

The characters Torvald 'Tor' Svensen, Victoria Connell-Svensen, Conrad Svensen, Valerie Connell, Barbara Caine, Wilhelmine Marie Kurzweil, James William Kurzweil, Laura Dunsmuir DDS, Clyde Moraine, Rev. Johnny Lee Roundtree, Dr. Robert Mollenkopf and Steven Nanomantube are the property of Kellan Meig'h and may not be published or reproduced in any form without express written permission.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 2

Dinner had been over with for a while and the immortal couple were still sitting quietly at the dinner table, just looking at one another, their plates, the walls, the table, just about anything and really nothing at all. Finally Victoria began to sob while she let Torvald know just how she felt about things in general.

“Torvald, this mission is just too much for me this time” she said between sobs. “My beautiful teeth look like kali-dung now because of these caps, my pretty black claws that I was so careful to properly manicure are toasted and ruined, I had to eat baby food for dinner tonight because that was all I could possibly eat and I have absolutely no rights at all on this frigging God forsaken planet!” She then put her head down on her arms that were resting on the table and sobbed loudly, not caring who heard her right now. Her hubby quickly got up and went around the table to provide solace to his mate.

“We have dealt with extremely adverse conditions before” he pointed out, holding her tightly and nuzzling against her cheek while she continued to cry. “You're just upset from your mistreatment earlier, sweetheart. Things will get better for us soon.”

“That's easy for you to say!” she quickly shot back, taking her dinner napkin and wiping at her reddened eyes with it. “You don't have these awful things stuck in your mouth, keeping you from eating properly and your fingernails aren't totally and completely wrecked!” she shouted, breaking down again from abject grief. The tigress began sobbing heavily again on her husband's chest, soaking his dress shirt and tie with tears and trying desperately to bury herself deeply in his loving embrace, to somehow get away from all of this insanity. All the huge fur could do in return was hold his tigress tightly until she finally cried herself to sleep.

The huge fur was sitting in the lone recliner in the living room, trying desperately to familiarize himself with the department operations manual but he found himself totally distracted by the visage of his mate, still sleeping on the couch where he had placed her hours ago. She had tossed and turned quite a bit, possibly having some really bad dreams in her fitful sleep. He had decided that if she didn't settle down real soon, he would take her to the hospital to be checked out. He was pondering whether or not it was time to get up and see about her when the doorbell rang.

He opened the door to see the mare from earlier today standing on their front porch. She had a bag with her and a rather thick text of some kind under her arm. “Please come in” he beckoned, motioning for her to enter the home. The mare entered but quickly sat down the bag and text, going over to see about the tigress on the couch.

“How long has she been like this?” the mare asked, checking Victoria's vitals carefully. “At least she

doesn't feel feverish” the pony femme commented as she took her pulse. While the mare was counting her heartbeats, the tigress woke up from her fitful sleep.

“Wha ... How did I ...” she said, seeming confused momentarily until she finally woke up the rest of the way and realized exactly where she was. Sitting up on the couch, she pulled the blanket around herself and curled up into the corner of the couch, taking a tissue from the tissue box on the end table and blowing her nose with it.

“Are you hurt or sick, sweetheart?” the mare asked Victoria, concerned that she may have been injured internally somehow and she was not showing any outward signs that they could see.

“No, I'm ... I'm just very upset right now” she said in an extremely dejected tone, pulling the blanket tighter around herself and working herself further into the corner of the couch. She shook her head as she said just loud enough to be heard, “I want to go home, Torvald. I want to go home right now, please.” She still hadn't looked up at the equines at all, preferring to stare at a spot on the floor instead.

“Let me call the center's doctor to come over here and see about her” the mare suggested to Torvald. “She's not the same as when I saw her this afternoon.”

“That is a good idea” he replied to the mare. “I agree with you; something is wrong.” He watched over his mate while the femme pony made a phone call to her doctor, only to reach the physician's phone answering exchange instead. She left her cell phone number for the doctor to call back and hung up.

