

*The characters Torvald 'Tor' Svensen, Victoria Connell-Svensen, Conrad Svensen, Valerie Connell, Barbara Caine, Wilhelmine Marie Kurzweil, James William Kurzweil, Laura Dunsmuir; Clyde Moraine and Steven Nanomantube are the property of Kellan Meig'h and may not be published or reproduced in any form without express written permission. Any resemblance to any fur or person, either living or dead is purely coincidental.*

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## **“A Loss Of Rights”**

By Kellan Meig'h

### Chapter 1

The tigress was still laying in her bed, trying desperately to sleep in this particular Saturday morning. Rolling over to make her hubby get up and close the blinds on the windows in an effort to keep the morning light out, it suddenly dawned on her; Torvald was not in the bed with her nor had he been for the last two nights. She knew right then that it might turn out to be *another* very long day for her.

The immortal couple had been sent on an emergency mission several days ago to take care of a possible uprising of heretics using the bible for personal gain. The meal that Victoria and her mate had shared at a small diner in the city of Turlock right after their mission had started was a normal thing for them. It was the last normal thing the tigress had encountered in the past several days since she and her immortal hubby had been set down upon this soil. How long it had actually been, she wasn't sure at all.

The tigress was sure she had passed out from the heat in the back of the vehicle, a pickup truck with a windowless camper shell that she had been roughly transported in. She had been taken unwillingly to this so-called “Identification Center” by her captors and they had in turn detained her there without explanation, drugging her to keep her quiet. She hadn't regained consciousness from being drugged that first evening until late the next day at the very least, as far as she could tell. What really bothered her was the fact that her equine captors seemed totally uninterested in her hubby, roughly pushing him aside as they muzzled her, bound her paw and foot and carried her away without a reason why.

She slowly sat up on her bed, your typical uncomfortable hotel bed and stretched her body and arms. It was very hard and lumpy, the kind of bed she would have replaced at home for a better one long ago. At least the pillow had been passable, the sheets were clean and the blankets decently warm. Looking around at her room in the morning light to take in the situation, this room seemed to be just like any other room in a motel or hotel except for the bars across the window, preventing her escape. The windows themselves seemed to have that polycarbonate appearance, possibly being unbreakable. A closer inspection proved that fact; there were deep claw scratches in them and the window was screwed shut to prevent exit.

Taking inventory of her physical condition now that her mind seemed clear enough to do so, besides being stark naked there seemed to be no outward injuries to her despite the roughness of her treatment when she was captured. The only thing that she was not sure of were her paws that were bound in a pair of strange-looking heavy fingerless composite rubber mitts. Whatever method they using to hold her fingers immobile inside of the mitts was unknown to her but she did know that she was totally unable to move them at all. Heck, they could have been broken for all she knew but not being able to see them made it impossible to assess any damage to them. At least they weren't in any pain. What really irked her about this deal was having to be fed like a little kit because of this, since the attendants had adamantly refused to remove the mitts from her paws so she could feed herself.

The door suddenly opened for a very large solid black stallion in a police fur's uniform to enter, holding a heavy metal collar in his right paw. "Stand up, tigress" he demanded tersely, stopping just a few feet from her. "Do it now, feline before I physically make you stand up!" he demanded, giving her a very dark look while he waited, tapping his hoof slowly on the floor in irritation. She reluctantly complied, seeing that this equine, while not as big as her husband still looked like he could probably snap her in half if he had wanted to. He roughly put the collar on her and attached a chain to it, giving her a hard stare while doing so. Without any warning, he then turned and headed for the door, almost pulling the tigress off of her feet in the process.

He led her through the facility, stopping a few times to talk with some other uniformed equines. She was sure at one point the black equine had referred to her as 'being feral' or something like that. It was apparent to her that this world was possibly controlled and dominated by the equine population. They finally made it to an examination room where the device sitting in the middle of the floor scared the living crap out of Victoria; it was a dentist's chair.

She was pushed onto it rather roughly by the black equine, the collar somehow latching into part of the chair below the headrest, preventing her from getting back up. Her mitts were quickly attached to the arms of the chair with clips, effectively binding her to the chair. She finally relaxed just a bit once the guard left but tensed back up when a technician, a rather smallish bay mare pony wearing scrubs and a white smock came into the room pushing a cart.

