

Summary:

A kidfic xmas tale based on my Freedom Lost story.

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

Genres: Gen

Warnings: None

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 2611 Read: 1712 Published: 03/11/2011 Updated: 03/11/2011

## 1. [Chapter 1: A Sabren Christmas](#) by ulyferal

Chapter 1: A Sabren Christmas by ulyferal

Feral yawned as he reached down into the crib to pick up his crying daughter. She was barely a month old and still didn't sleep through the night.

He went to the changing table and took care of her diaper then went to the rocker, Razor had given them and settled himself. He offered his breast and she latched on hard. He grimaced then sighed and drifted, half asleep.

That was how Chance found him when he came by with their two year sabren son a short while later. He smiled tenderly and put a finger on his son's mouth.

"Shhh...mommy's tired and Alexis is sleeping." He whispered. Jeremy nodded, an impish smile on his face.

Chance carried his son off to the kitchen and set him in his high chair.

"Well, champ! What would you like for breakfast?" He asked as he set about making them breakfast.

"Eggs and baky!" Jeremy said, giggling.

"Eggs and baky it is. Want some cereal too?"

"Nah!"

Chance reached toward the radio and found a station playing Christmas songs. Jeremy tapped his fork on his tray in time with the music. His father shook his head a little at the precociousness of his son.

He'd learned that besides growing faster, sabren kitten's learned at a faster rate than normal Kats but still it was always a surprise to him when his son did things sooner than he was used to.

He was a little concerned about their daughter who was a Kat. She was still very young yet but he wondered if she would be at a disadvantage around her brighter brother?

'Only time would tell.' He thought to himself. He quickly served up his son's breakfast and put the plate on his tray, tied a bib on, and gave him a sippy cup of milk.

A noise made him look up. His mate was coming into the kitchen looking really tired.

"Why didn't you go back to bed, love?" He asked in concern.

"Mmmm, can't...hungry." Uly barely grunted out.

"Oh, sure, just a sec, hon and I'll serve you up. Want some warm milk? You can't have coffee yet." He asked as he bustled around getting his mate some breakfast.

Feral grimaced unhappily about that last comment but said, "Warm is fine." He looked over at his son who was nearly done eating. He shook his head. "Slow down. The food is not going to run away." He admonished.

"Sorry, mommy. Hungry." Jeremy said then held his plate out to his dad. "Daddy...more?"

Chance's eyebrows rose. His son must be going through another growth spurt. He sighed. "Sure, just a minute. Let me get mommy his first."

"kay."

"Another growth spurt." Feral said lightly as Chance put a plate and a mug of warm milk before him, echoing his mate's thought.

Chance nodded.

"I plan on going out to get us a Christmas Tree. Anything you want me to get at the store?" He asked as he sat down to eat after giving Jeremy more food.

"We can probably use more milk, cereal, bread, a ham for dinner, and maybe some ice cream." Feral said after a moment's thought.

"Okay. If you think of anything else, call me on my cell." Chance nodded, finishing. He rose from his seat and grabbed his and Jeremy's plates and put them in the sink to do when he got back. "Let's clean you up sport. You're coming with me." He told his son.

"Yeah! Christmas Tree!" Jeremy shouted with glee, raising his arms up so his father could pick him up.

"Go back to bed, love. You need your rest. You'll feel better later then we can make dinner and watch some TV, maybe catch some Christmas specials." Chance said warmly.

Feral just nodded and continued to eat his breakfast slowly.

In very little time, he heard his mate and son leave the apartment. He yawned but couldn't bring himself to lay down yet. He really didn't want Chance to do all the work. He was a super father and did a lot of things to make him comfortable but it made him feel guilty not doing his share.

He set about washing the dishes then went to their master bedroom. From the closet he pulled out wrapping paper, bows, and gifts.

He set about getting his presents done before his mate and son returned. He'd been too busy at work then giving birth to their daughter to get this done and now it was Christmas Eve.

An hour later, he was finished with his packages and locating the ornaments he and Chance had bought their first year together, out of storage and ready to put on the tree when they brought the it home.

The last thing he did was a little light housekeeping, laundry, clearing a space for the tree, putting the tree stand up and filling it with water.

Pleased with the work he'd accomplished, he headed for his bedroom but a cry made him change direction and stop at their daughter's room. Taking care of her needs, he decided to take

her with him.

