

The characters Torvald 'Tor' Svensen, Victoria Connell-Svensen, Conrad Svensen, Dana Lynn Svensen, Gytha Louise Svensen, Axel Torvald Svensen, Valerie Connell, Barbara Caine, Wilhelmine Marie Kurzweil, James William Kurzweil, Laura Dunsmuir DDS, Clyde Moraine, Marie Moraine, Rev. Johnny Ray Roundtree, Dr. Robert Mollenkopf, Officer William 'Bill' Nellis, Officer Johnathan 'John' Hightower, Officer Kimberley Taylor, Richard 'Rick' Carvin, Alan 'Al' Samick, Catherine 'Cathy' Gebhardt, Matthew 'Matt' Black, Joyce 'Jo' Black, Daniel 'Dan' Tasker, Joan Elfsborg, John Robert 'Jack' & Rose Lynn Reynolds, Carl Parker, Art & Melissa Glaser, Mike Helguson, Vincent Lyle 'Vinnie' James, Lori Masters, Denise Berger, Pamela Benelli, Peter the dispatcher, Thom Thomas, Jeff Ford, El Casa Del Burrito® and Steven Nanomantube are the property of Kellan Meig'h and may not be published or reproduced in any form without express written permission. Any resemblance to any fur or person, either living or dead is purely coincidental.

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“A Loss Of Rights”

By Kellan Meig'h

Chapter 6

The Svensen family members were busy eating pizza in the kitchen while the kids were telling of Gytha's run-in with the border agents at the Sacramento International Airport. The agent in charge didn't particularly like the caps she had on her claws but in the end, they had coerced the fur in charge into allowing them to continue their trip.

“He kept looking at us like we might actually hurt him” Axel said with a smile. “He was small for a Burro so we towered over him and he kept making us sit down so he could look down at us.” Gytha was giggling, thinking about the look on that fur's muzzle when he had first met them. “He was looking kinda worried until Gytha did her fake crying act to soften him up. He finally let us go just so she would quit crying.” Torvald was shaking his head at that notion.

“Haven't we asked you two not to do that?” he asked, trying to keep from smiling. This pair had done that since they were in grade school, using either their immense size or Gytha's dramatic acting skills to get their way. “Did your mother and I raise a pair of con artists or proper, polite children?” Their meal was interrupted at that point by a polite knock on the door, followed by a short buzz on the doorbell.

“This better not be some more of those Neo-Naturalists handing out their stinking leaflets” Torvald said sourly as he got up from the table. “I don't care what they say, an old magazine is not a proper substitute for toilet paper. Even their pamphlets are made from rough recycled paper of some kind” he added as he made his way to the door. Looking through the peephole, he could see a male quagga and a male impala on his porch, dressed nicely and holding a pair of books. It was evident to him that these weren't Neo's at the door by the way they were dressed. Once he had opened up the door to greet his guests, the impala spoke up.

“Hello, Detective Svensen. We're from the Church Of Faith and we've come here to welcome you and your mate Victoria to Modesto and West America properly” the impala stated as he held out his paw to Torvald. The huge fur gave him a soft, courteous pawshake before he asked his question.

“Um, ... May I ask just how did you know our identities?” he queried, looking very confused at the moment.

“We have a common acquaintance that works at The Identification Center. Laura Dunsmuir told me about your mate's very unfortunate run-in with the system there” Jack replied and then remembered that he hadn't told the stallion who either one of them were yet. “I'm sorry, I haven't introduced us properly. I'm Jack Reynolds and this is Carl Parker. We're both church high elders.”

“Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Parker, nice to make your acquaintance” the huge fur said with a smile. “You didn't miss Laura by too much. She was here earlier, helping my mate to understand her rights.” This caused the two elders to look at one another kind of strange. Jack shrugged his shoulders at Carl and then turned back to face Torvald.

“May we come in and talk to you for just a few minutes? I hope we aren't interrupting anything” he queried, giving the stallion a pensive smile.

“No, it's all right. Come right in, please” Torvald replied, motioning for them to enter. He politely showed them to the living room and offered them a seat on the couch. “I'll let my mate know we have company” he said as he left the room in search of Victoria. Carl was immediately drawn to the sight of Torvald's huge Dane axe on display.

“Um, uh ... Jack ...would you look over there and ... um ... tell me exactly what you see” he asked of his partner, pointing in the direction of the armor display.

