

*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<sup>®</sup>, Leonard's Restaurant<sup>®</sup>, Hunter Auto Parts<sup>®</sup>, Right Way Groceries<sup>™</sup> and Steven Nanomantube are the property of Kellan Meig'h and may not be published or reproduced in any form without express written permission.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 33

Valerie was still looking at the tall fur, somewhat in shock as her lover joined her at the front door.

“Um, it seems my mate has had a massive brain fart,” Barbara stated as she pushed the stunned tigress aside to allow the huge equine to enter the home at her bidding. “Did I hear you say you’re looking for Torvald?” she asked.

“No, I’m not actually looking for him physically unless you know where he might be buried,” the male replied.

“Well, I’m not sure how to answer that. By the way, this is Valerie Connell and I’m Barbara Caine,” she replied, offering for him to come in. “Why don’t you sit down and I’ll get you something to drink. Coke or Diet Dr Pepper?”

“Diet Dr Pepper would be fine.” he replied as he took a seat in Torvald’s wingback recliner. Once he had his beverage in his paw, he continued. “I have a brother, Ronald Arend Svensen. Supposedly we were named partly after our grandfather Torvald Arend Svensen. My father was Thomas Michael Svensen, I already mentioned Grandpa Torvald, then his father was Sven Mikkellsson, old spelling and his father was Michael Gunnarsson. That’s all I know from what my mother knew of the family history but the names are all a dead end. I found this address by chance through a genealogy research site on the Internet. It wouldn’t give me much information because the fur apparently is still alive.”

“Well, my brother-in-law Torvald is about 50-ish, blond with a platinum mane and tail.” Valerie finally said after her case of shock wore off.

“My grandfather Torvald left Virginia to come to the west coast in search of work when I was just a little colt. My father, grandmother and aunt had all died just a year before that from influenza that swept through our area so he told my mother he would send for us once he made enough money to do so. We lost track of him because we moved around a lot after he left Virginia.” Bradley related to them. That’s when he noticed a picture of Torvald and Victoria over the fireplace. “Oh My Gawd, that looks just like him,” the stallion stated as he stood up and went to look at the picture. He pulled out a scan of an old photo of Torvald and his second wife Maryanne, comparing the photos. “I just don’t understand

this, ladies. This looks just like my Grandpa Torvald.”

“Um, it might just be a coincidence,” Valerie offered up. “My brother-in-law Torvald should be home in a day or two so maybe he could answer your questions then. Are you going to be staying in the area?”

“I’ll be here for a week, visiting with my daughter and my grandchildren down by El Cajon. Here’s her phone number,” he replied, giving the tigress a card with a San Diego area code number on it. “You can leave a message for me if we’re out sightseeing. The kits want to go to Disneyland while I’m here.”

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The two femme felines saw the huge fur off, standing on the front porch until he was out of sight in his rental car. They slowly made their way back inside, pondering this situation.

“Val, this is a mess,” Barbara spoke up. “I knew Tor had children by his second wife but I never expected one of his grandchildren to show up on the doorstep!”

“I know what you’re saying. We need to let Tor know as soon as possible.” Valerie replied. “I’ll call Aslaug and have her summon Hrist. She’ll know where to find Tor.”

Valerie called Aslaug’s phone number, getting the answering machine instead. “Um, we better go over there and see if she’s at home. If not, I know where she hangs out sometimes.” the tigress suggested. The two femmes locked up the house, got in Barbara’s Roadrunner and headed off to track down the blond Valkyrie filly.

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Alan was going over last minute details with the Immortal Couple and their family. He seemed very on edge over this, since no fur that he knew of had survived a run-in with *The Legion* besides the two immortal furs in front of him.

“So, Clyde and I will be in the armored personnel carrier, tracking your every move. Hopefully they won’t check your ankles for a tracking device.” he stated. “I’ll wait until I get a signal from one of you to make our move.”

