

*The characters Torvald Arend 'Tor' & Victoria Angela (nee Connell) Svensen, Conrad & Cathryn 'Cathy' (nee Hunter) Svensen, Brett & Dana Lynn (nee Svensen) Kashnikov, Roger, Gytha Louise (nee Svensen) Roger Jr. & Heather Delancey, Axel Torvald & Madelyn (nee Barrett) Svensen, Valerie Connell, Walter & Harriet (nee Bishop) Connell, Walter Lee Jr., Michelle Annette (nee Kazinski), Walter Lee III, Joseph and Sarah Connell, Robert James & Elizabeth Ann (nee Caine) Sands, Barbara Caine, Edward and Mary (nee Leese) Caine, Richard & Wilhelmine Marie (nee Kurzweil) Delancey, James William & Nancy (Nee Roland) Kurzweil, Peter the dispatcher, El Casa Del Burrito®, Leonard's Restaurant® and Steven Nanomantube are the property of Kellan Meig'h and may not be published or reproduced in any form without express written permission.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. (Gah, this is tedious!)*Note* More rambling credits/warnings below! Please read and heed!*
Aslaug "The Angelbreaker" Larsdatter is the copyrighted property of Joan Jacobsen, 2005-2009. Her writings may be found at a wonderful place called "Aslaug's Axe Shed" and the URL is as follows; <http://www.aslaug.eu> Please have a look and enjoy her writings. The characters of Joe and Annie Latrans are copyright The Silver Coyote 2003 - 2009, and are used here with permission. Stories containing Joe and Annie Latrans along with The Silver Coyote's writings may be found at <http://thesilvercoyote.net/> Tell them Kellan sent ya. :-) Note This is a shameless plug for Aslaug and The Silver Coyote! What are friends for, anyway? Teric is the intellectual property of Rob 'Teric' Wilson© 2008, 2009 and is used by specific permission. Copyright© 2008, 2009 Kellan Meig'h All Rights Reserved <http://www.kellanmeigh.com>*

“A Loss Of Rights”

By Kellan Meig'h

Chapter 24

“Torvald, we need to talk. I feel like something's bad wrong here.”

Torvald looked up at his mate from his resting spot on the couch in their family room and gave her a very strange look.

“What's wrong, may I ask?”

The tigress looked at her husband, trying to put her finger on the problem at paw.

“Torvald, did we complete our last mission?”

“No, that was when you were abducted. I had to turn it over to another set of agents to finish.”

“Sweetheart, did you ever hear if they were successful?” That question made the stallion feel just a little uneasy.

“Um, no, I didn't. Is that what's wrong? The mission wasn't completed?”

Victoria sat down by her hubby, trying to make up her mind if she wanted to share something with him. Maybe it was for the best if she did tell him.

“I guess I'll just come out and say it; since Hess has been messing around in my mind, I've developed an acute sixth sense. Like I can sense the phone is going to ring right now.” Within a few seconds, the phone rang only to have it turn out to be telemarketers.

“That's bothering you? The mission?” he asked again, giving her his full attention.

“Well, that and I'm afraid to get in my van and drive it.”

That made Torvald chuckle.

“That isn't funny!” she admonished him, giving him the evil eye. “I haven't driven a vehicle in ... well,

what amounts to twenty-four years!”

“Hon, just get in and drive,” he stated, smiling at her widely. “You shouldn't have a problem with it but if you want me to, I'll drive you wherever you want to go.”

“OK, will you drive me to the mall? I need some new underwear and some pants. I seem to have dropped a few inches in the waist since I've been gone.”

“I had wondered if you did,” he commented, giving her a hug. “Let's get going before the traffic gets too bad.”

Victoria was watching the scenery while they were on their way to the mall, feeling somewhat bothered by something.

“Torvald, are we going the right way to the mall?” she asked, thinking that this wasn't the way at all.

“The big mall in Costa Mesa is gone now,” he replied, giving her a quick glance. “It went under five years ago in 2011, during that recession. By all rights that recession should have been labeled a mini-depression.”

“So, ... we're going to that mall in Irvine?”

