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## **“Redemption”**

By Kellan Meigh

### Chapter 04 – “Return To Normal?”

Cami and Morgan had made a trip to Torvald and Victoria's home planet, picked up a faint signal from the tigress' tracking band and followed it to IS-10404, Jenna's home world. They were currently taking the opportunity to fuel up their 2016 Citroen SM sedan, a rental car from Economy Rents of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, before continuing their search for Torvald and Victoria.

“The signal is still somewhat West-Northwest,” the badger commented, turning the receiver a bit left and right to check the signal strength, then consulting the map laid out on the boot of the car. “The name of this place is May, right?” he asked.

“Yeah, that's what the city limits sign said.”

“Well, there's a whole lot of Oklahoma panhandle to search here, Cami.”

the femme wolverine looked up at her partner and shrugged her shoulders. “Sorry, Morgan. I wish I could be more accurate about where they are.”

“Let's just keep going West on the 270 until the signal changes.”

“Sounds fine to me,” she replied as she put the filler nozzle away. “I'll pay the attendant and see where we can grab a bite to eat.”

Morgan folded the map back into its original shape after just a few false starts and stowed it on top of the dashboard. Getting back into the passenger side front seat, he looked at the price of fuel again. Thirty-one cents a liter for 91 octane regular grade was just preposterous. It was over twenty standard credits a gallon on his home world and he could have sworn that he had gave over four USA dollars a gallon for gas on the Immortal Couple's world some time back. He wondered how they had managed to keep the price down. Maybe it was the sheer number of oil wells that they had observed on the way to this location.

“Here, try this out,” Cami told her partner, dropping a sandwich and a soda in his lap.

“Filling station food? You are one sick femme!” he shot back.

“It was made fresh this morning by the wife of the station owner,” she offered up while she got the car back on the road again.

Morgan sniffed the sandwich, confused as to what it could possibly be. “Um, Cami, what is this?”

“Fresh trout.”

“Naw, you're kidding me!” the badger blurted out. “This smells too good to be trout!”

Cami had to finish the bite in her mouth before she spoke again. “Listen, if you don't want it, give it to me. This is delicious stuff here!”

“Well, I'll try it,” he offered up, taking a small bite of his late breakfast. “Mmmmmmm!” was the sound coming from the badger as he enjoyed the taste.

“Good?”

“Mmm hmm!”

“Okay, you keep an eye on that scanner and tell me if the direction starts drifting hard. I'll have to find an alternate route if that happens.”

“Sure thing, Cami.” Morgan retorted. “Um, you know, I think it is drifting a little further North, now that we're moving.”

“Take a look at that map when you can.” the muscular femme suggested. “Let me know if I have to change roads up ahead.”

“I'll do that,” the badger replied, taking another bite of his sandwich afterward. If there was one thing he could say about Cami, she sure knew good food. This sandwich was so fresh and tasty, he was seriously tempted to go back and get a few more of these to take back to their world with them.

###

Axel was trying to keep an eye out for trouble while Brett drove the truck that was pulling his grandparent's fifth wheel travel trailer. The feline was piloting the rig as though he had been doing so his entire life, something the tall equine was sure he wouldn't have been able to do.

“Brett, our exit up here is kind of a short one,” Axel suggested, knowing how hard this rig was to stop.

“I'm on it,” Brett replied, slowing down to forty-five miles per hour before the exit. “I remembered this is not a very long off-ramp.”

“Um, you might have to swing wide to make the left at the bottom of the ramp.” It was a rather tight turn that they had to make.

At the signals at the bottom of the ramp, a fur was passing out flyers to any motorist that would take

one. Axel took one and what he read on it disgusted him to no end.

*Was your house or property damaged in the Rancho Svensen explosion?  
Contact the law offices of Dewey, Cheatham and Howe, Attorneys.  
Over thirty-five years experience in lawsuits against  
public entities and private individuals.  
Call 1-800-794-6353  
Lines are open 24 hours a day.*

Axel took the paper and wadded it up in anger, mad that the legal system still allowed 'Ambulance Chasing' in general.

“What did the paper say?” Brett asked.

“You don't want to know.”

“Ambulance chasers?”

“How did you guess?”

“It's all too prevalent, Axel. Dana and I have to carry two million dollars worth of liability insurance for our gun shop. Some idiot bought a paw-gun from us last year and shot himself in the paw with it. Claimed in court that I didn't warn him not to do that. Now we have a thirty-five item checklist that we make all purchasers of firearms and ammunition fill out. They have to initial each item, then sign on the bottom, deeming us harmless in court.”