“I hope he doesn’t check our ears, either. I don’t want to get caught being wired,” Victoria suggested, fiddling with the mic/speaker combo in her right ear.

“Listen, we’re going to be making our move just as soon as you tell us to. We have your backs.” Clyde told them.

“Alright, then. Let’s get moving since it’s almost ten right now.” the tall stallion said, motioning for them to get into the blackout Suburban that Alan had delivered to them.

Willi and Conrad got into the back seat, getting down into the floor of the vehicle as best as possible. Victoria got into the passenger side and made herself comfortable, checking her firearms to ensure they were loaded and safetied. Torvald got behind the wheel, making a brief silent prayer before starting the engine and pulling out onto the street.

“I really hope this works because I’m not ready to die, not just yet,” Victoria stated as she helped the young warriors in the back seat to cover themselves with a dark colored blanket.

“I’ll second that, Mom. I think I still have a long life ahead of me.” Conrad chimed in.

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A white lapin and a brown mouse were watching the street from the roof of the building, keeping an eye out for the two furs that would be arriving soon. They would know if it was them by their descriptions given them by Vincent James.

“Did you hear the boss might be giving himself up to save the organization?” the lapin asked.

“Naw, I haven’t heard that, Bob,” the mouse replied as he lit up a cigarette.

“Brian, do you think the boss is getting soft after Ed was killed by that cop?”

“Don’t think so. He’s just looking out for the good of the whole organization.”

“Maybe we should intervene in this? You know, capture them as they come in the building and ‘process’ them?” Bob suggested. “Especially that tigress. She seems like she would make a big stir, her cut-up carcass splashed across the evening news.”

“What about Kerry and Vinnie?”

“Ya know, maybe they could accidentally get locked into that office,” the taller one mused. “There’s a hasp on that door that could get accidentally flipped over and a lock hung in the loop. I bet Max would be happy to do that for us.”

“Well, maybe ..”

“There’s no ‘maybe’ about it, Brian. I’ll call Max and have him do up that door. As soon as they get here, we’ll jump them and give them the same treatment we gave that last male lion and his sorry mare wife.”

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“Yeah, I can handle that,” Max stated as he closed his cell phone. The stoat smiled and nodded to himself, confident that Bob had the right outlook on this situation. Getting a padlock in paw, he headed for the office area of the shop to take care of a small detail.

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Kerry and Vincent were sitting at a desk, making their plans for the lapin’s negotiated surrender to Torvald. This negotiation had to be carried out like a chess game just to ensure Vinnie’s minimum stay in a ‘resort’ minimum security prison.

“Now when the stallion gets here, you allow me to negotiate for you. Don’t say a word unless I ask you

to.” the gopher suggested.

“I’ll do that, Kerry. You know the legal stuff so I’ll let you deal with him.” Vincent replied. They were both interrupted by the sound of a padlock being snapped onto the hasp of the door.

“What’s going on here?” the lawyer asked as he tried the door. The hasp kept the door shut and the two top leaders of *The Legion* trapped inside. “You! Let us out of here! Right damned now!” the second in command shouted at the stoat standing outside the room, visible through the window.

“Sorry, we can’t let Vinnie give himself up. You two just relax while we take care of this problem.” Max replied, turning to head towards the back doors of the shop.

“Look out, Kerry. I’ll get us out of here,” Vinnie stated, getting a run at the door. He hit it squarely but it didn’t give. He fell in a heap at the foot of the door. “Sonuvabitch!” he spat out through gritted teeth as he rubbed his shoulder that was seriously injured.

“Here, let me get us out of this predicament,” Mr. Ross said as he drew his .357 Magnum S&W revolver from his shoulder holster. Taking aim, he fired at the window only to discover it was polycarbonate plastic. The bullet was still visible, trapped in the window that was at least an inch thick.

“My turn,” Vinnie offered up as he took a shot at the door with his .45ACP pistol. That was a bust as the door showed them it was not going to yield. It was a steel clad 4 hour rated fire door.

