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## “End Game”

By Kellan Meig'h

### Chapter 09 – “It's Time”

It was clear Bradley was fit to be tied as he glared at his mission assistant. He was sure of the fact that he had an agreement that specifically precluded his daughter and brother from being dragged into the insanity known as 'Missions for the good of all furkind'.

“Megan, I thought we had a deal. I would do the missions and my family would live by our agreement not to continue to procreate. Now, tell me why my daughter is standing here, waiting to go on a mission with me?” the elder Agent requested.

The spotted skunkette seemed very uneasy at the moment as she replied to that request. “Um, your agreement is with *Allfather*, I'm afraid. *The Big Fur* is the one in charge of Nancy's destiny.”

“Gah! Why didn't I see that coming?!?” Brad exclaimed. “You know, I'm beginning to regret ever having a thing to do with the Gods!” He pinched the bridge of his muzzle, feeling a bad migraine coming on. “I'll get this mission done but I'm telling you, we had better get this straightened out as soon as possible.”

“Dad?” Nancy said hesitantly, trying to get her father's attention.

Brad looked at her and nodded, still grimacing in pain from his headache.

“Dad, let's give this a try, for my sake. I was told that I either had to do this or lose my immortality and my life. Please?” the femme equine pleaded.

Her father nodded, reluctantly. “Okay, we'll give it a try but you will listen closely to my orders and you will follow those orders to the letter! We're going after some modern day equipment left behind in a rather backward fourteenth century type of world.” Brad shook his head as he added, “We're going to have to look like humans, too.”

Nancy looked puzzled by that. “Hyoo-man? What's that?”

“Um, hairless primates. Pretty ugly looking, too.” Brad replied.

The femme equine shuddered. “Will it hurt?” she asked.

“Not really.” her father replied. “Well, except for your feet. They will be hurting by the end of the day.”

Nancy nodded, giving her father a pensive smile. “Well, I guess we should get going?”

Brad pointed at Nancy and himself, then made a twirling motion with his finger to Megan, who sent them on their way. He was hoping this would work out for the best. If not, it could mean his daughter's life was forfeit.

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Cathy and Conrad were enjoying a quiet meal with Gary and Cindi Hurtubise, celebrating the Niner's going to the Superbowl LI against the New York Jets. For a while, it really looked like they might play against the Jacksonville Jaguars but that didn't pan out for the struggling team from Florida.

“Gary told me about Jacksonville's head coach being fired when they didn't make the Superbowl,” Gary's bride, the femme saluki brought up.

“Yeah, tough break for him.” Conrad stated. “I know we have to win this one now. The General Manager has been keeping an eye on me, according to Irv.”

“What do you think he's got in mind?” Cathy asked.

Conrad took a sip of his coffee to wash some of the burn from Cindi's Moroccan-flavored cooking out of his mouth. “Irv really thinks the General Manager wants to groom me for a coach's position. I just don't know about that, though.”

Gary smiled and nodded. “Conrad, you always know what to do and I've heard your comments when we've sat on the bench, watching the team play. You would make a very good coach.”

The tiger shook his head 'No' while he sipped his coffee again. “*Was that Kebab Koutbane ever spicy?*” he thought to himself. Even his Grandmother Connell didn't cook food that spicy. “Gary, I just want to finish up this season with a final win at the Superbowl. I'll be honest with you; I just don't feel like I have what it takes to be an NFL coach.”

Gary disagreed with Conrad's assessment of himself. “I think you're selling yourself short, buddy. You've got a good head for that stuff. Me, well, I just go out and tackle things hanging onto oblong-shaped balls.”

That made all of them laugh.

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Nancy attempted to stand up again for the third time, finding her balance severely off due to the lack of a tail and these strange appendages her father called 'feet'. Slowly rising up from a kneeling position on one knee, she put her hands straight out to her sides and finally caught her balance. “*Maybe this wasn't so hard, after all.*” she thought to herself.

She touched her face and head tentatively, noting the small nose, the lack of a muzzle and the small ears put so low in the sides of the skull. There didn't seem to be much hair or fur on her body, either. At least her vision seemed to be as good as it was as an equine. It was her 'feet' that really felt odd, though. There were just too many digits for her likes.

“Okay, I'm standing, kind of.” she commented to no one in particular. “Now to walk over to my horse . . .” She suddenly found herself on the ground again, face down. “Good thing I don't have a muzzle right now. That might have hurt.” she added in a flat, almost irritated tone as she rubbed her chin and nose.

