

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 Ray Roundtree, Dr. Robert Mollenkopf, Officer William 'Bill' Nellis, Officer Johnathan 'John' Hightower, Richard 'Rick' Carvin, Alan 'Al' Samick, Catherine 'Cathy' Gebhardt and Steven Nanomantube are the property of Kellan Meig'h and may not be published or reproduced in any form without express written permission.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 3

Sunday morning came to find the Svensens still in bed after 9 am, both of them sleeping in for a change. The tigress sorely needed the extra rest, still trying to recover from her chemically-induced forced obedience in the Identification Center. She glanced at the clock and yawned wide, curling her tongue before rolling over towards her mate.

“Torvald, are you awake?” she asked, giving him a gentle nudge in the shoulder just in case he was actually asleep.

“My alarm hasn't gone off, sweetheart” he replied sleepily, pulling the covers up under his chin and drifting off to sleep again.

“Torvald, look at me, please?” she asked, nudging him again, just a little harder this time. The huge fur rolled over to face his mate and opened his eyes just a bit, blinking several times to clear his vision.

“What is it?” he asked, giving her a little kiss.

“I'm sorry if I was being rough on you last night” she apologized, looking somewhat embarrassed by her actions of the previous evening.

“No, I enjoyed every minute of it” he replied to her, giving the tigress a little smile.

“That's not what I meant, funny stallion!” she stated, giving him a playful punch on the shoulder. “I meant *before* we came to bed, when I was in my blue funk over these caps.”

“Oh, *that*” the huge fur said, yawning wide himself. “That was understandable. You were treated pretty badly by the Identification Center from what I've gathered. You know, I'm irked at them too because they knew that I was looking for you but they wouldn't tell me you were there until Friday night late.”

“I didn't know that” Victoria responded. “What I do remember was they would let me get just coherent enough to eat some food and then they would drug me up again. My paws were coated in some kind of material so I couldn't use them at all so some fur had to feed me my meals by paw because of that.”

“What?!?” Torvald exclaimed, giving his mate a strange look. “They had to paw feed you??”

“Yeah, they had to paw feed me and I was left naked in my room, too” she related to her mate. “There were male orderlies that came to see about me the whole time I was there. They all got a free show of my naked body and I'm sure that one of them, a short, stocky chestnut roan stallion wanted to take me, too. He kept making comments about how feisty I might be and he would like to try to wear the stripes

off of my back in bed.”

“He's lucky I didn't catch him talking like that or touching you” the huge fur commented. “I would have wadded him up like a piece of foil. That's not right, if you ask me.” He thought for a moment before he finally said “I don't care why a femme is in that place, male attendants shouldn't be getting a free show no matter what the circumstances.”

“That problem won't go away until this new government's attitude towards certain species goes away” she pointed out, stretching out again. “Well, I'm awake now” she commented before she stretched again for good measure.

“Maybe we should get up and have some breakfast” Torvald suggested, sitting up on the edge of the bed and working the kinks out of his arms and back.

“What would you like for breakfast this morning?” she asked, putting on her favorite robe and tying it around her waist. “I'll be having some cream of wheat this morning, for obvious reasons” she stated, giving her mate a crooked, purple-accented smile.

“I'll have the same and maybe an apple, too” he replied, slipping on his sweatpants. He carefully fished his tail through the hole in the back of his sweats and then quickly used his tail brush to straighten out his tail hair. “And maybe a cup of herbal tea instead of coffee for a change. I need to cut down on that stuff because I think the caffeine is what's making me all jittery feeling here lately.”

“OK, then you can give me a paw in the kitchen this morning” she stated, giving him a sly grin.

“Hey John!” the donkey yelled at his partner, the newest leopard appaloosa stallion on the force. “Get yer hooves over here for a minute and give me a paw, will ya?” Officer Bill Nellis was looking at the remains of some poor fur and he needed some help in making a possible initial identification. He was trying desperately to keep his breakfast down while the odor from the decomposing body wafted up past his nose. Momentarily Officer John Hightower came into view and joined his patrol partner and mentor.

“What's up, Bill?” the muscular young spotted equine asked, looking around at their surroundings. This was a typical shipping and receiving dock area that didn't look to be much of a crime scene. That was until John smelled the carcass and looked down at the blacktop between two of the trailers. The remains of some poor unfortunate fur had been covered by a small tarp courtesy of the trucking company to preserve the scene but it was clear that this would turn out to be a gruesome murder.