Pulling a stool up next to the chair, the small mare looked at her with amber colored eyes and said to her rather noncommittally; "We can do this one of two ways; either be quiet and don't fight me or I get the orderly to come in and help me do what I need to do. It's your choice." It was obvious that the pony mare had dealt with this situation before by her actions and statements. She then turned to her cart and uncovered a tray of instruments that looked very much like something that any ordinary dentist would have used. Taking a small mirror in one paw and a scraper/probe combo in the other, she smiled at Victoria as she said "OK, I'll tell you what, sweetheart. Let's try not to fight one another over this necessary procedure. Would you open up for me, please?"

Victoria nodded, complying to the mare's request by holding her mouth open for the equine to probe, pick, scrape and otherwise make various humming sounds while she went about her work of inspecting the tigress' teeth, taking notes on a dental chart as she went. It kind of bothered her that the mare had put a rubber wedge in her mouth, holding her mouth open almost too wide while she worked. The technician took out a petite cordless tool and put what appeared to be a rubber polishing head on the end of it. Using a slightly abrasive polishing paste, she cleaned the felines' teeth very carefully, actually releasing the collar's attachment to the chair and removing the wedge to allow for the tigress to spit out the accumulation of goop in her mouth. Once her teeth were cleaned, polished and her mouth rinsed out, the technician used a specialized plastic measuring device to make measurements of her teeth and jaws.

"Hmm, a 6.7 upper" the mare mused as she then measured Victoria's lower teeth in turn. "Hhmm, 5.8?" she queried to no fur in particular, measuring the feline's mouth again followed by closing the feline's mouth and looking carefully at her bite. "Yeah, it's a 5.8 ... that's kind of odd ... shoulda been a 5.7" the mare commented as she made some more notes on the dental chart and then opened a door on the side of the cart, pulling out various drawers in search of the desired objects. She eventually pulled out some bright purple things that looked like something out of a sci-fi movie. By the way they flexed in her paws, the devices must have been made out of a thick silicone material and by the looks of them, they were meant to cover Victoria's teeth completely, her huge canine teeth included.

The mare turned to look at her and realizing the tigress was getting just a little scared, gave her a little smile as she asked, "You've never had caps before, have you?" The tigress didn't need to answer; the look on Victoria's face said it all to the mare so she quickly added, "You don't need to be frightened, tigress, I'm not going to hurt you." Pulling out a twin-tube dispenser of something clear, she turned back towards the feline as she said quietly "Listen, you can feel free to talk to me, sweetheart. Just as well, since it'll be hard to talk clearly afterwards until you get used to the caps." The mare had Victoria open wide again as she tried the caps to her mouth, making small adjustments to them here and there with a cordless mini-grinder. "These are just temporary caps, sweetheart. I'll need to mould your mouth for the regular ones you'll get in a week or so. Those will be white in color and a heck of a lot more comfortable than these" she was informed while the mare prepped the trays needed to perform that task. Victoria did her best not to gag while her teeth were moulded with alginate, the kind that had that nasty minty flavor to it.

Once Victoria's mouth had been moulded, rinsed and blown dry with a warm air nozzle, the mare began to swab her lower teeth with a chemical that had a sweet aroma to it. The technician then took her lower cap and spread a clear two part adhesive on it. "I'm really sorry but I have to do this to you, sweetheart. You won't be able to take these caps out at home so you'll just have to deal with it until you get your regular ones." She then put the cap over the tigress' lower teeth, using some small tools to remove the excess adhesive. The mare then used a clamping device that put a gentle pressure on the cap, holding it snug against her teeth until the glue set up in just a few minutes.

"How does that feel?" she asked as she gently removed the clamping device from her lower jaw. Victoria ran her tongue around her mouth, feeling her freshly covered lower teeth.

"It feels real weird" she finally commented, the first real words that she had spoken in this facility in days.

"I suppose it would feel weird at that. I wouldn't know personally since equines don't need capping" she proffered up as she swabbed Victoria's upper teeth. Using the same glue, she spread the adhesive on the upper cap and carefully applied it. Once the excess glue had been removed, she sat her tools down. "Close your teeth together tightly" the mare directed as she looked at the fitment by lifting Victoria's lips gently to see better. "You know, that looks real good to me. Hold them together tightly until I say you can release the pressure" she admonished, beginning to clean up her mess and pushing the cart over to the corner. She then returned with another cart.

