Kitten: The Arrival
by Bluerose

Author's webpage: http://sundescent.homestead.com/index.html

Disclaimer: They unfortunately belong to Petfly, not me. Alas.

Rating: G pre-slash

Pairing: J/B.

Warnings: None

Blair looked up when he heard Jim come in the door. "Oh, man. What happened to you?" He saw Jim's face covered in scratches.

"Cat fight, Chief." Jim handed Blair a tiny bundle, before taking his coat off.

Blair unwrapped the tiny bundle, inside is maybe a four week old kitten. It blinks hazy blue eyes. "A
“Remember Graham park where that colony of feral cats roam. I was there investigating a murder scene. While I was checking in the under growth for evidence, I came upon a Tom cat killing a litter of kittens. I managed to save this guy. The others where already dead. The vet says he is healthy. I figured we could use a pet. Cute little devil isn't he." he collected the kitten from Blair, the kitten cradled close to his chest.

"Jim, I'll take the little guy while you go get washed up. Those cuts could be infected. You can have him back as soon as you are done, I promise." Blair took the kitten away from Jim. {{You've got it bad my friend.}} Blair mused as he watched Jim head to the shower. Blair studied the kitten careful, noting the unusual coloration, white fur with patches of brown tabby. Flipping to an empty page in his note book, he starts a list of what they will need for the new arrival. The kitten cradled close to his heart.

“What's this?” Jim asked, when he came out of the bathroom and saw the list Blair was working on.

“List of the stuff we are going to need. Did the vet say anything about what he can eat?” Blair asked pausing in his list making.

“Soft food. He has most of his teeth now.”

“Okay, what route do you want to go with the food. Science Diet or Purina Cat Chow?”

“Run that by me again, Chief?” Jim asked after he collected the kitten from Blair. "Get me a beer will you?”

“Sure.” Blair got up, went to the fridge to grab a beer for both of them. "It's a cost thing. Science Diet is expensive and only available at pet stores and vets offices. Purina Cat Chow is relatively inexpensive and available at Grocery stores."

"Any other factors to go into on the food situation?" Jim asked as he stroked the kitten.

"Not really from a nutritional stand point. Both are good. I'd rate Science Diet a little better then Purina Cat Chow, though cats have lived to ripe old ages on both, so I really don't see any factor, other than cost ruling one or the other out."

"We'll try both, see which one he likes.' Jim scanned the finished list "Collar and Leash? Chief, we are talking a cat here, not a dog."

"I know Jim. My great Aunt Esther walks her cat on a leash, twice a day. It's not hard to teach, it just takes patience and time. This way we can take him camping with us. The alternatives are a portable pen to keep him in or a Boarding facility."

" You have the honor of leash training him. This I've got to see." disbelief clear on Jim's face, at the idea of a cat on a leash.

"No problem." Blair grinned.

"Littermaid?"

"Fancy cat box that scoops the feces and urine out of the litter, 10 minutes after the cat has done it's thing. Worth it. Uses the clumping type of litter. Less of a litterbox mess to clean up." Blair grinned.

"Okay, Travel case?"
"Kitty carseat. Trips to the vet are a lot easier with one. So are road trips."

"Okay. That covers the basics. Anything else, do you think we need for this little guy. Jim shifted to get his wallet out of his pocket.

"We need to test cat toys to see which ones annoy your senses and which ones don't."

"Now Sandburg?" Jim's annoyed at the thought of getting up and going some place leaving the kitten all alone.

"Yes, now Jim. We can take him with us. The sooner we can get the basics, the better." Blair orders "When we get back we have to cat proof the loft, as well. A lost cause as things go," he reached a hand over to stroke the kitten. "Got a name for him yet."

"No name, and why is cat proofing the house a lost cause?" Jim asked getting up again and grabbing his jacket.

"Cats can get into anything they want, if they set there little devious minds to it." Blair said as he reached over to get his jacket.

In the truck there is a small problem Jim wants to hold the kitten as he drives. Blair gentle takes the kitten from him and holds the kitten in his lap to prevent any arguments. "Any idea what you want to call him?"

"Gus sounds good."

"For a cat? Jim, get real. How about Soo Jin."

"He's a cat. Spot." The discussion of name for the kitten lasts until they reach the pet store. "I've got it Rascal." Jim said "Cats always get into mischief right."

"That will fit. Rascal he is. He slips the newly named Rascal inside his coat to cross the parking lot. Once inside the store Jim takes Rascal while Blair gets the cart. First stop Cat food

"Hi Blair." The voice belonged to a willowy brunette with green eyes.

"Annie it's good to see you. Point me in the direction of the Cat stuff. I'm lost in here." He flirted with her as she lead them to the cat section of the store, to Jim's annoyance.

