start this thing?"

"What type of shower do you desire?" A voice suddenly spoke in the air.

Feral looked around sharply but he was alone. He realized a second later that it must be some kind of computer.

"Uh, what do you meant what kind of shower?" He asked the air, feeling a little foolish speaking to a machine.

"It will supply whatever type is required, sand, radiant, water,..." It listed.

"Sand?" He blurted in confusion.

"Sand then..."

"Wait, no...uh...water please." Feral hurriedly corrected it.

"What temperature?"

Feral sighed. 'Geez what a lot of nonsense to take a shower.' "Hmm, eighty degrees." He said hesitantly and was surprised when the perfect temp poured over him. "Perfect, what about soap?"

"What would you desire." It asked patiently.

Feral grimaced. 'Not again.' "Uh, an oatmeal based solution?" He tentatively asked.

Suddenly, a soapy substance came at him from the shower for a moment before becoming water once more. It smelled rather nice.

"Thank you. That works." He said politely as he continued to clean up.

"You are welcome. The data is stored for your use the next time you wish to shower. Simply ask for Feral Shower." The computer stated then went silent.

'Humph. Well that's certainly handy.' Feral mused as he finished. 'I wonder what would need a sand bath? Weird!'

"How do I dry?" He asked the air.

"What temperature?" It asked.

Feral was resigned to being asked multiple questions. "Seventy degrees."

Seconds later a blast of warm air hit him, drying his fur in seconds. Sighing, he stepped out of the stall and put on the incredibly comfortable and decadent robe around him. Walking into the bedroom, he paused to look around more thoroughly.

The bed was large and roomy, there was a bookcase nearby and on the wall was some kind of painting that was just too weird to make sense of. He frowned as he noted there were no dressers but the walls seemed smooth but he had seen Kam pull this from a drawer. They must be set so well into the wall that they were nearly invisible. Interesting.

Feral moved into the other living space. It held a couch, comfortable chair and modernistic table that was a smoky grey color and looked like plastic but when he tapped it with a nail it rang as if it were glass. Shaking his head, he continued to look around. Some interesting weapons were hanging on the wall. There was a recessed area with a light but he had no clue what it was for.

"I wonder what this is for?" He asked aloud.

"It is a replicator. Simply ask for what you want...food...books...personal care items...etc." The voice from the shower told him.

Feral blinked at that. 'Well okay, let's give this a go.' He thought as he approached the recessed area and spoke to it.

"I'd like a roasted tuna sandwich and a glass of milk."

There was a flash of light and when it vanished food was waiting there. Feral just stared at it for a moment before daring to reach for it. It was exactly what he'd asked for and it smelled delicious. Shrugging his shoulders, he picked up the food and took it to the couch and sat down.

He didn't touch his food at first, just stared blindly out the window. He had put on hold what had happened a short while ago but now he was relaxed and needed to deal with it. He'd told Kam he loved him and he'd meant it but how was he supposed to be with his mate, he knew in his heart that's what they were. How could he leave his home? The threat to the city wasn't gone yet but when it was...what then?

He paused at that. Was he really thinking about leaving? No way would he make Kam leave this to be banished for the rest of his life on Aristal. He loved the wolf too much to do that to him so that only left him being the one to leave. He stared at his world. Could he leave? Well actually it wouldn't be forever, especially if a way station was put here then there was no reason why he couldn't visit home. So maybe it wouldn't be such a big deal at all.

The idea intrigued him. It was a major leap to do this...leave ones world to travel space but when you did it with someone you loved, that's just what you did. Wrapped up in his thoughts, he blindly reached for his sandwich and began to eat. He continued to stare out the window at his world rotating below him.

The door whooshed open suddenly making him turn rapidly, a bite of food still in his mouth, the sandwich gripped in his paw.

Kam came in a little agitated but paused at the sight before him. Ulysses had showered and had figured out how to get food. Uly looked ravishing sitting there at an angle on the couch, the robe had spread open in the dark tom's surprise to reveal a long length of leg up to his thigh, his genitals just peeking out. His golden eyes wide and his mouth obviously still holding a bit of sandwich.

The dark tom swallowed his food a little too quickly and choked, he grabbed his milk to wash it down better but still coughed and gasped.

Kam went to his side immediately and sat down. "Easy love. Didn't mean to make you choke on

your food. Glad to see you were able to make yourself at home." He said, carefully thumping the tom on the back.

Feral cleared his throat and took a breath. "You startled me is all. I was thinking a bit too deeply I guess."

"Really, what about?"

"You and me...how we can stay together. I can't ask you to give up traveling in space, I wouldn't want you to. But, I can't leave until I know my city will be safe." Feral explained, setting his sandwich down on its plate.

"You **have** been thinking." Kam said, in pleased surprise. "How generous you are my, love. I would not have asked you to give up your home...!"

"But you see, I won't be that's if your people's plan to set up a way station happens. Then I won't be cut off from my home. I should be able to visit from time to time...right?" Feral ask hopefully.

Kam blinked at his mate. He had been soo worried about what to do about suddenly being mated to a native and here was his beloved already making a decision to leave with him. How had he gotten so lucky?

"You're right. If your world is accepted into the galactic alliance, you'll be able to visit whenever we pass by here. It might be many years in between though, Uly." He warned gently.

"That's not a problem. I have no one I'm close to that I'm leaving. But I would like to keep an eye on my world from time to time."

"You amaze me love. Here I was panicking about this situation and Dr. Tennar was telling me fate would take care of it, then I return here to find you already coming up with a perfect solution all by yourself." Kam said admiringly. "Of course, we'll make sure your city is safe before we leave here. Captain Ing wouldn't dream of leaving you in such a situation anyway."

Feral blushed at the compliment then grinned shyly at his mate. His Dr. Tennar had been right, fate had taken a lonely Kat and found him a mate from the stars and his world was going to be safe and on the space ways themselves. How lucky could he get. He leaned forward and gave Kam a warm, joyful kiss.

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Chapter 15: Making Plans by ulyferal

A few hours later, the group returned to have dinner with the Captain. During the meal, a lively discussion circled the table about how the **Wotan** could help Megakat City deal with its omegas without seeming to interfere. Also, they discussed the best way to approach the governments of the world about the **Wotan** and their suggestion for setting up an interstellar way station.

"Do you think your people will be receptive to a way station?" Captain Ing asked when the subject came up.

"I wish I could say for certain. The fact that I think it's a great idea isn't enough to base a decision on. All we can do is broach the subject at the United Nations which is fortunately located in our city. I guess we could convince Mayor Manx it's a good idea and coax him to bring the idea up with the general assembly as soon as possible. If we can get past the shock barrier that we have visitors that don't mean us harm, then we'll see about introducing you to them so you can make your suggestion. Of course, you must understand, something of this magnitude could take years to decide." Feral said earnestly.

"That's understood. Just getting the subject heard is the first step the rest will follow at its own

pace. That's what the diplomats are for and we have a good negotiating team on standby that does this for us. When we reach that point, we'll go home and bring a team back to hammer out the details with your United Nations but until then, I and my team would be happy to begin the process if we are permitted." Captain Ing promised.

"First, though, your omega problem must be dealt with." Major Weigland interjected.

"I agree but you're talking a permanent solution and that breaks out laws." Feral said flatly.

"No, what we propose is a more permanent solution by way of taking them from your world and incarcerating them off planet. The main problem we've seen you have is keeping these criminals in jail to serve their sentences. Taking them off planet will ensure they stay put."

Feral and the SWAT Kats blinked in surprise at that solution. But Feral still had a question.

"Uh...just how far off planet are we talking here?"

"An orbital prison around Arista. We would help you build it and provide you with the schematics for converting your space probes into orbital ships. You're nearly ready for space so all we're doing is giving you a small boost. Your people would be the ones manning it." Kam said, reassuringly.

Feral was stunned. It would indeed solve a major problem and move them into space far sooner than their own scientists projected them to be.

"Wow! That would solve it alright and move us into space finally.." Razor said, echoing Feral's thought, but he had one reservation. "However, that won't hold the Pastmaster."

"We know. I still have hopes what Lt. Tara has planned will solve that problem." Kam said.

"I still don't like that idea but I won't stand in your way when you present it to Ms. Briggs." Feral said slowly.

T-Bone scowled but didn't say anything. He'd already made his feelings on the subject very plain.

"Well then, it seems we've got our plans laid out and all that remains is to see them through. Commander Feral, I would appreciate it if you would initiate first contact with your Mayor with Kam as our representative as soon as possible. Our inadvertent battle in space will have stirred up fear among those that are aware of it. Quickly informing them of our good intentions, will prevent a back lash of negative publicity from the frightened masses once word got out." Ing said seriously. "Now let us enjoy this truly fine meal." He said firmly changing the subject for now."

"Of course, sir." Feral agreed readily, knowing the Captain was right about a possible backlash response.

With the main business out of the way, they enjoyed the rest of their meal, chatting and commenting on how impressed they were of the **Wotan**. When the meal was finished, the Captain bid them farewell but made a last request.

"Lt. Kam, if you would remain behind for a few minutes."

"Of course, sir."

Everyone filed out of the briefing room except for Kam. Feral had been hustled away by the rest of Kam's crew and was being escorted back to the hangar to prepare for their return trip to Arista.

Captain Ing studied his lieutenant keenly. "Tennar came to see me and had some interesting

news to relay." He began without preamble.

Kam blushed and looked down at his feet.

Ing gave his favorite officer (though he would never tell the young wolf that) a warm smile. The news had been a surprise but a happy one.

"I know this causes some problems for you, but allow me a moment to congratulate you on finding a soul mate. I am very pleased that you have been so blessed." Ing said sincerely.

"Thank you sir. I think so too and Ulysses is a rare find, but..." Kam said, eyes glittering with joy but also concern.

Ing raised his paw to interrupt him. "I know all about it. But Tennar feels strongly that this will solve itself and you know he's never wrong."

Kam let a sigh of relief ease out of him at that information. Commander Tennar was not only their Chief Medical Officer but also their seer. If he said something would be so, it was. They had been very fortunate to have someone of his talent aboard. It was why the **Wotan** had survived its many encounters over the years.

"That is very good news, sir. But I have one more piece of news to tell you that is probably why Commander Tennar was so confident." Kam said grinning happily.

"Oh, and what might that be?"

"My mate is willing to leave his home to go with us. He could not bear to take me from the stars and, as long as his home is safe, he is content to travel with us and return home on visits."

"Well, that is good news. I think he would be an important and talented addition to our crew when trained as well. This is excellent!" Ing said impressed and pleased.

"Thank you sir, I think so as well." Kam said, delight emanating from him.

"Now that matter is settled, you'd better report to the hangar on the double. We have a lot of work to do here before we're off again." Captain Ing said smiling in farewell.

"Yes sir." Kam saluted then left hurriedly to rejoin his crew waiting for him.

Feeling relief and joy about his new status, he was buoyant and ready for anything the next few months would bring them as they made this world ready for space and rid them of their deadly enemies and, perhaps, a much better prepared force if Donar's idea panned out.

His crew was already aboard their shuttle and the SWAT Kats were in their jet, its engines idling in preparation for departure. He quickly boarded, the door sealing up behind him as he headed for the pilot's seat.

His paw caressed his mate's back in passing, flashing Ulysses a warm smile and receiving one in return.

Once in his seat, his demeanor became all business. "Ready for departure!" He ordered

"Roger!" Came his crew's response.

Within moments the heavy thrum of the shuttles engines were felt. Checklists were done briskly and professionally, each member of the team calling out green lights signifying the ship's readiness for takeoff.

"Tara, request permission to depart!" Kam ordered.

Only a moment of silence passed before she responded with, "Permission granted, sir."

Kam gently engaged the engine and caused the ship to lift smoothly from its pad then glide slowly forward to the opening space doors. The Turbokat lifted just behind them and floated just as gracefully. Kam sent the shuttle soaring out into space and, once clear of the ship's gravity well, he shot them away to the planet below. Engaging their speed-o-heat shield and all four engines, the SWAT Kats followed close behind.

It had been decided the whole group would land at Enforcer Headquarters.

His second in command became alarmed when he received a call on his radio that an alien craft lead by the SWAT Kats was approaching their building. He immediately called an alert so that by the time the Turbokat came into view, the landing apron was fairly bristling with armament.

Feral got on the radio and called the tower, informing them that he was aboard and the visitor's weren't hostile. Still suspicious, Major Linston had SWAT remain on the flightline while they watched nervously as the alien craft landed just behind the Turbokat.

The door opened and Feral walked out first, causing his officers to relax a little. The SWAT Kats jumped down from their jet and walked over to join the crew of the shuttle. T-Bone moved close to Donar.

"I would love to fly that sweet ride sometime." He said, eyeing the shuttle admiringly.

"Maybe you'll get a chance to." Donar grinned, happy to accommodate a fellow pilot.

Feral barked orders to Major Linston, "Have them stand down. There's no cause for alarm."

"Yes sir." Linston said, saluting then giving commands for the SWAT to return to duty.

Feral led the way to his office and went straight to his desk to put in a call to the Mayor's office.

"Ms. Briggs. I need you to get the Mayor over to my office. I have some stunning news to tell you both as well as show you something. Please say nothing to anyone but get here quickly." Feral said briskly.

"Commander, what is going on? We heard you had been called to the observatory suddenly but nothing else." Ms. Briggs demanded, concern lacing her voice.

"You'll have your answers when you get here Ms. Briggs. I'm not saying anything over the phone."

Confused and annoyed, Callie agreed and hung up. Feral looked at the others.

"Is there anyone else you wish to have here for this meeting?" He asked Kam.

Kam looked at his crew questioningly.

"I think Dr. Sinian should be included because of the suggestion we're going to make of Ms. Briggs." Tara said immediately.

"You're right. Also, we should have Professor Hackle join us too. Perhaps it will convince him my plan will benefit all." Donar quickly agreed.

"There's your answer, Ulysses." Kam told Feral.

The dark tom nodded his agreement and got on the phone to the two parties they wanted here.

"I suggest we go get them and save time." Razor said.

Kam thought that was a great idea but waited until Feral was speaking with Dr. Sinian before signaling him.

"Just a moment , Dr. Sinian..." Feral said into the phone then looked questioningly at Kam.

"Razor suggests they go retrieve Dr. Sinian and Professor Hackle to save time." Kam told him.

Feral nodded his understanding and relayed that to Dr. Sinian then to Professor Hackle. By the time he hung up with the Professor, the SWAT Kats had already left on their errand.

"Sgt Fallon, go get some food and coffee for our guests. We'll be in my conference room." Feral told the older enforcer. Fallon turned smartly and hurried out.

"Alright, if you'll follow me, we'll wait for our guests in here, " Feral said, walking out of his office and into a large conference room next door. He paused long enough by his secretary's desk to tell her to have Major Linston report for this meeting as well.

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Chapter 16: Startling Revelations by ulyferal

Mayor Manx was not happy as he burst into the conference room, scowling at Feral, frowning in confusion at the sight of the SWAT Kats and puzzled by the strangers with Kam Bonner but before he could take Feral to task, Ms. Briggs firmly pushed him toward a seat and made him sit.

She was curious and confused as well but knew they would be briefed as soon as everyone was settled and that meant his honor needed to sit down and shut up.

Grumbling under his breath, Manx obeyed and sat down near the front of the room and crossed his arms, eyes narrowed, face set in an angry grimace.

The SWAT Kats took seats next to Ms. Briggs, giving her a brief smile but not offering any explanation to her raised brows.

When everyone had found a seat and the door had been closed. Feral got everyone's attention.

"Alright, listen up. A lot has happened over the past several hours since I was summoned to the Megakat Observatory. The scientists were alarmed when their telescope came upon a battle being fought above our world." He told them.

"What?" Mayor Manx shouted, standing suddenly, fear making him want to run from the room.

"Easy, Mayor. The incident has been taken care of." Feral said placatingly, though annoyed at being interrupted. Briggs pulled his honor back down where he huffed and frowned, trying to calm himself.

"To be brief, Kam was with me and identified one of the fighters as being their mother ship while I identified the second one as Dark Kat's modified Black Widow. I didn't know until that moment that Kam and these others are visitors to our world. Dark Kat had apparently learned of them and went out to try and steal their technology. I, Kam and his crew, and the SWAT Kats ended up in space fighting and defeating Dark Kat. We've spent the last couple of hours aboard the **Wotan** meeting its captain and crew. The crew are from Arcanus, a world some light years from here. Their mission is to track and destroy the creatures we called the Ci-Kat-A from spreading further throughout the galaxy. They would stop at worlds that had contact with those creatures both to offer aid if needed or to discover how a world managed to survive an attack and incorporate it in their battle plans. The Arcanians mean us no harm, on the contrary, they have been secretly helping us take out our omegas." He explained.

Callie blinked in stunned amazement. As the room's occupants erupted in bursts of shocked exclamations, she stared at the small crew of, what she now realized were really sentient wolves then turned to her side to look at the SWAT Kats in bewilderment.

"It's alright Ms. Briggs. They really are the good guys." T-Bone reassured her, correctly interpreting her expression.

"This is a lot to take in. Before all our visitors have been hostile, it's a bit of a surprise to find there are friendly ones out there." She said, shaking her head.

"Oh, they're not the first, the Aquians were, remember? They were the ones whose ship had been hijacked and was stealing our water?" Razor reminded her.

"Oh, that's right. I had forgotten them." Callie sighed, looking over at their visitors again. She had to admit, they were a handsome group and, though there was something definitely predatory about them, she could sense no animosity emanating from them.

Abby Sinian stared at Tara with a mix of shock and dismay. Tara glanced at her and gave the she-kat a reassuring smile, Abby could only give her a wane one in return.

Professor Hackle was the only one who hadn't reacted with surprise since he had already been privy to this information through Donar. He was relieved that Dark Kat had been stopped and, though he abhorred violence, he knew just how much better off Megakat City was without that particularly vicious and deadly enemy. He was curious to see how Donar's request for his robots came into this picture.

Mayor Manx was overwhelmed. Dark Kat was dead, these were aliens from space sitting there in front of him, and they were offering to solve their omega problem. "It all sounds too good to be true...and I'm very appreciative of your efforts so far to help us...but what's the catch? He asked cautiously.

"There isn't one, Mayor but I think I'll let Kam explain." Feral said, gesturing for Kam to take over.

Kam stood and nodded politely to everyone. "Hello, I'm First Lieutenant Kam of the interstellar starship **Wotan**. As Commander Feral has told you, the mission of our kind is to stop the spread of those terrible creatures you so bravely managed to sent packing. We were impressed by your ingenuity and bravery. We decided to find out how you managed this feat and during our time among you, we came to know you better. We have much in common with your race and truly enjoyed our time here." Kam said warmly, watching as everyone relaxed more and some preened a little at the compliment of being a brave species.

"We sometimes take time from our long space voyage to stop and rest, feel a planet beneath our feet. Usually we do not allow the inhabitants to learn of our true origins. We drop in disguised or not, whatever is required, and enjoy some shore leave and depart quietly with no one being the wiser. However, your race fascinated us and we felt a kinship with you so we stayed longer. Unfortunately, we could not take shore leave due to the very real danger of your on going war with those criminals. So my Captain made a decision to allow us to remain and see if we could aid you in taking out your omegas and that's what we've been trying to do. We are not, however, allowed to do this for you. It is important you solve this problem on your own without too much interference by us." Kam cautioned and was interrupted by the Mayor.

"But...we've been trying to do that for years without success!" Mayor Manx objected, annoyed that these visitors couldn't just take care of the problem for them.

"Yes sir, so we've discovered. Unfortunately, we are not allowed, by interstellar law, to interfere directly. The rules allow us to guide you but not use our technology, except for very limited circumstances." Kam said firmly.

"But why?" Major Linston asked, confusion and frustration on his face.

Kam sighed, this was a typical reaction from their few direct encounters. "A civilization cannot grow if it is not allowed to learn from its mistakes or solve its own difficulties. Believe me, the interstellar community has learned never to interfere due to some harsh lessons learned on worlds where they did try to solve a problem with their advanced technology. It was a catastrophe that no one wants to repeat...ever. One world in particular used the freedom we gave them from a serious infestation that was decimating their population to wage war on one another, ending up slaughtering their entire species anyway. So a strict law was instituted to prevent that from ever occurring again." He said grimly.

Some of those listening shuddered at the thought of a whole race obliterating themselves, while others were frowning in anger.

"That doesn't mean we will be that stupid." Major Linston said indignantly.

"I'm sorry but that is not a rule my captain will ever consider breaking." Kam said flatly.

Before anyone else or the Major could object more strenuously, Callie interjected a voice of calm reasoning.

"Alright, since you can't aid us directly, what do you intend to do to help us?"

Kam mentally sighed in relief. Things could have gone sour, but her smooth interjection had calmed the room and had them moving forward. He'd already learned she was the true brains behind the running of the city and it would be her he would work with to solve their problem. Manx was next to useless but he had a part to play so he couldn't alienate the pompous Kat. He made sure to direct his next comments toward them both equally.

"By showing you how to utilize what you already have, more efficiently. We've discussed our thoughts on the matter with our captain and came up with two plans. The first is to help beef up your enforcers so they can keep the weird, the minor criminals, and accidents from your science community from getting out of paw and, the second, ridding the city of the Pastmaster which is where you come in Ms. Briggs." Kam said.

"Me?" Callie asked in surprise.

"Yes and we'll get to that in a little while. Right now I have something else to bring to the table that could change your world forever." Kam said, giving everyone an intense and searching look. "You are the perfect race we look for to add to the growing interstellar community. It helps that you are on the verge of space travel, have experience with aliens, and are a very resilient and resourceful species. Not many qualify and are offered such an opportunity."

"Stop dancing and smoozing us with so much flattery. Just what are you getting at?" Mayor Manx fumed, getting annoyed.

Kam gave the Mayor a small smile and nod. "Forgive me, sir. I meant no offense. Your species is being offered the chance to join the interstellar community. They will help you set up a space station manned by your people and you will become a stopping point for many of the races that roam space. The advantages are a boost in your economy, technology, medical research, and a chance to spread out to other worlds outside your solar system. You will also be provided with a protection fleet that will keep the more deadly of the interstellar races from trying to take over your world as well as keep the peace among all the visitors."

Everyone gaped at him in amazement, except, of course, Feral and the SWAT Kats. What Kam was offering was too extraordinary to believe. It would take some time to sink in.

"We would like to present this offer to your entire world and would like you, Mayor Manx, to be

our representative to introduce us to your United Nations conclave. We understand it will be years before an agreement is actually formulated and instituted but we would be honored to be the first to start the steps toward that goal, if your world wishes to be a part of this plan." Kam said.

"And if we don't want anything to do with having aliens passing through here?" Major Linston said sourly, the idea not a cause for excitement on his part.

"Then we leave. No reprisals and no return. You will be put on the paws off list and no one will be allowed to stop at your world. However, we won't leave you defenseless...because of our visit other, less amendable species, might take our departure as a reason to come in and harass you so you will be on the regular patrol route of the Interstellar Alliance Protection Force but you will not see them since they will remain outside your solar system." Kam reassured him.

Linston continued to frown unhappily but said nothing more. The rest of the group seemed to be more accepting.

"I must admit, I'm highly intrigued about this plan of yours. Perhaps we should sit down with your captain and discuss this further." Manx said thoughtfully.

"Of course, sir. I'd be happy to set up a meet with you both." Kam said politely. "Any further questions on that subject?" He asked, no one said anything. "Alright then I wish to return to the plan to get rid of the Pastmaster. Here is where the rule of noninterference doesn't apply. His ability to cross time zones and dimensions indiscriminately, is a direct threat to the very fabric of space and time. This is a serious cause for concern among the interstellar community. By the authority granted Captain Ing, the creature known as the Pastmaster will be summarily destroyed...no trial or jail time or return to his own time will be allowed. The threat he poses is far too great." Kam said grimly, knowing his mate would be upset by this flat injunction which was a direct slap to his own authority but it couldn't be helped.

Glancing at his mate, he was right...Ulysses looked stunned and very angry.

"Well, I for one have no problem with that!" T-Bone said loudly. "That ugly gnome has no redeeming qualities and causes this city far too much trouble and damage. Razor nodded his agreement with that statement.

"I quite agree with you SWAT Kat, I'm surprised to say." Mayor Manx growled.

"I'm certainly tired of him constantly making me his target." Callie grumbled.

Feral looked at everyone and noted all the nodding heads except for Professor Hackle, as a pacifist that was no surprise. He sighed, if he objected due to it violating their laws, he would be loudly shouted down. No one wanted that creature around so he wisely kept his mouth shut but it didn't stop him from simmering with anger.

"So how do you intend to get rid of him?" Callie asked.

"Actually, I'll let Lt. Tara explain, its her plan." Kam said as he gestured to Tara to take over.

She stood up and nodded at the Deputy Mayor and gave a rueful smile to Dr. Sinian who wasn't too happy with her.

"Sorry for the subterfuge, Dr. Sinian, but it was my job to find out what I could about the Pastmaster and the use of magic on your world. My research has shown me that Ms. Briggs is a direct descendent of Queen Callista, a powerful sorceress in your past. Because of this connection, we think we can help Ms. Briggs learn magic and cast a spell that will end the Pastmaster's threat once and for all." Tara explained.

"What?" Callie jerked up and stared at Tara open mouthed.

Voices rose up in consternation, anger, and disbelief.

T-Bone's face held a scowl and Feral still didn't like this idea at all.

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Chapter 17: Tara and Donar's Plans by ulyferal

The room rang with the sound of multiple voices objecting to Tara's bombshell.

"I still don't like that idea!" T-Bone said hotly.

Razor didn't comment. He didn't like the idea much but felt the Arcanian's were right about dealing with the Pastmaster.

"And I'm in agreement with you, SWAT Kat!" Feral interjected angrily, surprising everyone by siding with his antagonist.

"Everyone, please calm down." Tara said, raising her voice above the din.

It took several more minutes before anyone was willing to listen but finally order was regained though grumbles of unhappiness could still be heard.

"Your objections were noted earlier Commander and T-Bone but again, though you are only looking out for Ms. Briggs' welfare, the option to do this is still hers." Tara said firmly then turned to the Deputy Mayor.

"What we propose is taking you aboard our ship and having our medical staff do a thorough genetic profile on you. We want to see if our guess is correct that you are a descendent of Queen Callista then determine if you have a magical core." She explained.

Callie blinked at her in bewilderment. Everything was happening fast and she was having trouble following it. She chewed her lip and focused on what Tara was saying. She had to admit to being pleased by Feral's and T-Bone's desire to protect her, but the alien she wolf was right, it was her choice not theirs. And, anyway, sometimes she really got annoyed by the over protectiveness of the males surrounding her.

"So, if I have a magical core then what happens?" She asked hesitantly.

"We have magic workers aboard ship that will help you learn to utilize your magical core so that you'll be able to cast the required spell. There is one other thing that must be done to make this all work, however, and it's that reason your two males here object to." Tara said with a wane smile at Feral and T-Bone. "If you have a magical core, it is buried in your genes...dormant... and not accessible to you so we will have to use a device we have that will sort of nudge this ability to the active part of your genetic makeup so you can actually use it." She explained.

"A device? Is the procedure dangerous?" Callie asked, frowning.

"The danger, though small, could kill you but the odds are like one in one thousand. The odds are driven by just how much of a magical core you possess. If it is high, then the procedure will have a nearly ninety-eight percent success rate. A lower level might be more of a problem. However, that is why you would be given a thorough genetic mapping first before any of this is considered viable and worth the effort." Tara said reassuringly.

Callie leaned back in her chair and frowned thoughtfully. She sighed aloud. "Could I have a little time to think about this first?" She asked.

"Of course, Ms. Briggs. There have been no signs of the Pastmaster for some time so I'm assuming that's good news and we have plenty of time. Obviously, you are more familiar with his

habits than us..." Tara said hesitatingly, looking around at the other Kats.

Feral grunted a response. "We never know when that creature will appear. Sometimes its every few months or as long as a year. He's highly unpredictable. However, it appears he's taking a long break for once since its been more than six months since we've seen him last." He admitted.

"Well, all we can hope for then is he will continue to stay away awhile longer." Tara said quietly.

"Okay, now that we have laid that on the table, we can let Ms. Briggs think about it while we go on to our plan to aid you in beefing up your resources in your fight against the other criminals. With Dark Kat and Dr. Viper out of the picture, there are not that many of high caliber left...correct?" Kam asked, taking over the meeting once more.

"Well you're almost right, there's still the Metallikats, Turmoil and Hard Drive but they aren't as heavy hitting as the two that are gone. Since the last two are still in jail and the Metallikats are temporarily deactivated, we actually have a decent breathing space for the first time in a long while." Feral admitted.

"Yeah, best news we've had in a very long time." Razor added with a relieved sigh.

"Good then what we suggest has plenty of time to be implemented. I'll let Lt. Donar take over this part of the briefing." Kam said gesturing to his team mate to stand.

Donar stood and glanced around the many faces staring at him. He gave Professor Hackle a warm smile before launching into his plan.

"I've taken the opportunity to get to know Professor Hackle. I'm very impressed with his intelligence, peaceful intentions, and, especially, his work in robotics. His long term goals of helping Kat kind with robot assistance is an excellent idea. I..." Donar began but was interrupted rather violently.

"Hell no its not a good idea!" Razor shouted angrily, jumping to his feet. His partner doing the same. His fists were clenched, his behavior shocking everyone in the room.

"Some time ago, the Pastmaster made an attempt to change our future. T-Bone and I were hurled into a future that had been so altered it was a nightmare I'm still not able to shake sometimes. Professor Hackle had managed to implement his plan to have robots help Kat kind alright but the Pastmaster corrupted it by aiding the Metallikats in taking over his work. The Professor had made the mistake of having all the robots controlled at one central computer core. This allowed anyone that knew how to run such a system to take over and that's exactly what happened. When we were dropped there, Katkind was being used as slave labor to build more robots. Conditions were horrific for the slaves and those who managed to evade capture. Feral and his Sergeant were the only enforcers still free and they looked haggard and thin." Razor said passionately.

"Yeah, it wasn't pretty and we learned we had been taken out early. We got a second chance to win and did but we left a world that was more dead than alive. I was eternally grateful to know that future no longer exists due to our interference." T-Bone growled, adding his take on the nightmare they'd experienced.

Professor Hackle stared at them with horror and anguish. "Oh my! I never dreamed..."

"No! You had a wonderful dream but you just never would let go of those two monsters and it was they that destroyed your dream." T-Bone said quickly trying to ease the older Kat's feelings of guilt.

There was a long, uncomfortable silence before Donar took over again. "I'm sorry such a thing happened, T-Bone. Now that we're aware of it, we can insure nothing like that will happen this time. My reason for pushing the Professor's plan is that incorporation of robots among your

enforcers will help save lives and cost the city less to maintain its protective force. A central control matrix is not the way to go and I'll be happy to show the Professor how to do what he wants to do without the need of such a system that is far too prone to tampering as you learned by experience." Donar said sincerely.

Slightly mollified, the SWAT Kats nodded and sat down again while everyone else went silent as they mulled over the wolf's plan. Professor Hackle was rubbing his face. The story the SWAT Kats had told had upset him badly. Ms. Briggs gently reached out and rubbed the Professor's shoulders.

"It's alright Professor. You didn't know. I think it was fate that managed to allow us to learn a valuable lesson. It's a bit surprising that we have the Pastmaster to thank for that bit of wisdom." She said ruefully.

Hackle looked into her sympathetic face and sighed. "Thank you Ms. Briggs. I'm so sorry that had happened but you are right, it is a good thing we know about it now so the same mistake won't be made." He agreed quietly.

While they were talking, Donar glanced over to Kam asking his leader a question with his eyes. Kam frowned in confusion. Donar clarified by mouthing the word, 'Metallikats' to jog the wolf's memory. Kam's eyes widened then frowned as he thought about what Donar was silently asking then nodded imperceptibly, giving his permission.

"I know this is a sensitive subject with you Professor, but it is our firm belief that the Metallikats need to be dealt with permanently." Donar said cautiously.

Hackle's face showed shock then disbelief as he shook his head violently. "No! That's killing! They are sentient beings even though they are in robot bodies."

"But you've tried repeatedly to change their behavior with no luck. They are dangerous and unredeemable!" T-Bone said sharply.

"That does not make it right to just...dispose of them like they were defective cars." Hackle shouted, lunging to his feet and waving his arms in obvious distress at the very idea.

"Hold it! Hold it!" Feral shouted down the commotion. Silence fell immediately. "I understand Professor Hackle why this upsets you and even though I agree with those two about just how much trouble the pair are our laws forbid killing criminals just because they cause us trouble." Feral said ponderously.

Kam sighed mentally. His mate's sense of duty was what he loved about the Kat but at this moment it presented them with a difficult quandary. There were some solutions though.

"Excuse me. I have a suggestion that would solve this problem for you as well as the problem with the other super criminals. If your world accepted being a part of the interstellar community, your criminals would be taken away to a distant prison world for incarceration based on your laws. They couldn't escape and repeat their crimes as they have been doing far too easily here." Kam said.

"That's a great idea except for the fact we have yet to cross that bridge. So how do we deal with this problem right now?" Manx demanded.

"Well, by doing the very thing we had already suggested...beef up this city's security systems, enforcers, and prisons with robots." Donar answered.

That answer made Hackle feel better and he sat down to listen to how the others would react to his solution.

"I still don't like it since it really doesn't solve the problem of those tin heads." T-Bone grumbled.

"Unfortunately, that's true. However, I can aid the Professor in reprogramming the pair to make them a functioning part of society..." Donar suggested calmly.

"Oh, now that smacks of mind control, especially after the Professor just insisted they were sentient. How would you like to be 'reprogrammed.'" Major Linston said sourly. He hated those tin creatures too but he didn't like an argument that resisted destroying them on one paw but sanctioned altering their minds with the other.

Kam frowned. He couldn't fault the Major's logical objection. Personally, he just wanted to end the creature's lives period. The wolves were pragmatic people and killing to save others wasn't a problem with them...it just made good sense.

"No, I don't see it that way. What about all those Kats that require counseling for drug, alcohol, or other destructive problems? Isn't that a form of 'altering' someone's thinking? Only its called helping them regain some control over their lives. We do the same when we jail the guilty. We are trying to help them see the error of their ways." Hackle said passionately. "Well, what's so different about doing the same with the Metallikats? They have an evil mindset that shaped their lives but unlike a still living creature they cannot change their ways on their own with medical intervention so I must provide that for them if they are to be productive katizens."

"Well, I can't really argue with that logic, as long as the change is something they might have decided to do themselves if they'd had the choice. I would think they would need to be seen by a counselor anyway to determine if they had a choice what would they like to be rather than decide it for them." Major Linston suggested slowly.

Hackle blinked in surprise at that. "Well, I never thought of it that way but I have to say you may be right. Alright, for everyone's safety I will ensure only their heads are able to be active and if someone would suggest a counselor that could help them?" He asked.

"I think I might have someone that might be willing, Professor." Callie said thoughtfully. "Let me get with her and I'll get back to you."

"That will be appreciated Ms. Briggs." Hackle said, relieved to have this problem solved.

"Alright, then it looks like that problem is taken care of. Does anyone object to the plan to aid the Professor in building robots and having them integrate within your security forces?" Donar asked bringing the subject back to the main question needing answered.

"I think just like Callie, we need to discuss with others about this before making such an important decision." Manx spoke up, surprising many of them with his sensible suggestion.

"I have to admit, I actually agree with the Mayor. This is a big decision and should have all parties that will be affected involved with the decision process. However, I understand we don't want this to drag out too long so I suggest we set a week for making a firm decision on the subject." Callie said receiving nods of agreement from around the table.

"I concur, excellent suggestion Callie." Mayor Manx added his endorsement.

"Thank you, Mayor! As for my decision, I'll take a couple of days and speak with some people I trust then give you an answer." She said, looking at Kam and Donar.

"That's an excellent idea, Ms. Briggs, Mayor Manx, and Professor Hackle. Thank you for listening to us and being willing to entertain these solutions. On a final note, if you could set an appointment with the United Nations for my captain to brief them on a space station, Mayor, I would consider this meeting over." Kam said.

"Agreed. Callie will get with you on a date and time as soon as possible, Kam." Manx said, pleased to be done with this at last...at least for now. Perhaps he could get a round of golf in to relax him after all this stress.

"Thank you. Then we're done here." Kam said with a nod to everyone.

The room filled with the rumble of multiple conversations as Kats and wolves got up from their seats and mingled.

Donar went to the Professor's side to talk to him and to go back to his lab with him.

Tara was pulled aside by Dr. Sinian and Calico Briggs. They wanted to know more about what was planned for her.

The SWAT Kats were tired and wanted to just go home but Genus slipped close to Razor and pulled him aside for a brief moment's conversation. A brief smile flashed across Razor's face as the two parted company and he rejoined T-Bone.

Kam made his way to his mate's side but had to wait while Feral spoke with a few of his people and the Mayor before he was able to break free.

"It's well after dinner time. Want to get something to eat and perhaps make it an early evening." Kam murmured into his mate's ear.

Feral felt a blush rush to his face and other things heat rapidly due to his mate's very close proximity. 'Kat's alive! What this wolf made me feel everytime he's near should be illegal' he sighed. "Sounds like a good idea. A lot was covered and now it needs to just percolate." He agreed, leading the way out of the conference room then stopping at his office to secure any work he had on his desk, letting Sergeant Fallon know where he would be then leaving with his mate for his apartment.

"What was that smile I just saw?" T-Bone asked his partner as they walked out the elevator and headed for their jet parked on the flightline.

"Oh...uh...Genus wants to go out to dinner with me and spend the night." Razor said, blushing a bit.

"Ahhh, you two are really serious, aren't you?" His partner asked curiously.

"Yeah, I guess we are. I just feel so good around him and we just click so well." The small cinnamon tom said. "What about you and Tara?" He asked as they climbed aboard the Turbokat.

"Well, I like her a lot but we hardly know each other so I can't really say yet." The tabby said, shrugging his shoulders.

There was no more conversation as T-Bone engaged the jet's engines and went to VTOL, lifting off the flightline easily then sending it hurtling forward toward their secret base.

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Chapter 18: Serious Discussion 1 by ulyferal

It was hard for Kam to keep his paws to himself on the elevator ride to the parking garage but he managed it...barely.

Ulysses, though his body was eager to fall into his mate's arms at the soonest possible moment, his mind was not, due to there being one sore point from the meeting that still rankled him. He said nothing as they stepped out of the elevator and walked to his hummer.

They climbed aboard and Feral started the engine and pulled out of the parking lot, heading for the street and home. Kam noticed immediately that his mate was in a pensive mood and thought he knew why. He sighed mentally, realizing they wouldn't be making love the moment they entered Uly's apartment, they would be having an argument about the Pastmaster. 'Oh joy! Our first real spat unless we're counting the incident with Dr. Viper.' He groaned unhappily.

Feral maintained a distant attitude the whole trip to his apartment. He still didn't say anything as they stepped from the car then headed for the elevator. Kam dared to close the distance between them on the elevator but received a lukewarm reception. When the elevator dinged, Uly stepped out of the elevator ahead of his mate and made for his apartment door.

Unlocking it, he stepped in, leaving it open for Kam to walk through and close behind him. Feral pulled his coat, weapon, and holster off, storing them in the coat closet and safe, respectively.

Kam sighed loudly and flopped down on the couch. "Alright, let's hear it. I know you're angry with me so let's get it out in the open." He said mildly put upon.

Feral's eyes narrowed as he pulled his tie off then stalked, back ramrod straight, off to the bedroom. He returned some minutes later, barefoot, belt removed, and shirt unbuttoned. He took a seat in his recliner and studied his mate balefully.

Kam just stared back and waited his ill-tempered mate out.

Tapping his fingers in an angry rhythm on his chair arm, Feral glared at Kam as he tried to come up with the best way to describe his feelings.

"I don't like being overruled in that manner." He finally began. "The Pastmaster must be dealt with under our laws or they are meaningless and saying your people will be dealing with this problem, undermines my authority."

His wolf mate sat up, put his elbows on his knees, closed his eyes and rubbed his face in mild frustration. 'Why couldn't his mate just accept what is necessary rather than be so hide bound to rules? This is going to cause him problems when he joins our crew.' He groaned mentally.

Finally, he opened his eyes and stared at his mate. "I admire your morals and your unswerving devotion to the laws that govern your people. They make you the person I love deeply. However, your inflexible way of thinking in this area is going to make adjusting to life on the **Wotan** very difficult for you, Ulysses. There will be times when we must do something that will shake your world but is very necessary to the welfare of a species. A death may be necessary if it means the difference between a world's survival or its complete extinction. We use all the resources at our disposal before such a decision is made. As we did before making that pronouncement on the Pastmaster. You must understand that your world is not the only one affected here...the entire universe's existence is threatened." Kam tried to explain.

Feral frowned at his mate in consternation. He really didn't like what he was hearing and made a hand sign for Kam to halt. "Now just a minute! How the devil can the Pastmaster's actions affect the universe?" He demanded.

"Because every time he alters time or opens those portals through dimensions, he rips the very fabric of time and space. Those rips spread out and begin to have catastrophic effects on worlds unimaginably distant from yours. The galactic community has recorded planets being obliterated while others were so altered as to be unrecognizable. It had been an on going mystery as to where the temporal damage was originating. So all the worlds of the galactic empire were told to keep an eye peeled for its location. We were the ones to find it." Kam said, his expression grim.

His mate sat back and gaped in open horror. It was hard to imagine a problem of theirs could have such far reaching and devastating effects. Feral swallowed and realized Kam was only doing his job just as he was but his mate's job had more far reaching effects.

"Okay, I get it now...the Pastmaster must be destroyed to save the universe from further harm." Feral said, still badly shaken.

Kam sighed in relief. "Good! I'm glad you understand but I want you to truly realize we don't just condemn creatures because they are evil, we do have very good reasons for taking the actions we do and you will learn what they are in time." He told his mate encouragingly.

"Yeah, but will I be the same person once I do?"

Hearing an odd note of fear in his mate's voice, Kam shot off the couch, dropped to his knees before the tom's chair and pulled Uly into his arms in a tight embrace. "Of course you will be. You'll just learn to be more flexible is all." He murmured, giving his mate a kiss to soothe him. The dark tom clung to Kam as if he were a lifeline, signaling just how distressed he was.

Ulysses felt he was standing on a precipice, about to step off into a world he didn't recognize and was very afraid he would not be the same person anymore, once he did. He felt his life spiraling out of control despite his love for Kam and it scared him to the core.

"My love, it's alright...truly. All creatures make decisions that change their lives in significant ways...it's how they mature. You will still be who you are at your core, believe me." Kam said, concerned by his mate's sudden anguish he could feel through their embrace. Uly was more shaken by this than Kam had expected from the tough Kat.

He would have to spend more time with his mate to help him adjust to all the changes he would be undergoing as a new member of the **Wotan's** crew and perhaps it would be a very good idea for him to see Tara from some counseling. He made a note of that in his mind as he hugged and soothed his distraught mate.

Over at the salvage yard, the SWAT Kats had arrived home. Razor was the first to jump out of the cockpit and make for his locker.

T-Bone smirked at his partner's haste. "In a hurry, buddy?" He asked in amusement as he changed his clothes.

Jake just flashed him a self-conscious grin. "Genus is meeting me at the Night Prowl in an hour." He said in explanation, then ran across the hangar floor for the ladder and vanished from sight.

Chance shook his head and smiled. He was glad his partner had found someone that made him that happy and had the added bonus of relaxing his over-stressed partner. He made his way to the ladder and up to the garage. He paused to check their messages and found no calls waiting then made for their apartment to get something to eat.

He was frying a hamburger on the stove when his partner sailed through again, showered and dressed for a night out.

"Looking good, Jake!" Chance called as the cinnamon tom passed him.

"Thanks, Chance. See you tomorrow." Jake sang out as he disappeared downstairs again.

Only a few minutes later, Chance heard the distinctive sound of a cyclotron roaring off into the gathering dusk. He grinned to himself as he finished making his dinner then carried it off to the living room to watch TV and relax.

He'd just finished his sandwich and was enjoying his favorite show, Scaredy Cat, when the door bell rang. He blinked in surprise. No one ever came out here to see them. Getting to his feet, Chance went downstairs and opened the door.

"Hi Chance. Care for some company?" Tara asked giving him a warm smile.

Chance blinked in pleased surprise. "Sure, come on in." He said, grinning, gesturing for her to come in.

She did so and waited politely for him to relock the door then lead her upstairs. She glanced around her, noting the waiting area and the garage beyond. This was the pair's livelihood, she knew, just as underneath this salvage yard was their secret base as the SWAT Kats.

She followed his handsome backside up the stairs to their small bachelor apartment. It wasn't much to look at but it was clean and comfortable.

Chance was pleased Tara had decided to visit him tonight. She looked good in a pair of red silk-like loose pants and bodice gripping halter top of white lace. Her shining copper hair flowing free down her back just begged for him to run his fingers through it.

"Would you like something to drink?" He asked politely as he gestured for her to have a seat in the living room.

"Hmm, maybe...depends on what you got." Tara said with a smirk as she took a seat on the couch.

"Well, we don't keep much around here but milk but I think I have something you might like. Give me a moment." Chance said then left for the kitchen.

Tara looked around the room at the well worn green couch and old brown over stuffed chair. On the TV a strange looking cartoon was playing. She focused on it while she waited for him to return.

When Chance got back in the room with two champagne glasses filled with a fancy liqueur a client had given them, he was pleased to see her laughing at the Scaredy Cat cartoon.

"Glad you like the show. It's my favorite." He said as he handed her a glass.

"Oh yes...I've never seen anything this ridiculous before and so amusing." Tara chuckled as she accepted the glass.

"Yeah, it relaxes me...a good laugh always makes me feel better and less stressed." Chance said as he sat beside her.

They watched the show and laughed together until it ended.

Tara finished her drink. "Hmm, this was pretty good. What was it?"

"Oh some rich customer of ours gave it to us. It's called Amaretto Liqueur, not bad really. You and I are the first to crack it open." Chance said smacking his lips in appreciation.

"I agree, it's really smooth and burns nicely going down." She said setting her glass on the coffee table. "So how do you feel about what was discussed earlier." Tara asked quietly.

Chance sighed, not really wanting to discuss business. "I still feel what you want to do with Callie is far too dangerous."

Tara eyed him sympathetically. "You wouldn't be who you are if you didn't. I understand your need to protect her from harm but this isn't just about the Pastmaster." She said seriously.

Chance blinked in surprise. "It isn't?"

"No. When we have ensured the Pastmaster is destroyed and our mission here is complete, your

world will still encounter threats from magical opponents. You've already had such an experience with someone called MadKat so whose to say there won't be similar incidences down the road. Having Ms. Briggs become a well trained sorcerer will ensure the safety of your city. Believe me, she isn't a helpless female and from what we've observed, she would make an excellent defender just as you two are." She explained.

The tabby tom stared at her thoughtfully. Truthfully, he hadn't once thought about the other magical problems they'd encountered. Tara was right, they had no defense against magic. Still he didn't like the idea of Callie being thrust into the role of defender. Her job as Deputy Mayor was hard enough.

"Yeah, I can see your point, but I believe my buddy, Jake, will come up with a defense against magic eventually." He said stubbornly, shaking his head.

Tara eyed him for a long moment. 'Should she bring up the possibility her team had discussed or not?' She thought for a long moment until Chance started looking at her in concern.

"Chance, that might be true if Jake was still here but..."

"Huh? Why wouldn't he be?"

"Because, you two are going to be offered positions aboard the **Wotan**. You will be a valuable addition to the crew and get the chance to increase your knowledge and skills more than you would in the rut you've gotten into here." Tara said carefully.

Chance gaped at her then stood up in shock staring down at her. "Leave here? Go into space?" He blurted. He wasn't certain if he was angry or excited about the chance to fly a space ship rather than a jet.

"Yes. The choice is yours of course but I was hoping..." She let her sentence hang, not certain she could continue.

"Hoping what?" He asked, voice husky and uncertain.

"That you liked me well enough to want to join me." She murmured uncertainly.

He turned away from her and stared blindly at the far wall. His world had just turned upside down and he was totally unprepared to deal with the rapid changes he was being asked to make.

Licking his suddenly dry lips, he turned back to her, a frown on his face. "What about Megakat City? Who will protect it if we leave?"

Tara got up from the couch and went to Chance's side and gave him a hug. Looking into his unhappy face she said, "Chance, we would never leave your city unprotected. The meeting was to give you the tools to boost the enforcers abilities to do their job the way they were meant to and to make Ms. Briggs an additional safeguard for your city's future."