“All right, if it'll make you happy. Hmm, lets see ... I see some armor and what looks to be an extremely large war axe of some kind ...” Jack's voice tapered off as he looked over at Carl, who appeared to be going into shock. “Carl! Pull yourself together!” he said quietly but tersely as he shook his partner's arm a bit. This seemed to snap the quagga back out of his momentary bout of hysteria.

“A Judgment Axe” Carl said quietly, almost whispered as he looked at his partner. “That's a Judgment Axe just as sure as we're sitting here!”

“We don't know that!” Jack spat out quietly. “You're getting...” Jack cut off his statement when the immortal couple entered the room.

“Hello, I'm Victoria Svensen, Torvald's mate” the tigress stated, introducing herself.

“I'm Jack Reynolds and this is Carl Parker” the impala replied, giving her a warm pawshake. “We had intended to welcome the two of you to Modesto and West America properly but it seems that Laura may have done that already.”

“Well, she has made me feel quite welcome here by helping me to understand the numerous arcane laws that I have to live under” the tigress replied as she and her hubby sat down opposite the two furs of the cloth.

“Listen, I just as well come out and tell you why we came to your house this afternoon” Carl stated nervously. “We're fairly sure you're both agents of the Lord and we want to know why you're here.” This little snippet caused the two immortals to look at one another. This was turning out to be one very weird mission for them.

“How do you know we're 'agents', as you put it?” Victoria asked, giving them her full attention.

“Our scout is a scryer” Jack replied. “He has felt the White Power emanating from your husband. I'm not a trained scryer by any means, but even as a rank novice I can feel the power you two share, especially when your paw brushed against your husband's paw just a moment ago.”

“You mean to tell me you can feel this?” Victoria asked out of curiosity, touching the back of Torvald's paw again. She saw a pained look cross Jack's muzzle when she did that.

“Yes, my dear tigress, I can feel that just as plain as day” the impala replied, rubbing his temples to soothe the mental pain that he had just felt. “I was given direction by the church to learn to scry under our Leader and Master Scryer Walter Whitewater Senior but he passed away before I could start my training.”

“Can you tell us just how many furs have this ability?” the huge fur asked, concerned that their cover may have already been blown and they just didn't know it yet.

“Only about um, ... one one-hundredth of one percent of all living furs, I think, have this ability but almost all of them think it's just random headaches or some other such thing” Carl replied. “Our church Prophet Benjamin Thomas discovered the true meanings of the power of scrying in 1821. He learned how to scry from heavenly angels, so our church doctrine states.” He looked to see that the immortal couple was paying attention as he added, “You do need training to master it or it can be deadly to scry.”

“Just exactly *what* are you doing when you scry?” Torvald queried, wanting to know more about this strange ability they had never heard of before.

“We are reaching out with our minds to seek out and interpret heavenly revelations for the church” Jack replied. “If you aren't trained, you have no way of knowing if it's a true revelation or misguidance from a dark realm's minion. You might also be accidentally 'overloaded' with revelations, causing severe, permanent damage to your mind if you don't know how to stop a scrying session cold. We don't take this lightly, as you might suspect.”

“This sounds very dangerous if you ask me” Torvald commented, reaching for his mate's paw and then remembering what it did to the impala. He just clasped his paws in his lap instead, not wishing to discomfort Mr. Reynolds any further.

“Scrying *is* very, very dangerous” Jack stated somberly. “We lost a novice just last year when she thought she was ready for full, unsupervised scrying. We found her dead on the alter the next day, still holding her head with a look of terror on her muzzle. It must have been very painful at the end.”

“Let me ask you this; Is Pastor Roundtree a scryer?” Torvald asked out of a need to know. “He said he saw things about us in his mind when he touched my paw.”

“Yes, he is a powerful fifth-degree master scryer but he is *very* old school; he feels that honest, thoughtful prayer is a better source for receiving revelation” Jack pointed out. “If you wouldn't mind, I would like to see what he observed in his mind's eye. It's safe for me to do that much because I'm not reaching out to read your mind's projections.”

The two immortals looked at one another and Victoria made a very pointed comment; “They know we're agents so it doesn't make much difference to hide it from them.” She nodded to Mr. Reynolds in agreement and Torvald just shrugged his shoulders as he nodded just slightly.