He hopped down off of the dock and knelt down on one knee, lifting the tarp to see the body better. The stench that he was rewarded with was causing him to wrinkle his nose at the smell. “It might have been a skunk at one time” he commented, taking out a stick of cinnamon gum and popping it into his mouth, hoping the flavor would cover the smell that was beginning to build up. He then put on some nitrile gloves to keep his pawprints off of any possible evidence.

“How can you be so close to that body without getting sick to yer stomach, dude? That's just gross as all hell” the donkey stated, taking a deep breath and holding it before hopping down to join his partner. “We need to fold up that tarp so forensics can check it out” he stated, skirting the dead body to get to

the other side so they could fold the tarp. Once the covering was removed, the full impact of what had happened was clear. This unfortunate creature had been fully dismembered and the aggregate parts piled back up with great care to send a clear message to others.

“I think we need a detective and a coroner” the younger equine stated. “You're the ranking fur, Bill. You want to call it in?” he asked as he shook his head in disgust. He looked up to see his partner nodding and motioning with his paws for tape. “This is the 3rd one this year” John commented to himself as he went to the cruiser to get the crime scene tape from the trunk.

Bill scratched the side of his muzzle as he carefully looked the crime scene over again, taking notes concerning the site. It was just like the others; not a trace of blood leading away from the dead fur, meaning that the body hadn't been cut up here and the body parts were stacked up with sick precision. There was also the calling card from the perpetrator present at the scene; an unscratched \$5 dollar Lotto 'Double Or Nothing' scratcher ticket in the victim's right paw. The smaller equine took his radio out of its holster and waited just a moment before he called in. “6 Alpha 17, requesting a Delta unit, a Charlie unit and a Coroner at 470 Kiernan at the dock area. We have another D-M'ed DB.” He then walked a few yards away from the victim and stood there, trying to clear his head and keep from throwing up.

Across the street in a combination gas station/convenience store, a nondescript late model white Datsun ¾ ton pick-up with a camper shell sat facing the driveway for the business. A smallish buckskin equine occupant was watching intently with binoculars at the scene unfolding before him. He smiled a devious smile when the tarp was removed from the unfortunate fur, the donkey that had a hold of one side of the tarp looking rather green around the edges from the sight and smell. The smallish equine started the engine to his truck and slowly pulled out into the street, headed towards his home. He carelessly flicked his cigarette out the window of his truck as his tires hit the street.

The immortal couple had finished breakfast and the huge fur was being helpful, doing the dishes from their morning fare. “That hit the spot for me” Torvald commented, drying the dishes and putting them away in the cabinets. Victoria was busy wiping down the electric cooktop and the nearby counter tops.

“That *was* rather tasty” she commented, turning to look at her husband. “Why is it that some things are tastier on different parallel worlds?” she queried, hanging the dishtowel on the handle for the oven. “Like that time we were in 1897 Indiana, for instance. The tea there was just out of this world delicious!”

“I don't know” the huge fur replied as he hugged his mate and gave her a kiss on the cheek. “The cream of wheat here is not like ours on our homeworld. Maybe I can figure out how to take some home with us.”

“Maybe pack some with our clothes when we get ready to leave?” she suggested, giving him a loving kiss in return. “They always move our clothes bags in one pile, you know.” Denise Berger usually put their personal things back in the bedroom at their true home for them, making it easier to find their belongings after a mission was over with. While the immortals were cuddling in the kitchen, his department cellphone began to ring. He looked at his mate, giving her a crooked smile before answering the call.

“Detective Svensen” he answered, getting the phone at a comfortable listening distance from his ear.

He listened to the fur on the other end talk for a moment before he replied and it was obvious that he didn't want to hear what he had just heard. "Sure, I'm up for some overtime" he stated, listening to the directions to the location of the crime while he wrote them down on a notepad.

"I have to work this morning" he told his wife after hanging up the call. "There's a dead body that I need to go investigate." The tigress cringed at the thought of what her hubby was having to do right after eating, of all things.

"This almost feels like we're not on a mission with you having to work your real job as a cover" she commented, giving him another loving hug. "I'll start doing some studying while you take care of your mission day job."