Chance scowled. "Feral will never allow robots to run with his enforcers and I'm still uncertain about Callie."

"Umm, the Commander already said he will because he isn't staying either." Tara told him.

Chance shoved away from Tara violently. Her perfect reflexes prevented her from falling to the floor. "What the hell are you talking about?" He shouted, clearly agitated by this news.

Sighing unhappily, Tara went and sat on the couch to try and set a more sedate and non-threatening tone to what was becoming a rapidly escalating angry discussion they were having.

"Please calm yourself, Chance and I'll explain." She said quietly.

The burly tom glared at her, ignoring her request by pacing back and forth for some minutes, trying to cool his temper before finally throwing himself in the over stuffed chair.

"So, explain already!"

"Commander Feral and Lieutenant Commander Kam have become mated. Feral announced that once his city is safe he would leave with the **Wotan** rather than be separated from his mate." Tara explained.

Chance could only gape at her in stunned disbelief. "Mated? How could they be mates? They are both males."

"Uh, I am assuming the Commander has kept private his rather unusual and rare biology by your totally poleaxed reaction. He's an hermaphrodite, Chance."

Slumping in his chair, he could only shake his head in amazement. Finally, he murmured more to himself than to the she-wolf, "Un-freakin'-believable!" He looked over at her, wondering if this was some kind of colossal joke but Tara's expression was gravely serious. "Crud, I would never have guessed that stiff-necked, arrogant, tom would be doubled sexed."

"Yes, well, Kam was totally swept away with lust by Feral's scent then pushed abruptly into a mating rut by it as well. It was hard to say who was more surprised...him or the Commander when they bonded. Life bonds are very special and rare among us." Tara mused.

"Bonded too? Wow! That is rare...Huh! Who would have thought it...Feral getting a mate from outer space. I'm just too freaked out by all this. It's happening too fast and still feels unreal." Chance muttered.

"I'm sorry, but I felt you should know what's going on so that you and Jake could decide what you wanted to do before the **Wotan** leaves." She said softly.

"Well, thanks for that at least. Even if it feels like I've been socked between the eyes its better to know now than at the last minute." He said heavily then went silent as he processed all this new information. As he went over the last half hour of conversation he realized Tara had asked him to join her...why?

He looked over at her and frowned thoughtfully. "You said you would like me to join you. Did you mean aboard the **Wotan** like Feral?"

Tara blushed and dropped her eyes. "Ummm, well maybe not just like the Commander unless you feel that strongly for me. I know we haven't known each other long but I feel a strong attachment to you. I enjoy being with you and you make me feel good." She murmured, a little uncomfortable telling him this. It wasn't something she did with her other lovers.

His expression gentled. "I like you a lot too and I enjoy being with you as well. But I'm not certain our attachment is strong enough for me to want to go waltzing off into space."

She sighed in disappointment. "I wish there was enough time for us to see if that remains true but we have no idea how much longer we will be here."

"True and I'm not certain we should. I would never leave my partner, though I thought I heard you say both of us were being considered?"

"Yes. Jake seems well and truly attached to Genus who is really enamored of him. But I have no idea if that attachment is deep enough for Jake to want to leave so we are left with waiting to see on both of you." Tara said, shrugging her shoulders.

"Ahh, I see. I can tell you this, Jake's eyes light up whenever he talks about Genus and he's more relaxed than I've ever seen him since the two of them hooked up. So perhaps there is something more serious happening there." Chance told her then sighed in resignation. "Well, I guess we should just let things go at their own pace and see what happens then."

Tara's eyes lit with hope at his last statement. He smiled gently at her then stood up and sat beside her, slipping an arm around her back.

"How about we start now?" He murmured, nuzzling her neck.

"Good idea." She sighed, cuddling closer to him.

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Chapter 19: Serious Discussions 2 by ulyferal

While Chance was having his unexpected meeting with Tara, Jake was pushing his way into the early crowd that had gathered within the club. The Night Prowl was hopping and the music was pounding hard enough to feel through one's body.

It took him some minutes to find Genus who was getting a drink at the bar.

"Hi handsome!" Jake shouted close to the wolf's ear.

"Hi yourself. Good timing." Genus said with a huge grin as he handed over the drink he'd gotten for Jake then took a sip of his own.

"Thanks. Wow! This place is crowded for being so early." Jake said looking around.

"I'll say. I think it's a celebration as well since I heard many cheer about the death of Dark Kat which hit the evening news." The wolf commented.

"Oh that's right. With all that's been going on I forgot the public would be ecstatic about that piece of news." Jake nodded, pressing his body against Genus more, staking his claim against any other male trying to horn in and there were a few eyeing them both enviously.

Genus could only grin as he saw what Jake was doing. It made him feel good to know this small Kat felt that strongly for him to warn off other males. He pulled Jake closer to his face and gave him a passionate kiss that was eagerly returned.

When it ended, Jake was panting and his face was flushed. Genus could claim to feeling a bit overheated himself.

"How about a dance, lover?" Genus asked.

"Ohh, great idea." Jake agreed, wrapping an arm around the big wolf and tugging him out on the crowded floor.

They danced and enjoyed themselves for a couple of hours before finally deciding to leave.

"Want to get a bite to eat...I'm starved!" Jake asked.

"Yeah, me too. You know the area better, pick a place." Genus agreed.

They stepped out into the cool night air and made for the cyclotron. Handing Genus a helmet, Jake put his on and started the powerful engine. In minutes they were zooming off to a place that served excellent Barbeque.

They chatted about various inventions while they ate then made for Genus' apartment. They

barely made it into the apartment before they were making out heavily. After the first rush of lust had past, they made their way to the bedroom and stripped off their clothes.

They lay caressing each other lazily. Though he was loathe to bring it up, Genus knew he needed to take this moment to let Jake know some of the important things that had happened recently, one of them being about him.

"Jake?"

"Hmm?"

"I need to relate some things that have happened that will affect you and your partner." Genus murmured as he leaned forward a moment to kiss Jake on the forehead.

Jake's eyebrows came together in a frown. "Oh? Like what?"

"Well my captain has asked us to feel you and Chance out about joining our crew. You both would be a big asset to us as well as give you new challenges to help you grow into the potential we can see in you." Genus said carefully.

"Wow! That's really great but who would protect Megakat City? I know we plan on inserting robots into the enforcers and elsewhere and there is no doubt that will help but it will take awhile for the enforcers to learn to handle having robot partners. Until that happens, we would still be needed." Jake pointed out.

"Not if our mission to end your major criminal infestation is successful. The enforcers would have only the normal criminal element to deal with which is what they've been trained for. Also, if Ms. Briggs turns out to be a good candidate at becoming a sorcerer, that will solve your occasional magical criminal." Genus explained.

Jake was silent for some minutes as he processed this information. "It sounds good but there are many things that could go wrong. Ms. Briggs might encounter an enemy that is more skilled than her. Feral might hinder the progress of the robot integration and possibly gum up the program. The robots might develop a problem that could be far worse than the Metallikats could ever be or the two metal heads could go on a rampage themselves. You see what I mean?" Jake told him.

"Yes and that is one of the things I like about you. You can see all the angles of a problem to the last detail and that talent is why you are so needed by us. But in answer to your questions, Feral won't gum up the works because he won't be here and..."

"What?" Jake said, sitting up suddenly and staring at Genus in shock.

"Well, that was the other thing I was going to tell you. Feral is mated to Kam and intends to leave with us rather than leave his mate behind." The wolf explained.

"Mated? Who's the hermaphrodite?" Jake asked, totally taken aback.

Genus grinned at his lover, really taken with that steel trap mind of Jake's. He loved talking with someone who was nearly several jumps ahead in a conversation and required very little in the way of explanations to know what was going on.

"That would be Commander Feral. It threw poor Kam for a loop when he got a nose full of the tom's very exotic scent. It drove him into a mating rut and he took Feral rather harshly but from what he told me the Kat submitted willingly and even better, was head over heels in love with Kam. They've bonded as well so we know fate meant them to be together." Genus said, still amazed by that himself.

Jake just sat there blinking in utter amazement. "OMG! Who would have guessed that would

happen. No wonder Feral seemed more relaxed and less quick to lose his temper lately." He shook his head and thought some more. "Okay, that answers the Feral question...what about the rest?"

"All the other problems would be handled by the appropriate people, Jake. Give them a chance to do their job for once. You guys come swooping in rescuing everyone which never allowed anyone else to develop ways to do the job without you. Yes Ms. Briggs will be green but I have no doubt she'll be up to the challenge and there is Dr. Sinian who can provide her the backup she needs from all the history she guards in Queen Callista's spell books. We already discussed how the robots would be prevented from running amok. As for the Metallikats, personally, I would like to install an inhibitor in their brain. It would act as a 'leash' as it were. Whenever they crossed the line into their former bad behavior the 'leash' would yank them back and remind them they are no longer criminals." Genus said in grim amusement.

Jake gave a sudden laugh at the image of the two metal robots on leashes like dogs. "I like that idea a lot. This will cause some objections but the alternative is so bad I think we could convince the Professor it is in the pair's best interest to do it and I hope you're right about the new method of keeping the robot army from causing trouble."

"It's been used elsewhere, Jake with very few serious problems recorded. So, I'll leave it to you to bring it up to the Professor about the Metallikats and I'll explain the technology though I have a sneaking suspicion you could do that as well." Genus snorted in amusement.

Jake blushed at the compliment. "Probably." Then he sighed. "Still, I would feel uneasy leaving the city that way before everything is firmly in place and functioning."

"As to that, you don't have to worry. We are not on a time schedule and the Captain has indicated to me that we may be here for several months yet." Genus reassured him.

"Oh, well that's a relief. Hopefully, all the kinks will have been smoothed out by that time. As for me leaving...I'm not certain Chance would be willing but I would love the chance to see other worlds and technology though I would miss my home. But if a space station gets built we can return home occasionally and that would be enough for me." Jake mused.

"I'm glad to hear that. I've gotten attached to you and I'd be very lonely if I left without you." Genus rumbled happily, pulling Jake closer to him once more.

"So would I, actually. I've never had a lover I can discuss everything with and not have them go cross-eyed or be bored to tears. Besides, the sex is fantastic!" Jake smirked as he cuddled up to the huge wolf.

"Mmmmm...yeah I certainly agree on that." Genus growled quickly covering the tom's body with his and kissing him to distraction.

Calico Briggs toyed with her pasta, not really eating it. Across from her was Abi Sinian, watching her in concern.

After the long meeting at city hall then the hour long discussion with Tara, Abi had suggested the two of them grab dinner at their favorite Italian restaurant. They had talked about inconsequential things as they looked over the menu then ordered but now with their meal before them, she could see Callie was still disturbed by the day's happenings.

"Callie?" She called to companion softly.

Callie blinked then blushed. "I'm sorry Abi. My mind is a million miles away."

Abi smiled. "I could see that. Care to talk about it?" She asked gently.

The Deputy Mayor sighed and stared at her friend. They had met when she took office and had been best friends ever since. Whenever they could get away from their busy schedules, they tried to have dinner together, go to the gym, attend a movie or a play. Abi was fun and very intelligent and if Callie were to admit it to herself, much more interesting company than the males that constantly hovered around her seeking her for political reasons rather than just for herself.

"I'm just a bit nervous about this business about me becoming a sorcerer like my ancestor. It is just one more thing added to my already full plate. However, I can understand the need. It isn't just the Pastmaster that's a problem but any other criminal that has magical abilities. We just don't have the defenses to fight them. The SWAT Kats have managed but just barely and only because of just plain good luck. I'd hate to rely on that all the time." She sighed dispiritedly.

Abi sighed mentally. Callie was right, as Deputy Mayor she worked ridiculously long hours and had very little free time to herself. Now add this possibly new responsibility and she didn't know how the pretty she-kat was going to handle the load.

"I'm worried too, Callie. You work so many long hours as it is and your life is in danger from the omegas as it is. Now they want to add this new responsibility and danger on top of that. How will the Mayor act when his Deputy is suddenly called to handle a magical criminal when he needs his paw held?" She said shaking her head at the total worthlessness of their current mayor.

Callie grimaced. "Don't remind me! He's such a pompous windbag and coward that it boggles my mind how the public continually votes for him but then if he's out so am I unless I want the headache of sitting in his seat. All those political games would be much more than I have to deal with now. He eats up all that pandering to his ego and I just hate that kind of attention."

Now it was Abi's turn to grimace. "So true! Though I personally think you'd make a much better mayor. Anyway, the point is moot since we're stuck with the set up we have now until next election." She sighed in agreement. "Still, taking on more responsibility, especially something as dangerous as this, worries me a lot, Callie."

"I know, believe me I do, Abi. But what can I do about it? I've never shirked my duty to this city and I won't start now." Callie said firmly, reaching for her glass of wine and drinking a large sip. Holding the glass, she returned her eyes to her friend. "Besides, maybe magic will help me get my job done faster. Got to be some spells that would make my work go faster." She said facetiously.

Abi sighed and shook her head. "There are some so called helper spells but there's a lot to magic then simple parlor tricks, Callie. Some of it is downright dangerous and could kill you. I hope Tara's people are as skilled as she says they are so you aren't left knowing just enough to wipe the city out but not correct your error." She said gloomily.

"Well, thanks for the vote of confidence!" Callie said, hurt her friend thought she couldn't handle this.

Abi winced at herself for causing her friend pain. She reached out quickly and took Callie's paw in hers. "I'm sorry, Callie. I didn't mean to be so doom and gloom. This just scares me and I don't want anything to happen to you." She apologized.

Callie liked the feel of Abi's paw holding hers. It made her feel cherished. Though the SWAT Kats cared about her, it was part of their hero complex more than an actual personal concern about her welfare. Abi, however, cared about how she was feeling and tried her best to make her feel better whenever times got hard.

"I know, Abi. Like I said I'm afraid too. But with you by my side, I can do this. Will you do that for me...be there through all this and after?" She asked softly.

Abi stared into those brilliant green eyes and felt a deep need to help this she-kat no matter how

difficult this might get for them both.

"I'll not leave your side." She swore quietly, holding the paw a little tighter before letting go.

Back at Feral's apartment, Kam had ordered food and they were quietly enjoying their Chinese meal. The dark tom was still ruminating over all that had been discussed during the day, his face somber.

Kam watched his mate anxiously. There was one more subject he needed to discuss with Uly but didn't know if he should wait until later. However, no time would be good to learn this and he'd rather Uly heard it from him than by accident later.

Sighing, he set his fork down and cleared his throat.

Feral blinked out of his introspection and eyed his mate warily.

"Uhm, I know I've hit you with a lot today love, but there is one more thing you need to be aware of." Kam said delicately

Feral laid his fork down, steepled his fingers and sighed. "Let's hear it."

"My captain has asked that we approach the SWAT Kats and feel them out about joining the crew." Kam said plainly.

His mate just gaped at him. Whatever he'd thought Kam was going to say this certainly wasn't it. "You mean I still wouldn't get away from those two?" He choked, angrily.

"Now, Ulysses. T-Bone is an exceptional pilot and Razor is just too brilliant to be left fighting crime here. Two such brilliant talents are badly needed aboard the **Wotan** and they would benefit by expanding their skills beyond what they've learned so far. Of course, we don't know if they will accept the offer. All I truly know is Razor has gotten really close to Genus. How Tara and T-Bone get along I'm not so certain but both parties are asking them tonight to see what they say. I just wanted to let you know the option is being offered to them so you wouldn't be caught off guard if they do accept and you see them aboard." Kam said soothingly.

Feral just shook his head. "I don't know if it's such a hot idea to have that arrogant tom around me. Razor isn't too bad but T-Bone..." He grumbled irritably.

Kam sighed mentally. "Well, if it's any consolation, love, the **Wotan** is a big ship as you know, so you won't really run into them that often."

"And that is the only good news you've given me." Feral said sourly.

"Maybe this will make you happier, they are being told that you and I are mated. I'm sure they are just gagging and choking about that news." Kam grinned wickedly.

Feral's eyebrows raised at that information. "Actually, I should be extremely angry that they are being told I'm an hermaphrodite except the information won't be a secret if they are accept your offer so the thought of their horrified faces at this moment knowing I'll be on the ship and what I am does make me feel a bit more cheerful." He finished, matching his mate's grin.

Kam grinned back, relieved he had been able to cheer his mate up. He picked his fork up and dug into his meal once more. He heard his mate sigh and do the same.

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Chapter 20: Getting Down to Business by ulyferal

The next morning, Callie was in her office early. She had a lot of paperwork to clear from her

desk and later in the morning, many calls to make to set in motion all the things discussed at yesterday's meeting.

The first thing she had to do though was get a hold of Lt. Kam. She needed to set up a meeting between his captain and the Mayor as soon as possible. Taking a guess that he would be with Commander Feral, she called Enforcer Headquarters only to learn the Commander had yet to come in. She glanced at the time and noted it was already getting to be eight.

She frowned in surprise. Normally, Feral was in his office by seven, so where was he? His secretary didn't come in until nine so Callie was forced to speak with the dispatcher. The only answer she got was their leader was still at home.

Sighing in frustration, Callie did something she would not normally do. With all the work she had planned for today, she couldn't afford a delay of any kind that kept her from getting started on her workload, so she called Feral at home.

After some four rings a husky voice answered the phone. Callie blinked as the voice didn't sound like Feral at all.

"Hello? Is this Commander Feral?" She asked in confusion.

"Umm, just a minute, Ms. Briggs..." The voice said.

She hadn't identified herself so how had the voice known who was on the phone? Her confusion increased when she heard the voice say, 'Uly! Hey love it's the phone!' Another, deeper voice growled sleepily from further away, saying something she couldn't hear then the other voice said, 'It's eight o'clock.'

'Shit! Why the hell didn't my alarm go off.' Came Feral's distinctive angry voice.

'You were so tired I felt you needed more sleep, so I shut it off.' The other voice responded unrepentant. Shock made her nearly drop the phone when she heard Feral hiss irritably, 'Damn it Kam, I don't appreciate you doing that now give me the phone!'

Moments later, Feral came on the line. "Hello?"

"Commander?"

"Ms. Briggs?" Feral said, surprise in his voice. "Is something wrong?" He asked urgently, his voice all business.

"Uh, no, actually I thought there might be something wrong with you since you weren't in your office this morning. Anyway, I really needed to get with Lt. Kam to set up that meeting between his captain and the Mayor. Uhhh...I didn't expect to find him at your home though. Something you want to tell me?" She asked, totally thrown by this morning's unexpected surprise.

A long sigh came over the line. "Kam is my mate, Ms. Briggs. I'm sorry I didn't get the chance to inform you of my new status." Feral said.

"Mate?" Callie blurted in shock. "How is that possible?"

"I'm an hermaphrodite." The dark tom said, annoyance clear in his voice.

"Oh!" Was all Callie could think to say as her mind reeled with this new information. Shaking her head, she brought her thoughts back to the business at paw. "Uh, okay. Congratulations...I guess...anyway, may I speak with Lt. Kam please?" She said, totally flummoxed but determined to get what she needed done.

"Certainly." Feral sighed. "Here she needs to talk to you." She heard him say then the voice of the wolf came back on.

"Good morning Ms. Briggs. Sorry about the surprise. What can I do for you?" He asked politely.

"I'd like to get the meeting between Mayor Manx and your captain scheduled as soon as possible, please." She said quickly.

"Certainly. Let me get a hold of my ship and I'll call you back with a response within the hour, is that alright?"

"Yes, thank you very much."

"You're welcome. Speak to you later." Kam said then hung up.

Callie carefully put her phone back in its cradle and stared at it. Too much was going on and this news was yet another on top of what was said yesterday. Sighing to herself, she knew she would have to tell the mayor this new development but thankfully not for some hours yet. Shoving that out of her mind for now, she settled down to get some paperwork done.

In an apartment not far from Enforcer Headquarters, the Chief Enforcer was violently throwing his bedding off and storming off to the bathroom. Sighing to himself, Kam went after his irate mate. Feral was shaving when Kam came to lean against the door frame and watched.

"You're peeved at me." He said plainly.

"Nah...you think!" Feral growled sarcastically as he finished his face then shoved the shower door open to turn on the faucets. He didn't look at his mate as he stepped in. The water wasn't quite hot yet, forcing him to step back a little until it did. He ended up backing into a warm body behind him. He growled irritably but his mate ignored him and wrapped his arms around his body, pressing a very impressive erection against his tail.

His pique with his mate vanished in a wave of heated desire. Kam could make him melt like a puddle of goo with that tool of his. He just couldn't get enough of it.

Moaning, he rubbed himself wantonly against that hot spear. Kam growled in heated lust at his mate's willing response to his demand for sex. His mate's tail pushed itself between his legs to titillate him though he hardly needed it since just being close to Uly made him impossibly hard.

His leaned his head forward and nipped Uly on the neck then pushed his mate against the wall of the shower demandingly. Knowing what was wanted, Feral raised his tail between them and pushed his hips backward to meet his mate's forward thrust into his already throbbing channel.

But, Kam didn't thrust forward no matter how much his mate made it clear he wanted it. No matter how often they made love, the wolf still could not take the Kat before he came first so Kam rubbed the swollen clitoris making the dark tom writhe in excitement and need. He continued to torment his mate until the tom cried out in orgasm.

Growling excitedly, Kam knew in moments he would be able to take Uly. As the tom's orgasm eased a little, he felt Kam at his entrance then plunging in filling his vagina completely. He cried out in ecstasy as the huge cock brought him to the peak like a rocket and over just as fast and moments later, he felt Kam's hot seed fill him as the wolf climaxed.

The two trembled for long minutes before Kam could withdraw carefully from his mate. Uly's legs trembled from the intensity and was very sore but enjoying the fantastic afterglow his mate always left him with.

Some minutes later, he was finally able to move again, albeit stiffly, as he continued his shower.

Kam joined him, washing quickly then exiting to leave his mate in peace. Feral finished up then stepped gingerly out of the shower and under the dryer. He winced as the pain flared between his legs. It really hurt to have Kam take him even though he enjoyed it while they were having sex. If it weren't for his medical wand, Ulysses would never allow his mate to touch him again, that was why Kam never left him sore for long. So he was surprised relief wasn't forthcoming as quick as he was used to. Whatever the reason for the delay, he was truly beginning to hurt...a lot.

Suddenly, Kam was there and waving his magic wand (as Feral was beginning to think of it) over his abused parts and he couldn't withhold a deep sigh of relief as he stepped away from the dryer.

"Sorry love. I had to find my other wand because we'd run the power down in the first one. I hate leaving you in pain for any length of time." Kam apologized as the two of them returned to the bedroom.

"Guess, you'll have to be sure one is always charged and at paw if you insist on taking me so often." Feral said in amusement, in better humor than when he'd been rudely awakened by the phone.

Kam flashed him a wicked grin and stole a kiss before getting dressed. "You're right. I'll see that we have several available as soon as I can because I won't be able to keep my paws off that wonderful body of yours, especially when its naked." He chuckled, a wicked promise in his eyes.

Feral just snorted as he finished dressing and headed for his kitchen. Moments later, Kam was dressed and sitting down at the table to eat a quick breakfast. He took a moment though to use his communicator on his wrist.

"Lt. Kam calling **Wotan**." He called. When Liela, the comm officer responded, he said, "I need to speak with the Captain."

"Just a moment, Kam." She told him. "Captain, Lt. Kam on channel 1 wishes to speak with you." She spoke into the intercom. The captain acknowledged.

"Good morning Kam. What can I do for you?" The Captain asked.

"Good morning to you, sir. The Deputy Mayor contacted me a short while ago, asking for a time when you can meet with Mayor Manx today to discuss presenting you to their United Nations."

"Oh, we've gotten that far have we? Excellent. Well, according to my schedule, I could see the Mayor around ten hundred hours your time. Will that work for you?" Captain Ing asked.

"Yes sir. I'll come up and get you one hour before. Thank you, sir." Kam said.

"You're welcome. There's one other thing, Kam. When I'm done seeing the Mayor it would make sense to have Ms. Briggs return with me to have those genetic tests conducted, that is, if she has agreed to it being done." Ing said, a question in his voice.

"No, we only just discussed this with her yesterday and she desired a few days to think about it, sir. However, I will ask her when I call her back. It certainly would be easier if we could get right to it but..." Kam said reluctantly.

"It's quite alright, Kam. I understand. We don't want to seem like we are pushing her if she isn't ready to agree. Ask her...certainly, but don't press her about it at this time." Ing instructed.

"Yes, sir."

"Good. See you later." Ing said then cut the connection.

Kam was pleased things were moving forward so quickly as he dug into his breakfast.

"So you'll be leaving later in the morning. Want to borrow my vehicle so you can bring your Captain back quicker rather than trek out of the woods on foot?" Feral asked in mild amusement.

Kam rolled his eyes as he realized Uly was right. He hadn't made arrangements for transport yet. "Thanks love, I appreciate your thoughtfulness."

Feral just nodded and finished his breakfast. Ten minutes later they were out the door and on their way to Enforcer Headquarters.

Once in his office, Feral dug into his own heavy workload while Kam used his mate's cell phone to contact Ms. Briggs.

"Ms. Briggs, Lt. Kam here. Captain Ing has said he can see the Mayor at ten o'clock. I'll be going by shuttle to retrieve him then drive him to city hall. He wishes me to ask you if you have made a decision about having the genetic tests?"

Callie was silent for a moment. "Well, I see no harm in getting the tests done now but I want a little more time to decide about going through with the rest of the plan." She said slowly.

"We understand and have no desire to push you into something you are reluctant to do. However, thanks for being willing to get the tests done. Captain Ing says it would make sense for you to go with us when I return the Captain to the ship if you could make the time." Kam requested.

"I have so much work to do here." She objected then sighed in resignation. "How long will this all take?"

"Travel time to the ship then the tests themselves which will take only about an hour then the return trip...all together approximately three hours, Ms. Briggs." Kam told her.

Callie groaned at the large chunk of time taken from her day but knew this would be the best time. "Fine. Let's do it, however, could Dr. Sinian go with me?" She asked.

"Certainly, if you wish it." Kam agreed readily.

"Thank you. Then I'll see you and Captain Ing later." Callie said then hung up. She rubbed her temples as a headache threatened to start. She immediately hit speed dial on her cell phone, she'd pulled from her purse.

"Abi, could you please come to my office around eleven o'clock?" She asked as soon as she heard the doctor's voice.

"Well, I am pretty busy, Callie. What's going on?" Abi asked.

"I'm going for the genetic tests on the **Wotan** and would like you to go with me. Kam says the whole trip and test will take about three hours. Please say you'll come with me." Callie pleaded.

"Oh, Callie of course I'll come with you." Abi promised quickly. "Anyway, I'm anxious to see a real space ship so it will be an exciting trip. Try not to worry. I'll be there at eleven o'clock."

"Thank you. See you later." Callie sighed in relief as she hung up then punched in another number. It took more than an hour of coaxing on the phone but by the time she hung up again, she had managed to coax her counselor friend to see the Metallikats, their appointment was next week.

She paused to look up the next number she needed to call and dialed it on her desk phone.

When her party answered, she told Professor Hackle of the appointment. He thanked her and hung up. Finally, all her necessary calls were made and she could return to her other work.

Two hours later, Mayor Manx arrived at the office. Callie took several documents to him for signing then dropped the bombshell on him.

"I have a couple of things to tell you, Mayor." She began as she collected the sign documents from him.

"Oh, what about?" Manx asked.

"First, I learned this morning that Commander Feral is mated to Lt. Kam." Callie said bluntly.

Manx's mouth gaped open and for a moment he did a credible imitation of a fish out of water.

"Mated?" He blurted. "How the heck could they be mated?"

"Commander Feral is an hermaphrodite."

Manx just looked at her like she'd grown a second head. "You're joking?"

She shook her head.

He rolled his eyes and shook his head in wonder. "Well, now I've heard everything. I don't know what this information will mean but I don't want to deal with it right now. So what else did you have to tell me?"

"Lt. Kam called his Captain and was able to set up a meeting for you at ten this morning." Callie told him.

"Well that's better news. Good work Callie. I'm really excited about this idea of a space station and new things for our world because of it. Hope we can convince the rest of the world how much this will mean to us all." Manx said rubbing his palms together in excitement.

"I hope it works out too, Mayor. Excuse me, I have a lot of work to do before I leave with Captain Ing when you two are done."

"Leave with the Captain? Whatever for?" Manx asked in confusion.

"I've decided to go ahead and allow the genetic tests to be done but haven't agreed to the rest as yet." Callie explained.

"Oh, well I hope all goes well for you. How long will you be gone?" He asked.

"I'm told about three hours from the time you finish with the Captain." Callie said.

Manx grimaced but sighed. "That's a long time away from the office but it can't be helped. I'll probably won't be here when you return so give me a call at home to let me know you're back safe and how it went." He ordered.

"Of course, sir." Callie agreed then turned and returned to her pile of work.

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Chapter 21: Unexpected Advice by ulyferal

At ten precisely, the Captain of the **Wotan** appeared at the Mayor's office with Kam. Callie was standing next to the Mayor's desk as Kam made the introductions.

"Thank you for meeting with me, sir," Captain Ing said pleasantly as he shook the short, pudgy

Kat's paw.

"It was my pleasure, Captain. Please have a seat and we'll begin our discussion," Manx said, excited about this meeting.

Callie and Kam slipped from the room as the two leaders began talking about how to approach the United Nation's members.

"I'll be returning to Enforcer Headquarters now, Ms. Briggs," Kam told her. "Please give me a call on Commander Feral's cell phone to let me know to return."

"Certainly," Callie said politely then returned to her desk full of work while Kam turned and left. She hoped to get a great deal of it done before she left this afternoon.

Time seemed to pass far too swiftly as far as Callie was concerned. She just didn't see how she was going to get ahead but persevered, head down, mind focused. She had so focused on her work that she never noticed her friend, Abi Sinian, show up until the she-kat gently touch her on the shoulder. Her head flew up and she gasped, staring in confusion at her friend.

"Ohh, I'm sorry, Callie," Abi apologized.

"Oh...it's alright...must have been really focused to have missed hearing you come in. Have a seat...want some coffee?" Callie asked, smiling wanly at her friend.

"No...thanks...had my hit for the day. I'll just work on this report while I'm here. You just go on with your own work," Abi assured her, smiling warmly, then grimaced when she took in the totally covered work space. "Your desk looks worse than mine."

"Humph, that's what running the city gets you...reams of paperwork that never ends," Callie sighed then got back to work.

Abi just shook her head in commiseration then took one of the comfortable chairs in front of Callie's desk and set to working on her own project.

The room went quiet as they both worked. Another hour and a half later, the door to the Mayor's office opened. Callie looked up and sighed as she set aside yet another report she'd completed and picked up the phone to call for the Captain's ride. Kam responded quickly and said he'd be there in ten minutes. .

Mayor Manx eyed her questioningly having heard her on the phone.

"Your ride will be here in about ten minutes Captain Ing," she told the ship's captain, answering the Mayor's look.

"Thank you, Ms. Briggs. Please, continue to work. I know how busy you are and that this break will disrupt a great deal of it. I don't need entertaining and will wait here by the window so I can study your city's amazing skyline," he said, smiling congenially at her before moving to the window.

She returned his smile, already liking this alien visitor. He was very astute to have noted her importance in the scheme of things here and let her know he understood her position, wanting to ease things for her as much as he could. His thoughtfulness eased her trepidation on the coming trip to his ship. She had a feeling they would get along very well. More at ease, she returned to her work.

Manx looked a little surprised by the Captain's attitude but brushed it off as not important and went to the wolf's side to point out certain landmarks and talk golf while they drank coffee.

Because of Captain's understanding, Callie was able to get two very important reports completed and ready for the typing pool and finished a speech for the Mayor which she handed to him just as Kam arrived.

Manx shook Captain Ing's paw in farewell. "Have a good day, sir. I hope to get an appointment with the President of the United Nations quickly. I'd like to get this moving as soon as possible."

"As would I, Mayor Manx. Until we meet again, be safe and happy," Captain Ing said using his species' words of farewell."

That made Manx smile more warmly, "you too, sir. It's been a pleasure meeting you."

That surprised Callie because to her ears it sounded like the Mayor actually meant that rather than just paying political lip service. It was obvious Captain Ing had struck a major chord with Manx. The two shook paws again then the Captain looked toward Callie.

"If you're ready Ms. Briggs?" He asked politely.

"Yes, of course, just let me put these..." holding an armload of files, "...to my secretary then I'll get my purse and we can go," Callie said then made for her secretary's desk and dropped the files in the in-basket before turning around and returning to her desk to pull out her purse from the bottom drawer. Dr. Sinian halted her before she could head for the door.

"Can I leave this here, Callie?" She asked waving the work she'd been busy with while they waited. "I don't want this report with me."

"Oh certainly, here..." Callie said, taking the file and placing it in her center drawer for safekeeping then the two of them followed the males out into the hall and walked to the elevator.

"By the way, Captain, this is my friend Dr. Abi Sinian. She's an archaeologist and curator the Megakat Natural History Museum. She volunteered to be with me during this examination," Callie introduced them.

"Ah yes, Tara told me about you doctor. I'm pleased to meet you in person," Captain Ing said shaking the she-kat's paw.

"Likewise, sir. I truly enjoyed working with Tara and hated losing her," Abi said warmly, liking his handshake...it was firm but not too firm. 'He's a rather handsome and distinguished looking wolf,' she thought, admiringly.

They caught a down car and got on...the ride was quiet, no one willing to speak at the moment. Callie was nervous about the coming trip and tests but was hiding it well. Soon they were walking across the lobby of city hall and down the steps to Feral's hummer. No one really looked at them though there were a few that were confused by the Captain's attire but dismissed it.

Even though the public had been told Dark Kat was dead and that a race of friendly visitor's had been the reason, no pictures of them had been disseminated yet. So the people that saw the wolves simply dismissed them as Kantins which made moving among them easier for the visitors.

Captain Ing preferred it that way since he didn't want to expose his people to the populace until his meeting with the United Nation's members. Their answer would decide what he would allow next. If it was a negative response, they would leave just as quietly as they had arrived. A positive answer would be a media event and many would get to meet the crew as the Captain would allow them to take shore leave and cement relations with the fledgling members of the Galactic Alliance.

Reaching their ride, the Captain and Kam politely saw the females into their seats in the back

then Kam took the driver's seat while Captain Ing rode shotgun.

As they began to drive off, Callie broke the silence. "I heard you use a shuttle type craft to travel to and from your ship, Captain, is that correct?" Callie asked, making conversation.

Captain Ing turned his head to answer. "That is correct Ms. Briggs. Have you ever been in space?" He asked politely.

"No, not even with the SWAT Kats. I'm kinda excited to see my world from out there," she admitted.

Ing smiled broadly. "I promise you, it is an awe inspiring sight. Your world is beautiful and I hope my people will be able to take shore leave soon. Our last mission was very bad and we are tired in body and spirit."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, I hope the last of the omegas can be dealt with soon though I have to admit you could probably visit now if you wished because the two worst omegas are gone. The rest are a problem, don't get me wrong, but they are in no way in the same class as Dark Kat and Dr. Viper. Only the Pastmaster and Mad Kat were of any real threat and Mad Kat is back in his box and his host, Lenny Ringtail, is back in the insane asylum," she said.

Captain Ing blinked in surprise. "This is the first time I've heard of this other omega, Ms. Briggs. Might I ask what precautions have been made to prevent this creature in a box to be used by someone else?" He asked in concern.

Callie frowned. "Well, I know the box is locked up in the evidence locker at Enforcer Headquarters. I don't know if it's possible for anyone else to use it," she said slowly, thinking about that. "I don't think it ever occurred to us. Perhaps I should mention the possibility to Commander Feral but since we're not versed in magic, I'm not sure what he could do about it."

"Yet another reason for your world to have a magic user, Ms. Briggs," Kam interjected quietly.

Captain Ing gave his officer a piercing look that told Kam, he should look into this at his first opportunity. Kam gave an almost imperceptible nod that he understood the unspoken order.

"I hate to think what would happen if someone new was taken over by that demon in the box," Dr. Sinian spoke up. "I'm surprised it hasn't happened by now but I guess there isn't much traffic in the evidence locker...at least I hope that's the case. I'm ashamed to admit, I should have taken a closer look at the history of that thing and spoken to Mr. Katzmer. He owned it for a long time, I understand, and must know more about it."

Callie turned to stare at her in unhappy surprise. "You mean no one did? That's terrible! I can't believe no one followed up on it so we could prevent any further problems with it or be aware of what to do if it did escape again," she said worriedly. "Abi, you need to pursue this as soon as you can. I'll speak with Feral and request he give you access to the box and the report on the incident. You can ask him if he's even had anyone check on that thing's history."

Abi was nodding as Callie talked. "Good idea, Callie. I'll get right on it. It makes me shiver and not in a good way that this was missed."

"Well we've uncovered a problem before there was any serious repercussions, thankfully. I just hope there aren't any others we missed as well," she said frowning. Her mind went back to most of the omega incidents of the past to see if there was anything they failed to check thoroughly on. She didn't need them to come back and haunt them, that's when her mind lit on yet another possible problem.

"Oh dear! I wonder if anyone has followed up on Rex Shard?" She said aloud, remembering just how much damage that temporarily altered criminal had caused.

"Who?" Kam asked in surprise, really unhappy that more names were cropping up.

"He is a criminal who misused a new invention and managed to get himself altered into a great crystal monster. Everything he touched turned to crystal. The machine that did had been quickly changed to reverse the damage and returned Rex Shard to normal. However, no one knows if he retains any of the problem in his body. I think he was examined and given a clean bill of health but I can't be sure," Callie explained, unhappily.

Captain Ing shook his head and frowned. "Ms. Briggs, it seems you have quite a few incidents that should have been followed up on. But you are only one person and far too busy running the city to take on such a huge project. You need to delegate someone who can give this one hundred percent of their attention, be completely trustworthy, unbiased and with enough authority to get the answers you seek. They should also discover ways to permanently solve these serious concerns," Captain Ing advised, gently, speaking from experience.

Callie felt her face blush. Of course he was right. As Captain of a space ship with a fairly large crew and their families, she knew he would have had to learn the art of delegation and trust his people to get the job done as he would have wanted it.

Unfortunately, Callie was not in complete charge of the city even if she did the lion's share of the work. The Mayor was the voice of authority. She had asked for assistance many times but had been told firmly that money was tight. Suddenly, at that moment, she realized just how Feral felt being chronically cut off from sufficient support and funds. No wonder he was always so short tempered.

A feeling of angry frustration swept over her as she muttered bitterly, "I wish I could."

Those four little words told the Captain a lot about what life for this she kat was like as a public servant for this city. He heard a wealth of frustration, anger and exhaustion in her voice. Having met the Mayor, he could easily understand why. He wished he could help her in some way but this was where the non-interference rule played a major part.

"All you can do is your best, Ms. Briggs, and, perhaps, using some close friends you trust with this investigation could help where lack of funding couldn't. It's just a suggestion," he said carefully, offering the small bit of advice he dared to.

Callie blinked at that. 'Well why didn't I think of that!' She thought. "Thank you, sir. That's a good idea and one I should have thought of ages ago."

"You're just too close to the problem, Ms. Briggs," Ing said with a twinkle in his eye.

"Too true!" Callie said with a rueful smile, liking this leader more and more. She just knew he was very well loved, admired and respected by his crew, and showing it by giving him their total loyalty without questions.

She realized she had people who thought the same of her and they were the ones the Captain were talking about. Many of them had offered their paw on countless occasions when she was buried under work but she had been too concerned with security and not wanting to abuse those friendships so turned them down. She realized now she had unwittingly thrown away the help she so desperately needed. It was time to change that.

A welcome calmness settled over her as she went over in her mind the list of friends that would be perfect for this job.

Smiling to himself, Captain Ing could practically see the wheels turning in the she-kat's mind as she stared thoughtfully out the window. He hoped he had helped her enough. In his own mind, he was seriously concerned about the number of problems this city had endured. He hoped

Callie could get a handle on it quickly before old problems made a reappearance.

Abi was frowning to herself. She turned her face to the window, as she ran over the many attacks the city had suffered for so many years. Captain Ing was right, they needed to have one person follow up on all these incidents. They needed to know if new problems were waiting to appear or if any particular problem was truly solved in the first place.

She knew she had no time to do this but she could think of a few people that could do this and were trustworthy. She would check on them then present the one she thought would be the best choice to Callie. She knew she would have to pay for this person to work on the project but an inkling of an idea told her how she could go about it.

A smile graced her lips as her mind worked through the details of her plan. 'Oh yes, this could work nicely and all of it funded by the museum. Callie will be so relieved. I'll make sure to tell her at my first opportunity as soon as this business aboard the Wotan is concluded,' she thought, pleased she could be of help to her friend.

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Chapter 22: Aboard the Wotan by ulyferal

Callie's attention was drawn back from its furious planning to the present when the view out the window changed to the wilderness. She blinked in surprise when she realized they were some distance north of the city and traveling through a thick forest.

Kam turned off onto a dirt road barely noticed through the trees. They traveled for another ten minutes before he pulled the vehicle into a thick stand of brush which effectively hid it from view. He shut the engine off and silence fell instantly.

"We're quite a distance from the city," Abi commented as she undid her seat belt.

"Yes, less likely for anyone to spot our shuttle," Kam said, smiling. He climbed out as did the Captain, opening the doors for the two she-kats.

"From here it's just a short hike to where the shuttle is hidden," he told them as he led the way off deeper into the forest.

Wishing she had on hiking boots instead of her heels, Callie sighed inwardly and followed, carefully after the tall wolf. Captain Ing took the rear position behind them. No one spoke as they walked through the rough terrain and climbed a bit, past rocks and massive tree trunks.

Suddenly, they stepped through into a large clearing. Hidden under a large rock overhang, making it invisible from above, was a sleek looking ship. As they approached, Callie was very impressed by it. Rather than white as most of their rockets were, the Arcanian's shuttle was a deep, dark, blue.

When they reached it, a door began to open automatically, lowering a ramp. Kam immediately entered. After only a moments hesitation, Callie and Abi followed. The interior was surprisingly comfortable, just like the interior of a plane...almost.

The Captain directed them to two seats opposite each other and behind the pilot and copilot seats. They sat and he politely directed them on how to secure themselves then went to take his seat in the copilot's chair. Kam was in the pilot's position and was already running through pre-flight preparations.

His Captain began reeling off information as he too did some pre-flight work. Some ten minutes later, Callie and Abi felt a powerful thrum beneath them then the shuttle began to move sideways to get out from under the rocky shelf hiding it.

As soon as it was clear, Kam piloted it upward toward the sky. Through a view screen, not a window, Callie noted, they cleared the trees and shot upward rather fast. She sucked in her breath as they sped through the sky and into space in less than five minutes. Kam cut their speed and headed to a huge brightly lit space ship moving majestically through the star dotted field of space. It took them some ten to fifteen minutes more to reach a yawning door that Kam glided their tiny ship into. They cleared the door and he continued to fly into a cavernous space with other ships parked within it. He soon landed them in a spot apparently marked out for it on the floor of the hangar.

Callie barely felt the thump of the shuttle meeting the floor. It took another five minutes for the shuttle to be shut down and secured before the outer door slid open silently and the ramp extended.

Outside the door an impressive looking wolf stood, paws clasped behind his back as he waited. Another wolf stood beside him, eyeing the newcomers with interest.

When they had all disembarked, Captain Ing introduced the waiting pair of wolves.

Ms. Briggs, Dr. Sinian, may I present my First Officer Shegar...," Ing pointed to the black with silver-pelted wolf who inclined his head toward them then the Captain gestured toward the slightly shorter male who was gray furred with white showing around his face, "...and this is my Chief Medical Officer Tennar."

After she and Abi nodded politely to the officers, Callie turned her attention back to Ing, nervously waiting to see what would happen next.

"Let us be off to the medical bay, shall we?" Ing suggested warmly, leading the way, his officer waiting to follow from the rear.

Callie and Abi were very impressed with the ship. If one didn't know better, one would think they were on a cruise ship except for the couple of windows they went by that clearly showed they were in space. When they had come by that first window, Abi and Callie froze in mid-step and gaped.

There below them was their world. It was the most amazing view they'd ever seen before.

"Satellite images just haven't done justice to how incredible our world looks from out here!" Abi breathed in awe.

"You are soo right, Abi," Callie whispered.

"We've seen many a beautiful world from up here," Captain Ing said quietly.

"I bet you have, thank you for the chance to see ours," Callie said, smiling up at him then turning to follow as the Captain continued to walk down a hall then turned to where a door swept across to reveal an elevator car.

They stepped in and gasped at the sensation of moving sideways, the car halting a moment then moving upward. The ride was swift then the car slowed and stopped, the doors swishing open once more to a fairly busy floor. Abi and Callie stared at the different creatures going by. The majority of them were wolves but among them were some strange creatures that resembled, in some ways, their more primitive animals on their own world.

There was one that looked like a ferret, another with the massive shape of a bull, something that looked like a lion and another like a raccoon and still many others that had no resemblance to anything they recognized.

Finally they arrived at another set of doors that swept open revealing a well-equipped medical

unit.

"Here is where I'll be leaving you in Tennar's capable paws. When you are through, Kam will bring you to me for a short question and answer session then he'll take you home. Do you have any questions for me at this time?" He asked politely.

Callie thought a moment then shook her head, "Not at the moment, Captain. Thank you."

"You're welcome, Ms. Briggs. See you both later," he said, nodding, then left with his first officer.

"If you'll follow me, Ms. Briggs, we'll get started," Tennar said warmly. "I promise nothing we do over the next hour will cause you any pain or harm."

"I look that nervous, do I," Callie said, smiling wanly as she followed the medical officer into another room.

Tennar gave her a small grin, "only a little, Ms. Briggs. Pardon me for asking, but do you have a more personal name? It would make this easier on you if our interactions were less formal."

"Oh certainly...my name is Callie short for Calico."

"A very lovely name, Callie. If you would go with my nurse, Kayleen, she will get you ready," Tennar said gesturing to a wolf with a beautiful red pelt.

Over the next two hours, Callie was scanned multiple times with various devices. Blood was taken, a myriad of questions about her family history was asked, then she was taken to a special room where an odd machine was. It looked like an upright box filled with some kind of bluish light that swirled within it. Tennar went to a control panel nearby and flicked a switch, a door on the box opened.

"If you please, Callie, step into the box and face this way," he instructed gently.

Nervous, she moved to the box and stood there staring.

"Please don't be afraid. This device is just another type of scanning device. It has the ability to scan to the cellular level so that we can do a thorough DNA profile of you and see how much magical potential you possess," he assured her.

"Really? Wow!" Callie said in awe, thus reassured, she stepped into the box and turned around. It was not uncomfortable even when the door closed silently sealing her in.

Abi watched nervously as her friend stood in the box and looked around curiously. A technician went to another console and began pressing buttons. The box's glow intensified but nothing more seemed to happen.

Tennar was standing by the tech and peering into a screen of some kind. The test lasted only about ten minutes before the light decreased, then the door opened once more. Surprised, Callie stepped hesitantly out.

"You're all done, Callie. Kayleen will take you back to the changing room and I'll notify Kam to collect you. Thank you for your cooperation," Tennar said.

"Thank you. How long will it be before I hear the results of all this?" She asked.

"Give me at least twenty-four to forty-eight hours to process the data then I'll have the mages on board go over it. When it's ready, I'm certain the Captain will be coming back down for a special briefing on the results and what will happen next which, of course, will be based on your decision," he explained.

"Okay, that's faster than I expected. Again, thank you."

"You're most welcome," Tennar said with a polite nod.

Callie and Abi followed Kayleen back to the main area where she quickly changed back into her clothes. By the time she was ready, Kam had arrived to take her to the Captain.

"How did things go, Ms. Briggs?" Kam asked politely.

"Very well, I'm pleased to say. I really like your ship's form of medical exam compared to ours...less intrusive," Callie said, smiling, relieved it was over.

"Yeah, I agree with that though I still hate going to sick bay," he chuckled.

"Well, that goes without saying," she laughed.

"I hope you weren't too bored, Dr. Sinian," Kam asked the doctor who had said hardly anything since she'd come on board.

"Oh, no, definitely not. I found all the tests and equipment fascinating and got a lot of questions answered. Everyone was very nice and helpful," Abi said grinning.

"Glad to hear it...and here we are," he said suddenly stepping out onto what apparently was the bridge.

Spread out before them was a huge view screen that showed space and their world below them. There were at least ten people at various work stations around the room and there was a center chair where First Officer Stengar was just getting up from to greet them.