Her mount, a Friesian, sidled over to her and nudged her with his muzzle, getting her attention. “My name's Jeff. Just hold onto my rigging when you stand back up.” he told her quietly.

Nancy rolled over and looked at him in shock. “You can speak?” she asked.

“Um, not so loud, please?” he retorted softly, looking around to see if there was anyone near them in the woods. “Yes, I can speak, but I will only do so openly if it's a dire emergency. This is an exception, since I just couldn't bear to watch you fall on your face one more time.”

“Yeah, this whole 'feet' thing is a pain,” she commented, getting up to a kneeling position. She grabbed the stirrup nearest her and carefully stood again, gripping the saddle for balance.

Jeff turned to look at the pale-skinned, blonde female standing next to him. “Just take a moment to get your balance, Nancy. I'm guessing you're supposed to be an equine by the trouble you're having?” he mused.

“Yeah, you're right.” she replied. Looking around, she didn't see her father nearby, only a copper-red chestnut horse standing close by. “Dad? Where are you?” she shouted, hoping he hadn't gotten lost in the transport. Momentarily, her dad came through the brush, adjusting his tunic and leggings.

“I was dropped off a few dozen yards that way,” he indicated, pointing off through the forest. “I see you've met Jeff.” he added.

“Yeah, we've met.” she replied. “Um, so, are you handsome, as far as a human male goes?” she queried. Her father was blond haired, pale skinned and very tall.

“I have been told that.” he replied. “Did you have trouble standing up? I usually have to try to get my balance for a moment or two before I'm fine.”

“Yeah, Jeff here told me to hang onto his rigging until I got my balance.”

“He is a very thoughtful mount. He'll take good care of you, for sure.” her father pointed out. He then turned to his mount and petted him. “Hi, Star. Good to see you again.”

“Hi, Brad. Good to see you too.” the horse responded quietly, nuzzling against him.

Nancy looked at her arms, pale skinned and covered by a very fine, fuzz-like hair. If this was what a human was, she wasn't sure if she liked it or not. It also felt very weird to have *that* many toes in her boots, too.

“Um, Dad, how long have you been doing missions?” she inquired. This question needed an answer to it

before it consumed her.

“Twenty-one years, Hon.” he replied. “You remember that discussion we had a long time ago, about you not passing on your immortality?”

“Yeah, I remember that.” she replied. “That was . . .” She stopped talking when she realized the date.

“. . . Twenty-one years ago.” her father finished her sentence for her. “I made an agreement with the Gods that you wouldn't have children and your Uncle Ronald wouldn't continue to have more children. As far as we know, Alicia isn't immortal and there was no telling if her brother Ronnie was or not.”

Nancy was saddened by the mention of her cousin Ronnie. He had went off to the Air Force after college, garnering himself a front seat in an F-15J “Fighting Eagle” fighter/bomber, flying missions over Afghanistan. He was shot down three hundred clicks north of Karachi, presumed to have died instantly along with his back-seater when his plane impacted the ground.

“So, you've been doing this longer than Grandpa Torvald?” she queried.

“Yeah, I have. I guess it's just sheer luck that I haven't done a mission with him.” her father mused. “Well, we need to get going here. As soon as I get in the saddle, we have about a day's worth of riding to do before we hit the village that's our destination for the night.”

Once Nancy and Brad had gotten into the saddle, they headed off to their destination. While they rode, Nancy pondered the reasons why she had been paired with her father. Was this coincidence or was it on purpose, to make sure she was groomed properly for the job? She knew asking the angels was a useless effort, since they would most likely tell her what she wanted to hear, not the whole truth. This was turning out to be tedious, regardless.

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Torvald was working in his back yard, doing a bit of weeding just to keep his mind occupied. This whole trial-thing had him on edge, since he didn't know what the outcome would be.

They could beat the charges being brought against them and then again, they could be found guilty of those very same charges. What really bothered him was the fact that they didn't know what the punishment might be for those charges. Here on their home world, the punishment might be twenty to life or death by lethal injection. The gas chamber might even be a possibility but for an immortal, it would just be cruel and unusual punishment. Poisons wouldn't kill them and the gas chamber would just be terribly uncomfortable for a while, at least until they observed them not dying.

