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“Redemption”

By Kellan Meig'h

Chapter 13 – “Subterfuge”

Willi Marie had spent the day visiting with her femme relatives, learning about the long and involved history of her lineage. She had excused herself to 'go powder her muzzle' so after taking care of that issue, she was walking back down the hall to the kitchen, giving thought as to what to fix all of them for dinner. She also mused about the possible reactions from her hubby Richard when he arrived home from work.

Coming out of the hall and turning towards the kitchen, she stopped in her tracks when she observed all of her relatives, sitting at the table, frozen in time. Before she could do something like pop out to safety, multiple furs grabbed her from behind.

One male, a very tall gray heavy stallion of some sort by the feathering on his arms, had her in a bear-hug, preventing her from moving. Two more furs quickly slapped dampening bands onto her wrists, blocking her magic completely. A strap of some sort was quickly put around her ankles, pulling her legs together and preventing her from running, walking or even kicking her assailants. A petite femme equine, maybe a Shetland, walked into her field of view and smiled at her.

The brindle canid male to Willi's left brought her arm around in front of her, holding her wrist to prevent the femme sorceress from pulling it from his grasp. The diminutive femme stepped close to Willi, trapped the restrained femme's forearm under her own arm, turned her arm to expose the inside of Willi's elbow and swabbed the sparse fur and skin with an alcohol swab.

“Tank, hold her still.” the smaller femme directed the male holding the unfortunate sorceress. “Wilhelmine, don't flinch and it won't hurt,” she directed before administering an injection of something to the restrained femme that made her feel light-headed instantly.

“What the hell was that?” Willi demanded to know. “And furthermore, let me go!!” she added as she began to grow woozy.

“That was something to make you very compliant.” the smaller femme offered up. “And as for the letting

you go part, if Tank releases you, I can guarantee you'll just collapse into a heap on the floor.” Looking up at the stallion, she spoke again. “Okay, put her in that chair over there,” indicating the chair at the head of the table.

Willi was gently put into the chair, then a strap of some sort was put around her waist, holding her in place. Two more straps went around her forearms and the arms of the chair, preventing her from moving her arms. Her head had been spinning and she was becoming extremely queasy, ever since that injection had been administered. Unable to keep it down any longer, she turned her head to the side and retched onto the kitchen floor, the chair, her arm and her clothes.

“You gave her too much!” the brindle male blurted out, lifting up Willi's muzzle to look her in the face.

“The injection was based on her weight, Max. No way it could have been too much.” the small femme stated.

“Maybe she reacted differently 'cause she's a sorceress?” Tank suggested, kneeling to look at her too. “She doesn't look so good if you ask me, Julie.”

“Here, let me look,” the small equine stated, pushing Max out to the way. “Wilhelmine, can you feel this?” she asked, dragging the edge of a fingernail down the side of Willi's cheek lightly.

“I can . . . I can feel that.” the restrained femme replied breathily.

“How about this?” Julie asked, doing the same thing to Wilhelmine's left palm.

“I feel . . . ungh . . . that.” The bound femme replied, trying to keep down what was left of her lunch.

“How about this,” the smaller femme asked, kneeling down and performing the same test to her coronary bands at her hooves.

“I sort of feel that.” Willi offered up. “I'm tingling everywhere and I . . . I'm still sick to my stomach,” she added, trying to see straight by blinking her eyes a bit to clear her vision. The room was currently spinning very fast, keeping her nauseous.

The smaller equine femme nodded, pleased by what she had discovered. “She's okay for now, I think. She's an equine mix so I had thought she might get ill over this.” Julie stated as she stood back up and straightened her skirt. “Come on Rafe, get us the Hades out of here.”

The last male that had assaulted her stepped into her failing line of sight, a rather scraggly-looking wolf of some sort, wearing a blue robe like a cartoon sorcerer. He brought his paws up from his sides and with a flourish, snapped his fingers.

The world around Willi Marie, without warning, suddenly went white . . .

###

The Immortal Couple de-boarded their plane at Sacramento International Airport and promptly became lost on the way to the baggage carousel. Stopping at a convenient map so her hubby could get re-oriented, Victoria looked up from her wheelchair to see the local news on a monitor. The volume was off but it was set for closed captioning.

“Back to our late-breaking news story,” the male gray fox started, shuffling his papers for effect. “Earlier today, Sacramento 49'ers wide receiver John Conrad Svensen was involved in a serious traffic accident near his home in Carmichael. We bring you a live feed of the news conference from the hospital concerning the injured football player.”