"Hello, Ms. Briggs. I trust everything went well?"

"Yes, thank you. I was well treated."

"Good! This way please," he said, leading them to a door at the back of the bridge. It slid open like all of them did on this ship and there was the Captain studying a computer screen. He sat behind a gleaming desk that was shaped in an odd ellipsoidal style and colored a warm honey. Behind him was another window. In one corner he had a strange type of aquarium that held an odd green fish with bulging eyes and iridescent stripes of blue along its sides and top. Before his desk were two brown, swivel padded chairs.

"Welcome to my office...please take a seat...thank you, Stengar," the Captain said. His first officer gave a quick bow of his head, then turned smartly on his heel to go back through the door, leaving them alone.

"Before you ask, as I'm sure you will, I was well treated and pleasantly surprised at the ease with which the exam was done," Callie spoke, heading off the Captain from asking the same questions she'd already been asked three times.

Ing smiled broadly revealing his sharp fangs. "I'm pleased to hear it, Ms. Briggs. Are there any other questions you wished addressed before you return to your world?"

"Dr. Tennar said you would come down to see me when the results are in and discuss my options at that time. I must admit, that I am very impressed with your ship and the serious advancements in medical care that are decades past our own. I feel more confident than when I arrived that what you suggest I do if the tests are positive for magical abilities that training me is the right thing to do," she said positively, no longer reluctant. "I've only just learned that Commander Feral and Kam are mated. Am I correct in assuming that he may be planning to leave with his mate?" She asked seriously.

"You are correct, Ms. Briggs. Your commander only made the decision when he and the SWAT Kats were here. It was then that Kam and he had bonded," Ing said, nodding.

"Bonded? Now that I hadn't heard. That's extremely rare among us," Callie exclaimed.

"Yes, it is the same with us. Kam is a very fortunate young wolf to find such an excellent mate."

"So, with him gone and only the SWAT Kats to..." she halted at the sudden shaking of the Captain's head. Her eyes widened in concern.

"Though they have yet to make that decision, the SWAT Kats have been approached to join our crew. It has come to my attention that Razor is already rather tight with Genus while T-Bone likes Tara but they haven't made a commitment of any kind that I'm aware of. If your United Nations agree to allow a station here, then my crew and I will be remaining in orbit for the preliminary work and allowing my crew some shore leave. But, even if your ruling body denies the request, we will still be here until we aid you in ridding your world of your omega problem. By the time we finally depart, the SWAT Kats, I hope, will have made up their minds," he explained.

Callie sank back into her chair and rubbed her face with one paw. This was a complication she wasn't prepared for at all.

"Are you alright, Ms. Briggs?" Ing asked, eyeing her with concern.

She removed the paw from her face and eyed him back with a mixed look of annoyance and resignation.

"Yes, I'm alright for someone whose been told the main body of her protection force for her city has or could be taken right out from under her feet," she said, mildly sarcastic. "Now, I guess my decision to go ahead with this magical training will be more important than I thought, originally. But I can't protect the city by myself," she huffed.

"Of course not, Ms. Briggs and we certainly hadn't planned on you doing so. You are to be the city's magical protector, the enforcers will handle the regular crime, while Professor Hackle's new robot force will handle any new super criminals that might show up," he told her soothingly. "And, if things work out like we hope, you will also have a peacekeeping force stationed above your world."

She stared at him for a long thoughtful moment.

Dr. Sinian, however, was upset. "That's a lot of responsibility to lay on her shoulders. She has enough to do as deputy mayor," she objected.

"Please, Dr. Sinian...it's alright," he soothed her gently, "It isn't like Ms. Briggs will be under attack every moment. From your own historical records, you've suffered the deprecations of only two magical enemies. Her training will take care of the Pastmaster and dealing with that special magical box should take care of the other. I truly don't see where she will be asked to do what the SWAT Kats have been doing for the past ten years or am I missing something?"

Abi sighed and shook her head, "no, you're not wrong. But, of course, everything is based on the elimination of the major criminal players we presently have."

"Of course," he conceded politely.

"It seems all bases have been covered. Now if I clean house on all the little details concerning past incidents of omega attacks and insure they are closed properly, Megakat City should finally see some kind of peace at last," Callie said thoughtfully.

"I'm certain you are correct, Ms. Briggs. You have much to do, I'm afraid," he said, commiserating

with her from his vast experiences with such things.

"That's an understatement," she sighed, smiling wanly at him.

He chuckled softly, "if anyone is capable of getting it done, it would be you, Ms. Briggs. Just as I know you will be a great magical protector."

She grimaced at that, "only if I'm what everyone thinks I am."

"True. Have we covered everything you wished to discuss?"

"I think so...for now anyway...thank you," Callie said, rising from her seat. Abi followed suit.

"Good, then I'll have Kam return you home. Have a safe trip," he said warmly, rising from his seat and leading them back through the door.

Outside, Kam was waiting for them. "See them home, Kam and remain planet side," his captain ordered mildly before shaking the she-kat's paws then returning to his office.

"Shall we?" He asked politely, gesturing toward the elevator.

Callie moved ahead to the door followed by Abi with Kam bringing up the rear. It was a silent trip through the ship as Callie and Abi had much on their minds. Kam felt it wise not to intrude unless they asked him something.

In very little time, they were soon back in the shuttle and heading toward the planet. The trip was made in silence, though Callie and Abi were pulled from their thoughts by the view. When they were finally back on the ground, Kam led them back to the hummer then drove them back to city hall.

Callie stared out the hummer's window, her mind awl with all that she'd heard and experienced. She would need some quiet time to sort through all of it. Frowning, she glanced at Abi who was absently staring out her own window. Perhaps she should ask her friend to come over and talk about all this. She let the thought percolate in her mind all the way to city hall where Kam let them off. She told him not to escort them in and thanked him for the safe trip.

He nodded and was soon driving off for Enforcer Headquarters.

"Let me just get my report from your desk, Callie and then I'll be on my way too," Abi said as the two of them walked up the stairs.

"Abi?"

"Hmm?"

"Could you come over to my place tonight? I really need someone to talk to about everything that's going on."

Abi studied her friend as they entered the lobby and made for the elevator. They managed to catch one with no one on it and rode it to the top.

"I think I can make the time. When would you like me to come by?" She asked slowly, stepping out of the elevator behind the deputy mayor.

"I have to catch up from being gone for hours so it probably won't be until after eight, is that too late for you?" Callie asked as they walked down the hall to her office.

"No, that's probably how late I'll be too," Abi said ruefully.

"The price of being the boss," Callie smiled. "Anyway, how about I order us a late dinner too, my treat?"

Abi grinned, "sure sounds good to me."

"Good!" Callie said in relief then reached into her desk and got Abi her file and handed it to her. "Then I'll see you later."

"Right, good-bye till later," Abi said, taking the file and leaving her friend to dig out from under her work laden desk.

Callie sighed in disgust at the sight of more work added to what she'd left. She immediately set to sorting through what needed to get done and what could wait until tomorrow.

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Chapter 23: Discussions, Plans, and Secrets Revealed by ulyferal

Callie had a lot on her mind after putting in several hours of overtime. She hurriedly rushed into her apartment and headed straight for her bedroom. Some minutes later, she'd changed into a comfortable pantsuit and walked back through the living room, grabbing her briefcase she'd left near the front door and placing it on the coffee table then going on to the kitchen where she pattered around, setting the kettle on to boil, getting out glasses, plates, and silverware plus setting out a coffee cake she'd bought the day before.

She'd ordered dinner when she'd left the office and only had to do these prep things ahead of her guest's arrival. The tea kettle whistled and she pulled it off, pouring the water into a carafe then fetching sugar, honey, lemon and tea cups, putting them neatly on her tea service tray.

Just then the doorbell rang. Hurrying to answer it, she was pleased to see the food had arrived. Paying the delivery Kat, she took it from him then carried it off to the kitchen and set it on the counter.

Before she could do anything more, the doorbell rang a second time. Moving swiftly to the door, she opened it to reveal guest, Abi. Smiling warmly, she gestured for the brown she-kat to enter then closed the door behind her.

"Right on time, Abi. The food just arrived seconds before you did," she told her friend as she led her to the kitchen.

"I thought so. I could smell the food lingering in the elevator," Abi chuckled.

"How about we serve up then take it back to the living room to sit down?"

"Good idea! More comfortable that way and less dishes."

"Exactly," Callie smirked.

They served up their food, Callie got a glass of wine while Abi made herself a cup of tea, then they headed out to the living room to curl up comfortably on the couch. They ate for a few minutes in companionable silence, winding down from the long day.

Abi put her half finished meal down and picked up her cup of tea. Sitting back, she eyed the lovely blond she-kat who was daintily eating a Chinese rib. Calico Briggs had always fascinated her...a strong, take charge she-kat who was also very brave and compassionate. The perfect leader for this city...much better than that pompous fool who ran it presently. But she had to agree with Callie's reasoning that she got more done behind the scenes than she would have being in the center seat.

They had met initially during fund raisers for the museum but after the Pastmaster began interfering with her life, she became more familiar and closer with the deputy mayor as well as the SWAT Kats. She rather liked the fact she was considered a valuable asset to the defenders of Megakat City as a repository for information on ancient history and magic. This rather necessary interaction brought the two of them in constant contact which had gradually morphed into a deep friendship.

As she watched Callie under her half lowered lids, she realized only recently, that their relationship was becoming more than friendship...at least on her part, she wasn't so certain about Callie. She certainly flirted with the toms but many of them did, but whether she'd be interested in a she-kat...Abi had no clue...but she had hopes.

"Penny for your thoughts," Callie murmured, giving her friend an arched brow of concern.

Abi shook herself alert, realizing she'd been frankly staring and fantasizing a little too long. Callie had finished her dinner and was eyeing her curiously as she drank her wine.

To cover her embarrassment, she took another sip of her tea only to discover it was empty. She stared at her cup in surprise.

Callie chuckled. "Would you like another cup of tea or some wine?"

"Oh, uh, wine would be nice, thanks. I'm sorry, my mind was...uh...drifting. I hadn't realized I was drinking at the same time," Abi said, embarrassed.

"I could tell. You haven't even finished your dinner," Callie said in amusement as she rose gracefully, took Abi's tea cup and glided off to the kitchen.

Abi sucked in a soft breath as she watched the fetching she-kat walk off. She could feel her cheeks flushing heat. Trying to regain her composure, she quickly picked up her now cold dinner and finished it.

Callie returned a few moments later with both glasses filled and the bottle of wine under one arm. She set Abi's glass before her and set the bottle on the table before taking her seat again, holding her own glass.

"Thought I should just bring it in," she said casually.

"Good idea," Abi agreed, rather inanely, quickly picking up her glass and sipping it.

"So...what had your mind so preoccupied?" Callie asked again, eyeing her friend closely.

Abi felt her cheeks heat again as she fumbled for a sensible answer. She'd rather die than say what she'd really been thinking. "Oh...umm...just going over all the amazing things I saw aboard the **Wotan**," she managed to say at last.

Callie raised her eyebrows. She was nearly certain that hadn't been what had captivated and held her friend's mind but she let it go. Whatever it was would come out eventually.

"Yes, it was truly remarkable and I'm envious of all the advanced medical and weaponry it carries. But I'm more upset about the possible loss of the guys. I can't believe they've been offered a chance to go off in space." She shook her head unhappily. "And losing Feral for certain, as well."

Abi sighed and said, "yes, that was quite the bombshell alright. To think the Commander is actually mated to one of them was a shock. I'm concerned, that Capt Ing feels the defense system they plan to leave in place will be enough to keep our city safe."

"Well, on that I think they are justified in believing placing robots within the ranks of the enforcers will help beef them up and allow them to finally do their jobs more effectively, is a sound one and I refuse to think Razor wouldn't have looked into that thoroughly before even considering leaving us on our own," Callie said firmly, taking another sip of her wine. "Also, don't forget, Capt Ing said they had been offered the chance but said nothing about them accepting it yet."

"That's certainly true, perhaps they won't but there's no way of telling until everything shakes out. Still I feel uneasy about the possibility."

"I know! But the reason we all feel that way is the fear of tipping the present balance of power we have right now, even though it is a destructive one," Callie mused thoughtfully.

"That's because all Kat's fear change...it's a natural behavior and one that's very hard to alter."

"So very true. The only thing that would make the change more acceptable to everyone is if the Arcanians do succeed in helping us rid our city of the rest of our omegas as they've planned to do and help us build a space platform prison for them then we should be able to breath easier and handle whatever comes after that," Callie affirmed. "I'm also glad that a galactic patrol will be guarding our space borders if the United Nations refuses their offer to join."

"I'll be pleased to see that prison built and ready for the omegas they capture and I'm grateful too for the added protection at our borders," Abi agreed. Leaning back on the couch, she sipped her wine and thought a moment. "I think the United Nations will jump at the chance to be a part of a much larger community. Our world could only benefit from such a relationship and I don't think they'd be that insular enough to refuse the offer."

"There are some nation's that might, but they are insular to begin with, however, the majority could indeed agree to it. I just wish it wouldn't take so long to get an answer."

"Maybe they will surprise us and make a quicker decision...say in six months."

Callie snorted, "now that would be an amazing feat, but then stranger things then that have happened so why couldn't a body of 100 individuals make a decision that quickly. One could hope, certainly."

Abi smiled widely at that true statement and offered a salute with her glass. "I'll be hoping for it!"

Callie saluted back and they drank their wine at the same time.

"So while that's going on, I need to tie up all those loose ends with the other omegas that we thought were taken care of," she sighed worriedly.

"On that, I may have a solution for you. I got to thinking on the drive to the shuttle, that Captain Ing's advice was a good one and that I might be able to give you the assistant you need to investigate the old cases."

Callie blinked in surprise and leaned forward to stare at Abi with hope. "Really? What did you come up with?"

"As you know, the museum was tasked with collecting data on all the events that occur during a mayor's term in office which is then incorporated in the history archives of Megakat City. This has been the museum's responsibility since the first mayor of this city instituted it. It's a part of the city's budget and a team of four archivists are assigned to it. Since I'm in charge of this, it won't be any problem setting one of them to do a more indepth search on the part about omegas. The one archivist I'm thinking of is fearless and won't be easily scared off by those who might not want him nosing around and of course, if you put the Mayor's authority behind it, he shouldn't have any roadblocks at all in finding out what you needed to know about the status of the supposedly closed omega cases," Abi explained, pleased with her solution.

"Abi, that's wonderful and I really should have thought of that myself," Callie said, shaking her head at missing such an easy solution.

"No you shouldn't have. Callie, as Capt Ing pointed out to you, you can't be everywhere or know everything that's why it's important to confide in others and seek their help. If I'd known about this possible leak in our security to protect the city, I would have gotten this done a long time ago. Now that I do, I'll make sure its part of the protocols for the archivists to keep a more complete data file and follow up program on the omegas after they have been captured. It would certainly prevent repeat problems which we have been incurring for years," Abi snorted, shaking her head at how much of their problems could have been solved if they had been more vigilant.

"You're a busy person, too, Abi. If I'm not supposed to beat myself over it neither are you. In this Capt Ing was right, we're too close to the problem and it took an outsider to have seen it. Count our good fortune that such intelligent and friendly visitors dropped in on us at the right time," Callie said firmly.

Abi sighed and nodded. "Touche! And you are very right about that...we have been lucky."

"So tomorrow, you take care of assigning this Kat and I'll inform the Mayor about giving him the authority to poke around. Have the information sent to me immediately so we can fix whatever needs fixing and I'll know what has been truly closed or not."

"I'll get right on it."

Callie sighed and finished her glass of wine then poured another offering more to Abi who smiled and held her glass close for a refill.

Now I feel much better. Taking care of these nasty loose ends will go a long way to easing the loss of Feral and the SWAT Kats. Mayor Manx will certainly be thrilled after he gets over being angry and afraid that no one thought to check on this before," Callie said ruefully. She glanced over at Abi with a thoughtful frown. "Do you remember all the ones you have to check on?"

"Most of them, but all I really have to do is set this Kat to checking all omegas and verifying their status so we won't miss one. My archivists are pretty thorough guys at making sure the main facts are in the data bank but this requirement was never thought of so they didn't realize it was something that needed to be monitored. It will feel good to plug that hole."

"I agree with you completely on that," Callie sighed then winced, raising a paw up to rub her neck with her fingers.

"You okay?"

"Oh, just my shoulder muscles aching. The price of all that desk and computer work."

"I can help you ease it. I'm a dab paw at massage," Abi volunteered, setting her glass down and moving to sit closer to Callie. "Here, just turn and lean over the arm there and I'll rub it out for you."

Callie smiled, set her glass on the table then turned to lean her chest on the couch arm. Strong fingers began to knead her shoulder muscles. It hurt a bit at first but then everything eased and she sighed with relief.

Abi smiled at the sound, pleased that she could provide some comfort for her friend. "Feeling better already?"

"Oh yes, you do that very well."

"You were very tense, Callie. You really need to spend time on yourself once in a while...you

know go to a spa and get pampered. Give you a real lift and help you relieve the stress in your body."

"I will if you will because I suspect you're just as bad as I am about getting away," Callie murmured, teasingly, half asleep from the soothing massage.

"Well, yes I'm busy too but I'll have you know, I have made time to pamper myself. Crawling around archaeological sites can put a lot of bruises and truly sore muscles on a body. I've blessed my favorite spa for keeping me from whimpering with pain every time I come back from a dig."

"I stand corrected. You need to give me the address of this perfect place," her friend murmured. "Perhaps we should go together sometime, hmmm?"

"I'd love to," Abi whispered, a note of something else in her voice.

Callie heard it and decided to act on her suspicions. She turned around suddenly, reached out and pulled the other she-kat toward her to give her a gentle kiss before releasing the stunned she-kat and lay back on the couch to see the reaction.

Abi blinked in shocked surprise, her face blushing in pleased confusion, "I...

"I thought I'd stop the dancing around I sensed you were doing all evening and see if my suspicions were true," Callie said with a veiled smile then she lowered her voice and murmured seductively, "come here..."

Mesmerized by those beautiful green eyes and the invitation she saw in them, Abi leaned over Callie and sank into a wonderfully long kiss. All her dreams were coming true and her heart was flying. If all she got was a kiss for this evening, she would be in heaven knowing more would follow eventually.

However, after a long make out session on the couch, she was invited to stay, much to her surprise. She was quick to learn Callie wasn't shy about making her wishes known especially about her lovers and Abi found herself enjoying a truly blissful night in the arms of her new lover.

The next morning and after a short romp, they showered and shared a quiet breakfast, relaxing and enjoying each others company. They had plenty of time before leaving for work as they were early risers..

"I will brief his honor on what you plan to do first thing this morning before he sneaks away to the golf course. Meanwhile, I have many other things to catch up on from being gone yesterday. By possibly tomorrow or the next day, we'll hear about whether I have a magical core or not," Callie said musingly as she went over her day in her mind. "I think I should also tell the SWAT Kats about what we're doing and see if Razor knows of anything we might have missed."

She paused to take a bite of her toast and drink some coffee.

"I will also have to contact Feral to get his authority for your guy to be allowed into the evidence locker and to see the case files. I might run into a fight by him about dealing with any open problems because he'll feel he should be the one dealing with them and not an outside. However, I'm going to use your argument that he's too busy and since this is already funded by the city, he shouldn't waste his own manpower on it. That might get his attention more than the fact we may have left the 'barn door' open as it were."

"I'm afraid the Commander is going to be very angry at himself for having missed this as well," Abi interjected with a shake of her head.

"Oh no doubt of that. However, with Lt. Kam by his side, he seems to think before he leaps with

anger and that has been a really good thing. I hadn't realized that was happening until the incident with Dark Kat and how well he handled learning of his mate's secret and accepting the SWAT Kats help to defeat that omega permanently. He's like a totally different Kat."

"I haven't been in contact with him so I don't know but the last time I saw him, he did seem happier, more settled." Abi nodded, finishing her breakfast.

"Because of that change in mindset, I might be able to get him to allow the SWAT Kats to dispose of any troublesome problem that hadn't been taken care of like Mad Kat's box. If we can't dispose of the demon in some way perhaps dropping the box in the deep vent in the ocean will at least get rid of it for a very long time maybe even forever. It gives me the shivers that thing is still around just ready for some other fool to get their paws on it," Callie said with a shiver as she collected her dishes and put them in the sink.

"That will be the first thing I'll have my guy take a look into. You're right, it's just a new incident waiting to happen and the most dangerous," Abi agreed as she too placed her dishes in the sink.

"The only other thing I'm still concerned about is you learning magic if they find you've a magical core," she added as they left the kitchen to collect their things in preparation for leaving to work.

Callie sighed as she took out her jacket and Abi's from her hall closet. "Let's just worry about one thing at a time, Abi. It's just one of many things on my plate right now." Ready to go, she paused to give her new lover a reassuring kiss. "See you tonight?"

Abi blushed prettily and nodded but had only a wane smile on her face as she answered, "I'll call and let you know when I'm leaving and you're right, we both have a lot to do today so I won't mention the other concern for now." She sighed, allowing the subject to be shelved for now as she went through the open door ahead of Callie who locked it behind her and the two of them made for the elevator.

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Chapter 24: Getting Down with the Problem Solving by ulyferal

Unsurprised, Callie found herself in an argument with Feral first thing that morning. She had decided to stop at his office to address the issue immediately rather than wait and call later. She was very glad Lt. Kam was there as he seemed to be able to help Feral listen better.

"It is my problem and my office will handle it, Ms. Briggs," Feral repeated for the third time after he'd heard about this problem.

"Ulysses..." a quiet voice interrupted carefully.

Feral bristled but turned a questioning glance over at his mate who stood quietly listening as he leaned against the wall of glass.

"I don't wish to undermine your authority, but Ms. Briggs is correct. Neither of you have the time or resources to do this but the museum does and apparently it has been doing this kind of thing for a long time. And, more importantly, they have a person skilled to handle this properly and thoroughly which is what you need right now. Add to that, it costs you nothing and closes a very serious breach of your city's security," Kam said reasonably.

Feral opened his mouth to object yet again but in the face of such a calm and sensible argument he just didn't have a leg to stand on. Only his pride had kept him arguing and that had no place in matters so grim.

"Commander...Kam is correct but please...don't think we're ganging up on you. I didn't see our various problems either so it just kept repeating itself over and over again. It was while I was traveling to the **Wotan** that Captain Ing pointed out these very serious flaws that we simply

couldn't see because we were too close to it. Now that this matter **has** been brought to our attention, we can let an expert ferret out the truth about our omegas status then dispose of the problems, if any, immediately and more permanently. The first one to be dealt with will be Mad Kat's box. If Mr. Katzmer has no solution that will make the box safe then I propose we allow the SWAT Kats to weigh and dump the damn thing into the deepest ocean vent we know of and get rid of it that way. I wouldn't even suggest having it taken away by the **Wotan**. It is just far too dangerous and could affect other worlds besides our own," Callie argued persuasively.

"From what I've read and heard about that demon box, I have to agree with her, Ulysses. It could indeed cause catastrophic disaster throughout the known universe and just the thought of that makes me want to shiver. To know you have something else on this planet that is an unimaginable threat is very unsettling," Kam added, gravely. "The Pastmaster, we thought, was the worst you had but this could trump him. I can't believe your city possessed this many galactic level threats nor the fact you've managed to survive this long with them still active."

Shuddering at the realization that he had blithely accepted these two threats as just nuisances made him feel incredibly stupid and foolhardy. Though Ms. Briggs was correct to say they were just too close to the problem to have been able to see or know how far reaching their seemingly innocent problems had been, that didn't make him feel any better.

Well, now they did know and he would not compound his previous stupidity by continuing to object over this matter. Someone was already trained to research this matter quickly and efficiently so he should just shut up and let it get done without further delays. Their world was in incredible danger from just two of these problems and action was needed immediately to remedy it.

"Alright...alright!" He said raising his paws in surrender. "You've convinced me and I withdraw my objections but do make sure I'm kept in the loop as each problem is brought to light so we are unified in deciding what actions to take to solve them," Feral said in resignation. "I am eternally grateful now for the **Wotan's** visit. I shudder to think what the galactic community would have done to us if they had an inkling we possessed such dangers and hadn't dealt with them."

"Oh that just gives me goosebumps when you put it that way," Callie gasped, rubbing her arms. "Gods, Commander, I hope that box is still safely in your evidence locker."

"Just a sec and I'll check," Feral said grimly, not willing to say it was just because he wanted it to be. He'd been proven wrong too often to take anything for granted anymore. He picked up his phone and made a call. He seemed to wait for about five minutes, got a response, thanked the person, ordered the box be put immediately into a locked safe then hung up. "It's there," he told them, relief in his voice.

"Thank heavens. I'm glad you're having it transferred to a safe. Now I feel a little better about its security. So all we have to do is get rid of it. Are we in agreement then on allowing Dr. Sinian's archivist to do this? He'll have to be allowed access to all case files dealing with the omegas and any other problems we've overlooked."

"Yes, I'll allow it. I will, however, need his name, employee ID number, and a his physical description. I'll assign an officer to escort him everywhere he needs to go for security reasons and for ease of access so there are no delays."

"Perfect! I'll notify Dr. Sinian immediately and she should get with you sometime today or tomorrow. I'll leave you to your work while I return to my similar mountain of paperwork," Callie said, relieved to have this taken care of at last.

"Have a good day, Ms. Briggs," Kam murmured politely. She gave him a brief smile before turning and going out the door.

Feral sighed and shook his head, still distressed at how they had missed so much under their

very noses. Kam strolled over and draped an arm across his troubled mate's shoulders, leaning forward to nuzzle the cheek near him, giving comfort.

"I'm sorry to have put you on the spot like that, love, but this was far too important a matter to allow pride and stubbornness to interfere."

The dark tom tilted his head, accepting the nuzzle and apology. "You don't have to apologize. You're right, sometimes I am just too stubborn to see things right under my nose. I honestly didn't see how far reaching the danger was until you pointed it out. I swear, how we managed to survive this long without having been completely taken out by our own enemies or the galactic alliance is beyond me. We've been incredibly lucky for so long we've almost taken it for granted," Feral said ruefully.

"Don't take it so hard, Ulysses. Ms. Briggs is right, when you're too close to a problem, you simply can't see all that's going on." Kam murmured sympathetically. "Anyway, as for how lucky you guys are, that's what we like about your species. You're tough, fight hard for what's yours and do your best to keep your world safe and, yes, your planet has had an inordinate amount of incredible luck. Our psychics and wizards have told us recently, that they feel despite the fact you became a focal point for these omegas, you were also keeping these dangers from other planets...sort of a mousetrap holding the threats here, even though you didn't consciously know you were doing it. They think that whatever rules the universe had used you for this purpose and now it apparently deems you ready to move forward which is why we came on the scene when we did to help you clean up and deal with those dangers. It all seems surreal but they say they have felt a sense of satisfaction from the powers that be that all things are coming together as they should," Kam told him confidentially.

Feral turned completely to face his mate, a look of incredulity on it. "You're saying some supreme being or beings have been manipulating us?"

Kam could only shrug his shoulders. "All I can tell you, love, is the ruling body that is the Galactic Council has known there is something out there greater than all of us and that this unknown has been manipulating all our lives. There is no point in fighting that but living the best we can and doing what feels right for us. The fact it seems to fit in with some grand plan is really of no consequence to us poor beings who are living it. We just go on with our lives and try not to think about it."

"Okay, that's just creepy and you're right I don't want to think about it," Feral said with a shudder.

"I agree. So now that your city's major problems are on the way to being solved, how about you clear your backlog of work, hmmm?"

"yeah, well, with some of the omegas out of our fur, I have more time to get the paperwork side of my job done though it is the most boring part of the job to be sure. I guess I should start with those damnable personnel reports I hate so much."

"You too, huh? I'm glad I don't have quite as many as you have to do," Kam smirked. "Anyway, I do have other work of my own to get done back on the ship, so I'll head out and be back later this evening. Perhaps we can watch one of those interesting movies I've seen in your personal library and have some of that delectable pizza," he said smacking his lips in anticipation.

Feral chuckled, reaching for his mate to give him a hard hug and murmuring into the wolf's ear a heated suggestion, "hmmm, I don't see why not and a little body gymnastics as well, heh?"

Kam gave his mate a dark, passionate look that made the tom's legs melt under him. The wolf laid a heated kiss on the stern face which morphed into a heated thing that had Feral's body writhing with need. Kam released him suddenly, gave him a wicked wink then turned and left the office.

Cursing his mate for leaving so hot and needy, Feral blew out a breath and shakily returned to his desk, trying to slow his galloping heart so he could concentrate on his paperwork and not how hot that wolf's behind look as it glided out of his office.

Over at city hall, Callie sighed and shoved her purse in the lower drawer of her desk. Her heart felt lighter now with that urgent matter had been taken care of. She refused to worry about the second concern that dealt with her being able to use magic. Let that come when it was ready, she had far too much work to do but first...she reached for her phone and called Abi.

"Hi Callie, what's up?"

"Hi Abi, I've just spoken with Commander Feral and he's agreed to go along with using your archivist. For security purposes, he needs your archivist's personal info and he will assign an officer to escort him everywhere and into anything he needs to take care of this loophole. If you'd get back with Feral really soon, I'd appreciate it."

"Oh certainly! Congrats on making him see reason. I'll get back to him the moment I hang up with you and look up Albert's personal file. How did you manage to get the Commander to listen when he, no doubt, got territorial on you?"

"His mate! Kam listened to us argue a bit then intervened. His argument was far too compelling for Feral to ignore and he folded. He actually paled as he realized the enormity of the danger not only to us but to the galactic community. Just Kam mentioning how dangerous Mad Kat's box could be off planet made him back off quickly. I think that got him truly scared and me too come to that. I knew it was an open problem but even I didn't realize how far reaching it could be," Callie sighed, a hint of just how upset she was about it in her voice.

"Don't worry Callie. I'll have Albert on the job immediately and hopefully before a few weeks pass, all those problems will have been dealt with," Abi said with more confidence than she felt at the moment.

"That's what I'm looking forward to. Anyway, I've gotta go, I have other calls to make. Thanks Abi, see you later?"

"Of course, if you'd like me to. Hopefully, a city emergency doesn't squash those plans," Abi said archly.

"Don't even say that, you'll jinx us! Call me at end of work day to firm it up. Later!" Callie said, laughing lightly.

"Wouldn't want to do that!" Abi laughed in return. "Bye for now!"

Hanging up, Callie pulled her purse out and fished around in it until she found her special communicator. Getting up from her chair, she headed to the stairs at the end of the hall that led up to the clock tower. This conversation she didn't want anyone to overhear.

Standing in the doorway that led out onto the chopper pad behind the tower, Callie pressed the button on her communicator.

Across the city an alarm sounded off in the bowels of a secret hangar beneath the city's salvage yard. Cursing as the strident sound startled him, making him drop his crescent wrench, Jake hurried across the floor to respond to the call. Chance was off making a tow pickup so Jake hoped the call wasn't for an emergency that required both of them.

"Razor, here! What's up Ms. Briggs?" He said gruffly into the speaker.

"Easy Razor, no emergency! I just need to bring you up to date on what's been going on lately. You free at the moment?"

"Sure, what's up?"

Callie swiftly told the smallest SWAT Kat about the possible threats that hadn't been followed up on, what was being done to take care of it, and what part they might have in taking care of one of them.

"Crud! I hadn't realized so many things hadn't been followed up on and it always made me nervous about that damn box. I'd be happier to sink it deep in the ocean immediately rather than muck around any longer with it. As for anything else...I think you and Dr. Sinian managed to cover nearly everything except for a couple more you need to add to the list," Razor told her grimly. "The first is finding Dark Kat's hidden home and disposing of any creepings still alive and whatever it was he used to create them and, second, complete eradication of those mutated scorpions caused by Tiger Conklin's disposal of toxic chemicals into the Megakat Mines. The chemical spill should have been cleaned up but if those scorpions are still down there the problem still exists," he warned her.

"Oh damn! Good thing I thought to ask you. I truly hope there's no more hidden problems laying around," Callie said becoming a little angry at the number of new problems cropping up.

"If that archivist is as good as he's supposed to be, he should find everything we've fought over the past five years since all this weirdness began. There will always be new stuff, but personally I have a strong feeling there will be no more threats of that magnitude left by the time the **Wotan** leaves. Don't ask me how I know...I've no clue...I just have this strong feeling it's true," Razor said seriously.

"Actually, that's not so weird, Razor. I couldn't tell you why either, but I have a feeling our world is heading into a golden age. Call me optimistic but it just feels right for some reason," Callie said a little embarrassed to admit to something so nebulous.

"Then I don't feel so alone on believing the same, Ms. Briggs," Razor chuckled warmly. "Anyway, we'll be ready to do whatever you need us to do to finish tying up the criminal loose ends as it were. If you'd like, we could use our patrols to hunt for Dark Kat's hideout...possibly the **Wotan's** sensors could find it faster, if Captain Ing will allow it. I'll ask Genus about that. As for the scorpions, we need something more potent to kill them. They are not that easy to dispose of and, again, Genus might be able to help me come up with something to do the job. I know they aren't allowed to help us directly but apparently it's okay for Genus to brainstorm with me as long as it's us that ends up solving the problem. You want me to do this?" He asked carefully, not wanting to step on her authority in this matter.

"All those were great ideas and, yes, go ahead and see what you can do about it. Keep me informed so I can tell the Commander about these other problems. He won't be happy that those two areas had not been addressed either but he's on board with getting it taken care of quickly without argument."

"Well isn't that a kick! Who would have thought Feral would finally start to listen and let other people help him get the job done without getting too territorial about it!" Razor snorted in amusement.

"That might have been true about him before, Razor, but ever since he became mated to Lt. Kam, he's mellowed out and listens more," Callie smirked, mildly amused by the thought of a hen-pecked Feral.

"Heheheh! Oh yeah, getting mated was just what the doctor ordered for taming Feral."

Callie laughed, "Razor that's not nice, even if it seems to be true."

"Couldn't have happened to a more deserving tom. Anyway, I'll brief T-Bone on what we talked

about and we'll get started today. I'll get back to you by the end of the week with the results. Have a good day!" Razor said by way of farewell.

"Thanks, Razor. Take care!" She said then cut the connection. Sighing happily, she went back inside and returned to her office. Now perhaps she could get to her paperwork for the day. Putting the communicator away, she dug into the first of many reports on her desk.

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Chapter 25: Mad Kat Disposed/Ms. Briggs Magical Future by ulyferal

To the relief of everyone involved, the open omega cases were being solved and or closed fairly rapidly. The first and most dangerous problem was Mad Kat's box. Mr. Katzmer had no further information on the box than what he'd imparted during the battle with Mad Kat and though he was upset by the need to dispose of it, he was also relieved to be no longer responsible for the dangerous artifact.

However, he did complain that he would lose income from giving it up to the city. The museum archivist had already suggested to the deputy mayor, that it would be in everyone's best interest if the Mayor's office paid the antique dealer a fair sum for the box which should have been returned to the dealer after the case had been closed but hadn't due to the box's deadly nature.

Callie agreed this was reasonable and authorized payment from city funds to reimburse Mr. Katzmer...doing a legal bill of sale...before the box was formally handed over to the SWAT Kats for proper and permanent disposal, ending its threat and thereby sidestepping any problems with litigation that might occur later.

With the legalities dealt with, Feral only needed to see that the box be disposed of. So today he stood grimly beside the detail that was guarding Mad Kat's Jack-In-The-Box, which was in a lead lined box for safer handling, as he waited for the SWAT Kats to arrive to take care of it.

Though he had thought his enforcers should be the ones to dump it, he had been convinced by his mate and Callie that having the SWAT Kats handle the disposal would be more cost effective, saving him precious flying hours and fuel which he was forced to agree was a sound reason, his budget still too tight for an expensive trip out over the ocean.

His ruminating was cut short at the sound of a familiar jet approaching. In seconds, the sleek Turbokat was hovering close then landing on the flight line. As soon as it had stopped completely, Feral and his detail walked toward the cargo hold entry door that was beginning to open at their approach.

Razor greeted him politely, accepting the box with grave care into his own paws.

"You know where you're going to take this?" Feral asked, still not happy about letting them be responsible for the disposal.

As if reading his mind, Razor answered in a brisk and professional tone, showing the tom they were treating this with all the seriousness it deserved. "Don't worry, Commander. I researched where the deepest part of the ocean was and came up with the Devil's Trench. It's estimated to be some 50,000 feet at its deepest point. In just under an hour, Mad Kat's box will be out of sight and out of mind permanently. We'll call your tower to confirm the job's done," he reassured Feral as he finished his work to his satisfaction then secured the box to the deck for the trip.

Feral sighed in relief. Watching Razor place the box into another heavier, metal one, close and lock it then begin to add other weights to the box to insure it would sink deep when it was dropped into the ocean had reassured him the SWAT Kats were just as dead serious about disposing of the box properly and well as he was. This made him feel better about letting them handle this important task.

"Thank you! That would be appreciated and would allow me to finally close the case file," he told them sincerely.

"It's about time we closed this loophole, Commander! Call you in a bit!" Razor said giving him a tight smile before waving farewell as he closed the cargo hold door.

Feral and his team backed away then stood and watched as the Turbokat VTOL'ed smoothly into the air until it was high above the building then its engines glowed brightly as it shot off toward the ocean at a high rate of speed, leaving a sonic boom behind in its wake. Feral winced, flattening his ears for a second at the sound then turned to dismiss his team before heading back to his office with a calmer mind.

When T-Bone engaged all engines, Razor grit his teeth as the G's rose to barely tolerable levels but said nothing as he too wanted this job done quickly. It took over forty-five minutes to arrive at their destination but soon they were slowing down then going to VTOL, much to Razor's relief. Unstrapping from his seat, he hustled down the ladder into the cargo hold. Detaching the box from the deck, he carried it over to the side cargo door.

He paused to secure himself to a ring next to the door with a rope before hitting the release. He was immediately buffeted by strong winds coming off the ocean making it hard to keep his feet. Gritting his teeth, he held the box tightly and leaned out as far as he dared before releasing it to plummet into the ocean.

He'd taken the foresight to put a beacon on the box so he could track it and insure it had indeed gone down into the trench. Pulling himself back in, he hit the release again to shut the door then went back up to his seat and strapped in. He turned on his sonar then inputted the frequency of the beacon. Moments later he was receiving the signal loud and clear.

"Got a clear signal, T-Bone. Now all we gotta do is wait a bit and see how far it sinks. Get some height to keep from being knocked around by these high winds," he advised his partner.

"Roger!" T-Bone acknowledged, taking the jet to a higher elevation. "Shouldn't take too long for it to sink to the bottom," he mused.

"Uh huh...," Razor muttered distractedly as he watched his screen closely. Twenty minutes later, "Yes! It halted at over 37,000 feet. Mission accomplished!" He cheered.

"Wow! That's deep and no way is it ever coming back up. Better contact the Commander while I take us home," T-Bone said with great pleasure and relief.

"Roger! Best message I've ever sent!"

Feral received confirmation an hour after the SWAT Kats had left his flight line. He sighed with relief, opened the file he had waiting and, with a flourish, annotated the box's location, depth, date of disposal and his signature then tossed it in his out basket for filing.

"One down," he murmured happily then reached for his phone and made a call.

City Hall...mid morning...

Callie was smiling widely as she put down her phone. Commander Feral had just informed her that Mad Kat's box was now at the bottom of the ocean. Now that was the best news of her day and she hurried to tell Albert who thanked her for the update. But just an hour later, she received news of another kind that left her with mixed feelings.

She was going through a pile of reports when Lt. Kam walked briskly into her office.

"Good morning, Ms. Briggs."

"Oh, good morning, Lieutenant. What brings you here?"

"I have the results of your tests and the Captain thought it would be best if I presented them to you in person," Kam said politely.

Callie felt her heart beat faster...she dreaded the news but straightened her shoulders and gave Kam her full attention. "I'm listening."

Kam could tell she was nervous but keeping it hidden very well. Not wanting to prolong the suspense, he quickly relayed his message. "The results of your genetic tests show you have a very high magical potential. The mages feel you should have no problem wielding magic once your dormant genes have been activated and Dr. Tennar added that your body should have no difficulties or serious side effects from accepting the procedure that will accomplish this. Now it is up to you on whether you are willing to do this at all."

"Oh, well that is good news, I guess," Callie said less than enthusiastically. "I'm probably going to do it but would like to discuss it one last time with someone close to me first. I'll give you an answer by tomorrow, will that be alright?" Callie asked.

"Of course, Ms. Briggs. Take all the time you need," Kam reassured her.

Callie eyed Kam a moment then asked, carefully, "what if I decide not to do this?"

Kam gave her a sympathetic look. Fortunately, he and Captain Ing had discussed this possibility and had an answer ready for her. "I understand how frightening this could be for you. It is a major change to your body and will allow you to do something few on your world is capable of, so I'd be reluctant too. In answer to your question, it's your choice. If you choose not to be altered then our mages will attempt to deal with the Pastmaster themselves," he said honestly.

"I hear a but in that statement, Lt. Kam. They are much more experienced than I...why is it important that I be the one to do this? I didn't think of it before, but I'm told we do have a small handful of magic users that are more qualified than I...why couldn't one of them simply be tested and trained to do this?"

"Well to answer your first question, Ms. Briggs, though not able to use magic myself, I have been around it all my life. What I've been taught is magic unlike physics, functions at different frequencies indigenous to each world it appears. Because of this, a magic user from one world may not have as much power or strength than one that was indigenous to that world. Or, they are far more powerful and thus unable to wield the energy correctly and do more harm than good. This is why only a magician indigenous to the world in question will have a better chance in dealing with the problem they are having than an outsider," Kam explained patiently.

"And to answer your second question, we did do a work up on the other magic users, which number only ten, and found none to have much more than simple, very low powered magical energy. This means, none of them possess the power to take out the Pastmaster and our mages nor our medical skills can boost their abilities further than then they were born with. I'm afraid magic is truly waning on your world from simple lack of use. You'd be the first since Queen Callista's time to be as powerful as she was," he told her earnestly.

Callie sighed, "when you explain it that way, it makes perfect sense but doesn't make me happy that this has landed in my lap."

Kam gave her a small smile of understanding. "I don't blame you there. I wouldn't like having my genes altered either but you would have the unique opportunity to be a defender for your world just like your SWAT Kats are at present only against magical enemies and from what I've seen of you, since my arrival on your world, you impress me as a strong and capable she-kat who could handle this very well if you choose to do it. I'll take my leave now and allow you to think about this

and await your answer. You know how to contact me."

"Yes, I do and thank you for the explanation and your understanding."

"You're very welcome, Ms. Briggs." Turning away, he made a polite escape from her office.

"Crud! Looks like I really don't have a choice here but I still want to talk to Abi about it first," she muttered to herself after he was gone.

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Chapter 26: Eliminating Open Case Files and Uncovering Graf by ulyferal

While Callie wrestled with her decision, in a tiny office within Enforcer Headquarters, the museum archivist, Albert was very busy going through each open case as quickly and meticulously as he could, closing them speedily if possible, as he understood how important this was to all the parties involved with running and protecting the city that this get done before their visitors left and before any of the problems could manifest themselves again.

It had taken him weeks but he was now putting together his report and recommendations today. First, though, he felt a need to review every file one more time and add any changes that had just occurred within the last day or two. Getting himself a fresh cup of coffee, he settled down again. He'd been at this since arriving at work at six in the morning and would probably be here after quitting time again.

The first case he looked at was easy to skim through quickly and set aside as it was on Dr. Viper. The file contained proof of the mutant Kat's death from the coroner's office and complete destruction of his lab witnessed and filed by Commander Feral and Lt. Kam.

On the second case, he had just received a call from Ms. Briggs confirming the SWAT Kats had just taken care of sending Mad Kat's box into a deep trench in the ocean and Commander Feral had signed off on the report that Albert would get later today. The report in paws included the statement by Mr. Katzmer, original owner of the box, that he had no knowledge of how to dispose of it, a legal bill of sale from Ms. Briggs stating city funds had paid the antique dealer for the box, gaining legal control of it, then the phone call from Ms. Briggs on the actual disposal of said item. Once he got the report the Commander would be sending down to him today, he could finally close the file. He sighed in pleased relief that this extremely deadly 'loose end' had been finally taken care of.

The next case could not be closed though the omega involved was dead. He'd already received the eye witness accounts from Commander Feral, the SWAT Kats, and Lt. Kam of the death of Dark Kat in space (there was no body to bring back), but his hideout, creepling-making machine, and any other dangerous devices, had not been found.

The SWAT Kats had volunteered to search for the hideout and destroy all within it after taking inventory of the contents first. Any living creeplings would be put to death while any ninjas still around, would be jailed. So this file would remain open until the SWAT Kats notified Feral and turned over the actions they took and the Chief Enforcer signed off on it. He placed it in a holding basket for now.

Opening the next file, he glanced over the case of Dr. Liter Greenbox, the poor scientist who had been twice screwed by criminals then went a little crazy the second time it happened. The scientist had recovered rather quickly but since he had broken the law, he'd been required to spend a year in jail. When he was released, Albert found he had managed to find work in a small lab that was willing to take a risk on him. Dr. Greenbox had been willing to allow his new employer to monitor him closely while he rebuilt his small robot that repaired things with such excellent efficiency.

The invention was felt to be a serious advancement for Katkind and shouldn't have been allowed

to disappear simply because the Metallikats had corrupted its memory the first time around. With proper safeguards, this time the device could be properly tested then, if as successful as the first one was, be mass produced for use by companies first then the public second. Dr. Liter Greenbox had vowed to insure the device was fitted with an internal command to self destruct if improperly tampered with making it much safer to use.

Albert was pleased Dr. Greenbox was being given a second chance. Such brilliance shouldn't be punished for things that weren't his fault. However, Albert felt it wise to recommend the enforcers keep the doctor under surveillance for at least a year, just in case then provisionally closed the file.

The next file made him sigh in disgust. The Metallikats case had to remain open while the pair were being seen by a therapist. Albert personally didn't think the two robots would agree to being altered and his last report from the therapist stated his feelings were spot on. It seemed the solution by their alien visitors to place a control chip in their brains was going to be the best solution but he had no say in the matter and could only keep the file open until some kind of decision was made.

Another criminal that kept cropping up frequently was Hard Drive. Albert's research revealed that most of Hard Drive's escapes from prison had been engineered by Dark Kat. With that omega dead, the techno thief was stuck in jail. He was presently serving a five year sentence at Alcatraz. As for his surge coat, Albert felt it had no redeeming value since it had been discovered Hard Drive's was the only one who could handle being converted into energy...something to do with his genes...so the coat could not be used by anyone else. The coat was in the enforcer evidence locker at the present time. Albert had strongly recommended the coat be destroyed immediately. He didn't think he would get an argument on it so was surprised he hadn't already received an answer on it.

Frowning, he made a quick call to his enforcer liaison, Lt. Jessup.

"Ah, Albert, what can I do for you now?" The lieutenant asked. He found he liked the little archivist very much. The tom was a bright and earnest worker, very good at what he did and easy to work with.

"Leon, I need to know what the status is on Hard Drive's surge coat. I sent a recommendation to destroy it but received no answer. Could you check the status? I would very much like to close this file before I complete my report by end of day," Albert asked.

"Wow! You're ready to do a final report already?"

Albert chuckled wanly, "well, I have gone through all the case files as thoroughly as I could now its up to the powers that be to finish up the last actions necessary to close the still pending ones. Hopefully, that will be soon, " he said shyly, embarrassed at the praise.

"Still, that's a monumental achievement, my friend. Okay, on the surge coat, I don't know why it hasn't been closed. I'll go check with the Commander and get right back with you," Leon promised.

"Thank you so much. Later then," Albert sighed in relief.

"Sure thing, bye," the lieutenant said warmly then hung up.

Setting that file aside to wait for the return call on it, Albert went on to the next set of cases that dealt with more minor but no less deadly omegas that only troubled them one time each. First up was Rex Shard, the accidentally altered prisoner. After calling the prison doctors that had treated the tom, he was assured Shard was indeed back to normal and still safely behind bars. That was good news but he couldn't find out where the Gemkat 6000 mining machine had ended up.

Such a device, if used properly, would be a boon to the mining industry and would go a long way toward giving Dr. Greenbox his credibility back as well as pay him well for his invention which Albert discovered hadn't been credited to the doctor at all...a serious breach of inventor patent laws.

