

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, Marie Moraine, Rev. Johnny Ray Roundtree, Dr. Robert Mollenkopf, Officer William 'Bill' Nellis, Officer Johnathan 'John' Hightower, Officer Kimberley Taylor, Richard 'Rick' Carvin, Alan 'Al' Samick, Catherine 'Cathy' Gebhardt, Matthew 'Matt' Black, Joyce 'Jo' Black, Daniel 'Dan' Tasker, El Casa Del Burrito® and Steven Nanomantube are the property of Kellan Meig'h and may not be published or reproduced in any form without express written permission.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 4

The elderly fur drummed his fingers on the desk top, looking with irritation at the clock over the fireplace in his study. It was well past the time that Blade would have called so the fur was getting very impatient with the situation. He reached for the telephone to call Blade just as it began to ring. Momentarily startled, he drew his paw back, then went ahead and picked up the pawset.

“Blade?” he queried, the Caller ID showing the phone number 123-4567 on the display.

“It's me, Checksum, Sir” the fur on the other end replied, sounding slightly out of breath. “I don't have much of anything for you this week.” The elderly fur sat and pondered that information for a moment as he prepared his Cuban Corona Grande cigar with a clipper.

“Nothing new at the Center?” Checksum asked, putting the phone on his shoulder so he could light up his smoke.

“A tigress came through the end of the week” the fur on the other end replied, hoping this information would satisfy his boss.

“Feral or a border capture?” the elderly fur queried.

“No way, Sir” Blade replied. “She's under the protection of an equine cop, Sir. Rumor has it they're husband and wife from Wisconsin, Sir and they didn't know about our laws.”

“That's too bad, Blade. Scout them, please” he directed, thinking of the ramifications this would bring. “Find out all you can about them. Leave no stone unturned.” He thought for a moment before he added “Mark them off-limits until we know more about them. They may *not* be like the last ones we dealt with.”

“Yes Sir, Checksum” the fur on the other end replied as the elderly fur hung up the phone.

Blade sat his cellphone down, thinking things had just changed for the worse. He picked up his second cellphone, put the battery in it, turned it on and placed a call, waiting for the fur on the other end to pick up.

“Alan here” the fur stated, noting the Caller ID on his phone. The chestnut roan stallion knew this number by heart; this was his deep contact within the organization.

“Matt calling with information, Alan, Sir.”

“What is it?”

“Victoria Tigress and her mate are marked off-limits, Sir. Orders from Checksum direct.”

“Thanks, Matt” Alan replied. “I was wondering if he would make that request once he was tipped off to their presence.”

“Shall I continue operations?” Matt asked.

“Sure. Uh, go ahead and scout them, using your best judgment as to what to tell the council. I'm positive Checksum is still in the dark as far as our operations are concerned.”

“Alan, maybe I should pass this along to you. The clerk at the center told me he felt something around the tigress and the huge equine. He thinks that the tigress and her stallion protector might be agents” Matt stated, knowing full well the ramifications it brought with that statement.

“We need to know for sure this time” Alan pointed out. “We can't let harm fall to them if they're the Lord's agents. We would surely be damned to go to Hell for not protecting them.” He swallowed hard, thinking that he might already be damned for inadvertently allowing the Kurzweils to be killed by *The Legion*.

“I'll find out if they're agents, Sir” Matt affirmed. “Anything else?”

“No, that's all for now” Alan replied. “Try to be safe and above all, keep your profile low. No need to bring attention to yourself.”

Alan waited after Matt had hung up to make sure the line was cleared before he returned to his meal. He smiled when the green LED on the phone flickered on momentarily, indicating no taps were present. This just might be the beginning of the end for the tigress and her mate, he thought. If there was just some way of warning them without getting caught ...

Torvald had marked off the tire tracks in the mud by the driveway to the gas station across the street and coned off the cigarette butt lying in the street. It was the same brand as the one that was found near the dead body so it might be of importance to this investigation. He was currently inside the store, trying to get the cashier to call the manager down and hopefully obtain the VHS tape in the security camera's recorder.

“I'm tellin' ya, he's not home because he went camping yesterday and I don't know his cell phone number” the donkey behind the register replied to the huge fur for a third time. “I've never needed to call 'em when he's camping so I don't know his mobile number. I'm also not sure if he's back home, either.”

“What if you have trouble in the store ... No, just forget it. I will find out the manager's whereabouts myself” Torvald stated, deciding to get the information another way. He looked at the alarm permit, getting the number off of it. He called the station's direct line and waited patiently for some fur to pick

up.