“Listen, I’ll call one of my locals to come get us out,” Vinnie suggested as he dialed a number on the office phone. It went straight to voice mail so he tried another number. He was beginning to get concerned when the third, then the fourth one he tried did the same thing.

“Is there a problem?” Kerry asked in a concerned tone of voice.

“Uh, I have a feeling we’ve been had,” Vincent replied as the fifth one didn’t answer. “I have this feelin’ we’re screwed.” Kerry just nodded as he made himself comfortable on the couch.

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The two femme feline lovers had exhausted all the places that they might find Aslaug so they turned to another source nearby. Pulling up in front of that familiar house, they walked up the driveway past a rough-looking Suburban as they made their way to the front door. The door opened before they could knock and a familiar coyote smiled at them.

“I thought I heard that Plymouth of yours. What’s up, Val?” Joe asked. His smile turned to a look of concern once he saw the look on the tigress’ muzzle.

“Um, we need to get in touch with either Aslaug or Hrist so they can find Torvald. His grandson was at our house earlier.” she offered up.

“His grandson?” Joe said more as a statement than a question.

“Yeah, his grandson Bradley Torvald Svensen. Just imagine a graying Axel with a white blaze up his muzzle.” Barbara told him.

"I can't say I haven't expected this," Joe said as he decided what to do. "Let me see if I can get Jess to help you out." He then left the two felines in the living room while he went to his bedroom and a bit of quiet to make his contact with his boss. Valerie and Barbara were joined shortly by Annie, Joe's wife.

"Joe told me why you're here. Wow, I don't know what I would do in this situation." the red vixen mused as she sat some refreshments on the coffee table.

"I just told Joe, imagine a graying Axel with a white blaze." Barb stated.

"That is so weird!" Annie said as she served them some lemonade. "I hope this doesn't become a mess for Tor. He's such a kind soul, I hate to see some fur like him hurt." They were interrupted by Joe returning to the living room.

"Jess said he would help out." Joe told them just as Hrist shimmered into his living room.

"I came as fast as I could," the tall, spotted equine Valkyrie said as she solidified into existence. "What is the problem?" She was quickly joined by Denise Berger.

"Um, we have a problem," Valerie told them. "Torvald's grandson Bradley Svensen was at their house earlier. He needs to know about this so it's not a nasty surprise when he returns."

"Oh My ..." Hrist said as she put her paw to her cheek. "I see ..."

"We'll find him and let him know, then," Denise told them just as the two femmes shimmered out.

"That wasn't too difficult," Joe commented as he shook his head. "Now I know why no fur wants to be immortal."

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"Clyde, we're at the back roll-up door of the building and we're going inside," Torvald stated, hearing an acknowledgement in his ear afterwards. "Come on, let's get this over with."

"Mom, Dad, we'll wait a few minutes, then make our entrance," Conrad stated, staying as low as possible in the back seat with Willi Marie.

"Alright then, just be careful," Victoria told them as she got out of the vehicle and straightened her blazer. She took her husband's paw in hers and they headed towards their impending meeting with destiny. "This just doesn't feel right," she stated, stopping them momentarily. "Just keep an eye peeled for trouble." she suggested.

They stopped at the entrance to the doorway, looking around at the surroundings. It seemed to be a storage facility for used car parts. There were rows of industrial racks with engines, transmissions, fenders and doors, along with pretty much everything except bare frames and body shells.

"Kind of a weird place to meet with some fur," Torvald stated as they stepped into the building proper. It was well-lighted with both fluorescent fixtures and skylights and fairly clean, too. "Hey! Is any fur here?" he shouted, hoping to get someone's attention.

“Yeah, over here!” a muscular stoat hollered back from a doorway, waving his paw to get their attention. They turned to head that way, hoping this wasn’t a trap but their hopes were dashed by Torvald catching a dart to the lower back, dropping him to the floor roughly. The dart meant for the tigress impacted her armor, preventing it from drugging her. She quickly moved behind some crates, pulling her pistols out afterwards.