It wasn't until a week later, after he'd asked about its location, that Lt. Jessup had found the machine in the evidence room. Nothing had been done with it even though the case had been closed more than a year and a half ago. A note in its file stated, with Dr. Greenbox in jail, the machine would be kept locked up for the time being and it was signed by Lt. Commander Steele.

Albert made a snort of derision. He was truly glad that idiot had been sent to another military base as he was nothing but trouble here. Though, he'd never met the tom, he'd uncovered all the mistakes caused by that fool's incompetence in managing records properly. It caused Albert no end of headaches to unravel the mess to locate the information he'd needed. He had no doubt Steele was partly at fault for much of this information remaining buried for so long and not dealt with properly.

Well, now that they knew where the machine was, Albert felt it was his duty to inform Dr. Greenbox that his device was still in holding within the enforcer building and, as the legal owner, he could and should retrieve it. Dr. Greenbox had been shocked and surprised his invention was still around.

"I'm amazed! I thought surely it would have been destroyed.," Greenbox said over the phone.

"No, it was part of your case and Shard's so when the case closed and you were incarcerated after that Zed incident, it was just kept here. I recommend you retrieve it and definitely repair it then sell the invention to the Megakat Mining Association. It would boost mining production of precious minerals by over 80%. You need to make sure you're properly compensated and that you set up a royalty plan for the proceeds from its use," Albert told him earnestly.

There was a long pause before Greenbox was able to speak again. "I-I don't know what to say. Thank you so very much. You didn't have to do this for me...someone you don't even know...I-I'm so grateful to you and will do as you suggest. Thank you again for giving me more to be happy for. I don't know how to thank you," Greenbox said with heartfelt sincerity.

"That's quite alright, sir. You can repay me by keeping a closer watch over your inventions, who is using them, watching for abuse, and always be represented by a lawyer to protect yourself in the future. I wish you good luck," Albert said warmly.

"I will and thank you again."

They both hung up. Albert had a huge smile on his face as he annotated his records with the conversation he'd just had and placed the note in Greenbox's file, closing it.

Setting Greenbox's file in the closed box, he studied the second of the two minor cases which dealt with the toxic waste disaster created by the now jailed Tiger Conklin. Albert's research found there were no more giant scorpions, much to his relief, but there were over a hundred small ones still around and very dangerous. Scorpions were normally only about one to two inches long but these guys were more than two feet long and vicious. The environmental protection agency was having a very hard time trying to clean the toxic lake with those critters around so the danger continued to remain unsolved.

Albert called the agency and told them the SWAT Kats would be around soon to help them deal with the scorpions but that they were occupied with another project for the city. They would be next, he assured them. The agency thanked him with much relief and promised to keep an eye on the problem until it could be solved.

The most dangerous case still open was the Pastmaster. He shuddered when he thought about

that nasty little sorcerer. For the museum staff, the wizard was a pain in the tail. He didn't much like the possible solution that had been presented but something had to be done and from what he'd been told, Ms. Briggs was the best chance they had of disposing of the threat. He hoped so, meanwhile, all he could do was wait and see how this problem would be solved.

Setting that aside, he pulled another file out. This case was a real weirdy, about a ghost, for heaven's sake. He studied the report again, carefully. Though the report said the Red Lynx had been destroyed when Mayor Manx shot him down, there had been no corroboration of that fact.

He paused and scratched his head, 'now how would one prove a ghost was truly gone?' He wondered. Sighing, he reached for his phone and called Dr. Sinian. If anyone would have an answer to that question, she would.

After a short discussion, Dr. Sinian said, "I thought that had been cleared up completely! Anyway, Albert, according to all the data at my disposal, I can only say once the Mayor followed through with the prophecy, the ghost could not remain in this world. I'm afraid there's nothing we have to prove otherwise so I'd say it was safe to close the file on him."

"Okay, thanks Dr. Sinian," Albert said, relieved.

"By the way, Albert, how is your research going, " Dr. Sinian asked, wanting an update.

"Very well, ma'am. I'm nearly finished with my report and will be handing it over by tomorrow."

"Excellent. That is good news. Well, I'll let you get back to it and be sure I get a copy of that report as well," Dr. Sinian said, pleased.

"Of course, ma'am. Goodbye," Albert promised then hung up after she said good bye as well.

With a flourish of his pen, Albert gratefully made a note of Dr. Sinian's confirmation then closed the file. But there was one aspect of that case he still wanted taken care of and that was the Blue Manx the Red Lynx had stolen. This had been a prototype jet that the ghost had proven was worth its weight in gold but was now lost at the bottom of the bay.

Though it was not cost effective to retrieve the jet from the water, that did not mean the plans for the jet should have been dropped. That was an unconscionable loss of an excellent fighter jet the enforcers desperately needed.

Copies of letters from the Chief Enforcer pleading for more funding from the city council were constantly turned down with the repeated refrain 'not enough money'. Though he wasn't an accountant, Albert could plainly see something was wrong about this picture. Digging deeper, he found a pattern of gross misappropriation of funds by the Mayor who was funneling his money into numerous building projects...especially the unlucky Megakat Tower that had been rebuilt more than three times to the ruinous tune of over a billion dollars so far. This was just unconscionable and smacked of graft. It made him feel righteously angry that something like this could have continued to go on for so long.

Frowning, Albert realized he had found something so politically hot and dangerous that he could easily lose his life if the wrong parties realized what he knew. Shivering but not losing his courage, he carefully documented everything he'd uncovered and wrote it up on a separate report to be handed over to the proper authorities responsible for monitoring the city government. Until he could hand it over to the right paws, he would keep the report under lock and key.

Shoving that dangerous and uncomfortable piece of work carefully away for now, he went back to the other cases he was investigating which had more to do with things rather than criminals. Before he could start, however, Lt. Jessup called him back and was able to tell him the surge coat had indeed been destroyed by the Commander himself. Pleased, Albert thanked him, hung up then dug out the file and finished it up. Now he could get back to the next things on his list.

Besides the Blue Manx there was the unique helicopter flown by Chop Shop, that now resided in the salvage yard with a broken prop but not much else. Chop Shop, himself, was still in prison for at least another two years.

Albert tracked down the information on the chopper and found the enforcers had managed to find out who had designed and built it...a company called Queron Labs in Sandeval Bay. They had barely finished the prototype and were preparing to test it when Chop Shop had stolen it. The enforcers had notified the lab of where to retrieve their damaged prototype and that seemed to have been the end of the subject.

Albert could only shake his head. This chopper had proven to be far more advanced than the present choppers the enforcers used. There was no further word if the company had decided to go ahead and produce a line of these choppers or not.

Curious, Albert decided to find out. After some chasing around on the phone, he finally managed to speak with one of the designers of the chopper. Not only had the chopper been placed in production but it was extremely profitable as many countries wanted it. They had been surprised that Megakat City, who had unwittingly gave it a performance test, hadn't placed an order for them too. Albert couldn't answer that but did thank the designer, asked for some brochures on the chopper to be sent to him, then hung up.

He was miffed such an opportunity as this chopper had been swept under the rug. After looking through the rather slim file on the incident, all he could determine was Steele was the one handling the report and the information on the chopper. Almost tearing his hair out in frustration, Albert quickly wrote up his notes on the phone call and set the file aside to await the brochure to add to it.

In his report, he carefully suggested someone pursue the idea of purchasing these superb choppers. The enforcers truly needed such updated helicopters badly though, he was afraid the enforcers request for them might be stonewalled by the council and the Mayor yet again. There was nothing more he could do right now except continue to document what he found and make recommendations.

He was starting to get incensed by this travesty of justice that had been allowed to go on for years between the Mayor's office and the enforcers and unnoticed by everyone except those in charge. He had no doubt Commander Feral was thoroughly tired of attempting to get what he desperately needed to protect the city, he would be too.

As he went on to the next case, he was even more disgusted when he saw the prototype tank known as the Behemoth, which Hard Drive had stolen and the SWAT Kats had been forced to damage, had also been allowed to languish in the bowels of Enforcer Headquarters, still damaged and untouched. He was nearly beside himself with anger It should have gone back to Pumadyne for repair and corrections of the flaws the impromptu testing had uncovered, then mass produced for the enforcers.

Two other inventions had been all but ignored. These were the Vertical Cannon and the Giant Laser Satellite. The vertical cannon, if downsized, could be very useful in breaking up mobs and gang wars.

As for the satellite, it required more security to prevent the laser from getting into the paws of criminals and gotten back to what it was supposed to be doing...breaking up earthquakes. It still hadn't been launched into space which was why it needed extra guarding and this was where he'd like to see the robots Hackle was supposed to be providing soon, to be placed.

He was all for the robot police force he'd heard Professor Hackle was working on. As a matter of fact, he was certain Hackle could convert the vertical cannon into a smaller version of itself so it could be part of the enforcer's arsenal and he made sure to recommend that in his report as well.

The last item on his list was the Pumadyne Anti-Weapons Scrambler that had been stolen by Hard Drive. The device was now in the paws of the enforcers but, again, it was not being used. Admittedly, some of the gangs used propellant weapons and the device was no good against them but the rest did use lasers and it made sense to have enforcers armed with it to end a fight much faster. It should have been made a part of their normal equipment they carried. Dr. Ohm did finally create a counter to the device so if it was turned against the enforcers they had a way to counteract it.

This incredible waste of vehicles and equipment, appalled Albert. He had been made privy to the fact that Commander Feral and possibly the SWAT Kats would be leaving when the Wotan departed. This made the loss of such advanced technology even more criminal.

If their city stood a chance of surviving the loss of their strongest defenders, then all these issues needed to be addressed immediately. The enforcers needed to be as up-to-date as their neighbors even if they didn't face anymore omegas. It just wasn't right for them to be left nearly a decade behind technologically.

The dangerous document he had hidden was looking like the only thing that could change the balance of power in Megakat City, restore honesty to the government, and help the enforcers be the force they were supposed to be. But for all that to happen, he suspected now, was to remove Mayor Manx. He shook his head. This was all beyond him now but he knew he couldn't back down since it would be his documentation that would start the firestorm of controversy and finger pointing.

When he had been asked to do this massive project, he had been appalled that so many things had been overlooked, ignored, poorly managed, or even criminally caused. To have this many things of such dangerous magnitude out there that could threaten the city's stability and safety was unimaginable. It was no wonder the city was kept in a constant state of upheaval.

Well after working his tail off for more than a month for fourteen hours a day, he was hardily grateful to be nearly eighty-five percent finished. The still open cases were now plainly listed so they could be addressed immediately. His recommendations and suggestions were also plainly listed so that they could be checked off by those reviewer the document.

Albert wasn't ashamed to admit he was dog tired. All he needed to do now was type this up quickly, make copies for Deputy Mayor Briggs, Dr. Sinian, Commander Feral and the museum archival records that kept the city's history.

As for the more dangerous piece of documentation...he had no idea who to give that to so left it locked up tight until he could get some sleep then tomorrow find out who should deal with it. He didn't envy the poor sap that got elected to deal with what essentially was a bomb of mammoth proportions. Of course, he would be right there with that same slob, taking the heat for what he'd discovered and standing firm on what he concluded as the only solutions.

He was ready to fight against the storm of outrage and anger to come. Shaking his head, he focused on getting the report typed up on his personal computer. It took another hour and a half before he was finished and standing sleepily at the printer waiting for his multiple copies to spit out.

He allowed his mind to drift toward more pleasant things...like the possibility of their world being made a stopover for alien visitors. He was excited by the prospect rather than afraid and even thought about maybe one day leaving on one of those ships to see other worlds himself. It would be so cool then he shook his head and thought, 'keep your mind on your job, my friend, there's a lot to get done yet before you can chase your dreams.'

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Chapter 27: Serious Night Discussions by ulyferal

It had been a pretty busy and successful day...successful because one of the omega headache loopholes had been taken care of and, the last she heard from the SWAT Kats, Dark Kat's hideout should be found the next day. All in all, Callie went home in an almost happy state of mind. The one hold out to complete happiness was the decision she had to make about allowing herself to be made a mage...wizard...witch...sorcerer...or whatever the name was for a magic user.

She shook her head and sighed as she stepped aboard the elevator at her apartment building. Abi said she would be here in about an hour and a half. That would give her time to shower and prepare something for dinner.

Stepping into her apartment minutes later, she hung up her coat in the closet then dropped her briefcase on the coffee table before heading down the hallway to her bedroom. Some fifteen minutes later, she was refreshed and wearing a two piece lounge wear in peach tones. Relaxed, she went to the kitchen to begin making supper.

When Abi Sinian arrived and let herself in after a shouted 'come in' from Callie, her nose picked up the scent of something delicious. She left her coat and purse on a nearby chair and made for the kitchen.

"Hmm, something smells wonderful! You decided to make dinner tonight, huh?" She asked the blond, going up behind her and giving her a warm hug before releasing her to go sit at the breakfast bar to watch.

"Yeah, I do like to cook once in a while when I have the time. This is a recipe my grandmother taught me. The entree is from a little place down on the bay which makes the most marvelous fish soup, add my grandmother's seared steak with caramelized onions and Gorgonzola cheese paired with whole green beans garnished with bacon and almonds for the main course finishing with a cherry cheesecake bought at the store and we have a gourmet meal as good as some fancy restaurant," Callie told her proudly, smiling as she served up the soup in beautiful blue china bowls.

"Wow! That sounds fantastic! Can't wait to sink my fangs into it!"

"Well, if you help set the table, we'll get to eating it that much quicker," Callie laughed.

Very quickly the pair had the table set and were digging into the delicious food. Conversation was light, no serious subjects allowed by tacit agreement. Finished and comfortable replete, they cleared the table, filled the dishwasher then took their dessert and wine to the living room.

Settling on the couch, Callie brought up the results of the genetic tests. Abi's reaction was predictable.

"So are you going to go through with it?"

"Part of me adamantly doesn't want to but the responsible side of me knows refusing is really not an option," Callie said, resignation filling her voice.

Abi grimaced as if she'd eaten something bitter. "I don't envy you! It's not fair that you have no choice in this but everything I've heard points to you being the only one to deal with the Pastmaster and I don't like it!"

Callie reached over and grasped her lover's paw. "I know and I don't blame you. Seems ever since I took this job as Deputy Mayor, I've been in danger all the time. You'd think I would be used to it by now but this is more than getting into trouble...this is altering my whole being for the sake of taking out one enemy. It just seems like overkill."

Abi shook her head in commiseration. "That's exactly why I don't like it!"

"Neither do I," Callie murmured then looked out her apartment window that showed a magnificent skyline of Megakat City at night. "Abi?" She murmured.

"Yes?"

"Have you ever thought there were forces out there somewhere that had ultimate control over our lives?"

Abi blinked in surprise at the odd question. Instead of answering right away, she thought about it for some minutes before answering. "I've seen signs that our ancient ancestors seemed to think so but, as for myself, I'm a bit divided. I deal with fact a lot of the time but have been forced by all the weirdness we've encountered in this city over the past five years, to change that viewpoint. If such strangeness can occur here, why not elsewhere."

"Exactly. You might find this surprising, but Razor and I both have a strong sense that powers beyond our world have been manipulating us and many others to fit some grand plan of the cosmos. We've gotten the feeling that the course we're on now is one they've already determined for us. Both of us feel a Golden Age is upon us but we must solve these last few problems before we reach it," Callie said distantly.

A look of incredulity came over Abi's face but she didn't laugh at Callie. She knew the deputy mayor was an unusual Kat to begin with so it shouldn't have come as any surprise that she would feel some great power was guiding them to some goal. She herself couldn't feel it but she'd learned recently not to look too closely into things that couldn't be explained. Accepting them was far easier on the sanity.

"Okay, can I say this has gone into the truly weird category, here, without sounding totally negative toward your feelings? I've learned the hard way that accepting the strange and bizarre is far easier than trying to fight about it. Since even Razor says he feels the same as you, I'll just have to resign myself to accepting you feel this as well and go with it," she sighed finally in resignation.

Callie gave Abi a wane smile. "I honestly know how you feel because I think its just too weird to believe as well but I can't shake what I feel either. So you're right, accepting it is the only way to go or it's the funny farm instead."

Abi just snorted and took a sip of her wine. "Okay, so some nebulous beings are messing with us which I guess means, you will have to go forward with being altered."

"Yeah, that's what it means alright."

"Then why did you need to talk to me about it, if the decision is essentially out of our paws?"

"Because I needed to hash it over and hear it before I could accept it," Callie said, shrugging her shoulders helplessly.

"I guess I can understand that...but I still don't have to like it."

Callie grinned and set her wine glass down. "No, neither of us has to like it so we let it be and do something far more enjoyable, hmm?" She said leaning closer to steal a kiss.

Catching her breath moments later, Abi murmured, "I hardily agree with that, let's stroll back to the bedroom and do some that something else." She stood up and tugged the blond she-kat to her feet. Arm in arm they strolled down the hall to the master bedroom.

An apartment not far from Enforcer Headquarters...at nearly the same time...

"I can't wait to have all those little problems solved and the cases closed," Feral said, sighing as he removed his coat and weapon and put them away.

"Now that they've been identified, it's only a matter of time, love," Kam murmured, giving his mate a brief kiss before heading toward the kitchen of Feral's apartment.

Kam had moved from the apartment he'd shared with Genus to Feral's and enjoyed his new domestic situation. He'd not planned on being mated as yet but fate had had other ideas and he found he wasn't too upset by that.

He went to the fridge and poked around for the makings of a meal for the two of them. Kam loved to cook but like Feral, usually never had the time. Living here temporarily gave him the opportunity to enjoy his little used skill.

"Yeah, I know but it's just like waiting for Christmas...the suspense is killing me."

Kam laughed and pulled out some hamburger. "How about some excellent chili with beef and you pick the side dish?" He asked.

"Sounds delicious. Let's see...vegetable or salad or fruit..." he murmured as he took his turn in the fridge. "Ahh, the perfect thing..." he said more to himself than Kam as he pulled out various fruits and began preparing them.

"Tomorrow I'm supposed to get a report from that archivist," Feral continued as he helped with dinner.

"Be interesting to see what he's found out," Kam said as he began cooking the beef. "Oh, and before I forget, I told Ms. Briggs she has a very strong magical core and is a good candidate for having her dormant genes turned on."

Feral paused in what he was doing to look over at his mate in consternation. "What did she have to say?"

"She needed a little time to speak with someone about it first and would give me her decision tomorrow, however, I'm certain she's already decided to have it done," Kam said mildly.

His mate continued to frown as he thought of the serious step Callie would be taking. "She'll not be the same..." he murmured unhappily.

"Ulysses!" Kam stopped what he was doing, moved to his mate's side quickly to give him a hug then shook Uly firmly by the shoulders. "She'll be able to do magic that's all. Who she is inside will never change. She'll still be the forceful and brave she-kat you've always known. I'm sorry this upsets you so but, unfortunately, she is the only one who can deal with the Pastmaster. Our mages will be by her side to aid her so she won't be alone fighting him, but she must do the deed herself. She's a strong she-kat and I have every confidence she will handle this new ability with ease once she's been trained. Try not to worry so much." Having said his piece, Kam returned to the cooking food.

Ulysses stood there for another long moment before sighing and returning to his own task. Kam was right! Since he had no say in the choice Callie would make, he would have to wish her the best and be there if she needed him and his enforcers. He prayed all went well with her. He knew she was strong and level-headed but he couldn't completely squash his need to protect her as he would any female of their kind.

Kam heard the sigh and glanced over his shoulder to see the pensive look on his mate's face. Shaking his head, he made plans to thoroughly overwhelm Uly's senses in bed later tonight, helping the dark tom to forget temporarily, his many worries.

In another part of the city...later that evening...

"Genus?"

"Yeah, Jake?" The wolf asked as they lay on his rental bed enjoying the afterglow from some exceptional sex.

"I wanted to ask you if you'd be allowed to help us find Dark Kat's hideaway and aid me in developing something to dispose of some radioactive scorpions?"

Genus' eyebrows rose questioningly.

"It's two of the chores T-Bone and I have drawn in the plan to rid our city of the still open problem areas. The hideaway has a creeping-making machine we have to destroy and there are most likely many bombs that need to be defused. As for the scorpions, a mining company broke the environmental rules and dumped toxic waste down a mine shaft into a small river used by the creatures living at that depth...in this case only the scorpions were affected. Chance and I managed, with great difficulty, to dispose of a scorpion nearly as large as our jet. Fortunately, the ones left are only about two foot long and there are about a hundred of them at last count," Jake explained.

"Ah yes, I heard a little about that when my captain was speaking with Ms. Briggs on her trip to our ship. I didn't get the particulars but did learn you had some really dangerous problems that hadn't been addressed and were allowed to fester and/or repeat themselves."

Jake grimaced at that summation. "Yeah, I know we dropped the ball. To be honest, Chance and I never thought about what happened each time we finished a case for the enforcers. It's obvious now we were just as much at fault as the enforcers at not following up," he sighed in disgust.

"Don't let it eat at you. Seriously, there is no way you could have possibly thought of doing that since you were not part of the system. Now, the museum has an office specifically trained for this and would have been the ones who could have spotted these problems and brought them to the proper authorities attention if they had been allowed access to the files as they were supposed to be. However, Feral had apparently not been told of this program so didn't know he was supposed to send a copy to the museum. Manx apparently didn't know or lazily thought it was being done so never checked and Ms. Briggs obviously had not been told such a program existed. Add in Dr. Sinian's part at not realizing she wasn't getting those reports and you have a chain reaction of failure that just kept getting worse with no one realizing it," Genus soothed his lover.

Jake stared at him in shocked surprise. "You mean there was an office already supposed to be doing this but due to mismanagement, it failed to be done during Manx's tenure?" He asked incredulous.

"I'm afraid so."

"That's just soo stupid and criminal to boot," Jake growled shaking his head and thinking about it for some minutes then sighing and letting it go as something he couldn't have changed anyway. "Well at least it's now been identified and corrected. So back to my questions...can you help us?"

Genus eyed his lover thoughtfully for a long moment. "Well...I could help you improve your scanner with a few tweaks that will aid in your search. As for the scorpions...what is the main problem with collecting them and disposing of them?"

Jake snorted and said, "those things just happen to be nearly indestructible and capable of using both electrical and fire energy. Though small, the sheer number of them can cause havoc and I have nothing they can't escape."

"Ahhh, okay, now I understand...hmm...I need to check with my captain and see what you have

that could be converted or altered to do the job," the wolf said, considering.

"Perfect!" Jake sighed in relief. "So, now that a plan has been made, let's do something else for a while," he purred suggestively.

"I like that idea," Genus smirked as he reached for his lover once more.

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Chapter 28: A Long Dangerous Day, Part 1 by ulyferal

As the sun rose for the start of another day, in three different households, a difficult and busy day was planned.

Genus parted from his lover around seven that morning to meet with his leader as Jake returned to the yard to prepare the Turbokat for the search for Dark Kat's hideout then, later that afternoon, taking out some vicious scorpions. If all went well, two major cases would be closed by end of day.

Callie and Abi woke in each others arms and kissed good morning. Knowing what she faced for the day, Callie took Abi on an aggressive ride of sex which left the brown she-kat limp and satisfied some minutes later.

"Wow! You were really hot this morning," she sighed languidly, sprawled on her back.

Callie smiled ruefully. "Yeah, well I just needed to release some pent up nervous tension. Today is not going to be nice and I wanted some good memories to get me through it," she murmured, sitting beside Abi and idly stroking the female's hip.

Abi instantly sat up and pulled her lover close for a tight hug. "Ohh, love...I keep wishing this was a bad dream but I know it isn't and I'm so scared for you."

The blond she-kat sighed as she hugged her lover tightly for a moment longer then gently pulled away. "I know. I'm scared too but we're going to put on brave faces and do what we must...right?"

"Right," Abi sighed as well. "Guess we better get moving then..." Callie could only nod and lead the way to the shower. They hurried with their wash and dry then returned to the bedroom to dress.

Finished dressing first, Abi studied her lover's back as Callie pulled a skirt on to go with the peach dress shirt she already had on. Though she'd promised not to dwell on it, she couldn't set aside her fears about what was going to happen when Callie told the **Wotan** she would submit to the 'genetic upgrade', as it was called by the wolves. She rather thought they would coax her to get it done immediately so as to prevent any undo stress that waiting would have caused.

"You know Abi, the Arcanian's will probably ask me if I want to get this done immediately since a lot of training afterward is required. I would, if I were them, so I don't plan on refusing when they do," Callie said firmly, finishing her dressing and slipping on her shoes not realizing she was mirroring her lover's thought.

"I'm certain you're right, Callie so I intend to be there for the whole thing," Abi told her stoutly.

Callie smiled wanly, giving Abi another hug while she murmured into the she-kat's ear, "...and I'd love to have you there so I'm not alone amongst strangers...thank you, Abi."

Abi hugged her back and nuzzled her face. "I'd never let you go alone. Just call me the moment they tell you when they intend to do it."

Callie pulled away gently, nodding her head. "Of course, as soon as I know...you will. Now let's

get something to eat or we'll be late for work."

"Can't have that, we're the bosses after all," Abi said, tongue in cheek, trying to lighten the tense mood. It worked as Callie gave her an amused smile.

Some thirty minutes later they were parting in the parking lot beneath Callie's apartment building with a brief kiss farewell.

Meanwhile, just arriving at the salvage yard, Jake roared in the secret door and drove up to park next to the other cyclotron. Shutting down the engine, he pulled off his helmet and hopped off the bike. Going upstairs to their apartment, he found Chance getting a drink of water, already dressed for work.

"Good morning buddy, have a good night, eh?"

"Oh yeah, you with Tara last night?" Jake asked, leaning against the sink.

"Yeah, she was here until she left by cab for the museum about an hour ago. So what's on first for today?"

"Genus said he could tweak my scanner to find Dark Kat's hideout so that's where we're heading today. I think we'll sweep the warehouse area first then the mountains so we need to insure our tanks are topped off and we're fully loaded with the weapons we need. This afternoon, we'll go for those scorpions."

"A full day alright, glad we have no other work waiting for us and I checked our messages...no tows so let's get cracking!" Chance grunted, leading the way back down to the hangar, Jake on his heels.

In Feral's apartment, Kam was fixing breakfast while his mate finished getting ready for work. Feral walked into the kitchen as his mate was just turning off the stove. Kam glanced over his shoulder at the dark tom and said, "have a seat love, this is done." He turned to the table and slid bacon and eggs onto the plates already sitting on the table. Two glasses of milk were poured and a plate of toast waited along with cups of coffee.

"Thanks, Kam," Feral said with a smile as he grabbed a couple pieces of toast and sipped his coffee. It had been strange having someone make breakfast for him at first but he was fast getting used to it...being mated had its definite perks.

"You're welcome, love," Kam grinned as he set the skillet in the sink then took his seat to begin eating. "Today is going to be really busy," he mumbled around a bite of toast.

Feral grunted in response as he finished up his eggs then drank his milk before responding. "That's for certain. Once I get that report from the archivist, I'll be busy trying to close everything he might find still active. But that won't be the only thing that report is going to reveal if he's as good as Dr. Sinian says he is," he grumbled.

Kam eyed him questioningly, "sounds like you expect to find more than open omega problems, Uly. Care to enlighten me?"

Feral scowled a moment in thought before responding, "when I learned we had a system in place that was supposed to uncover these problems and let the proper agencies take care of them adding in the fact neither Briggs nor I was aware of said program, I knew I smelled something fishy about it. What made it all worse, was learning it had been like this for **years!** It could give me all the proof I need to bring that fat ass up on charges and make them stick. His days of skimming off city funds for all those 'projects' he swore were for the city's benefit will be over, if I have anything to say about it."

"Why didn't you have it investigated a long time ago, if you had such suspicions," Kam asked, though he was certain he knew the answer to that.

Feral sighed and admitted, "if I'd opened an investigation into the graf I suspected was happening, it would divide the city government at a time when we could ill afford to be distracted. Dark Kat most of all could have used that disruption to his advantage...meaning you would have encountered a city under brutal domination."

"And I wouldn't have you now," Kam said shuddering inside at how one event could have altered so much. "Well, I'm glad that didn't happen but now you'll have to deal with it and I'm sorry for that. It will be a grim time for the city for a while." Eyeing his mate as he took another sip of coffee, he debated telling him something that would annoy, if not, anger his mate then sighed mentally. If he didn't tell Ulysses now, the intelligent tom would discover it when he came aboard the **Wotan** to live.

"Uly, during our preliminary research before landing on your planet, we had uncovered some of these things you're just learning as well as some other information on your Mayor's less than savory behavior, but we can't tell you what we found," he said apologetically.

"Your non-interference clause, heh?" Feral asked but knew the answer even without Kam nodding, accepting the news pragmatically, much to Kam's relief. "Though it's a pain to know the information is already at paw, we'll just go with what this archivist has uncovered and hope its as thorough as what you can't tell me."

"I'm really sorry about that, but hopefully you'll be told enough to discover the rest on your own. I have great confidence in you. It's a shame your last act here will be to cause a serious disruption within your city government but, in the end, it will leave a clean slate for Ms. Briggs," Kam murmured obliquely.

Feral's eyes widened at what Kam was implying but knew he couldn't push the wolf to reveal more. Sighing in resignation at what the day was going to turn into, he said, "I'm sure you realize, Ms. Briggs must be elected to the position but I have a suspicion your statisticians have already weighed the odds about her winning the seat without contest too. However, thanks for the rather round about warning."

"You're welcome, love. Wish I could be by your side today but I have my own tasks to deal with today especially if Ms. Briggs agrees to be genetically upgraded. I'll be the one ferrying her to and from the **Wotan** and staying by her side through it all, though, I suspect the lovely Dr. Sinian will insist on being there as well," he mused.

Feral's eyes rose at that comment and asked, "why would Dr. Sinian insist on being there too?"

Kam gave his mate a surprised look. "I thought you knew...the pair are attached, if I'm not mistaken."

Now Feral gaped at Kam. 'How the heck had I missed that?' He wondered in complete shock, blurting out, "Wha...Briggs and Sinian are lovers?"

"Yes. By your shocked demeanor, it's obvious you hadn't seen or heard about it, my love, but yeah, they are an item, I'm certain of it and I'm glad. Ms. Briggs has been alone a long time just as you were and for this major change in her life, she's going to need someone close to be there for her. This will be especially true when we all leave her to handle things alone," Kam commented quietly.

"Well, damn!" Feral said, shaking his head at this incredible piece of news. "Seems a lot of people are pairing up. Uh, not that I care that much...do you know if the SWAT Kats are paired to anyone of your crew?" He asked, curious.

Kam grinned in amusement. "Well, actually, Genus was the first to encounter Razor in an intimate situation in his other identity and they've been attached at the hip ever since, while T-Bone and Tara are dating...not really serious, though I suspect Tara is hoping it will be...given time."

Feral froze and eyed his mate for a long moment as he processed this information and came up with... "...are you saying Genus and Tara **know** who the SWAT Kats really are and so do you?" He growled, upset at all the shocks he was getting this morning and he hadn't even gone to work yet.

"Sorry to hit you with so much this morning, love," Kam apologized but couldn't help but laugh at the pole axed look on his mate's face which began to look thunderous at being laughed at. "Ah love, I'm sorry to laugh at you but that look on your face...oh don't take on so," he chided his irate mate. "It was pure chance they'd found out. When I asked for information on the backgrounds of the SWAT Kats, you, and the city officials, their identities popped up clearly in the timeline we tracked. I couldn't tell you later, because we did promise to keep it a secret for now so don't ask. However, if they come with us, which I'm beginning to think they will, you will know who they truly are as their secret identities are unnecessary aboard ship."

Feral shook his head to clear it of anger and annoyance, then gave his mate a sour look. "Well don't that beat all! I suppose it wasn't really that hard to find out who they were, eh? He demanded bitterly.

Giving Ulysses a commiserating look, Kam knew what it was like to be left out of the loop but it couldn't be helped. He reached out and gently squeezed his mate's nearby arm. "Aah Uly, don't take it so hard. The paper trail does indeed lead right to who they are but because you are too close to them, you and everyone else here, just didn't put the pieces together, partly because no one cared to and partly because not everyone had access to all the pieces of information that would give them the answer."

"Except me..." Feral muttered, frowning as a suspicion crept into his mind.

"Except you," Kam agreed, a small smirk on his face as he drank his own cup of coffee.

Feral sighed then stood up, carrying his dishes to the sink. "I don't have time to waste trying to guess or look it up so I guess I'll have to wait and find out later," he grunted in resignation. "Right now, let's beat feet. We both have a long day ahead of us."

"We do indeed, love," Kam agreed as he picked up his own dishes then helped Uly clean up before they quickly grabbed their coats and left the apartment.

Feral took Kam to the office with him. The Arcanian's had decided to park their shuttle on the enforcer flight line for convenience's sake and where it could be guarded better. After leaving Ulysses in his office, Kam went down to the flight line. Feral had informed his enforcers that the Arcanian's were allowed access to most of the facility except for certain high security areas.

Kam was pleased to find his crew standing next to the shuttle waiting for him as ordered. He nodded at them all and lead the way into the shuttle. Shutting the door, he turned and waited for his crew to sit.

"Report!" He ordered, looking at Tara first.

"I'm waiting for word of Ms. Briggs' decision, sir. I will be accompanying Dr. Sinian, as I know she intends to be with Ms. Briggs during the procedure," Tara said promptly. "We'll be bringing all the data we've managed to collect on Queen Callista with us."

Kam nodded and said, "I intend to be by Ms. Briggs' side as well. You go back to Dr. Sinian and when I get the call, I'll retrieve the deputy mayor then come to pick you and Dr. Sinian up next. If

all goes well, we may be leaving sometime this morning."

"I hope that's true sir, we need to get moving on her training as soon as possible and may I say, sir, she is one very brave female."

"I agree, she is that and I don't envy her all that's going to ride on her shoulders soon, either," he murmured, shaking his head. "Donar?...what do you have for me?" Kam asked turning to his second in command.

"I'll be continuing my assistance to Professor Hackle with the robots, sir. Unfortunately, he still harbors some doubts about this plan and needs constant reassurance that he's not creating some kind of deadly army that kills. I'm guiding him toward using his genius for developing a kind of robotic laws the robots will exist by that will prevent them from harming Kats and will satisfy his conscience. I think we're making good progress. I'm also pressing him a little more about the 'leashes' we want to install in the Metallikats. Though he did agree this was a humane way to deal with the pair at that first meeting, he still has reservations."

"I take it those therapy sessions are not working?" Kam asked, dryly.

Donar sighed, his expression sour. "You're right there, sir and it doesn't help that the therapist will not admit that pair can't be rehabilitated. I went to observe one of the sessions and Mac and Molly are mulishly stubborn. They must have been a real piece of work when they were alive though the strange thing is, the two, despite being robots now, still retain a rather twisted love for each other. Anyway, its a stalemate and I don't have the authority to end it," he admitted, annoyed the issue couldn't be resolved quickly.

"Well from their records, the two are married, being robots didn't change that apparently. As for pushing for an end to the farce, I'm afraid that's going to be on hold for a while since the only one with the authority is Ms. Briggs. I'm fairly confident she's going for the procedure so that means she will be busy getting trained after. Just keep an eye on the situation for me, Donar. That's all we can do at the moment," Kam sighed.

"Yes sir."

Kam turned his attention on Genus, and asked, "Are the SWAT Kats ready to take care of those two problems today?"

"They are but Razor asked for a little help in accomplishing them."

"What kind of help?"

"In locating Dark Kat's hideout, he asked for a better way to speed up the search, I thought a small tweak of his own scanner would do the trick. As for the scorpions, he needs something much stronger than he has on paw that will capture them and allow them to be hauled into space for disposal due to the volatile nature of the things. They are nearly indestructible and use deadly energy bolts as their defense mechanism...nasty creatures and there are over a 100 of them. I thought I'd see if the Captain would be willing to allow the SWAT Kats to use one of our capture boxes for this. There's just nothing the Kats have to end this menace and these things apparently are capable of surviving in space so..."

"...not something we need to add to the other hazards of space travel. I get the picture, Genus. Hmm, let me speak with the Captain and we'll see what we can do," Kam said completing the thought then turned to his comm officer. "Call the ship, Tara and see if the Captain has time to speak with me."

"Certainly, sir," Tara quickly responded then opened a channel with the **Wotan**. Captain Ing was available and after a brief discussion, gave Kam permission to proceed.

"So there's your answer Genus. I guess this is one of those rare occasions where we are allowed to step in," Kam told his engineer.

"Great, thank you sir. When do you think I might be able to go get it?"

"When were they thinking of tackling this problem?"

"This afternoon. The morning will be for tracking down Dark Kat's hideout."

"Okay, that might work for me then. If all goes well with Ms. Briggs, then I should be able to bring down the capture box later today for you."

"Right, thanks Kam," Genus said with a grin.

"Anyone have anything else to discuss?" Kam asked, eyeing his crew.

He got three negative head shakes. "Excellent. Then have a successful day everyone. See you tomorrow about this time for summation of the day's events," Kam dismissed them.

They disembarked and went their separate ways. Kam returned to Feral's office to await the call from city hall.

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Chapter 29: A Long Dangerous Day, Part 2 by ulyferal

Callie walked into her office feeling like she was walking toward a precipice. Today her life would change dramatically and she wasn't ashamed to admit she was terrified. To settle herself, she checked over her work on her desk, sorting it by what had to be done immediately from that which could wait a while.

She sat down and quickly took care of the more urgent work then briefed the Mayor on the day's events before the tom could leave for the golf course.

"The SWAT Kats are going to take care of Dark Kat's hideout and those scorpions in the Megakat Mine today. I'm going ahead with the genetic upgrade so won't be available most of the day, as far as I know. We received the preliminary report from the museum archivist which I have no time right now to review so thought you might like to look it over," she said, handing over the lengthy report.

Manx gave it a baleful eye then looked up at Callie. "I don't think its necessary for me to review that. I'm sure he's done an excellent job with it," he said flatly then gave her a concerned look. "Are you sure you want to do this dangerous thing Callie?"

"No, but I really don't have a choice when all is said and done. So, I'm going to do this and receive the training and that will be it," she said, trying to put on a brave and positive front for the cowardly mayor.

"I still think its not a good idea but it is your choice. I hope you don't regret it," Manx said unhappily.

She sighed but didn't respond to that negative comment. Shrugging, she took back the report and placed it in a locked drawer of her desk. Staring at the phone for a long moment, she finally squared her shoulders and called Kam's number.

"I've been waiting for your call, Ms. Briggs. The Captain informed me this morning that they would do the procedure upon your positive response. Dare I hope that means we can proceed this morning?" He asked politely.

"It does indeed, Lieutenant. I've cleared what needed done at my desk and am as ready to go as I can be," Callie told him, less than enthusiastically.

Hearing that note of uncertainty in her voice, Kam said gently, "I know this is scary, Ms. Briggs, but I intend to stay by your side the entire time. I'm assuming your friend, Dr. Sinian is going to be there too?"

"Yes, she is and I'll notify her to be ready for pickup once we hang up," Callie acknowledged.

"Perfect! Then I will be at city hall within ten minutes to pick you up. Just tell the doctor to be at the rear of the museum for her pickup," Kam told her briskly.

"Understood. See you soon," Callie said then hung the phone then dialed Abi's number and warned her Kam would be at city hall within fifteen minutes then the rear of the museum next. Abi acknowledged the message and said she'd be waiting along with Tara.

Putting the phone down, Callie dragged out her purse, pulled it over her arm, paused to think then changed her mind and unlocked her desk to take out the report, tucking it in her purse...she just might have time to read it. Relocking her desk, she hurried from her office to the clock tower stairs that lead to the roof.

Once there, she waited nervously and was startled when a sudden, brisk breeze pressed her against the roof door. The Arcanian's shuttle came down nearly soundlessly, landing with ease on the small landing pad.

The engines didn't shut off but the door in the side slid open and Lt. Kam stood smiling at her. Sighing, she walked firmly up to the shuttle door and was helped aboard. He settled her in one of the passenger seats then took his own again, sending the shuttle skyward once more.

Only minutes later, they arrived at the museum, setting down at the back of it. Dr. Sinian and Tara waited, each holding briefcases that held the data they'd need. Tara walked the doctor to the shuttle, they boarded and Tara settled Abi across the aisle from Callie, gave them both a warm smile then took her seat at the comm console.

"Contact the **Woton**, Tara. Notify the Captain we are on our way," Kam ordered as he piloted the shuttle upward off the roof then angled their flight path to head out to space while Tara did as instructed.

As Callie was heading to space to meet her new destiny, Feral was sitting down at his desk and going over the very concise and thorough report. He made some notes as he went through it and by the time he'd drank more than two cups of coffee, his eyes were tired and his mind was on overload.

'Kat's Alive! So much missed! I find it so hard to believe we just overlooked it all!' He groaned, rubbing his face and feeling a headache coming on. And, as he had told his mate, he found hints of graf throughout but nothing concrete but he knew it was there.

He paused rubbing his temples to stare at the far wall as the reason for that information to be missing could be deliberate by a certain someone. He got up suddenly from his seat and went to the elevator. It was hard to stand still as he waited for the car to take him to the third floor where a temporary office had been set up for the archivist.

There was a possibility Albert had gone back to the museum since he had more or less finished the report he was assigned to do but Feral was lucky. Albert was bent over an old document, reading and making notes.

"Mr. Benler...I need to speak with you," Feral began without preamble the moment he reached the archivist's desk.

"Oh, Commander Feral...I could have come to you, sir," Albert blurted in surprise as he jumped to his feet but sat again when the big tom shook his head and took a chair, placing it next to the desk and leaning close.

"I just finished your report. It's very thorough!"

"Uh...thank you, sir."

"And that is what has me surprised and confused. For someone who is so meticulous and thorough, you would deliberately be vague about certain facts concerning a certain individual's less than legal behavior."

Albert went pale. Swallowing hard, he nervously stared down at his desk for a long moment while the huge, dangerous and powerful tom continued to stare at him without speaking...waiting him out.

Taking a deep breath, he turned in his seat and reached for his briefcase, bringing it up and setting it on the desk. He worked the combination lock a moment then opened it. He stared at the document within then pulled it out and held it while closing his case.

He looked into the Commander's patiently waiting and piercing eyes. "I didn't know who to trust this with sir. I was going to discreetly check around for someone who could deal with this potentially dangerous data. It's obvious to me now that you are that person as you seemed to have been aware of what I left out which leads me to believe the only thing holding you back from taking action was lack of evidence," Albert said gravely, then handed the document over to Feral.

Feral took it and gave the archivist a thoughtful look. "You are a very smart fellow, Albert. I'm glad you are so very honest. Yes, I already had suspicions I was forced to sit on for years due to the omegas and lack of evidence. Now, with our world and city much safer its time to clean house," he said grimly. "And this document I hope will do just that."

"Oh, it will sir. I was able to find a very concrete paper trail. You'll be able to nail his tail and impeach him for what he's done to this city," Albert said, a look of righteous indignation glinting in his eyes.

The two shared a smile of grim satisfaction. Justice was finally coming to Megakat City's government. Giving Albert a pleased thump on the shoulder as he got up, Feral clutched the precious document in his paw and made to leave then paused.

"Oh, by the way, the SWAT Kats are taking care of Dark Kat's hideout and the scorpions today. I'll send the report by end of day verifying it. I agree about the monitoring of Dr. Greenbox but I'm really glad he's being watched by that lab as well. The Metallikats should be leashed but that is Ms. Briggs' decision and since she's agreed to go for genetic altering, we'll have to wait for that nasty problem to be resolved at a later date. There is one omega you failed to report on though."

Albert jerked his head up from the notes he was taking on the things Feral was briefing him on and stared at him in shock. "There was? But I went through every record and file I could find, sir!" He protested.

Feral held up his paw. "Yes, I'm certain you did and it's not your fault that you found nothing but you should have remembered it since it was too big an event to miss by anyone in the city. Turmoil!" He simply said. Albert gasped in angry annoyance.

"Oh dear! You are right, Commander. But why was there no file anywhere on her?"

The Commander grimaced as if he'd swallowed a lemon. "The same person you wrote up as being extremely incompetent and responsible for making the GemKat 6000 disappear for a bit as

well as other important items that he never wrote up proper reports for," Feral growled in disgust.

Albert made a face as well. "Ahh, Lt. Commander Steele. I quite understand, sir. So could you tell me what has happened to the file on Turmoil?"

"Unfortunately, no! However, I can tell you what occurred, where she is at present, and what became of her crew and airship. Take this down..." Feral began to relay everything he knew about the case. It took him over twenty minutes to answer all Albert's pointed questions, having to halt to make some phone calls about the case as well, until they both were satisfied the case could be closed...provisionally as Turmoil was going to be extradited back to her own country within a week. The airship was in the salvage yard and her crew had been sent home after serving short sentences.

"Now, let's see what else was there..." Feral paused to think then said, "oh yes, the laser satellite is scheduled to be launched next Thursday and it has extra security for right now as Hackle doesn't have the robots ready yet. As for all the suggestions you made on the equipment, inventions, and vehicles that had failed to be purchased and/or manufactured for the enforcer's use..." Feral held up the document, "...resolution of this should see all those suggestions of yours see fruition at last. The enforcers will be a force to be reckoned with when they are finally properly armed and equipped with the latest technology."

"I'll be very happy to see that happen, Commander. And may I say, its about time."

"Yes, it certainly is," Feral grinned.

"Oh, by the way sir, you said Ms. Briggs is submitting to the procedure. I truly hope she will come through it alright. It's a lot to ask of her to run the city and be responsible for taking out the Pastmaster but I think she's strong enough to do the job," Albert said earnestly.

Feral sighed. "I wish I had your confidence. Oh, I know she's tough as nails and will do her best but the Pastmaster is formidable and she is very green with magic. But, I hope she succeeds too."

"With that last omega gone, do you think we'll see a golden age begin, sir?"

Blinking in surprise at the question, Feral paused in thought before answering. "You know, I think it very well could be. My mate mentioned that our fates have been sealed by powers that seemed to be running our lives. I found that hard to accept but I had to admit, too many things are happening to us and they are all good ones so, who knows, he could be right. I hope so for all our sakes."

"That's interesting to know, if a little unsettling, but I'm like you...I wouldn't want to think some supreme being is controlling who I am or will be. I'll leave that for the mystics. However, I do wish to congratulate you on being mated, sir. Fate was definitely kind to you," Albert said smiling warmly.

Feral grinned back. "Yes, I have to agree, I was very blessed. I love him very much and he's just over the moon for me."

"How wonderful for you. Are you excited about going into space with him?" Albert asked, excitement shining in his eyes.

"I don't know, a little I guess. I'll miss home but I'll be with my mate and that will be enough for me and apparently, I have a lot to learn that will keep me from being homesick," he said thoughtfully.

"Wish I could go," Albert said wistfully.

Feral's eyebrows rose in surprise. "Truly?"

"Oh yes! To see all those other worlds and document it for all to see would be an archivist's dream. I also pray our world government consents to having a port here for alien visitors. That would be fantastic for our world!"

Feral grinned warmly. "Yeah, I have to agree about that. I'll add my prayers to yours that they see how beneficial this would be for our world. Well, I'd better get back to my office. Thank you for all your hard work, Albert. You are a godsend. You do know you'll have to back up your facts up in court?"

"Yes sir, I know and I'm ready to do my duty, have no fear."

"Good. I'll be off then." Feral gave him another smile before leaving for his own office. He was in a buoyant mood as he made for the elevator. Finally, he could oust that pompous, cowardly, and glory hound from office at last. The day was definitely looking up!

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Chapter 30: A Long Dangerous Day, Part 3 by ulyferal

When Genus left Enforcer Headquarters, he made for the front entrance after leaving the elevator. Many curious looks followed him as he pushed on the heavy door and stepped outside. He pulled out his comm unit and used it to call a taxi. It took more than fifteen minutes for it to arrive which made him a little uncomfortable as he did not want to draw undue attention.

He was relieved when the taxi finally arrived, climbing inside quickly and giving the cabbie the address he wanted. One quick ride later and he was climbing out again a block from the Megakat Salvage Yard. Paying the cab driver, he waited until it had departed before walking toward his true destination that he hadn't wanted the cab driver to know.

It was fairly quiet in the yard as he passed through the open gate. Walking up to the garage, he noted the closed sign was up on the business door. Finding it locked, he sighed and pressed the door bell then waited.

Down in the hangar, Jake jerked his head up from his work bench where he was tinkering with his glovatrix when he heard the bell announcing a visitor. Frowning, he put his weapon down and went up the ladder to the garage to investigate. Going through the waiting area to the door, he peered out and saw Genus.

Smiling broadly, he quickly shut the alarm off then unlocked the door. "Hi, that was quick! Come in!" Jake welcomed him warmly.