"You've been real good so far, sweetheart. Most felines and foxes need the guard by now to hold them down while I finish and I'm all scuffed up and usually bitten a few times too" the mare commented as she took the towel off of the new cart. It had various devices sitting on it along with a multitude of surgical tools. "Oh, you can move your jaw to talk now if you want to" she added, giving the tigress a slight smile after noticing the time elapsed.

"Now what are you going to do to me?" the tigress asked, seeming just a little spooked by all of the surgical tools. Her voice sounded odd, sort of muffled to her now that the caps had been put on her teeth.

"Now don't be going feral on me after you've done so well" the mare said as she turned to look at Victoria again. "By law, I need to do one of two things with your claws; cap them or surgically remove them. Once again, it's your choice. If I were you, I think I would pick the caps." After a moment, the

mare added with a scowl, “Surgical removal is very permanent, sweetheart and I don't want to have to do that to you. You just seem too intelligent to take that choice.”

Victoria nodded slowly as she said rather glumly “Yeah, go ahead and cap them. I won't fight you over it if I really have to have it done.” That was a 'No Brainer' choice to the tigress but she thought maybe there were others that had not been given that particular choice.

The mare reached under the chair and pulled out a rest for Victoria's arm to lie on while she did her work. Once her right paw had been unclipped from the chair and the mitt zipped off of it, it was clear now why she couldn't move her fingers; her whole paw had been encapsulated in a tough gelatin substance. The mare removed the other mitt and worked with some specialized plastic tools to carefully remove the material from the tigress' paws, finally letting her up to wash the remainder off in a nearby sink.

“Here, dry your paws off real good” the technician said as she handed a towel to the tigress and then took out the devices she needed to finish her work. After Victoria had sat back down, the mare carefully placed the feline's arm on the rest, putting a strap across it at the elbow and another above the wrist. Victoria noted that neither strap was that tight on her. “These are just so your arm doesn't inadvertently move around and possibly cause your fingers to get hurt” the technician pointed out as she readied the tigress' paw for the next procedure. The mare smiled as she added “These straps certainly wouldn't hold you down and I'm fairly sure you wouldn't hurt me by your demeanor” the technician said as she got out a small machine from a drawer. Victoria thought to herself that the mare had that part wrong; if she had access to a weapon, the mare would have been dead by now from a broadsword or staff.

“What's that thing for?” the tigress asked, pointing at the tool the mare had put on the rest.

“This will trim and shape your claws gently to take a cap” she replied. “You should be thankful this isn't the 60's and 70's. Your claws would have been surgically removed and most of the time it was done without anesthetic using a guillotine device.” That news made the tigress get just a little queasy, mental images of very nasty things happening to her paws flashing through her mind. The mare looked at her oddly as she asked “You're not from around here, are you? You act like you're not familiar with any of these procedures at all.”

“You're right, I'm not from here, I came here from Wisconsin” Victoria replied to the pony femme, remembering their cover story location of origin for this mission. “I was sitting in a small restaurant in downtown Turlock, sharing a late dinner with my ... stallion.” She had almost said husband but she had quickly decided better of it. “Two soldiers or police furs came in, I'm not sure which they were. They roughly muzzled me, bound me paw and foot and dragged me off without an explanation to my equine.”

“What's your stallion's name?” the mare asked to make small talk as she carefully set the trimmer to Victoria's claw shape, using templates and gauges to determine the machine's settings for the tigress' claws.

“His name is Torvald Svensen” she replied as she watched with much trepidation. The mare expressed the tigress' claw on her right thumb painlessly once more and slipped it carefully into the trimmer until it bottomed out against the Ungual Crest. Satisfied that the trimmer was set properly, she switched it on and gently held the tigress' claw in place until the machine took a gentle hold on it. The device hummed quietly and while Victoria could feel it trimming away painlessly, she noted that it probably was not

taking deep cuts to her claw. After a few moments, the machine finally turned itself off. The technician removed her claw to show that it had been carefully trimmed in length, narrowed slightly in width and very small hole had been drilled in it just above the ungicular process, just ahead of the Ungual Crest.