“Please hold paws and then hold them out in front of you” Jack asked, readying his mind for what he was going to do. Once Torvald took his mate's paw in his, the impala got a very pained look on his muzzle.

“Are you OK Mr. Reynolds?” the tigress asked, worried that it might be harming him to do this.

“I’m fine, it’s just a little painful at first” he replied through gritted teeth as he took a deep breath and readied himself. Jack then reached out and slowly took their paws in his, claspng them tightly between his. He could see both of their lives, laid one on top of the other, running in what looked to his mind’s eye like fast forward. He concentrated hard to make their lives slow down to a viewable speed and finally observed their last few days playing in his head.

He could see through Torvald’s eyes when Victoria was bound paw and foot and roughly muzzled by a Turlock police fur while another police fur held him at gunpoint, telling him it was none of Torvald’s damned business what they did with the unregistered tigress while he threw an information card on the floor at the stallion’s hooves. Jack could see when the huge fur practically begged the desk clerk at the Center to tell him the whereabouts of his mate and a casual chat that he had Saturday morning with Laura in the Center’s guest lounge. He could actually feel the sensations when Victoria’s paws were being potted in that icky thermoset gel and when her teeth and claws were being capped by Laura. Jack also heard some very lewd, crude comments about the tigress being made by several furs that he knew quite personally. He finally let go of their paws when he became too tired to continue.

“Wow, that was ... really something” was all he could muster as he sat back in the couch and took a few deep breaths to clear his head. Once his head quit hurting, Jack looked at the immortals in awe because the real reason they were present was very clear to him now. He nodded his head in understanding as he said, “Now I know why you’re here. You’re going to turn the tide for all furkind.”

“What in hell do you mean by that?” Carl asked, seeming very confused by his partner’s statement.

“They’re here to take down *The Legion* and destroy them” he said very quietly as he turned to look at his friend. “Do you realize that this might possibly put the nation back together again? The negative influence from the church will cease and maybe, just maybe, the country will become whole once again.” He then swallowed hard as he begged of Carl “You must tell them everything you know about *The Legion*. For the sake of all furkind, don’t leave out a thing, please! They must know everything you know and anything you can possibly find out.”

Jack and Carl had spent the better part of the afternoon and on into the early evening with the immortals, giving them every last shred of information they had on *The Legion*, trying their best not to leave out a thing. Victoria had taken extensive notes so her hubby could use his now-invaluable police connections to locate some of the furs that were the key players. Carl had made a point to tell them that Matt Black was their scout, just to be sure the okapi wouldn’t be harmed in any way. Just as the two elders were leaving, the phone began to ring. Axel answered it, having a short, quiet conversation with the fur on the other end before giving the phone to his mother.

“Hi Mom” the voice on the other end said in a very concerned tone. It was her son Conrad on the other end, talking to her.

“Conrad, where in the heck are you?” she asked, thinking that he should at home in Mission Viejo so how in the world was he making this call? The tigress was getting just a little confused and somewhat worried by all of this.

"I'm here with Dana, Willi Marie, James and Aunt Valerie at our home here in Bellevue, Wisconsin" he replied. "That's the reason why I called you so late this evening, Mom. Something's really not right with all of this and I needed to talk to you and Dad about it."

"Would you mind telling me what you think might be wrong, sweetheart?" she asked, thinking that there *was* something seriously wrong. He should be on the west coast, where they lived and certainly not on this parallel planet. She then looked over at Gytha and Axel, thinking that there was something very, very wrong with this picture. These *were* her children, she thought but there was still something not right about this.

"Mom, I think I'm in the wrong city and state, for one thing" the young tiger stated. "And I now have two sisters and a brother that I don't think I had before."

"OK, let me find out what's going on and I'll call you back, OK?" she asked, thinking things were going to get messy in a hurry.

"All right, I'll wait up for your call" he replied, telling his mother that he loved her just as they hung up the phone. Victoria then began to think about what to do next.

"Is there something wrong, sweetheart?" the huge fur asked her as he came back inside from seeing the elders off, giving her a kiss on the cheek. Her worry was evident to him because she never bit her lower lip unless she *was* worried or upset. She regarded him for a few moments before she answered him.

"Yeah, there's something *waaay* out of whack here" she replied to him before she cleared her mind, looked up at the ceiling and shouted out "Denise Berger! Get your striped butt down here right now!!" Momentarily the femme skunk shimmered into view, smiling at them as she materialized.

