

*The characters Torvald Arend 'Tor' & Victoria Angela (nee Connell) Svensen, James 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 'Misha' (nee Kazinski), Walter Lee III, Joseph Franklin 'Joe' and Sarah Noel 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, Jason & Natasha 'Tasha' (nee Porter) Cummerow, Peter the dispatcher, El Casa Del Burrito[®], Leonard's Restaurant[®], Hunter Auto Parts[®], Right Way Groceries[™] and Steven Nanomantube are the property of Kellan Meig'h and may not be published or reproduced in any form without express written permission.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 32

“... Anyways, she made me look like this and brought me here,” Conrad related to his parents as they made their way to the safe house in the back of the van. “I kept having this nagging feeling that something was wrong. I felt I needed to help out somehow.”

“Well, just a few hours ago, some fur made what amounts to the fourth attempt at taking my life,” Victoria offered up. “That’s why I’m very concerned about you being here.”

Conrad nodded, knowing his mom was right. He had stepped into a situation that would force him to either stay alert or possibly lose his life. They still didn’t know if this lapin they were seeking was flesh and blood or a demon-spawn from the underworld.

“Conrad, you’re very brave,” Joyce offered up. “I’m not sure I could do the job of a Celestial Troubleshooter. It seems so very dangerous.”

“Well, I’m not in the business,” he replied, smiling a crooked smile at the femme pony. “I’m just here to help out. I want my parents home as soon as possible.”

While the others talked amongst themselves, Alan got Clyde’s attention.

“Uh, Clyde, I don’t know how to tell you this. Marie’s not dead.” That made the dark stallion look at his boss strangely.

“What do you mean, Alan? How do you know this?”

“Clyde, Marie’s at the safe house. We took her up there when we heard *The Legion* was going after her.”

“Why didn’t you tell me that?” Clyde demanded tersely.

“Because we didn’t want it to slip out where she was. It was for her own safety.” he replied. He watched on as Clyde tried to keep his composure but failed, breaking down in tears.

“I was so afraid ...” Clyde said between sobs. “I can’t wait to hold her in my arms again ...”

“Clyde, this will be over very soon. I just know it.” Alan commented. “Just hang in there, buddy.”

Dana and her hubby Brett had made their way over to Willi Marie’s home to present her with the rifle that was built just for her. They were all standing in her weapons room, checking out Brett’s paw-work.

“Brett, this is far beyond what I thought you would do for me,” the tall femme stated, smiling at the engraving on the receiver. “This is almost too pretty to shoot.”

“Here’s the target I shot with it,” Dana said as she gave Willi the paper with one ragged hole in it. “That’s five rounds, slow fired.”

“Oh ... My ...” Willi exclaimed, looking at the very small hole. “If I can’t win a championship match with this, I need to give up!”

“You know, Dad told me about being on a world where there was no legal ownership of firearms. He said it was scary since the criminals could do what they wanted to.” Dana told her adopted cousin.

“They have told me of being in some very scary situations, too. I just wish there was some way to help them out and get them home again.” Willi mused.

Suddenly, without warning, the world around the blond equine femme went white ...

“You know, Alan, you shouldn’t worry about us being followed. A tail car has been behind us the whole way, checking for any fur following us.” the driver of the van stated.

“I know, Chuck. It’s just a habit of mine to take a few back roads and make at least one u-turn,” his boss retorted.

“Hey Alan, look at this. Not something I’ve seen up here on a regular basis,” the hedgehog said as he slowed the van. Up ahead, a palomino equine femme was walking along the side of the road, toting several rifles and an ammo can.

“Torvald, is she one of your furs?” Alan asked as he looked at the sight before him. Torvald nodded, very well aware of who she was.

“Yeah, that’s my adopted niece, Willi Marie Delancey. Maybe we should stop and see what’s going on with her.” he suggested.

The driver stopped a little ways from Willi, turning off his headlights so she could see better. Torvald got out of the back of the van and walked towards her, calling out as he did so.

“Willi Marie? It’s me, your Uncle Torvald!” he said loudly as he walked up to her.

“Uncle Torvald? Oh, am I glad to see you! Um, where are we?” she asked, letting him take her ammo can.

“We’re just above Clements on Highway 88, near Lake Camanche, California.” he replied.

“I’ll have to remember not to make any more wishes out loud,” Willi mused. “I also have no idea who brought me here.” she added, adjusting the slings of her rifles.