The video switched to Al Rawlings, standing behind a podium with the 49'ers logo on it. To his left stood Jeff and Nick Helton, the two gray vulpine brothers that owned the Niners. The backdrop was familiar to Victoria; it was the same one that was used during games and press conferences regarding team news.

“As you may well know by now,” the beagle began, “Our wide receiver, number Eighty-Nine John Conrad Svensen was involved in a traffic accident earlier today. The whole Niner's organization is behind him, praying for a swift recovery. I now turn the podium over to the attending physician.”

Mr. Rawlings stepped down, then motioned off-screen. Dr. Bruce Peyton then stepped up to the microphone, adjusted it to his height and read from a prepared statement in his paws.

“I'm Dr. Bruce Peyton, the physician in charge of Mr. Svensen's medical care. Currently his condition is listed as serious but stable. He has a broken arm, two broken legs, a fractured pelvis and three fractured vertebrae in his lower back. He also received a nasty bump on the back of the head but we are confident that he did not suffer a concussion.”

The moose switched pages to read from, then continued.

“He is alert and responsive and he is resting comfortably right now. We will be performing surgery later on this evening to implant a few pins and plates to stabilize his leg fractures. I do expect, considering the great medical advances we've had in the last few years, for Conrad to be playing in the Super Bowl next year.”

“Tor, did you see that?” the tigress asked, seeming to be stunned as she turned her head to look at her mate.

“I did,” the stallion replied, just as stunned as his wife concerning this matter. He looked around to make sure no fur was eavesdropping on them before he continued. “How in blazes is this so? Quillam is a golem! They are made from clay, stone or wood!”

“I don't know,” Victoria admitted. “Maybe Bruce will have some answers for us.”

They made their way across the airport to the baggage claim area, retrieved their bags and headed for the rental car concourse, since a vehicle had not been provided by Jenna. Spotting the Discount Rentals® area, they headed that way. Observing an open window with a graying head of hair peeking up past the computer terminal, they chose that agent.

“Excuse me, we would like to . . . rent . . . ??” Tor stopped talking when Lucifer stepped into view in his human form, wearing a hunter green Discount Rentals® company uniform blazer jacket, white shirt and green-based tartan tie.

“Torvald! Victoria! Long time, no see!” the male put forth quite jovially, as if they were good friends.

“What are you doing here?!?” the tigress hissed back from her wheelchair.

“Now now, my dear tigress. Is that any way to talk to your favorite car rental agent?” Lou shot back.

“You had something to do with all of this, didn't you?” Victoria asked in a low tone.

“Hey, I wish I could take credit where credit is due.” the Prince of Lies replied. “To answer your question, I had nothing to do with this. I told that idiot that he had a snowball's chance in my living room of pulling this off undetected.”

Torvald looked around to see that not a soul had paid any attention to them. “Okay. I'll bite. Who is it and what do they want?”

“Why, what else? Zagam thinks he can recruit the two of you through blackmail.” Lucifer replied. “Well, either recruit you or destroy you. He's still a little pissed over that last run-in with you two.” After a moment, the master of evil added, “It's very possible he's just trying to get to Jennifer Longbow through you, since he can't just go to her farm. That little warding thing, you know.”

“Work for Zagam? That sounds totally insane, if you ask me. We would never in a million years, work for that winged ass-hat.” the femme feline muttered in disgust.

“Victoria, for once I will agree with you.” the evil one stated. “Now as far I'm concerned, I wouldn't mind recruiting your whole family for my cause. Listen, I'll cut you a generous deal; Be my Agents and I'll fix your house, just like that. No waiting. All you have to do is stop a fur from making a meeting, or prevent them from meeting another fur, you know, little things like that. Heck, I'll even allow your Amendment Foundation to decommission all of my Agents that are of no further use to me. How does that sound?” Lucifer gave them a fake, used-car salesfur type of smile. “Deal?”

Victoria stood up painfully from her wheelchair and put her arms up on the counter for support. “Why are we so blasted important to you and Zagam? Important enough to make what you would believe to be a generous offer?” she asked.

Beelzebub smiled and rubbed his hands together while he composed his reply. “You and your husband are important in ways you couldn't begin to imagine, my dear tigress. For one, you've been through the veil and returned so you know what's on the other side and for two, you know for a fact that my Father, Odin, Vishnu and all of the others really don't give a flying fig about their worshipers.”