“Modesto Metro, Officer Kimberley Taylor” the femme fur on the other end said in a professional manner.

“This is Detective Svensen, badge 3781. I need the contact information for alarm permit number 1-60474-167-8” he stated, waiting patiently while the desk fur located this information for him. Torvald wrote down the name and numbers given on the permit paperwork, hoping they might be at home this morning. Torvald dialed the number and listened while it connected and began to ring. On the third ring, some young little fur answered the phone.

“Hello?” the very young femme voice said in a questioning tone.

“Hello, little one” Torvald replied, smiling at the cute tone of voice on the other end. “I’m with the police department, sweetheart. I need to talk to Casey Smith please, if he’s home.”

“OK, Mister” the little one said and began running through her house with what was obviously a cordless phone, hollering for her daddy. Once she had found him, the huge fur heard her tell her father who was on the phone.

“You better not be playing a trick on me, Melissa” the male voice said as he took the phone from the child. “Casey Smith speaking. May I help you?” he said into the pawset, waiting for Torvald to reply.

“This is detective Torvald Svensen with the Modesto PD” the huge fur stated. “We need the videotape from your store security camera for an ongoing investigation.”

“You know the drill” the male on the other end stated. “It’s where it’s always been. If it won’t eject, just take the whole thing, same as before.”

“Uh ... I’m new to this department so I don’t know the drill, as you say” the huge fur retorted.

“I’m sorry, detective” the male said sheepishly. “It’s under the counter, near the cash register. It has an empty cigarette carton taped to the front, disguising it. Better let me talk to the clerk so he doesn’t have a fit when you take the tape or machine, whatever the case may be.” Torvald gave his cellphone to the donkey who nodded as he listened to his boss on the other end. He then gave the phone back to the huge fur and took the VHS tape out of the recorder and passed it to Torvald.

“Thank you” the huge fur said to the donkey as he went outside to see a few police furs taking plaster casts of the tire tracks and collecting the cigarette butt that he had coned off.

“I’ll take that, if you don’t mind” Catherine said to Torvald, plucking the tape from his grasp. “I’m wrapping things up here. You can leave your report at the station with a copy in my box, please” she added, giving him a smile. She turned to leave but stopped and looked back at the huge fur. “Could I ask you a somewhat personal question?” she queried, giving him a questioning look.

“Sure, ask away” Torvald replied.

“Is it true ... you know, uh ... Oh Gah ... I really feel uncomfortable asking you this” she said, taking a deep breath before she continued. “Is it true that you’re married to a feline?” It was obvious that she

was uncomfortable asking this. “Not that it matters to me but I've heard ... rumors ... that your feline charge was telling every fur at the center that would listen to her that you were her husband.”

“Well ...” Torvald didn't know how to answer this question. It was apparent that it would get out that they *were* indeed married. “What if we were ... you know, husband and wife? Would we be jailed for being married?”

“I take it you were possibly married out of state” she stated, furrowing her brow in response to his queries. This wasn't looking too good in her opinion.

“Yes, we were married in Wisconsin” he replied. He could say that with a straight face because Victoria's Grandfather had married them in his church outside De Pere, Wisconsin.

“OK, that helps” Catherine said, relieved to hear that the huge fur and his tigress were married out of state as she thought it over in her mind. “No, you wouldn't go to jail for it. Your marriage would be invalid as far as your family status for health insurance and tax filing purposes. Other than that, she would still be a level 1 restricted rights citizen with a few extra rights given her because of being from out of state. Now if you were married in this state” she continued, “both of you and the fur that performed the marriage would go to jail for 2 years minimum and your marriage would be dissolved.”

“That's good to know” Torvald stated. “I guess I'll go by the station and make my report before I go home.” The Okapi nodded to him and went to her vehicle, leaving Torvald to walk back across the street to his car alone. He was thinking about what the investigator had said as he crossed the roadway. It was somewhat OK to be married but they didn't have certain rights under the new laws. It was becoming apparent that they needed to sit down and read the laws very carefully because there just might be some loopholes that would help out Victoria's situation.

“I'll have this ready for you in a few minutes” the pharmacist stallion said to Victoria, logging her prescriptions into his computer. “You know, I think I've seen this doctor's name before” he commented, typing in the doctor's name as John St. Peter. The tigress took the few minutes they would have to wait to pick up some Tylenol[®] extra strength for Torvald's White Power headaches and some basic supplies that included band-aids, Neosporin[®] and rubbing alcohol just in case they had a run-in with a minor dark agent.