Giving his lover a quick hug when the wolf stepped in, he paused to lock the door and reset the alarm then turning, he gestured for Genus to follow him as he walked toward the back of the garage.

Genus followed Jake to a brightly lit hole in the floor. Jake turned to face him then began climbing down into the hole. Peering in the hole after him, Genus saw the ladder attached to the cement wall and Jake just jumping down to a cement landing. Without hesitation, Genus followed suit, jumping down from the last rung to the same spot as the smaller tom then paused to look around the SWAT Kats secret hanger.

"Nice set up you got here, handy too," Genus said in appreciation, amused that no one had thought that the salvage yard harbored such a unique hiding place for a pair of vigilantes, especially one that was an inventor, engineer, and weapon's specialist.

"Thanks! It was just dumb luck that we found this Megawar II hidden base. It was a godsend for us...but then it probably was a god that sent us here in the first place," Jake said with a snort of amusement.

"Could be!" Genus laughed.

"This is my work bench and here's the scanner I need tweaked," Jake said, grabbing a large device from the work bench.

The wolf whistled at the sight of so many interesting inventions in various stages of production as well as diagrams for others spread across the bench's surface. But as much as he wanted to ask about them, he knew they had more important work today.

He focused his attention on the scanner Jake was holding out. Taking it into his paw, he studied it for some minutes. It was really sophisticated, impressing Genus even more. To his relief, only minor adjustments needed done to make it do what they wanted. Using some of the tools on the bench, he opened the scanner and began to fiddle around, showing Jake what he was doing to enhance his present design.

Chance came from out of the munitions room carrying several missiles under each arm. He saw Genus and called out a greeting. "Yo, Genus, glad to see you got here early. Ready to rock and roll with us or are you not allowed?" He asked as he continued on his way to the jet to load the arms bay.

Without looking up from what he was doing, Genus shouted back, "as long as I don't participate directly except for defending myself, I can go along. That's if you want me under those restricted circumstances?"

"I'll take you under any circumstances," Jake smirked, leering at him.

Genus snorted, finishing his task and handing the scanner back to Jake. "You have sex on the brain!"

"With you around, its hard not too!" Jake said coyly then turned to head to the jet himself with Genus trailing after him.

Chance appeared again and answered Genus' earlier question. "Hey, I'll take you even under those circumstances. This is only a clean up detail after all but, mind you, those creepings are nasty things with sharp teeth and claws."

"Thanks for the warning. You need any help?" Genus asked, watching as the tabby headed back to the arms room again.

"Sure! Thanks! Just getting a few things, we might need to take care of those creepings and DK's machines. What did you find out about getting those scorpions out of the mine and into space?" Chance asked, reaching the arms room and loading up with missiles again.

"You're in luck. The Captain has given permission for us to use one of our special capture boxes. It should hold the little buggers long enough to transport them into space where the **Wotan's** phasers should make short work of them," Genus said, pleased to give them good news.

"That's great! I was worried how we we're going to handle some 100 scorpions in the first place. Well, you can help me finish the restocking of our weapons and we should be able to leave here soon," Chance said, in a happier mood than when the morning started. "Just get four missiles from that stack there." He pointed to a pile of different style missiles across from him.

"My pleasure."

Loaded down, the two headed back to the jet and carefully loaded the arms bay. Chance frowned a moment in thought then seemed satisfied as he signaled the doors to close. "That should do it," he said then shouted, "Jake, how's it coming with the scanner?"

Jake's head popped out of the cockpit, a pleased look on his face. He leaped to the floor before answering his partner. "We're set to go!"

"Radical. Then let's get changed and head out. Wait here Genus, we'll be right back," Chance told the wolf then the pair headed toward their lockers.

In less than fifteen minutes, the group was in the air and heading toward the warehouse district. Over the next couple of hours, they did a grid scan of the entire district with negative results.

"Okay, that's a wash but not surprising. I really didn't expect to find it this close to the city anyway," Razor said. "Set off for the Spine Ridge Mountains, T-Bone. We'll start at that end and work our way north."

"Roger!"

It was a twenty minute flight but soon they were cruising over the impressive mountain range at the edge of the desert. The mountain range at the north end of Megakat City was huge and went on for miles. It was well past midday when they finally hit pay dirt.

"T-Bone!" Razor shouted as a large blip showed up on his scanner. "Go back over that ridge with the volcano spout at its center."

"Got something?" His partner asked as he turned the jet and sent it back over the area where Razor had gotten the signal.

"Yeah, I think this may be it. But it doesn't look like there anywhere to land here," Razor scowled, searching for some place the jet could set down.

Genus, seated beside, Jake, called out, "wait, I see a small plateau just to the right of our flight pattern."

T-Bone piloted the jet back again, staring out his cockpit window to find what Genus had seen. "Okay, I see it. Should be big enough for us to set down on." He flew the jet as close as he could then went to VTOL and carefully maneuvered it down toward the ledge. After many tense minutes, he managed to set it down in the center with just a couple of feet to spare on all sides. "Geez! That's tight. Is this ledge strong enough, buddy?" He asked.

Razor checked some readings for a few minutes then gave the okay, "yeah, we're good. It's a lot bigger and deeper than it appears so it won't shear off the mountain from the jet's weight," he reassured his partner and prepared to leave the jet.

They armed themselves thoroughly before off loading then heading toward where the signal suggested a large amount of electronic and electrical usage was occurring. It took them a good hour of scrabbling around rocky outcroppings and dangerously slippery shale before finally locating a well-hidden cave entrance.

Stopping just inside the opening they waited until they had caught their breaths from the climb and listened hard for any sounds of living things in the cave. Razor used his personal scanner on his glovatrix.

"Bingo!" He crowed softly. "I detect a large number of warm bodies ahead."

"Can you tell how many?" T-Bone asked, uneasily, not really interested in a long-winded battle with dozens of creepings and/or ninjas.

"Not really. My scanner doesn't give me that much precision. All I can say is there must be a over a hundred warm bodies of some kind in there," Razor said, shrugging.

T-Bone could only sigh. "Okay, then what's the plan?"

"I would have suggested just tossing a bomb in and being done with it but Feral doesn't want us to kill the ninjas, if there are any that were dumb enough to stay here, and we have to inventory what's inside to insure most, if not all, of Dark Kat's technology is here and not split up some where else," Razor reminded him.

"Crud! I hate complications. Well that just leaves sneaking in and seeing for ourselves what we've got to deal with," T-Bone suggested, unhappily.

"I'm afraid you're right, buddy. Let's go then!" Razor headed in first.

The three tried to make as little noise as they could and not use any form of light as they entered the cavern. At first, there seemed to be no one around but Razor's sensor array on his glovatrix indicated many warm bodies dead ahead so they pushed on.

They reached the main cavern without interference but here was where the action was and they had to stay hidden or be caught. Throughout the huge space were industriously working creepplings. What they were doing was hard to say, but it seemed like they were maintaining present equipment and possibly building whatever plans Dark Kat had left behind.

The three traded grim looks. Even without their figurehead to run things, anyone with the strength of will to force the creepplings to do their bidding could become the next Dark Kat easily with all this left behind to work with.

Razor could kick himself. If it hadn't been for the **Wotan**, this problem could have festered for a long time before someone stumbled on it and possibly taken Megakat City in one fell swoop. It made him sick to think about it. Well they knew it now and it was time to clean house.

He focused his attention on the area. Creepplings flew everywhere, appearing and disappearing from deeper within the cavern. Looking up, Razor could just make out a cluster of them roosting on a high ledge, sleeping until it was their turn to work, most likely. He returned his attention to the floor.

They stayed still for more than half an hour, never stirring least they attract the attention of the sharp eyed and sensitive hearing of the things. Feeling he'd gotten a good feel for what they were up against, Razor signaled to each of his companion's to retreat.

Moving at a painfully slow and careful way, they finally reached the mouth of the cavern to talk without being heard.

"I saw no ninjas. Did any of you?" Razor whispered.

T-Bone and Genus chose to shake their heads to indicate a negative.

"Crud, I wish we could just bomb the place..." Razor scowled.

"...But there might be a bomb strong enough to destroy this whole area and trying to shut down this hideout could accidentally set it off or, if buried, it could gradually deteriorate and set itself off years from now," Genus cautioned.

"Yeah, I know...I know," Razor growled, disgusted. "So we split up and take a section and begin picking off the creepplings as fast as we can. It's a good thing this place is full of perfect spots to hunker down in or those things would overwhelm us in a second. Let's get this done!" He decided, heading back inside.

The other two didn't object with the plan and followed close on his heels. When they reached where they'd been earlier, they split up...T-Bone to the right...Genus to the left...and Razor straight

up the middle.

The next half hour was a nightmare. For every ten they killed there seemed to be twenty more. By the time the battle was over, the place was littered with dead creepings, the smell of burning wires and a few exploded missiles, with rock dust and chunks of stone debris from the walls and ceiling of the cavern to add to the mayhem and mess.

Genus was bitten and scratched over his face and arms, his clothes tattered. T-Bone looked much the same except he had lost his helmet, mask and nearly an eye. He had a long scratch beside his left eye that oozed blood onto his ripped g-suit. They met together over the battle-strewn floor...the only one missing was...

"Razor!" T-Bone hollered, searching anxiously. Genus shouted and called as well but there was no response from any direction. "He's got to be hurt!" T-Bone muttered worriedly. "You look that way," he pointed to the left and I'll go this way," the tabby ordered Genus, running off to the right to search.

It took Genus more than fifteen desperate minutes to finally locate his lover. Razor lay bleeding from cuts everywhere, his mask, like his partner, had been yanked away but so was his helmet and head scarf. He lay as plain Jake Clawson in a torn g-suit.

Genus knelt down and quickly assessed Jake's injuries. The left arm was broken, it felt like a couple of ribs were too. His left leg was under him at a bad angle making the wolf think it too might be broken. He gently felt around the small tom's skull and detected a sizable knot and some blood came away on his fingers. This explained why Jake was unconscious.

"T-Bone!" He yelled. Raising his communicator to his lips, he called the **Wotan**. Jake needed immediate medical care and his ship was the best place for him to receive it.

A loud cry of dismay came from his left then T-Bone was beside, kneeling down, moaning in anguish at the terrible toll his partner and friend had taken.

"They must have dropped him from a nearly ceiling height and kept him from using his glovatrix as he fell," the big tom hissed, fury shaking his frame as he reached out a gentle paw to push Jake's hair from his face.

Genus just nodded but was distracted by a response to his call.

"What's the situation, Genus," came the gruff tones of his Captain.

"Jake has been seriously injured during our clean out of Dark Kat's lair, sir. Request emergency medivac to the **Wotan**. He's still needed to complete the projects they volunteered for and his injuries are extensive enough to keep him down the normal way for weeks. Also, permission to complete his task with T-Bone. There were only creepings and they are all dead but there is the threat of bombs and other nasty devices those creatures were building and maintaining to be dealt with and T-Bone is not skilled in that area," Genus reported.

The comm was silent for several minutes then the Captain spoke, "permission granted. Kam is aboard, I'll send him to pick up Clawson as well as bring you the capture cage you need for the second half of the tasks. Since, even with our advanced healing methods, Mr. Clawson will need to remain here for a while, you may as well accompany T-Bone in completing the tasks they had for today."

"Thank you, sir. I'll keep you apprised of our progress," Genus said, relieved.

"You do that," Captain Ing said and the comm went silent.

"Thank you, Genus. I don't know what I'd do without Jake," T-Bone said.

"We can't lose our most brilliant mind before he's had a chance to see the universe can we?" Genus joked lightly to try and break the tense mood. "Besides, I'm rather attached to my lover and don't want to lose him."

T-Bone gave him a wane smile. He may love Jake as a brother, but he was beginning to see that Genus considered Jake his mate now, making his decision about their future as a team for him. He sighed, mentally, 'looks like we're going into space, buddy. I won't stand in the way of your happiness and without you, I'd be lost.'

Silence fell over the pair as they waited for help to arrive.

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Chapter 31: A Long Dangerous Day, Part 4 by ulyferal

It seemed like a long wait, but it was only fifteen minutes when the welcome appearance of the shuttle was heard outside the cave. Only minutes later, Kam and two medics arrived with a floating gurney.

T-Bone eyed the strange conveyance with curiosity. It was obvious the Arcanians had developed anti-gravity devices. He watched anxiously as the medics used their more futuristic medical tools to stabilize Jake then gently place him on the gurney. Soon they were all following it as it was floated out of the cavern and toward the shuttle.

Though he hated doing it, T-Bone was forced to watch them load his partner, off load the capture cage then watch as the shuttle soared quickly back in space...without him. He wanted desperately to be by his friend's side but there was a serious job that needed getting done. Sighing to himself, he turned away and helped Genus take the cage to the Turbokat and store it before the two headed back into the cavern. It was going to be a long morning.

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Aboard the **Wotan** and unaware of the problems encountered by the SWAT Kats, Callie waited nervously for her procedure to begin. She'd just arrived less than fifteen minutes ago and had been escorted to the medical bay by Kam who stayed by her side to offer emotional support.

It helped that Abi was standing close to her other side, a paw gently caressing her back to help soothe her nerves.

The nurse she'd met on her previous visit appeared through a doorway, smiling warmly at her. "Hello, Ms. Briggs. If you'll come with me, we'll get you prepared for the procedure," Kayleen said, gesturing for Callie to follow her. Her two companions remained behind to wait.

A few minutes later, Kayleen returned to retrieve Dr. Sinian and was surprised to find Kam gone. She gave the pretty brown she-kat a questioning look.

"Lt. Kam was called by his Captain for an emergency of some kind," Abi told her.

"Oh, well, I'm glad you're here for Callie then. Please follow me, Dr. Sinian," Kayleen said turning to lead the way.

Abi was lead into a small chamber. Callie was laying on her back on a rather narrow bed. She smiled nervously at her friend who walked up to her side and took a paw in hers.

Dr. Tennar appeared through another door and came up to them. He offered a warm smile then began to explain what was going to happen.

"Above you is a device similar to a scanner in a way but its function is to rearrange ones genes. It is called simply a Gene Manipulator. You will be lightly sedated so that you won't move as

stillness is required. I and Dr. Sinian will be outside observing everything that's going on through that window over to your right. The GM will pass slowly over your body making a complete blueprint of your genes in their present configuration then it will pass over you a second time and make the tiny changes necessary to change your dormant genes into active, functioning ones. The whole procedure will take about thirty minutes. Do you have any questions?" He asked, gently.

"How will I feel when I wake up?" She asked, a bit anxiously.

"Actually, you shouldn't feel any different. Once the procedure is completed, I will come in and check your vitals then turn you over to Star so he can do a check of your magical energy before you are awakened. It's possible that a burst of uncontrolled energy will erupt when he's checking you over but there's nothing to fear. He can handle it. Once he gives me the go ahead, I'll wake you then he will take you away to conduct tests on your magical potential," Tennar explained.

"Star?" Callie asked, frowning.

A silver and gray wolf came through the door near the observation window and walked up to her side. "Greetings, Ms. Briggs. I am called Star and I am the senior mage aboard the **Wotan**," he said warmly.

Callie studied the wolf. He was lean, shorter than Tennar, with a calm demeanor. His face had odd symbols tattooed on each cheek and forehead. His eyes were a startling pale blue giving him a faintly dreamy expression.

"Pleasure to meet you, sir," she said, politely.

"And I, you, madam. Fear not, I will take good care of you when this is over but you will be required to work hard," he said.

Callie gave him a wane smile and a light snort. "That is something I do everyday, sir."

"Which is the only reason I allowed this to be done at all, Ms. Briggs. I know you'll work hard but this will like nothing you've ever done in your life, so be prepared," he said, giving her a mysterious smile before taking leave of her once more.

"Oh that makes me feel soo good," Callie sighed, sarcastically.

"Magical work is very intense and exhausting, Callie," Dr. Tennar added his own warning, "...but Star is the best in the business and will make you a top notch sorcerer when he's through. Now, shall we get started?"

Callie took a deep breath and let it out. "Ready as I'll ever be."

"Good!...Dr. Sinian? If you would please go where Star went..." Dr. Tennar said quietly as he pulled out something that resembled some kind of small wand.

After giving her lover a quick hug, Abi reluctantly left the room.

"Pleasant dreams..." Dr. Tennar murmured as he pressed the odd wand against her right arm sending Callie to sleep immediately.

Abi watched as the procedure began. It didn't seem like much...a large piece of machinery came down from the ceiling. It was as wide as the bed Callie lay on but only about two feet wide. It moved to the head of the bed then shot out a purple beam that it passed over the she-kat's body as it made its way down to the end of the bed. The beam shut off, waited for more than ten minutes before moving back up Callie's body, a blue-green light coming from it this time, then it shut off and returned to the ceiling once more.

Dr. Tennar entered the room alone, moving to her side then using a small hand scanner to check his patient over. He seemed satisfied with his readings then signaled Star to enter. Abi had already been told she could not enter the room until it was safe.

Standing at Callie's head, Star raised his arms and began to chant. Bluish energy poured from his fingers and over the she-kat's body. The moment it contacted Callie's still form, a burst of silver energy came up to meet it from her body. The two energies clashed for what seemed like a long time before all became calm again.

The silver energy subsided then disappeared...only then did Star withdrew his own energy. He nodded at Dr. Tennar, who'd moved to stand against the wall for safety reasons, came forward with his small wand and pressed it against Callie's arm. She woke immediately and looked around a little bewildered.

"Is it over?" She asked.

"Yes it is and it was a complete success. How do you feel?" Dr. Tennar asked as he helped her sit up.

Callie blinked and thought about it for a moment as she sat there trying to get her head back in the world again. Nothing seemed to be different...though she did feel a little warmer than normal and felt a bit more rested than when she got there.

"I don't feel any different, perhaps a little warm," she said, honestly.

"That is good to hear. The warm feeling is your magical energy. I'll have Kayleen help you get redressed then you'll go with Star," Dr. Tennar said, pleased.

As they left the room and Callie began to follow Kayleen, an alert sounded off suddenly.

"Dr. Tennar, medical emergency arriving in landing bay one...report immediately!" A voice commanded from a nearby wall communicator. Frowning Dr. Tennar, moved to the comm and hit the button.

"Nature of emergency?" He barked.

"The SWAT Kat known as Razor has been seriously injured. He is presently unconscious from a head injury and has multiple broken bones." He was told promptly by Liela, the communications officer.

"When's it due in?" Tennar asked briskly moving away to retrieve a medical kit.

"Arrival in T-5 minutes, doctor."

"On my way!" He hurried out a quickly opening door, on the run.

"Oh no! Razor!" Callie cried out, worry and fear for the tom out weighing her own concerns.

"Worry not, gentle fems, Dr. Tennar is an excellent physician. He will do all he can to heal your friend. You need to concentrate on what we need to do next," Star soothed both she-kats as he herded them after nurse Kayleen.

Callie allowed herself to be hurried off, but her mind was on the puzzle of how Razor had come to be so grievously hurt.

Down in the shuttle bay, Dr. Tennar waited impatiently for the pressure door to open. He could see the shuttle settling onto its pad and the engines shutting off. Only a few minutes later and the door hissed open and he was able to dash through it.

When he arrived at the ship, the door was just opening revealing a grim Kam standing on the threshold. The ramp lowered and a pair of medics came out with the gurney between them. They halted before the doctor and gave him a quick run down of their patients current condition.

Dr. Tennar ran his own diagnostics, used various devices on the silent and bloody tom on the bed then nodded his head. "Let's get him to sick bay quickly."

As the group hurried back to the medical section, Kam kept up with the doctor and asked, "how is Ms. Briggs?"

"She's fine. The procedure was a success and she did very well. Star has her right now."

"That's good news. Please let me know how Razor is as soon as you can so I can ease Ms. Briggs' mind. I'm sure she heard about this...?" He asked.

"Yes, unfortunately, she was on hand when the call came in. I'll let you know as soon as I do," Tennar said gruffly as he led the team into a medical procedure room that sealed behind him leaving Kam to stare through the window in concern. He sighed after a moment and left to seek out Ms. Briggs.

He found her and Dr. Sinian fairly easily. The doctor was watching in nervous concern outside the heavily warded room where magic workings were conducted.

"Hello, Dr. Sinian."

"Oh, hello Lieutenant Kam. How is Razor?" Abi asked, concerned.

"I don't know yet but Dr. Tennar will let us know as soon as he finds out," Kam assured her.

"What happened?"

"From what I was told, the battle in Dark Kat's hideaway was rather messy and Razor had the misfortune of being hauled toward the ceiling then dropped by those things known as creepings. He's in pretty bad shape but we've healed worse injuries before with complete success."

"Oh how awful! I'm glad your advanced medical care was available. We really can't afford to lose him now."

"I know, neither can we. So how is she doing," Kam asked, carefully redirecting her attention from Razor to her lover.

Abi turned her head to stare into the room where Star seemed to be putting Callie through some odd looking tests. "I don't know really. She came through the procedure feeling no different but its obvious she is different since she can manipulate energy like that," she said staring at Callie making a box float.

"Hmmm, so I can see. She's quite strong to be able to do that so quickly. I've seen magical students take weeks or even months to be able to make their magic do any of their bidding," he said, impressed despite himself.

"Really? I guess they weren't underestimating her probable abilities then," Abi murmured as she continued to stare through the window.

Kam didn't tell her, but this was more than they'd ever expected. Seems, Ms. Briggs was just full of surprises and would be a truly powerful sorcerer, once properly trained. That was good news for the future safety of their city.

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T-Bone took his anger and worry out on the total destruction of the mountain hideaway. Genus and he had spent a long two hours inventorying the contents of the cave then Genus made sure to disarm any and all dangerous devices before they were able to leave it and return to the Turbokat.

Setting up a barrage of missile launches, T-Bone filled the hole in the cavern with plenty of destructive energy to bring down enough of the mountain to make it look like a hill instead, sealing the cavern forever.

Satisfied their work here was done. T-Bone asked Genus, "need a quick break before heading to the mine?"

Genus thought about it a moment. T-Bone had untreated injuries he was ignoring as did himself. Perhaps it would be a good idea to get them treated, eat something and rest briefly before tackling the scorpions.

"I think that would be a good idea T-Bone. Let's go back to your hangar and I'll have Tara meet us there to treat out hurts and we'll get something to eat," he suggested.

T-Bone almost nixed the idea. He just wanted to get done and find out how his partner was doing but he stopped himself. 'Really, how good a job would he do if he didn't rest a little and refuel before going after those damn things in the mine...get hurt some more, most likely then they'd both be down...not a good thing!' he thought irritably.

"Yeah, you're right. Alright, let's go home then." He turned the jet toward the salvage yard and fired up all the engines to get there quicker.

Using his comm, Genus contacted Tara who said she meet them there as soon as she could and would bring lunch. He thanked her and relaxed as best he could. Dark Kat had left some truly dangerous stuff behind and he was glad he had been able to disarm them all. One more task completed.

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Chapter 32: A Long Dangerous Day, Part 5 by ulyferal

Barely fifteen minutes had elapsed since T-Bone and Genus had arrived at the hangar, before Tara arrived by taxi. She paid the cabbie then turned with both paws filled. One held a plastic bag where a heavenly scent arose in a heady cloud while her other paw held a rather ordinary silver case as big as a regular size book.

"Here, let me take one of those, Tara," Chance said coming out of the garage to meet her.

"Thank you, Chance," Tara smiled, though there was a hint of concern when she saw the cut near his eye. She handed over the food bag and followed him back into the garage and on into the waiting area where the guys had gotten drinks, plates, and forks ready on the coffee table.

Chance set the bag down and began to empty it. While he was doing that, Tara set her case down and took out a portable medi scanner. She waved it over Genus then took out something that looked like a flashlight, sort of, and passed it over all the cuts and bruises the wolf had.

When she was done, she nodded at him and he moved to sit on the couch. "Your turn Chance, just stand here before me," she said.

The tabby stood where Genus had moments before and waited. Tara did the same things to him and within minutes, he was sighing in relief.

"That thing is amazing," he said as he reached up and could feel nothing where the long cut had been near his eye.

"Just a little high tech medical science," Tara said, putting her instruments away and setting her case on the floor near the chair she sat down in.

Genus had served up a plate for her so handed it to her when she sat down then set a drink before her on the table. She gave him a grateful smile.

Chance grabbed his own plate and began to chow down his food quickly. Tara could only shake her head at his unseemly haste.

"Relax, Chance. I know its getting late in the day, but you guys will get it done before nightfall, if you don't run afoul of more trouble as you did this morning. Speaking of Jake, I contacted the **Wotan** on the way here and found out he's doing alright. His bones were already mended as were all his wounds. His head wound is taking a little longer but he'll be okay after he rests. Dr. Tennar is keeping him under light sedation to insure he doesn't get up and try to leave," she said, mildly amused.

The tabby snorted and gave her a relieved smile. "He would too. Thank you for letting me know, I've been soo worried."

"You're welcome. So tell me what happened today."

Chance continued to eat while Genus filled his team mate in on the morning's work.

"Well, except for the mishap, you've had a successful start on your tasks. I wish you luck on disposing of those dangerous creatures. But do me a favor, please...try not to get hurt while doing it," Tara said as she prepared to leave again.

"Hey, you know we do our best, just the enemy has other ideas," Chance said, cheekily.

Tara just rolled her eyes, gave Genus a hug, then Chance a kiss and a hug before leaving in the taxi that Chance had summoned for her. The two males went down the ladder to the hangar once she left.

"We'd better reload a few things and the turbo mole then we're off," Chance said, as he headed for his locker and began to dress in a fresh g-suit.

Genus agreed and helped the tabby load then they were off to the Megakat Mines. When they arrived, the place was deserted, which was expected. After landing a short distance away from the mine so the jet would remain safe, Genus helped T-Bone load the capture cage into the Turbomole then they drove out of the jet and headed for the huge hole the SWAT Kats had made when they escaped the giant scorpion the first time.

It was treacherous going and the two were bounced around a great deal despite their seatbelts. It took a good twenty minutes to finally reach the deep hidden cavern below ground. The toxic lake was just like T-Bone had seen it before and all around it were the scorpions.

"Wow! Those are really nasty looking things," Genus commented, grimacing at the sight of those deadly stingers. This would soo not be fun nor easy.

"Uh Oh! Yow!" T-Bone yelled as suddenly the Turbomole had two med-size scorpions land on it. "Damn! I didn't think there were any that size left after we took out many of them last time. Guess we were wrong. Hope, Razor's new weapons will do the job. The old ones didn't have any effect on these things."

He pressed a button on his console and the Turbomole raised a laser from its top weapons launcher. "Eat laser, you cruddy things!" He yelled as he fired, knocking the ones off the mole.

Genus watched in grim dismay as the laser drove the creatures off but didn't kill them. T-Bone noted the same thing so switched weapons. A freeze ray shot out but it only held the scorpions a few moments before they were able to break free. The same for the scrambler and banshee missiles he tried next. The ineffectiveness of his missiles only angered the creatures which were now more numerous and swarming over the mole.

To prevent losing their ride, T-Bone roared off with all engines flaring forcing the scorpions to fly off. They gave chase though and T-Bone knew they had to come up with some other plan quickly before they were ripped to shreds.

Genus felt out of his depth here as he didn't know the terrain and had no idea what else could affect these atomic beauties except for what he had aboard the **Wotan** but they had no time to seek help from that quarter.

"Do you have any idea what to do next?" He asked the tabby.

"I don't know...wait...there is one thing but its going to be hard to get these things to cooperate."

"What is it?"

"Not far from here is a lava river. Razor and I got rid of many of these things there but it was a close and dangerous battle. We had to use our delta packs to evade them and karate chopped stalactites with scorpions attached that took them into the river, killing them instantly. Keeping ourselves from being taken out by those impervious stingers and huge sharp claws were the difficult side of the deal," T-Bone gritted out as he drove recklessly through the caverns trying to keep them from harm.

"Unfortunately, that does sound like the only thing that has a chance to work. Got a pack for me?"

"Sure, behind your seat."

Genus undid his seat restraint and searched the back area, finding the unusual flying jet pack and donning it. He quickly familiarized himself with how it worked.

"Okay, let's find that river and get this done," he said flatly, making sure he was adequately armed to play tag with the scorpions.

"Gotcha!"

Some ten minutes later, T-Bone came out of the cave they were running through and halted the mole quickly as the 'road' gave out to a cliff and the heat rose unbearably around them from the hot lava below.

"We're here and the bug brigand is right on our tails."

"Well let's not keep them waiting. After you..." Genus said, letting T-Bone take the lead as he knew this area.

T-Bone opened the canopy and leaped out followed by Genus. The pilot quickly sealed the mole then turned on his pack, just getting off the ground in time before a scorpion reached a claw toward him.

He zoomed over the river of fire with Genus nervously following. Hanging over a giant river of burning lava wasn't his idea of fun. He was further upset when he noted how easily and stupid the scorpions were as they leaped from stalactite to stalactite trying to grab the two of them. Some were so bent on getting the pair dancing in front of them, they actually leaped in the air without the certainty of catching themselves on the rocks to save them, falling to their deaths when they missed their targets.

"I think they are starving!" Genus observed. "Which explains their kamikaze behavior."

"I think you're right. We almost don't have to do anything except put up with the terrific heat, avoid the ones trying to grab us and play keep away from the ones literally leaping at us," T-Bone said, avoiding a leaper.

Genus fired his more powerful laser at a leaper heading for him, the force beam sent the thing flying backward into another of its buddies sending them both falling to the hot river.

For the next exhausting fifteen minutes, the two ducked, chopped rock, and fired their weapons at the desperately hungry creatures, sending them into the fiery river below them. They were so focused on keeping alive they failed to notice at first that their enemy was rapidly reducing until no more appeared.

"Wow! Is that it?" T-Bone panted, dripping sweat and desperately thirsty.

"Looks like it!" Genus said, equally hot and dry. "Let's get back to the mole. I need some water."

"I'm with you!"

The two jetted away from the hot river and into the much cooler cavern. Twin sighs of relief were heard but no other sounds except the jet packs followed them to the mole. There were no signs of any more scorpions of that size around.

They climbed into the mole and after grabbing some water, T-Bone drove them back to the toxic lake. He opened the canopy and while they rested, they counted the number of smaller scorpions congregating around the lake. To T-Bone's relief, there were far fewer of them than the original count.

"Seems those bigger creatures were eating the smaller ones. It would account for why there are so few. Fortunately, it seems they weren't able to breed due to the mutation either so once these are gone, no more should appear before the lake is cleaned," he observed.

"I think you're right. I also think we don't have to take the capture cage into space. We just fill it up then dump it out over the lava river," Genus suggested.

"Hey, great idea. So how do we capture these little creepy crawlies?"

"I would think your normal weapons would work long enough to capture them," Genus said, thoughtfully.

"Well we won't know until we try, so let's get to work."

Over the next hour, the pair chased down the smaller scorpions using net missiles to collect them. Razor had made the nets with Agracite, the same mineral that had made the scorpions super strong. The creatures did make bigger holes in the nets but T-Bone and Genus did manage to corral and dump them into the capture box before they broke through the netting.

Capturing them wasn't too hard but finding them in their multiple hiding places throughout the cavern was tedious and exhausting for the pair.

It was with great relief, that the last box full of scorpions was dumped into the river. Sighing, they carried the cage back to the mole and stored it then did a last careful sweep of the area before they felt they had done a thorough job.

Climbing back aboard the mole, T-Bone made a quicker trip back to the surface. Once up top, he paused to make a call to the Department of Environmental Cleanup and told them the area was safe to work in but that they needed to get to it quickly before more large scorpions were created

by the toxic chemicals. They thanked him and promised they would send a team out first thing in the morning.

He reminded them to inform Commander Feral when the job was completed then cut the connection and used his radio to contact Feral. When he managed to catch the Commander he gave him a quick report on Dark Kat's hideout and the eradication of the scorpions.

"Do you want me to drop off the inventory we made on Dark Kat's stuff tonight?"

"Yes, please do that. I promised the archivist that I'd get him that by end of day," Feral said.

"Okay, have your assistant meet us and I'll hand it over," T-Bone sighed, wishing he could just go home now.

"He'll be waiting. Thanks, Feral out!" Feral said, cutting the connection.

Sighing to himself, T-Bone drove the mole to the jet. Soon they were winging their way to Enforcer Headquarters. It was a twenty minute trip but only a five minute one on the enforcer flight line. Sgt Fallon took the report and nodded his thanks then T-Bone sent the jet back into the air. It was already moving on toward dusk when they roared down the hidden runway some ten minutes later. They leaped down from the canopy, T-Bone pausing to change his clothes before the two of them headed to the apartment above for a shower and food.

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Chapter 33: Callie's Training Begins by ulyferal

Callie's head was pounding and she swore things were moving on their own when she looked and not because she was moving them with her mind. She could tell the difference, honest!

"Here Ms. Briggs, drink this and it will help ease the magical backlash you're suffering from," Star, the Wotan's head mage said, holding out a steaming mug of something toward her.

Sighing, she took it and sipped it cautiously. It was hot but didn't taste too bad. It was certainly better than the original concoction he'd forced her to drink shortly after her first test. That had been truly foul.

As she tried to regain her equilibrium, Star gave her some bad news. She had thought she would be returning home after the treatment, but it seems things had changed.

"Ms. Briggs, you have tested out as being extremely powerful, magically, than any person we've encountered in a very long time," the old wolf said.

"That's good news, right? So why do you look like you're delivering bad news," she asked, warily.

"In good conscious, Ms. Briggs, I cannot allow someone as powerful and totally untrained as you to go back among your people when any strong emotion could cause your magic to act on its own with possibly catastrophic consequences," he warned, quietly.

She gaped at him. "I'm not going to like what you're about to say, am I?"

He gave her a sad smile. "No, you're not, but you have no choice. You must remain aboard the **Wotan** where you can be closely monitored as you are trained on how to use your new skills. Only then will you be allowed to go home."

Callie groaned. "And how long will that take?"

"I don't know. It depends on how fast you learn and master your magic. It could take a couple of

weeks, a month or two months," he said, honestly, shrugging his broad shoulders.

"But..." and for the next hour she begged and argued to no avail. Star would not be budged.

Sighing in frustration, Callie admitted defeat and went to tell the patiently waiting Abi that she would have to return home alone and to take a message back to Mayor Manx. He was going to be furious and afraid to learn, he was on his own until she was deemed safe to go home.

"I don't like it either, Callie, but they are right. It would be very bad for you to lose control of your magic at home. There are so many things that could make you angry or upset going on right now," Abi said when she was told the news.

"I know...but I'm the one coordinating all that's going on and being gone sets our timetable back. I just hate being behind," the pretty blond moaned.

"I know that very well, however this is just as important and if it make you feel any better, I'll take charge of the project and keep it flowing, though I'm afraid all your other work will indeed be behind but there is nothing for it. I'll keep you abreast of events with regular progress reports sent through Lt. Kam. That help?" Abi offered, quietly. She would do anything to ease the burdens of her lover any way she could.

"But you have plenty of work of your own that will fall behind, I can't ask you to take on mine as well," she objected.

"I have plenty of people working for me that can handle what I need done, don't worry about that. I will do this, so no more arguing," Abi said firmly.

Callie stared at her lover a long moment then leaned forward to give Abi a passionate kiss on her lips in thanks, then sighed as she pulled away. "Thank you. I truly appreciate this, love."

Sighing in regret that she would have to leave her lover, Abi gave the blond she-kat a wane smile. "Well, I best get back then, however, I would like to check on how Razor is doing first."

"Oh, yes...have you heard anything since he was brought in," Callie asked, anxiously.

"Only that he was resting quietly, his broken bones already healed, but his head injury still needed time to heal before he will be allowed out of the induced coma they put him in," Abi informed her.

"Ohhh, poor Razor. God, it was so lucky the **Wotan** was here. From the number and severity of his injuries, he could have died despite how advanced our medical skills are." Callie shuddered at how close they came to losing one of the SWAT Kats.

"Yes, we were very lucky, so let's go how he's doing now," Abi said, taking her lover's paw and tugging her toward the door.

In the medical bay, Razor was just beginning to wake up. His head felt fuzzy and his eyes wouldn't focus when he finally managed to open them.

He could tell he was laying on a bed and the smells let him know it was a medical room but not the one he'd built in their hangar...no this had the distinct odor of Arcanians so that meant he was aboard the **Wotan**. Crud, he must have been really hurt for him to be brought up here.

Since he couldn't move yet, he made an effort to try and remember what had happened before he ended up here. He, T-Bone, and Genus had been clearing out Dark Kat's lab when some, still living, creepings snuck up on him and dragged him high into the air then dropped him.

Normally, he would have somersaulted to land safely but he'd been hit in the head, hard then

dropped...not good. He could imagine he'd several broken bones and a head injury, but as he lay here, nothing hurt at all.

'Their pain meds must be really good,' he thought then realized someone was standing near his bed. He blinked and stared up at an impressive looking wolf.

"Hello, Razor. I'm Dr. Tennar. How are you feeling? Any pain, discomfort, headache...?"

"Uh...no actually, I'm feeling pretty good. How long have I been here?"

"Only about twenty-four hours. You were in very bad shape...broken legs, ribs, one arm, and a significant head injury."

Razor gaped at the wolf. "Only one day has passed and I feel this good? What the heck did you do to me?"

Tennar smiled. "Just modern medicine, young Kat. Our healing wands fixed your breaks and a deep healing probe took care of the injuries to your brain. None of that took more than an hour but the brain needed to rest after its trauma so we put you in an induced coma for a little while. You're perfectly healed which is why you're awake now."

"Wow! That's incredible, so I can go?"

"I want to do a few tests then, yes, you can go home," Dr. Tennar said, eyes glinting with humor at the Kat's surprise and anxiousness to be gone. In that, he was the same as all his patients. No one wanted to stay longer than they had to in the medical bay.

Suddenly, the sound of a door whooshing open reached his ears as did two familiar female voices.

A familiar face was soon standing over Razor and smiling down at him. "Razor, you're awake! How do you feel?" Callie asked.

"I'm great thank's to these guys excellent care. Dr. Tennar says I can go home as soon as he runs me through a few tests," he said cheerfully.

"Oh, that's wonderful news," Callie said, relieved and smiling. Abi stood at the foot of the bed beaming in relief.

"Alright, if I may have your attention for a few minutes, Razor," Dr. Tennar interrupted.

"Oh sure, doc."

The doctor began to examine him briskly.

It was amazing to feel no pain at all as Tennar manipulated his limbs, had him do some light stretching movements then did some mental tests to see if he had any residual brain damage but, thankfully, there was none...he felt normal again.

"You are as good as new my young Kat. It was lucky you were brought here so quickly. Except for taking it easy for a couple of days and getting enough food and sleep, you should be able to go back to your rather reckless life once more," Dr. Tennar said.

"Thank you so much. I'm grateful you were here or I wouldn't be," Razor said, sincerely. He got off the table and left the medical bay with Callie and Abi.

"Well, it looks like you'll be accompanying me back home, Razor. At least I won't be making the trip alone," Abi said, warmly.

Razor frowned and glanced over at Callie, a questioning look on his face.

"Unfortunately, I'm required to stay here and train. Apparently, I tested out to be far more powerful, magically, than anyone had guessed which makes me too dangerous to go home without training first," Callie sighed, explaining why she wasn't leaving too.

"Wow, that's incredible and good news for Megakat City after all. Sounds like you just might be able to take out the Pastmaster with one paw behind your back," he said, grinning.

"Yeah, we'll see about that. You two better be going then. Manx is not going to be happy about this at all, Abi, so be prepared."

"I know, don't worry."

Callie walked with her two friends to the shuttle bay, where they met Lt. Kam waiting for them.

"Good to see you well again, Razor," he said, sincerely.

"And its thanks to you that I am. I'm grateful for your quick actions in getting me here," Razor said, humbly.

"All in the line of duty, Razor. Wouldn't want one of our future crew members lost to us."

Razor blushed at that. Though he and T-Bone hadn't made their final decision yet, he had a feeling they would be leaving on this great ship and he was excited about that.

"I'm sorry you won't be going back right now, Callie, but I'm not sad you've proven to be so powerful. Your world is truly blessed to have you as their protector," Kam said, smiling broadly.

"Thank you though, forgive me if I don't feel that way at the moment," Callie sighed,

"That's what makes you such a good leader, Callie, you care about the job and not the glory. I have a bet going that it will take less than a month to get you trained."

"You didn't?" Callie snorted then laughed which was what Kam had intended to ease this moment of angst for her. "Well, we'll just have to see won't we." She turned away and gave Abi one more hug and then gave one, for good luck, to Razor.

"See you both soon, I hope. Razor try not to get yourself injured like that again. I'm not sure I could handle it," Callie warned him.

"Hey, I always do my best to stay healthy, it's just the job tends to make that difficult at times," he said cheekily, grinning.

She just shook her head and waved them off. Kam lead the two to a nearby shuttle that was ready for takeoff. Sighing she left the hangar for her temporary quarters. Tomorrow she would begin her training.

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Razor and Abi took their seats in the shuttle and enjoyed the trip back to Arista. The trip took about twenty minutes but soon they were landing on the Enforcer flight line.

The city had given the Arcanian team a car so they could get around with more ease. Kam would drive Abi to where she wanted to go but Razor opted to have his partner pick him up.

The SWAT Kat was smiling broadly after his call to his joyful partner as he waved goodbye to the pair leaving the flight line.

"If you don't mind Lt. Kam, I should go to city hall and speak with the Mayor. No point in putting this off," Abi sighed, definitely not looking forward to this.

"Certainly, no problem. I don't envy you the chore, though," he said, giving her a commiserating look as they reached the parking garage and got into a jeep.

Abi just snorted. Since she was temporarily taking over for Callie on the 'clean up Megakat City' project, she asked Kam for an update.

"Glad you willing to step in and keep things flowing Dr. Sinian. Well, you already know about Dark Kat's hideout being destroyed, the scorpions have been eradicated and the environmental cleanup team have been notified they can begin cleaning up the toxic lake. My mate has some very important documents to lay on Ms. Briggs when she returns. This I'm afraid she will have to deal with as well as making a decision on putting 'mental leashes' on the Metallikats," he told her.

"Therapy isn't working, huh?" She asked, but was fairly sure of the answer.

Kam gave her a grimace, "no, it most definitely is not but the therapist hired for the job refuses to admit it. On the subject of robots, Professor Hackle is still a bit reluctant but Lt. Donar is staying by his side to encourage and guide him to keep moving forward. There is an effective set of robotic laws that are installed within the positronic brain that will keep them from ever harming a Kat, we just have to help Hackle believe in it and install them. All the other problems your talented archivist has uncovered have been dealt with, the report should be in Ms. Briggs's file. And that's where we are now."

"My goodness, that's a lot accomplished. Perhaps, I won't have that much work to do after all," Abi said in pleased surprise.

"I hope that's true. Well here you are at city hall. Want me to wait for you?" He asked politely as he pulled up to the front entrance.

"I wouldn't want to hold you up, Lieutenant. I know you have your own duties. I might have to be here awhile, anyway, looking over Callie's work after informing the Mayor of her absence. I'll call one of my own assistants to have my car brought over so thank you for the lift and the report," she said, climbing out of the car.

"You are very welcome, doctor. Please don't hesitate to contact me if you need anything or would like to visit Ms. Briggs."

Abi halted before closing the car door, to stare at him in surprise. "You mean I can?"

"Of course, we wouldn't think of depriving you two of comforting and being together. It will certainly help her handle being gone much easier, if she's able to speak to you in person," he said, smiling.

"Oh," she blushed and smiled back. "Thank you, I'll do that." She waved goodbye and closed the door. Nodding at her, he watched her walk up the steps and go inside before leaving to return to Enforcer Headquarters.

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Callie didn't want to think just how angry and upset Manx would be by now since she'd been aboard the **Wotan** more than three weeks. In that time, she had been trained not only to handle her magic but to be able to fight. Her fighting instructor was pleased he wouldn't have to start at the beginning with her as she had taken an excellent self-defense course some years earlier.

Now by her fourth week, she was considered ready both magically and in fighting skills. Today

she'd been put through a number of grueling final exam tests. Her teachers were impressed and pleased at her quick learning skills as she picked up spells with an uncanny ease and was unflappable under fire.

"It is fortunate you have already had experience at handling yourself under dangerous situations, Callie. It is why you have learned to fight with magic so easily," Star said, as they went over her final assessment.

"Easily?" she snorted incredulously. I've been beaten, thrown about, and nearly singed all my fur off. I don't remember having so many bruises before. I'm just grateful for those little healing wands of yours or I wouldn't be able to move for weeks after what I've been through.

Star smiled, amused. The she-kat was a joy to teach and very smart. It was a shame she would not be leaving with them. She would have been a formidable warrior in the fight against the Tibican and any other enemies of the galactic community.

"Well, you will be pleased to know that all of us are satisfied with your progress and agree you are now ready to return home."

"Yes!" She cheered. "Where's Lt. Kam? I'm ready to go now." She was anxious to get back to work and her lover though Abi had been allowed to come up and see her over the weeks of training.

"No, he isn't but it won't take him long to return and pick you up," Star said, amused by her unseemly haste to leave.

She sighed, "well let him know I want to leave and I'll go get my things and be waiting in the hangar for him. Thank you for all you've done for us and for me," she said warmly, giving the wolf a hug.

"You were a joy to teach, Callie," Star said sincerely. She flashed him another smile then was gone through the door. Shaking his head, he went to contact Kam.

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Chapter 34: Closing in on the Finish Line by ulyferal

Returning home at last, Callie was immediately slammed with tons of work, complaints from Manx, and, the more pleasant update from her lover.

With Manx she must have said 'uh..huh' a half dozen times until the chubby tom finally ran out of steam. With a 'I'll take care of it' carelessly thrown over her shoulder, she left him fuming and surprised he couldn't get her to take him seriously.

Callie could care less what Manx had to say. She knew better than he what needed to be done and she was hardily tired of pretending she respected him enough to give him even the time of day any longer. Let him fume and fuss...he wasn't the one running the city in the first place.

Manx, stared after her departing form dumbfounded. His deputy usually did as he asked without a qualm but this time she literally paid him no attention, her mind already on her desk and work waiting for her. He might as well not be here at all.

He was forced to realize that everyone, not just Callie, was ignoring him and it all started when those dratted aliens stuck their noses in his business. It had to be them who got Callie to even realize archival reports weren't being done.

He had a cozy thing going all these years and now it looked to be coming down on his head.

That archivist's digging and prying into his affairs, though, in truth, it was the city's affairs, could very well bring to light his less than honest use of city funds for all those building projects he was using to try and bring new revenue into the city and, coincidentally his own pockets.

However, he couldn't squash what was going on nor order them to cease and desist as it was in the city's charter that all activities that went on running the city or protecting it, must be reported and recorded into the city's archives. So, if he objected too strenuously about it, someone might begin to wonder if the lack of reports to the archive hadn't been deliberate rather than accidental.

Many of the city council members seemed restless and uneasy during meetings which gave him the distinct impression they were trying to distance themselves from him as if they sensed a nasty storm was brewing about their Mayor.

That feeling of something closing in on him was increased by Feral's behavior of late. He spotted the Chief Enforcer eyeing him with a small smirk whenever they had dealings with each other and he had no idea what the huge tom found so amusing. No, things were not going his way as more and more people turned to his deputy for guidance, advice, and resolution of the many problems that had plagued the city for years.

Some of those problems he'd thought had been neatly buried but, unfortunately, not deep enough. The archivist had delved thoroughly into the records Feral and Callie had kept in their personal files and that was uncovering just how many of those problems hadn't been truly taken care of properly at all. Though he'd made sure he was clean in any wrong doing, too many seemed to be looking at him as the culprit for the records being overlooked for so long.

It appeared to him, his life and career were in serious jeopardy. He had only two choices. Take what he could and leave this city or plead his case and hope he could still retain his position as Mayor. Fool that he was, he thought he could bluff his way through this troubled period as he had in the past and remain the city's leader. He was in for a rude surprise.

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As Callie spent the morning making inroads on her workload, someone else was eager to see her after her long absence. The person called around lunchtime.

"Ms. Briggs, Commander Feral on line four," her secretary informed her.

"Yes, Commander?" Callie asked into the phone, as she was reading yet another report.

"Callie, could you please make time to come to my office this evening...say around six?"

Callie blinked in surprise. "I do have a ton of work to catch up on, Ulysses. Can't you come to me?"

"No, this is far too sensitive and you don't want all those spies at city hall to see what it is I have for you," he said mysteriously.