“Well, get in the van and we’ll talk about this on the way. I think Conrad might be able to shed some light on the furson behind your unwanted transport.” the tall fur suggested, taking one of the rifles from her.

“Be careful with that rifle, Uncle Torvald, Brett built that one for me. Dana shot a sub-dime sized hole with it at the range.” Willi stated.

“I thought I recognized Brett’s paw-work. He does an incredible job of fitting the stock and doing the engraving.” Tor commented as he helped Willi into the back of the van.

“Hi, Willi. Imagine meeting you here,” Conrad commented. The tall palomino femme looked up at him, not expecting to see an equine male smiling back at her.

“Conrad?”

“Yeah, I’m Conrad. A black feline named Maria Consuela Cortez made me look like this and transported me here to help out.” he replied.

“Um, she’s young looking, not very tall, slender, sort of a Spanish accent?” Willi inquired.

“That describes her to a T.”

“I’ve heard of her. She’s a natural immortal with some powers but she doesn’t play by anyone’s rules except her own.” Willi pointed out.

“Well, she said she was helping out.” Conrad brought up.

“She helps out but look at this situation; she brought me here without my actually wanting to be here.” Willi countered. “Not that I wouldn’t help out, it’s just that I’m worried about my little ones.” Willi made her point by rubbing her belly.

“Why don’t you just go home again?” Victoria asked.

“I tried several times to leave but I seem to be bound to this planet. Maybe I can leave after your mission is over. If not, I’ll have to call for help.” the femme equine suggested as she made herself more comfortable on the bench.

“Wally, you’re not planning on trying to water ski, are you?” Michelle asked, observing her hubby at

his workbench, putting a new binding on his vintage Maharaja Classic waterski.

“I think I can still ski,” he replied, giving her a loving smile. “I’m still in good shape and I work out daily. I don’t see any reason why I shouldn’t be able to ski.”

“Well, I don’t know ...” She stopped talking when her mate took their oldest kit’s skateboard, a longboard, put it on the ground and began to skateboard down the driveway and off down the sidewalk. Wally went down several houses, turned around in an empty driveway and made it back to his garage in one piece.

“Is that proof enough?” he asked, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

“Erm, uh ... I guess so ...” she replied quietly.

“Who do you think taught Walter to board?” he queried.

“I don’t know.”

“Well, I taught him. He wasn’t easy to teach, though.” the male tiger pointed out.

“OK, who’s going to drive the boat while you ski?” she inquired.

“I thought you might drive the boat.” He hugged her as he added, “You shouldn’t have any problems with it. Dad always let Mom drive it when he would ski.”

Michelle gave the boat a long glance before stating her feelings.

“Wally, I’m not so sure about that idea.” He could see the apprehension in her eyes.

“Look, I’ll take you out on the lake and give you a bunch of lessons until you feel secure.” he offered up.

“Well, maybe ...” she responded, still giving the boat an occasional glance. That big motor in the back looked menacing with all the chrome and polished aluminum on it.

“Look, don’t worry. If my Mom can drive this thing, then you can.” he reassured her. “You’ll have fun on the lake.”

“If you say so,” she stated, still feeling very apprehensive about the situation.

“Look, Mom and Dad had a lot of fun in this boat. All of us kits learned to ski and I’ll almost bet that our kits won’t have any problems learning.” Wally stated as he held his wife closely.

“I’ll give it my best try, then. You seem so possessed for us to do this.” she commented.

“I’m sorry if I seem hell-bent, Hon. Maybe I’m trying to recapture a lost childhood.” he said softly.

“Well, you did lose part of your teen years, Sweetheart.” She pointed out.

“Yeah, I did lose those years so foolishly.” he agreed. “I don’t want our children to have to do the same. I thought that teaching them to enjoy the outdoors would keep them on the right path.”

The Immortal Couple and their group had finally made it to the safe house but Alan stopped Clyde before he got out of the van.

“Um, Clyde, don’t hold this against me. I was only trying to keep Marie safe.” he proffered up.

“I won’t hold it against you. You were doing your job.” the dark stallion replied. They all walked up to the door of the cabin and stood by while Alan opened the door.

“It’s me, Alan Samick,” he said loudly as he swung the door open.