The lights turned green, allowing them to ease out into the intersection and turn left onto Portola Parkway and then straddle the two North-bound lanes up to their right turn onto Glenn Ranch Road. Brett was relieved to find almost no traffic out this morning, allowing him to swing very widely from Glenn Ranch Road into the driveway up to the house.

“I'm thankful this is a fifth-wheel,” the tiger brought up. “I can jack-knife this trailer around in the motor court so I can back it in.”

“Okay, I'll get out and guide you back, then.”

With Axel's careful assistance, Brett managed, just barely, to turn the forty-eight foot long trailer around and get it placed in the Svensen's driveway without damaging any greenery or the trailer itself. The two males then lowered the landing gear at the front of the unit and leveled it using the built-in leveling bubbles.

“Axel, there should be a support stand in that compartment right in front of you,” the tiger pointed out while he was removing a stand from his side, near the landing gear controls.

“I found it,” the tall stallion replied, looking to see how his brother-in-law had placed the other one.

“There are two more, in a back compartment along with a large adjustable wrench to snug them up,” Brett stated, pointing to the back. “As soon as we have those set up, we can disconnect the truck and pull out from under the trailer.”

They found the additional stands but the wrench that should have been with them was nowhere to be found. That sent them on a mission to locate the wrench, either in the trailer somewhere or the possibility existed that they might have to see if they could reach Torvald's toolbox in the damaged garage. There was sure to be one in the stallion's tool chest.

###

Victoria sat in her wheelchair next to Torvald's bed, while Jenna went over what they would have to do this afternoon. The plan had merit and the Immortal Couple were adding input to it, just to make sure they succeeded.

"I did some footwork, last evening and again just a few hours ago, just to make sure we would get things going quickly." Jenna offered up. "I talked with Lieutenant LaCourt, so he knows what's going to happen. I went by your younger son's home this morning and I caught him headed to your daughter Dana's place. He then left there with your son-in-law Brett and retrieved a trailer near the Kashnikov home. I think there will be enough furs around that we will make this work. By the way, my people will identify themselves by stating 'I'm with Longbow' to you."

"Um, one thing, Jenna," the tigress brought up. "Can you contact Willi Marie for us? She is probably very stressed out from all of this."

"I will have one of your family do so, Victoria. I can't approach her directly because she will realize what I am; a Dark Agent Sorceress."

Torvald furrowed his brow; "She will be able to tell?"

"Without a doubt." Jenna replied. "I will have one of your family contact her." She then smiled and added, "Let's have lunch so you will not be starving for a bit. I know once we're at the hospital, it will be a while before you're both fed."

"That sounds like a good idea." Torvald stated.

Victoria smiled, then spoke up. "Is it possible to have some more eggs and bacon? That breakfast was good, even if I did have to be paw-fed."

"I think so," the otteress replied. "Amanda can cook just as good as my Robert can, when it comes to eggs, sunny side up."

"Um, Jenna, how are your wounds healing?" the tigress asked.

"Not so good, I'm afraid." she replied. "The small scratches have all scabbed over but I have several very prominent places on my lower back where some rebar ripped through my blast jacket. The bandages had some fresh blood on them this morning."

"Maybe we can get Willi Marie to heal you." Tor suggested.

"Like I said before, she would most likely try to destroy or banish me," the femme otter retorted. "Unless she personally feels differently about me, most of the Consortium would rather see me dead."

"Why is that?" Victoria asked.

“Because I'm a Dark Agent. They feel like I've betrayed my membership in the Consortium.”

Victoria thought this over while Jenna helped Torvald out of bed. I might be possible that once the otteress was no longer a Dark Agent, maybe the Consortium would let her back in. All she knew for sure was the fact that she wanted to be home as soon as possible.

###

“Cami, that's it,” Morgan commented, turning the scanner left and right just a bit, making sure the virtual 'needle' on the display was still pointing in the general direction of a yellow farmhouse.

“Does the distance pan out?” she asked.

“Yeah, says about four hundred yards. That's just about what my distance-finder binoculars read.”

“Okay, that's where the tigress' bracelet is at, anyway.” Cami stated. “Here's how we'll do it; flack jackets and small arms only, one paw-gun apiece. Here's a flash-bang grenade, just in case things get hairy.”