What really bothered him was the thought of life in prison. That would be a very long time, indeed. Would they get time off for good behavior? On this planet, as long as the stipulation wasn't life with no possibility of parole, they would eventually be released. He wasn't sure if that was a fact on The Celestial Court's planet, however.

Clearing out some weeds from the flower bed by the lower patio, he kept thinking he would've never agreed to do these missions for the Gods if he knew this was going to happen. They had been abandoned and even if they beat the charges against them, the stallion and his tigress mate would have to move on, eventually. It would become obvious that they weren't aging and that would bring unwanted scrutiny.

Torvald stopped weeding, having a bad feeling go through him that he was being watched while he worked. It wasn't Victoria or Cami, since they were in the family room, watching television. He was sure that feeling was coming from up on the hillside, somewhere. Scanning up the pathway, he noted one of Cami's devices laying on the walk above the upper patio.

Going up the path to the location of the electronic gizmo, he picked it up to see it was missing the cover off of the side and there was a place in it that a battery might fit into, broken leads dangling from it. Wondering if she knew it was damaged, he turned to return back down the path to give it to her.

"Torvald!" a gravelly voice hissed at him from behind.

The huge stallion turned to see another fur, a clouded leopard, wearing the classic Japanese Tangzhuang clothing, holding a wakizashi in one paw and a tanto in the other. What appeared to be a katana was in a scabbard on his side. He suddenly felt . . . odd about this.

The feline laughed maliciously and took up a fighting stance, staring a hole through the berserker.

"This is gonna end badly for you," Torvald commented, pulling his trusty Ruger Redhawk .44 Magnum from the holster concealed in the small of his back. "Go away before I have to hurt . . ." The feline was on him in an instant.

"I will not go away!" the feline hissed, knocking the revolver from Torvald's grasp and swiping at him with the dagger. "You and I have business to discuss or I will have to kill you!" he added, retreating out of the equine's grasping range.

Torvald rolled away from the cat, noting he was very powerful for being less than six feet tall. That's when he noticed the cut on his forearm was not healing. This probably meant only one thing; a Dark Agent. Getting to his hooves, he motioned for the feline to approach him. "Come on, kitty! Lemme give you a few love taps!" he suggested.

"The Council wants you to become a Dark Agent but I would prefer you die!" the feline hissed back, running at the berserker again. Torvald did his best to dodge the lethal blades and actually managed to land a right fist to the cat's ribcage as his attacker ran by him. Getting back up from the ground where he had taken cover, he looked to see the feline staggering back to his feet, shaking his head. The pain in his leg made him look down to see a wide cut in his left pants leg and a growing circle of crimson. Another bad injury. Tor would have called out for help but he knew he was too far from the house to be able to be heard.

"Ah, you are a worthy opponent, stallion. I will feed on your heart after you are dead," the feline suggested, preparing to charge the stallion again.

Torvald picked up a rather large river rock that was the border for the pathway in one fluid motion and brought it up to block the downward slice of the wakizashi. This gave him the opportunity to take the katana from the aggressor and turn it on its owner.

"How do you like me now?" Tor spat out, brandishing the blade in his paws. What he hadn't taken into account was the consequences of touching a dark Agent's weapon. His paws felt like they were on fire but it was either endure the pain or die. He knew he had to stop this Agent just to keep his mate safe.

"You have made a bad choice," the feline suggested, slowly approaching the equine. He moved fluidly, as

only a feline could, advancing languidly now. "I would think your paws are in great pain, Torvald." the leopard offered up. "I have an offer for you. Become one of us, Torvald. Become a Malefic Agent. We wouldn't turn our backs on you and your mate, like your Gods have."

Tor knew he was just using the time to get him to drop the blade. "I will not become a dark Agent, Asshole. I will kill you, however. Pain or not, I will not let you walk away from here today."

The feline smiled widely. "Come on, stallion. You would be a hero to the Malefic Council. Don't pass up this opportunity."

The leopard charged Torvald again, clashing blades with him. He did not miss the chance to use that dagger again, driving it deep into the equine's torso.

"Torvald, I do not really wish to kill you, but I have my orders; either you become a Dark Agent or I have to end your life and your mate's life." he said up close before backing away again.

Torvald tried to even things up, getting his Buck knife out of its holster. Using the thumb stud, he whipped it open. Even though it had next to nothing to guard his fingers with, it was better than nothing.