Now what could be that serious at this point in the project, she wondered. "Alright, six o'clock."

"Thank you," he said, cutting the connection.

Frowning, she returned to her work, setting the puzzle of what Feral wanted aside. She stared at the report Abi had left her.

It was about making a decision to stop therapy for the Metallikats. According to both Lt. Kam and Lt. Donar, the two robots were completely incorrigible and uncooperative with their therapist's efforts to rehabilitate them. They strongly suggested the 'mental leashes' previously discussed about, should now be considered.

Sighing, she rubbed her eyes. Professor Hackle would be so upset but she could clearly read between the lines on the therapist's notes that the Metallikats were not cooperating. Despite the therapists certainty that she could get through to them eventually given time, but that was the one thing she didn't have...time!

At any moment, the Metallikats could find a way to escape like they always do and that couldn't be allowed to happen. Since Mac and Molly Mange felt they didn't have to listen to anyone, she would decide their future for them. She signed the request and added her own decree that would hold up in court, that Mac and Molly Mange would be fitted with mental restraints, installed by Professor Hackle with the assistance of the Arcanian, Lt. Donar, effective immediately. The reason given for the order were the robot pair's lack of cooperation toward their own rehabilitation and for the safety of the city.

Personally, she would much rather destroy them but knew she would make an enemy of Hackle, something she didn't want happen. So, even though the professor would be unhappy, he would also be grateful that the pair hadn't been condemned to death.

Sighing, she stretched then stood up to ease her backside from sitting for hours then carried her executive order out to her secretary.

"I want this typed up immediately, Chrissy and give it appropriate top secret handling as well."

"Yes, ma'am."

Returning to her office, she stared at her paper strewn desk. Frowning, she wondered if her new talents might speed things up a bit and save her some time. Concentrating on exactly what she wanted done, she gestured toward her desk and watched as her work sorted itself magically then settled into three neat piles.

Grinning in delight, she went to look at the piles. Just as she had requested, her work was now sorted by priority of importance.

'Wonderful! My first normal use for magic besides using it for protecting the city. I think I could get to like it very much,' she thought, pleased, as she sat down and began to work on the high priority stack which wasn't as great as she'd feared it would be. The other two piles were the normal affairs of running the city.

Not having read the newest update of the archivist report, she pulled that out of the stack and relaxed back in her seat to read the long document. Two cups of coffee, her secretary's return with the requested typed document, and an hour later, she finally finished the report.

She yawned and checked the time, it was going on three o'clock. 'Wow! How the day has flown,' she thought, working the kinks out of her shoulders.

Staring out the window a moment, she ruminated on all the progress made in solving their many open problems. However, as she went through the file, she spotted a pattern of fiscal abuse by someone in power. No names were given but the culprit or culprits were glaringly obvious. One person she knew of was already being dealt with by Feral but the other...now that was very serious and would require a talk with Feral and the city's legal team.

She paused a moment. 'I wonder if that is what Feral wants to see me about? Won't know until later but if it is, this city is in for a rude awakening and I'm not certain I like where it's going for me.' She shook her head and set that aside.

If she focused on it now she would be too angry to finish what she wanted to get done today. She'd been particularly unhappy about the waste of equipment that had been meant for the Enforcers use and were never repaired or salvaged. An incredible loss of investment and money

to the city and further loss of income for frivolous projects was far greater than she had first thought and made her very angry. The treasury was literally hemorrhaging money at an alarming rate.

Oh yes, if this wasn't what Feral was going to talk about, she would be bringing it to his attention immediately. This needed fixing.

Switching to the day to day work of running the city, Callie worked through that stack the rest of the day until her appointment with the Chief Enforcer later that evening. By the time she set down her pen for the last time, she was stiff and tired but at least one of the two other stacks was gone.

She had signed the order on the disposition of the Metallikats and had copies made. That document was in a folder which she slipped into her briefcase. The other sensitive files on her desk, she locked in a file cabinet and the general stuff left in her in basket for tomorrow. She pulled out her purse, locked her desk, then picked up her briefcase. Stepping out of her office, she left the door unlocked and the lights on for the janitor service, before heading down the hall.

Everyone else had gone home already so it was quiet as she made for the elevator and down to the parking garage where Abi had thoughtfully left her green sedan. It was a short drive to Enforcer Headquarters and the swing shift was already on-duty so she didn't have any real traffic to contend with.

Parking in her reserved spot before the huge doors, she got out and went up the stairs. She never paused as she walked across the lobby for the elevators, not concerned about being stopped as everyone there knew who she was. In minutes, she was being deposited on the top floor of the building where Feral had his offices.

This floor was just as quiet as her own at city hall as all the admin had gone home. She pushed open the huge door to Feral's office and saw the big tom sitting behind his pedestal desk with only a small pool of light from a lamp on it to dispel the darkness that had fallen with the coming night.

Her shoes tapped loudly across his tiled floor causing him to lift his head. He gave her a small smile and stood up before she could reach his desk, grabbed a file, and came down to meet her.

"Let's go over to my couch there and discuss this more comfortably," he said, lightly, leading her to his conversational corner and flicking on a nearby lamp.

Moments later, they were seated side by side and he was opening the file he held. "Have you had time to go over the archivist's updated report yet?" he asked.

"Yes, I did. Is this conversation about that?"

"Yes."

"Good, because I noticed something really disturbing and wondered if you had as well."

He gave her a fanged grin of satisfaction. "Oh yes, I most definitely have. This file holds all the concrete evidence we need to impeach one Mayor Manx. I already have charges we can levy against him that could lead to a lengthy prison sentence."

Callie straightened up and gave him an intense look. "If you have that much evidence then why have you sat on it this long? According to my own research, that tom has raped the city coffers to the tune of over a billion dollars over his long tenure."

Feral grimaced unhappily and said, defensively, "because to do so would have thrown the city into turmoil when the omegas were their most active. We would have lost the city to one or more of them while we were infighting."

Her shoulders relaxed and she sighed, "yes, that is very true...but now?"

"As you've seen for yourself, things are finally going our way. The city is basically safer than its ever been in more than two decades. With our visitor's help we can now hope for peace in the coming years, so we no longer need to hold back getting rid of a cancer that was, in many ways, much worse than all the deaths and damages caused by the omegas," he said passionately.

Her eyes narrowed and a not so nice grin crossed her lovely face. "You are so right and I'm glad we're on the same page here." Then she sighed and shook her head. "Of course, that means I would have to be mayor. What a pain!"

Feral smiled sympathetically. "Yeah, sucks to be you but you know Callie, there's no one I would want to lead the city into its golden era than you."

She smiled warmly at him. "Why thank you for that wonderful endorsement, Ulysses. I only hope I can meet you and the city's expectations."

"Don't worry, you will. Oh, and congratulations on finding someone who will help you through all this crap that's going to happen. She will make things so much easier for you to bear," he said warmly.

Callie blushed. "Why thank you, Ulysses. I didn't know you even noticed what with all that's been going on. And you're right, I'm certain I would be overloaded very quickly without someone to lean on."

"So how do we play this?" She asked, getting back to business. They talked for more than an hour, laying out a plan of action. "Okay, this sounds great and I'll meet with the legal eagles tomorrow about getting the ball rolling. By tomorrow night, the Mayor will most likely be in jail without bail," she said, grinning ferociously.

"Perfect. I can't wait to put the cuffs on that fat fool." Feral looked equally pleased. "Oh, one last thing, have you had a chance to make a decision on the Metallikats?"

"Yes, and I agree the mental leashes are the only way to go and have written an order to have that taken care of immediately and here it is," she said, handing over the folder. "I've got a copy, there's the order itself, one for your records, and one for the archivist record. I thought you should hand this to Kam to give to Donar since he will be doing this with Professor Hackle."

Feral blinked then grinned. He took the folder from her, opened it and read the document. Still smiling, he closed it and sighed in relief. "This is wonderful. I was worried those two would manage to slip away and cause trouble before we could do anything about it. However, I won't relax yet until those leashes are firmly in place."

"Neither will I. Well, it's been a very productive day and I'm pooped. Time to go home to our loved ones," Callie sighed, getting to her feet and taking the damning folder on Manx with her. She paused to lock the precious file into her briefcase before saying farewell to Feral.

"I'll walk out with you. Time for me to go as well." He walked to the door with her and she waited as he pulled his coat on then they walked out to the hall.

They walked quietly to the elevator, each lost in their own thoughts, parting at the lobby with tired smiles.

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Before she started her car, she called her lover. "Abi? Where are you?"

"I'm at my office just closing up. I take it my timing is good?"

"Yes, I'm just finished and heading home. Want me to pick up some take out?"

"Let me this time. I have something particular in mind for your first night back," Abi purred.

"Really? I can't wait. See you soon, love."

"You too, my love."

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Feral was doing the same identical thing...touching base with his mate.

"I'm afraid I'm tied up still, my love. Won't be too much longer though. Why don't you pick up something you'd like and I'll see you soon," Kam said, regretfully.

Feral sighed mentally but aloud he said, "sure, no problem. See you at home, love." He disconnected the call and drove out of the parking garage. There was a favorite Chinese place he enjoyed so he would stop there for something.

He arrived home to an empty and dark apartment. Sighing, he flipped the lights on as he set their dinner on an end table then stripped off his coat, weapon, and harness, putting them away in the nearby closet. He carried the food to the kitchen and placed it in the microwave to keep it warm before heading to the bedroom.

Tired, he yawned as he stripped off his clothes and tossed them into the nearby laundry basket. A shower would feel good about now. His spirits were high as all his hopes for cleaning up his city were coming together at last. Stepping into the hot shower, he got his fur soaked then began to soap down.

A dark form slipped into the bedroom at that moment and quietly stripped their clothes off. The noise of the shower hid the person's approach and entry into the roomy stall.

Huge paws reached around the tom's waist and pulled the body close as the head came close to nip and lick the thick neck.

Feral groaned hotly and dropped his bath sponge as his mate's hot body and even hotter pole pressed against his back.

"Hmm, welcome home love. Ohhh...you feel so good."

Kam chuckled giving his mate another nip. "Someone sounds in a good mood?"

"Yes, it's been a very productive day," Feral answered then moaned as Kam pressed his cock between his mate's legs and began a slow thrusting motion.

"So glad to hear it. That means we can play without worries disturbing us. Open for me love," Kam growled demandingly.

"Oooohhhh yes," Feral groaned then gasped as that large mushroom head pierced his female sheath in one smooth move. That felt soo good and lit his body on fire. The wolf was the best thing that had ever happened in his life.

Though Kam normally waited until his mate climaxed first, a short, simple procedure performed by Dr. Tennar recently, had opened Ulysses' channel more to allow him safer, less painful access. This now allowed them the freedom to enjoy sex anytime, anywhere without as much preparation as before nor requiring the medical wand afterward. It was pure bliss.

Kam brought them to a quick, intense, climax, leaving them barely able to stand as they

recovered while the water continued to cascade over them.

"Wonderful before dinner activity love, but don't you think we should finish and eat? I'm starving!" Feral sighed, his stomach punctuating that plaintive complaint."

Kam laughed and smacked his mate on the butt, playfully. "Of course, love. Let's do that and then we can do some more of this."

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After an incredibly hot, spicy meal from her favorite barbeque place, Callie was pleasantly stuffed and very horny which she suspected was her lover's plan.

They cleaned up then cuddled on the couch to catch some of the Litterbin show while necking furiously. That became far too heated for the couch so they made their giggling way to the bedroom.

Knowing exactly what her lover needed, Abi made Callie lay on her stomach and began a deep, intense massage of the she-kat's tight shoulder muscles down to her feet until she was limp and purring.

Abi made the first move toward intimacy by laying butterfly kisses all over her lover's back then front spending time on the hard, raised nipples. Taking command from her dominant partner always helped Callie relax, allowing her to give up control for just a little while. A hot climax was followed by an even more aggressive bout of love making by Callie. It felt so good getting rid of all that stress that was riding her all the time.

Tired and sweaty, they lay recovering and drifting toward sleep, with Callie spooning Abi. She kissed her lover gently on the cheek. "I love you so much," she murmured, softly. "You make my life so much easier to bear." She paused and thought a moment. "Abi?"

"Hmm?"

"Look at me."

Puzzled, Abi rolled over so she could stare into her lover's green eyes.

"I want you in my life, now and forever. No matter if I am made Mayor or not, I need you by my side to help me through the tough times ahead and, if we're lucky, the possible peace we hope to enjoy. I promise to care for and love you always. You have my heart and soul for now and forever. Do I have yours?" She asked solemnly.

Abi's heart nearly stopped. They hadn't been together that long but here was Callie saying the things she'd hoped to hear. Swallowing hard, she almost couldn't speak. Taking a deep breath and letting it out she finally said, "I love you with all my heart. I know times will be hard and extremely busy for us both but I intend to be by your side through it all until our deaths part us. I promise to care for and love you always. You have my heart and soul for now and forever."

Tears of joy were falling from their eyes as they sealed their heartfelt commitment with a kiss. Whether they chose to formalize their partnership with a ceremony or just on a legal document, right now this moment was all theirs.

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Chapter 35: The City Prosecutor Receives a Bomb by ulyferal

The next morning dawned with a few stray clouds threatening rain but the sun still managed to poke through them in places. Her heart light from her formal commitment to Abi, Callie felt no qualms any longer about what she was planning to do this morning.

Not heading for her office first thing as was her wont, she made for the prosecutor's office, located on the fifth floor of city hall. The secretary was making coffee and was very surprised to see the Deputy Mayor appear at her desk. She left the pot on the counter and hurried over.

"Good morning, Ms. Briggs. How may I help you?"

"I need to see Mr. Jaystar immediately," Callie said briskly.

"Yes ma'am. One moment." The secretary beat feet away down a small hallway where several offices were. Opening one at the end and peering in, she saw he wasn't there so went back up two offices and opened another door.

There was the prosecutor and his assistant plus the Chief of Detectives and her assistant discussing a case. Frowning at the interruption, the prosecutor looked over at the door and asked, "what is it, Alice? We're pretty busy right now."

"I'm sorry to interrupt, sir, but Deputy Mayor Briggs is here to see you and says it's urgent."

"What the heck?" District Attorney Whitetail muttered giving his boss a confused look.

"Don't look at me. I have no idea. Wait here, I'll find out," he sighed, annoyed at the interruption but concerned as well as the Deputy Mayor was a very infrequent visitor. He followed his secretary out to the front office.

"Ms. Briggs, what brings you to our busy hive?" he asked, politely.

She gave him a grim smile. "Something that will shake our city to its foundation. Let's go to your office."

Eyebrows raised in surprise, annoyance gone, he turned around and lead her to his office. At the door, he opened it and gestured her to precede him. She nodded and stepped into a comfortable but obviously well used office.

Books were in three bookcases along one wall, there was a filing cabinet, two comfortable chairs and a large desk filled with reports bearing a computer perched on one corner and a phone beside that with a comfortable swivel chair behind the desk which he went to sit in as she took one of the guest chairs.

"So, what is so earthshattering?" he asked.

Opening her briefcase, Callie removed the folder then pulled a copy of it out, handing it over to him.

Burning with curiosity now, he quickly skimmed the highlights of the report. In less than a minute, his eyebrows had climbed to his hanging bangs, minutes and several more pages later, he jerked his head up and gaped at her in stunned shock and rising anger.

"You've got to be kidding me? How could this have gone on for years with no one realizing it least of all you?" he hissed, tapping the report as if it were some offensive piece of garbage.

"By never being told when I took office that such a law existed! Believe me, I would have welcomed that kind of double check system. As it was, Manx insured I was constantly swamped with all his expensive and grandiose plans at all times so I never had the opportunity to know about this at all," she snapped.

He frowned darkly at that information but she wasn't finished yet.

"Add in Feral being hamstrung by two opposing needs: wanting justice but also needing to keep

the city safe. If he'd pursued his suspicions and exposed this years ago, the omegas would have used the resultant chaos to sweep in and take us over without any effort, so he was forced to sit on it then add the fact Dr. Sinian wasn't told of this requirement when the old archivist retired and you get the mess we're in now," she finished, bitterly.

"Damn! And Manx used that to his advantage which meant he knew about the requirement and deliberately kept everyone in the dark so he could do what he wanted which was to rape and pillage the city's treasury," Jaystar growled, furious such malfeasance went on so long.

"Yes and we would have continued blithely going on not realizing our system of checks and balances was not working at all which is how the omegas were able to repeatedly damage and harm the city over and over again coming closer to taking over. And there was Manx and his cronies helping it along. Failure of our whole system was just months away according to this report." Disgust dripping from her voice.

Jaystar could only shake his head, eyes flashing with barely restrained fury. "The bastard! To think, the pain and suffering this city has endured was all due to that fool's greed and need to be top Kat. And he nearly got away with it!" He stared at her intently. "When this gets out, all those Katizens whose families have suffered losses in jobs and loved ones from the omegas attacks that could have been prevented will be out for his blood."

"Definitely and its only what he deserves. However, cleaning house will also mean you and I will be nearly buried beneath the Katizens civil suits against the city. It's going to take a lot of hard work and long hours to repair all the damage and even then, the people won't be trusting us for a long time after that," she said soberly, sitting back in her chair and crossing her arms over her chest."

Jaystar groaned, momentarily hiding his face in his paws. Looking up at her again, he sighed, "crud, you are so right about that...what a mess. We'll be lucky to hold onto our jobs when all this hits the fan but there's no choice in the matter. This stops now!" he said straightening and already planning what he needed to do next.

She gave him a small smile. "Glad to see you are taking this so well. Realize, I will be required to take his place until formal elections can be held. Until that time, I want every honest Kat to stand with me when Manx and his cronies are arrested and facing trial. The complete list of those we know about and are certain were in on this whole scheme is at the end of the report," she said when his eyes narrowed questioningly.

He quickly flipped to the rear of the file and found a list of names, hissing at who was on it.

"Yes...you can see this is going to be a really big mess so it's important that all of us who haven't been tarred by that particular brush, stand united so the Katizens can see not all their governing body has been corrupted. We'll tell them we uncovered this mess and we'll clean it up immediately."

He nodded at her while making some notes. "I'll get my whole office on this as soon as we're done here. I take it you want this to be a coordinated effort...taking them all out at once?"

"Yes. That way none of them will escape our net. It will show conclusively to the public that we mean business."

"Good idea. So, let me and my staff go over this file with a fine tooth comb and insure there are no loop holes then get a judge to issue warrants for arrests to be made by tonight as well as set an immediate court date due to the volatile nature of this case."

"Perfect. I suggest Judge Birman...he's trustworthy," Callie said, sighing inside that things were in good paws with Jaystar.

"I would have used him in any case. He's always been a straight up guy and he's just right for this kind of case...not afraid of controversy and this case is going to be a truly media nightmare from start to finish."

"Especially since I intend to have the media present for the arrest of Manx and all the others involved in this scandal. When you are ready to serve the warrants, call me and I'll get a hold of Ann Gora then we'll all go to see our former Mayor," Callie grinned with grim anticipation.

"This is going to take some tight coordinating to insure we serve all those involved at the same time. I take it Commander Feral is standing by to assist us at a moment's notice?" he asked, realizing he would have to request overtime for his staff if they were to get this done by tonight.

"Yes. Just ring him up when you're ready," Callie smiled, wolfishly. "The ball is in your court now, I need to get to my office before his honor wonders where I am."

Jaystar snorted at that. "By tomorrow the only thing he'll be wondering about is what he'll be eating for breakfast in jail."

She gave him a huge smile then nodded farewell before rising and leaving his office. Things were now out of her paws and she would have to handle the fallout of her actions but she felt ready for that.

To Prosecutor Jaystar this was going to be an amazing and hectic day. He took the document and slipped it into a folder and went back to the office he'd been in when Ms. Briggs had arrived.

"So what did her honor the deputy mayor want," Tyler Whitetail drawled, sitting behind his desk, going over a case file they'd been discussing before his boss had to step out.

The Chief of Detectives Rose Redfur and her top detective Douglas Furbanks eyed him from their position on the long black leather couch.

"Only a bomb that will set this city on its ear for years to come," Jaystar said cryptically as he stood before them. "The Chainsur case is on hold as this has priority and is really hot."

"What could be more important than that damn gang lord? An omega?" Furbanks hissed, annoyed to be losing the prosecutor now when they were so close to putting Chainsur away.

"How about his honor, the Mayor?" Jaystar asked, eyes glittering coldly. A grim smile tugging at his lips at the sight of the dropped jaws.

"You're shitting us?" Captain Redfur blurted in disbelief.

"Nope! This folder holds a document that gives all the dirty deeds he's committed since taking office ten years ago as well as a list of councilrats and others in the government that are in his pocket," Jaystar assured her.

"Crud! All his terms? Wow, that's going to piss the people of Megakat City off something fierce. I take it we're supposed to take him in today, eh?" Redfur asked.

"That's my orders. I need to brief my whole staff, put cases on hold, and Tyler and I need to go over this to insure there are no loop holes. Chainsur can cool his heels in his cell for another day, this takes priority. Feral is going to send you on one of the warrants, I'm certain Rose. We're going to be serving warrants on quite a lot of people all at once and Ms. Briggs is going to have the press record it all."

"The press? Crud, she's not pulling any punches is she," Redfur said more than asked.

"She just doesn't want the people of this city to think we're trying to sweep this under the rug so

the whole thing will be done by the book and very, very public."

"Shit! That's going to cause a mini-riot at city hall and in the street when people learn of it and try to take a piece of his honor's fat ass."

"Commander Feral will have enough troops on paw, I'm certain, to prevent any problems. I think, though, it would be best if Manx was simply airlifted to Enforcer Headquarters and kept there until trial. Less likelihood of losing him to some hot headed Katizen with a gun. Would you ask Feral to do that, Rose?" Jaystar asked.

"Certainly. Now you've got me really interested in what's in that file. It's just gotta be some really hot shit and solid for you to even contemplate taking Manx in tonight," his assistant said, grimly.

"Oh, it is. Wait until you read it...better than any spy thriller since it's reality. Time's wasting, ...Andy, get our entire staff in the conference room now," he said to his assistant.

"On it, boss!" Whitetail grunted, reaching for his phone.

To the other two in the room, he gestured for them to come with him. The three headed down the hall and into the large conference room. Captain Redfur and Det. Furbanks took seats and waited. In very little time the room began to fill with confused and annoyed attorneys, assistants, and staff.

As soon as everyone were in their seats and the door was closed, Jaystar got their attention. "Listen up. The Deputy Mayor just handed me the biggest thing since the omegas appeared and our alien visitors arrived. This document..." he held up the folder in his paw and waved it, "...is filled with names, dates and events on everything Mayor Manx has illegally done since he took office on his first term til now. He is being charged with malfeasance and whatever else I find when I go through this more thoroughly." He paused a moment as his staff erupted in shocked gasps and cries of outrage.

"I said it was bad! Now Whitetail and I will go over the documents thoroughly and insure there are no loop holes. Once we've done that we need everyone to help get warrants written for..." he paused to silently count the number of individuals on the list "...for twenty people, all highly placed individuals in our government. A complete security black out is in effect. No outsiders must know about this until the warrants are served by tonight."

There was a renewed cry of shock and looks of consternation about the deadline. He smiled tightly. "You heard right, we have to do all of this by tonight, Ms. Briggs was adamant about that. My brief look at this tells me its iron tight and filled with hard evidence, nothing circumstantial here so it shouldn't take Tyler and I long to read through it." Tyler's face was grim as he made notes.

"So what I want all of you to do for the next two hours is get whatever cases you're involved in, finished or at a good stopping point. Insure you grab some chow then we'll get to the work of drawing up the warrants. I'll run them through the judge then we'll serve them. It will take nearly all of us to do that and we'll be accompanied by the Enforcers and the press. The warrants will be served at the exact same time so timing is critical," Jaystar said but was interrupted.

"Wait, how are we going to pull this off at the same exact time?" Whitetail asked.

"The lead Enforcer with your team will be in contact with Commander Feral and when he gives the word that's when we strike. Of course, you'll all have to be in place at that moment so each team must find their target and be in place by a set time which we'll inform you of later. Any further questions?" He asked. Heads shook in the negative. "Good! Then let's hop to it!"

The room emptied quickly. Captain Redfur lingered behind to speak with Jaystar for a moment before leaving. "I've made a list of officers I think will be right for the job ahead and will give it to

Commander Feral as soon as I get back."

"Thanks Rose, I'm sure he'll appreciate that, though he may already have accomplished that. He's been waiting a long time to do this."

"I'll just bet he has and as soon as the people hear about it the city is just going to go apeshit! I don't envy you the paper mess side of this just as I won't be in any better position dealing with mobs of Kats who could decide to storm city hall in righteous anger. The omegas may be gone but we're going to be under siege for a little while anyway," she sighed, shaking her head.

"However, in the end we'll have a clean government besides a safe city so I think I can handle a bit of city disruption knowing it will be so much better soon and I'm glad Briggs is going to be in charge."

"So do I. Things should start running more smoothly with her in charge," he said, smiling.

"I'd better be off. Have fun!" she said, facetiously, heading out.

Jaystar with Whitetail following headed back to his office where they immediately grabbed some coffee and began to pour through the contents of the folder.

Redfur and Furbanks headed for the elevator. They managed to catch a car with only themselves aboard.

"What I wouldn't give to take a gander at that file. Gotta be dynamite to get Jaystar so worked up," Furbanks commented.

"I've always suspected things weren't all they should be in the Mayor's office. Glad to see my instincts weren't off after all. Don't worry Doug...we'll find out what the skinny is soon enough."

"Yeah, but I would have liked to have known about it before it hits the fan," he grumbled.

Redfur just snorted and said nothing more on the subject.

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Chapter 36: You're under arrest! by ulyferal

Feral stood outside the door of a distinguished looking mansion with three Enforcers, Ms. Briggs, Prosecutor Jaystar, and Ann Gora with her film crew standing behind him.

With a grim smile on his face, he raised his radio to his mouth and said only one word, "execute". After receiving exactly twenty confirmations only then did he raise a paw and ring the doorbell. A melodious sound could be heard notifying the occupants they had guests. As they waited each had looks of anticipation on their faces.

Feral felt vindicated at last. He was finally going to get the drop on the worst criminal of their city. Callie felt exactly the same way.

When Manx left from work (early as usual), she gave nothing away that she'd be seeing the tom again before the day was through.

"I'm off, Callae, to play a little golf before my evening with Mr. Young," he said, smiling happily. He hoped to get Mr. Young to consider buying a property he had. He might need the cash and since the city was now safe, he felt his odds of getting the reluctant investor to sign would be good this time.

"Will you be home later, Mayor? I might have some questions concerning the archivist's report and I'm hoping to close it finally by tonight," Callie asked innocently.

Manx scowled inwardly, but managed to keep a fake smile on his face. "Of course, glad that projects nearly done. I should be home by eight or so. Have a good evening and don't work too late, the overtime costs are going up you know."

"I won't. Have a nice evening," Callie said sweetly, pleased she had upset the tom's good mood, but really miffed at his parting words about overtime. I wouldn't be working overtime if not for your laziness, you toad!

"Good night." Manx hurried off as if his tail were on fire. 'Drat her. I wish she'd just let it go. Perhaps, I should speak to my backers about finding a new deputy mayor, one that's more biddable...' he mused.

She watched him go with a secret smile. 'Oh yes, revenge was going to be soo good.'

Her mind returned to the happy task awaiting her at this moment. The smile on her face was real but definitely not nice.

Jaystar's face was grim but his mood was triumphant. A huge stain against the city's good name was about to be eradicated. He could hardly wait.

Ann Gora had only been told the Mayor was about to be arrested. She'd been shocked and excited, but try as she might, no one would enlighten her on just why this was happening. All she got was, 'you'll know when he does,' answer.

Whatever it was, it had to be big to have all the city's top legal guns here including Ms. Briggs. This story would top the aliens visitors arrival, she was certain. So she and her crew stood waiting with excitement and puzzlement as the heavy door finally opened.

The butler stared in bewildered surprise at the large and important group standing on the doorstep. Clearing his throat, he asked, "may I help you?"

"Is Mayor Manx in?" Feral demanded.

"Yes sir. If you'll tell me your business, I'll go see if he's available," the butler said nervously.

"No, you may not. You will escort us to where Mayor Manx is but not announce us, now move!" Feral said brusquely as he and his Enforcers bulled their way in rudely, pushing the butler ahead of them.

Now scared and concerned, the butler did as commanded, leading them through a richly decorated foyer, down a carpeted hall with expensive paintings on the walls, to a set of twin doors. Before he could knock or reach for one of the handles to open it, the butler was gently but firmly pulled to one side by an Enforcer.

Feral reached for the nearest handle and pulled the door open. Obviously, this was a den, expensive furniture was scattered about, walls were covered with shelving containing books and expensive antiques and a fine stone fireplace was just ahead of them, a small fire going, and two plush, high backed armchairs sat before it.

A paw holding a drink, could be seen on the arm of one of the chairs but not the rest of the person as his chair was turned away from the door. A small TV was set on an ornate end table at the left side of the chair and the news was on which was why the occupant hadn't heard them open the door behind him.

Feral smiled broadly a moment, before letting his face return to its usual expression of stone. He stalked toward the chair with his entourage a few steps behind him. When he reached the chair, he grasped it and whirled it as if it weighed nothing, causing the occupant to yelp in startled surprise, dropping his drink to the expensive rug.

"Feral! What is the meaning of this?" Mayor Manx squeaked in shocked anger. He wore a well made and fancy emerald green bathrobe over what looked like green striped, silk pjs with a plush pair of black bedroom slippers on his feet.

"You are under arrest Manx. Get to your feet!" The Commander barked, producing a pair of pawcuffs from his coat pocket.

"Are you mad?" Manx shouted, jumping to stand, glaring at the Enforcer.

"Mayor Manx, this is a warrant for your arrest signed by Judge Birman. You are being charged with malfeasance, fraud involving illegal attainment of government services, tax evasion, embezzlement of funds, and other charges that will be read to you later," Prosecutor Jaystar proclaimed firmly and loudly so everyone could hear.

"What? You can't do this...I'm innocent..." Manx bleated, eyes widening in fear as he struggled to get away from the huge tom's grasp.

Feral roughly jerked the pudgy tom around and applied the cuffs. "Shut up and listen!" he ordered then spoke the familiar words of the Miranda Rights, "You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to speak to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you. Do you understand these rights as they have been given to you?"

"Let go of me..." Manx screamed.

Feral jerked the tom around to face him. "Do you understand your rights I've just given you?" he repeated.

Manx, panting, his face sweaty and red, eyes bulging, and his body shaking with fear, wanted to be anywhere but here right now. However, he knew he was well and truly caught with no way to escape. He tried to avoid Feral's harsh stare and pulled uselessly against the tom's cruel grip on his arm but the Commander was unrelenting and still waiting for an answer.

"Y-y-yes I understand," he finally stammered out.

"Good!" Feral kept his fingers firmly around the Mayor's arm and tugged him out the door of the den.

"Call my lawyer!" Manx shouted to his butler as he passed the shaken servant.

He was unceremoniously shoved down the hallway, his steps stumbling, while the glare of camera lights followed him all the way outdoors into the late evening air. The whole trek out, Ann peppered everyone with questions but no one was answering least of all the Mayor himself.

His only response was to turn his face away from the cameras rather than seeking them out as he once did and kept his mouth firmly shut. He was marched down the steps of his home then stuffed into the back seat of the police cruiser, an Enforcer on either side of him. Feral took the driver's seat while the last Enforcer rode shotgun.

Ann was shocked by what she'd heard as well as ecstatic as her long held suspicions about the Mayor were proving true. This was the story of the year...the Mayor's raping of the city's treasury was now coming to light and the people of Megakat City were getting a front row seat at his humiliating arrest. There would soon be a crowd of irate people waiting when Feral hauled him to jail she was very certain of that.

Heart pounding with excitement, she quickly hopped into her news van and ordered the driver to follow the Commander's cruiser as the car bearing the former mayor took off at a sedate speed for the city.

Behind them came Ms. Briggs with Prosecutor Jaystar riding shotgun in her sedan. He was on the phone to all his people who had been serving their warrants at the exact same time. He received excited reports of success from each of his staff. He thanked them for their hard work then hung up after the last call.

"Well, Operation Clean House, went off without a hitch, Ms. Briggs," he said, grinning, as he put his phone away.

"Wonderful, so glad this part is over. I know Feral is prepared to process them all quickly so everything should be done in a couple of hours for which I'm glad as I'm bushed," Callie sighed, a look of satisfaction on her face.

"Too bad we can't wear earplugs when we get there. The hue and cry from so many whining ex-government officials is going to be deafening," he snorted.

Callie chuckled darkly. "Oh, I don't know, I think it will be more like music to my ears." Jaystar laughed.

About halfway to their destination, Feral pulled off into a huge parking lot where a big transport chopper sat waiting. The cars following, pulled in beside him and halted. Ann was surprised they were stopping until she realized what was surely going on.

"Jonny, come with me. Danny go on to the Enforcer Building and set up, we're flying with the Commander," she said hurriedly, as she climbed out and ran to the chopper with her camerakat on her heels.

One of the officer's sitting with Manx pulled the prisoner from the rear of the vehicle while the other officer went to Ms. Briggs' sedan. The officer that had been riding shotgun got into the driver's seat. The officers would drive the cars to headquarters for their owners. By this method, any mob that might be waiting would be unaware the Mayor had been transferred to a chopper.

Feral followed his officer controlling Manx as they walked to the chopper while behind him, Ms. Briggs was handing her keys off to the Enforcer waiting for her and nodding her thanks before she and Jaystar made for the chopper as well.

There was room for everyone as they boarded the chopper. The pilot started the engine and moments later it lifted into the air and zoomed toward headquarters. Only ten minutes later, they were landing smoothly on the flight line. A small squad of Enforcers were standing by so when the chopper cut its engines, they marched up and waited to take the prisoner.

All over the flight line, other choppers were landing and disgorging their own load of prisoners from all over the city. About half of the males were still dressed in day clothes while others were in night wear. All were angry and shouting as they were hustled off into the building. Processing was done in a large conference room where they were segregated from the main intake area for criminals, in small deference to their important positions in government.

The noise was deafening from all the complaining and verbal abuse being hurled at the Enforcers, until Feral whistled shrilly to get their attention.

"Shut up! You'll be given time to speak to your lawyers when you are through being processed. Until then, use your right to be silent now!" he barked. They gave him glaring looks but shut up.

The processing continued on more peacefully with only the quiet voices of the officers asking or giving orders to the prisoners breaking the silence. Soon the prisoners were being escorted to the cell block waiting for them, their grim-faced lawyers trailing behind.

Through it all, Ann and her camerakat were allowed to record everything going on while the rest

of the press plus a growing crowd of angry Katizens, waited outside on the steps of the Enforcer Building. When the prisoners were safely in their cells, only then did Feral, Ms. Briggs, and Prosecutor Jaystar go outside to address the milling crowd dutifully followed by Ann. Once outside, she and her camerakat joined the other member of their team.

Since she was now the Mayor, Callie would be the one addressing the crowd. She took her place before the bank of mikes that had been set up much earlier and waited for the crowd to settle down. All three waited silently, faces grim which finally penetrated the crowds anger and made them go silent.

"Thank you. I know you are all angry and upset. As you have heard, Mayor Manx and twenty other city officials have been arrested for serious governmental misconduct perpetrated against you the people. It's taken this long to gather iron clad evidence against his honor and the others but I want to assure you, none of the accused will get off easy nor be released from jail until their trials. They will get their day in court but the evidence against them is hard fact, not circumstantial. With his arrest, I am now Mayor until our next election this November. I hope you will give me your support in helping us move forward away from this tarnished past toward a brighter future, one without the omegas and corrupt politicians," she said humbly.

There was silence for a moment longer than a ragged cheer went up, a very positive sign that the people weren't unhappy about the change in leaders, which relieved her immensely. One hurdle down. She spent the next two hours answering questions from the crowd and press before signaling the impromptu conference to be over.

People finally went on their way seemingly placated by what had happened, though, that could certainly change when they had time to think about this more.

She and Jaystar had gone back inside the Enforcer Building to wait until the area was clear before going home. Feral offered them a snack and coffee in his office and they accepted. It was very late but they were too wound up to go home yet. They took a seat on his couch in the conversational area of his office. A tray with coffee, tea, and selection of pastries sat waiting for them on the coffee table. They served themselves and talked quietly about the evenings work.

"That went well," Feral rumbled, as he leaned back against the couch, relaxing completely.

"Yes it did, thank you for your excellent assistance, Commander," Jaystar said, smiling, sipping his coffee. Feral nodded.

"The rest of this business is a slam dunk and with the trial being held by the end of the week, it should be all wrapped up by next Monday," Callie said, nibbling delicately on a sugar coated pastry...diet be hanged...it had been a tense night.

"You think it'll be done that quickly?" Feral asked, surprised.

"I made sure of it, Commander. With all the data you collected, their defense hasn't a leg to stand on so all that's really left is how long each will serve in jail," Jaystar said, confidently.

"Actually, thank Albert Menlur for his excellent historical and investigatory skills. He dug up much more than I had stashed away which is why you have such an air tight case," Feral corrected him.

"You're right, Commander, a toast to Albert!" Jaystar said, cheerfully raising his cup, the others copying him. "Here...here!" they murmured together.

"There's also one more person to thank, Captain Ing of the **Wotan**. Without his insight, we would still be blind to what Manx was up to," Callie reminded them.

"Oh, I didn't know that's how all this got started. Well, definitely a thank you to him as well,"

Jaystar exclaimed and they toasted again.

"So now that bit of nastiness is done, all that's left is the ton of paperwork, selection of replacement council members, law suits, and other things that have to be accomplished in the vacuum left by their removal," Callie sighed, tiredly. "But, it's worth it."

Feral grimaced. "I certainly don't envy you that. As for me, I'm finally able to go home at a decent hour everyday...no more overtime. Organized crime thinks they are going to try to fill the void left by the omegas but they don't know about the new robot force about to augment my Enforcers within a month," he said, a smile of anticipation and pleasure on his face.

"Really? That soon? I had no idea Professor Hackle was that close to being finished," Callie said, surprised.

"Well, you were rather busy yourself, Ms. Briggs. Speaking of which, you haven't had time to brief me on how well your training went aboard the **Wotan**." He eyed her curiously.

Blushing, Callie quickly filled him in, "...and it seems I'm far more powerful than they'd guessed which was the reason I had to stay so long. They wouldn't let me leave until I had fully mastered my abilities which I now have and declared me ready to take on any magical threat."

Feral nodded, a pleased and relieved look on his face but Jaystar gaped at them both in confusion.

"Robots...Magic...what are you two talking about?"

"Oh I'm sorry, I forgot no one outside of Feral, myself, the SWAT Kats, Dr. Sinian, and Hackle know anything about what's been going on with our alien visitors and the archivist report. I'll be sure to send you a copy of the report in its entirety and not just the part you got about Manx," she apologized.

"Anyway, the report uncovered many things that hadn't been dealt with either at all or not completely. We had resources we never considered or Manx had refused to fund, but with the report and the advice of our visitors, we have been correcting those oversights. One of them is using robots to augment the Enforcers courtesy of Professor Hackle's robotic program, and the other was our lack of defense against magical enemies," she said, pausing a moment to wet her throat with coffee.

"When they arrived to our world, the Arcanians checked us out and discovered not only our problems but about our past. They uncovered that I'm a descendant of Queen Callista, our world's last known sorcerer. They told me if my genes had dormant magical energy they could unlock it then train me to be our world's magical defender. I was reluctant at first but I learned the Pastmaster wasn't just a threat to our world but to worlds out there in the universe as well..."

"Oh now wait a minute, all of what I'm hearing is pretty far-fetched, but this about the Pastmaster is just too unbelievable. How could the Pastmaster affect other worlds?" Jaystar interrupted, disbelief on his face.

"It turns out that when the Pastmaster bends time, it causes very destructive ripples in the space time continuum that sweep through the universe destroying whole worlds or altering them so badly, they are unrecognizable. The galactic community, that we hope to become a part of, have been searching for the culprit for a very long time and here he was on our world all along. Unfortunately, the way magic works prevents the magic users aboard the **Wotan** to take care of the problem for us..."

"Don't forget, they aren't allow to anyway due to their noninterference directive," Feral interrupted her.

"Oh yes, there's that as well so the problem is left to us to solve. The solution was to reactivate my genes which worked to perfection, so here I am ready to dispose of the Pastmaster."

"What do you mean dispose of him?" Jaystar leaped in to ask, but afraid he knew the answer already.

Callie gave him a steady, flat look. "His life is forfeited."

He gaped at her then shook his head. It took him some minutes to be able to absorb the enormity of what was being asked of her before he could ask an important question. "Could you do that? Take his life in cold-blood without a trial?"

"I have no choice so, yes, I'll do what's required to save this world and all the others out there. It's our duty," she said steadily.

"I find it hard to believe what you're telling me. It sounds almost like some kind of science fiction movie, however, I know you wouldn't make something like that up, so I have to accept it as truth. I just wish someone else could do this instead of you but it seems obvious that isn't going to happen so I'm grateful you have the strength of will to do it for us all but you shame me with your bravery," he said, upset and concerned for her welfare.

"No, please...don't think that way. We've been given a second chance at being happy and safe finally. The price I paid to become a sorcerer is small in comparison to what we gain from ridding the universe of this threat. Our world will be truly safe and hopefully, we'll become part of a bigger community if our UN accepts the offer it was presented. For all that, I've accepted what I must do, so please don't be distressed about it," she said, seriously, reaching out to touch his paw comfortingly.

Jaystar nodded but in his heart he would still feel shamed that he didn't have the ability to take this on for her instead. "You will make a strong Mayor and I would consider it an honor if you would allow me to handle your reelection campaign!" He said stoutly. "That way I'll feel I've done my part in making this grand future you envision come true."

She smiled warmly. "Thank you, that's very generous of you. I accept but right now the only thing that matters is finishing our cleanup of the government before we worry about the election months from now."

"Of course." He smiled, glad to know she hadn't refused to run at all. He would push hard to see that she kept the seat she now held...the city needed her leadership.

"I don't know if I'll still be here when the elections arrive, but I know you'll be a shoe-in Ms. Briggs. The city is familiar with you and with all the upheaval going on, they'll want the familiar to help them adjust and move on," Feral told her, encouragingly.

She frowned and sighed. "That is the only thing that saddens me, Commander...losing you."

Jaystar blinked in confusion. "What do you mean...losing him? Where are you going Commander?"

"Space."

The prosecutor could only stare at the big tom in utter shock and dismay.

Callie felt for the poor tom. 'Just wait until he hears the SWAT Kats may also be going, he'll have a heart attack,' she sighed mentally to herself as she finished her cup of coffee.

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Chapter 37: It's a New Day by ulyferal

WOLVES OF ARCANUS

Chapter 37: It's a New Day

Feral rolled his eyes and sighed. "We've kept everyone out of the loop so that people wouldn't panic while we investigated everything the archivist uncovered. That report was a powder keg that had to be dealt with first and foremost."

"Taking the Mayor out wasn't first priority in all this?" Jaystar demanded, getting annoyed at all these surprises the pair was dropping on him.

"We didn't know he was the reason at first. Believe me, when you read that report, you'll know just how serious the other threats to the city were. He was just the reason for why they all happened in the first place. And, if it weren't for our alien visitors, we could have blithely gone on not knowing we were sitting on a deadly powder keg that would eventually cause our city to fall to one of the omegas. We have the Arcanians to thank for advising us to look deeper into the reasons our problems kept repeating themselves."

"It was Capt Ing's comment to me about how I needed help to follow-up on the disposition of omegas that lead me to realize it wasn't being done in the first place. Dr. Sinian was with us that day and it was she who suggested sending someone to do a thorough investigation into our case files. That is how we all discovered what was really going on behind our backs by Mayor Manx," Callie interjected.

Shaking his head, the city prosecutor sat on the edge of his seat and leaned toward the Commander. "You'd better start explaining....from the beginning!"

Eyeing the tom with a glint of amusement in his eyes, Feral gave Jaystar a quick and dirty thumbnail of just what occurred when their interstellar visitors 'dropped' in.

Jaystar's eyes were nearly popping out of his head by the time the Commander covered most of the amazing occurrences and paused to moisten his dry mouth.

"Utterly amazing! So to sum it up....we're truly free of all the omegas, except for the Pastmaster and we've got new weapons, vehicles, and aircraft for the enforcers, plus new robotic assistance, a new Mayor who's a sorcerer, and a chance to be a part of a huge galactic community that will hurl us more than a decade into the future.....anything else I should know?" he asked, faintly overwhelmed and wishing for a good stiff drink about now.

Feral didn't say anything as he stood and went to get something from his small refreshment area where he had a mini fridge beneath the coffee machine. He pulled a bottle out and grabbed some glasses then returned to his companions.

"I do believe you might want a nip before I say anything more," he said, smiling a bit tightly as he poured a glass of bourbon and eyed the deputy mayor questioningly.

"Yeah, pour me one," Callie sighed....it had been a long night.

After handing her a drink, the dark tom filled another for Jaystar, handed it to him, then sat down with his own glass and took a healthy swallow before eyeing the tom intently.

"The only thing you've not heard yet was why I would be leaving."

Jaystar grimaced then took another big swallow of his drink to fortify himself. He had a feeling he was in for another shock.

Feral leaned back and stared up at the ceiling. "Lt. Kam, the leader of the insertion team from the Wotan, was there to feel out our defenses so he had to get close to me. However, what neither of us expected was to be intensely attracted the moment we stared into each others eyes. I give us both kudos for having such strong wills that we managed to keep from crossing the line of propriety for nearly two and half weeks before the tension and need became too great. I've never allowed my personal feelings to sway me from my duty but that day, Dark Kat could have blown in and I wouldn't have known or cared."

Jaystar gaped at him for a long moment before managing to blurt, "wha.....I never knew you swung that way....uh...not that it's any business of mine...." His face burned with embarrassment.

"I don't."

The prosecutor blinked in bewilderment then snorted, "oh sure....this was just a one time occurrence...or was it because the wolf being alien just shook your tree?" His voice dripped disbelief as he tried desperately to grapple with all Feral was telling him.

Feral didn't take offense and smiled instead which made Jaystar wonder what he'd missed.

"I don't consider myself gay.....more like bi even though I'm an hermaphrodite. However, I never allowed a male to take me that way until I met Kam. Still, I was rather shocked I so willingly let him take what I wouldn't allow any other male to have," he said, shaking his head, still amazed at his sudden capitulation.

Jaystar spit out the mouthful of alcohol he'd drunk and had to grab a napkin to clean up his shirt and pants. Sputtering, he gasped, "you're an hermaphrodite? Wow, you hid that well. He must be truly hot for you to just fall all over yourself like that."

"Oh yes, he's that alright, Feral smirked then he sighed. "At first, for me it was just incredible sex but the longer we were together the more attached I became. Later, after the death of Dark Kat and learning Kam was an alien, I realized he would have to leave me behind and I was stunned to find myself devastated and torn emotionally about it. He too knew we had to part but something within him snapped and pushed him into a mating rut, forcing him to take me rather violently. At that moment, I completely surrendered and knew I would always be his and never leave his side. That's when I knew we were soul mates. I've never felt so complete before."

"Wow, that's amazing. Congratulations on being so fortunate on finding a soul mate, Commander, but I gotta say, it's really weird that an alien was your perfect match," Jaystar said, shaking his head as he drank more of his bourbon.

"You won't get an argument from me on that."

"So, since he's an alien and has to leave and you're bonded to him, this is why you have decided to leave?" Jaystar asked, thoughtfully.

"Yes. It was a tough decision but I knew I couldn't take Kam from his exciting life aboard a starship so after speaking with Capt Ing, who told me I could return to Arista on visits even though it would be years in between, I agreed. It was no real hardship for me as I have no family left. And, anyway, why would anyone turn down a chance to travel in space? I even get to learn to fly a starship. I'm looking forward to it," Feral grinned.

"Oh, I agree with you. What a fantastic opportunity. You're a brave Kat for wanting to leave your world though, I salute you. You'll be the first one of us to see the stars." Jaystar saluted him with his nearly empty glass and smiled broadly.

"Thank you, but I may not be the only one taking the plunge," Feral corrected him.

Jaystar stared at him askance. "Oh come on! Just how much more can you possibly shock me with now?"

Feral didn't speak, only glanced over at Callie questioningly.

She rolled her eyes but willingly took up the tale. "Well it appears Razor has taken a serious shine to Genus, the team's engineer and T-Bone has been flirting with Tara, their medical and communications officer. They've both been asked if they'd like to join the crew of the Wotan. They haven't said yes yet, but things look like they might."