“Are you finding everything OK, tigress?” the dapple gray stallion asked, smiling at her from behind the counter.

“Yeah, I think I've found what I needed” she replied, bringing her purchases to the counter. After a few moments more, the pharmacist indicated that her prescriptions were ready. The stallion brought them out to the register along with a cup of water and two of the pills.

“You might want to take these now” he said as he passed them to her with a slightly pained look on his muzzle. “I have to be honest with you about this; You're driving me insane with your pheromones.”

“Thank you, kind sir. That was very thoughtful of you” she said as she took the pills from him and swallowed them, washing them down with the water provided. “I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable, sir. I didn't realize I had that profound of an effect on equines.” She paid for her purchases with her

Extreme MasterCard and the two femmes headed back out the the vehicle and eventually the Svensen's home.

Victoria and Laura were returning to the Svensens' temporary home from their trip to the pharmacy when the pony mare asked a somewhat strange question of the tigress. "Victoria, erm, ... uh, you're not pregnant, are you?" Victoria looked at her rather odd until it dawned on her; Laura might have thought she had morning sickness when she got ill earlier.

"No, I'm not pregnant, not that I wouldn't like to have a little one in the house again. We're just too busy with our lives to have time for another little Svensen right now" was the femme feline's reply.

"That's a shame" Laura stated as they stopped for a red light. "I had three of my own before I was 26. My oldest is in high school now."

"My son Conrad is 17 now" Victoria said wistfully. "He's staying with my sister while he finishes his senior year of high school. Conrad wants to go on to college to get a degree in Theology, like Torvald."

"So ... your sister lives in Wisconsin?" the femme pony asked. Victoria had to think about how to reply to this one; it wouldn't go over good to tell her they were from a parallel world where her real life and family were.

"Yeah, that's where my grandparents are" the tigress replied with a far-off look in her eyes. She really liked the area around De Pere, where all four of her grandparents still live. "Maybe someday we'll move near my family when Torvald retires."

"It's nice to live near family" Laura stated. "I've been here in California for 21 years now. All of my family still lives in the Dallas/Fort Worth area and I miss them dearly." Victoria could see that the femme pony was somewhat upset with not having her family around.

"Don't your kids live with you?" the tigress asked, thinking that She would like to talk with Conrad right now. Her hormone imbalance that she was suffering was definitely causing her to feel just a little bit homesick at this moment.

"Yeah, my kids live with me but I miss the rest of my family" she replied. It had been a while since any of her family had come to visit her and she never had time to take a vacation to see them. "Here's your house" the mare said as she pulled to the curb and parked her vehicle. "Let's get going on your crash course" she added as they got out of the car and headed for the comfort of an air-conditioned home.

Torvald was sitting in front of his department-issued laptop computer at the station, trying his best to get it to behave properly. "Damned Apple computer!" he spat out quietly as the basic fill-in-the-blanks crime report PDF form failed to open for him. He shook his head and tried once more, prompting his laptop to give him the green screen of death. "This is not good" he mused as he did the needed four finger salute to restart his misbehaving computer. It responded in kind by restarting in protected mode, command line only. Torvald hung his head, ready to concede defeat when he was startled by the voice of a male okapi standing behind him.

"Is that laptop giving you fits?" the plainclothes officer asked, sitting down at the next work desk over. "Type 'start forward slash cee colon gui full dash no and a space prompts' and see if it starts the desktop" he added, opening his laptop and starting it up. "The Mac OS has gone downhill ever since IBM bought Apple" he commented, typing his password to get onto the department wireless network now that his computer was up and running.

"Thanks" Torvald said as his desktop came back to life for him. "I am not a Mac user, as you might guess. I still prefer that Redmond product."

"You've got to be kidding me" the okapi retorted. "I haven't used XP in years since the courts made Macrosoft leave out Internet Explorer. I heard that the court decision also derailed their new OS called Vista and sent them back to the drawing boards."

"You've never tried Firefox on Windows XP?" Torvald asked, finally getting the form to open for him. "Oh, by the way, I'm Torvald Svensen" he told the okapi, giving him a warm pawshake.

"No, but I use IceWeasel at home on Debian Linux" he replied, giving Torvald a warm smile. "I'm Matthew Black, Detective. I'm currently attached to the drug enforcement unit. Nice to meet you."

