

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, Frank and Nancy Sarkela, Peter the dispatcher, Thom Thomas, Jeff Ford, Officer Deborah Bailey, Ed Harper, El Casa Del Burrito® and Steven Nanomantube are the property of Kellan Meig'h and may not be published or reproduced in any form without express written permission.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 7

Monday morning had arrived at the Svensen home and Victoria was up and cooking before any of her brood were awake. She felt just a little daring in trying to cook pancakes on an unfamiliar electric range and she was finally getting the hang of it after producing only a few duds. She was turning another one over when her son made his appearance in the kitchen.

“Mmmm ... pancakes!” he said with a hint of anticipation in his voice. “Aunt Val can't make pancakes like you do, Mom.”

“Thank you, sweetie” she replied, pulling a finished one off and starting another. “This isn't easy, I'll have you know. This electric range is about as hard to cook on for me as a wood-fired stove. I really prefer a natural gas cook top and an electric convection oven.”

“I remember you complaining about that wood stove after that one particular mission” Axel stated while he put some orange-flavored breakfast drink and a pitcher of ice water on the counter and poured the freshly-brewed coffee into an insulated carafe. “That was when Christopher gave you that white gas-burning stove.”

“That was a rough mission” she commented quietly as she thought about her husband almost buying the farm from Thammuz' dagger. “This was supposed to be a mild mission for us but I think it's not what we were told. There was too much information that was left out by the Council Of Elders.”

“Well, maybe you and Dad can finish this one real quick” Axel commented. “I can't wait to get back to our home world and my very own bed.” About that time, Gytha made her way out to the breakfast bar and poured herself a cup of coffee to wake up with, much to her mother's consternation. Even though Gytha and Axel were twins, they were just as different as night and day. Axel was always the first of her children to get up in the morning and Gytha preferred to get up at the crack of noon.

“G'morning” the femme equine said sleepily, sipping at her coffee a bit, adding some sugar and testing it again. “Didn't sleep well las' night” she added, rubbing her muzzle to wake up further.

“you look like a wreck this morning, sweetheart” Victoria commented, checking her daughter's forehead to see if she might be running a fever.

“My bed was hard and lumpy” was her quiet comment while she scratched her mane. “Big lumps in th'

bed. It was awful to sleep on, Mom.”

“I’m sorry, sweetheart. I’ll have your father take a look at your bed today. Maybe there’s something wrong with it” her mother said as she gave her daughter a hug. Torvald finally came padding out to the kitchen in search of breakfast, yawning widely while he scratched his back and sides.

“I’m going to try that orange drink this morning instead of coffee” he pointed out as he tried to stifle a yawn. “I wasn’t as jittery yesterday as I had been.”

While he waited for his mate to serve him his breakfast, he noticed his daughter’s poor condition. “Gytha, you look rough this morning.” he stated, checking her for a fever too. He hugged her and gave her a little kiss on the cheek to comfort her.

“Yeah, something’s wrong with my bed, Dad. It’s all hard and lumpy so I slept badly last night” she conveyed to her father. Torvald got a very embarrassed look on his muzzle as he explained why.

“Uh, I forgot to take out the plywood and tennis balls that the furs at the station rigged the bed with” he said sheepishly. “They tried to pull a practical joke on me that caught you instead. I’m real sorry, sweetheart.” Axel was trying to keep from laughing while Gytha just shook her head over the whole thing.

Torvald had showered up and then dressed for the day, a pair of dark gray slacks, dark blue polo shirt and a light gray sports jacket. He put on a medium brown belt to go with his brown shoulder holster and hung his badge from his belt.

“I’ll start running down these names” he stated to Victoria, holding up the list she had made. “This Vincent James character is on the top so I’ll start there first.”

“Maybe we can get this over with quickly, now that we have the players’ identities” she commented while she opened the gun safe and passed his revolver and speed loaders to him.

“I hope so” he replied. “This mission is getting stranger by the minute. We have never been on a mission before where they openly knew we were celestial agents.” The berserker checked his revolver, making sure it was loaded and then checked the speed loaders to ensure the rounds were secure. Satisfied that everything was in order, he grabbed his police windbreaker just in case he needed it and headed for the front door.

“And just where do you think you’re going, mister?” his mate queried, her arms crossed and one eyebrow raised. She had a mock semi-pout on her muzzle and she was trying hard to keep from smiling at her hubby.

“I’m going to work?” the berserker replied cautiously.

“Not until you give me a kiss, mister” she informed him, patiently waiting until he had given her a proper kiss. Torvald gave his mate a smooch, got into his cruiser and headed for his first official day on the job at The Identification Center.