“About time, Sir. We were ready to send a recon team after you,” Thom stated as he walked up to Alan and saluted him. The liver colored Morgan smiled as he said, “It’s your turn to deal with Ms. Glaser now. She’s been ready to do both of us in for a few days, ever since she began to feel better.”

While Melissa and Alan began to ‘discuss’ her situation, Marie spotted her hubby coming through the door. She jumped up from her seat at the couch and ran to him, almost bowling him over in the process.

“Clyde! Sweetheart! I missed you!” she sobbed as she hugged him fiercely.

“I missed you too!” he sobbed in return, holding her closely. “I was so afraid you were dead!” he said as he kissed her.

Alan was so busy with introductions that a knocking at the door almost went unnoticed. When it went from knocking to banging, Thom and Jeff went on alert along with everyone else in the room that was armed.

“Who’s there?” Thom shouted, checking to make sure the safety on his Beretta .50 ACP was off.

“Torvald? Victoria? It is I, Hrist. I mean no fur harm.” the alto femme voice replied from outside.

“You can let her in, Thom. She’s a friendly,” Torvald stated, nodding to make his point when the liver-colored equine looked at him. When the door was opened however, it was clear the Valkyrie had brought a friend with her.

“Johnnie?!?” Alan blurted out at the sight of the fur of the cloth. “You were ...” Hrist cut him off.

“Yes, he was dead but Odin heard Torvald’s request. He was aware that John Roundtree had more good things to do here on this earth so he was granted a reprieve.” Hrist explained after she closed the door behind herself.

“Um, yeah, I remember dying, Alan.” the reverend proffered up. “It was actually very peaceful. I was very surprised to find myself in Valhalla of all places, being healed by this huge femme named Eyr.”

“This makes my head hurt,” Alan stated, sitting down on a stool by the breakfast bar. “I have been told

things that don't make any sense at all and now you're back from the dead ..." Alan stooped talking and hurriedly dug out his cellphone. "I need to stop them from telling your wife you're dead!" he said loudly as he quickly dialed a number. "Bill, have you went to the reverend's house yet?" he asked, waiting for an answer. "Good, then. Listen, don't go over there. You won't believe me but John is still alive." he nodded his head, listening to the confused fur on the other end. "Yeah, I know you saw him deader than a doornail. Trust me, he's still alive."

"I owe a debt of gratitude to that femme healer Eyr. She brought me back to life although I'm still having a hard time believing it myself." John offered up. "And I thought Valkyries were mythical Norse beings." He shook his head at the thought of meeting a number of them in Valhalla.

"Well, meet an honorary Valkyrie, John. Wilhelmine was given that distinction by Hrist." Torvald pointed out as he hugged his adopted niece around her shoulders..

"An honorary Valkyrie?" the striped male blurted out, not believing what he just heard.

"I happen to think she's a full Valkyrie, John. She's just not been called to do her work yet. Probably something to do with her being a Master level sorceress." Torvald replied.

"A sorceress?!?" he said in a surprised tone. "My head hurts just thinking about that! That can't be true ..."

"Uncle Torvald, can I show him?" the blond femme asked. He nodded in return, smiling at her afterwards. He knew Willi Marie would put on a good show.

"Now listen here, I.. I'm not so sure I want a demonstration," John stated as he backed up against the breakfast bar.

"I won't hurt you," Willi stated as she walked up to him. "Um, would you like a cold beer?" she asked as she made a bottle of Miller Genuine Draft® appear in her paw.

"Well, Maybe ..." he replied, taking it from her, opening the bottle and taking a sip. I did taste like beer but maybe that was a a parlor trick. "You know, show me something that couldn't be slight of paw." he directed.

"Um, how about this?" she stated, the reverend finding himself standing by the road with Willi Marie, some distance from the safe house. He looked around himself, recognizing the landscape he had traversed with Hrist just minutes ago. "Just so you don't think this to be a parlor trick, let's walk back up to the house."

"I have to admit, this is very convincing," the reverend stated, smelling a rose blossom on a bush by the driveway. "*This must be for real,*" he thought to himself as she led him back to the house. Once back inside, he sat down on the arm of the sofa, still shaking his head. This whole episode was just too bizarre for his tastes.

Alan was busy talking with some fur on the phone, nodding and taking notes as they conversed. He seemed happy about something, still smiling as he ended the call.

"That was Deke on the line. He told me they found the leak in the organization and that fur gave him

about twenty names. He's sending several details out to round up those members of *The Legion* as we speak." the roan stallion related to them.