"Is there something ... wrong ... ?!?" her voice tapered off as the two teens came into view, smiling at her like they knew her. "OH HELL NO!!" she exclaimed loudly, then put her paws over her mouth in embarrassment. She then walked up to the two huge teens and touched them both just to confirm they were indeed genuine flesh and blood. She looked at Victoria and held up an index finger as she said "I'll be right back!" Denise quickly shimmered out of view with a determined look on her face.

Torvald didn't have time to say a word to his mate before Denise shimmered back into their home with a femme mongoose in her custody. The immortals could hear the two femmes arguing with one another as they materialized back into existence on this world.

"What the hell do you mean; I screwed up big time?" the mongoose asked. "I never screw up!"

"I'm telling you that you have made the biggest, nastiest, epic eff-up of all times, lady! Peter will skin you alive when he reads my report about this!" Denise retorted. She turned to the immortal couple and forced a smile as she said "Torvald, Victoria, this is Pamela Benelli. Pam, this is the two furs whose lives you've just screwed up!" Torvald then recognized the voice as that perky femme that would take over for Peter and disasters would ensue. He knew of one blond filly would just love to get her paws on her, if only for a few moments.

"That's the voice that belongs to so many of our messed up missions!" Victoria stated, giving her a scowl. "How did she screw this mission up, may I ask?" she queried, giving Denise her full attention.

“she's currently assigned to the backstory department” Denise told them. “Pam was tasked to create your backstory for this mission and she took it just a little bit too far!”

“Um, I'll need a little clarification here” Victoria stated, giving her striped mission assistant an apprehensive look.

“When we need to do a backstory for a mission, we will create certain memories in key furs and we make entries in databases and files so you'll check out as being who you say you are” Denise replied. “This is what your backstory for that 1897 mission looked like” she said, holding up a very thin folder with just a few pages in it. “This is Pamela's backstory for this mission” she added as the mongoose held up a 4” thick binder for them to see. Victoria took the binder from the mongoose and opened it, skimming the pages to see it was a very elaborate and accurate rendition of the memories that were in her head.

“So what does this mean?” Victoria asked, looking at the entries for her previous jobs. She really thought that she had done all of these things at one time or another. “Tell me why you even need a backstory at all?”

“This paperwork is necessary to put the proper information and memories into place. In the case of the kids, who they are and what makes them part of your story” Denise proffered up. “It's also necessary to erase all traces of you being somewhere after a mission is done.”

“What?!? Erase them?!? My Children?!?” the tigress blurted out, letting the binder fall from her grasp, the binder hitting the floor hard enough to cause the rings to pop open and letting the papers fly free. “Erase my children?!? There is **no way in hell** you're going to erase my dear, sweet children!!!” the tigress was getting a very angry look on her muzzle as she slowly walked over to face the skunkette, muzzle to muzzle. “Do what you want to with the other things but ***Leave My Children Alone!!!***”

Torvald had walked over to stand near his mate just in case she might try to maul their mission assistant. He nodded in agreement with his mate as he stated, “These are our children, Denise. You don't just erase them like a bad entry in a ledger.”

“These children are just props for your mission” she pointed out, taking a few steps back from the tigress for safety.

“The kids are **NOT** props for our mission!” the tigress rebutted loudly. “They're our children, dammit! I remember giving birth to them! How about their second birthday party where Gytha put cake frosting in Torvald's mane?”

Denise looked over at the mongoose as she said, “See? You tell me this isn't an epic screw-up!” Pamela just nodded as she looked up at the immortals and shrugged her shoulders. She really didn't know what to say because 'sorry' didn't even come close in this situation.

“The children will stay with us and that's final!” the tigress stated very firmly, giving Denise a hard stare. “I really don't care what it takes, they *will* stay with us. You'll do whatever it takes to make that happen.” Denise once again looked at Pamela Benelli as she shook her head. The skunkette then got a very shocked look on her face as she remembered something very important, turned and asked Gytha a very important question.

“Sweetheart, where is your aunt Valerie right now?”

“She's probably at Mom and Dad's home in Bellevue ... why do you ask?” was the reply.