Going to his room, he slipped off his shoes and laid down with Alexis next to him. He reached for the light blanket on the chair next to the bed and covered them both. It wasn't long before he fell asleep.

At the Christmas Tree lot, Jeremy was excited as he searched for that perfect tree. Chance just smiled and indulged his son as they looked over the trees. Finally, after about thirty minutes, Jeremy picked the tree he wanted.

Chance tied it to the top of his small get-around car then they were off to the grocery store. He cruised the aisles and got the things his mate wanted as well as a few other things he knew they needed.

It was lunch time, so he stopped at a favorite haunt and had a burger while his son had a hot dog and fries. Jeremy chattered happily about what he'd seen as they drove from place to place and about what he wanted to get his mommy for Christmas.

Chance looked at his son in surprise. He'd already gotten his mate something and Jeremy had made something at daycare but what he wanted to get was a really great idea, he was just shocked to hear his two year come up with it.

"Okay, son. As soon as we finish lunch we'll go to the mall and see if we can find it." He promised.

Jeremy beamed at him.

It took some looking but they finally found what Jeremy wanted to give his mother. They had it gift wrap at a kiosk set up for that purpose then headed for home.

The apartment was quiet when they came in with the groceries. Before he got the tree and gift, he had Jeremy get ready for a short nap. Usually, he would object but he was tired and went to his bed willingly after a short story.

Chance went down the hall and checked on Alexis. When he didn't find her in her bed, he went to their master bedroom and smiled at the sight that met his eyes when he peeked in. His mate was laying on his side with little Alexis pressed close to his chest and his arm laying protectively around her.

Smiling, he backed out and closed the door. He went downstairs and retrieved their tree and Jeremy's special gift.

He noted that instead of resting, Ulysses had tidied up and got the things ready to set up the tree. He shook his head and sighed, Uly never listened to him.

He spent the next couple of hours getting the tree up, decorated and placing the gifts he had under it. By the time he was finished, it was dinner time and his mate was still asleep. Jeremy had just gotten up and was trailing after his father as he put ornament boxes away.

"How about you help me get dinner set up?" He asked his son.

"Yeth!"

They went to the kitchen and he handed the silver ware to his son to set the table then put the plates on a low shelf so that Jeremy could put them, one at a time, on the dining table.

Meanwhile, Chance whipped up a simple meal for them, Ulysses' being a little more heavy on the proteins because he was nursing. Just as he was preparing to serve up, then get his mate,

Ulysses, with their tiny daughter in one arm, came into the kitchen.

"Smells good." He sighed, sitting down.

"I helped!" Jeremy piped up.

"You did? What a big kitten you are?" Ulysses said with a warm smile and a hug.

"Here you go, sport." Chance said swinging his son up in the air and into his high chair.

Placing the food on the table and tying Jeremy's bib on, Chance finally took his seat and helped serve up his mate's food and sons before doing the same for himself.

As they ate, Jeremy told his mother about their day. Chance smiled quietly to himself as he watched his mate and son interact. His eyes drifted down to his sleeping daughter. 'I have been truly blessed,' He thought, a warm feeling filling his heart.

His mate glanced toward him and as their eyes met they shared a moment of perfect harmony and love before Uly turned his attention back to his excited son.

After dinner they watched some Christmas specials. Jeremy sat in his father's lap in the big comfy chair as Ulysses laid on the couch, their daughter laying on his chest asleep.

"Okay, time for bed. Santa Claus will be here soon and we have to be to sleep." Chance said, a little later, as he got up holding his son.

"Yeah, Santa Claus!"

Ulysses smiled as he carefully got up as well.

"Daddy! Don't forget lights!" Jeremy suddenly sang out.

"Oh, you're right. Well, we'd better do that, huh." The two of them moved to the switch on the floor, Chance leaned over far enough to allow Jeremy to flick the lights on.

"Ohhhh, pretty!"

The family stood for a moment, enjoying the glow and flicker of the Christmas lights as it shown on the packages below the tree.

Soon they had their little ones to bed. The two of them returned to the living room where Ulysses opened a coat closet as quiet as he could and removed to filled stockings, handing them to Chance then grabbed two specially wrapped packages.