Lou smiled and added, “Your knowledge of those facts is the very thing that makes you so dangerous to all of us. You were never meant to know what you do. If you were on my team, you're not a danger to us, anyway. You know, I might even be persuaded to offer you a seat on the Malefic Council and give a bit of backing to the Amendment Foundation.”

Victoria frowned. “I'm sorry, Lucifer. We can't take that offer, even as good as you think it sounds. We intend to decommission as many unwilling Agents as we can. That means both sides. If we were silly enough to take your offer, I doubt we would be decommissioning very many Dark Agents.”

The Prince of Lies leaned on the counter directly across from the femme feline with a serious look on his face. “Victoria, what is so important to you that you would risk your life decommissioning my Father's and my Agents?”

“You should know.” she replied. “We were becoming unwilling Agents, Lou. We were being called up

without any warning at times and I guess you could say that last mission we took was almost my undoing.”

“That was unfortunate, wasn't it?” Lucifer mused. “Listen, you just stay away from my willing Agents and I might leave the two of you alone, okay?”

“I hate to feel like we're making a deal with you,” Victoria muttered. “What I want to know,” she added, speaking up a bit, “How is it you know about the Amendment Foundation, anyway?”

“The word's out, my dear tigress.” Lou replied. “As far as I'm concerned, you can have my useless Agents because I can always recruit more to replace them with. What I will caution you about is taking my Father's Agents. At some point, he will get pissed off at the two of you and send his loyal Agents to stop you. He has a lot harder time convincing beings to be his Agents of Light.”

“We'll take that on advisement,” Victoria commented. Thinking about it some more, she asked a question. “You really think he would do that? Send Agents after us?”

“Without a doubt. I'm warning you now because I have a vested interest in the two of you.”

“Us?” Tor blurted out.

“It's a long story.” Lou replied. “At some point in time, you will do something that seems inconsequential to the two of you when in fact it will have repercussions throughout the Malefic Council. Your group will benefit, too. Don't get me wrong, you can't stop it, it's just how it will be.”

“You're not going to tell us what that thing we do is, are you?” the stallion asked.

“No, I'm not. Can't spoil a surprise!” the Prince of Lies stated with glee.

“Gah!” the tigress spat out. “Talking to you makes my head hurt. I guess we'll just have to cross that bridge when we get there.”

“Okay, now that we have that settled, would you like to rent a vehicle?” the Devil put forth. “I have a Mercury Marquis on a special discount that might be a good one for you. Twenty dollars a day plus ten cents a mile. Sounds good to you?”

“That's cheap enough.” the stallion commented. “Yeah, we'll take it.”

“Go ahead and sign here,” Lou asked, putting the form in front of Torvald. “I don't need to see your driver's license and credit card, though.” he added when the stallion reached for his wallet. “I already have the numbers and expiration dates.”

“Why didn't I guess that you would . . .” the tigress stated while her hubby helped her to sit back down.

###

Cathy pushed her plate away from her, sated for the moment. Amanda had conjured up a table, two chairs and the best breakfast the femme catamount had partaken of in a while.

“Have you had enough to eat?” the femme sorceress asked out of concern.

“Maybe another cup of coffee.” the lioness suggested. “So, you said I would be going home soon.”

“Yeah, about that. I need to hide you for at least ten days on your world so that's thirty days here.”

“A month?!?” Cathy blurted out, looking at her benefactor strangely before picking up her after-meal coffee and sipping it.

“Yeah, the time runs three days to one day.” Amanda replied. “Thirty days here is ten on your world.”

“What will I do for a month?”

“We are going to a place called Whitehall and I have enough gold to keep us put up in comfort at the Inn for a few months if need be.” the sorceress replied. “As soon as you're ready, let's get your armor on correctly.”

“Well, I'm in no real hurry now that you're here but I would feel better if you helped me to get my armor on right.” the lioness stated.

“Okay, Cathy. Let's fix you up.”

Amanda cleared the table, then the two femmes placed her armor pieces on it and the calico femme gave her charge a few lessons on armor, it's history and how to don it correctly. It did not take long before Cathy was properly attired.

“This is better,” the femme catamount commented, going through her training motions with her katana. “You know, it's proper for the scabbard to be held by a sash around my waist.” she stated when she ended her drill by slapping the side of the blade to the palm of her paw so she could guide the tip into a scabbard that was not yet in place.