“Yeah, that's the best one that's closest to us,” he stated, squeezing her paw lovingly.

“I'm glad I didn't just get in the car and start driving,” she mused, knowing she would have been calling home in a hurry for directions. She then heard something in the back seat followed a voice behind her. Denise Berger's voice.

“Hi Victoria, Torvald,” she said cheerily, giving the tigress a kiss on the cheek.

“What brings you here?” the stallion asked, looking at her in the rear view mirror. He could see concern in her eyes, even though she tried her best to hide it.

“Erm, ... It has to do with that last mission the two of you were assigned to.” she replied.

“I knew it!” Victoria spat out, turning to see the skunkette better. “It wasn't completed, was it?”

“No, it wasn't,” she replied, giving the tigress a crooked smile. “The boss wanted me to ask if you two would take the mission again and try to finish it.” Denise gave the femme feline a folder full of documents to look over. “Listen, you don't have to decide now, just look at what's happened on that planet since you left and see if you might want to take the job.”

Victoria cringed, thinking about that failed attempt on her life on the last day she was there. If they took the job, they needed some latitude to do what was necessary to finish it off, even if it meant breaking a few cardinal rules.

“OK, tell Christopher we'll look at it but we'll need a 'paws-off' approval. No holds barred. Carte

Blanche. You know, whatever it takes.”

“I’ll tell him but I’m sure he’ll agree to that. Look it over and call me when you decide.” With that, Denise vanished into thin air.

Gytha was doing her new job, looking over the daily invoices from the previous day, searching for something that didn't fit. This was the tedious part, searching for a needle in a haystack the hard way. She knew her sister-in-law was positive someone was stealing from them somehow but it was possible that it was an inside job. Now that they were using Quickbooks, it was almost but not completely impossible to steal since the registers had to jive with the daily report.

Looking at her empty coffee cup, she got up to refill it again. This had been a long day and her slow Internet connection was threatening to make it even longer. This lousy connection was the last straw and she was going to call Pac Bell for a DSL line as soon as she had time. This broadband cable from Comfast was anything but. Her backup dial-up was most likely faster right now.

“Gytha, are you still at it?” her husband asked, headed in search of a healthy snack from the refrigerator.

“Um, yeah, I am,” she replied as she poured her coffee. “I still haven't figured out how they're stealing from the stores.”

Roger looked up at her over the door of the refrigerator. This didn't sound too hard to him to figure out. He was a sys-admin for a major software firm so this wasn't hard at all.

“Why don't you search for what's being bought versus what's being sold.” he suggested. “If they're taking parts without paying for them through an invoice, it will be very obvious. There will be a butt-load of parts coming in that aren't being sold.”

“Jeez, Roger! Why didn't I think of that!?!” she exclaimed, going back to her laptop. Within minutes she had a spreadsheet in front of her based on a pivot table taken from the database.

“Roger, look at this, hon. They're stealing high performance import car parts!” she pointed out, picking up the cordless phone to call Cathy. “You just saved me a bunch of time and a bunch of money for the Hunters.”

The tigress was looking at her husband, wondering if he had finally gone around the bend. They were standing outside the 'Frederick's Of Hollywood[©]' shop and Torvald was grinning a silly grin at her.

“I will not go in there and buy naughty underwear,” she stated, putting her paws on her hips.

“And why not?” he queried, looking at the bustiers in the front window. “You've got the body for it now so why shouldn't you have something that shows it off?”

“Well, I don't know,” she stated, looking at a very pretty black one that might go well with her fur

coloration. "OK, we'll just give it a look," she finally relented, grabbing her hubby's paw and dragging him inside. They weren't in the shop two minutes before a shapely femme wolverine came over to help them.

"Welcome to Frederick's Of Hollywood[®]," she said, looking Victoria over quickly. "Sweetie, you have the body to wear anything in here," she added, giving Torvald a cursory glance and a wink. "So, tell me, do you work out a lot to keep your body toned like that?"

"Um, no ..." Victoria replied, not having a clue where this was going. "My hubby here suggested I get something from here, like a bustier."

"You know, I have just the thing over here," she said, leading the tigress to a display. "This one is just perfect for you. It's made from ranch-raised bison hide with nylon boning."