“Gotcha, Cami. Just make sure if you have to fire, it's not in my general direction?” Morgan brought up.

“Agreed.”

The two furs exited their car and slowly slipped into the corn field, trying to remain undetected. They were being very careful to not disturb the corn stalks a great deal, to prevent their being detected. After a half-hour of effort, they came out behind a small outbuilding that was between them and the house. Morgan laid down on the ground and peeked around the corner with his binoculars.

“Morgan! What can you see?” Cami whispered loudly.

“Not much,” the badger offered up. “I think we're looking at the front of the house.”

“Yeah, that's th' front o' th' hoose, all right,” a deep bass male voice with a Scottish accent proffered up, just before the sound of a shotgun being racked assaulted Cami and Morgan's ears. “All right ya gits, put yer paws up.” the voice directed.

Cami turned around and looked . . . up . . . at the huge stallion in front of her. He was a black with white socks Clydesdale equine, at least nine feet tall and way over four hundred pounds, maybe closer to five hundred. His upper body looked solid and work-tough from working on a farm and he really looked like he could carry their rental car like a toy. He smiled slightly, then spoke up.

“All right, yens. You, Mister Badger, get up off the ground and leave the spy glasses right there. Miss Wolverine, get yer paws up where I kin see them, please?” the stallion ordered.

Cami decided it was best to come clean in the matter. “Listen, we're just looking for . . .”

“Yens are lookin' fer big trouble, I ken.” the stallion interjected. “Usin' yer off-paw, slowly release yer holsters and then I want yens tae remove them fancy equipment jeekits.” he ordered.

“We're toast,” Morgan commented as he dropped his holster on the ground and nudged it away from

himself.

“As long as yens follow ma orders, ya will nae be harmed. Do somethin' like a numpty and yens will regret it.” the equine stated.

“Yes, Sir,” Cami retorted.

“Step over there so's I kin pick up yer toys,” the stallion suggested, pointing with the barrel of his Mossberg 590 12 gauge. Once they had followed his orders, he stooped down and retrieved their weapons. “Now, yens eir gonna walk ahead o' me and we'll go oop tae th' hoose.”

“We are so dead,” the badger commented as they walked around the house to the back porch.

“Morgan, just be quiet. I'll try my best to talk our way out of this.” Cami interjected.

“You, Mr. Badger would be wise tae heed th' femme's suggestion,” the tall equine stated. “She seems tae be vera level headed, ya ken?” As they approached the door, they were met by a femme equine that seemed almost as big as the male that was in charge at the moment.

“Who have ya got here, Duncan?” she asked.

“A couple o' trespassers, Lorna.” was the reply. “I wer lookin' fer Mrs. Longbow so's she could deal wi' them.”

“She's fixin a lunch fer our hoose guests,” the femme related to the male. “I'll help ya keep them under control whilst we take them inside.” Lorna took Cami's right paw in hers, brought it around behind Cami's back and put a very effective wrist lock on the wolverine. “Now you just be calm and I won't hurt yens. I won't pull up if'n ya don't try to struggle.”

“I'll be good,” Cami blurted out, being very familiar with that type of a hold. This could be go from no pain directly to a broken wrist if Lorna so pleased.

The femme equine made Cami open the back door, then they were 'escorted' through the mudroom into the kitchen. Cami pulled up short when she observed her marks sitting at the kitchen table, eating lunch with two femme otters.

“Cami? What are you doing here?” Victoria blurted out.

“Do you ken these two?” Lorna asked.

“I know her,” Victoria admitted. “She was our bodyguard recently and I suspect the courts might have sent her to look for us.” she added.

“Do either of yens ken this one?” Duncan asked, pushing Morgan ahead of him and into the room.

“This is Morgan Sleight. He's with me,” Cami brought up. “I had no idea what I would run up against so I asked Judge Talmadge for some muscle.”

“You wish us tae let them go?” the huge male asked.

“Yes, please let them go, Duncan. They're friendlies.” Torvald replied.

“Thank you, Mr. Svensen,” Morgan said as he straightened up his clothes once the tall one had let go of him. “I was afraid our 'friend' here was going to rough us up.”

“Ya should nae have any worries, Mr. Sleight.” Lorna stated. “Duncan here wouldn't have killed ya. Roughed you up a bit, yes but he would nae kill. It's just not in his heart.”