"Yeah, maybe I won't be gone all day" he said, finishing the last of his tea before beginning to get dressed. "I'll bring something home for lunch if I'm not gone too long." His mate helped him to find his favorite dark red based Tabasco® tie hidden among his other ties and his brown dress belt while he slipped on his dark gray slacks along with a short sleeved white dress shirt. She helped him to put on his left-pawed cross draw holster and then passed him his major tools of the trade from their gun safe; his 5 ½" barreled Ruger Redhawk in .44 magnum, several speed loaders and his police badge, number 3781. He seemed to get this number often when he had a police day job cover on a mission.

"You did get a bullet-resistant vest issued by the department, didn't you?" she asked, and then quickly shook her head as the realization set in. "Like you really need one, my love" she commented, looking down at the floor in embarrassment. He was smiling when she remembered he really didn't need one, being immortal and all.

"I have one issued and as always I will still have to wear it for show" he said, giving her a kiss on the cheek. He took out his navy blue windbreaker jacket from the closet, the one with 'POLICE' silk screened in vibrant yellow on the back and slipped it on. "OK, I'm off to the crime scene" he said as he went out the front door but not before giving his mate a very deep, sensual kiss.

"I wish he wouldn't do that" the tigress said to herself with a wistful smile as she watched him back out of the driveway and drive off. "Now I want him to come home again to finish what he just started." Then the realization hit her; she was in her mating cycle, not having her normal medication to hold it off with her on this mission. "Oh Damn!" she spat out to no fur in particular as she shook her head in disgust. Now she knew why those stallions at the Identification Center were acting so strange around her. The tigress, and other feline femmes in general had a profound effect on male equines when they were in season. That's why she was so moody last night and her hubby was paying too much extra attention to her this morning. This would be *just one more thing* to have to deal with on this mission.

The two equines were drinking beer in the elder one's home, a very modest but carefully kept up mobile home situated in a nondescript mobile home park on the northern outskirts of Keyes, CA. The somewhat noisy rooftop air conditioning was keeping it cool inside even though it was climbing well past 90° outdoors and it might just break 100° today. Both of them had a buzz on and they would most likely continue to drink until the younger one passed out at some point this afternoon.

"You shoulda seen that cop's face" the buckskin said to his partner, a chestnut roan. "He turned green at the sight of that sorry stinker we cut up" he stated, taking another drink of his cheap beer. "You shoulda

came with me and watched, it was that funny.” His drinking partner shook his head as he looked up at the buckskin in disgust.

“I don't think that fur deserved that” he said in a somber tone. “It wasn't his fault that he wanted to live here where he could earn a living. You know the USA for the most part is in a major recession while we have jobs running out of our ears. I would do it too if I were in that position.”

“That skunk deserved what he got!” the younger one stated tersely. “He personally took a job away from one of the chosen ones, for starters!” He looked to see that this struck a chord with the elder equine.

“There you go with that 'chosen ones' stuff again” the chestnut roan said in a sour tone, looking at the younger one with disgust. “You show me where it says in the bible that certain species are chosen over others and I'll believe you.”

“Alan, It's all in 3rd Herald, 6:11 to 6:23” the buckskin pointed out. “Our lord said that our worship should be of a pure kind, given from our hearts.” He then took another swig of his brew, emptying the bottle. “You up for another beer?” he asked, getting up to get himself another beer and use the facilities while he was at it.

“You're reading between the lines if you think that gives you the right to kill another fur” the older equine yelled out through the house. “Richard, you dated a hamster in high school and you almost married a mongoose if I remember right” the chestnut roan pointed out as his drinking partner returned to the kitchen. “That makes you a heretic *and* a blasphemer by your thinking.” He thought for a moment and asked “Bring me a Coors, would ya?” He slid his not-quite half empty bottle of Rolling Rock off to the side, not caring for the flavor as it got slightly warm on him. Alan wasn't a heavy drinker like Richard so his beer most of the times got warm on him before he finished them and Rolling Rock was terrible when it got warm in Alan's opinion.

“I wasn't with the Church of Faith when Berniece and I almost got hitched” Richard pointed out to Alan while he dug around in the refrigerator for their refreshments. “I was forgiven my offenses when I became a member.” He sat the can of Coors on the table for his drinking buddy and then opened his bottle of Rolling Rock, taking a long swig from it.