The tigress looked it over, noting it was very well made. The lacing in back was properly grommeted and it had a clasp opening in the front. The finish was a nice deep black satin color that looked very nice against her fur. She decided to try it on.

The Immortal Couple were sitting in a quiet corner of the food court, enjoying some dim sum from Mr. Brisbane's Oriental Eatery. The tigress seemed preoccupied by something so her hubby decided to see what was the problem.

"OK, spill it," he said, giving her a concerned look.

"I was thinking about our mission," she stated, giving him her full attention. "We need to go back and try to finish it because what was going on there wasn't right. You know it and I know it. Let's look at the folder but we should take the mission regardless."

"You're serious, aren't you?" he asked, setting his chopsticks down. The look on her muzzle told him what he wanted to know but he wanted verbal confirmation.

"Sweetheart, just to think back on what I went through, I want it to stop. It's not fair that good furs are persecuted like that. It has to end. We need to end it."

"Well, I just don't know, hon. I almost lost you for good and now you want to take a job, the same job off-planet again? I guess I just don't understand your reasoning."

"Torvald Arend Svensen, you weren't there when I was furhandled so roughly by the Identification Center's furs," she stated. "They treated me like a piece of meat, making me strip down for them then de-lousing me like an ordinary street bum for your information. It didn't matter that you were my husband or maybe my protector, they just didn't care!" She looked down at her food then back at her hubby. "They didn't care about the fact I was a sentient! To them, I was just some striped piece of goods that they could treat like they wanted to!"

"OK, I'll take the mission with you but we need to take up where we left off. That same day, so the time line will not be tainted by any other agents."

“Can we do that?” The tigress seemed skeptical of that idea

“I've done it before on a mission for Odin.” the stallion replied, taking a bite of his food afterwards.

“All right. Let's tell Denise we'll take the mission.” Victoria stated, looking across the food court to see a familiar skunkette headed their way. “Never mind, I see her coming right now.”

Denise sat down at their table with her food, a heaping plate of spaghetti and meatballs with garlic bread from Luigi's

“The boss says 'Thanks' for taking the mission,” she said casually, putting pepper on her spaghetti. “It's been a while that some fur asked to be put back into a mission at a certain time stamp but I can see your point. You were already making headway and your contacts would still be fresh.” She took a bite of her bread, making a face that meant it must be sinfully good. “I guess I should point out that the boss said go ahead, nothing gets held back now.”

“So, how did you know we were here?” Torvald asked, looking at their mission assistant intently.

“I popped into your house and asked Nevaeh and Hess where you were going.” was the reply. “I knew the mall in Costa Mesa was closed so this was the logical choice. When I popped in, I could feel your presence here in the food court.” She took a sip of her soda pop and continued. “I also felt you were both in Frederick's. So, what did you buy?”

“I'll show you once we get home,” Victoria replied, giving her an embarrassed smile. “I got some outerwear and I bought some naughty bedroom stuff, too. Torvald had been setting money aside once I was abducted so I could get some new clothes when they could find me and bring me home.”

“Such a thoughtful husband,” Denise commented, giving the embarrassed stallion a wink.

On a parallel world, in a nondescript rental home in Tulsa, Oklahoma, a male goat was looking at the obituary of one Ed Harper. This information concerning the late Mr. Harper seemed to galvanize the ungulate, making him think about the situation at length. Some lousy police fur had killed his cousin Ed and gotten away with it. This just wouldn't do, as far as he was concerned so this needed to be taken care of in his opinion, just as soon as possible. Folding the paper carefully, he stood, lit up another cigarette and headed across the street to 'ask' his neighbor if he could 'borrow' his car for a road trip to Modesto, California.

The goat walked across the street and up the driveway to his neighbor's home, running his paw lovingly over the fender of his neighbor's 2001 Ford Torino GT 2 door fastback, a beauty in Vintage Burgundy paint. He knew the fuel injected 5.8L Cleveland powerplant under the hood would get him to Modesto in a hurry. That was if he could 'borrow' it.

The raccoon heard some fur open his screen door so he looked up to see Bill Harper coming in.