“By the way, we haven't been formally introduced” the mare said to Torvald as she waited patiently for the doctor to call her back. “I'm Laura Dunsmuir. I'm actually a dentist by trade but I work on call for the Identification Center on the weekends. I do have a license for what I do there.” She then took the return call from the doctor, giving him what information she knew so far and the Svensen' address.

“I wish we could have met under better circumstances” the huge fur said to her after the mare had hung up her phone for a second time, giving her a little smile. “I'm Torvald Svensen as you know and my mate's full name is Victoria Angela Svensen.”

“As I had suspected” Laura replied, giving Torvald a knowing smile. “You two are a married couple, just as I thought” the mare commented as she checked the tigress over further. Taking the gauze wrapping from Victoria's right wrist to check the tattoo site for infection, she was shocked to see that the fur on Victoria's arm had grown back fully, no signs of having been shaved earlier. A closer inspection proved the tattoo was no longer visible and there was no indication that she had ever been tattooed at all. The mare dropped the tigress' arm as she slid off the edge of the couch, landing hard on the floor with a look on her muzzle that was somewhere between shock and fear. Her mouth opened and closed a few times before she finally said only one word, almost whispering it; “Avengers.”

“Laura? Ms. Dunsmuir, do you need help up?” the huge fur asked, kneeling by her to see what had shocked her so badly. The mare turned slowly to view him with a look of complete fear in her eyes.

“You and your mate are Avengers, aren't you?” the femme pony asked with great trepidation. “You're Avengers, come to lead the way for the Lord's Archangels to destroy all of furkind that are deemed wicked.” Torvald tried to get her attention but the mare was looking off into space, rambling on about who she thought they were and she was beginning to quake with fear as she spoke about them.

“It is said in our scriptures that the Avengers will reject the mark of mere mortal furs and that is how we will know them.” She quickly looked at Victoria's arm again just to be sure of what she had seen before she spoke about it. “Your mate has rejected the mark on her arm. She is an Avenger and the scriptures say the Avengers will come to us in pairs. One will judge us for our wickedness and the other will carry out that judgment against mortal furs. You're her mate so you must be an Avenger too, Torvald.” Looking at his presumed massive upper body strength, she said in a whisper “You must be the one that will carry out Victoria's judgments against the evil ones, Avenger. You will be the one that will destroy the wicked with your mighty judgment axe.”

The huge fur was still trying in vain to reason with the mare but she was just too shaken to think clearly, her mind locked onto one thing and one thing only; Heavenly Avengers. Laura continued to ramble on, almost unintelligible at times about her shocking discovery.

“P ... Please don't judge me to be wicked” she begged, bowing down to the huge stallion as if he were a god. “It was a job that I hated completely. I ... I didn't want to do what I had to do, I'm telling you! I was an unwilling party to being their agent towards the Lord's children!” Finally the stallion had had just about enough of this stupidity concerning mistaken identity and he decided to put a stop to it.

“We Are Not Avengers!” he said loudly and quite tersely, grabbing the mare's shoulders and giving her a slight shake to snap her out of her trance-like state. “We are just ... different from you, that's all. We are not harbingers of destruction as you might suggest.”

“But she has rejected the mark of mere mortal furs!” the mare stated again with tears running down her muzzle from fright, pointing at Victoria's wrist. “She is an Avenger! You are both Avengers, the Vanguard for destruction of all furkind's wickedness!” The smallish equine femme then broke down in tears, unable to control her emotions as she rambled on between sobs about furkind's pending end of days.

The stallion was mulling it over in his mind, trying to decide if his next move would be the right one or not in this situation. It was just going to be a coin toss as he got the mare's attention once more and said to her in a very serious tone of voice, “We're not Avengers Laura, we're Immortals.” That caused Laura to stop in mid-sentence and stare wide-eyed at the huge fur.

Once Torvald had her full attention, he said it again to make it stick in her equine brain. “We're Immortals, Ms. Dunsmuir. Do you understand me?” She finally closed her mouth and slowly nodded at him as he helped her up onto the couch and he then sat down between his mate and the pony to explain further.