The aggressor came at Torvald again, clashing blades and using that dagger again, this time to the area around the stallion's liver and spleen. Tor used his knife to slice deeply into the dagger arm of the feline, right before he was struck by the leopard with the tsuka of the wakizashi, almost breaking the bridge of his muzzle. He staggered backwards, his vision narrowing, his grip on the katana failing, his legs giving out on him. He fell backwards and hit the ground hard, knocking the wind out of him. He then caught a glimpse of the leopard getting back to his feet.

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Victoria sat back down on the couch in the family room, bowl of popcorn in paw. She had made another batch of the treat so they could watch the video that Cami had chosen, 'Sleepless In Seattle'. Just as she made herself comfortable, Cami stopped the playback.

"I'm sorry, Victoria, one of my perimeter devices is malfunctioning. I gotta do something about it or I'm going to be hearing that chiming noise in my head all through the movie. Why don't you come with me while I take care of the problem? Probably just a weak battery."

The tigress nodded. "Yeah, I needed to stretch my legs anyway after watching 'Steel Magnolias'."

On their way out of the house, Cami brought up something. "You know, it's so weird to see my favorite actors as anthropomorphic sentient beings. On my home world, all of the actors in that last movie were human."

"I've had to appear as a human for a few missions." Victoria brought up. "My family is originally from India so I have that dark mahogany color to my skin. Torvald has told me that I'm quite beautiful in that form."

Cami smiled. "He would say that, since he's your hus . . ." The two femmes stopped in their tracks when they observed the fight in progress. Victoria started to head that way but Cami had already assessed the situation. Stopping the tigress, she turned her around to look straight into her eyes while she barked her orders. "Go get the first aid kit by my laptop! Red bag, white cross on it! Go!! Now!!"

Turning back to the issue at paw, the femme wolverine pulled her Desert Eagle from its holster, aimed and fired away. The leopard was stunned by the first seven rounds to his chest, dropping his sword on the ground as he staggered backwards a few steps. Cami quickly swapped magazines, adding another seven rounds right on top of the first salvo.

“You do not fight fair, Bitch!” the feline blurted out, putting a paw to his chest, then bringing it up to look at it, like he didn't understand why he was bleeding. He took his tanto by the tip, throwing it at the huge femme. The blade embedded itself to the hilt into Cami's thigh.

Cami looked at her leg, then back at the feline with a feral gleam in her eyes as she wrenched the blade from her thigh and threw it aside. “I never fight fair, Ass-Hole!” she screamed, hitting him in the head with a full clip. The feline fell to the ground but she knew from past experience he might still be alive. Grabbing Torvald's sword on the way by, she took the feline's head off in one fell swoop.

Once she was sure the Dark Agent was deceased, Cami tore her pants leg open and slapped a coagulating pad on her leg before she went back to see about Torvald and assess his condition. He was bleeding from numerous wounds, the two torso wounds being the worst. She was very afraid that he would die, since this was a Dark Agent that had attacked the stallion. The injuries were just as if he were mortal, unable to heal himself quickly.

“Torvald!!” the tigress screamed on the way back up the path, obviously emotionally upset. She dropped the bag by the femme wolverine and knelt by her dying hubby. She looked up, took a deep breath and shouted out a cry for help. “Denise! Hrist!! Someone!! Help!!!”

The skunkette and the spotted equine bumped into one another as they materialized nearby, grasping one another to steady themselves. They both ran over to see what was up and Denise gasped at the sight of the dying stallion.

“I will be right back,” Hrist said calmly, shimmering out of sight. Before Victoria could stop her, the Valkyrie returned with Willi Marie. As they coalesced into solidness, it was obvious that the palomino-hued femme may have been enjoying some time with her hubby.

Willi was dressed in a dark blue satin teddy with black lace trim, black fishnet leggings, her mane and tail were curled and she was wearing makeup that was just a little too 'bold' for casual day wear. She also had black leather cuffs around her ankles and wrists along with a leather blindfold pushed up onto her forehead. They could be heard arguing with one another as they shimmered back into existence.

“It was important that I freed you and I didn't have the time to untie each knot! I had to cut the rope to get you loose in a hurry, Willi!” the spotted femme stated firmly, putting her paws on her hips for emphasis.

“Hrist! You *did not* have to cut that silk rope!!! That stuff is expensive and besides, Richard could have untied me in just a few . . .” Wilhelmine stopped talking when it was obvious they had an audience. “Oh, um, Hi?” she said softly in an embarrassed tone of voice, her face turning beet red under her coat of buff-hued hair as she waved at Victoria and Cami nervously.