“That's good to know.” the badger stated. “Um, so I'm glad that we did find the two of you. You should know that Judge Talmadge has us on a tight time table, though. You need to go back with us before a warrant is issued for your arrest.”

“We will be going back,” the tigress replied. “Please have a seat and we will fill you in while we finish our meal.”

###

Their meal over with and their 'rescuers' briefed, it was time to begin preparations to return to the Immortal Couples' home world. For this to work out, things had to appear 'proper'.

“I'll be removing your casts,” Dr. Peyton stated as he picked up a conventional cast cutter. “Now your injuries might still be painful so I'll suggest that you don't try to walk or use your paws just yet.”

“Okay, I'll try not to do that.” Victoria retorted.

“Well, just relax, this won't cut skin,” the doctor related to her, placing his paw against the oscillating blade. “It only cuts the casting material.”

He started with her legs, making a cut down one side of the first cast, around the bottom of the foot then back up the other side. Once the first cast was off, he removed the gauze wrapped around her instep. That's when the wound was made visible and it looked very nasty in nature.

The wound proper had scabbed over but the surrounding fur made it look worse from the dried blood. Her other foot looked about the same, once the second cast was removed.

“Does this hurt?” Dr. Peyton asked, moving her feet around gently.

“Yes, that hurts quite a bit,” the tigress replied, gritting her teeth tightly. “I've been immortal long enough that I've forgotten what a real injury felt like.”

“I'm sorry that it hurts you so much, Mrs. Svensen. Let me get the casts off of your arms now.”

Doctor Peyton removed her arm casts, allowing them to see her injured wrists. Once again it was very painful just to move them. They hadn't healed as much as her feet and there was quite a bit of dried blood on her arms, too. Once a tray was placed on her wheelchair and a pillow put on top of that, the tigress sat her arms down so she could wait for her hubby to be prepared.

“Torvald, this will all 'smoke and mirrors' for you,” Jenna commented as she prepared to take over. “First, you need to look like you did when I first rescued you.” She nodded just slightly and his appearance slowly changed to what it had been at the instant of the explosion. The stitches vanished and in their place

were wounds, slightly aged to represent the time elapsed from the explosion until the time of their pending discovery.

“Now for your clothing,” she said, giving a slight gesture of her paws. His hospital gown was exchanged for his jeans and tan polo shirt, shredded badly and bloody. “And now you, Victoria,” Jenna added, making her hospital gown become her clothing, covered by two blast suits, the outer one torn to shreds.

Cami returned to the room about that time with a pair of bracelets that looked quite beat up. “This will stick it to that Counselor Murcheson and his warrant. I had Duncan 'age' them a bit for me so they wouldn't look so out of place.” While the femme wolverine put the bands onto their charges, Jenna asked a question.

“Camille, is this attorney, Counselor Murcheson, is he a ferret with a first name of John?” she inquired.

“That's him,” Cami replied, looking up from her work. “Do you know him?”

“I know that asshole. He's a Dark Agent, in case you didn't know.” she replied.

“I knew something stunk to high Heaven!” the tigress blurted out. “You just wait until I get my paws on him!”

“You might have to stand in line,” Jenna suggested. “Your hubby might want first dibs.”

“I get first dibs, on him and that bastard Kenji!” the tigress hissed. “I'm so sick of the Malefic Council and their stunts! Why I oughta . . .”

“Victoria!” Torvald shouted. “Calm down!!” he added, noting her eyes were beginning to get that glow to them.

“You're right,” the tigress said in a deflated tone. “I need to calm down before I transport myself somewhere I really don't want to be.”

“You can do that?” Jenna asked.

“Yeah, I've done it a few times but I have to be real angry to do it.” Victoria admitted.

“I can teach to to control that ability. It's not too hard to master.” the sorceress offered up.

The tigress gave the otter a crooked smile. “Thanks, Jenna but it's something I don't want to master. You see, Torvald and I want to be mortal again, too. A mortal wouldn't be able to do things like that.”

“Well, the offer still stands.” Jenna proffered up. “Okay, I think I can finish up once we're back on your planet,” she added, standing between them. “Once we get you situated on the floor, I'll send all of us to the next morning after the incident.”

Lorna helped to set Victoria on the floor while her hubby Duncan assisted Torvald. Once they were ready, Jenna knelt beside them and made a grand motion with her arms, making the three of them vanish.

###



Victoria looked around to see they were now on the hillside above their home and it was still early. She tried to stay calm because she could see the back of their house was covered by blue tarps and the barn was totally missing, a crater in its place. That kenji was a dead fur when she would get ahold of him.