“Her tattoo was like an injury to her body that healed itself” he told the dentist mare. “If we are injured, we will heal very quickly.” He then took his Buck knife out and cut the edge of his thumb just enough to bleed. It barely bled before it predictably began to heal right before the mare's eyes. This caused the pony to faint straight away.

While all of this was going on, Victoria had slid over close to her husband, leaning against him as she began to sob again. “Torvald, let's go home, please?” she begged of him, using her paw to turn his head and force him to look at her. “Let's tell Odin and Christopher we're both tired and we want to go home. I don't think I want to be an agent for the Gods any longer.” She sniffed then blew her nose again before she added “Some other agents can finish this mission for us. We've done it for the other agents, how about we let them return the favor this time?”

“You're sure of this?” her husband asked, getting up off the couch and stepping to the middle of the room.

“I'm sure. See if we can just go home and skip this one” she replied quietly, giving him a small nod of the head to reinforce what she had just said to him.

“OK, I'll go talk with the boss so you keep an eye on our guest, she's fainted on me” he pointed out. “Her name is Laura Dunsmuir. She called a doctor to come out and look at you so find something to be sick over.”

“I do have an upset stomach from crying” she said softly, swallowing hard from the ache in the pit of her gut.

“I'll be back as quickly as possible” the huge fur said as he cleared his mind and looked up at the ceiling. “Christoph ...” He was gone just that quick, not able to even finish one word before the room went white around him.

...As the whiteness turned back into scenery, Torvald could see that he was in a room of some sort, standing in front of a desk that *The Son* was currently sitting behind. That desk was mounded over with an incredible amount of paperwork, files and folders. Momentarily the lion looked up and regarded the stallion before he spoke.

“Torvald, I've been expecting you” he said with a weary voice, motioning to a chair beside the desk. “This mess on my desk is your emergency mission” he stated as he indicated the desktop with great flourish.

The stallion sat down, looking at the mound of documents with great confusion. “Victoria and I were given a small file to review, maybe this thick” Torvald retorted, indicating a 1” thick folder. “It was not like this at all.” The stallion was thinking that something had gone wrong with this mission at some point in time.

“Did you look at the dates in your files?” Christopher asked, giving him all of his attention.

“No, I did not” the huge fur replied. “Did I miss something?”

“This 'emergency' mission is 41 years old, Torvald” the lion pointed out. “The Counsel of Elders didn't tell us that the mission did not come to resolution after the first thirty days. Your mission was swept under the carpet by the Elders so many times it became a mountain” he added, indicating his desk. “You're in a very bad situation, my friend.”

“You know, Victoria said she wants to pass this time” the huge fur stated, trying to get comfortable in his chair. “She's real upset about the situation. She had her ...” *The Son* cut him off quickly.

“I know all about it” Christopher retorted with a sour look on his face, holding up a copy of her identification file. The photo of the tigress on the file clearly displayed the bright purple tips of the caps in her mouth. “This mission has become very dangerous for Victoria, I'll have you know. I have

checked and found out that you have a possible terminal score of 39.1% which is not too bad but Victoria has an 88.3% terminal score so far and it's climbing. That *is* bad.”

“Oh no ...” Torvald said quietly, mulling things over in his mind. This meant that he would have to keep a close eye on his mate somehow. He started to say something when Christopher spoke up again.

“Look these files over” he directed as a single thick folder materialized in his paws. Handing the files to Torvald he added “This is what you need to know right off the bat. Each section has a reference number so if you need more information, Denise Berger or her assistant can bring the appropriate file to you.”

“Thank you” the huge fur said as he peeked at the top sheet that showed the contents. The lion then held out his paw, giving Torvald a Norse pawshake which was something he normally didn't do.

“I will get you some replacements but you must stay with the mission at paw for now” *The Son* said as he thought about which agents would be open for another mission. “You and your mate will be our advance scouts for now. Just as soon as another couple, hopefully an equine husband & wife couple becomes available, I will get you two out of there. This I promise you.”

“OK, we will be waiting to hear something” the huge fur said as he stood up and stepped away from the desk a few steps. “Uh ... Could you please put me back into my bedroom? We have company over” he asked as the room suddenly turned to white.

