

*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El Casa Del Burrito®, Leonard's Restaurant® and Steven Nanomantube are the property of Kellan Meig'h and may not be published or reproduced in any form without express written permission.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!
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“A Loss Of Rights”

By Kellan Meig'h

Chapter 25

Behind a Hunter Auto Parts store in Fresno, California, on the Immortal Couple's home world, a young male ferret pulled his 2003 Honda Civic up to the back door and shut it off after shooting a few revs to alert the staff inside. He got out, going around to his trunk and opening it in anticipation of loading a substantial amount of goods into it. He looked up from his work and smiled when the roll-up door ascended, bringing a pile of parts into view.

“Hey Randy, Whazzup?” the store clerk asked, picking up several expensive parts and passing them to the ferret.

“Same shit, different day, as my dumb ass dad would say,” he replied, helping to load the back of his car. “So Brett, the bitch that runs the store still hasn't figured out we're stealing from her, has she?” he asked.

“Naw, she's dumber than paint.” the raccoon replied. “I just don't log the stuff in and we take it on the night I mind the store,” he pointed out, putting some very exotic parts in the back seat of the Honda.

“Don't you worry she'll catch on?”

“Nope, I don't. If she had been catching on, she would have fired a few others first that deal with the money.”

The two young furs finished loading the car, the raccoon bumming a smoke off his partner in crime.

“So, where does this stuff go?” the driver asked, shutting his trunk and making sure it was latched.

“The South Side Honda crew ordered that stuff.” the clerk stated. “Make sure they pay ya for it before ya give it to them.”

Yeah, I'll do that,” the driver replied, getting his car, firing up the engine and leaving the alleyway in a cloud of tire smoke.

On the rooftop of the building behind the auto parts store, two police furs concluded their surveillance for the evening.

“See? Just paint a 'Direct TV' logo on the listening dish and no fur suspects a thing!” the fox stated, smiling at his partner. He pulled the 'dish' from the building ledge, which was actually a device known as a 'Farfoon' and began breaking it down to put it back in the carrying case that it was transported in.

“Yeah, you were right,” the pantheress retorted, playing back the video she had captured to confirm they had enough for a search warrant. “I just hope we can get a warrant now and bust that ring before this shop and a few others go under.”

“Yeah, you're right. I had a talk with the lady that manages this chain and she says they've lost a fortune so far because of these punks.” the fox stated.

“OK, let's go see the captain and find out if we have enough evidence for him.”

The two law enforcement agents carefully made their way across the roof and over to the hatch to climb back down off the roof. They had a long night ahead of them, filling out the proper forms for a search warrant to be approved by a judge.

Laura was looking at the Immortal Couple like they had just lost their minds. She had been told a story by them that seemed extremely unlikely but it had to be true.

“Well, look at the issue date on my real driver's license.” Torvald directed. He passed her his license, showing the issue date was 2014 and the renewal date was 2019. He took it back from her and put it in a back compartment of his wallet, bringing his current mission one out to the front, the one issued by the state of Wisconsin.

“I just don't know how you two deal with it,” the femme pony stated, sipping at her tea afterwards. Laura looked back up at them with a concerned look on her muzzle. “Don't you ever get confused by the situation?”

“I will admit it's not easy,” the tigress confessed. “I do get confused a bit here lately but that's from having my memories messed around with.” She sat there for a moment then turned to her hubby and smiled. “Torvald, your supervisor is coming to the door. You had better go and let him in.” Just as soon as she said that, the door bell rang.

Torvald went to the door to find a very large brown bear standing at his door. The ursine nodded, putting out his paw.

“Hello, I'm Lieutenant Deke Cahill,” he stated, giving the berserker a very firm pawshake. “I was hoping to meet you under better circumstances, Detective.”

“Please come in,” the huge equine offered, leading him to the living room. Once they had sat down, the dark furred ursine spoke up.

“I was at a training session in LA when you arrived,” he proffered up, loosening his tie. “I had approved your hiring but I really wanted to meet you before you started working here.”