The stockings were hung on the wall just beside the tree and the packages were set below them. Smiling happily, they hurried down the hall to their bedroom. Trading a warm hug and kiss they went to bed.

Morning dawned early in the Furlong home. Little Alexis got her mother up at four a.m. for a feeding then Jeremy got them both up by seven a.m.

"Mommy, Daddy! Santa was here! Wake up!" He pleaded, bouncing on his parents.

Both groaned at the early hour but willingly crawled out of bed. Putting on bathrobes, they followed their excited son to the living room.

His eyes bright and glowing as only a Sabren's can, Jeremy stared up at his stocking in barely restrained excitement but before either of his parents could bring it down for him, an amazing thing happened.

The stocking lifted in the air by a glowing beam from the two year old's paws. In seconds, it was in the little one's arms.

He turned with glee then froze, his face going still at the looks on his parent's faces.

"I thought you said he couldn't use his powers until he reached seven?" Chance said in a shocked voice.

"That's what I was told." Ulysses said equally stunned.

"Mommy, Daddy...I bad?" Jeremy asked, his voice starting to quiver in fear and upset.

"Oh sweetheart, no. It was just a surprise is all." Ulysses said quickly, picking his son up and soothing him. "It means you're growing up faster than we expected."

Jeremy's smile returned then he wiggled to be put down so he could check out his stocking which his mother obliged him by setting him on his feet. Jeremy sat down on the floor and began pulling things from his stocking.

"Boy, I'll say that was a surprise!" Chance muttered, still shaken.

Sighing, Uly sat on the couch and watched his son. "This just means I'll have to start his training sooner than I thought."

From the bedroom came a soft cry. "I'll get her." Chance said, giving his son a last backward glance as he made for Alexis' room.

Feral rubbed his temples and gave his son a smile when he brought one of his new toys to him.

"Can I open a present now, mommy?" Jeremy asked, nearly bouncing on his toes.

"Wait for daddy to return, first." Uly said in amusement.

Before Jeremy could get impatient, his father returned to the room with their daughter in his arms. He sat next to his mate and handed Alexis over.

"Now can I?" Jeremy begged.

Rolling his eyes, Ulysses nodded. Jeremy made for the present that had been under his stocking but stopped before picking it up.

"Mommy? Want me to get 'lexi's stocking?" He asked.

"No, that's alright honey. I'll get it." His mother said mildly. Raising a paw, Ulysses sent a tendril of energy from his fingers and just as his son had done, levitated the stocking to him.

Grinning, Jeremy lunged for his package and began to rip it open.

Chance took the floating stocking into his paws and took out the few kitten toys from it and waved one of them, a jingle ring, near Alexis' face. The kitten stared at it and waved her tiny paws at it.

Her parents smiled warmly at her antics.

"Mommy! Here's the present I got you!" Jeremy said excitedly, holding the present his father helped him get yesterday.

"You got me another present...why that was nice of you." His mother said in mild surprise taking the package from her son. Jeremy didn't move away but waited for his mother to open her

present.

Blinking in surprise at that, Ulysses obliged him. He handed Alexis back to her father then opened the rather large package. When he reached the box inside, he was puzzled. Taking the rest of the paper off he stared at it. Then shrugging his shoulders, he opened the box and was pleasantly surprised to see it did indeed contain what the picture on the outside said it was.

"Do you like it Mommy?" Jeremy asked anxiously.

"It's a perfect gift and soo thoughtful too. Thank you, son." Uly said warmly, giving the kitten a hug. Relieved, Jeremy went to check out the other gifts under the tree.

"Did you help him get this?" Feral asked his mate.

"I only paid for it. It was all his idea." Chance said with a smile.

"Really. My he is really something isn't he." Feral said shaking his head in amazement at the electric foot bath he had received.

"Yeah, he certainly is. Merry Christmas, love."

"Merry Christmas to you to." Feral said warmly, setting his new gift to one side and taking Alexis back from her father.

'What a perfect Christmas.' Feral sighed to himself. He had never expected when he'd been forcibly bonded to a SWAT Kat that some three years later, he'd be this happy. Though fate had dealt him a hard blow when young, it seemed it had made up for it with the warmth of a family in his adulthood.

[Back to index](#)

All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.

This story archived at <http://www.squidge.org/mufa-mpreg/viewstory.php?sid=50>