Once the whiteness had turned back into scenery, he could make out that he was in his house but the room he had been put back into was dark. He started to move towards the outline of the door that he could see in the darkness but stopped to listen, hearing two femme and one male voice in the house. Setting his file folder on the dresser, he straightened his clothes and headed for the living room.

“Oh, there he is now” his tigress said as she got up from the couch and came over to where Torvald had stopped in the hallway, giving him a small kiss on the cheek. “The gentlefur is a cleric” she whispered, motioning with her eyes towards the zebra sitting in the wingback chair. She then took his paw and led him out to the couch where she sat back down. It was obvious to the huge fur that his mate had gotten over her blue funk, sounding much better than she had earlier.

“Hello, I'm Reverend Johnny Lee Roundtree” the zebra proffered up with a decided deep southern accent, reaching out to give Torvald a pawshake. “I'm Laura's pas ...” The smaller striped equine suddenly froze in his tracks when their paws touched. The reverend could see Torvald's life flashing in front of him, like a teenager's badly made home movie on OurTube®.

He saw Torvald's life from the time he was a very small colt through to adulthood. There was the huge fur's marriage to Wilhelmine Andersdatter and their three children's births. His traumatic death on the battlefield in Saxony played out in the striped pastor's mind followed by his subsequent trip to Valhalla. It was scaring the fur of the cloth to see him with the mage in Seattle, the sawmill on the east coast during the depression, his job at a steel mill and all of the other stages in Torvald's long, immortal life. The reverend recognized the landscape when Torvald's tour of duty in Vietnam played, the berserker in his killing rage while mowing down the enemy with a M60 squad carbine. He saw the huge fur's marriage to Victoria with her sister Valerie and the ocelot Barbara being the two bride's maids. Rev.

Roundtree had a real frightened look cross his muzzle when he observed the meetings with Surt, Zagam, Thammuz and Beoram, noting that Torvald used his Dane axe to dispatch Zagam, the demon king by beheading him, just like the scriptures said would happen to the wicked. The last mental image that he saw before this fractured film quit playing in his head was Victoria and Torvald standing in a riparian alpine meadow, conversing with *The Son*.

“The judgment axe ... you used the judgment axe ...” the striped equine said as he slowly sat back down, still staring at the berserker with awe. “Are you an Avenger?” he asked very carefully, then suddenly turning his head towards Victoria in realization. “You and she were standing with our Savior in his heavenly home ... No, you can't be ... You ... She...” he said, his voice trailing off. He then knelt down and began to loudly pray for the redemption of his soul, sure that *The Son* had sent the Avengers to judge and destroy him.

“WE ARE NOT AVENGERS, DAMMIT!!” the huge fur shouted in frustration, almost causing the reverend to fall over from being startled. “Pastor, we are not, and I seriously stress that we are *Not* Avengers” he told the zebra once he had the smaller equines' attention. “I'm not sure exactly what an Avenger is but we are certainly not who or what you think we are.”

“I saw you with an axe ... the judgment axe ...” the striped equine stated, then he carefully thought about it for a minute. “You haven't struck me down ... why haven't you passed judgment on me?”

“I won't pass judgment or strike you down” the huge fur replied tiredly as he sat down next to his mate. “For one, I'm a police officer, sworn to uphold the law. For two, I'm not an Avenger. Do you need any further reasons why I won't strike you down?”

“Errm, well no, I guess those are very good reasons ...” the reverend responded. “It's just that ... well ... I thought I saw ...” He looked up at the huge fur in confusion as he said rather tentatively “I was sure I saw you and your tigress talking with *The Son*. Just now, when your paw touched mine.” Torvald looked at the reverend with one eyebrow lifted, drumming his fingers of his left paw on his knee before he finally spoke up.

“Have you been getting enough sleep at night?” he queried, giving the smaller equine a questioning look. “Or maybe you're under a lot of stress at work or home ...” Torvald stopped for a moment and then shook his head as he smiled and said “There I go again, being the counselor.” He chuckled as he told the zebra “I sometimes can't turn my job off at the office door and I end up bringing it home with me.” This outburst by the huge fur seemed to lighten the mood in the room for all present. Momentarily the doorbell rang again, reminding the berserker that a doctor had been called to their residence.