“You have no idea who you’re screwing around with!” she shouted, peeking around the corner of the crate to see her hubby, lying motionless on the floor. At least he was still breathing. “Clyde! Move in!” she shouted, hoping her earpiece was working.

“We’re on our way,” Clyde told her as she took inventory of her situation. She moved to another area, away from her hubby but she was sure they were really after her and they might just leave her hubby alone. Another dart struck her in the paw, right between the knuckles of her left paw. The point was sticking through her palm pad but enough of the drugs had been administered to make her woozy.

“I’m inside the door, to the right, behind some crates. I’ve been hit by a dart of some kind,” she told her rescuers as she moved to get out of the line of sight of the shooter, then pulled the dart out. Some movement high and to her left garnered her attention, letting her take out the shooter who was up on the mezzanine nearby. The roll-up door began descending about that time, blocking the only route of escape she was sure of so she headed back that way, knowing Torvald would forgive her for leaving him behind. A hail of small arms fire stopped her just as she made the end of a row of crates, preventing her from leaving. An electric forklift suddenly began moving across the warehouse with a huge plate of steel, larger than the door was wide sitting on the forks. It ran into the doorway and stopped, the forks spearing through the door, running the plate up against the opening solidly.

“They can’t get in to save your ass so you just as well give up,” a voice said evenly through the PA system. “If you give up, we won’t hurt your hubby.” the voice suggested.

She took her compact out of her pocket and opened it, using the mirror to look around the corner. She could see a fur in an office, holding what looked to be a microphone. “And what if I don’t give up?” she shouted to see whether or not that was the fur that was speaking.

“If you don’t we’ll kill both ...” His rant was cut short by a pair of double taps from the tigress.

“Last chance! Give up before I kill all of you!” she shouted out, hoping for an answer. It was not the answer she wanted. Another hail of small arms fire forced her to move locations, away from Torvald and unknowingly back into the firing path of another dart that unloaded its payload in her right forearm.

“I got her!” she heard some fur shout right before she blacked out.

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Michelle was fixing lunch for her brood, a simple meal of tuna salad sandwiches and potato chips. She was startled by her hubby coming into the kitchen from the garage door, looking somewhat upset.

“Wally, what’s up?” she asked, knowing him too well. Something was bothering him.

“Misha, you know how I have that sixth sense? Well, something’s not right with one of my sisters. I’m gonna call Valerie to see what’s going on.” he replied. He called his little sister, hoping for some good news. What she told him really bothered the white tiger.

“Wally, Hon, what did Valerie say?” his wife asked.

“She told me that Torvald’s grandson came by their place, looking for some information on him. That’s bad in itself but I still think there’s something else bad wrong. I just don’t know how I could help out.”

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Conrad and Willi Marie got out of the vehicle when the door to the shop closed and the forklift blocked the doorway. She quickly provided them ‘Dragon’s Scale’ armor, giving Conrad one of the jackets she conjured up for his protection.

“Willi, this looks like ...” She finished his sentence for him.

“Yeah, they’re real scales from a dragon. A member of the review board named Hal gave me this little tip. These scales will stop all small arms fire, even armor piercing.” She then quickly materialized two AR-style rifles in .50 Beowulf caliber and two bandoleers of ammunition for them.

“I’m ready,” Conrad told her after making sure his weapon was charged. She quickly materialized them inside the shop, right next to Torvald.

“Urrgh!” the tall stallion groaned as he tried to get up off the floor. Knowing he was still too drugged up to do something, he grunted and pointed at the doorway where Victoria was being ‘escorted’ by two furs. They were dragging her along by her upper arms, her feet dragging along limply behind her.

“MOM!!” Conrad screamed out as he began running that way, headed for the door that closed quickly before he could get there. He executed a hasty retreat, however when a hail of small arms fire chased him behind a shipping crate. They were then treated to several tear gas grenades thrown in their direction.