“I can help with that.” Amanda replied. “And I'm glad to see you actually know how to use a sword.”

“being part of the Svensen family, considering what's going on, you need to know how to defend yourself.” Cathryn admitted. “It was never pushed on me, I just became interested in self-defense with weapons as the years went by. I'm not sure if you know of her, but Aslaug taught me some paw-to-paw fighting techniques with Franciscas or knives and I'm a black belt in Tae Kwon Do and a red belt in Jui Jitsu, Brazilian form.”

“So I really don't have to worry about you being totally unable to defend yourself?” the sorceress asked.

“I don't think so.” Cathy replied. “The last jerk that assaulted me a few years back while I was locking up the Stockton store spent five weeks in the hospital.” She smiled as she added, “He had a meeting with Uncle Bob, my ASP baton, and that was after he started out with the upper paw.”

“Well, I either use my magic or I'll use this,” Amanda offered up, taking a pistol from inside her over-frock. She checked to make sure the chamber was empty, then passed it to her charge.

“This is a Kashnikov stainless steel Speed-Master Mark Forty-Five!” the lioness blurted out. “My sister-in-law's husband built this!” After examining it closely, she added some information. “You know, this was the pinnacle for the ones that my brother-in-law manufactured on a Para-Ordinance frame and slide. Brett didn't like the changes that were made to the P-O frame a few years back so he now uses Kimber frames

and slides.”

“I know Brett and I would suspect he would remember me.” Amanda offered up. “I prefer the 180 grain hollow point +P round so he had to tune it to accommodate the feed and recoil.”

“I always favored a Mountain Survival-style revolver in some caliber like .44 Magnum or .50 Special.” the lioness mused. Cathy suddenly fell silent, motioning for her protector to be quiet. After a moment, she spoke quietly. “We have company coming.”

The lioness readied her pistol while Amanda freed up her paws to perform defensive magic if need be. The source of the noise made themselves known when three soldiers rode into the clearing, stopping when they observed the pistol pointed in their direction.

“The three of you, hold it right there and put your paws up where I can see them!!” Cathy shouted, causing the trio to halt abruptly. The red-headed human male, riding a horse that reminded the lioness of her father-in-law spoke up.

“I am Sir Morri of His Majesty's Royal Guard.” he offered up in a heavily accented English. “I see that your emblem on your armor appears to be a Thor's Hammer. Are you possibly related to Miss Vicki D'nan?”

“I am Cathryn Svensen.” the catamount replied. “This is Amanda, my assistant. She is a sorceress.”

“Svensen . . .” Morri mused. “Ah, yes. Miss Vicki's real name was Victoria Svensen.” He then had a short conversation with the other two, a canid and a badger. “How are you related to Victoria Svensen?” he asked.

“I am her eldest son's wife.” Cathy replied.

There was some more discussion between the three soldiers before the badger spoke up in clearer English. “I am Sir Jac. Your husband's mother was our second-in-command and a dear friend to all of us. We would be honored to accompany you and provide protection for you and your assistant, Lady Cathryn, to wherever you may be headed.”

The lioness lowered her pistol and returned it to half-cock. “We are going to Whitehall, Sir Jac.”

“Why go there when I'm sure the King will offer you lodging at the castle? You would be a welcome guest, I'm sure.” the canid suggested. “I am Sir Marc, at your service.”

“Sir Marc, I am grateful for the offer,” Cathy began, “I would not wish to overstay my welcome since I will be here for only thirty days.” she explained.

She was surprised when the three soldiers dismounted, approached her and knelt down at her feet. Sir Jac took her left paw, looked her in the eyes and spoke his mind.

“M'Lady, your relationship to Miss D'nan gives you credentials, that of a dignitary. Your relative was widely liked by all at the castle. Besides, King Andath wouldn't expect for you to stay just a night.”

“Well, I'm not sure . . .” The lioness didn't know whether to take this offer or not.

Amanda spoke up. "What of me, kind knight. Would I be welcome, too?"

"Yes, you would." Sir Marc replied. "You are M'Lady's assistant so you would be welcome. Also, our sorceress would most likely wish to meet with you. She is young and not very learned in the ways of magic."

"You make a compelling argument." Cathy put forth.

"I am sure the King and Queen would welcome you with open arms." Morri offered up.

Cathy turned to Amanda. "What do you think?"

The femme sorceress smiled. "I think we should accept this generous offer."