“That hole will accept a stainless steel pin to keep the cap from falling off” the mare said as she did her other claws in turn, resetting the device for each finger as she went. “You don't want to be caught outside without caps, sweetheart. The fine you would get is just too steep for you or your stallion to afford. So, is Torvald a dark liver chestnut stallion with a white blaze?” she asked as she took out a paw full of bright orange caps from a bin. There had been an equine that matched that description in the lobby earlier in search of his lost charge so the mare was curious if this was him. Stopping and thinking for a moment, the mare asked the tigress another question; “Orange, purple or lime green claw caps? Your choice again.”

“Oh I don't know, make them purple so they'll match my teeth” the tigress replied with a crooked smile. As the mare carefully glued and pinned her claw caps on for her, Victoria almost forgot to tell her “Torvald is a blond stallion. He's real tall and muscular.”

“You know, I've talked with a huge blond stallion just this morning. He's a police detective with a Swedish sort of accent, right? Anyway, I think he's probably still downstairs right now arranging your release” the technician commented. As she checked Victoria's right wrist, she pushed the fur aside to look at her skin. “You don't have a identity code on your arm? This proves you really aren't from around here” the technician said quietly, more of a statement than anything else. The mare looked down at her hooves as she said somberly “You'll need to be tattooed with your identity code before you're released.”

It was clear that Victoria was most likely to go feral right now from the thought of getting a tattoo but the mare quickly defused the situation. “Look, sweetheart, I'll do it for you” she said softly, holding Victoria's wrist gently until the tigress began breathing slower and her pupils came back down towards normal just a bit. “I promise you I'll make it just as painless as possible. You wait right here quietly and I'll be right back with the equipment.” The mare then got up from her stool and left the room.

Once the mare had left and the door was closed, Victoria got up and stalked nervously around the room, shaking her head at the situation. “What have we gotten ourselves into?” she asked herself as she looked at her capped claws, bright purple tips covering what was left of her beautiful black claws. “I'm being treated like a second class citizen because I'm feline! This is just so messed up!” she exclaimed, still shaking her head in disbelief. She was preoccupied by looking at her teeth with disgust using a convenient paw mirror she had found when the doorknob rattled, causing the tigress to jump. The door opened so the technician could push a rather intricate piece of equipment into the room and it was a relief for Victoria to see her hubby Torvald entering the room right behind the mare. She started to move towards her husband but both equines shook their heads 'no', motioning for her to stay still until the door was closed. Once that was done, the huge fur quickly picked up Victoria in a strong hug and began to kiss her on the muzzle and lips.

Once he had sat the tigress back on the ground, he looked her over to see that she appeared for the most part to be uninjured. “Let me see what they did to you” he requested so she smiled widely at him, showing off the bright purple caps fully covering her teeth and expressing her capped claws where he could see them. “Gah, that looks real bad” he said, shaking his head in disgust as he hugged her again. “I'll have to have a talk with our boss about this” he whispered quietly to her as the technician made her sit on a stool.

“You know, the more I think about it, the more I'm suspecting you two are actually husband and wife” the mare said quietly to them as she gave them a knowing look. “You two seem ... just a little too affectionate towards one another to be anything else.” Thinking about it further, she said “You'll need a crash course on feline charge etiquette if I have my guess right. That's the only way you two will manage to stay out of trouble.”

“How do we get this crash course?” the femme feline asked carefully, trying her best to pronounce her words clearly through her now-capped teeth.

“I'll come to see you two tonight, after I'm done here for the day” the pony replied. After a pregnant pause she added “I have to tell you that I don't agree with all of this, it's just a job to me that I have come to hate dearly.”

She took Victoria's arm in her paw gently, pulling out a clear plastic template that she strapped to the inside of her forearm, just above the wrist with some elastic bands. “This is so I can trim just enough fur off for the procedure. No need to scalp your whole forearm like I usually have to do.” She used an electric hair cutter to remove the fur down to the skin and then used what would pass as an electric razor to shave it smooth. She then checked the feline's response as she strapped her arm into the machine and rubbed a medicated salve on the bare skin, making real sure that Victoria wasn't beginning to panic on her. “That salve will kill the pain for you” she commented as she lowered the tattooing head into place and brought up Victoria's file on the display. After a few keystrokes, the machine began to do its work.

The tigress could feel the pressure against her arm but just as the mare had promised her, there was no pain to be felt while the machine did its job. Once finished, the head retracted to show that a bar code about 2” long and 3/4” high had been applied in an unobtrusive orange color that wouldn't be noticeable once her fur grew back.