He went to the door and opened it, only to have to look up to see the doctor, a very tall giraffe, standing there with a smile on his muzzle. “Uh, is this the ... uh ...” The doctor had to look at his notepad in his shirt pocket for a moment. “Is this the Svensen residence?”

“Yes, you are at the right home” Torvald said as he beckoned the physician inside. “I'm Torvald Svensen” he proffered up as he shook the doctor's paw.

“I'm Doctor Robert Mollenkopf” the giraffe replied, giving the equine a smile. “Laura called me about your tigress” he pointed out, motioning towards Victoria who was sitting on the couch. Something about his voice triggered a memory in the feline's head as she looked up to confirm her thoughts.

“You were the one that told them not to drug me again last night” she said cautiously to the tall fur. “You said I had been given too much as it was and not to give me any more.”

“I remember you, tigress” the doctor stated as he knelt down in front of her and checked her eyes for response with a flashlight. “You were being kept almost completely out of it until I said something to the staff. You were in a delirious state from the drugs, telling the staff that crazy story that your last name was Svensen.” He took her right wrist and began to check her pulse when he noticed that she didn't have a tattoo or that her fur wasn't trimmed off. “Weren't you processed today?” he queried, looking her wrist over quite carefully, going to the extent of parting the fur to see if there was a tattoo underneath.

“Robert, you'd better sit down” the mare said with a serious tone to her voice. “They're going to share something with you that'll blow your mind.” Once the now-confused doctor had taken a seat, Torvald looked at his mate as he passed her his Buck knife. She nodded, opened the blade and cut her palm pad enough to cause it to bleed. Very predictably, it began to heal right in front of the visitors.

“What the ...?!?” the doctor exclaimed, checking Victoria's palm very closely. By this time the cut had closed and the injury site was turning colors from pink to match the dark brown of her pads. “Who are you? Or should I say *what are you ...?*?” he asked cautiously, scooting away from the tigress. “Are you an ...” The blond stallion quickly cut him off.

“We are not Avengers” he said wearily. He was shaking his head as he told the doctor “We are just husband and wife that were sent here by a higher power to straighten out a problem for the good of all furkind.”

“But her paw ... that's not normal! *No fur heals that darn quick!!!*” he exclaimed rather loudly. The doctor finally got very quiet as he said a silent prayer to his chosen god. “You are either angels or demons” he said very quietly as he looked at Torvald and his mate. “That is the only explanation for what just happened.”

“Listen to me carefully” Victoria said to the giraffe as she reached out and held his paw. “We are immortals. The only thing that could possibly kill us is a dark agent's weapon. An injury inflicted by mere mortals will not harm us.”

“You're what?!?” Mr. Mollenkopf exclaimed, looking at the tigress in disbelief. After he thought about it for a few moments he said rather bluntly “No, I refuse to believe you're immortal for even one second.”

“Well, what am I then if I'm not immortal?” Victoria asked, giving him her full attention. “You're a learned fur with years of experience, you tell me.”

“Robert, she's got a point” the mare said to her doctor. “You can't argue what you've just seen with your own two eyes.”

“Would you like some more proof?” the huge equine asked, looking over at his mate and mouthing something silently to her. She nodded her head with a slight smile as she motioned towards the tall spotted one with her eyes.

“I'm not sure what proof you can offer me” Robert finally replied, giving Torvald a crooked smile in

return.

The huge equine stood up, cracked his knuckles and shouted “Loke! Hey Loke!” real loud. Within moments, the weasel materialized in the middle of their living room with a huge hammer in his possession.

“Torvald! Victoria! How are my favorite immortals?” he asked, playing with the hammer just a little. “And who are these fine furs with ... What in Asgaard are those things in your mouth?” the weasel exclaimed, going over to stand in front of Victoria. He gave her the hammer to hold as he held her chin up and looked at her mouth in awe, lifting her upper lip to see the caps better. “Tell me who did this to you and I will destroy them personally!” he said rather angrily, taking back the hammer and then noticing the caps over her claws. “Oh this is just not right!” he added, holding her paw up to see it better.