“I knew you were away when I started because your secretary set up a meeting tomorrow between us,” Torvald pointed out, helping Victoria with the coffee once she brought it into the room.

“Yeah, I remember seeing that on my itinerary. I think we can skip that meeting now.” the bear stated, sipping his coffee afterwards. “I really came by to make sure you were alright. You looked rough on television when you were telling the press you had no comment. Very good thinking on your part, by the way.”

“Thank you Sir, I thought I had better put out that fire right on the spot.” Torvald retorted.

“You know, Torvald, off the record, what happened in your report to officer Hightower; do you have anything to add to that?”

“No Sir, I think it will stand up in court should any fur try to sue us for a wrongful death suit.” the huge equine replied. “I have this injury and they took pictures of my wife's van before it was towed. The lady down the street, I don't remember her name off paw, gave a very damning statement against the goat, too. I really don't like to have to end a life but he gave me no choice.”

That evening found several more visitors to their home, just to make sure they were alright. The Reverend Roundtree, several church elders and Matt Black came to see them, bringing food and refreshment. It was nice to know that there were a few caring furs on this planet.

The next morning found Victoria out of bed and getting dressed before 7 am, which seemed strange to the huge fur.

“Sweetheart, why are you up?” he asked as he got out of bed himself to take another pain pill for his leg.

Victoria looked up at her hubby from the closet door, where she was deciding which shoes to wear this morning.

“Erm, I'm going to get my concealed carry license this morning.” she replied. This seemed to upset the huge fur.

“OK, if that's what you want to do, I'll take you over there myself.” he told her. She could tell by the determined look on his face she was not going to change his mind, either.

“Why do you want to take me over there?” she asked, giving her hubby her full attention.

“That's how you ended up in Valhalla the last time, in case I really needed to remind you,” he stated. “I don't want to seem harsh but I'm just making sure you get there in one piece this time without a detour through Odin's realm for a second time.”

“OK, let me get some shoes on and then I'll fix some breakfast for us.”

Torvald wandered out to the kitchen, spying the waffle iron sitting there on the counter, calling his name. A quick search turned up the necessary ingredients to make said waffles. By the time Victoria made her way out to the kitchen, her hubby was elbow deep in batter, starting the first one to check the iron's temperature.

“Um, at first you were worried I wouldn't remember how to cook and now I find you making waffles?” she queried, looking at her hubby in surprise.

“I had to learn how to cook,” he said in his defense, checking the waffle to see if it was done. “Dana moved out three years ago and Conrad moved out of the house a year before we found you so it was either learn to cook or microwave all of my meals.”

“So, I guess you can cook us a meal from time to time?” she asked, sitting down at the breakfast bar to enjoy the view. She never thought she would ever see him cooking beyond slamming bread into the toaster.

“I thought we might go shopping so I could fix ribs and vegetables tonight.” he offered up. In between waffles he was slicing up fresh strawberries to use as a topping for the waffles.

“OK, we can do that on the way home from taking care of all of this,” she suggested, thinking just how good those waffles would be, especially since she didn't have to make them.

The Immortal Couple were sitting in the waiting area of the testing department, waiting for some fur to open the window and begin accepting applications. The tigress went through her paperwork carefully, making sure she had brought everything needed to get her concealed carry permit.

She checked off each form, making sure she had them filled out correctly. The one form she had with her kind of bothered her, though. She needed a birth certificate so Denise had retrieved a copy of her actual birth certificate from their home world. That one showed her birthplace to be Hughson, California, just a stone's throw away from where they were right now. She hoped they wouldn't ask how she ended up in Wisconsin because she might have to show some proof that she had moved there.

“Good morning!” the femme white mouse examiner that opened the window bid them, giving them a warm smile. “Are you both here to get a CCW permit?” she asked, putting a clipboard on the window, motioning for Victoria to put her name on it.

“Just me, I'm afraid. I'm hoping to get a concealed carry permit this morning,” the tigress proffered up, going over to the window and putting her name at the top of the list. “I brought my paperwork and I hope I filled it out correctly.”