"Hmm, well with so little for them to do, they really won't be missed," Jaystar snorted, rather pleased he wouldn't have to deal with those two vigilantes.

"Well, you might not miss them but there are a lot of Katizens that will including me," Callie said, annoyed. "Also, that isn't the only news, though mine is not to be revealed unless it must."

"Please tell me you aren't leaving too? Wait....that wouldn't be right....you already said you were willing to be Mayor. Okay, I'll bite....what is your secret?" Jaystar sighed.

"Dr. Sinian and I have committed to each other," she said, lightly.

Feral blinked in surprise. "Really? I didn't realize you two were even dating. Congratulations."

"Thank you, Ulysses. Abi's the reason I was able to get through all that genetic testing then training to be a sorcerer. She's my rock and after secretly dating since the visitors arrived, I popped the question last night and she said yes. I'm still getting used to not being alone any longer," she said, a smile of contentment on her face.

"Wonderful feeling, isn't it?" Feral murmured, toasting her with his glass.

"Yes, it certainly is."

"So.....is that it? Anymore incredible surprises you wish to shake my world with?" Jaystar asked rather tiredly.

Callie eyed Feral who returned her look and shrugged, shaking his head. "Nope, guess that's it," she assured him as she finished her drink.

"Good! It's certainly enough for me to chew on," Jaystar sighed, rubbing his eyes for a moment. "Well, guess its time to get some much needed rest, its going to be an extremely busy day for both of us tomorrow....." he paused to look at his watch, "....uh...make that later today....it's after two now."

"Really! Oh my, better get going, myself," Callie said, surprised to know it was that late.

"Good idea. Just leave the glasses, my assistant will clean up. Come on, I'll see you both out," Feral said, rising and making for the door.

The two pulled on their jackets and headed out the door then down to the elevator.

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In the jail beneath Enforcer Headquarters, a chubby, former government official sat on a hard bunk in his dimly lit cell wearing an orange jumpsuit, his fancy nightwear having been confiscated. His face was in his palms and he was moaning softly. "How could all this have

happened? I was so careful.” He remembered the humiliating call he had to make after speaking with his lawyer who was definitely no help at all.

“I need help!” He squeaked anxiously into the phone, while behind him, his fellow prisoners were making their own urgent calls.

“What’s happened,” a deep and annoyed voice asked.

“I’ve been arrested along with all those that helped you,” Manx hissed.

“You fool! The phones are tapped. Hang up....someone will get with you later!” The voice snarled, then hung up.

Manx stared at the receiver a moment in shock then hung it up. Shivering, he wondered if his contact would be helping him or saving the city the cost of a trial. Whatever decision the voice made, there was nothing the fat tom could do about it now but hope he would still be living.

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As the clock on the wall softly chimed seven, Jake sighed and stretched as he set about making breakfast for himself and his partner. A glance out his kitchen window, showed the clouds of the evening had blown off and the sun was shining brightly.

Except for the occasional twinge of a protesting muscle, he was feeling fantastic. It was nearly two months since he’d been injured in Dark Kat’s former hideout. It still amazed him to have no lasting effects except some minor muscle aches from the deadly fall he’d suffered.

Not only was Chance thrilled to have him back in one piece, Genus wasted no time in checking him thoroughly before making love.

As he finished cooking bacon and cracked some eggs for scrambling, he smiled in contentment. Chance had briefed him that all their chores were completed and things around the city had been very peaceful. It was so quiet, his friend admitted to spending a lot more time with a certain she-wolf.

Jake had asked him a few weeks ago, if they were getting serious.

“Well, I’m not sure. I do like being with her. She’s fun and very smart but doesn’t shove that into your face and the sex is hot,” Chance said, a small smile on his face as he remembered the night before.

“That’s great. Glad you’re getting your own needs met, finally,” Jake smirked.

Chance snorted. “I always got that but with Tara it’s different.” He shrugged, unable to describe what he felt any clearer. He did like her...a lot but was it enough to just up and leave their world? He was still torn about that. However, his resistance to the idea was starting to weaken as the thought of being able to fly a real starship made him excited.

Jake was hoping his partner and best friend would be willing to go as he had pretty much decided he couldn’t be without Genus but leaving his friend would be agonizing. All he could do right now was wait and hope for the best.

He came back from his reverie in time to keep from burning the eggs which he poured onto two plates, added bacon and toast. He was about to yell when his tousle headed friend appeared in the door, his nose twitching.

"Hmm, smells good, buddy. So decided to make a full breakfast, eh? What's the occasion?" Chance asked, taking a seat and beginning to dig in.

Jake chuckled as he poured two glasses of milk and set them on the table, putting the milk jug away. He took a seat across from his friend.

"Just decided I wanted a hot breakfast. It's going to be a sunny day and I thought, since we have no work, I'd see if Genus is free and we could go to the beach."

"Hey, good idea. We deserve a vacation finally. Maybe Tara is free too.....I'll call her in a bit," Chance said, grinning.

They finished up and set their dishes in the sink to wash later. Jake went into the living room to flick on the TV so he could check the weather. It might be sunny now but it could change by later in the day. The news was just coming on. Chance had gone to his room to comb his hair and find his cell phone.

"Holy cow!!! Chance come here!" Jake shouted when he heard what the news guy said.

"Huh! What's up?" Chance asked as he hurried into the living room.

"Listen!" Jake hissed, turning the sound up.

When the news anchor finished and began to speak about something else, Jake lowered the sound and just stared in stunned disbelief at the screen.

Chance could only shake his head for a long moment before finally saying, "wow, I can't believe it....who knew Manx had done all that?"

"I think I've had a suspicion these past few years but was always too busy to dig around a bit. It certainly explains a lot of why so many things the archivist found were never dealt with in the first place and why the Enforcers were always short funded," Jake growled, disgusted and angry.

"Well, I sure wouldn't have thought that fat tom could have been responsible for being so underhanded."

"Oh, I think he was certainly greedy enough but I'm not so sure he was smart enough to do something on this great a scale. He had to have had help," Jake said grimly, a thoughtful look on his face.

"Huh? And who would help him besides all those councilkats that were arrested with him?"

"They were just followers.....no....it's someone powerful and well funded that's running this from behind the scenes. It's our own fault that we haven't been paying attention to the small mob families that are still located here and what they are up to. One of them would have the kind of power to do this."

Chance scowled. "Weren't the omegas bad enough.....now we have to worry about some nebulous group of thugs," he said, disgusted.

"I don't think that battle will be ours, buddy." Jake said, slowly, shaking his head.

"What? Why wouldn't it be?"

"Callie is Mayor now. That's her job and the revamped Enforcers. After all, that's what everyone was trying to do.....make them capable of handling things on their own. No, buddy, this isn't our

fight any longer," Jake sighed, rubbing his neck.

Chance stood there shocked but relaxed gradually as he thought about what Jake had said. His friend was right. This was exactly what the Enforcers were meant for and it wasn't right for them to take that responsibility away from them. Besides, that had never been the SWAT Kats mission in the first place.

No, it was the Enforcer's job and despite feeling rather odd at bowing out, he had to accept the fact that the time was past for the two of them to come to the rescue anymore.

Shaking his head, he sighed. When did he begin to realize the SWAT Kats weren't a help but a hindrance? When the omegas were disposed of and all the loose ends were taken care of.....he gave his own answer. So, maybe going into space was their next life's course.

He would have to think about this a bit more.

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Chapter 38: Shore Leave and Briefings by ulyferal

WOLVES OF ARCANUS

Chapter 38: Shore Leave and Briefings

The court case against the former Mayor and twenty other officials of the government was rather anti-climatic, at least to those who had a paw in making it happen. The public, on the other hand, were in an uproar for months after.

As Callie had predicted, city hall was inundated with class action suits from businesses, individuals, and many others the corrupt government had screwed over. It would take years to clean up the mess. However, the good news was the support she was getting from the press and the people was nothing but positive. It seemed she would indeed be a shoo-in for Mayor during the upcoming elections.

Everyone around her was excited about that, but she remained reserved. She knew, until the ones who bankrolled Manx's tenure were arrested, they could still try and put someone of their own choosing in her place. No, they had to be on the alert and try to discover the person or group responsible and it seemed the pompous, former Mayor, wasn't going to be the one to give them up. Whoever had been behind him, obviously scared him more than going to jail.

Manx sat in court, a sad, unhappy tom who'd lost everything. He had wanted desperately to plead not guilty and see if he could get mercy from the people but as the case was laid out to him by his lawyer, he could plainly see, he didn't stand a chance. The city was fully against him and his secret backer failed to do anything about it. After that one brief phone call he'd made, he heard nothing more and was forced to realize, he'd been hung out to dry on his own.

He could have spilled the beans about who had been funding him, but was smart enough to know that he would never survive long to see them brought to justice so despite the prosecutor's hammering at him to find out who was behind all this (as no way did Jaystar believe Manx was smart enough to do this on his own), Manx steadfastly refused to give them away.

The evidence against the group facing trial was irrefutable and all the defendants could do was plead guilty and not bother to hope for a fair hearing by the angry public. There was simply no way an impartial jury could be found so they didn't even try. Their only hope was their sentences weren't too long or harsh.

Much to Feral and Callie's relief and all the other's handling the case, the trial only lasted a day and sentencing was done two days later. Feral had the satisfaction of escorting the white collar

prisoners to a minimum security prison located outside the city.

Relieved to have one more thing accomplished, Feral realized there wasn't much more left for him to do except prepare his replacement which he'd actually been doing the moment he knew he was leaving.

Colonel Sharpclaws was a smart and well liked officer. He'd been in command of one of Feral's combat units for more than fifteen years. After studying many candidates, he found the tom open minded, calm under pressure, able to delegate easier than Feral had been able to, and was not threatened by the integration of robots among his squadrons. All qualities, he would need to carry the Enforcers forward to their new future as well as handle the new challenges brought about, if and when, their world moved into space themselves.

Now that the matter of Manx had been dealt with and Sharpclaws was already taking much of his work over, Feral spent a great deal more time with his new mate, packing his home up, selling off what he didn't need and preparing to leave Aristal.

With Callie's blessing, Feral and Kam went on vacation, traveling the whole planet, something Feral had never found time to do and felt he should do now that he was leaving it behind.

During this period as well, the crew of the **Wotan** had finally been allowed shore leave. The city welcomed them with open arms and they were nearly treated as royalty as they enjoyed the many entertainments to be found on being planet side after being so long in space.

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Captain Ing smiled warmly at his command crew as they enjoyed an evening at a place Feral had highly recommended. The food was fantastic, the atmosphere warm and inviting, and the entertainment was fantastic (music, dancers, even a magician). And the added delight provided by bright and intelligent companions to spend their evening with if they so chose.

"The crew is catching their breath and feeling good, Captain," Dr. Tennar remarked as he tasted an interesting cocktail creation. "I'm glad Megakat City was able to finally have peace after putting up with all that strife and danger for so long and that we were here to see it."

"Me too. It's a delightful planet, full of interesting and intelligent people. I look forward to returning here in the future," Ing grinned, enjoying some kind of meat dish that was absolutely delicious. "I must thank Commander Feral for recommending this place, it has certainly lived up to their reputation."

"The food is incredible. I think I want to take a doggy bag home," First Lt. Asura enthused, taking a big bite of her pasta dish.

"Good idea," Ensign Roran smiled broadly as he dug in happily of his rib dinner.

First Officer Shegar, snorted in amusement at the behavior of the younger members of the command crew as he ate his incredibly spicy fish dish, though he wholeheartedly agreed the food was indeed fantastic. After drinking some water to cool the heat in his mouth, he told the Captain, "Last report I got from Mayor Briggs was the United Nations were favorable about joining the galactic alliance. However, as is always the case with government bureaucracies, there's still a lot of debate going on and questions being asked, so I fear it will still be many months or even a year longer before they are ready to sign on."

"That's a good thing. They shouldn't rush into this. By taking their time and questioning everything, they'll have less regrets that way," Ing rumbled, pleased and satisfied how things were going.

"Has anyone enjoyed the club scene, yet?" Roran jumped in, excitedly.

"I went to the Phoenix Club Tara told me about. It's a great place with some truly hunky males. I had my pick of any type," Asura responded.

"Oh? And I bet you've sample several already," Roran smirked, teasing his friend.

She smirked back and said coyly, "I don't kiss and tell but I can say, I've never gone home alone."

Everyone laughed.

"I've got to get to that club as well or try the one Genus went to. He said it was really hot too," Roran said, grinning.

"If you're into males that like other males, that is," Asura laughed.

"And I do but you know I like both sexes however, after seeing Commander Feral and the SWAT Kats, I'm hoping to find myself someone like that. They are soo hot!"

Laughter rang out yet again. The evening was going well and being able to debrief in such a relaxed atmosphere was great. As dessert was brought and fresh drinks set all around, Star added something new to the conversation.

"Not being much for the night life, I did find that conclave of mystics finally."

"Really? Fantastic. I know you were about to give up since they seemed to have hidden themselves very well," Tennar commented, amused. For reasons of their own, the few magic wielders on this world were reclusive and it had frustrated Star a bit trying to locate them. He wanted to get an idea what kind of magic was used here by those not on the same power levels as Callie.

"I finally got lucky or it was because one of them was working magic at the time, but whichever it was, it helped me locate them. They've chosen to separate themselves from civilization completely because the vibrations of modern life disrupts their energies. So they found themselves a remote spot where they could commune with nature more easily. Their home is a simple, if well hidden, lair. I found them interesting, intelligent, and peaceful. Their magic is grounded in nature and the world around them and the soothing vibrations they put out were a balm to my weary spirit," Star sighed, a look of contentment on his face.

"Oh, the type a world needs to stay stable and happy, eh?" Tennar nodded, pleased.

"Just so. My time spent with them has driven off the stress and tension I was feeling leaving me feeling lighter and more focused now. A very valuable retreat it was."

"Then I'm glad you found them as I was becoming concerned for your well being of late. I'll make a note of that in my logs so we'll remember this place and use it whenever we pass by here again. There just isn't that many places for your kind to get the relief of spirit you need," Tennar said, relieved. "Will they accept others of your sept to visit them? You aren't the only one that needs this."

"I have asked and they have graciously granted us permission to commune with them and even extended that right to any future visits by us. It seems my presence was just as helpful to them as it was for me. I plan on gathering my sept together later this week and taking them there, with your permission, of course, Captain."

"Granted and I'm pleased you were able to reciprocate, making us yet more friends. We're not leaving for at least a month yet if you want to commune with them a few more times. Please convey my thanks to them for allowing us entry to their hidden refuge."

"I will be happy to, sir and thank you." Star smiled. He looked forward to visiting the group again.

Something else occurred to Captain Ing. He realized he'd not seen an answer on a question Lt. Kam had brought up when they'd arrived on Aristal. "By the way, Tennar, did you discover why these people's birth rate was so low?"

"My team has only just completed their analysis on that, Captain. I was finishing my report on it to send you by the end of the week. As you know, we couldn't take the genetic samples we needed until we had permission to take shore leave. Now that we've been able to, it's taken a while to collect those samples but we're finished finally."

"Oh, right. So what did you find out...just give me a thumbnail idea."

"Certainly, sir." Tennar looked around to ensure none of the locals were too close to overhear what he had to say then launched into a brief summation. "The good news is the low birth rate is natural for them. The most astonishing thing we discovered was at no time throughout their rather short history, has their population ever gone past eight million souls. Natural diseases, wars, accidents and their choice of having only one to two kittens on average is why their population remains at a steady level."

The others sitting around the table just gaped at him.

"That's utterly amazing. Despite the many worlds we've been to, I've never heard of a race that could do such a thing and be successful as this one has," Ing finally managed to say.

"I agree, quite the feat."

Ing frowned after considering this astonishing news. "Then what would happen if they became a regular stopping place for other races, would that disturb this rather delicate balance?" he asked, concerned.

It was Tennar's turn to stop and think a moment but it was Star who answered.

"They will not be affected. They are a tough species who are not easily swayed by outside forces to change who they are. Though they will spread out into the universe and become an integral and valuable member of our galactic community, they will continue to hold true to their beliefs and keep their world as it is," he said, his voice distant.

Everyone eyed him respectfully, realizing he'd just had a vision. It awed them to be present for one of those moments.

"Wow! They must be something truly special to warrant a vision," Renor breathed, reverently.

Star simply smiled mysteriously and took a drink of his spring water.

It gladdened Ing's heart to know this world would continue to flourish and spread throughout the universe. It was a fortuitous chance that had brought them here and he was glad they were the ones to have met this species. It didn't hurt his reputation either for being the one to discover them. However, there was still one more issue that hadn't been cleared up yet.

"Anyone hear any scuttlebutt as to whether we'll have three leaving with us or just the one new crew member?"

Looks of uncertainty went around the table even from Star.

"From what I've heard, the big tabby is still uncertain about how he feels on leaving his home and the life he's enjoyed up to now," Star ventured.

"Yeah, but they don't have much to do now. I would think boredom would be starting to set in,"

Major Weigland said, sagely.

"I think you may be right as he seems to be moving toward us a little more each day and his feelings for Tara are getting stronger," Star agreed.

"Well, I can tell you there's no doubts from the other member of the team. He's fallen head over heels for Genus and vice versa. But if his friend doesn't go, he'll be devastated," Tennar warned.

"That would definitely be a bad thing. Even young Genus would not be able to heal his lover's heart should that happen," Star agreed.

"I guess all we can do is hope for the best. Meanwhile, has everyone noticed how deliriously happy Kam is lately?" Shegar smirked.

"Oh yes, that pair can be found together all the time now. I saw him walking a load carrier to his quarters two weeks ago. He told me this was the last of his mate's belongings. I asked him when he thought Feral would come up permanently and he said not until we actually leave," Liela, the comm officer, said, smiling.

"They are taking a tour of Feral's world right now. Kam and he are on vacation seeing all the sights of Arista, something Feral never had time to do before. I'm glad Kam is so happy but I'm still surprised that fate gave him such a taciturn mate," Tennar snorted, shaking his head.

"He's that alright but an honest and brave individual who'll make a great member of our crew once he gets over not being in charge and learns the ropes," Major Weigland observed.

"I believe I'll take a paw at helping with his training. I have more of an understanding what his problems will be learning to be a follower rather than a leader. It will be a hard adjustment that I wish to make much easier for him," Ing said, thoughtfully.

"A wise plan, Captain. I also received a request from Kam that his mate receive counseling from Tara as well. There are some issues Feral needs to deal with as part of his adjustment that the usual psych care won't address," Tennar added.

"Oh? Anything I should be aware of?" Ing asked, frowning.

"Feral is more by the book type of mentality. When told the Pastmaster would be terminated, he was angry and upset, feeling to do such a thing without a trial was wrong. When Kam explained the necessity and how such things do happen sometimes during our missions, it hit him hard and caused him to suffer a momentary crisis of self," Tennar explained.

"Hmm, the more rigid the mindset, the more difficult it is to accept the kind of decisions we must make for the galactic good. Will he come around or are we looking at a long term problem?" Ing asked, concerned. Though he wouldn't kick Feral off the ship for having this problem, it did cause him to reconsider what kind of duties he could allow the Kat.

"Though upset, he accepted the need and Kam was able to comfort him. The Lieutenant didn't feel it was too serious a problem but that it did need to be addressed. He felt waiting until they were settled aboard and we were on our way again would be soon enough to begin the sessions with Tara so hasn't said anything to his mate about it and I agree," Tennar advised his leader.

"I expect you to keep on top of that, Tennar. I'll reserve my decision as to his position on the crew until you clear him. Meanwhile, he'll be far too busy learning about being in space to worry about how we decide certain issues that come up," the Captain decided.

"Not a problem, sir," Tennar nodded.

"Well, this has been a productive and enjoyable meal. I will bid you all a good night and think I'll

find some personal entertainment for myself," Ing said, a roguish grin on his face as he rose to his feet.

Everyone murmured a good night to him and eventually parted their separate ways to enjoy the night life or to return to their hotel where they were staying while planetside.

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Chapter 39: Last Visits of Home by ulyferal

"That was the most amazing tour," Ulysses Feral sighed, his eyes closed and his body immersed in a frothing hot tub.

"I agree. Glad we were able to check it out. Those fountains were incredibly beautiful and the art work breathtaking," Kam rumbled, sitting behind his mate and gently circling one of Uly's nipples. He wasn't trying to arouse the tom, though, as they had already indulged in some vigorous sex when they returned to their hotel.

"I'm glad you pushed me to do this around the world thing. I would have never realized just how much was out there to see. Now I'll have an album full of pics to remind me of what my home truly looks like and not just Megakat City."

"My pleasure, my love. It was just as wonderful for me. Whenever I get the chance to spend more than just a few hours or days on a planet, it's exciting to see the sights and immerse myself in a new culture."

Feral chuckled. "Yea, for you it's a new culture but for me it's supposed to be home and I have never seen all of it. Thank you for that."

"You're welcome, handsome."

"So where to next?"

"Hmm, I believe its to an ancient city within the Tymurr Federation."

"Oh yes, I've dealt with them before and visited briefly to retrieve a prisoner. It's an incredible city built entirely of some kind of stone from the region. I remember being very impressed and wishing I had time to really look around."

"Well, now's your chance," Kam chuckled.

They were silent for several long minutes.

"I never thought I'd be doing something like this while still in the prime of my life. It was something to do in the distant future when I was probably too old and damaged to do anything but dream about it," Ulysses mused. "But then you came along and here we are."

"And I never dreamed I would be blessed with a mate. Stopping here at your world was the most incredible life-altering thing of my life," Kam said sincerely, brushing a kiss along his mate's temple.

"The same is true of me. I thought I'd be alone forever as I never made time nor allowed anyone close enough to me to try for any kind of relationship. Maybe I was waiting for you," Ulysses murmured, turning in his mate's arms and kissing him deeply to show just how much he appreciated this once in a lifetime occurrence.

Kam sighed happily, kissing his mate back.

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Back in Megakat City, Jake and Chance were having a heart to heart talk.

"All the omegas have been dealt with except for the Pastmaster and Callie's all ready to handle him. The other criminal elements of the city are already feeling the pinch from the better trained and equipped Enforcers even without the robots," Chance mused.

"Yea, and I got an update from Lt. Donar that the first finished robots were on their way to the Enforcers for further training as we speak."

"Further training? I thought all they had to be was programmed." Chance frowned, confused.

"They are programmed but they need to learn how to use that programming in real life instances. For that to work, each is to be paired with a Kat partner then go through a special training course to teach them how to work together," Jake explained.

"Oh...then that means it may be a bit longer before there are robots on the patrols."

"It won't take too long really, perhaps two months. Robots learn fast but the Kat partners will be the ones who will take longer to get used to working with them and learning to trust one as they would a living partner."

"Well that's good to know. I feel much better about this city's chances of keeping the peace we've finally won."

"So do I. That brings us to what we're going to do now that we're no longer really needed. It was cool that Callie found a way to expunge our debt to the Enforcers so that's no longer over our heads," Jake commented.

"Yea, that was the best news ever," Chance agreed then shifted uneasily on the couch. The next conversation made him uncomfortable but they had to discuss it now. "So, how are you and Genus getting along?"

Jake eyed his partner silently a moment. He knew what Chance was really asking. "I love him and he loves me. I think we might become mates though we're not as fortunate as Feral to be bonded," he said softly.

That admission stabbed Chance through the heart. It wasn't as if he hadn't expected this but hearing it spoken aloud had made it more definite and left him still undecided about his own future and how he would deal with losing his longtime friend if he chose not to go along.

"So, you'll go into space with him," he asked slowly.

"Yes." There was no hesitation. "What about you?" Jake asked carefully. He truly couldn't bear leaving his partner of so many years behind but he couldn't leave Genus either. This decision was already tearing his heart apart.

Chance grimaced, tilting his head back to stare at the chipped and peeling ceiling. "I don't know. I like Tara...a lot but love her...not yet and maybe never. But even if she and I never work out, that isn't what has me hesitant. I do have family here, buddy. It will be hard to leave them."

Jake winced. Somehow he'd forgotten about that. He was alone in the world except for Chance so leaving was easier for him just as it was for Feral. "I don't know what to tell you, buddy. I've been promised by Genus that we will be stopping by here especially if it becomes a member of the galactic community," he said earnestly.

"Yea, but there's no certainty of that happening as yet, though I hope it does. But the visits by the **Wotan** would be years apart. A long time to be separated from family that I already haven't seen much of and my grandparents are up there in age as well," the tabby reminded him.

"True. Then I guess you should just speak with them, Chance. See what they say. You know I want you with me but I won't press you on it. It must be your decision."

"I know but I'd hate to lose you to space. And I'm afraid if I don't go, I'll regret it. I mean this is a once in a lifetime offer to learn to fly a spaceship and see other worlds. I'm just so torn," Chance groaned, bending forward and putting his face in his paws.

Jake put a comforting arm over his distressed friend's shoulders. "I know, I'm sorry."

Chance shook his head. "You know I'll have to tell them I'm a SWAT Kat."

"Yes, I realize that because when I leave you won't be one any longer unless you decide to take another partner but then I don't know if you'll see much action to bother."

"That's why I feel it's important to tell them. I have no desire to be a SWAT Kat without you. You're right about our time being over. I need to move on to other things but I have no idea what that might be so talking with my family might help me come to a decision."

"When will you go to see them?"

Chance looked up then stared around the garage. No cars were there to be fixed as they had decided to close it permanently even before they'd discussed giving up being the SWAT Kats. He wouldn't miss this part of his life but he would miss the adventure and excitement of being a hero. However, going into space might be the right decision except for one major stumbling block.

"Probably go this week, but Jake there's one more thing about going into space...we've been in control of our own lives and choices for years. Are you sure you can handle being under someone else's command again?" He asked seriously.

"Honestly, I hadn't thought about it, Chance, but you're right, we have gotten used to being our own bosses. However, now that I really think about it, I realize I'm tired of being a lone ranger and feeling responsible for the safety of an entire city. Older and, I hope wiser, I think I won't have a problem accepting the orders of someone like Captain Ing. He's impressed me as a kind, but firm, and excellent leader of his people. Unlike being under Feral's command, I won't be as frustrated because the **Wotan**'s mission is far different from the Enforcers. So, no, I won't regret giving up control, it will actually be a relief," Jake said, sincerely.

Chance stared at him for a long time, thinking deeply about what his best friend had said. Then he nodded. "That's what had me concerned. I liked being in control and aboard the **Wotan**, I wouldn't be. Could I handle that? I don't know. But hearing you state it like that has given me a more clearer idea of what I would be getting myself into if I went with you and you're right, what we'd be doing is a way different from being an Enforcer and a SWAT Kat, for that matter. That may be what decides me about going."

"Glad I could help. Oh, I haven't had a chance to tell you this but I've been told I will have a lab of my own to invent to my hearts content and, if I want to, I can be a member of an insertion team. My life will be filled with new adventures so I won't miss being a SWAT Kat as much as I thought I would. It doesn't hurt that I won't be alone either. Genus is just so wonderful and I feel lucky to have found him. I so can't wait to leave," Jake said, eyes bright with excitement.

His partner sighed. A warmth spread through him at seeing just how happy Jake was but would going into space be the same for him? He still wasn't certain. He had wanted a family eventually, would going into space keep him from that or would he find someone like Jake had? So many questions. It was beginning to hurt his brain.

"I'm very glad you've found someone who makes you so happy, buddy," he said, smiling warmly.

"I was told I'd be a pilot but what else I'd be doing, I have no idea. To be honest, I never asked Captain Ing. So, I guess that's something else I need to check on to help me make a decision. Meanwhile, you've given me plenty to think about and much of it will help me when I go discuss this with my family so thank you." Jake nodded quietly. "This is going to be really hard but I'll let you know what my answer will be soon."

"I understand. Well, if there's nothing more to say, I and Genus are going to see the sights. Sort of a round the world tour just like Feral is doing right now with his mate. If you decide to go, you should consider doing the same thing...building strong memories of home before stepping out into space."

"I may not go see the world, but I will take in more of Megakat City and spend a lot of time with my family if I do decide to go. I guess I won't see you for...what...a month?" Chance asked, smiling warmly as he gave his friend a hug.

"Yea, pretty much. That should be long enough for both of us then we will spend time, just you and I, visiting all our favorite haunts together, okay?" Jake asked, hugging his friend back.

"Great idea. I like that. I'll see you in a month then." Chance felt a small pang in his chest as he and his best friend in the world parted for a time.

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A few days later, Chance stood before a nice two story home with a fenced yard and a huge old oak tree hovering over the home on the right side of it. The closest neighbor was about a block away.

This was not the home he'd grown up in. That had been a small apartment on the upper west side when his father was a young enforcer. When he was killed in the line of duty, it hurt too much for his mother to stay there so she moved them to live with her parents. This house was theirs and had been in the Furlong family for more than fifty years. He'd loved it here and had many fond memories of his siblings and grandparents. Being the oldest, he'd shoulder the responsibilities of being the 'male' of the house despite the presence of his grandfather.

His grandfather had been the one to foster the young tom's love of cars and taught him how to repair them. They had all been proud when he'd become an enforcer and was touted as being the best pilot the force had seen in a while. It hadn't gone so well when he'd been kicked out years later.

It had split him from his brother who thought he'd brought his ousting on himself because he was such a hot head. His mother refused to take sides but was disappointed in him as were his grandparents. His sister, on the other paw, staunchly stood by him and thought Feral was a dickhead. Chance had roared with laughter when she'd said that to him.

As he stood on the sidewalk looking at the home that hadn't really changed much in all these years, he wondered how they would react to learning he'd been a vigilante all this time. Shaking his head, well he wasn't going to find out until he talked to them. He'd called two days ago and had asked that all his family attend a special meeting.

Hopefully, they were all inside waiting. By the looks of the number of cars nearby, most of them were. Taking a deep breath, he opened the gate and walked the brick pathway to the broad porch, leaping the three steps, to knock firmly on the front door.

Squeals could be heard through the heavy door letting him know his sibs kittens were about. The door swung open to the smiling face of his mother who hugged him tightly.

"Chance! So good to see you after so long...come in...come in," she urged him, stepping back to allow him entrance.

As he'd surmised, the younger of his nieces and nephews were just inside and once they saw him, they squealed and leaped onto him. The older ones watched him from the doorway to the huge parlor, not willing to make a spectacle of themselves by clamoring around their uncle.

He could hardly walk as he carried some kittens while others were clinging to his legs as he followed his mother into the parlor. He was relieved to see his brother had been willing to see him despite their bitter differences. The darker tabby eyed him from a stuffed chair near the fireplace. The kittens were encouraged to let go of their uncle so Chance could sit down.

Everyone gathered with bottles of milk, soda, coffee, or tea, around him. At first, the conversation was all about the kittens, their jobs, and what they'd all been up to the past few years since they'd last seen him. Dinner brought up the gabfest for a little as everyone pitched in making it and serving it at a huge dining room table. The meal was accompanied by light banter. Chance deliberately refused to talk about why they were meeting like this in the first place. He deflected any deep questions while asking a great many of his own. About himself, he would only talk about the garage and his best friend, but nothing else.

When dinner was over, the food had been put away and the dishes done, they gathered once more in the parlor. The youngest kittens had been sent to bed. The older ones in their teens had been allowed to stay and listen. Everyone settled down and waited to hear what Chance had to say.

"First of all, I want to admit that I have been keeping something secret from you." Exclamations of dismay, anger, and surprise met that statement. Chance held up his paws, asking for patience.

"The reason was to keep you safe from my enemies but now that is no longer necessary. If you would please sit and wait a moment, I'll show you why as that will be easier than trying to explain it." Chance turned and left the room. He grabbed the backpack he'd brought from the foyer and went into the bathroom. He changed quickly and strode nervously back in the room.

"Holy crap! It's T-Bone!" his fourteen year old nephew Jacob blurted. They all gaped at him in shock for a long moment as they stared at him then a few voiced suspicions that this might be a joke.

"What gives, Chance? Is this a prank because if it is, it's not funny." His brother demanded, not impressed nor happy with what he thought was a charade.

His mother was pale and shaking her head, not certain what to think. His grandfather frowned and his grandmother had a paw to her mouth, disbelief in her eyes. His sister looked excited and pleased while the teens were in awe.

"No, Dereck. I'm exactly who I look like, T-Bone, a SWAT KAT." He demonstrated by revealing some of the gadgets on his glove. "My cyclotron is parked out of sight and I'll show it to you later. I can even call the Turbokat to me if you insist," he stated firmly, his face serious.

"No, your words good enough for me, Chance. Though you can be a jokester at times, I seriously doubt you would have gathered us all here to pull such an elaborate hoax. But why are you telling us this now?" his grandfather asked, concerned.

"Well I'm not convinced," his brother muttered but didn't argue.

"Because we're no longer needed," Chance said plainly then turned to his mother, "I'm sorry, mom. When Jake and I were booted out we just couldn't stand by and watch the omegas kick the Enforcers tails and get away to do it all over again. So Jake came up with this plan to get us back into fighting crime. And that's how we became the SWAT Kats. We didn't tell you because our enemies wouldn't hesitate to hurt you to get to us."

"Well I'll be...I never would have thought you'd do something like this...be a vigilante," his grandfather said, disappointed but also rather proud.

Chance's face colored and he hung his head a moment knowing he'd disappointed his family a little. "Yes sir, I know but it just seemed right." He looked up again, face proud and unapologetic. "And I would do it again if need be but thanks to the visitors from space and our own efforts, the omega threat is finally over."

"Does that mean the SWAT Kats are quitting?" His sister asked, dismayed. She thought it was the coolest thing that her brother was a SWAT Kat. The Furlongs were going to be in the history books for this. She was very proud of him.

"Yes, I'm afraid so, sis. We've done what we meant to do and with the city safe once more, it's now time for us to let the newly beefed up Enforcers take over and we do something else. And that's why I've asked you all here. I need your help making a very big decision." He pulled his mask off and rubbed his neck.

He stared into each of their eyes earnestly. "You see, I've been asked to join the crew of the **Wotan** as one of their pilots and explorers. It's an incredible opportunity for me to learn to fly spaceships and see other worlds but..." He stopped when he saw the looks on their faces.

All of them, even his doubtful brother, stared at him in open mouthed shock.

"You're leaving us again? But...we've just learned you've been a hero to the city all this time and now when everything's finally peaceful, you're not even staying to enjoy it?" His mother choked out, more than a little upset by this turn of events.

"Perhaps Chance, you should let us absorb the first shocking news before trying to get us to discuss another set of stunning news, eh?" His grandfather said, a bit taken aback as well.

"Of course, granddad. I understand." Chance went to sit on a nearby wooden chair, turning it around so he could lean on the back of it. "How about you all ask me questions. I know you're dying to so let's do that for now. At least you'll know what my life has truly been like since I left the Enforcers."

His offer was immediately taken up and he was bombarded with questions. They didn't run dry until the moon was rising. Sated for the time being, they all said good night and went to the rooms given them for the night. They would meet again in the morning to discuss the other subject.

Kissing her son on the cheek, his mother said, softly. "For what's worth Chance, I'm proud of you. Your father would have been too, once he got over you becoming a vigilante, that is," she smirked.

Chance blushed and smiled, pleased she had accepted what he'd done. He kissed her back then slipped into his old room. Sighing, he stared out his window at the familiar view before turning in.

The next day, he dressed in his SWAT Kat gear and after a huge breakfast where his younger nieces and nephews gaped at him in surprise and when they learned it was their uncle, amazed joy, he offered rides to all of them in the Turbokat.

Surprisingly, even his disbelieving brother volunteered to take a ride if he produced the jet. Since the neighborhood wasn't the ideal place for this, he invited them to go to the ball field that wasn't in use right now and meet him there.

Thirty minutes later, the Furlong clan stood beside the bleachers of the field and watched in awe as the sleek looking jet began to descend from the sky controlled by T-Bone standing beside a cool looking bike.

When the jet smoothly touched down, his brother Dereck could only gape at it.

Smirking behind his mask, T-Bone asked innocently, "well, brother, believe me now?"

"Incredible! I'm just floored that you had the balls to do this!"

"Dereck!" his mother, grandmother and wife snapped at him for swearing but his brother didn't care. He was simply too blown away.

"So, whose going up with me in the cockpit and who wants to ride in the back?" T-Bone asked loudly. It was settled that all the kittens and family would ride in the cargo hold but the first two to ride with T-Bone in the cockpit would be his brother and sister.

After more than two hours, everyone had a chance to sit in the cockpit if they wanted to. The more adventurous went on a skilled and hair-raising ride that demonstrated why T-Bone was the best pilot there was alive. The ones watching from the ground were amazed at his flying skills.

Once back on the ground, T-Bone sent the jet homeward and they all enjoyed a picnic lunch. Then, when they were done, he gave rides to the kittens on his cyclotron. Finishing up their fun day, he demonstrated a few of the special gimmicks his glovatrix could do. The kittens were all tired but thrilled to have been lucky enough to have a SWAT Kat for a relative. They couldn't wait to tell their friends, though they did ask their uncle if it was alright first.

Everyone returned to the Furlong home to make dinner. Chance changed his clothes and gave a paw in the preparations of the meal. Conversation around the dinner table was animated and full of questions.

His grandfather allowed him to hide the cyclotron in the garage and when the kittens had been sent to bed, the adults went out to give the bike a closer look.

"Your partner is a genius. What an amazing looking bike," his grandfather said, admiringly.

"Yeah, he's that alright. That's why the **Wotan** wants him so badly. They told him he could go so much further in space than if he stayed," Chance said, a hint of sadness in his voice and eyes that his mother didn't miss.

"He's leaving then?" She asked.

"Yes, he's met someone from the ship and fell in love. He's truly looking forward to going but is torn about leaving me."

"You're not certain you want to go?" She asked gently.

"I...I haven't seen any of you much in the last few years, for obvious reasons. Now that I have time, I'm torn about what I'll do with my life from now on. If I turn down the offer will I kick myself with regrets later? Should I stay and when the **Wotan** returns go then? Or should I go now and be trained with my best buddy then drop in to visit when we pass by here knowing it could be years in between before we see each other again. That's why I wanted to speak with you all. I'm so torn about this it hurts."

Everyone was silent for a long while then his grandfather put his arm around his troubled grandson's shoulders.

"Chance, why don't we all head to bed and think on this? Perhaps in the morning someone will be able to guide you on what to do because I can tell you plainly, I would want you to stay around longer but that's just my preference."

Chance gave him a weak smile and they all troop inside and went to their assigned rooms for the

night.

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Chapter 40: Unexpected Visitors by ulyferal

While Chance was reconnecting with his family. Jake was waiting for Genus to join him so they could begin their world trip. He was dressed as Razor as he waited on the flight line of Enforcer Headquarters.

No one gave him any troubles for it as Feral had left orders the SWAT Kats were allowed the use of the flight line until further notice. Since the **Wotan's** crew used the flight line to come and go and the SWAT Kats were intimately connected with them, there was no point in keeping them away.

He watched as the shuttle came in for a smooth landing. When the door opened, out came Genus, Tara, and Captain Ing.

"Hello Razor, how is your partner, T-Bone?" Captain Ing asked.

"He's well but troubled, sir. He still isn't certain if he wants to join the crew. He's gone home to speak with his family about it," Razor admitted, quietly.

"I see. It pains me to see a long time partnership break because of us," Ing said, sadly.

"It's not your fault, sir. If we'd finally taken care of the omega threat ourselves, it's likely we might have gone our own ways, anyway."

"But not into space. He would not now be forced to decide to leave his family to stay with you or stay and be parted from you for years," Ing reminded him.

"Yea, there is that. It doesn't help that he's not been able to be honest with his family up til now and had to keep a certain distance to keep them safe from our enemies either," Razor sighed.

"That's rough," Ing commiserated. He tilted his head a moment and studied the young Kat.

"Would speaking to him and his family help?" he asked.

Razor frowned. "I don't know. He's already left to be with his family so I'm sure he'd addressed this subject already. He was going to tell them he was a SWAT Kat too. That's a lot to put on everyone at once. I'm sure they are shocked," he said ruefully. "I don't know if your presence will be welcome or cause more problems. However, he did want to talk to you about what you planned for him should he join the crew. He said if he had an idea what his job would be it might help him make a decision on what path to take."

"Hmm, well I have to speak before the UN council today but, perhaps, if you'd be so kind, to contact T-Bone and ask if he would like me to stop and see him before I return to the **Wotan**? We'll let it be his decision if he wishes me to speak with his family then."

"I'd be happy to sir," Razor said sincerely, hoping Chance would agree to the meeting. "By the way, Captain, I thought you'd already addressed the UN Council. Why are you being asked back?"

Captain Ing smiled. "It seems they are much closer to accepting the Galactic Alliance's offer to join but need to ask a few more questions before committing themselves."

"Really!" Razor gasped. "Honestly, I thought it would take years before they decided either way. That is awesome."

"I thought it would as well, so I'm pleased your people can come to an agreement much faster

than some of the species' we've encountered. But, I suggest caution, this is by no mean a done deal."

"Of course, but I'm still surprised we've managed to come this close in just under a year. Hope we're still here to see it happen," Razor grinned, excited by the news.

"We just might be. If you'll excuse me, I must be off now. Enjoy your vacation you two. Don't get into trouble," Ing said, grinning at the pair before walking off to the waiting Enforcer guard that were waiting to escort him to the council chambers.

"Thank you, sir," Genus said, smiling while putting an arm out to pull his lover to his side and hug him. "That's really great news, love. Now, let's be off and you can call your partner as we travel, eh?"

"Good idea. How we traveling?" Razor asked, curious, as he hadn't enough money to use local transport.

"Well...

"Wait..." Tara had been silent this whole time but now interrupted.

"Oh, Tara...I thought you were going with the Captain." Razor blushed when he realized he and Genus had frankly ignored the handsome female wolf.

"Actually, I had come down to visit Dr. Sinian then hoped to get some time with T-Bone. I didn't know he was going to see family. Is he expected to return soon?" She asked.

"Oh, he and I plan to be on vacation for a month at least so, no, he's not going to be back. Listen, would you like me to ask T-Bone if you can drop in too along with the Captain?"

She frowned pensively a moment then nodded. "Okay, I guess that would be best. Genus can reach me on my comm to let me know if its okay and when we're going."

"No problem. Speak at you later Tara. We're off. See you in a month, and good luck with that big tabby," Genus smiled and winked at her as he steered his lover toward the shuttle.

"Have a lovely trip, Genus and you too Razor," she said, smiling warmly at them then turning away to walk toward the flight hangar.

Meanwhile, Razor was gaping at the shuttle then to Genus in questioning surprise.

Looking very pleased, Genus said, pleased, "The Captain has graciously allowed both Kam and I to use a shuttle for our vacations. I can even give you a few lessons on how to fly her."

"Cool! Let's beat feet!" Razor said excitedly, shouldering his pack filled with his personal care items and changes of clothing.

They climbed aboard the shuttle and Razor was invited to sit in the co-pilot's seat as Genus did a quick takeoff checklist then smoothly took off from the flight line, heading for their first location on their trip.

Though giddy with excitement, Razor didn't forget what he'd promised. So while Genus flew the shuttle, he called his partner on their comm.

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At the Furlong household, everyone was up and eating breakfast. The teens were excited about going to see their friends and telling them the news about their uncle while the kittens wanted to

wrestle with Chance on the parlor floor just after breakfast.

While the females did the morning chores, Chance's brother and grandfather watched the kittens roughhouse with the big tabby. Dereck watched the play of powerful muscles under Chance's tight blue t-shirt as the tom raised two kittens into the air with no effort and spun them around like airplanes making them squeal with joy.

Shaking his head, he was duly impressed. He wasn't a slouch in the fitness arena but no way was he as fit as his older brother. Remembering all the stories in the news and the ones Chance related to them minus much of the real danger he'd been in, Dereck realized just how hard his brother's life had been all these years.

He had been selfless and brave going against all those terrible dangers with only his partner backing him up. It made him feel ashamed at the way he'd snubbed him all these years. But all Chance had gone through hadn't broken his spirit...it only made him a tom Dereck was proud to call his brother.

And now Chance was being asked to go into space. Dereck felt a deep pang of loss. It would be even more years before he saw his brother again and wasn't sure he could let him go after finally reconciling with him again. But he would never dream of holding Chance back from such an incredible opportunity.

Sighing, he shook his head mentally. Whatever, Chance decided, he knew the whole family would stand behind him but they would all miss him terribly if he went away again.

His thoughts were interrupted by a strange shrill sound that seemed to be coming from Chance. Frowning a little, his brother set the kittens he was holding down and told the others to quiet down a bit while he pulled a small device from his pocket and spoke into it.

"Yea, buddy...what's up?"

"Hey, Chance...I'm on my way to the Lignore Province but was asked by Captain Ing to speak with you before I got too wrapped up in my trip. He arrived with Genus and asked how you were. I told him you were a bit troubled and he asked if he could come see you and hopefully answer your questions. You did say you wanted to speak with him so I thought perhaps this might be a good time but it's up to you. I just told him I'd ask. Also, Tara would like to see you too when you have time. What's your answer, buddy?"

Chance sighed and rubbed his head in thought. He wasn't certain it would be such a good thing to have Ing here when he was so messed up but then, Jake was right, he did need some answers if he was to make an informed decision but before he could say anything...

"Have them come over, grandson. I would like to meet this fellow who has done so much for our world and would possibly take you away on his ship," his grandfather interrupted.

"Yes, please do have him come and this person Tara. Anyone who has known you, we'd like to meet to, son," his mother insisted.

Chance blinked in surprise then smiled and told his friend. "Did you hear that, Jake?"

A chuckle filled the air. "I sure did. I will pass the word. Captain Ing was called before the UN Council. It looks like we may be joining the galactic community faster than we expected. Anyway, I don't know how long they'll keep him but I'll leave your number with Tara and she can call when they are coming over."

"Okay, thanks for the info, Jake and you and Genus have a great time, hear?"

"We will," a deeper voice sang out.

"You heard him, Chance. See you in a month," Jake laughed then the comm cut out.

Chance shook his head as he pocketed the comm unit.

"Who's Genus?" one of the older teens asked.

"Who's Tara?" His mother asked at nearly the same time.

Chance raised his paws and laughed. "Hey, one at a time, guys. Genus is Jake's lover and possible mate and Tara is...well...right now she's my girlfriend."

"No way!" his sister gasped, staring at him in pleased surprise.

"You have an alien girl friend? Bro, that is amazing and hot! I think I'm jealous," Dereck smirked, shaking his head. His wife smacked him but he just kept grinning.

"Yea, well, what can I say."

"Is it serious, son?"

"Uh, well...I'm not really sure. We like each other but..." Chance felt uncomfortable discussing his love life.

"Leave him alone, dear, can't you see you're making him uncomfortable," his grandfather defended him suddenly.

"I just wanted to know if he'll have someone he cares about if he chooses to leave, that's all," his mother said, unrepentant. Chance couldn't resist rolling his eyes at that.

"Will this Captain come in his spaceship," one of his older nephews asked, excitedly.

"I don't really know Cody," Chance said. "Guess we'll just have to wait and see."

"Wow! A real alien at our house. I gotta call Nicky!" Cody tore out of the room.

Chance just shook his head. When Captain Ing arrived it was going to be a madhouse around here. Then his grandfather and brother drew him away to play some basketball to pass the time until lunch. They had an ulterior motive though, they intended to pump him for more info about Tara and his life as a SWAT Kat then their mates would pump them for it in true family fashion.

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It was going on three in the afternoon when a deep swooshing sound filled the air. Looking out a window from upstairs, one of the teens cried out, "they're here and they came in a spaceship!" Instantly, all the kittens raced downstairs and out the back door just as the shuttle gently settled to the ground in the family's back yard that was large enough to accommodate and hide it.

Chance sighed as he followed the gaggle of kittens, the adults following in his wake. Everyone curious to see the alien leader.

The door to the shuttle opened with no noise and a huge wolf stepped out. He smiled at the kittens who hung back afraid and excited at the same time.

In a warm and friendly voice, Captain Ing said, "what a warm welcome...hello little ones."

The kittens giggled nervously, the teens eyeing the alien with watchful eyes while drinking in everything about him.

Chance came up to him and shook his paw. "Welcome to the Furlong home, Captain Ing."

"Thank you for allowing me to visit you and your family, Chance," Ing said politely then leaned close and murmured, "they look like they want to devour me alive," his voice was amused.

Chance chuckled. "They've been all on edge waiting to see you but now that you're here, they can't seem to muster the courage to get closer."

"Typical of the young," Ing chuckled.