“If Valerie is in Bellevue, where's Barbara Caine?” Denise asked Pamela only to have the femme mongoose shrug her shoulders at her and give her a pensive smile. The skunkette got down on her paws and knees and began to put the binder back together, reading the pages as she went. She finally shook her head, stood and told the tigress, “I have to go get Barbara! She's still on your home world because Pam didn't write her into the backstory!” The skunk grabbed Ms. Benelli's arm and quickly shimmered out. As they disappeared from view, Denise could be heard reading Pam the riot act, long version.

The femme ocelot was sitting at her desk, trying to draw a simple kitchen remodel. The hour was late and she was still at it, having started this morning at a very early hour. It wasn't a very complicated redesign but she was having a great deal of trouble with it because Barbara's mind was preoccupied with the absence of her lover Valerie. The tigress had been sitting at her desk opposite Barbara's while they discussed the details of this very remodel when without any warning, Valerie just shimmered and disappeared from sight with no explanation given from on high. It had been several days since that had happened and the ocelot was very upset. She tried to call Loki for help but she was for some reason unable to do so. About that time, Denise shimmered into sight.

“Barbara! Am I glad to see you!” she stated as she hugged the ocelot once she had stood up. “You really don't know just how bad Valerie is missing you right now!” she added as she hugged her once more. “You're taking a few days off from work so visualize in your mind some clothes to wear in a warm climate.” Valerie nodded and thought for a second or two before a piece of luggage from their house appeared near her feet. The femme feline knelt down to check the bag, seeing that everything she thought about was there. At Denise's request, she locked up her office and set the intrusion alarm before returning to stand near the skunkette.

“Where are we going?” she asked as they shimmered out of the office only to appear in the living room of an unfamiliar home where her lover was sitting curled up on the couch, reading a book. Conrad and a blond feline femme were standing nearby, both of them playing Guitar Hero on a PS3 console hooked up to a big-screen television. It was very apparent that Conrad wasn't winning, either from Willi Marie and James' words of encouragement for the young striped feline to beat his sister.

“This is Torvald and Victoria's home in Wisconsin that's part of a mission backstory. I've brought you here to be with your lover” Denise replied. “I'll have Victoria fill both of you in on what's going on” she pointed out as she shimmered out of sight again only to reappear in the immortal's temporary home in Modesto.

“Where did you go just now?” Victoria asked Denise, seeming concerned that the skunkette was having to make numerous trips in and out of their home.

“I went and retrieved Barbara” Denise replied. “She's at your backstory home in Wisconsin. You might want to call them this evening and fill them in on what's happening.” The black and white femme then asked the tigress and her hubby, “You're really, really sure that you want to keep the kids?”

“I am very positive and you won't change my mind, either” was the reply from Victoria. Torvald just nodded in agreement with his mate.

“All right, then” Denise said quietly. “I'll talk to Peter about this and make it happen for you.” She smiled at them, waved goodbye and slowly shimmered out of sight.

Valerie hung up the pawset and shook her head, still trying to wrap her head around what had been going on in their lives. Dana and Conrad had talked with their mother for a bit and then shuffled off to their bedrooms. Barbara was quietly snoozing on the end of the couch, worn out from her skunkette-induced jet lag. It was well past Barb's bedtime and Valerie knew it. She was still suffering just a little from her own time zone shift so she got the spotted femme to her feet and helped her to make it to the bedroom upstairs.

“I forgot to have Denise pack something for me to sleep in” Barbara commented as she checked her bag once again through sleepy eyes. “It's just like when I pack; I always manage to forget something.”

“Here, you can wear this” the tigress stated, giving her lover a silky satin sleepshirt to put on. “I like the way that one feels on me.”

“I know you do” the ocelot femme said as she slipped the shirt on, smoothing out the front and sides. “I like the way it feels, too. Especially when you're wearing it.”

Victoria set the pawset down and began to get dressed for bed herself, exhausted after a full day of nothing but pure strangeness. Her hubby Torvald was already lying in the bed, trying his best to stay awake until his mate joined him. The huge stallion was tired from a full day of dealing with the myriad of items that went along with these modern day missions.

“At least I don't have to be at The Center until 10 a.m.” he said before he yawned widely. “I have an appointment to counsel a male fox that was caught without his caps in public. Apparently this isn't his first time, either.”

“Well, at least you don't have to get up early” his mate retorted. “I'll set the alarm for 7, then.”