“Let me see your papers and look them over for you,” the examiner asked, taking her paperwork and looking it over. “Well, you have this form here that you definitely don't need,” she stated, pulling her Restricted Rights Citizen Status form out of the stack and giving it back to her. “Why you filled that out, I have no idea.”

“Um, this form's not needed?” the tigress asked, looking at the examiner, who's name was Ruth Warner,

with curiosity.

“No, you were born here in California before January 1st, 1968 so that gives you full citizenship rights, Hon.” the mouse replied. “Did you think because you were married in Wisconsin, that made you an RRC?”

“Well, I ...” She was cut off by the examiner, who was giving her an odd look.

“Hon, who was the idiot that told you that you had to wear caps?” the mouse asked, noticing Victoria's teeth and the caps covering them. “You were born here, Hon. You have every right in the world to walk down the street without caps, sweetie.”

“Well, We were moving here from Wisconsin so my hubby could take a job with the Modesto Police Department. We stopped in Turlock to have dinner and I was picked up ...”

“I've heard that a lot, about furs being picked up in and around Turlock. I suppose your hubby paid a huge chunk of change to get you out, too.”

“Yeah, he did ...” Victoria looked over at her hubby, busy reading an American Pawgunner magazine. “This happens often, huh?”

“At least once a week, it seems.” Ruth responded. “I read about it in a column in the Sacramento Bee.”

“So, are my other forms filled out correctly?”

“Yeah, they all look fine to me.” Ruth replied. “Come on back and take the written test,” she told the tigress, opening a door to allow Victoria access to the testing area.

Bill Harper was sitting in his stolen transportation, watching a police cruiser pull away from the front of the Ledbedders' department store in Gallup, New Mexico. He had a bad feeling about this one; too alert, too focused. The Armadillo pulled out onto the main thoroughfare, headed East. Well, that fit his plans, since he didn't intend to drive that way. As far as eventually returning east to Tulsa, he had actually planned to fly back, leaving his stolen wheels behind.

Getting out and locking his car up, he wandered inside the store to get a few items that he needed this evening. Grabbing a basket, he headed for the lawn and garden section. Bill eventually found the rubber gloves he needed along with some thick plastic sheeting.

The goat roamed the store, trying to look like he was actually shopping for normal goods. His wanderings brought him to the fur care aisles where he was looking at the fur dye, deciding what color to become. He was an off-white color so he could be just about any shade he desired.

“May I help you, Sir?” the voice asked, startling Bill momentarily.

“Uh, yeah, you can help me,” he replied while he got his composure back. “My wife sent me over here to get some black fur dye. How much do I need to buy?”

“Is she already black to begin with?” the femme asked. She took a box off the shelf to examine the directions.

“No, she isn't, Miss. She's about the same color as I am.” he replied. He really hoped this little gray vixen wouldn't remember him after he left. No time to track her down and kill her if he planned to get to California anytime soon.

“Well, it looks like you need three packages.” she pointed out. “One for her hair and two for her body.”

“Thanks, Miss,” he offered up, taking three packages from the shelf. “Uh, do you think you can point me towards the snack aisles?”

“Sure, that's aisle 7A and 7B,” she replied, cheerily. “If that's all, I need to restock the paper products.”

“No, that's all.” Bill replied. The femme fox nodded and headed off towards the back room. “Hmm, now to get some snacks for driving and get going again,” he mumbled to himself, headed for the snack aisles.

Victoria finished the first part of the test, scoring 100% on the written segment. This seemed to impress Ms. Warner, who checked her answers a second time just to be sure.

“It's been a while that some fur answered them all correctly,” she commented, putting the test on her desk. “Now it's time for the practical test, Victoria.”

They went down to the basement where the firing range was located. They procured ear and eye protection, then Ruth went to a an arms locker.

“Are you going to carry a pistol or a revolver?” she asked, waiting for the tigress to answer.

“Um, I guess pistols, since all of my firearms are Colt 1911 pattern.”

Ruth nodded, retrieving a LAR Grizzly chambered in .45 Winchester Magnum. She pulled out a pair of magazines and a box of ammo, motioning for them to go into a shooting bay.