“Hey Bill, what brings you over here?” he asked, muting the sound on the television.

“Um, listen, Ronnie, I need to borrow something,” the goat proffered up, smiling a very phony smile.

“Well, sure, Bill, anything you need,” Ronnie replied, standing and extending a paw to greet his neighbor. Bill responded by stabbing the raccoon in the chest with a K-Bar knife.

“Sorry, Ron, I need your car and I'm sure you wouldn't loan it to me,” he explained to the unfortunate raccoon that now lay dying on his living room floor.

“Bill ... I would've ... helped ... you,” Ronnie gurgled, trying his best to stay alive.

“Sorry, Ronnie,” the goat retorted, taking the keys from the hook by the door. “I'm out of here,” he said as he left the house, closing and locking the front door on the way out.

The field mouse behind the counter looked up at Bill Harper with a very scrutinizing glare. He was wiping his paws on a rag, trying to get the paint residue off of them.

“So, Bill, you're sure you want me to paint that Torino Wimbledon White?” he asked, thinking that Vintage Burgundy was a very nice color on it. “Yeah, I can do that. I'll be ready in the morning.”

“How much for one hour service?” the goat asked, pulling a substantial wad of cash from his pocket.

“It'll cost ya double for that,” the mouse replied. “Cash on the counter before we start.”

“What?!?” Bill blurted out, looking at the mouse with an astonished look.

“Ya know, I think that car might be hot, Bill. You want me to paint it and keep my mouth shut? Pay double.”

“Art, You're a crook, ya know that?” Bill suggested, putting the cash on the counter.

“As I suspect you are too,” he retorted, taking the cash and his keys from him. “We'll be finished in an hour or so. There's some coffee and donuts over by the television.”

Bill sat down in the lobby, taking a newspaper from the table. Settling in, he started to plan out how he was going to replace that money he had just spent.

“OK, Mom, I'll call you when they arrest those furs for the thefts,” Cathy told her mother on the phone, having set up a sting operation with the Fresno Police Department.

“Make sure they're charged properly,” Mrs. Hunter reminded her daughter, saying her goodbyes. Cathy ended the call, smiling at her hubby.

“All set up, I take it?” Conrad asked, sipping a root beer while he iced down his knee that was injured during practice earlier in the day.

“Yeah, I had no idea the Fresno PD were already investigating this theft ring.” she replied.

“So, what do you think about my Mom and Dad going back to finish that mission?” he asked, having talked with his parents earlier.

“You know, if it were me, I wouldn't,” the femme cougar replied. “She must really feel strongly about the situation to want to go back.”

“You're telling me she feels strongly about completing this particular mission,” the tiger retorted. “She wouldn't even hear any arguments from me.”

“Not to change the subject like you did, but how's your knee?” She was concerned about his injury ever since he limped in the door earlier in the day.

“Well, I have to stay off it for a couple of days then I have to go to therapy.” her hubby replied. “At least the coach isn't mad at me, since he did see me get tackled hard by Gary.”

“Do you think you're going to miss the opening game?” she mused, wondering about how long he might be off his feet.

“I might not miss opening day, as long as I don't have any damage to my knee that needs surgery,” he replied, repositioning the ice bag that was sitting under his knee joint.

“That's good news, anyway. Why don't you go in the bedroom and lay down. You could watch some television or listen to some music while I fix your dinner,” she suggested, knowing he was hurting by the pained look on his muzzle. She got up and went into the kitchen, looking for something quick to fix her hubby.

“How about some of that leftover pizza from last night?” he asked, finally getting up from the couch without putting his weight on his bad knee.

“That sounds good to me,” she replied, pulling the box from the refrigerator. She was in hopes he would choose something simple like that for his meal.

Victoria was modeling the 'naughty' clothing she purchased, showing Denise how it fit and looked on her. She was currently showing off her new teddy in maroon satin, the color complementing the tigress' coat coloration nicely.

“I really like that,” Denise commented, watching the tigress turn in a circle to show it off.