“That would be fine” Torvald told his wife, still trying to stay awake. He wasn't being very successful, either. He was starting to snore lightly as his tigress snuggled up next to him in bed. Victoria smiled as she turned out the lights and closed her eyes, soon to follow her husband off to sleep.

The two femmes were watching television, not really enjoying it but doing it just to have something to do. The striped equine femme was unsuccessfully trying to find a comfortable position to sit in because her shoulder was still quite painful after having the huge gash in her shoulder stitched up by a doctor.

“Why don't you go to bed” the femme canid suggested to the striped one, pulling the quilt around herself tighter. Even though it had been in the 90's this afternoon, the late evening air was quite cool up

here in the foothills. The two equine male army soldiers that were watching over them were taking turns, the appaloosa colored equine known to them only as “Jeff” was currently on watch.

“I agree, ma'am, you should get some rest. That shoulder won't heal properly without you getting at least some sleep” he stated from his perch nearby. “Alan said we were to make sure you got some rest. Don't make me have to put you to bed.”

“I wouldn't suggest you try it” the striped one said in a level tone. “I could still break your neck, even with only one paw.” She smiled a somewhat sinister smile as she added, “I had already killed that sonuvabitch's three partners by snapping their necks and I would have gotten that last bastard without any problem but noooo, you had to go busting through my back door and startle me, giving that bastard a chance to stab me before I could take him out.”

“I'm sorry about that, ma'am but I had my orders” Jeff retorted. “I thought he had you for sure, ma'am. I didn't see his dead partners in the living room until after you turned around and killed him, ma'am.”

“You army types are just alike” she said sourly. “The Marines would have taught you how to think outside the box, soldier. You would have re-evaluated your mission based on what you observed through my kitchen window. I'm sure if you were trained Marines, you would have just let me take that sonuvabitch out and politely knocked before coming in afterwards.” Jeff just looked at the floor in embarrassment.

“Is she giving you that “Think outside the box” speech?” Thom asked. The tall, wiry liver-colored morgan came into the living room of the cabin and smiled at the femme zebra before sitting down at the breakfast bar by his compatriot.

“You know I'm right, soldier” the striped femme retorted.

“You might be right Captain Glaser, but Jeff had his orders just like I had mine” the taller male stated. “Those males weren't supposed to be there, Captain. We were ...” He was cut off by the femme zebra.

“Will you drop that 'Captain' shit! I'm retired from the military, thank you. I'm just Melissa Glaser now, for your information” she pointed out. “That was my husband that was killed last night, wasn't it? You just as well go ahead and tell me before I torture it out of you” she asked, giving the two males a hard stare.

“Yes ma'am, that was your husband” Thom said somberly. “We were too late to save him ...”

“You did your best” Melissa said, trying to be stoic about the loss of her mate. “I needed ... to know if ...” She quit talking, tears now streaming freely down her muzzle. She had to compose herself before she continued with her thoughts. “It's that goddamned *Legion* that I keep hearing about! If I knew who the fur responsible for creating *The Legion* was, I'd shove a grenade up their ass and pull the pin myself!”

“That's what we've been told, ma'am. It was that *Legion* that killed your husband” the gazelle stated.

“How did you know they were coming after me?” the femme canid asked. She had been brought here several weeks before Melissa had arrived late last evening.

“I'm sorry Marie, but I can't give that information out” Thom replied. “We do know your husband misses you deeply.”

“It's that stallion Alan Samick, isn't it?” she said cautiously. “I'll bet he knows my husband because I'm damned sure I've met him somewhere before.” Marie sat there and thought about it, finally stating, “I know; He works at The Identification Center. That's where I know him from; my husband works part time there.”

“I'm sorry ma'am, I can't confirm nor deny that” Thom said firmly. “All I know is my job is to protect the two of you from harm.”

“You don't need to confirm it, son. I saw it in your eyes” Mrs. Glaser stated. “You wouldn't last a minute with me in an interrogation room.” Thom started to say something to refute that statement when Melissa went of the offensive. “Why don't you admit that Alan knows her husband? He should be told that his mate is still alive.”

“Ma'am, I can neither confirm ...” Melissa cut him off cold.

“Stuff it, soldier. I've heard enough of your non-commitment.” she said, turning back to the show in progress. Thom started to say something in his defense and the striped femme just waved a dismissing paw at him. The two males just looked at one another and shook their heads as Jeff got up to take his turn at resting off-shift.