“Conrad! We’re getting out of here!” Willi Marie yelled, transporting Torvald, Conrad and herself outside the warehouse and into some fresh air. Conrad was doubled over coughing, having been too close to one of those tear gas grenades inside. Willi was seeing to Torvald just as Alan, Clyde and the armored personnel carrier made their appearance.

“Where’s Victoria?” Alan shouted after failing to see her nearby.

“Still inside,” Conrad choked out, pointing at the doorway that was blocked.

“Well, what’s inside there?” he asked, seeing after the smaller blond stallion himself.

“Mostly crates, Alan. The left side seems less cluttered, though.” The younger Svensen offered up between coughing fits.

“We’re going to ram our way through the side of the building,” the roan colored soldier told them as he got his entry team back into the armored vehicle. The driver revved up the powerful diesel engine and

turned the unit towards the wall. He then rammed into the wall only to be stopped cold. They were unaware of the phalanx of twelve inch diameter solid steel bollards behind the wall that were sunk into four feet of steel-reinforced concrete.

“That’s it! I’m going back in!” Willi Marie said darkly, materializing a gas mask for her protection. That’s when Torvald grabbed her wrist.

“I’m going with you!” he wheezed out. “Summon me up a gas mask,” he requested, taking Conrad’s rifle and bandoleer from him. She did so, transporting them back into the warehouse afterwards.

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Victoria came to only to discover she was naked and several furs were strapping her to a plywood cutout that was in the rough shape of her body. The scary part was that sheet of plywood was sitting on the table for the biggest bandsaw she had ever seen. A brown mouse was busy cutting her tracking band off of her ankle with a pair of bolt cutters. That was what woke her up.

“Aww, look, she waking up!” the lapin said to his partner as he secured Victoria’s right wrist to the cutout. “That’s a shame, really. This is gonna hurt like hell when we cut you up into small pieces. You’ll still be alive when we finally cut your head away from your body.” he added in a malevolent tone.

“You have no idea who you’re screwing around with! Let me go **NOW!!**” the tigress hissed back at him. She wiped at him with her left paw, catching him on the cheek soundly. The rabbit stepped back a few steps, touching his face that was bleeding from her claws. The rodent with him grabbed her free paw, getting it under control and strapped down with tie-wraps.

“You sorry bitch!” he said loudly as he punched Victoria in the face, causing her nose and upper lip to bleed. “You deserve to feel that blade biting into you.” he suggested as he dabbed at his face with a rag.

“***You’re toast now!!!***” Victoria shouted as she struggled to free herself from the board, her eyes beginning to glow, her powers surging, building.

“Shut up, bitch!” the white lapin said as he put a strap over her forehead, finishing her attachment to the board. He then put a tie-wrap around each ankle and pulled them tight with a tool meant for that purpose. “The wraps will keep you from bleeding out while we cut you up. That way, you can enjoy the whole experience, every last cut.”

“***I’m gonna kill both of you if you don’t let me up by the time I count three!***” Victoria warned them. “**ONE ... TWO ...**” Her eyes were glowing brightly as she struggled to get free.

“Just shut the hell up, BITCH!!” the lapin yelled in her face as he started up the saw, a major mistake on his part. He gasped at the sight before him and began to back away from her just as she pulled her left paw free, gripped his throat and spoke again.

**“THREE!!”**

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“Over there!” Willi ‘suggested’ to her uncle once they materialized, indicating some crates to shield them from harm. The stoat and an armadillo were firing at them from well-protected emplacements up on the mezzanine. The two protagonists made it to the crates, waiting for the firing to die down.

“Can you locate them?” Torvald asked while he put the rifle around the side of the crate and fired a few bursts into the general direction of the bad furs.

“I think they’re on that second story area, off to the right,” she replied, trying to see them in her mind. “I’ll bring them right to us,” she said just as she materialized the henchfurs just a few feet from Torvald, sans weapons.