“This color was Torvald's suggestion,” the tigress pointed out as she pulled it off to put on her bustier. Denise in the meantime spotted a pair of shiny black leggings that looked to be the right length for Victoria but the waist and legs looked way too small in diameter for her.

“Victoria, how are going to get these on?” the skunkette asked, thinking maybe she purchased the wrong size.

“Oh, those stretch like crazy, sweetie. I think my dear Tor could probably get those on,” she replied.

Victoria took the leggings, easily slipping them on before she put on her bustier.

“Now that is pretty,” Denise pointed out, thinking about getting herself an outfit like that.

“I thought it was very pretty myself,” the stallion commented from his spot, leaning against the bedroom door frame. “I hate to break this party up, ladies but we need to decide what firearms my dear wife will be bringing with her,” he stated, smiling a small smile as he gazed at his true love.

“I thought I might take my two Colt 1911 Officer's models in .38 super,” the tigress stated, pulling her Bianchi double shoulder holster out of the closet. Torvald helped her put it on, then she took her charcoal color blazer from the closet, putting it on over the holsters. “I'm sure this would disguise my firearms nicely. If I have to go without a coat, I'll use my holster purse instead.”

“Well, if you're dressed like that, I can see how they wouldn't notice your firearms,” the huge fur said with a smirk, trying not to bust up laughing.

“Um, well ...” Victoria was quite at a loss for words. “I didn't mean looking like this!”

“OK, let's start getting our things together,” the stallion suggested, pulling his holsters out of the closet. “I'm taking all the heavy iron I have with me and we're taking all of yours, too.”

The police furs had been swarming the Gerber residence for the better part of the afternoon searching for clues and hard evidence. Mrs. Gerber had come home to find her husband clinging to life in their living room with a rather large knife planted in his chest.

“Mrs. Gerber, I'm detective Jansen. Could you tell me for my records what's missing from the house?” the Shetland pony stallion asked, getting his notebook ready.

“The only thing missing is Ron's car,” she said, trying not to lose it again. She had been a wreck ever since she had found her husband earlier, barely alive.

“Can you describe it?” the detective asked.

“Yeah, it's a maroon red metallic Ford Torino GT fastback, a 2001 model with plates that say *'RAREONE'* on it. It has a special motor in it that was offered that one year only.”

“Yeah, I've seen one like it,” the diminutive stallion stated. “That was the NASCAR special edition, if I remember right. Real pricey when they were new.”

“It's still priceless to Ron,” she commented then broke down momentarily. She hoped she would see him get his car back eventually.

“Ma'am, they say your husband will make it,” the police fur told her. “I'll take you to the hospital right now to see him, if you want.”

“Would you please? Our son won't be here for another hour or so.” she proffered up. “I just want to make sure he's still with us and be with him.”

Bill Harper was admiring the craftsmanship of his brother-in-law's shop, noting that the Torino now looked like it had always been white. He removed the plates that he used to get it here and he was now affixing Texas plates to further confuse anyone trying to track him.

"Bill, whatever it is that you're up to, I hope you're not intending to hurt anyone," Art stated, looking at his most recent color change job. It was hard to change a car from dark to light and pull it off but his crew had done it this time.

"Naw, I'm not gonna hurt anyone," the goat retorted, smiling to himself. "*Hurt, no. Blow up, yes,*" he thought, glad that his trip would now be somewhat easier. The Texas plates came from a same-year Torino that was being junked so nobody would be looking for them.

Bill Harper got into the car, carefully pulling out of the parking lot. He drove slowly, not raising suspicion until he had traveled out of town for a long ways. Stopping in a gas station, he fueled up the car and made a point to spin his tires leaving the station, kicking up a bunch of dust to make the car look a little dirty. He smiled as he took the onramp onto US 66 West, headed for California.

"That station attendant won't need this," he mused, pitching the VCR security tape over the roof of the car into the ditch by the roadway, tape going everywhere when the case shattered. "I wonder how long it'll be before someone notices he's dead and the till is empty?"

Torvald and Victoria had finally rounded up all the things they were taking with them to finish up this current mission. Torvald had several large firearms that he was taking along with five pawguns for the tigress. She also had her new clothes with her, since the clothes that would be in their home in Modesto wouldn't fit her now.