"Starting early on Aunt Esther's Christmas gift?" Annie asked with a grin.

"No, My partner and I have been adopted by a kitten. Vet said he's about four weeks old" Blair answered.

"Then you'll need every thing. Have you decided which way you are going to go on the food?" Annie asked becoming professional.

"The Vet said soft food and I remember Aunt Esther saying that Science Diet had kitten food in cans. I figured that would be the way to go for the first few weeks then transitioning to the dry."

"Good idea" She lead them directly to the cat food.

Jim winces when he sees the price. Rascal chose that time to begin purring. "Get a case Chief. That way we wont have to make as many trips here to get food." Jim said as he softly stroked the purring bundle cradled in his hand. The next item is a litter box. Blair heads directly to the Littermaid. "200 bucks for a litter box Chief, are you crazy."
"Then you get to be the one who cleans the litter box." Blair countered. "I've cleaned enough litter boxes to last a life time."

That prospect decides Jim on the Ultra deluxe Littermaid. Getting the rest of the stuff is fairly easy. It's the next to last item on the list a scratching post. There he stops and stares in disbelief they come in all shapes and sizes. Blair opts for one that has a small house on the bottom for Rascal to hide in. He explains his reasoning to Jim on the subject. Last item on the list is cat toys. Blair leaves Jim to pick these out.

The trip to the cash register is a big surprise. The supplies need for one small kitten comes to 400 bucks. Jim handed over his credit card. Only the sound of Rascal's purring is keeping him from wincing at the price.

Once everything is loaded into the truck. Blair removes Rascal from Jim placing him inside the carrier and closing the door. Rascal did not like this and yowled pitifully. Jim reached out to open the door. Blair stopped him. "No Jim, he has to get used to this." Blair admonished. "It won't take long for him to get used to it. When we are back home you can cuddle him all you want."

"Chief, that sound is getting to me." Jim winced.

"It's supposed to Jim. It's the cry of a helpless baby, calling it's mother. You respond to it on an instinctive level. Filter it out as much as possible." Blair lectured. "The sooner we get home the better." He fastened his seat belt, after making sure that the carrier was securely fastened between them.

The drive to the loft was trying. Rascal yowled all the way home. When they got there Blair left Rascal inside the carrier until everything was unloaded from the truck and the litter box was set up. Then he opened the carrier reached in an picked up Rascal the yowling stopped immediately. Blair carried him directly to the litterbox and set him inside it. Rascal pawed it for a minute, then climbed out to it. Not to far away is his scratching post with its little house and his food and water dishes. There is about a teaspoon of food in his dish. Rascal sniffs it and moves on. Exploring his new home.

Jim tracked Rascal with his senses, imprinting the little guy on them. When Rascal stops and squats, Jim is over there to pick him up and deposit him in the litter box before the accident happens. Startled Rascal, just pawed the litter then climbed out. It takes a couple of tries before Rascal gets the idea. Lavishly praised by Jim, when he finally does use the litter box. Exhausted after his harrowing adventures Rascal climbed the couch and curled up on Blair's lap to sleep.

Jim leaned back in his side of the couch and watched the two of them. The tiny kitten curled in Blair's lap. Blair gently stroking the kitten every once in a while, it draws a faint purr out of Rascal. He wonders what it would be like to be stroked like that by Blair.

"Jim will you get me some more tea?" Blair asked.

"Why can't you get it yourself?" Jim asked puzzled.

"Cat Lap." was Blair's reply.

"Come again Chief?" Jim is totally puzzled.

"I have a sleeping cat in my lap Jim. The person with out a cat in their lap, has to go get the person with the cat in his or her lap, what they want. Basic rule of being owned by a cat, you don't disturb them when they are sleeping. More tea please." Blair thrust his tea mug in Jim's direction.
"So if I have Rascal in my lap, you'll have to get what I want right?" Jim asked.

"That's right." Blair grinned impishly. Jim took the mug and gets Blair his tea. This cat lap thing has a lot going for it. Next time Sandburg, can fetch for him.

The End of Arrival

Blairs's List with prices. Prices found at [www.petopia.com](http://www.petopia.com)

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tr>
<td>Littermaid</td>
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<td>clumping liter 25#</td>
<td>14.69</td>
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<td>Cat dishes ceramic 2</td>
<td>15.98</td>
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<td>Figure 8 harness</td>
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<td>Retractable Leash 16 ft.</td>
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<td>Hi's Science Diet Growth formula</td>
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<td>Cat treats 3 bags</td>
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<td>Cat Brush</td>
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<td>Odor &amp; stain remover</td>
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<td>Ball multi pack</td>
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