“What about the 13 Commandments?” Alan proffered up, opening up his beer. “You broke a Commandment when you helped to kill that poor fur. That can't be forgiven.”

“He wasn't one of the chosen” the buckskin stated as he pulled out a pack of smokes from his shirt pocket. Taking a cigarette out and putting it in the corner of his mouth he added “If he's not chosen, then it didn't matter if some fur killed him. Besides, my job was just to watch out for the cops while they deposited him in that shipping yard.”

“You know Richard, I think I'll point this out to you. I know what 3rd Herald says and it says no such thing about being chosen!” Alan said tersely. “My mother made me study that Bible so much that I can still quote chapter and verse from the Old, Transitional and New testaments to this day! It does say in the Old Testaments 'Thou shalt not take another fur's life.' You've done that just as sure as if you had killed that fur by yourself. You're a party to his murder and you'll probably get found out and arrested, too.”

“You act like you like those other species” Richard proffered up, lighting up his cigarette. He took a long drag off of it before he changed the subject by asking, “Anything new come through the center?”

“Just a mouthy male stoat that stunk like he'd lived his whole life in a dumpster and this one real pretty tigress” the chestnut roan replied, thinking about her beautiful striping. “She was dressed real nice when they brought her in Thursday night from Turlock and she was in season, I think because her scent was driving me completely crazy with lust just to be around her. All my mind could think about while I fed her was to take her to bed and have wild, sinful sex with her all night long.” He took a sip of his Coors and continued his story. “I'm sure that Clyde Moraine was being affected by her too. I tried to talk to him after he moved her to an examination room and all he could do was make disjointed, crazy-sounding statements.” Alan was shaking his head as he thought about the situation. “It really wasn't funny but Clyde's eyes were sorta glazed over, he was in that bad of a shape.”

The buckskin took a long drag from his smoke before he asked, “You don't see many femme tigress' around here, that's for certain. What was she anyway, a hooker or a feral capture? ”

“I'm not sure but theres not a chance she was either one, Richard” Alan replied to his neighbor and drinking partner. “She was very intelligent sounding, you know, very educated when she wasn't all drugged up by those ass-wipes at the center. Poor femme, they would drug her up right after she ate her meals just to keep her quiet.” He waited before he added this snippet of information; “Her protector is this giant blond stallion who's a cop. He makes Ol' Clyde Moraine look small by comparison; he had to duck slightly to go through the doorways or his head would brush the door frame. He also looked like he could punch out a semi-truck. He's a giant, I'm tellin' ya.”

“He sounds like a big'un for sure” Richard stated and then took another swig of his beer. “You know, this tigress you were talking about is just the kind of femme that the Legion would abuse the hell out of for days before they killed her, making a very graphic example out of her. Her dead striped carcass would make the 10 o'clock news without a doubt.”

“Don't even think about getting involved with something like that tigress' murder!” Alan said sourly. “You would end up going to jail for her murder as sure as we're sitting here talking about it. Aren't you afraid of what would happen to you in jail?”

“Nothin' would happen to me” the younger equine said confidently.

“Oh yeah?” Alan shot back quickly. “You would just end up some bigger fur's femme friend, giving him pleasure whenever he wanted it from you” the stocky equine stated. “You'd be different after being in jail.”

“I don't think so” Richard stated, beginning to take a sip of his beer.

“Don't think so? Go ask John Carpenter across the way” the chestnut roan stallion retorted, causing Richard to set his beer back down from the seriousness to the tone of his voice. “He was down in Soledad for a year and he's way different now that he's out. He told me the other day that he would rather die than go back and be some dude's femme friend again.” that piece of information caused the buckskin to get very quiet. “Apparently John doesn't like taking it up the ass.”

“Is that what's wrong with him?” Richard asked, looking out the window at the neighboring mobile home. He had noted that John wasn't boisterous like he used to be, the last time he had seen him

outside his home.

“Yeah, that's exactly what's wrong with Ol' John Carpenter” Alan replied with a smile on his muzzle. “I suggest you forget about the tigress, too. There's no doubt in my mind that her protector would tear you limb from limb if you so much as hurt her.” The chestnut roan equine waited for a moment before he added “You would most likely suffer greatly at his paws while his police buddies all looked the other way. I heard rumors at the center that they might be husband and wife from back east that didn't know about our laws before they moved here.” This caused the buckskin to swallow hard at the mental images of a huge blond fur slowly tearing him apart with his bare paws.