"Are you two ready to go?" the skunkette asked, standing by to transport them.

"I'm not ready but let's go anyway," Torvald stated, setting the last of the ammunition in a pile by them.

"I'm ready," Victoria replied, straightening out her clothes. Denise nodded, sending the three of them back to that place and time they had been before. Had anyone been in the house at that time, they would have seen the threesome sitting at the table shimmer momentarily when they arrived, their clothing changing to the ones they were wearing when they transported.

"Yeow!" Torvald exclaimed, looking down at his left leg, bandaged up and hurting badly. "I had forgotten how that worked, if you had an injury and came back to a time that the injury existed."

"You'll have to explain that one," his wife stated.

"I had this injury to my leg, the one for show at the time you were abducted," he related. "Now that we're back, I have the injury again and I don't have any painkillers in my system right now so it really hurts!" He grabbed the medicine bottle from the table and headed for the kitchen for some water to take the pills with.

“Well, my back doesn't hurt me,” the tigress stated, standing up to put away the things they had brought with them. Torvald looked up at his wife, bending over the pile of luggage she put together and started snickering.

“Sweetheart, what's so funny?” she asked, noting that Denise was having to stifle her laughter.

“Your back,” he got out right before he started busting up laughing, having to hang on to the sink to keep from falling down laughing.

“What about my back?” She asked, now looking at the two of them like they had lost their collective minds.

Torvald couldn't stop laughing so he just pulled her by the paw into their master bedroom. Turning her so she could see the mirror over their dresser and the mirrored closet doors, he lifted up her blouse to show off her back. For some reason, you could see in her fur a pair of white pawprints where Eyr had healed her back injury.

“Oh my ...” she said softly, looking at the view of her back. “Um, this is weird, sweetheart. Do you think it will stay that way?”

“Maybe not. It may go back to normal when we finish the mission and return home,” he replied, putting his paw over one of the prints, parting the fur to see that her skin was pink under the white fur. It should have matched her normal ruddy orange body color or her black striping.

Denise came into the bedroom about that time, letting them know that they had company.

“You have a visitor,” she announced, taking a moment to see the white fur up close for herself. “There's a femme pony in your living room that says she knows you two.”

The Immortal Couple made their way out to the living room to see a very worried Laura Dunsmuir standing there.

“I came over as soon as I could,” she related to them. “I saw the report of a shooting on channel 13 so I had to come over and check on you two.”

“As you can see, we're doing just fine,” the tigress retorted, noticing that Laura was giving her a strange look.

“Victoria, um, did you lose some weight? You look different, uh, very toned,” Laura commented, giving her a nervous smile.

“It's a long story,” the tigress replied. “Let's sit down and I'll tell you the whole thing.”

An Oklahoma State Trooper was easing down US 66 West, keeping an eye on the afternoon traffic heading home from downtown Oklahoma City. It was a usual weekday, the traffic somewhat heavy. He still wasn't sure if he wanted to believe the stories that his uncle told him about the heavy traffic in Los

Angeles. He just couldn't believe that the traffic would stop for sometimes hours at a time.

A white male goat driving a late model Torino GT fastback passed him, causing the trooper to look at his hot sheet. Yeah, a Torino was on the sheet but that one was maroon red with Oklahoma plates. This one that had changed lanes ahead of him had Texas plates and it was white. He watched the driver of the car turn on its turn signal and ease off the freeway, heading for the offramp. The driver was probably stopping for gas or maybe some food. The trooper got a call to respond to an accident so he took the same offramp, going back over the freeway to get back on US 66 East to see about a possible fatality.

Bill watched his mirror closely, making sure that damned trooper was not following him. He made a right at the bottom of the ramp, headed for a small fast food restaurant. The trooper, to his relief went left. The goat pulled into the Mom-and-Pop eatery, parking right in front for all to see.

These were the places to get good food in his opinion, an old fashioned walk up diner. He shut down the engine and got out his stolen car, stretching his legs and looking at the menu on the wall inside. Maybe he could make New Mexico tonight if he didn't take too long for dinner. Now, what to eat, what to eat ...