

Summary:

A kidfic xmas tale based on my story Wrong Place, Wrong Time

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Genres: Gen

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Challenges: None

Series: None

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Chapter 1 by ulyferal

He just couldn't get over the fact he was a father even though he was holding his son as proof.

"Hey, buddy! After you finish mooning over him, could you give me a paw here?" His friend asked, amusement tinging his voice.

"Oh, yeah, sure Chance. Just a sec." Jake said blushing. He placed his son in his nearby bassinet and went to his partner's side.

After getting the tricky business of installing the air conditioner done on a customer's truck, Chance crawled out from underneath and wiped his paws.

"I don't blame you really. He sure is cute." Chance said, staring down at the sleeping kitten.

The little male was cinnamon colored like its father but had a thatch of black hair like its mother. No telling yet what color its eyes would be. Jake had him at the garage while Feral was getting a checkup.

The kitten was only ten days old and his friend was still over the moon about him. His conception had been an accident but neither parent seemed too upset about it. They had been lovers for more than four years before this happened.

Chance was happy for Jake and a little jealous. He'd not found someone special though he was seeing Felina. Theirs was an on again off again type of relationship at the moment and it was in his T-Bone persona which made being together a bit difficult.

About the same as Jake and Feral. Jake still had not told Feral who he was, though, Chance suspected Feral knew but for their sake, kept it to himself.

"So what are you guys going to do for Christmas." He asked as he did the paperwork on the vehicle he'd just finished.

"Hmm, ah...don't know. Guess I better think about it, huh?" Jake said distractedly.

"Yeah, maybe, especially since its only two days away." Chance snorted in amusement.

Jake blinked alert and gaped at the tabby. "What! Two days! Crud, I've got to get busy. We're done here so when Uly calls and I hand over little Deven, can you hold down the fort while I do some serious shopping?" He begged.

Chance chuckled. "Sure, no problem. I gotta do a little shopping too but I can go after I close."

"Great, thanks buddy. Oh! What are you going to be doing for the holiday?" Jake asked as an after thought. They usually spent Christmas together but then he would spend the rest of the day with Feral but this Christmas would be different since he now had a family.

"Oh, Felina invited me to join her Christmas Eve. That okay with you?"

"Sure, that works great for me. Is it alright if we don't exchange gifts until we come back to work?" Jake asked, carefully.

"Works for me. It'll allow me more time with her." Chance said, willingly.

"Great." Jake sighed in relief.

Not to long later, Feral called Jake on his special communicator. He packed a set of clothes and grabbed Deven's kitten bag and went down to the hangar.

While Chance held Deven, Jake changed to his Razor persona then gently took back his son and placed him in the special enclosed carrier attached to the cyclotron, packing the rest of his stuff in a storage container on the side of the bike. Putting his helmet it on, he climbed aboard and started the engine. Waving farewell, he zoomed out of the hangar.

Razor had made a secret entry point into Feral's apartment where he could come and go without being observed. It was an old sub basement under the building. He would park the bike there and take an old pair of stairs that opened into the back of the apartment lobby. Then he would climb the stairs rather than the elevator and go up to the top floor to Feral's apartment.

Deven was still sleeping when he took him out of his safety capsule and with his kitten bag over his shoulder, quickly went up the stairs. No one saw him as he reached Feral's floor.

Feral was waiting at his apartment door watching for him. He stepped aside and let his mate in before closing it behind them.

"How did your appointment go, love." Razor said handing over his son to its mother.

"I'm fine, a bit run down still so he put me on vitamins for a couple of weeks and warned me to rest." Feral grimaced at that admonishment.

"Well, as much as you want to get back to work, you just gave birth and your body demands you rest. Stop resisting and do it and you'll be back that much quicker." Razor told his mate sternly.

Feral just gave him a sour look. He knew his mate was right but it still rankled him. His expression smoothed to a tender one, though when he looked down at his son. He was still in awe that he had given birth to him.

"Do you need anything from the store? I'm going shopping. My partner reminded me it's Christmas in just two days." Razor asked.

Feral's eyes widened...seems he'd forgotten as well. "Crud! I didn't realize it was that soon."

"Yeah, that's how I felt. So much went on recently, it was easy to forget." Razor said ruefully.

"Uh, do you think you could find something nice for Felina? She doesn't like female fripperies."

Razor snorted. "No she doesn't. Don't worry I know exactly what she'd like and I just happen to have one I finished repairing. It's the perfect thing."

"What might that be?" Feral asked curiously as he moved to sit down on the couch.

"A hand held grenade launcher." Razor smirked.

Feral's eyebrows raised in astonishment then he chuckled. "Oh yeah. She'll like that alright. That takes care of her, so I only need something for my assistant, Sgt Fallon. Got something for him?"

"Hmm, should be able to come up with something. Leave it to me. I better get going though. Don't have much time left. Let me have the keys to the hummer. My cyclotron won't hold what I need to get." He said, already thinking ahead to all the places he needed to go.

Feral pointed to his end table and Razor picked up the keys laying there. I'll see you later." He told Feral warmly, leaning over the couch to deposit a loving kiss on his mate. "Get some rest." He warned then turned and left.

Feral sighed. He was going to get hardily tired of being warned to rest but he couldn't deny, he **was** tired. Deven chose that moment to wake and begin to fuss.

"Hungry are we? Okay, let's get some food and change you then its nap time for the both of us." Feral cooed down at his son, getting up and heading to his bedroom.

Razor slipped out of the apartment, locking the door behind him then hurrying down the stairs once more. He went back to his bike and quickly changed his clothes.