“Willi Marie! We need to you try to heal Torvald! He's been hurt by a Dark Agent!” the tigress almost shouted, indicating her unconscious, dying husband laying in front of her. That turned Willi's attention to the situation at paw.

“OhMyGodNooooo!” Wilhelmine blurted out as she quickly went and knelt beside the stricken stallion. Using her abilities, she was able to staunch the flow of blood but the injuries were like a cancer. Every time she healed an injury it seemed to come back, as if she hadn't done a thing. Stopping for a few seconds to clear her mind, she concentrated with her eyes closed. Momentarily, Mala appeared.

“Willi? Did you bring me here?” the blue and white femme queried right before she realized what was going on. She knelt opposite the femme equine sorceress and began to add her energy to the healing process. Cami still continued to use her military technology, placing the coagulating pads over the worst wounds, stopping the flow of blood so the two sorceresses could do their work. After a few minutes had went by, the stallion coughed weakly and stirred.

“Aaargh! I hurt all over!” he stated as he grimaced in pain, trying his best to sit up in his weakened condition. The hurt he was rewarded with caused him to collapse back onto the ground, breathing hard from that exertion. Groaning, he lifted his head just enough to see the blood. Knowing it was bad, he asked the question; “Well, will I live or is this it for me?”

“This is not your time to die, Torvald.” Hrist stated. “I do not see your life passing by, stallion.” Victoria seemed very relieved to hear that.

“That's good, Hrist. Um, does some fur have a pain killer?” he asked quietly, sounding rather tired.

“I'll give you an injection just as soon as I'm told you're stable,” Cami stated, getting the hypodermic ready.

“He's stable for now,” Mala stated, checking him over again just to be sure. Willi was in no shape to do this, since she was exhausted, allowing the tigress to support her while she caught her breath.

Cami gave Torvald that pain killer she had promised him, then put her equipment away. “Well, we had better get him into the house and mop up the area,” she suggested, putting another full clip into her pistol. “I'm going to reconnoiter the area, then I'll be right behind you.”

Cami headed off to do her duties while Mala sent all of them into the house where it might just a little bit safer at the moment.

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Mala checked Torvald over one more time while Cami took his blood pressure and pulse. The femme bodyguard grimaced, then put her equipment on the table by the hospital bed Willi had conjured up in the family room.

“I don't know, ladies. His blood pressure is eighty over fifty and his pulse is eighty-five. That doesn't sound good to me.” the femme bodyguard put forth.

“I agree but Eyr can't see him for some reason. I can't get any answers as to why she won't entertain an audience with the stallion, either.” Hrist brought up.

“I'm sure it's because they've been abandoned,” Denise admitted.

“What!?” Hrist blurted out. “Abandoned?? Never!! *Allfather* would never abandon one of his own!!” she

said angrily. "I will get to the bottom of this!! Right Now!!" With a scowl on her muzzle, the Valkyrie shimmered out of sight.

"Oh my . . ." the skunkette said softly. "She is really pissed off right now . . ."

"I wouldn't want to be in her way when she gets to Asgaard," Torvald stated quietly, trying to get comfortable in a strange bed.

"Be still, Uncle Torvald. You're threatening to break open your wounds," Willi advised him.

"Gah, this is messed up," he commented, still trying to get comfy. "If we manage to get through this, Wilhelmine, Victoria and I will never, and I do mean *Never*, do another mission for the Gods again. The danger was just not worth what we're dealing with right now."

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Hrist left her mount to graze at the gates of Asgaard and strode off in the general direction of the Great Hall, where she hoped to find Odin or Freya. This situation was something she didn't understand but she hoped that *Allfather* would enlighten her. Looking around herself, she noted the warriors were looking at her with awe, like there was a sign floating over her head that proclaimed her fiery thoughts.

Looking across the Grand Courtyard, which looked both impassible in an eon and able to cross in just a few strides, she spotted a familiar form within a group of Einherjar that were brawling.

"Frode! Frode Gunnarson!" she called out, getting the attention of a jet-black stallion.

The warrior looked in her direction, smiling. "Hrist! Would you care to join the fight?" he asked, dodging a fist thrown at his muzzle.

"No, I would not. I do need to know if Odin might be in Lidskjalv. I really need to see him." she proffered up.

"No, I have not seen him but I would guess he would be there," Frode replied, ducking a wagon wheel thrown at his head afterward.