“Don't get excited” the tigress said quickly, pulling her paw back. “I'll deal with it personally. It's part of this world's workings.” She looked at the hammer he was holding and asked “Is that Thor's hammer in your possession?”

“Well, yes it is but don't tell Thor that I have it just yet” the trickster replied. “He played a practical joke on me for a change so I'm paying him back.” The trickster felt the vibrations around him and said excitedly “I must be leaving. I believe he has located me.” Loke stepped away from the furs in the room a few steps and shimmered out.

“Is that enough proof?” the berserker asked, crossing his arms across his chest. “Hhmm?” he added, giving the giraffe an inquiring look. The kind doctor was still looking at Torvald with his jaw hanging open.

“What or who was that?” he said with a stunned look on his muzzle, pointing to the place that the weasel had been standing.

“He is Loke, the trickster.” Torvald replied. “You could say he's a friend of ours.”

“Did anybody else see that?” the doctor asked, looking over at the reverend, who was praying again and then at the mare, who was still staring at the immortals. “Laura, did you see that?” he asked the dentist who was still terribly confused. She slowly turned to gaze at the giraffe, nodding her head slowly.

“Rob, I did see that happen, I think” she said, giving it much thought. “It ... he was a weasel, I think, maybe holding a giant hammer of some kind ...” She slowly turned and looked at Torvald for confirmation of her statements.

“Loke is a weasel” the huge equine confirmed to the pony mare, adding the following snippet; “He is a Norse deity and the hammer that he had in his possession belongs to Thor, the God of Thunder.”

“This is something I just can't go home and tell my mate about” the reverend stated, still shaking his head. “This is just ... too ... out there ...” He still had a stunned look on his muzzle as he gave it more thought.

“So, what do we do now?” the doctor asked, looking at Torvald for direction.

“You could check my tigress mate over for starters” he replied, giving the physician a smile.

The evening ended with the trio agreeing to Torvald's demand of complete secrecy before they left the Svensen home to head to their respective domiciles. It was possible that they were all scared that the immortal couple could still be Avengers and this was the reason that they agreed to his demand with no reservations. The items that Laura had brought for them were a King Richard the 7th Bible, a new West America country history book and a Manual of Rights for the tigress to read and absorb. The mare was going to return to their home after church in the morning to begin her 'crash course' lessons with the immortals.

“Can you believe that department rental fur was trying to trick us?” Torvald commented as he laid in the bed with his mate. “He knew we were supposed to be from Wisconsin so he tried to dupe us about our sleeping arrangements!” Laura had tipped off the couple to this fact when Victoria asked her about the unusual bedroom assignments. The second bedroom the berserker was supposed to use had a sheet of plywood between the mattress and box springs along with tennis balls placed randomly on top of the plywood. The idea was for Torvald to come to work Monday morning with a sore back as a gag. He knew he would have to get even with those furs for that one.

Victoria rolled over to face her husband, putting her arm across his chest and nuzzling against his cheek. “I guess I'm not as upset as I was earlier” she said softly as she gave him a kiss. “I was kind of upset about these caps in my mouth but Laura told me she had put a rush on my order. She said I might have my regular ones by Wednesday.”

“You sound like you're looking forward to having new caps” he noted as he rolled over to face her.

“She says most felines tell her that they can't tell when they're in, they're so comfortable” the tigress proffered up, giving her mate a long, sensual kiss. “I can get some black claw caps while I'm at her office, too” Victoria added, running a finger up and down Torvald's side slowly. She was also beginning to purr just a little. “Besides, I can take those caps out of my mouth at home if I want to.”

“You want to know what I think?” the huge fur asked his tigress.

“What do you think?” she retorted, kissing his cheek.

“I think you might need a little attention to make up for things” her mate commented, kissing her back and pulling her body close to his.

“I think you're right” she replied, reaching up and turning off the lights over the headboard of the master bedroom bed.