"Well, that's a good start," Torvald pointed out. "What do we do about that meeting with Vincent James? Go ahead with it?" I still think we need to get him off by himself to capture him."

"I'll have a light armored personnel carrier at my disposal tomorrow morning. It will carry fourteen soldiers with full gear so that would be about maybe ... eighteen with regular armament." Alan told them.

"OK, then. Victoria and I will wear tracking devices so you can follow us discreetly. We'll meet with this Vincent fur and take him down." the blond stallion put forth. Alan gave that some thought, then nodded.

"That's a plan, then. We'll take down this James character in the morning."

"Just make sure that you're all coming back in one piece." Melissa Glaser stated.

Later that evening after everyone had gone to bed, Torvald was holding Victoria in his arms as they lay on an air mattress that Willi Marie had produced for them. She was snuggled into him, her back against his chest.

"Victoria, I'm afraid." he told her in a small voice. "I'm afraid this meeting tomorrow is our undoing."

"What makes you think that?" she asked, glad of the fact he couldn't see her tears.

"I don't know, Hon. It's just a feeling I have."

"I won't lie to you, Tor. I'm scared too. I have this gut feeling about tomorrow being our end." She sniffed, then wiped her eyes on a corner of the bed sheet.

"We need to send Conrad and Willi Marie home in the morning, before they can get hurt." Torvald suggested.

"Absolutely. They can't be harmed, even if it's our end," she said as she tried to hold back her tears.

"We've had a good run," Torvald brought up. "We have a wonderful family, we've done some good things for the good of all furkind, we even battled Cerberus."

"He was one ugly SOB, wasn't he?" the tigress mused.

"I'm sorry you were brought into this," Torvald said as he hugged her to him tighter. "It's not fair that you have to look death in the eye like this. This was supposed to be my calling, not yours."

"It was my choice, to fight by your side. I could have just stayed home, being Susie homemaker but I chose not to. I love you too much to let you out of my sight, knowing you might not come home again." She lifted one of his paws to her lips, kissing it gently. "If you die, I want to be there. If it

means I'll die with you, so be it. I love you too much to have it any other way."

"I ... I don't want you hurt by this," he retorted, trying to keep from breaking down. "I will do my best to protect you, Hon. Let me take care of things tomorrow. Please don't do something that might get you killed."

"I'm not sure I can promise you that." she told him.

"I really didn't think you would. It was just my wishful thinking again."

Torvald held his wife until she fell asleep, then tried his best to get some rest himself. That was going to be tough, since all he could think about was their impending doom.

"Boss, this *is* Keyes," the driver told his employer as he flipped the sun visor down to shade his eyes against the morning sun. "At least that was what the sign on the freeway stated." He glanced into the rear view mirror to see Kerry Ross looking out the window in disdain.

"It's hard to believe the leader of *The Legion* lives like this," he said sourly as they turned into the mobile home park. "I must admit, it is a nicely kept little caravan park."

"Yeah, I agree. It sure looks like they take care of the grounds." the buck behind the wheel commented. "Sir, that seems to be the address you wanted." he offered up as he pulled into the driveway beside the coach in question.

"Let's go inside and meet with Vincent. I do hope this turns out to be productive." the gopher put forth. "I would hate to go to all this trouble for nothing."

Torvald, Victoria, Conrad and Willi Marie were sitting in a booth at a Perko's in Stockton, trying to eat an early breakfast and make some small talk. It was a slightly tense moment for them since Conrad earlier had adamantly refused to leave this planet without his parents. Willi had chimed in, stating her need to see them home safely.

"I wish you two would reconsider," Torvald stated as he put some more syrup on his waffles. "This is a suicide mission, as far as we're concerned. This assignment has that "We're not coming back in one piece" feel to it."

"I'm not leaving!" Willi said sharply. "You two need to finish this mission safely and I intend to help out in any way that I can to make sure that happens!"

"Same here." Conrad added. "Whatever it takes to finish this."

"You two don't realize the dangers ..." Torvald was interrupted by his cell phone ringing. "Detective Svensen," he said formally after he opened his cell phone and accepted the call.

"Detective, I wanna meet with ya this morning." Vincent told him. "Just you an' your mate. Don't bring

an army with ya, if you know what's good for ya."

