

Summary:

A kidfic xmas tale based on Beyond the Shadow of the Moon.

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

Genres: Gen

Warnings: None

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Feral sighed and fretted. It was Christmas Eve and he wasn't ready for the holiday at all. He prided himself on being prepared for this time of year, but things had been far too hectic in his job the past two months and he'd lost track of time and so had his mate.

The Pastmaster had gotten over his shock over Feral's use of magic and had blown into town at least three to four times a year. This year was no exception.

It had been a difficult battle since Feral was loathe to reveal too much about his magical abilities to outsiders not in the know. Also, he wasn't nearly as skilled or powerful enough to take on the Pastmaster completely on his own.

As it was, the SWAT Kats, his enforcers and his own abilities, used in secret, finally ousted the bothersome and destructive sorcerer.

Just when they thought they could catch their breath, Turmoil decided this was a good time to make her move while the city was still reeling from the Pastmaster's destructive path.

She swept in under the cover of darkness and a wild thunder storm less than days after the Pastmaster had been returned to the past. Her well trained fleet of jets swooped down on Enforcer Headquarters. The roof cannons managed to take out some of her jets but these new models she had, moved faster than anything the enforcers had in their inventory.

They just wiped the enforcers out of the sky. The SWAT Kats rushed in and managed to take out many more but at a bitter cost. The Turbokat suffered a great deal of damage. In his own jet, Feral winced at the huge rents in the jet's side and the damage done to its undercarriage.

They were barely air worthy when Feral quickly moved his jet into position just above the battle scene, put it on autopilot and flung his magic at the rest of her fleet. Magic and science do not mix, so when Feral's magic struck the jets it snuffed their power away, leaving so much metal that simply fell out of the sky.

Dozens of parachutes bloomed. Exhausted from too much magical expenditure, Feral was barely able to land his own jet safely. He called his ground forces to capture the pilots falling to the ground. The SWAT Kats made a special run with Razor leaving the jet on his cyclotron to capture Turmoil before she could elude the enforcers.

Now that peace reigned again, the city was picking up the pieces and making repairs just in time for the holidays.

His mate, T-Bone, was busy with Razor repairing the extensive damage done to their jet while he was cleaning up the city. Their six year old daughter, Callista, was, fortunately, in school while

most of this was going on.

Each evening, both parents made an effort to be home on time so they could spend time with their daughter. But during this period of unrest and recovery, it became very hard to make it home so Professor Hackle would step in and take care of her.

He did his best to try to soothe and distract Callista so she wouldn't worry about her parents. It wasn't that easy though, since Callista was an above average kitten. She knew exactly what her parents were involved in and just how much danger they were in most of the time.

Callista attended special advanced classes that Razor had suggested because she didn't fit in with the normal kittens her age. She had been tested and shown to be functioning at a junior high school level if though she was technically at Kindergarten stage.

This made her life a little more difficult and at times lonely. But she was a friendly and engaging kitten and was able to make casual friends her own age as long as she didn't show just how intelligent she was. Her best friends, though, were adults. Most notably, Razor and Professor Hackle.

Each Christmas was a challenge to find the right gift for their smart daughter. It didn't help that, this year, they hadn't even gotten a tree or put up decorations...much less, go shopping for presents, though, Feral had managed to get a few things months ago.

So, now here he was, the night before Christmas and fretting about what to do when it was so late. Chance hadn't gotten home yet as he and Razor were putting the finishing touches to the jet and then he was going to go shopping before the stores closed.

Feral had given Callista some money and Ms. Briggs had volunteered to take his daughter shopping since she had some to do herself.

That left him getting their home ready for Christmas on his own. Feral had a feeling his mate expected him to do the unusual to accomplish this knowing how much his mate hated shopping in the first place.

He sighed again. Chance was right. He had no other alternative but to use magic and he really hated doing so since it made him uncomfortable but this was important.

Concentrating, he pictured in his mind all the things he wanted done to their living area. He had to make sure every detail was complete and set in his mind before he cast his spell.

Licking his lips, eyes closed, he raised his arms, fingers out and muttered an incantation. He felt the magic tingle through his body then he opened his eyes. He smiled in relief. It was everything he hoped it would be, even to the smell of dinner cooking.

Feeling light at heart, he headed for the kitchen to set the table in preparation of his family returning home soon.

Less than an hour later, Callista arrived.

"Hi Mom!" She sang out as she came in with her arms full. Ms. Briggs was behind her smiling and carrying another bag.

"Well you certainly made your money go far." Feral said with a grin as he welcomed her into the house.

"Oh Mom, it's fantastic!" Callista said taking in the Christmas decorations.

"Oh my Commander, this looks wonderful." Callie said, staring around.

Feral blushed with pleasure. "Thank you. I worked hard to make it look good."