“Victoria, I need to make you look a little messier,” the otteress offered up, mussing the tigress' hair and adding a little more blood. “Oops, I almost forgot your gloves and helmet.” Jenna added. She made those appear, putting the helmet within reach and helping Victoria to put on the gloves.

“I need to look bloodier,” the stallion commented, looking over to see his mate lying next to him. The sorceress obliged him, adding a lot of blood, then aging it to look about a day old.

“Okay, now for a phone call,” Jenna stated, dialing the phone then holding it so Victoria could speak.

“Lieutenant LaCourt,” the male fur on the other end said in a professional tone.

“Ken, this is Victoria. We're on the hillside above our home.” the tigress stated.

“Victoria! Oh God, I'm so glad to hear your voice! Is Torvald with you?”

“He's here, Ken. You can head our way.”

“I'll be right there. Do I need to call 911 for you?”

“No, Jenna will get some fur's attention for that. There's some furs down by the driveway.”

“I'll see you two in a few minutes.”

Jenna closed Torvald's cell phone, then rubbed a bit of blood on it before she deposited it next to the tigress. She then stood up, changed her clothes into a joggers' warmup suit and swapped her sandals for cross-trainers. The femme otter then made a outcropping of bushes appear, obscuring the Immortal Couple from view.

“I'll go down the hill and give any fur I see a story about getting lost on Whiting Ranch Reserve's jogging trails. I'll get the furs down there to come up here and see about you.”

Victoria watched under the shrubs as the otteress jogged off towards the motor court, hoping this would work. The truth be known, her stallion really looked like death warmed over and she felt pretty rough after moving around without the casts to stabilize her limbs. She just wanted this over with as soon as possible.

###

“Axel, are you insane?” Bret asked, watching his brother-in-law crawl into the damaged garage.

“Yeah, I must have lost my mind. Um, hold on, I found a big pair of slip-joint pliers.” the equine replied.

“We can go with that.” Brett stated. “Now get out of there! I don't want to have to explain how you were squashed in there to your little sister!”

“I'm coming out,” he retorted, scooting backwards toward the door. After a few tense moments, he was clear of the wreckage.

They went back down to the trailer and began to get the stands snugged into position. It wasn't easy, since the stands influenced just how level the fifth wheel sat. They were on the third stand when a female otter came running down the gravel driveway from the back of the property.

"Hey! Hey You! We need help!!" the otteress shouted as she ran towards them. She tried to keep a neutral look on her muzzle, since she had recognized just who the two males were.

"What is it?" Axel asked as he stood up to see what was going on.

"There's two fursons, a tigress and a stallion up on the hill! They need help!" she said in an excited tone of voice.

"Show us where they are," Brett ordered, the two of them following Jenna back up the hill. Once they were at the outcropping, the sorceress pointed out the gap in the bushes.

"MOM! DAD!" Axel shouted when he recognized who it was that needed help, right before he knelt down by them.

"We're right here, Hon. There's no need to shout." Victoria offered up.

"Oh damn, you both look like death warmed over!" the young stallion blurted out while he surveyed the scene.

"Hon, listen to your mother. We're not as bad off as we appear to be. Call 911 so we can be taken to the hospital." Mom Svensen requested.

"Mom, it's hard for me to think that. You both look like a mess." Axel suggested as he took out his cell phone. He dialed 911 just as Kenneth LaCourt made his appearance.

"Tor? Vicki?" he called out, headed towards Brett and Axel.

"Mom and Dad are over here," the young stallion told the police-fur. The lieutenant knelt down by Torvald and looked him over.

"Tor, you look like you had a run-in with a meat grinder!" he commented, checking the stallion's pulse.

"Victoria said the same thing," he retorted, looking over to see Axel hugging his mother. "Listen, Ken, we're not as bad off as we look. Granted, we're both in bad shape but a lot of this is just smoke and mirrors."

"You could have fooled me," Kenneth shot back, noting the stallion had a good pulse. He then looked up at Brett, getting his attention. "Could you go direct the emergency equipment up here?"

"I'll do that," the tiger replied, heading off down the hill to help out.

"Lieutenant LaCourt?" Jenna said, getting his attention. "I've gotten them home in one piece, more or less, just like I told you I would. My job is done here so I'll be going."

Before the mastiff could reply, the otteress vanished from sight.