Nice to meet you, too" the huge fur said, giving him a smile in return. "I'm supposed to work at the Identification Center as a counselor but they needed me to help out on a homicide this morning." He noticed a pained look cross the okapi's muzzle momentarily.

"That would be the dismembered skunk, I take it" Matthew queried, his thoughts drifting back to the agents that were killed just recently. He could feel that same kind of energy around Torvald except much, much stronger, an energy that his church elders had referred to as 'White Power' from on high. This had to be the celestial agent sitting right next to him that the desk clerk at the center had tipped him off to. What he did notice was that if he didn't try to tune Torvald's energy out, it was actually mentally painful. Being a Senior Scryer was a very tedious job at times.

"Yeah, that was a real strange murder for sure" Torvald stated as he began working on his report. "I've never seen a fur cut up so precisely and then stacked up like that. Whoever did that is one sick fur."

"I'll agree with that" Matthew commented. "Uh, could I ask you something kind of personal in nature?" he said to Torvald, obviously uncomfortable at the moment.

"Does it have something to do with my tigress?" Torvald responded. He felt he knew what the question would be from the detective.

"Erm ... it does" Matt replied sheepishly. "I've heard rumors at the center ..." Torvald cut Matt off before he turned any redder in the face under his fur from embarrassment.

"I'll save you the embarrassment" the huge fur said, giving Matt a smile. "I won't lie to you about it; She is my wife. We were married in Wisconsin and we had no clue about the laws here before I took the job. By the time we knew about the laws, it was way too late and my mate had already had a run-in with the center. It took me almost two days to find out where she was and retrieve her."

"I'm sorry to hear that happened to her" the okapi said, knowing that what Torvald had just told him for

the most part was the truth. It was plain to see when he said they had no idea about the laws, he was not lying. Maybe he could use some ruse about the huge fur's laptop problems to meet the tigress. He desperately needed to find out if she was an agent too.

“Well, no e-mails for me today” Detective Black said, shutting down his laptop. “I Guess I'll head out for home, then” he added, giving Torvald a pat on the shoulder as he walked by. There was no doubt in Matt's mind now; Torvald *was* an agent. A very old and powerful agent from what he had just felt.

Matt walked outside the station, across the parking lot and over to his vehicle, a unmarked silver metallic 2007 Holden Caprice Police Pursuit Sedan. Matt put his laptop and other equipment in the trunk and got inside, making himself comfortable. Starting the almost-unmuffled supercharged 6.0 liter V8 engine to create some background noise that would help to mask his call, he used a cellphone that he had stashed in the glove box to make an important communique.

This particular cell phone that he possessed was special; it wasn't registered under any fur's name and Matt was careful to renew the prepaid plan minutes with cash, preventing tracking of his usage. He also didn't turn it on until he was ready to make a call and he was very careful to turn it off immediately afterwards, removing the battery to prevent the built-in GPS software from broadcasting its location.

“Alan, I have some important news for you” the okapi said quietly to the fur that had answered, keeping his voice low on purpose.

“What is it?” the fur on the other end asked.

“The stallion *is* definitely an agent, very old and extremely powerful from what I can tell” he replied.

“You need to talk with Reverend Roundtree” Alan directed. “He has told me something very interesting about the huge fur and the tigress.”

“I'll do that” the okapi replied. “I'll go over there this afternoon.” Matt then ended the call, thinking that things were not going to be easy for them. It was apparent that The Lord had sent the pair to finally rid the earth of the Church Of Faith's controlling furs. He shook his head as the thought went through his mind that Torvald and his mate might just prove to be Avengers.

Torvald finished his crime scene report, printing 2 copies of it after saving it to his hard drive. He dropped off a copy with the desk fur and put another copy in Ms. Gebhardt's mailbox per her request. This murder was still puzzling the huge fur to no end. It wasn't like he had never witnessed murders before on the many parallel planets he had been on. *This* one was probably the sickest, most demented one, though. Why would a fur want to dismember a body, then stack it back up again? Usually they would either dispose of the body in some way or scatter the parts here and there. It just didn't make any sense to him at all.

He left the station and headed for home, stopping off at a fast food place to get some meat and vegetable burritos for their lunch. It was nice to see that this parallel world had the El Casa Del Burrito[®] franchise chain. In his humble opinion, these were the best of all the Mexican food stands across the known parallel worlds.