“You have to qualify with a major power caliber or I have to restrict you to minor caliber and rimfire only,” the mouse told the tigress. “Please check the firearm to see if it's loaded, then point out its features.”

The femme feline checked the chamber to ensure it was empty, then pointed out all of the features of a pistol. The examiner made her load the magazines, shoot 5 rounds, swap magazines and fire again.

“I'm sorry if I didn't hold the grouping tighter,” Victoria proffered up as the mouse retrieved the target. All shots were within the 10 ring, with three of them being in the X ring.

“Um, you did just fine,” Ruth pointed out. “Let's go upstairs and finish your paperwork. You seemed to have passed all of the tests with no problems.”

Victoria stood in line at the Department of Motor Vehicles, patiently waiting her turn to get her Driver's license switched over. Looking around at the place, it didn't seem too much different from their bureaucracy on their home world. A clerk finished with the fur she was helping so she waved the tigress over.

"Hi, I'm Patricia. How may I help you this morning?" the gazelle asked.

"Well, I need to change over my driver's license and I need to make sure my citizenship status is properly reflected on it."

"I can see why you're unhappy with being a Restricted Rights Citizen but there's nothing I can ..." The ungulate stopped talking when the tigress unsheathed a claw, using it to push her birth certificate over to the clerk, turning it around to point out her birthplace.

"I think a big mistake was made when my husband and I moved back out here," Victoria stated in a calm, controlled voice as she laid her ID card from the Identification Center on the counter. "I think my records need to be changed and I think you're the one to do this for me."

"Ma'am, I'm not sure I can ..." The clerk was cut off sharply by the tigress.

"I'm very sure you can do this for me," Victoria stated, her claws unsheathing just slightly from her barely concealed anger. The clerk gulped in response.

"Let me get my supervisor so he can help me with this," the gazelle said quickly, going to find her boss, a portly beaver.

He came over to the counter, looking at her application closely. Torvald had finished getting his license and their van registration changed over so he was standing behind his wife now, his badge on his belt clearly visible.

"Ma'am, you can't just change your status..." Torvald cut the beaver off with a very angry look on his muzzle. It was clear the big stallion was very upset by all of this unnecessary red tape.

"Sir, she was abducted, literally while we were trying to tell them she was my wife," he started, trying not to talk in an angry voice. "She was born here before January 1st, 1968 so she has the wrong information in her records. I think you can fix this."

"Well, I ... um ..." the beaver sputtered. He looked up to see Torvald's badge on his belt, making him feel just a little further uneasy. A cop and his tigress wife, that were both unhappy campers, facing him from across the counter. That counter didn't seem so wide and reassuring right now.

"Mr. Briscoe, I'm sure you can fix this slight error," the stallion suggested, giving the beaver an extremely irritated look. "We were unaware of her status due to being born here. There is no such thing as a Restricted Rights Citizen in Wisconsin."

"Sir, just give me a minute here," the beaver said, biting his bottom lip while he poked around the computer for a menu that he wanted. He couldn't remember the last time he had to change a citizenship

status, it had been that long.

“Please, no hurry Mr. Briscoe, we'll wait right here while you fix this offensive error,” Victoria offered, turning to kiss her stallion in public, knowing she could now. “To hell with their mixed marriages crap,” she thought, kissing him one more time for good measure. Hopefully this would all change as soon as they toppled *The Legion*. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see a few furs talking quietly and pointing in her general direction. It must have made them feel uneasy for a predator species to be in their midst.

The beaver was still searching the menus in search of that one elusive one that allowed him to change status. A femme zebra joined him, their IT person in that office. She finally located the menu to allow such changes to be made, much to Mr. Briscoe's relief.

“OK, Mrs. Svensen, I can have your new Driver's license sent out to you ...” Torvald broke in again.

“I had mine made while I waited, Sir.” he pointed out. “I think my *wife* would like to do the same.” He put extra emphasis on the word 'wife'.