“That won't be visible like a furtoo would be” Victoria commented as the mare put a gauze wrapping around her arm for her. “Once my fur grows back, that won't be visible at all.”

“If something happens to you and they can't find your identification” the filly pointed out to her, “They can shave your arm in the field quickly to see who you are.” Victoria nodded her head as she thought about that piece of information that in a very perverse way made perfect sense. The mare then indicated for her to stand. “We need to take a picture of you for your identification card and records. Brush your hair if you want to and stand on that white line over there” she said, indicating a line by the wall. The tigress complied, straightening out her long black hair with her hubby's comb and within moments of actually taking the picture, a machine in the corner of the room spit forth an ID card. “Whatever you do, **Do Not** lose this” the mare admonished as she gave Victoria the freshly minted ID. “You can and most likely will be detained until your stallion comes for you.” The pony mare thought for a moment, going over things on a mental checklist in her head. “Let me go get your clothes and we'll get you out of here” she finally said as she left the room.

Once the mare had left the room, Victoria went over to her husband again, holding him tightly as she fought back her tears. “We are so hopelessly screwed, Torvald” she said quietly. “We're into something here that I don't see a way out of for me” she commented, giving him another loving hug just as the door opened again.

Once the mare had quickly entered the room and closed the door behind her, she gave the pair a very scolding look. "You will need to show absolutely **NO** affections for one another in public" she instructed as she laid the tigress' clothes out on a table for her. "The last thing you want is to be jailed for a mixed species marriage. Do you both understand me quite clearly?"

"Yeah, I get your drift" the tigress said quite somberly while Torvald just nodded. "We will cool it in public."

"About that" the mare continued, "You, my dear tigress will need to sit in the back seat of your car on the way home today" she said as she took Victoria's jewelry out of a pouch and passed the items to her. "I will go over everything else with you tonight. Oh, and this, which somehow I suspected I would find," the mare said, holding up the tigress' wedding ring so she could see it. "Let your hubby hold on to it for you. You don't want to be caught dead wearing it." The mare looked at the clothes she had laid out and said "Well, I stopped them from throwing your clothes out when you were brought in because they looked too nice to me. I personally washed your things and folded them neatly so you would have something to wear home. It's time for you to get dressed."

"What would I have worn home if you didn't hold on to my clothes?" Victoria queried, starting to put her underwear on in the meantime.

"Uh ... You would have worn this" the mare replied, holding up a light pink Tyvek jumpsuit for them to see. "I have to tell you, this isn't the best thing to wear but it beats being stark-naked any day. I've even worn one home myself when a rather strong male fox tried to maul me." She shook her head in disgust as she added "He had shredded my scrubs and had a hold of my neck with his teeth when the guards took him." She looked to see they were shocked so she added the final snippet; "He went retrograde on me."

Victoria sheepishly put her clothes on in front of the mare with just a little trouble from the claw caps and they made their way back downstairs to the main floor of the facility. The trio went to the front desk and waited patiently while the femme pony went over her paperwork with the desk clerk, an elderly Tapir. While they waited, that black stallion in a uniform walked over to them, getting Torvald's attention.

"Is she your tigress?" he queried, indicating Victoria standing there beside her hubby.

"Yes, Victoria Tigress is under my protection" the huge fur replied with a slight smile. This information caused the dark stallion to cringe in response. He then turned to the feline and bowed deeply to her.

"I apologize for treating you so roughly, Victoria Tigress. I really had no idea you had a protector. I thought you were possibly feral or a border capture" he said sheepishly. "I was out of line with my treatment towards you and I beg you for your forgiveness."

"Your apology is accepted, kind stallion" the tigress replied, bowing slightly back to him out of respect for a culture they knew nothing about.

"If you need anything at all, tigress, here's where to reach me" the black fur said, giving her a business card with his work, cell and home numbers on it. "Call me anytime at all. It's out of courtesy to your protector, Detective Svensen. We look after one another's charges without question." He smiled as he said "I wish no harm to come to you as if you were my own charge to watch over."

“Thank you, Officer Moraine” she said, having gotten his name and rank from his card. “I will keep your information handy as you ask.” As she stood there not knowing what to say or do next, the dark stallion reached out and gently removed the collar from the tigress' neck, putting it away in a cabinet by the door. He then nodded directly to her with a slight smile and went about his business.