###

Willi Marie began to wake up, finding herself in a bed with a warm blanket draped over her. As she became more aware, she pushed the covers off of her body and slowly sat up, trying not to lose her lunch again. After a few more moments to clear her head, she took stock of her surroundings.

Looking down, the femme noted she was wearing a hospital gown of some sort and a quick inspection proved she was naked underneath it. Remembering that she had thrown up earlier, a cursory check suggested that she had been cleaned up at some point by an unknown fur.

Getting up to investigate, her bed was in an alcove off of the main area of the room. There was a dresser at the foot of her bed so she began to check it out. Pulling each drawer open, they were arranged just like her dresser at home. Some fur knew too much about her for this to be just a coincidence.

Putting on a pair of panties and after laying a sports bra on top of the dresser, she looked in the closet. Just like the dresser, this closet was arranged just like hers at home. This was scaring her. Finding a pair of slacks and a knit top to her liking, she got dressed.

The main area of the room she was in was arranged like an extended stay motel room. She had a small range, a convection oven and a small apartment-sized refrigerator. The cabinets and the cooling unit had all been stocked with food stuffs that were very similar to her own tastes. She had a couch, a recliner, a flat-screen television with DVD player attached and a small selection of books at her disposal. Willi also had a small table to eat at near the lone window that overlooked a garden.

The doorway to her room was open, no door on it and it appeared to open onto a hallway in a residence. Walking up to the archway, she could feel the shielding preventing her from leaving. It was a gentle restriction, like walking into a stiff breeze that continued in intensity to finally stop her fully about a foot from freedom. At least it didn't hurt her and it would allow her to step away from it with no entrapment.

Sitting down on the couch, Willi touched the collar around her neck. It was smooth, very lightweight, cool to the touch and it fit her like it had been made for her personally. It seemed to be contoured to fit comfortably but it had to be the source of her lack of powers. Everything below her neck was sort of numb with a disconnected feeling to it. All except for the itching.

Looking through the bathroom cabinet, the basics were there but nothing for an itch. She thought for a moment about using the mouthwash but quickly dismissed that idea. Sitting back down on the couch, she

noticed the phone on the end-table. It had no buttons but she picked it up anyway. Putting it to her ear she heard it dialing.

“Hello, Wilhelmine. What may we do for you?” the femme voice on the other end asked when the call was picked up.

“You can let me go and take me home.” was the terse reply from the sorceress.

“Sorry, we can't do that just yet. Is there anything else?” the voice asked.

“I'm itching like mad everywhere. I need something for it.” Willi shot back.

“Okay, I'll have someone there right away,” the voice replied but before the palomino femme could say anything further, the line went dead.

“Oh Great!” she spat out, putting the pawset back on the hook. Some movement in the corner of her eye brought her attention to the doorway where a tall gray stallion walked into the room, wearing a blue floor-length robe.

“Tank?” she asked, remembering the huge one that had her in a bear-hug at her home.

“No, I'm Canton Hill, his older brother. I am your mentor, advisor and concierge while you're here with us.” he replied with a kind smile on his muzzle. “I have been informed that you're in a bit of discomfort. Please tell me what is bothering you.”

“I'm itching all over.” Wilhelmine shot back in annoyance.

“Is it worse if you rub it?” the gray male asked.

“Yes it is.”

“Very well. I will be back in a few moments.”

The tall male left the room, the barrier seeming to be a non-issue to him. After a few moments, he returned pushing a cart that was covered in items. There was a black ceramic jug with a cork stopper in it, a black bowl, a few forceps of various sizes and several sponges of differing diameters.

“You must remove your clothes for me,” the stallion instructed, that simple request making her look at him in shock. Before she could say something, he continued. “I will turn my back and you can tell me when you are naked. Just keep your back to me.” He then added, “Don't try to attack me for you will only fail.”

Wilhelmine reluctantly removed her clothing, since the itching seemed to be getting worse. Making sure her back was to the tall one, she let him know he could continue. She could hear him uncork the jug, pour some fluid into the bowl followed by the sound of gloves being donned. Moments later the male spoke again.

“Please lift up your mane for me.” he directed and as soon as she had complied, she felt something cool being spread across her shoulders. “You should have some relief in a few moments.”

“What is that stuff?” she asked, since her shoulders were no longer itching.

“Calamine Lotion with a few essential oils and minerals added.” was the reply.