Torvald was patiently standing in line, waiting his turn to order when the lone cashier called out over the intercom system for the manager to come out and help out on the counter. The manager made her appearance, but not before stopping to help the cook put some tortillas on the grill before she came out front. The femme in question turned out to be a very tall, robustly built blond equine. Torvald nearly gasped when he saw her, thinking it might be the Valkyrie herself. Taking a closer look at her as she quickly checked the register in front of her, he noted that this equine femme didn't have that distinctive scar down the right side of her muzzle so maybe it wasn't Aslaug after all. She was wearing her blue manager's blouse open in front, most likely thrown on in haste over her bright flower print tank top. He smiled at the thought that this couldn't be the Valkyrie because she wouldn't be caught dead wearing something that bright in color. What really caught the huge fur's eye was the hammer pendant hanging around this blond filly's neck.

“May I help you?” she asked, motioning for Torvald to step forward as she finished checking the register. She then looked up and gasped herself, taken aback by the huge fur's appearance. She looked at him for a few moments before she said “I just had a déjà vu moment right now. Uh, this is strange for me to ask but do I know you from somewhere?” It was clear that the femme equine was shaken, the poor filly having to hang on to the cash register while her head spun just a little.

“I don't think we have ever met” he replied, giving her a smile. “I've just moved here from Wisconsin. My name is Torvald Svensen.”

“Uh ... nice to meet you. I'm Joan Elfsborg, the manager here” she stated, getting her personal cup out from under the counter. She took a sip of water from the soda fountain to help clear her head, still hanging onto the counter for the moment. Torvald had taken his tie off and unbuttoned the top two buttons of his shirt before he headed home from the station so the filly spotted his pendant hanging around his neck. “Your pendant” she said quietly, looking closer at it. “Is that your religious medallion?”

“I'm Asetro, if that's what you're asking” he replied. The berserker had almost said he was *Hedni* but he was sure that reference would be lost on this femme.

She slowly nodded while she thought about it and then told Torvald, “I wear this one because the Norse history and religion have always interested me. My family was from the Faroe Islands originally and it was said that some of them were Asetro.” She then took the huge fur's order, still not yet fully recovered from the shock of meeting the berserker.

The Reverend Roundtree was sitting with Clyde Moraine, talking about the events of the last few days. The larger equine was relating his experiences at the center with the immortal couple and it was obvious it was uncomfortable for him to do so.

“I kept smelling her pheromones in the air, John. Her scent was driving me insane with lust for her body!” he said, still shaking his head over the matter. “I went into her room to put a control collar on her and the smell was making me so crazy that I turned and started walking out of the room with her chain in my paw! I almost pulled her off of her feet when I did that because I never warned her to follow me. I feel so stupid for doing that to one of the Lord's agents.” He looked at the striped equine while he said reverently “She could have destroyed me right there for that if she would have had a weapon in her paws.” He started to say something else when they heard Matt Black pull up outside.

“You would think that a police vehicle would have more muffling than that” the striped equine stated after looking out the front window of the parsonage to confirm his suspicions, smiling at Clyde who was sitting on the couch. It seemed that every vehicle that Matt drove had loud exhaust pipes on it. Momentarily Matt knocked at the door, waited a few seconds and as custom dictated, let himself in.

“Clyde, Pastor. Good to meet with both of you again” he said, shaking the paws of the two equines. “Alan told me that I needed to speak with you, John.” He then retrieved a cup of tea from the side table and sat down with them.

“You're probably not going to believe what I have to tell you” the reverend said to Matt as he recounted his chance meeting with Torvald and Victoria. The okapi's jaw slowly went slack as the zebra recalled the images that played in his mind. He also told of the 'White Power' that almost knocked him to the ground when Victoria touched her mate's paw in their living room.

“Do you think they might be Avengers?” Matt asked, thinking that this was going to get very tedious in a hurry. If they were indeed Avengers, there was going to be a whole lot of bloodshed before the tigress and her stallion along with the other Avengers and Archangels that would come with them were through.

Matt was still thinking about the possibilities when the reverend related this fact about them. “They're immortal beings, Matt. I've seen her demonstrate this fact to me and I'm sure this means they're certainly The Lord's agents. They could very well be Avengers but the stallion repeatedly reassured us that they were not. He did say that they were sent here by a higher power to straighten out a problem for the good of all furkind and that surely sounds to me like they *are* Avengers. I can tell both of you with all certainty that I don't know what to make of all of this.” He shook his head as he thought about the possibility of the end of times coming as they spoke.