"I guess I'll have to go look for myself, then." the femme equine commented. "Well, I have to go."

"Good hunting," the stallion bid her, then added this little comment; "When you find *Allfather*, do not be cross with him if you do not get the answers you require."

"What makes you think I'm after answers?" she asked.

"You have that look on your muzzle that says you want answers." he pointed out.

She nodded, then returned to her goal of finding Odin. She just knew in her heart that her sister was up to something that concerned the Immortal Couple. And it was just like Aslaug to go about it all by herself. Even when she had went to see about the filly up in the Canadian wilderness, Aslaug had deliberately hid from her but not very well. She knew where her sister was hiding in the forest, she just didn't let on that she knew.

“Hrist?” a voice questioned, making the filly stop and look in the direction of the voice's owner. It was Freya, looking quite concerned. “Hrist, I know where you're going but I'll ask you, please stay out of this.” the vixen requested.

“Why should I stay out of this? Torvald is my friend.” Hrist countered.

“This is not your battle, filly. Let Aslaug take care of this.”

“But Torvald and Victoria . . .” Freya interrupted her.

“They are not your concern right now. I need you to go retrieve a group of souls that have died in a bus accident.”

“Okay, Freya. I will do that for you.” Hrist said glumly, feeling like she had personally abandoned Tor and Victoria.

“Hrist, do not worry. This will all work out in the end.” Freya told her, trying unsuccessfully to comfort her.

“If you say so,” the filly commented, turning to return to her mount.

As Hrist walked away, Freya frowned. She could feel the hurt in Hrist' heart but this was not the time nor the place to get her involved. Not yet, anyway.

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Up on the hillside above the Svensen residence, a dark feline moved silently through the brush, looking at the house to make sure he was not noticed. Crouching down, he covered the last few yards to his destination, a clouded leopard.

He took the feline's destroyed head and placed it back on the deceased feline's shoulders. Momentarily, the leopard began moving again. The injuries were healing, the bullet holes closing, the blood fading from view. The warrior grimaced, then sat up.

“You didn't tell me they would fight back like that!” he exclaimed, picking up the katana that had removed his head and re-sheathing it after he stood up.

“Sorry, Kinji. I should have expected that,” he replied, giving the warrior's tanto back to him.

“Sorry doesn't cut it, Ingvar. You owe me one.”

“Duly noted, Kinji.” Mr. Gamel responded. “Here's your wakizashi, my friend,” he added, giving the weapon back to his assistant.

“Next time, make sure they are not armed before you have me attack one of them.”

“I have another angle on how to get to these two,” Ingvar brought up. “In the meantime, let's get out of here before we're detected.” The two Agents disappeared off through the brush to regroup and arrange new plans.

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Hrist looked over to see Wilhelmine, staring out the sliding glass door to the Svensen's backyard. She had her arms crossed under her bosom and she seemed to be lost in deep thought. The spotted filly went over to see about the sorceress.

“Wilhelmine?” Hrist called softly, touching the palomino-hued femme on the shoulder lightly.

“Yes?” Willi replied, not turning her head to look at the taller femme next to her.

“Are you all right?”

“Yes, I'm all right.” she replied, then turned to look at the spotted equine. “Hrist, Something is bad wrong here. My adopted aunt and uncle are in serious danger and I feel so hopelessly unable to do something about it! Why do I have these powers when I can't use them to protect the ones I love?” She was visibly distraught over this turn of events.

“Wilhelmine, you may have the power do something. Come with me, up the hill for a moment.”

“Why?” she asked.

“I want to see if you can do something that some trackers can do.”

Willi followed the Valkyrie up to the place that the altercation occurred. She pointed out the bloody patch of concrete where the leopard had fallen.

“Touch the blood, then concentrate to see the owner of the blood.” Hrist suggested.

Willi did as she was asked, touching her paw to the patch of blood. Immediately she observed a clouded leopard in her mind.

“I can see him,” the sorceress offered up, getting angry at the thought of this fur harming Torvald.

“Now for the special part that a tracker cannot do but you can, Willi. Bring him here.” Hrist ordered.

In a split-second, the feline materialized in the presence of two very pissed-off femmes. Hrist grabbed him by the front of his tunic and began to slap him senseless with some very vicious back-paws, shouting at the top of her lungs;

“You tell me who you work for before I kill you ever-so-slowly, you worthless pile of kali-dung!!”