“Yes, Mr. Svensen, I will have her license in just a few minutes.” he replied. “Mrs. Svensen, if you would step over here, I'll take your picture.”

Victoria stood on the line, putting her feet where the marks on the floor indicated. Within a few more minutes, the clerk was giving her a new driver's license, devoid of a stripe on it, indicating she was a full citizen with no restrictions.

Outside by Torvald's cruiser, the tigress was still looking at her license.

“Are you ready to go home?” he asked, putting his arms around her waist, giving her a kiss.

“Yeah, I would like to go home, please?” she asked, looking up at her hubby with tears in her eyes. “This part is done now. Let's go home so you can rest your leg.”

“Um, Honey, we still need to get something to fix for dinner,” the stallion reminded his wife as he opened the door for her to get in the car.

“OK, we can stop at that Whole Foods™ market we drove by on the way here.” she suggested. “Maybe we can find something nice to fix for dinner there.”

Cathy was getting dressed so she could go down to the Stockton branch of the Hunter Auto Parts store and see what was going on down there. Apparently the manager had quit this morning without any warning at all. It was a good thing a senior employee lived nearby to open the place this morning.

“Cath, do you want me to go with you?” her hubby asked, sitting up on the edge of the bed. He had slept in this morning, since he didn't need to be at practice until his knee healed up.

“No, you don't have to go unless you have cabin fever,” she replied, coming over to sit by him. “I don't want you doing anything that might irritate your knee, like a ride down to Stockton and back.”

“Oh, um, how about I want to go just because I'm bored,” he suggested, giving her a kiss. “I dunno, it's like Coach Aslaug was watching me, telling me I'm a slacker. She always wanted all of us to pull our weight on the squad, back when I was in high school. This knee is probably gonna get well in a few days, anyway.”

“You know as well as I do that Coach Aslaug would have cut you some slack over an injury,” she stated.

“Yeah, I suppose she would have, at that,” he mused while he pulled on his pants. “Not to change the subject but why do you think your manager quit? I thought he wanted the job.”

“I have no clue why he would quit, hon. It's not like him, if you ask me. Jerry Martinez has been with us for over twenty years, back when my parents opened that store.”

“Good managers don't just quit. There has to be some reason behind it.” Conrad mused.

“You're right; there has to be a reason and I hope I can get him to tell me what that reason is. Maybe we can straighten out what's wrong so he'll come back to work for us.”

Willi Marie was sitting on her back patio, looking at the binding bands she held in her paws. She had asked Tasha to put them back on her after the latest incident in the kitchen but the lioness refused, citing Willi's need to learn to control her magic, not be power-bound. Although the two femmes were able to get the fire out in the kitchen before it did any real damage, it still had shook up the filly. She was still thinking that there had to be a way to remove her powers, to prevent her from doing something really rash at some point.

“Willi, I'm sorry that happened,” Tasha offered up, sitting down by the still-shaken filly. “you need to stop and think before you do something like that.”

“All I was trying to do was heat up some soup! It ... it just flipping exploded!” she exclaimed, putting her head down in her paws. “It ... just ... blew ... up ...” she said slowly, shaking her head.

“Willi, I need a glass of water,” the lioness stated, getting ready to get up to go get it. Willi, however stopped her, making a glass of cold water materialize in her paw.

“Here, don't leave just yet,” Willi asked, still somewhat shaken from the incident.

“Hmm, you did that OK,” Tasha stated, taking the water and sampling it. “You're just trying too hard, hon. You need to relax and not let yourself get all tense about performing your magic. Just let it flow.”

“Well, um, OK ...” Willi was still not sure about that but she was willing to give it a try.

She extended her paw and thought about a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, making one appear for her.

“See? You did that just fine!” Tasha told her, trying to boost her confidence.

“I know, Tasha. I've done this one so many times, it's too easy.” The equine made a small table appear with another sandwich for Tasha, some chips and a glass of water for herself.

“Honey, let's just work on the easy stuff to build up your self assurance,” the lioness suggested, giving Willi a hug. “You're new at this, hon. No femme ever learns it all overnight.”