“Alan directed me to find out if the tigress is an agent but I think I can skip that step now” Matt commented, looking at the reverend for direction. “He said for me to go ahead and scout them, per Checksum's orders. I was also told by Checksum to mark them off-limits until we know more.”

“Like that really means something, Matt. You know in your heart that Checksum gave the orders for *The Legion* to kill that skunk” Clyde proffered up, looking at the okapi with a scowl. “If I knew who he was, I'd kill him ever so slowly with my bare paws. I would make him suffer greatly because I know he ordered my mate killed too.”

“We don't know that” Matt retorted. “Her body was never recovered so we don't know if she was killed by *The Legion* or not.” He could remember Marie's warm smile and infectious laugh clearly. Matt and his wife had enjoyed dinner numerous times with Clyde and his mate Marie. The meals that the femme Irish Wolfhound could cook were just fantastic.

“Matt, I thought you knew Checksum's real identity” the reverend stated, giving the detective a strange look. John was sure that at one time Matt had said he knew that wicked fur's true identity.

“I thought I did too” the okapi replied with a crooked smile. “I was sure he was the Master Scryer Walter Whitewater Senior but as you both know, he passed away last year of old age. Now I don't know who he is.” Matt was lying to them big time and he really hoped that they couldn't sense it. He knew exactly who Checksum was but that information had to stay with him and Alan for now. Checksum

would be taken care of but only at the appropriate time and in a fitting way. That particular evil fur needed to leave this world in a huge blaze of glory.

“The Church of Faith's council still has no idea you're a double agent?” Clyde asked, worried for Matt's safety. The okapi had infiltrated the organization almost 10 years ago and that was a long time to be in deep cover.

“They have no clue at all” he replied with a slight smile. “I've been careful to make them think I'm their agent within the police department. Even Checksum has no idea exactly who I am and who I really work for.”

“Do we contact the stallion and his tigress and let them know we need their help?” Clyde asked, thinking that a little assistance from on high for their cause couldn't hurt the situation. The Church Of Faith desperately needed to be healed of the infection known as Species Hate.

“Let me get to know them better” Matt replied to the dark equine. “I'll wait until the tigress has her regular caps so she can enjoy one of Joyce's meals properly and then I'll invite them over and see where it goes from there.” The three furs then silently prayed to their Lord for divine guidance in their endeavor.

Sitting at his desk in his study, Checksum was looking at the pictures that had been delivered to him just minutes ago via messenger. There were several photos spread out on the desktop, a few of Torvald and the rest were of Victoria. He shuffled them around a bit, eventually picking up a very flattering photo of the tigress that had been taken not long ago in front of her home when Laura had taken her to the pharmacy.

“Tigress, why are you here?” he mused, looking at her picture closely. “Are you here to judge me, Victoria? Will your stallion Torvald strike me dead with his judgment axe?” He looked up at the messenger and asked the donkey, “Dan, tell me true my old friend; you're sure that Matt told you they're agents?”

“He said he was positive that they're agents at the very least” he replied. “I personally wouldn't be surprised at all if they turned out to be Avengers, Sir. Matt said the White Energy around the stallion was very strong.” This information caused Checksum to wince. The messenger then took the time to remind the elder fur “According to the scriptures in 4th Herald, we're living in the of end of times now, Sir. The Avengers are supposed to prepare every fur for examination and destroy the wicked among us. The tigress and stallion could very well be Avengers, sent to judge us all for our deeds.”

“Thanks for the information, Dan. You can go now” he finally said, passing the small equine an envelope with \$1,000 New North American dollars in it. The donkey nodded without checking the contents and quietly left the room.

“What in the Hereafters' name do I do now?” Checksum mused to himself as he read the information that Matt had sent with the pictures. He looked at her pictures some more as he said, “You're such a beautiful tigress, Victoria; I can see what your husband sees in you. If this were another time and place, I might desire a tigress for my mate too.” He thought about his late wife Svetlana, who had died just a year after they were married. That had been so long ago for him, over 40 years but he could still hear

her laugh and heavy Russian accent in his ears. He missed that Arctic fox vixen dearly.

He sipped on his Scotch and looked at another photo of the tigress as he mused, “If you truly are an agent, I can't let you be killed because that will sign my death warrant and if I let you live, you will surely judge me to be wicked and destroy me for creating *The Legion*.” He thought about it some more before he finally said reverently with tears filling his eyes, “I fear my days on this earth are now numbered, my very beautiful and powerful Victoria Svensen. You and your stallion husband Torvald will most certainly have to judge me and destroy me for what I have become.”