With all the papers checked and the desk clerk asking to see her mouth and claws for confirmation purposes, they were out the door and headed toward the parking lot. “So, I'm Victoria Tigress now” the femme feline said to her hubby, having to make a conscious effort not to reach out and hold his paw.

“That is who you are by title now. I was told by that technician to refer to you that way” he replied to his mate. He stopped by a dark metallic red 2008 Ford Police Interceptor that had the undercover package installed on it, giving it a pat on the roof. That particular package added exterior chrome, Z-rated whitewall tires and full wheel covers to the vehicle, making it look more like a grandpa's car. “This is our ride while we're here” he said, opening the back door for her. “The femme over at the transportation department said I was the first one assigned to abuse her” he added with a smile as he motioned for her to get in. Victoria smiled at him just slightly as she got in and made herself comfortable on the non-standard deeply padded cloth upholstery, putting her seatbelt on as she waited. While the vehicle was equipped with door handles in the back, there were no controls for the windows on the back doors. That must be because it was a police vehicle, after all. There was also no divider between the front and back seats, lending to the illusion that it might just be grandpa's sedan and not a police vehicle. The small chrome 'Police Interceptor' badge on the trunklid was a dead giveaway to its true nature, however.

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They were both being kind of quiet while Torvald got them out of the parking lot and down the road a ways. He finally turned down the volume on his dash-mounted compact two-way police radio and adjusted the rearview mirror so he could see her better before he spoke his mind. “This is so messed up” he commented, making a left turn from East Briggsmore onto McHenry Avenue to head towards their temporary home on Magnolia Avenue. “Did you know that they charged me over \$5,000 New North American Dollars just to get you released into my custody?” he exclaimed. “This is stupid, if you ask me. We were so misled by the Counsel of Elders about the state of affairs here.” He was shaking his head as he stated to Victoria “I knew I should have trusted my gut feelings and taken this mission alone.” after a few more moments he asked his mate “I'm getting pretty hungry, Sweetheart. How well can you eat with those things in your mouth?”

“Not very well at all, I'm afraid. I don't think I could even chew a hot kali link with these caps in place” his mate replied. “We need to get some soft foods for me until I get my regular caps. I guess I can legally take those out at home, from what I've been told.”

“You mean you can't take those purple things in your mouth out?” he queried, getting a sour feeling in his gut about things in general. She could see his concerned look on his muzzle through the rear view mirror as he drove them home.

“Sorry, dear. These caps are glued in tight for the time being” she told her hubby with a wistful sound to her voice.

“What are they for, anyway?” the huge fur asked, still shaking his head at the whole affair so far.



“I dunno” Victoria replied, shaking her head too. “I actually think it's to keep me from biting some fur and bringing blood. You know they capped my claws, too” she added, looking down at her paws. “I guess all of this is to prevent me from possibly mauling another fur.”

The immortal couple stopped at a convenient Right Way Groceries™ outlet store on the way home, procuring food for the two of them including a variety of soft foods chosen by the tigress. As they roamed the store picking up needed supplies, the tigress made a very pointed observation; “Torvald, is it just my imagination or are the prices here about ½ of normal?” The huge fur stopped to think for a moment before he replied to her query.

“Yeah, the prices do seem rather low” he offered up, looking at the apples. “And there's a few kinds of apples we don't have at home. I'll have to try a few of them” he said as he bagged up a few types he had never heard of including an apple with an orange skin called an Inland Emperor. There was a distinct lack of oranges however, apparently not grown in this North America. Once back out to the car with their bounty, Torvald made a comment of his own. “I wonder who pays the credit card bill on these modern day missions” he mused, holding up the Platinum Extreme MasterCard that he had used to pay for their goods. Once home, the two of them finally relaxed a bit, now out of the public eye and behind closed doors for a change.

Before they ate their evening meal, Torvald gave his mate the nickel tour of their home away from home. “This is your room” the huge fur stated, indicating what Victoria thought to be the home's master bedroom. “That one is mine” he added, opening the door to a room that was much smaller. “That is exactly what the department rental manager told me.” He gave her the floorplan paper that he had gotten from the manager, the bedrooms marked just like he had said. The home was provided to them for 90 days at a meager cost by the Modesto Metropolitan Police Department until they could find a home of their own. This temporary rental came fully furnished, albeit the furniture was quite worn and out of date. It would however do very nicely for them while they finished this mission, if they could possibly finish it.