“Yeah, you're right. I'm being too critical of my work,” she commented. “I need to just relax and get my head clear before I try to do something.”

“Uh, Willi, could I ask you what kind of jelly is this?” Tasha asked, getting her glass of water and slamming it down.

“Is it green?” the tall femme asked in return.

“It's a very light green. So, what is it?”

“It must be my infamous Jalapeño jelly.”

“Well, that makes sense, since you've burned out Jason and my taste buds since we've been here.”

“Does it taste that bad?” Willi asked, tasting hers to see that it was just like usual. That meant it was very fiery.

“Ya know, I think either I have no taste buds left or it's not that bad. Maybe I'm just getting used to it.”

Willi Marie gave it a moment before she said something about the idea she was giving thought to.

“Listen, Tasha. I need to unwind. Why don't we take a couple of the .22 rifles and go to the range.” Willi Marie suggested. “Sometimes busting a few caps relaxes me.”

Cathy walked into the Stockton Hunter Auto Parts store, finding things just a bit out of paw. There were more than a few furs backed up at the counter waiting with only two clerks to assist them.

“Mrs. Svensen, am I glad to see you,” Stan Munoz, the senior clerk said loudly, the big husky giving her a hug. “I can't believe Jerry just quit like that.”

“Well, he's supposed to meet me here so we can talk about it,” she proffered up. “I guess in the meantime I could help you get these customers taken care of,” Cathy stated, getting prepared to assist her counter help. She stepped behind the counter, putting her purse in the office first before grabbing a Hunter Auto Parts vest. The first male she tried to help, however was very suspicious of her abilities.

“Listen, Missy. No disrespect to you but I'll wait for a male fur to help me,” the hedgehog stated, giving her a crooked smile.

“Sir, I grew up with grease in my fur,” she shot back. “I built a '23 T-Bucket from a frame and body kit and my current toy, a '53 Chevy pickup I built all by myself, except for the paint and upholstery. What can I get for you?”

“Um, I need an oil pressure sender for a 1969 Dodge D600, 383 V8.” he stated, sounding kind of embarrassed.

“Gauge or idiot light?”

“Uh, gauge, please?”

Cathy didn't have to look this one up so she found the aisle the senders were in and found the box.

“Here you go, Sir. Will that be all?” she asked, giving him a polite smile as she sat the item on the counter.

“You seem to know what you're doing,” he commented, nodding that he was ready to pay for the part and go.

“I suppose I should, Sir. My parents started this chain before I was born. I literally grew up in the flagship Irvine branch as a child.”

“Oh, I'm sorry if I sounded snotty, Ma'am. It's just you don't see many femmes that know old cars and trucks.” he admitted as she made change for him and gave him his receipt.

“No, that's all right,” she retorted. “I used to hear that all the time when I worked at the Irvine store nights and weekends while I was in college.”

“Well, thank you, Ma'am,” he bid, turning to head towards the door.

While Cathy was helping at the counter, Conrad grabbed a vest to at least look the part and began straightening shelves like he always did when he would wait for her to get off work. Now that he had married her and he some stake in the chain, he felt it his duty to help out.

While he worked, he noticed something about his knee that wasn't right. It was odd because it didn't hurt anymore. Furthermore, he could bend it fully without a bit of pain. He knelt down where Cathy couldn't see him and poked at the tender spots, noting they didn't hurt at all. He rolled up his pants leg and parted the fur over what had been a very wicked looking bruise only to find it was gone.

Cathy was hollering at him to get an air cleaner element for her so he grabbed the proper Phram 325A element and took it to the counter, making his way to the office afterwards. There was something very, very wrong right now and he intended to get to the bottom of it. He had his suspicions and he intended to confirm them.

Finding a fresh disposable box cutter, he used an alcohol swab from the first aid kit to clean it thoroughly. Looking to see that Cathy wasn't paying attention his way, he cut the side of his left thumb pad just enough to make it bleed. The wound bled momentarily, then healed over immediately, showing no signs that any injury had ever happened.

Cathy looked over just in time to see Conrad faint and fall down on the office floor.