Now as Jake, he went back up to the parking garage and casually made for Feral's hummer. Soon he was zipping all over town.

First he went to pick up a small tree. He was relieved to find one despite it being so close to Christmas. Next, he went shopping for gifts then he went to the grocery store to pick up things for the apartment and for a special Christmas Eve and day dinners. His last stop before going back to Feral's was at the garage.

Chance was already gone when he drove into the yard. He unlocked the garage and hurried down into the hangar, retrieved the grenade launcher and a communicator and tracker device he'd made some months ago.

Carrying up his gifts, he relocked the garage then climbed in the hummer. He made good time getting back to the apartment. Now here was the tricky part. He had a lot of trips to make upstairs but he had to do it as Razor. That many trips could easily get him spotted. He said a small prayer as he changed his clothes near his bike and returned to the hummer to begin unloading. He just had to hope no one saw him.

On his first trip he carried as much as he could. He wasn't seen, as he hurriedly unlocked the apartment door and slipped in. He made two more trips and still wasn't seen.

The last trip was with the Christmas Tree. This time a neighbor had just opened her door and was leaving. Razor quickly put the tree up to hide his face behind.

"Oh, what a beautiful tree. Lucky find there." She said warmly.

"Uhm, yeah, thanks. Merry Christmas to you." Razor said nervously.

"Oh to you to." She sang out then caught the elevator.

Razor sighed in relief then made for Feral's door and slipped inside. He locked it behind him, happy to be done at last.

He carried the tree to the kitchen and set it down. He put away the groceries and took the presents that he'd had wrapped down on the couch. The last two items he left on a table behind the couch until he could wrap them himself.

Two years ago, Razor had badgered Feral into buying Christmas ornaments and other decorations. Feral didn't make a habit of doing Christmas in his home. He usually went to family and celebrated it there but since he'd become involved with Razor, he'd found his young lover enjoyed the trappings of the season and had allowed himself to be cajoled into decorating for it.

Razor went to the hall closet and dug out the boxes of decorations they had bought for each other since they couldn't shop together. In very little time he had the apartment all Christmasy.

He went to the kitchen and began to make dinner. It was nearly done when his mate wandered in holding their son.

"Hmm, smells good. What are we having and by the way, beautiful tree. The living room looks great." Feral murmured with a warm smile, giving Razor a kiss on the cheek.

"Thanks love. The tree was a lucky find. By this time there isn't much to pick from. As for dinner, we're having a chicken casserole with dumplings and green beans." Razor told him.

"Lovely. You spoil me." Feral sighed, taking a seat at the table and cuddling Deven to his chest.

"I try love. You have a nice nap?"

"Yes and don't say I told you so!" He warned.

"Wouldn't dream of it." Razor smirked, his back to his mate.

They were soon eating and enjoying each others company. Razor shooed his mate to the living room while he cleaned up then joined him to watch a little TV.

Heading to bed, Razor took a shower and when he returned to the living room, he smiled at his mate feeding Deven. Feral had tried to treat their budding relationship as a casual one but Razor had known from the start it was far more than that. Now with Deven here, Feral was forced to concede that there's was a lasting union...more mates than lovers.

Feral got up and placed their son in his bassinet near the bed then laid back down with a sigh. Razor came to bed wearing nothing as was his habit except for his mask and laid down behind his mate.

He cuddled him close and nuzzled the dark tom's neck. Feral purred his pleasure at the contact. Soon they both were sound asleep.

Deven woke his mother at midnight and again at four in the morning. So it wasn't surprising, he didn't get up until ten. Feeding Deven again then leaving him to sleep, Feral and Razor went to have breakfast.

Razor fixed his mate a healthy meal of milk, bacon, eggs, and toast. No coffee, much to his mate's annoyance. Finished, they went out to the living room. Razor put on some soft Christmas music and they opened their presents.

As they rested close together and stared at the Christmas Tree, Razor felt a sense of peace come over him. He never expected to be this happy.

The terrible incident that had pushed Feral and he together had ended in something good. The birth of Deven had completed his hope for a family. Life was definitely good.

The only thing left between them was his true identity. He had a strong feeling his mate knew who he was but was keeping up appearances for the sake of their place in society. However, Razor didn't feel that should extend to their private life.

He turned to his mate and gave him a deep kiss.

"Thanks, but what was that for?" Feral quirked an eyebrow at him questioningly.

"I have one more gift to give you but I think you know it already." Razor said softly then reached up and undid his mask.

Feral sucked in a breath. Yes he did know his mate was Jake Clawson but he never dreamed he would actually reveal it to him.

"Why?"

"When we're alone, there shouldn't be any barriers between us, don't you think?" Jake asked softly, caressing his mate's cheek fur.

Feral smiled warmly and purred, "No there shouldn't be. And, yes, I did know who you were so actually seeing your face is a priceless gift. Thanks! I love you!"

"I love you too, Ulysses." Jake grinned, overjoyed his gift had been well received.

"By the way, what did you get my sergeant?" Feral asked after a long moment of hugging and kissing.

"Oh! Hang on a sec..." Jake reached around behind him and got the gift he hadn't wrapped yet and showed it to his mate.

Feral frowned, "It looks like a communicator."

"Not exactly. See this little piece...it's to be placed behind your ear. This device is for the Sergeant. Now he can find you no matter where you are when you're on duty. Extra piece of mind for him and for me." Jake said with a smirk.

Feral snorted. "Right, a tracker. Now I'll feel like a dog that's been micro-chipped. But I understand your motivation so I won't complain about wearing it. And you're right, he'll love it." He sighed in resignation.

Jake just laughed. Feral smiled as well.

Life was good.

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