“You know, Alan, maybe you're right” Richard finally stated, still shuddering at the thought of the huge, blond stallion killing him by paw for hurting the tigress. “I think I'll just forget I ever thought about being a member of the legion. I think I'll try to stay out of jail for my own damned good.”

Alan sat there and sipped his beer, thinking about what had just transpired in his kitchen. He didn't want to see Richard involved with these furs and he hoped that his talk with him had convinced the buckskin to forget this notion that The Legion was a group worth joining. He knew Richard was a good fur, just maybe a bit misguided by some talk of what this Legion stood for. Alan knew he had to keep Richard away from that influence before he got involved with what some furs considered sanctioned crime.

Torvald cruised down Kiernan Avenue, looking for his destination as he listened to the chatter on the police 2-way radio set to TAC-3. He finally spotted the building in question and pulled into the driveway only to be stopped by an older uniformed mule. “Need to see some ID, Sir” the officer stated, giving Torvald a hard stare as he waited for the huge fur to pull out his badge. Once the blond stallion had produced his identification for the older equine's scrutiny, the mule lifted the crime scene tape, allowing the detective to park his car in a nearby parking spot. Torvald then got out of his vehicle and approached the ranking officer to introduce himself.

“So you're the lucky fur that got that dark red undercover cruiser” Officer Nellis stated, giving Torvald a warm pawshake as he introduced himself. “I'm Officer William Nellis but you can call me Bill” he said, directing the huge fur over to the crime scene. “This is my partner, Officer John Hightower” he added, indicating the appaloosa stallion taking some notes for their report.

“I'm Detective Torvald Svensen” the blond equine stated as he gave John a warm pawshake and then slipped on his favorite Ray-Ban Wayfarers. “I'm supposed to work as a counselor at the Identification Center but they called me in today to help out with things.”

“Well, this one's the third murder in the last year with a similar MO” he pointed out, indicating the body that now had been covered by a white Tyvek sheet. “The poor fur was possibly killed by being dismembered alive, according to the CSI fur over there” he added, pointing out a slender femme okapi snapping pictures. Torvald excused himself and headed over to meet up with the investigator to see how he could help out, not being familiar with this situation.

“Don't step there!” the semi-striped femme fur shouted, motioning for Torvald to take a circuitous route around the body. “Watch out for that cigarette butt right there” she added, giving the blond fur a scowl as she pointed out the object in question.

Once he was close enough, he greeted the investigator. "I'm Detective Svensen" the huge fur stated, putting out his paw to give the okapi a pawshake.

"Oh, uh ... I'm Catherine Gebhardt, Modesto CSI" she replied while she was still trying to line up a shot, finally reluctantly taking his paw and giving it a soft pawshake.

"Is there something wrong?" he asked, noticing her discomfort with his proximity to her.

"Uh, no, it's just ..." She looked up at him as she swallowed hard before she continued. "It's just that I can smell your ... charge's musk on you" she finally confessed. "She's a feline, a tigress if I have my information right."

"I'm sorry about that" the huge fur said as he stood there, embarrassed as all hell over this small problem. "I guess I should have showered before I came over here."

"No, that's not necessary" she said quickly. "It's ... it's just distracting to me. She must be in her mating cycle for her pheromones to be hanging that heavy around you" the investigator added, taking another photo of the dead fur with her EOS Rebel XT camera.

Now the huge fur knew why his mate was very moody and needing all that extra attention. He would have to get her to the doctor soon to obtain some prescription medication to counteract her mating cycle. It was either that or he was going to be one tired stallion before the coming week was out.

Victoria was sitting cross-legged on the couch, referring to her laptop that she had finally coaxed into getting Internet connectivity while she read the West America history book. Because the country was so new, the history book was still fraught with errors concerning key points in the struggle for independence. What really bothered her was the underlying reasons for this break-away. There were church leaders that had worked diligently for over 20 years to put equine, cervine and bovine leaders into political power in the 11 western states. These leaders then massed their state militias on the border to declare independence from the USA, citing their need for a country where the church would have an active part in dictating doctrine and policy. The bloody war that followed made the American civil war look like a Sunday church meeting with almost 3 million furs killed in the war in the first 2 years alone.