“Very nice,” Tor commented when Willi gave him some paw cuffs to secure them together. “Now let’s go find Victoria.”

“Just a second, Uncle. Let me move that forklift away from the door,” she suggested, using her powers to teleport the lift out into the parking lot. The steel plate fell over once it lost its support, allowing Alan and his furs to enter the building.

“Where is she?” the roan stallion asked, looking around at the situation. He ordered his furs to fan out and look for Victoria then turned back to Torvald.

“They took her through that door,” was Tor’s reply, pointing out the door they had disappeared through. Alan sent his entry specialists to open the door, which seemed to be a problem. The door opened outward but it had no visible hardware. It also seemed to be bolted from the inside.

“Let me get a shaped charge to open that door,” Alan said to them as he turned to go back to the personnel carrier. Willi grabbed his arm, stopping him.

“No, don’t bother. I’ll move it myself,” she replied, making a gesture with her paws. The door disappeared to reveal a steel plate behind it.

“Willi, just find Victoria and transport her to us,” Torvald suggested, making the palomino mare facepaw herself.

“Why didn’t I think of that!” she said as she located the tigress and materialized her, the bandsaw and the unfortunate lapin that had Victoria’s claws from her left paw embedded into his throat.

**“LET ME UP FROM HERE BEFORE I TEAR OUT YOUR THROAT AND SHOW IT TO YOU!!!”** Victoria screamed as she tugged at the dying lapin’s neck, making him fall against her and push her left leg through the blade. She screamed out a feral-sounding wail as the blade cut through her, right below the knee before it stopped from the lack of an electrical connection.

“Victoria!!” Torvald shouted, headed for her. He stopped momentarily when her leg didn’t really get a chance to bleed before it began to heal up. He then went to her and pushed the dying rabbit off of her.

“Get me loose!” she shouted, now that she could see her hubby. “Get me off of this bandsaw, get those

things off of my ankles and hold me please!” she begged as she began to cry in earnest. Torvald quickly cut the tie-wraps way from her with his trusty Buck knife, grabbing her in a strong embrace before she could get up by herself.

“We’re done now,” he said in her ear quietly. “No more missions for us, ever.” he added as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

“Not yet, Tor. Vinnie is still in there. I’m not stopping until he’s in jail or dead,” she replied as she buried her nose in his chest and sobbed. “I can’t let him get away, Tor. Not after this.”

Willi materialized Victoria’s clothes and firearms for her, then turned her attention to the blocked doorway. She started to gesture with her paws but stopped short.

“Alan, I’ll bring any fur in the building to us,” she suggested, searching the structure with her powers for her targets. She smiled, then made a slight gesture with her paws. A well-dressed gopher, a desert cottontail in some natty attire and a brown mouse that was on his knees praying for his soul materialized right in front of her, sans weapons. The rodent looked up to see Victoria, still alive.

“Get her away from me, Vinnie! She’s a demon!!” the mouse shouted as he scrambled behind Vincent for protection.

“Will you shut up! She’s no ...” Vinnie’s voice trailed off when he observed her eyes glowing like beacons.

“You! I have a good mind to kill you myself!!” Victoria said in a malevolent tone as she slowly walked up to the rabbit, still limping from her earlier altercation with a bandsaw. “You’ll go to jail now for your crimes, Vincent.” she hissed. “You, and every other member of *The Legion* will go to jail. This madness will stop, right now! Every state will open their borders again and this madness called species hate will end! Do You Hear Me?!?”

“Um, yeah, I can do that,” he replied, taking a step back from her for safety.

“I’m sure Vincent will make a statement on national television to that effect,” Alan stated as he stepped between them, mostly to protect the lapin from harm. “I’m positive I can coerce him into naming all of the members that are involved,” he mused, smiling to himself. It was over now.

Hrist and Denise appeared about that time, just a bit late for the party.