"May I introduce my family..." Chance spoke louder now and pointed to each member, telling the Captain their names. Like the diplomat he was, the captain shook each person's paw and said something polite to each.

A gasp filled the air as Tara stepped out. She had decided to wait until the excitement died down with the Captain's appearance before making her own. She had opted to wear her uniform as it was only right they saw her as an officer of the **Wotan** and not just Chance's girl friend. Apparently she'd made the right choice by the looks she was getting.

She walked forward and nodded to everyone. Chance came up and instead of pulling her close as a lover would, he did something that warmed her heart. He stood by her side and formally announced, "everyone, may I introduce Lt. Tara, a communications and medical specialist, from the **Wotan**."

She was welcomed with open arms and the females didn't waste any time surrounding her and pulling her away to the house where they could talk to her privately. Surprised, her eyes held a panicked look as she stared over at her lover with a plea to rescue her. Chance merely smirked and shook his head. No way would he dare interfere in whatever the females wanted to do. He wasn't suicidal.

The males ushered Captain Ing to the living room for coffee and talk. Unspoken, was the tacit agreement that the discussion about Chance's possible departure would be held off for a bit longer or at least until after dinner.

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Chapter 41: Difficult Decision and Announcements by ulyferal

Tara was a little leery of what the she-kats wanted as they pulled her toward a very nice and big kitchen. They had her take a seat, offered her something to drink and some really tasty bake goods just made that morning then the gloves, as they say, were off.

"How close are you and Chance?" the tabby's mother fired the first salvo.

"We're friends."

"We know that but is there something more that ties you together?" it was his sister's turn.

"I...I'm not certain. I know he loves being with me and the sex is great but...I can tell he's not giving me all of himself so I haven't either," she admitted quietly.

"Hmm, Chance is slow to commit to anyone. He had girlfriends in school and some while he was an Enforcer but he never got serious with any of them and whether he even went out much once he'd been booted and became a SWAT Kat, we don't know," his mother sighed.

"I can answer that, no girlfriends, only casual flings nothing more. His life was far too dangerous and his secret had to be kept so only his friend Jake was his confident," Tara told them.

His mother shook her head. "That's not healthy."

"I know and it's taken me some time to get him more involved with things outside his job and crime fighting. It's gotten better since the omegas are out of the way but still he holds back," the she-wolf sighed, sadly.

"I would normally say, give it time, but that's an issue now. Exactly how much time is there left before your ship leaves?" his mother asked.

"Honestly? I don't truly know. The captain hasn't given a date yet as there are still some loose ends to tie up here first. Jake and Commander Feral are traveling the world with their significant others, seeing the sights and taking pictures to carry with them before joining the crew. That will take about a month. Then there's the possibility of your UN signing the request to join the Galactic Alliance, so...." Tara shrugged, ".....it could be as much as four months or more before we leave."

"Why did you mention Commander Feral?" Chance's sister, Belinda, asked, puzzled.

"Oh, Chance didn't tell you?" Tara asked, surprised. Heads shook. "I see, well, the commander met and bonded with my team leader Lt. Kam. Feral will leave with us to be with his mate."

"Huh?" Belinda blinked at the she-wolf in confusion.

"It means one of them is an hermaphrodite, dear," her grandmother answered her unasked question, smirking.

"Oh! Uh who would that be?"

Tara smiled. "Commander Feral."

"Oh no way!" Belinda blurted, shocked.

The she-wolf just shrugged and smiled.

"Okay, that's just too weird for me. Anyway, so Commander Feral and Jake are traveling so you two do have some time then?" Belinda asked, firmly moving away from the disturbing subject of the Chief Enforcer's odd sexuality.

"Uh, yes....perhaps, though it's important to him to be with his family and I don't want to intrude on that. If he decides to come with me, I don't want him regretting any moment he has with you. After all, I will have plenty of time with him if he goes but if he doesn't, I don't want to get too attached," Tara said, pointedly.

His mother had been about to interrupt and say she was welcome to stay, but then subsided as she heard Tara out. "Oh, I see, I can understand and those are valid reasons. I can see how difficult this is for you and it's not fair to have to put your heart completely in someone you may have to leave," she sighed in agreement.

Tara nodded heavily.

"What a mess! I like you but I can't encourage you to be with my brother if he doesn't go. Makes sense now why Chance is holding back." Belinda sat back in her chair and crossed her arms over her chest in vexation.

“It is indeed, my dear. Poor Chance. We want him to stay because we haven’t seen much of him over the last seven years or so but at the same time we want him to be happy. That’s why we send our kittens off in the first place,” his grandmother mused, sadly.

“Yes, but we never sent them off into space. When they’re somewhere on the planet, we know we’ll connect at some point in time, but in space.....he might as well be dead,” his mother moaned.

“Oh, but being in space doesn’t mean being cut off completely.....” Tara objected.

“Yes, we heard he could come back but it might be years in between,” Belinda broke in, face unhappy.

“Well, yes that’s true for in person stuff but communicating is not. You see when you get a space station set up here, it will have a state of the art communications system that reaches light distances. When your planet is hooked up, you can speak with loved ones nearly anywhere in the galaxy. The only catch is it might take anywhere from a few minutes to hours or days depending on the distance for a signal to get through but really no longer than that and it’s video not just sound so you can see each other. Also, you can send electronic mail, just like the e-mail you send to each other now by computer,” Tara explained.

“Really? How awesome. Then it won’t be such a hard separation after all. I don’t think Chance knows this or he wouldn’t be so upset or have such difficulties in making a decision!” Belinda exclaimed.

“Oh?” Tara blushed as she realized she’d never mentioned this to Chance. She felt like an idiot. “I’m so sorry. It just never came up until now and I feel so stupid not saying anything as I am a communications officer.” She rolled her eyes in annoyance at herself.

“Don’t beat yourself up Tara, at least you know now and it should make things far easier for all of us. I want Chance to go if his heart is into it and what an opportunity it will be. I don’t want him pining for his partner, you, nor regret not going. He’d be like a bear with a sore tooth,” his mother snorted, feeling better about this possible separation now than she had when she’d first learned of it.

“Thank you, dear.....we are so grateful you were willing to talk with us. It has made the thought of letting Chance go much easier,” his grandmother said, smiling warmly.

“I’m pleased I could be of help. Guess I do need to speak with Chance, though, about this before leaving today.” Tara also needed to speak with Captain Ing on the whether such a space station was closer to being realized, too.

Now that the more urgent matters had been addressed the females began chatting like old friends. Tara wanted to know more about Chance’s kittenhood and his favorite things and his kin were only too delighted to tell her all the juicy tales. But they also worked at getting to know her more as well, especially if she became one of the family in the future.

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Meanwhile, in the living room, the males plied Ing with many questions about life aboard the Wotan, what life was like on his home world and other worlds, then, finally, as the scent of dinner began filling the air, asked the most pressing question on their minds.

“Captain, if Chance went with you then is it true it might be years before we see him again?” Dereck asked, seriously.

"If you mean in person, yes it could be that long but if you mean being able to speak with him, only as long as it takes your world to accept being apart of the galactic community, get a space station set up, then communication will be easy between us," Ing explained.

"Huh? But how? You will be light years away?" His grandfather demanded, stunned.

"That matters not, sir. Our modern communications systems are quite capable of spanning the galaxy with ease. However, the greater the distance the more the delay in signal which could be as little as a few hours, a day or as long as a month but you will be able to speak to each other. It's video and of excellent quality, so it will be just like you were in the same room and not separated by light years. You can send letters like you do now, only electronically. It's easy," Ing told them then turned to Chance. "Didn't Tara tell you this?"

"Uh, no. The subject never came up then I got so wrapped up in trying to make this decision, I simply didn't think to ask, honestly," Chance said, blushing. He felt rather stupid as well. He had just assumed he'd be separated completely from his family. This changed things significantly.

Ing smiled knowingly when he saw Chance's expression ease and guessed why. "So, does this make going into space a bit easier?"

Chance nodded his head distractedly. "Yes, a little, though I still want to spend time with my family as we've been estranged for far too many years."

"Of course, I completely understand. I can tell you we may be here for another four months before departure as your UN has asked me to stay. They think they will be in accord very soon and want me on paw for the signing. So enjoy your family and give me your answer then. Alright?" Ing asked, feeling he would be seeing the young tom on his crew for certain, if he read him right.

Chance smiled, relief pouring off him. "Thank you sir. I'm glad I'm not going to be rushed and it will be so cool if our world does sign. But could you tell me what you plan for me?" Finally, asking the question that had been troubling him besides leaving.

"Ahh.....well, as you know you'll be trained as a shuttle pilot of course but then we have to test your other abilities to see what fields you're interested in and have an aptitude for before I can make any further decisions."

"Oh, that makes sense. Is it possible I might qualify for an insertion team?" Chance asked, eagerly.

"Quite possible. You have many of the traits necessary for one but you have at least a year's training first," Ing warned him, gently.

Chance rolled his eyes at that but smiled. He was feeling much better already. Perhaps this wouldn't be such a hard decision after all.

Pleased his visit had been successful, Ing relaxed and answered all the other questions they peppered him with until they were called to dinner. It was an excellent feast and he enjoyed the conversation.

Tara was seated beside Chance so she had an opportunity to speak with him finally but learned the Captain had preempted her.

"I'm sorry I didn't even think to tell you about that, Chance," she said, blushing.

"That's okay. We both had other things on our minds," he said with a smirk. She blushed at his obvious innuendo while his family looked on, smiling. She caught his mother winking at her and

question is how we can keep those with greater power than us from taking over or landing if they want to. The answer is the Galactic Peace Keeping Force which is a military unit that patrols the spaceways, keeping them safe for travelers. We will have a patrol assigned to our solar system and a smaller force aboard the space station to augment our own Enforcers that will be there too.

I know this is a lot to take in but believe me it's all good news and something to rejoice in. One last thing. I am running for Mayor with Prosecutor Leo Jaystar as my new deputy. I hope you all have enough confidence in me and him and what we're doing for you at city hall to elect us.

Now I'll entertain questions," Callie finished her speech.

For the next two hours she and Jaystar fielded the questions being shouted at them until most of the important ones had been answered and the more personal and nasty ones were beginning to be sent at them. That was when Callie felt it prudent to end the conference.

She and her deputy escaped to her new office. She replaced everything Manx had with her own touches. It now had a warm and inviting look but also plainly showed this Mayor did much of her own work as there was a spanking new computer on the right hand corner of her desk, two filled file baskets on the far edge of the desk's surface, a projects file stand stood on top of a credenza that held legal books and other information behind sliding glass standing behind her. A smiling picture of her mate sat beside the file stand as did a flowing green plant.

Jaystar had also changed and updated the deputy mayor's office to accommodate his own style and needs. A portrait of himself and his family was hanging on the wall beside the door. He never planned on going for such a prestigious position but didn't hesitate when Callie asked him to do it. His wife and kits were proud and happy for him. Hopefully, he wouldn't have to move again after the election. He was so excited about helping Callie guide this city toward and incredible future that included becoming part of a galactic community. Maybe his own kittens would be traveling in space, wouldn't that be something.

He brought his thoughts back to his new boss as he watched her make her own coffee. This was a working Mayor. One who cared about her people and doing right by them. It was going to be great working for her. Finished making her cappuccino, she walked back to her desk and sat down with a sigh as she sipped the hot liquid.

"I think that went rather well, don't you?" She asked him.

"I agree. But we'll have to see the papers tomorrow to know how the people will react to it," Leo sighed from the seat before her desk, his fingers intertwined and resting in his lap.

Callie grimaced. "I can tell you there will be an outcry from the fearful and isolationistic types right away. But fortunately, they are in the minority. Most should welcome this new future considering the past we're leaving behind." She shook her head and stared out her window. The sky was a gloriously sunny and the day warm despite it moving on to late fall. "I can't believe it's been a nearly a year since the Wotan dropped into our lives and changed everything."

"It's like what someone once said, it only takes one little action to change everything," Leo mused.

"That's certainly the truth. Well, here's to a bright and shiny future," she said turning back to him and raising her cup.

"Here, here." Leo smiled, agreeing.

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Chapter 42: Packing and Partying by ulyferal

"That was so fantastic and I can't believe it's over already," Jake sighed laying in his lover's arms on his old bed at what was once his home for so many years.

Genus leaned down and kissed the small Kat on his head. "Yea, vacations are like that. So are you still happy to leave with me now?"

Jake tilted his head up so he could look into the wolf's eyes. "More than anything. Guess I better get myself packed before Chance's return from his family visit."

"I'm glad he decided to come. I was worried about you," Genus murmured, hugging Jake tightly.

"So was I. We've been together and through so much for a long time. It would have been so agonizing to part from him," Jake said quietly, pulling forward a bit to let Genus know he wanted up.

Boxes made of alien materials were stacked outside his room door waiting for him to fill them. Might as well get started. He and Genus had returned only yesterday and now it was time to pack up and have his stuff taken to the **Wotan**. Outside, behind the garage was the shuttle. Outside, he heard a large vehicle pull into the yard.

He went to the window and stared out. He watched as Burke and Murray drove the truck to a section of the yard and dump their load. Smiling, he turned to go get a box and begin putting his technical manuals and plans into it.

It had been a joyful day some months ago now, to tell those two bozos that he and Chance were leaving, permanently, from the garage and the salvage yard. The pair were furious but there was nothing they could do about it. To insure they didn't disturb his and Chance's personal belongings until they could pack them up, Jake had set a nasty security system at the bottom of the stairs.

When he'd returned yesterday, he saw it had been tripped then reset like he'd programmed it to do. He laughed making Genus stare at him questioningly. When he was let in on what was funny, the wolf roared with laughter.

"The security guys are going to love you," he'd said.

"Aw, I'm sure they have much better stuff," Jake said modestly.

"Nope, your world might be a little behind technologically but you most certainly are not," Genus said with certainty.

Jake glowed from the praise. It made him feel less inferior and nervous to be going to a place beyond anything he'd seen on his world.

Returning his attention to his work, it really didn't take long for he and Genus to pack up what meager belongings he had in his room. The hangar, though, was a whole different matter.

The Captain had told him the Turbokat was welcome in his hangar as well as all their other cool land vehicles. A section of the landing bay had been set aside for it all. Jake was pleased by that concession. Moving would be easier as all they had to do was load it all aboard the jet.

As if reading his lover's mind, Genus said, "We going ahead and loading the jet without Chance?"

Jake nodded. "Yea, he hates packing so we might as well. I'm glad he said yes so I could allow him more time with his family. The time he and I want to spend is just to see our old haunts and that won't take too long since he's coming with me. Let's load up the shuttle, have lunch, then do rest." Genus nodded.

After loading the shuttle with all of Jake's things except for the few things he needed for he and Chance to go out together. Well after noon, they took a break and had lunch delivered and watched some TV before setting to work loading the jet. With more of those boxes, Jake packed all his inventions, finished and still being developed, while Genus drove the Turbo Mole then the Hovercraft aboard. It was a bit of a tight fit but he managed to get them all aboard and tied down. Next, he loaded the missiles, insuring they were tightly secured.

Jake's cyclotron sat near the work bench. It wasn't being loaded as he would need it and Chance's was with him.

By the time dinner time came around, everything the SWAT Kats owned were packed. Jake had packed Chance's personal SK equipment and uniforms in separate boxes so he could take those off to his quarters aboard the ship easier.

Before leaving, he took a long walk around the facility to insure he hadn't left anything behind, old memories following him. What good time's they'd had here, he sighed.

"We'll that's it then. Want to order in or go out?" Jake asked returning to his lover's side.

"Hmm, want to go back to the ship since you have nothing here now?" Genus counter-asked.

"Oh, yea, good idea. The jet is secured, so all I have to do is move the security device to Chance's door since there's nothing else for those two clowns to take that we care about here," Jake decided.

He and Chance had already removed the stuff they wanted to keep to their rooms and emptied out the cupboards, giving the food stuffs away to the poor before each left their separate ways to go on vacation. The place felt truly empty now except for all the things that had been there when they'd arrived some ten years earlier. Just old pieces of furniture and worn carpets to remind them of the life they'd had here.

The tow truck had been given to some friend's of Chance's who owned a garage too, as well as the list of their clients, including Ms. Briggs which made his friends overjoyed. Money was of no use aboard the **Wotan** but each kept what they'd had in their bank accounts when they closed them and what was in their pockets for keepsakes and possibly to use whenever they came back.

Genus leaned against the door to the waiting room as he watched his lover remove the security device and go upstairs to affix it to his partner's bedroom. Minutes later, the small tom returned, gave his former home a fond last look before gesturing for them to leave. Genus went outside followed by Jake who locked the door behind him.

They walked around to the back of the garage and boarded the shuttle. Soon they were silently gliding up toward the stars.

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Chance had enjoyed his time with his family. His siblings took vacations so they could spend time with him. They enjoyed going to picnics, the beach, the parks, and just having fun around the old homestead. When the rest of the Furlongs learned of what Chance was going to do, they came swarming to town to be with him, trade old memories, be awed by the fact he was a SWAT Kat, and take tons of pictures. Everyone was excited about the fact one of their own was so famous and would be more so when he went into space.

He smiled from his old bedroom window at the dusk falling. He'd taken a nap as his family planned an outdoor barbeque in the back yard, planning fireworks and dancing on the porch. His mother had looked up all his old friends from school and they had been arriving over the past hour.

This was supposed to be a farewell party. He was leaving tomorrow to pack his things, spend a little time at old haunts with Jake then the two of them would leave. After what Tara and Captain Ing had told him, it was easy to make the decision to go, after all. His whole family were proudly behind him on his decision, no doubts left. They only demanded he send many pictures and call them whenever he could.

He was deliriously happy and excited. Only a twinge of regret bothered him about leaving but all the events that had happened all month and a half long had made the regret smaller and easier to bear.

A knock on his door pulled him from his thoughts. "Yes?"

"Chance? Time to get out of there and greet your guests," his mother called to him.

Grinning widely, he tugged on his new blue shirt his mom had gotten him that went well with his new black jeans and black tennis shoes, and opened the bedroom door.

"I'm coming."

"Don't you look nice, son," his mother smiled warmly as she gave him a hug then led the way back downstairs to where the party was already going strong.

As he reached the bottom of the stairs he was set upon by toms and a few fems that pounded him on the back and nearly talked at the same time. These were the friends he'd had when he graduated high school and a couple from the Enforcers who had turned on him when he'd been booted out. All were amazed and some skeptical that he was a SWAT Kat.

"Look, I promise to show off a little later, okay? Meanwhile, my cyclotron is in the garage if you want to look at it but be careful, the security system is set to insure no one accidentally discharges some of the deadly armaments on board. I'll be happy to take on a few of you louts in some wrestling and martial arts if you insist," he snorted at some of the jibs he was getting.

"So is it true you're going into outer space," one rather obnoxious but not really nasty friend, called out loudly.

"Yea, it is. Matter of fact..." Chance looked around but there was simply too many people milling about. "Sis?" he called out when he spotted his sister passing by. She stopped and came over to him, nodding at his friends standing near him with drinks in their paws.

"What's up bro?"

"Has Tara arrived?"

"Uh, no..." she squinted a moment in thought and looked around. "I think she said she'd be here soon, though, and would be coming by shuttle. Lt. Donar is flying her down."

"Thanks sis."

"No prob! Hey, mom says to have everyone go and get something to eat before it's all gone. We made a mountain of food but it's already disappearing." With a smirk, she left him and went to find her husband.

"Tara? Is that the hot wolf chick we heard is your girlfriend," one of his buddies asked, excitedly.

"Yea, she's cool and really smart," Chance grinned then looked up suddenly as his eyes had caught something in the sky. "And here she comes," he yelled, moving to the back fence. The shuttle would be landing in the field behind as the back yard was full of people.

Excitement swept through the crowd as those who hadn't seen the shuttle before watched in awe as it got closer and closer then came in for a landing.

"Stay back along the fence for your safety," Chance shouted. "It won't land until its sure you're out of the way."

His friends did as ordered and hung on each other in amazed awe. "Man, is that what you'll be able to fly one day?" one asked.

"Yep!"

"Wow!" "How cool!" "I wish I could do that!" "Aw you're too scared to go into space!" "Says you chicken!" Comments flew from many of those watching as the ship landed smoothly and nearly silently to the ground.

Five minutes later, the door slid opened and Tara stepped down the suddenly appearing steps.

"Hubba hubba! Damn! She's hot!" the one who hadn't believed, gasped. Whistles of appreciation sounded, making Tara blush a bit as she made her way to her boy friend.

She smiled warmly at everyone but her eyes were all for Chance as they came together half way and shared a hot kiss that earned them howls of amusement. Keeping an arm around his girlfriend, he asked, "hey, is Donar staying...he can you know, there's plenty of food."

"Hmm, well he was just planning on going into town and looking around a bit. He hasn't really made time to do that yet but let me ask," Tara said. Chance let her go as she scampered back to the shuttle before the door could close.

She leaned her head in a moment. Nothing seemed to happen for long minutes then the engines of the shuttle shut down and a moment later a tall, gangly, red wolf with gold hair stepped out to join Tara. Many ooohs met his appearance.

"What a hottie!" his adult cousin shouted, others whistling their agreement, making Donar smile broadly and wave at them.

He walked up to Chance and nodded. "Thanks for the invite. Looks like a cool party."

"Glad to have you," the tabby said, clapping him on the back. "Everyone, this is Lt. Donar. Give him a big Furlong welcome."

A bunch of fems of various ages took Chance up on that and gathered Donar up, pulling him along much to his amusement.

"He'll have a good time I'm sure," Tara said, smirking, wrapping an arm around Chance who did the same to her.

"Hope you're hungry as mom and my female relatives have been busy since early this morning making this feast."

"It smells divine and I'm starved." Tara grinned as they made for the busy food area.

To make the party even better, a second shuttle arrived bearing Jake and Genus some thirty minutes later. His friends went crazy realizing this was Chance's longtime partner who was the SWAT Kat known as Razor. They all traded stories of what they'd seen this Kat do from news casts.

The evening went long into the night with Tara, Genus, and Donar being the focus of many questions about their lives aboard the Wotan. Chance's friends plied him with questions about

being a SWAT Kat, as they now believed him and included Jake in their interrogations.

Many went out to the garage and ogled the cyclotron in fascination and were amazed Jake was the one who had invented it. Many begged Chance to give them rides. He gave in and did that for an hour then Jake did it for another hour before calling a halt.

Some of his more muscular friends who had stayed in shape, challenged him and Jake to wrestling and martial arts bouts but learned very quickly how powerful their friend and his partner were. Despite how small the cinnamon tom was, they learned quickly that he was fast and strong, though, not as powerful as Chance. None were able to lay a paw on him nor bring down the tabby either. That more than anything told them just how skilled and deadly the pair were. It was a small blow to their egos to realize the two were actually holding back too.

Shaking their heads, the toms conceded Chance and Jake were everything they'd heard about. But rather than be upset by that knowledge, they were proud to say they were friends of the SWAT Kats and had actually met them in person, besides the fact one was their old school friend.

By the time the moon was rising, the kittens were beside themselves to see fireworks which the more experienced of them set off way out in the field from the shuttle. The kittens squealed in excitement and joy. It was a grand farewell.

His mother insured lots of pictures were taken with all his friends and even had Chance and Jake get into their SWAT Kat suits for more pics. A bright teen that was a photography student, quickly processed the pictures and insured all that wanted them got some before leaving the party which finally broke up close to dawn.

Many willing paws helped clean up everything until the yard and home was spotless then friends went home, family from out of town went to their hotels, Donar opted to sleep in the shuttle as he needed to transport Tara back to the ship. Jake and Genus chose to sleep in their shuttle as they were taking Chance back to the garage, exhausted kittens were laid to bed, already asleep on their fee, and everyone else drifted off to their assigned rooms to get what sleep they could.

Before they parted for the night, Jake pulled his partner aside a moment.

"Hey buddy, Genus and I already loaded the Turbokat with everything we owned in the hangar and my room is done. I put my security device on your door and left boxes for you. Genus will take and drop us off. We'll fly the jet up when we've finished our we time. Sound good?"

"Oh cool, thanks, Jake. I wasn't looking forward to all that packing of the jet. But you forgot, I'll be driving back on my bike so I'll meet you back at the garage unless you want to ride with me?"

"Oh, right, that's a good idea, actually," Jake said, blushing that he'd forgotten that especially after driving the bike around earlier.

"It won't take me long to pack up my stuff but is there any room left for it," his friend asked, smirking.

"Of course, but it is tight. Just enough room for the cyclotrons too," Jake laughed. "I've never seen the Turbokat that filled before."

"Hope I can get her into the air with it that full," Chance joked. "I'll see you in the morning or later today since it is morning. Sleep well and thanks for coming to the party buddy. It was just as much for you as me you know."

"Yea, thanks, it was a blast and I appreciated being invited. I won't forget this that's for sure," Jake smiled then eyed his partner more seriously. "Are you really ready for this, Chance? It's a big step for both of us."

Chance stared back at the house where Tara waited for him then back to his friend. "Yea, I'm ready. Now that I know I can always see and talk to my family by subspace communications, it won't be so hard to be away from them. And I can't wait to fly one of those things." He stared at the two shuttles glinting in the dawn light.

Jake grinned and clapped his friend on the back. "And you'll be just as good a pilot with one of those as you are with the Turbokat. See you later."

"You too." Chance turned away as Jake headed for the shuttle and he made for the house.

Tara joined Chance in his room. They undressed each other and made languid love before falling asleep in each others arms. Before sleep pulled him down, Chance smiled in the rosy light of dawn and thought, 'That was one hell of a farewell party.'

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Chapter 43: Farewells by ulyferal

Feral was walking down the corridor of his new home when he heard his name called over the intercom. Pausing near one on the wall near the turbolift, he tapped it. "Feral here, sir."

"Ulysses, I've been asked by your former Mayor to have you come down for a formal handing off ceremony tomorrow afternoon at one," Captain Ing told him.

"Oh, yes sir, I was going to tell you about that today. They want to swear in Commander Sharpclaws, reveal who the SWAT Kats are and bid them a farewell along with me."

"Ahh, good. Final closure for all then. Carry on, Ulysses."

"Yes, sir, thank you."

Feral felt a little odd being called by his first name but he learned that since none of the crew had last names, he'd been told his first name would be used. It would take some getting used to.

The other thing he had to get used to was not being in charge any longer but that actually felt good right now. He was tired of being in command and wouldn't mind the break. He had been told he would hold a position of authority eventually but not until after a year's worth of training the Captain told him in that private meeting they'd had shortly after he'd come aboard permanently.

"I understand, sir and have no problem with that."

"I'm sure you won't as it is no different than what you had to do in your old career. However, adjusting to being a subordinate will be hard. I know for a fact, you and are of the same rank holding identical responsibilities and now you must accept being demoted as it were. That will not be so easy."

"Yes, sir, I know. But I'll manage," Feral said with certainty.

Ing eyed him quietly a moment. "I know you believe that Ulysses, but you don't truly know. What I'm offering you is a private way to express your anger and frustration as the reality of your situation truly sets in. Come to me and blast away but only here in my private office, understood?"

"Really, sir, I don't think..." Feral had started to object.

Ing put up a paw to halt him. "Trust me. You will find it more difficult than you think. Take the offer. Don't hold it in as that will do you harm. If you never have to take me up on this, all well and good, but if you do...my door is open to you at any time. Are we clear on this?"

family and you've been a good friend to him but he needed someone who loved him as only a mate can," his mother said quietly.

"They're not mates yet, mom."

"They might think so, son, but the rest of us can easily they most certainly are."

"Yea, okay. I bow to your expert knowledge," he said, smirking. She fetched him a swat to the head then went back to her cooking as he rubbed his head and smiled.

The back door opened and in came Donar followed by Genus and Jake. Tara arrived from upstairs at the same time.

"Ahh, here they all are. Welcome! Eat or you won't get anything when the herd arrives," his mother said cheerily.

"Thank you kind fem. Your food is excellent by the way," Donar said, smiling warmly. He really like Furlong's family. Each of the wolves got some food and thanked the she-kats profusely.

Genus and Jake loaded up plates of food and sat down to talk with Chance's grandfather who'd just come in. Tara received a hug from Chance's mother and grandmother before being handed a plate and told to eat up. She smiled and grabbed some food then sat next to Chance.

Soon everyone was chowing down as more members of the household began to appear. In very little time the air was filled with soft chatter. Knowing Chance would be leaving today, everyone made an effort to get up so they could see him and his partner off. After filling their bellies, the wolves said farewell. Their shuttles took off forty minutes later amid shouts, squeals and shouts of goodbye, as well as last minute hugs by Chance and Jake with Tara and Genus.

Another hour later and it was Chance and Jake's turn. A large crowd of family hugged and cried as they said their farewells to Chance. Finally, his close family, mother, grandparents and siblings made their tearful farewells, hugging him for all they were worth.

"Take care of yourself, son and return to us safely when you pass this way again," his mother said, her eyes filled with tears as she reluctantly released her oldest and stepped back, her father pulled her into a hug to comfort her, her mother on her other side.

"I will mom, promise. Love you all," Chance said, climbing on his bike as Jake waited on his nearby. Not wanting to drag out this painful goodbye, he turned on his engine, put his helmet on, waved one last time, then gunned the motor that roared loudly and sped off like a rocket, his partner right by his side like always.

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They flew along the road, a blur no one could really see as they sped to the other side of the city to the salvage yard. Driving into the quiet yard, no one was around as they drove to the secret entrance to the hangar.

Parking, the engines were shut off at nearly the same time and silence fell as they took their helmets off. Chance looked around.

"Wow! Looks just like when we first came down here except for her of course." He tossed a thumb at the jet on its turntable. "You really cleaned the place out. So let me get to my own packing and we can go."

He headed for the ladder followed closely by his partner. They walked through the empty garage, all personal items and tools gone, and up the stairs to their apartment. Chance headed right for his room then waited for Jake to remove his nasty little device.

"Want me to pack your clothes?" Jake asked, grabbing a box.

"Sure, that'd be great," Chance said, moving with another box to his comic collection and beginning to put them carefully inside. He stopped and looked at them sadly. Turning to his friend he said, "I'm going to miss getting these," he waved the comic at his friend.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot you wouldn't be able to get those. Hey, I wonder if you could have your family get them for you. Just leave them some money, tell them what you collect and they'll have them waiting for you when you stop by," Jake suggested.

"Dang, you're right. I should have done that in the first place." Chance wanted to kick himself for not thinking of it. While he remembered, he pulled out his phone and called his sister.

"Hey sis!... yea I know I just left but I just remembered something and I wonder if you'd do me a favor..." He went on to explain what he wanted and was pleased when she agreed. He gave her the information and said he would send her the money. She forbid it.

"Let me do this for you, bro. It would be something I can do for my starship trooper," she laughed, referring to a science fiction movie they both liked. Anything else you might have forgotten?"

"Uh..." he thought hard, scratching his head.

"Scaredy Kat..." Jake prompted, smirking.

"Oh yeah, dang...but how...oh right...hey sis, would you be willing to record Scaredy Kat cartoons for me?"

"Oh Lord, the kittens love that stupid show, no surprise you would too. Sure no problem. Anything else?"

"Nope, that's it. Thanks sis, you're the greatest," Chance said warmly.

"Anytime, brother mine. Love you."

"Love you too, bye." He hung up. "Thanks Jake. That will be something I'll look forward to besides family of course, when I come to visit." Smiling, he went about packing again.

"That's what I'm here for, buddy," Jake said amused.

In very little time they finished up packing Chance's room. They carried the boxes down to the hangar to put in the jet. It took about three trips total before they were done and locking up the jet again, each with a backpack.

"Okay, where to first?" Chance asked, holding his helmet.

"Hmm, how about our favorite mondo pepper place, it is getting toward dinner time now," Jake suggested.

"Good idea. Hey, how about we look for seeds to plant our own in the...what did they call their garden area again?"

"The hydroponics section."

"Right."

"I should have thought of that," Jake snorted. "Yea, let's find a nursery before they close and load up with seeds."

"Copy that!" Chance said, grinning, starting his engine.

They zoomed off to shop for things that only could be gotten from their home to take with them. By the time they returned to sleep that evening, they had enough things on them to fill two more boxes. They laughed about that as they watched some TV then went to bed. Day one of their vacation was over.

The next morning was a bit cloudy but not too bad though it was the first sign of the rainy season beginning. After loading their two new boxes on the jet, they took off for their favorite eatery for breakfast and enjoyed the familiar sights and old friends they knew. As they mounted their bikes and prepared to leave, Jake's comm unit went off.

Surprised, they paused so he could answer it.

"Yes, Ms. Briggs, what's going on?"

"Hi Razor. No trouble. Just needed to catch you guys and have you come to city hall for an official hand off of the Enforcer Command from Feral to Colonel Sharpclaws. I want you to appear and announce your retirement as well. Also, I would like you to reveal yourself so you and your families can be honored for all your years of selfless defense of our city."

"Crud, Callie, you really sound like a politician now," Jake snorted.

"?" She wondered why he sounded so familiar when he called her by her first name. "Uh, sorry. I'm having to learn to do that now that I am Mayor."

"Oh, I'm not saying you shouldn't, it was just a surprise to receive such a speech ourselves," Jake chuckled.

"Oh...yes...sorry," she muttered, embarrassed. "Anyway, could you please appear at one today?"

Jake blinked then looked at his watch...it was going on ten now. "Well, yeah I guess we can do that. Where?"

"On the steps of city hall and thanks, Razor."

"You're welcome." The connection cut off and Jake put away the comm in his pocket. "So, I guess we have an appointment at one then."

Chance snorted. "Where to until then?"

Jake thought a moment and suggested a few places. They picked one and were off again.

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Chapter 44: To the stars at last by ulyferal

At the appointed hour, the two appeared dressed as the SWAT Kats on their cyclotrons. They parked behind the Mayor's green sedan and walked through the crowds that had already formed. Many touched them as they passed. Feral was already standing on one side of the Mayor with his replacement, wearing a new uniform. The SWAT Kats recognized it and smiled at him, pointing at the clothing.

He surprised them by smiling back and nodding. Just that morning when he was dressing he'd decided he would wear this to the ceremony rather than his former uniform, showing plainly he was no longer an Enforcer but a member of the Wotan's crew.

The SWAT Kats took a position down from Feral and the new commander. Callie smiled at them briefly, her new deputy standing next to her. She signaled the crowd to be silent so the ceremony

could begin.

"Welcome. We are here today to transfer the reins of the Chief Enforcer to a new generation as our older defenders head for new horizons. We thank former Commander Ulysses Feral for his selfless service in the protection of our fair city and wish him a sad but fond farewell. In turn, we welcome Commander Timothy Sharpclaws as our new Chief Enforcer." Sharpclaws stepped forward a moment, bowed his head, then stepped back. Feral shook his paw to congratulate him.

When the noise eased off, Callie continued, "In recognition of his years of dedication and courage in the face of all the dangers that beset our city over the years, I am honored to be allowed to present the highest award the military can bestow. This was sent down by your superiors Feral along with a thank you for a job well done." She opened a small case her deputy held for her, pulled out something on a chain, and walked to Feral, indicating he should lower his head so she could reach his neck.

Feral eyed her in shocked surprise as he complied. He'd never expected anything like this. "To Ulysses Feral goes the Medal of Honor for gallantry and intrepidity at risk of life above and beyond the call of duty in the battle against the omegas." She said solemnly, hanging the medal around his neck then kissing him on the cheek. "Thank you for keeping us safe and good luck to you, Ulysses," she murmured privately for his ears alone.

Blushing, he smiled at her. "Thank you, it was an honor to serve with you," he murmured back. Nodding she returned to the microphone as he straightened and cheers filled the air, cameras flashing.

The SWAT Kats clapped and whistled showing their complete agreement with the award, much to Feral's surprise. It choked him up.

Above in the Wotan, the bridge crew and one other watched the ceremony with their long range sensor array.

Captain Ing turned to give a proud Lt. Kam a smile. "Please offer my congratulations to your mate, Kam. A singular honor that he well deserves."

"Thank you sir. I'm glad they recognized that and I'm surprised and pleased the SWAT Kats did too."

"Aw, they're good sorts, just cocky like a certain insertion team leader I know," Ing murmured, good-humoredly. Kam blushed.

On the screen they watched the Mayor address the crowd again. "Though former Commander Feral was in charge of keeping us safe, the SWAT Kats aided him when things got worse thanks to the former Mayor's failure to keep the Enforcers properly equipped. We thank them for saving us many times at the risk of their own lives. Since they aren't military, I can only give them the city's highest award for a private Katizen."

She pulled two small medals from another box the deputy held and walked to the pair. "In recognition of your selfless courage and devotion to your city we'd like to present you these simple awards of valor to thank you for what you've done for us." She pinned a medal to each proud chest and kissed each on the cheek.

More cheers and applause went up.

"Though we are sorry you are leaving us, we are proud you are our first representatives of our species to go out into space. We wish you good luck and safe travel as you leave us for your new positions aboard the Wotan. Show the universe what Katkind is made of...make us proud." Callie declared.

Again the applause and cheering was deafening. For a long moment, Callie let it continue then a

cry began to be heard among the cheers... "Show us who you are...take it off...take it off...take it off..."

The SWAT Kats shifted nervously as they listened to the increasing cries, knowing exactly what the crowd wanted. Giving each other the eye, they reached up and removed their masks at the same time. A roar of surprise went up as well as confusion. Most didn't know who the two were but it was obvious the Mayor did because she looked poleaxed.

When she managed to get the crowd to calm down some minutes later, she stared at the pair and said, "I would never have guessed my favorite mechanics were also my heroes." Shaking her head, she smiled, turned to the crowd and said, "I wish to introduce to you all two former ex-Enforcers who didn't let adversity stop them from doing what their hearts felt was right and that was to protect us from our enemies. Our thanks to you for your bravery Chance Furlong and Jake Clawson, the one and only SWAT Kats."

On a TV in a house in the suburbs, a small crowd was gathered and cheered when the pair received their awards then laughed when they saw the crowds reaction to who they truly were.

"Way to go Chance and Jake!" Chance's mother cheered. "About time you received the recognition you deserve!" Everyone else around her echoed her cry. They were so proud!

Everyone went silent as the Mayor spoke one last time. "Well this has certainly been an emotional event. I'm going to miss you three but space and new duties call. Just one more piece of good news I have to relay that I know you'll all be happy to hear. The United Nations have formerly made an official request to join the Galactic Alliance a week ago and this morning, Captain Ing of the Wotan has informed me our world has unanimously been accepted. We are now officially a member of the Galactic Alliance and within a year we will have a space station circling our world."

Surprised and pleased everyone on the steps hugged everyone else while the crowd went wild again.

When the ceremony finally broke up, the group on the top step escaped inside to wait until the crowds thinned out. Cake and drinks were set up in a press room off the lobby and Callie gestured for them to join her and a few others, they included, a few members of the press, Callie and her deputy, Feral and his replacement, the SWAT Kats and members of the council.

Sharpclaws cornered Feral and began asking him many questions while Callie spoke with her old friends.

"I can't believe you two succeeded in pulling the wool over my eyes for so long. I'll miss you, especially because you were always so good at fixing my car and for rescuing me all the time," she laughed.

"Well, Jimmy and his crew will do right by you, Callie don't worry and it was a pleasure rescuing you," Chance smirked.

"By the way, here..." Jake handed her his comm. She blinked at him in confusion as she took it.

"I won't need it but I thought you might have someone you want to give this to so you can have a secure form of communication with, whenever necessary."

"Oh, why thank you. I know exactly who to give this to. Come to think of it, I didn't tell you this yet," she paused to look around to insure no one was close by before saying, "I'm mated to Abi Sinian."

Both toms gaped at her in shocked surprise. It took them a moment before either could react then they smiled happily and gave her hugs.

"That's great news. It's fantastic you finally found someone of your own. You certainly deserve and need it for all the stress you're going to be under soon. I take it you're keeping that fact under wraps, eh?" Jake said, noting how cautious she'd been telling them.

"You got that right. It will come out eventually, as I do have to attend a lot of functions where she is required to be with me, but right now, I'm keeping her a secret. Especially until after the election."

"Still worried about that shadow power that put Manx in the Mayor's seat, huh?" Jake asked astutely.

"Yes, Commander Sharpclaws and Deputy Mayor Jaystar are investigating but haven't found who it is yet. Whoever they are have hidden themselves really deep," Callie sighed, frowning.

Jake put his paw on her arm and gave it a gentle squeeze. "You'll find them. I have faith in you. And don't forget, you're magical now...perhaps that will help you track down whoever it is?" he suggested quietly.

She blinked in shock. "Oh, Jake I am so going to miss that sharp mind of yours. Of course, you're right and I could kick myself for not thinking of it."

Jake shrugged. "Hey, you only just became a sorcerer and I bet you haven't used it much since your return from the Wotan, so why should you think of it yet? Don't worry, it will soon become habit and hopefully will help you run this city better besides taking out the Pastmaster."

"Whip his ass, Callie," Chance interjected, encouragingly.

She smiled, "I promise I will just for you, handsome. Thanks Jake for all the advice. I will miss you so much...both of you. Hope it isn't too long before we see each other again," she added, wistfully.

"Don't know. We have a lot of things to learn and a lot of universe to see. However, once that space station is in place, you'll be hooked up to the interstellar communications system and can speak to us no matter where we are...neat huh?" Chance grinned.

"Oh, that's wonderful. I thought I'd have to wait until you stopped by again," Callie said, pleasantly surprised.

"Nope, that's what I learned from my girlfriend. And it isn't just hearing but seeing us too. They say their video is so clean, it will seem like we're standing in the room with you. My family was glad to know that which made our separation easier."

"That's a relief to know, truly. So, you got to spend time with your families?"

"Yes, I had a wonderful month and a half with them and old friends. It was a wild and fantastic time, but I miss them already. However, I'm still excited to be going into space."

"Wish I could see those stars too, but I have a big enough job here to keep me busy," Callie sighed, a little envious.

"I don't have anyone left alive here which is why it was easy for me to agree to go besides I couldn't leave Genus now anyway," Jake said shyly.

"Genus?"

"Yea, he's the engineer from the insertion team...we sort of clicked right away, nearly like Feral and Kam though we're not bonded."

"Oh Jake, that's wonderful, I'm so happy for you," Callie said, pleased then turned to the tabby, "And did you say you have a girl friend, Chance?"

"Yea, Tara, the communications and medical gal, remember?"

"Oh yes, I remember her, a very beautiful she wolf she is too. Nice catch. Hope you keep her," she smirked at him.

He blushed. "Well, we'll see...but thanks. Well, I think the crowds should have thinned out by now, so we should be shoving off...got other places to see yet before we leave. Jake and I are visiting old haunts and picking up things that will remind us of home," Chance said, pulling his mask on and preparing to depart.

"Good idea. Have a great time. One last hug, please?" She move toward them and each gave her a tight one. "Good luck my friends, be safe, and return to me in one piece." She smiled sadly as she released them.

"We will...promise. Good luck to you too Callie. Stay sharp and alert," Jake said in parting before the pair quickly slipped out of the room before they were halted by anyone else.

She sighed, already missing them. Looking around she saw Feral trying to edge his way out of the room as several councilKats kept trying to ask him more questions. His eyes landed on her and held a plea for help in them.

Smiling, she went over to rescue him. "Ulysses, I'd like to speak with you, please," she said, nodding at the councilKats politely. They, less than graciously, bowed to her authority as she swiftly whisked Feral away.

"Thank you. They just kept yammering at me about the ones who'd been arrested, wanting to know exactly what those members had done so they wouldn't get caught doing the same. What? They hadn't read the damn report?" Feral hissed, annoyed.

"No, probably only cracked the first page open and saw how much there was to read and closed it again," Callie snorted, amused.

"Their problem not mine. Anyway, I need to leave."

"Everyone's leaving. Surprisingly, I'm going to miss you too, Ulysses. We got along very well this past year and I'm going to miss that camaraderie," she sighed. "You know you look very handsome in that new uniform. Kam is a very lucky guy."

Feral blushed. "Thank you. I'll miss you too, Callie. Keep your head about you, gal. You have new enemies to worry about but, hey, you're magical, use that on them," he chuckled.

"You know, that's what Jake told me too and I could kick myself for not even considering that might help find whoever was behind Manx. God knows, we've dug everywhere and not found a trace of whoever it is."

"Hmm, then Jake has the right idea. No one really knows or even believes how powerful you really are even though you have told them you can take out the Pastmaster. Seeing is believing and you've got a lot to prove." He reached out and gave her a hug.

She blinked in surprise at the emotional display from the normally gruff tom. As he released her, she said, sincerely, "Why thank you. Keep yourself safe, Ulysses and drop me a line when you think of it."

"I will. Take care." With that he turned and made his escape.

"Cool!" Chance grinned and began handing her boxes.

Genus and Jake, who'd taken his mask off too, were engaged in a deep kiss of welcome. When they came up for air, they saw Chance and Tara already leaving. They laughed and set about off loading Jake's stuff on another cart. Jake sealed the jet. They wouldn't need anything else from it for awhile then he and Genus walked off to their shared quarters.

Looking around his new home, Jake asked, dubiously, "You sure all my stuff will fit in here?"

"Trust me it will, but if not, the room next door is yours as well, though it's intended to be a work room for you."

"What?"

"Yea, the Captain wants to insure when you have that midnight urge to invent something you have your own space nearby to do it. We all expect great things from you, love."

"Wow, that's...I don't have words to say how great this is, Genus."

"Well, perhaps you can show me how appreciative you feel about it, hmm," the wolf rumbled, suggestively.

"Ohh, I think I can do that," Jake purred, allowing his love to undress him.

Meanwhile his partner was looking around his own new quarters with appreciative eyes. "Nice digs. I like it."

"You're welcome. Want help unpacking, love?" Tara asked.

"No, thanks, doll. I'd like to putter around by myself for a bit. Take me to dinner later?"

"It's a date, Chance," Tara said, smiling. She gave him a kiss then left him to his unpacking.

When she left, Chance paused at the window to stare at his world. It looked amazing from out here. 'Well, you've done it, you've left home, both family, SWAT Kats, and planet. Hope it was worth it.' He sighed and returned to unpacking. He refused to allow homesickness to get a hold of him.

In Kam's quarters, Feral sighed and stripped his uniform off. He was off duty now and was to meet Kam for dinner in the dining hall in about an hour. He was wrung out emotionally, which surprised him a bit and was equally surprised to be feeling a little homesick too. He drifted over to the huge window and stared at Arista much as Chance had done. He'd been told the Wotan would be leaving in a few hours and heading out of this solar system. It was only now sinking in that he was well and truly leaving and it made him a little heartsick.

His mate slipped into the room without Feral noticing and, as he feared, saw the look of sadness and loss on the face reflected in the window. Moving silently toward the figure, he quickly wrapped comforting arms around Ulysses.

"Homesick love?" he murmured, gently.

"I don't understand why I should be. I've had plenty of time to adjust to the idea but now when it's really happening and we're really leaving, I find myself feeling...I'm not sure what.." he spread his paws helplessly as he couldn't find the words he needed.

"It's alright Uly. All newcomers feel that way for some time when they leave their home. It's far more intense than just leaving their family home for the big city and we realize that which is why we stay close and keep them from floundering until they get their second breath and accept this

is what their life is now. You'll get there and I'll be there every step of the way to help you."

Feral turned in his lover's arms and sighed. "Yea, I know you will, Kam that's why I love you so."

"And I love you, Uly, with all my heart," Kam said softly, pulling his lover into a deep kiss, promising himself to keep his mate too preoccupied to be homesick.

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On Aristal, cold eyes watched a replay of the award's ceremony from earlier in the day. He turned around to face his council of evil.

"How goes our plans to enter our candidate?" He asked.

"All the funds are in place and we're ready to start campaigning. Now that the SWAT Kats and Feral are gone, the time is right to push our way back in, sir."

"Good. We'll make Ms. Briggs regret forcing our puppet out. Our next candidate will be smarter and more charismatic. If we play our cards right, he'll simply sweep her off her feet," the leader said, grinning evilly.

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As midnight fell over the city of Megakat, above it in space, the Wotan sailed away and by morning was out of the solar system and heading out into deep space.

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Well there you have it, the first arc is finally finished. Arc Two will begin as soon as I can find time. We'll see what life in space will be like for Feral, Chance, and Jake. And occasionally return to Aristal to see how Callie is dealing with the shadow organization trying to take over the city and how she manages to take care of the Pastmaster when he finally appears. And are kittens in the future for Feral? We'll see. Until next time, happy reading! Ulyferal

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