"We can meet with you this morning. Name the place and time." Torvald suggested. He wrote 'Vincent James is on the phone' on his napkin, turning it so Victoria could see it. She nodded, letting him know she understood.

"The address is 3313 Patterson Road in Riverbank. Meet me at ten sharp around the back of the building. I'll be waiting for ya." Vincent told the stallion.

"Alright, that's 3313 Patterson Road, Riverbank. We'll be there." Torvald said just as the line went dead.

"Was that Vincent on the phone?" Alan asked from the next booth.

"That was him. He wants to meet at ten at an address in Riverbank." Torvald stated as Alan got out his phone and began to make a call.

"What's that address? I need to get that APC headed that way on a trailer." the roan stallion asked.

"He said 3313 Patterson Road, around back of the building." Tor replied. Alan nodded, giving the fur on the other end of the line this information.

"OK we're mobilizing right now," Alan stated as he ended the call. "I have fifteen top entry specialists headed that way. They have been given your descriptions so they won't hurt you but I guarantee everyone else in that building will be in a world of hurt."

"Mom, Dad, we're going with you." Conrad stated with a very determined look on his face.

"Um, Conrad ... he expects just the two of us. If either of you show, that might blow the meeting."

"OK, how about this? We'll wait until they're distracted, then I'll transport Conrad and myself inside the building." Willi offered up.

"Well ... I'm still not so sure about that," Victoria piped up.

"You're not talking me out of it!" the blond equine femme stated firmly. "My parents died on this planet doing a mission for the good of all furkind and if there's some way for me to avenge their deaths, I will do so. I will also keep you two safe because I will not go back to our home world and explain why the two of you are dead."

"Willi, I'm not sure your help is needed ..." Torvald was rudely cut off by his son.

"Dad, listen! We *do not* wish for you two to die today! Let us help you for crissakes!" the smaller blond male said very firmly.

"Alright then. You two may help but will you at least wear some armor? They're not going to be throwing popcorn at you." Tor suggested.

"I'll conjure up some DragonScale[®] armor for us. That stuff will stop a 30-06 round cold." Willi

suggested.

Victoria wiped her eyes, then looked at the two young warriors. Get her composure together, she spoke her mind.

“If it looks like there’s no way to stop us from being killed, you’ll both promise me you’ll bug out of there in a heartbeat.” Conrad frowned as he looked down at his plate. He momentarily looked back up at his mother then stated the obvious in his reply.

“Sorry Mom, I can’t promise that. You two will either come home with Willi and myself or we’ll all die here as a family. That’s the way it has to be.”

“I will stand with all of you! I will not leave you to die!” Willi stated very tersely. “I cannot allow you to die here.”

Torvald shook his head, pained by the thought of what could transpire. Willi bothered him especially by her statement. She had that same ‘*Do or Die*’ attitude that Aslaug demonstrated so many times.

“Son, Willi, you both have to promise ...” Conrad cut his father off again.

“Dad, look, let’s not go there. Willi and I are here for the duration. Let’s just leave it at that.”

“I guess we can’t talk you out of it then. So be it.” the huge fur stated, giving the young warriors a crooked smile. “I just hope that somehow, we all walk away from this.”

Valerie and her lover Barbara had went to her sister’s home, just to check on things. They picked up the mail, then mowed the front lawn and watered Victoria’s rose bushes. Valerie was hoping they would be home soon and all of this insanity could end. Besides, she just plain old missed her sister. She particularly missed their Wednesday get togethers for lunch and a bit of ‘femmes only’ shopping.

“Barb, let’s go fix a snack, then tackle the back yard,” the femme tiger suggested.

“Sure, I think the front yard looks good now,” the ocelot replied as she wiped her brow.

They went inside, rounding up a couple of cans of Campbell’s Vegetable soup to fix. While they were waiting for the soup to warm up in a pot on the range, some fur knocked, then rang the doorbell.

“Hmm, I wonder who that could be?” Valerie stated as she got up to answer the door. Looking through the peephole, she gasped.

“Who is it?” Barbara asked only to have Valerie motion for he to be quiet. Valerie opened the door slowly, looking at the huge fur standing in front of her, a tall, muscular, graying blond stallion with a white blaze up his muzzle. He smiled at her and spoke up in a deep tenor voice. A very familiar voice.

“Hello, my name is Bradley Torvald Svensen. I’ve been searching across the country for some genealogical information on my Grandfather Torvald Arend Svensen.”