The male carefully coated her back and shoulders, then started working his way around her belly. He was on his second trip across her abdomen when he stopped abruptly. The sponge was sat down and the paw returned to gently rest against her midsection. The male's other paw then settled in the small of her back, over her spine.

“Wilhelmine, are you pregnant?” Canton asked carefully.

“Yes, I am.” she replied.

“Dammit!” the male spat out. His paw disappeared momentarily but quickly came up in front of her with a dripping sponge. “Quickly! Do your front while I get your legs! We must get that collar off of you right away!”

Willi did as she was directed while the stallion wiped down her legs and arms messily with two sponges, one in each paw. He hurriedly helped her to dress, clipped a leash onto her collar and led her out of the room in a big hurry.

It was a house that she was in but she didn't get a moment to study it much. At Canton's urging, they went down the hall, through the main kitchen, what must have been the washroom and out the back door. All of this time, he was admonishing her to hurry. When they approached the outbuilding, some few yards from the house, he used a wave of his paw to open the door. He began shouting orders as they entered the building.

“Tank! Max! We need to get a pair of dampening bands ready right now! She's pregnant, you fools!” That got their attention.

“I'm on it!” the other gray stallion retorted, pulling a pair of bands from a cabinet. “Gimme a sec and we'll have the latches armed.”

Tank put the six-inch wide blackened metal bands into holders on the bench, open, allowing the canid to use a tool to set the latches from the inside. Once on, there would be no way to release them, since a tool wouldn't fit between her arm and the band. It appeared as if it took considerable force to set the latches by the way the canid was struggling with them.

While Max set the second band, Canton took the first one and after making the mare sit down on a stool, put it around Willi's left wrist. He closed it as far as the armed latches would allow, then Tank used a clamping tool to finish the procedure. When the band finally closed completely, the latches fired, shaking the tool, the band and the femme sorceress' arm forcefully. Within moments, the other band went on in the same manner, now on for the duration.

“Hold your mane up, please,” Canton asked, assisting Tank in putting a very large piece of equipment around her neck that had jaws that slowly moved in to grip her collar. She watched nervously while Canton pressed a series of buttons on the unit's keypad and a loud 'click' was heard. He removed the tool and her collar fell open into her lap.

“You should feel better in a few moments,” Canton offered up as he unzipped his robe. He peeled it off,

revealing a loud camp shirt and walking shorts underneath. “You will have to forgive my attire. I was vacationing when you were brought here.”

“Where is here, if I may ask?” Wilhelmine asked.

“I'm so sorry but I cannot divulge your current location.” the tall one replied. “I will tell you that we have been instructed to treat you with the utmost care. You are not to be harmed at all.”

“I see . . .” Willi seemed very confused by all of this.

“I noticed you were looking at the collar,” Canton put forth. “You probably haven't been schooled in just how magic works.”

“No, I haven't had time to go to the Academy.” she replied.

“Ah, I see.” the gray one mused. “Well, your body is the antenna for your powers, pulling the magic from the surroundings. Your mind is the amplifier, taking that magic and sending it back to your paws to be used as you direct it.”

“Okay, I think I understand that.” Wilhelmine offered up. “So how does this factor in? She asked, holding up the collar.

“That collar is a dampener, halting the flow of power. Wearing that, you have no way to gather or use magic. It does have side effects, such as making injuries take a long time to heal without intervention. It will also retard the development of your unborn kits. If that collar were worn long enough, you would have lost them.”

“I think I understand now.” the femme offered up.

“Well, I'll need to put a conventional collar on you,” Canton stated as he walked over to a cabinet. After a brief search through several drawers, he returned to her with a very petite polished metal collar that had a red gem hanging from the D-ring in front. He then put a key into the back of the collar and turned it to unlock it. Resigned to the inevitable, she lifted her mane so the collar could be placed on her.

“This collar seems to fit okay, I guess,” she offered up, fiddling with it once it was locked into place.

“I'm sorry you have to be restrained like this but it is ultimately for your safety that we do this.” the gray one offered up. He looked at his watch, then continued. “Well, let's go to the house and get you back in your room. Dinner is coming shortly so I do hope an In-N-Out Double-Double with extra grilled peppers will be fine.”

“How did you know that's what I liked?” Willi asked.

“We have been watching for a while.” her mentor offered up. He then snapped a leash to her collar and indicated the door. “Shall we?”

“Well, I am hungry,” Wilhelmine replied, getting up to follow her captor back to the house.