"Well you certainly succeeded." Callie agreed with a warm smile. "I better be going. I've got packages to wrap. Have a wonderful Christmas."

"Thank you for taking Callista shopping and have a Merry Christmas yourself, Ms. Briggs." Feral said warmly, seeing her to the door.

"You're welcome. She's a pleasure to be with." Callie said as she left out the door.

"Mom! Where's the wrapping stuff?" Callista asked just as Feral closed the door.

His face fell. 'Damn, I forgot about that.' "Uh, sorry, honey. I forgot to get some."

"Well, then could you please magic some up." Callista pleaded quietly. She knew her mother hated to do magic but this was needful and there was no time to go out again.

"Uh, well...let me see..." Feral mumbled as he tried to picture different types of paper, bows, and labels. 'Uhm...do you need boxes too...' He asked distractedly.

"Yeah, I could use a few small boxes about two by two inches ...decorated...please." Callista said patiently.

"Uh huh...okay...just a minute..." Her mother muttered as he added the extras to his image in his mind. Again raising his paws he pointed to the floor before him and once more used his magic.

"Oh that's perfect, thanks Mom." Callista grinned, giving her mother a hug.

"You're welcome sweet." He sighed. That last effort had rung him out after the amount he'd used earlier.

At that moment, his mate arrived him with his arms laden. He sniffed the air.

"Hmm, something smells good, love." He said warmly, kissing Ulysses cheek. "And, wow, the place looks fantastic. Is Callista home?" He asked as he headed for their bedroom.

Feral trailed after him. "Yes. Ms. Briggs just brought her in."

Chance dumped his stuff on the bed then snapped his fingers and frowned. 'Damn, do we have wrapping paper and stuff?' He asked in concern.

"Our daughter asked the same thing and we hadn't gotten any, so..." Feral answered, letting the sentence hang.

"Ahh...so just like the living room, you did a bit of conjuring. Pooped are we?" Chance asked, moving to his mate and gathering him into his arms.

"Yes. A lot." Feral sighed and relaxed into his mate's welcome arms.

"Poor kitty! So glad you thought to conjure dinner too then. Let's go eat before I have to wrap these presents. Have you done yours?" He asked as they walked together back to the kitchen.

"Yes. Done the same way as the decorating." Feral said tartly. "Callista, dinner first then present wrapping." He called.

"Be right there, Mom!" Her daughter's voice came down the hall.

Chance could see the table was already set so pushed his mate into a chair. "You rest! I'll serve up the food."

Feral gave him a tired smile and didn't resist. Callista came in and helped her dad carry the food to the table.

They talked about the day as they ate then Callista and her father cleared the table and sent Feral off to watch TV and relax.

Smiling at their pushiness and how much they cared for him, Feral did as ordered. He was nearly asleep when Chance came to take him away for a hot shower and bed.

Used to rising early, Feral looked down at his mate tenderly, as he caressed the sandy cheek facing him. Chance roused at the touch and smiled warmly at his mate looking down at him.

Chance pulled Ulysses down to him and kissed him thoroughly. Before the dark tom could protest his mate made slow and gentle love to him.

They were laying peacefully in each others arms when Callista knocked on their bedroom door.

"Come in, sweetie!" Chance sang out.

"Morning mommy, daddy." Callista said with a grin as she came to her mother's side of the bed. "Are you two going to get up so we can open our presents?" She said impishly.

"You bet. Just give us a few minutes and we'll see you in the living room. Why don't you get you some cereal while you wait." Feral said, giving her daughter a hug.

"Sure mommy." Callista grinned and left them alone.

Giving each other another kiss, they rose and took a shower then dressed casually. Feral found his daughter had made coffee for them. It just boggled him at how smart his small daughter was. She didn't even stand any taller than the kitchen counters, but she knew how to use a folding step stool to do the things she wanted to safely.

They never worried because she was very careful. She now sat at the kitchen table eating her breakfast. She smiled at them as they joined her. Her father leaned down to give her forehead a kiss.

As soon as she was finished they went to the living room. Chance and Ulysses sat on the couch while Callista went to look over the presents. Chance got up again to put some Christmas music on then got a camera.

He took some pics of the decorations then some of everyone opening presents. He finally sat down and opened some of his own gifts and Callista, after being shown how, took pictures of her dad.

It was a wonderful morning and Feral was forever grateful to a certain King for giving him such a happy and loving family. Something he would never have sought on his own. And though he truly felt odd doing it, he was also thankful for the ability to do magic. It made this Christmas very memorable.

"Thanks for the great Christmas, love." Chance said, putting a coda to Feral thoughts.

"You're welcome, my love." He murmured happily.

"Merry Christmas, mommy and daddy!" Callista shouted and gave them a hard hug apiece. Her parents grinned and hugged her back.

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