What surprised the tigress was the willingness by the USA to bomb all 11 state capitols to humble the opposition's armies. All of the capitols had been rebuilt after the war with the exception of Sacramento. It had been cleaned up of the rubble and turned into a large green belt in the middle of the city for the public to enjoy and reflect upon the atrocities of war. After much debate, Modesto had been named the new state capitol. While she was researching this topic, some fur knocked at the door.

Getting up to answer the door, she opened it to see Laura standing on their front porch. "I hope I didn't wake you" the smallish mare said, noticing that Victoria was still wearing her robe.

"No, I've been up for ages" she replied, motioning for Laura to come in. "I've been trying to get the air conditioning to get warmer in here but it seems to like 66° the best. It doesn't want to change temperature, either."

The pony mare smiled as she said “It's probably on the network to manage the energy consumption,” picking up the phone and dialing a phone number she had memorized. Once the fur on the other end answered, she identified herself and then asked the question; “Hey Ralph, I'm at 1040 Magnolia and the house is way too cool. Is this home on county EMS or do we have a faulty thermostat?” She listened for a minute and then nodded. “Thanks, Ralph. Tell your wife I said hello.” After hanging up the phone, Laura then turned to Victoria and said “You have control again. The system will learn your habits and then take over again in a week.”

“How did you know to call whomever it was you called?” the tigress asked, noting that the house was getting warmer and just a little more comfortable for her.

“I used to be married to a police fur” she said with a wistful sound in her voice. “Our house was on the county EMS system. Supposedly it saved the county a big chunk of change on the utility bills.” It was clear that this brought back a few bittersweet memories to the bay colored pony. “Uh, you might want to turn the A/C back on. Ralph put the house on local control so I'm positive the system is off now.” The tigress went to the control t-stat in the hallway to see that Laura was right. Setting the house temperature to 72, she went back to join her company.

The mare was looking at the tigress sort of funny so Victoria asked “Is something wrong?” Laura seemed speechless in response for just a few moments before she answered the striped femme.

“I don't know how to ask this politely” she replied, looking terribly uncomfortable. “Are you in your mating cycle?” The tigress looked at her weird because it was a strange thing to ask but it was the truth. “The reason I asked you is because your pheromones are really having an effect on me. I'm not lesbian or bisexual and I still feel the urge to make love to you.”

“Oh NO!” the tigress blurted out, facepawing herself. “I'm so sorry it bothers you that badly but I don't have my medications with me to counteract it with.” Victoria looked pleadingly at the mare as she asked, “Do you know where I can get a prescription filled from an out of town doctor?”

“Yeah, I know a pharmacist that will fill your prescriptions for you” she commented, giving Victoria a smile. “Get your prescriptions and I'll take you over there myself.” the tigress quickly beat feet into the master bedroom and went into the walk-in closet, closing the sliding door behind her.

“Denise?” she said not too loudly, giving the skunkette plenty of room to shimmer in. “Denise! I need help with...” The tigress felt the tingling around her as her rescuer made her appearance.

“I'm already on it” the black and white femme said with a smile. “Here's a prescription for your meds that will check out just ... fine ... What are those things in your mouth?!?” she blurted out, lifting Victoria's chin to see her caps better. She thought for a moment and asked cautiously “The eleven western states have went breakaway from the US, right?”

“How did you know?” Victoria asked, her curiosity peaked by this knowledge.

“Well ... uh ... erm ...” The skunkette was stumbling over her words, trying to decide if she really should say something about the previous happenings here or not.

“Tell me ... please? What is it?” the tigress begged, getting a feeling of dread in the pit of her stomach.

“I’ll probably get in trouble for telling you this but we had 2 agents that were killed here, just a short while back” the smaller femme finally proffered up. “They were husband and wife, feline and equine. They were dismembered alive.”

This news caused the tigress to get sick to her stomach, needing to run to the bathroom to throw up. She knew in her heart exactly who the unfortunate victims were; they were the Kurzweils, James and Willi Marie's parents. Denise was going to go see about the tigress when she heard Laura coming to do the same. She quickly shimmered out but not before leaving Victoria's prescriptions on her dresser for her.