Once the huge fur had left for work, Victoria went back to the kitchen to clean up the mess left behind by her brood. Axel was trying to be helpful, cleaning off the plates and rinsing them off for an eventual ride in the dishwasher. While they were busy cleaning up, Axel asked a question that seemed important to him.

“Mom, what did Denise mean when she said we were props for your mission?” This question caused the tigress to cringe in response.

“There was a problem that your father and I had to straighten out with her, that's all” she retorted, trying to play it off as if nothing were wrong at all.

“I just ... Well, I thought that was something strange for her to say” the male equine commented as he loaded the dishwasher for his mother.

“Yeah, that was odd for her to say that. You, Gytha, Dana and Conrad all know in your hearts that you're our children” Victoria said to her son. “there was just some mixup because all of you should have been on our home world in Mission Viejo and not on this mission with us.”

“I did think it was odd for all of us to be on a mission with you and Dad” he pointed out as he finished filling the dishwasher. He just couldn't seem to get Denise' statement out of his head. “I just guess it ... struck me kind of odd for Denise to call us props.” He finished up by putting the dishwashing detergent in the dishwasher and turning it on for his mother, eventually sitting down at the breakfast bar with his mom. “Do you think we'll be going home soon?” he queried, thinking it couldn't happen quick enough for him.

“Maybe if we take out the very top furs, that action will collapse *The Legion*. We can only hope for the best” the tigress stated, giving her son a hug.

Torvald was listening to the chatter on the two way's TAC-3 channel while he drove across town to the Center. He was thinking how nice it would be if his real job was this close to their actual home. It routinely took him over an hour to make his way from their home in Mission Viejo to downtown Los Angeles. Add an accident or two and that time would easily reach two hours.

He turned into the employee lot entrance, using his vehicle ident card over the visor to trigger the gate to open. It wasn't hard to find his spot; it was the reserved space with “Detective Svensen” on the small sign. He locked up his vehicle and went inside, having to show his badge to the fur at the counter. He made his way through the building, finally finding his office and his first appointment waiting for him.

The gray fox male was sitting in the chair beside Torvald's desk, naked. His paws had been given that gel and rubber mitt treatment and he smiled ever so slightly at the huge fur, showing off his purple tinged smile. The mitts had been clipped to the arms of the chair, preventing the fox from leaving the room, even if he could possibly turn the doorknob.

“How long have you been here like that?” the huge fur asked, putting his file folders on the desk.

"I don't know exactly, maybe 2 hours?" the fox replied sheepishly.

"This isn't right" the berserker commented as he picked up the phone and called the admitting desk.

"Admitting" the fur on the other end stated. "What can I do for you, Detective Svensen?" Torvald figured that his name probably came up on the admitting desk's phone display.

"Will you bring Mr. Frank Sarkela's clothes to my office?"

"Sir?" the fur on the other end queried. "Maybe I didn't hear you right. Could you restate your request?"

"You heard me just fine. Bring Mr. Sarkela's clothing to my office. Pronto!"

"But Sir, we ..."

"Don't give me any grief" the huge fur said in a level tone to the fur on the other end. "Bring Mr. Sarkela's clothes to my office right now." Torvald then hung up the phone as he shook his head at the whole thing.

"Thank you, officer" the male fox said quietly.

"Call me Torvald, please" the huge fur said as he unclipped the mitts from the chair. He unzipped one of the mitts and removed it, looking at the gel around the fox's paw. "This is just so messed up if you ask me" he commented as he decided what to do. Pulling out his faithful Buck knife, he split the gel over the back of the fox's paw carefully in an attempt to extricate Frank's paw.

"Be careful with my paw, please?" Frank asked as he watched on nervously.

"Don't worry, I know what I'm doing" the huge fur said firmly as he pulled the gel away from the fox's paw. He quickly did the other paw, throwing the debris and the mitts into his trashcan.

"Won't you get in trouble for that?" Mr. Sarkela asked.

"I really don't care right now" Torvald said wearily. "I guess this is what my wife just went through."

"Your wife?" the fox asked, sounding quite confused.

"Yeah, my wife is a tigress" Torvald stated, turning a picture around on the desk of his family so Mr. Sarkela could see for himself. "She was taken quite roughly by the Turlock Police because she didn't have proper identification. It took me two days to find her and get her released to my custody."

"This new country sucks" the fox said sourly. "Sometimes I Think my wife and I would have been better off going back to New Jersey to live with my brother." The fox was picking at the remains of the gel stuck to his fur as he regarded the huge stallion. "You seem ... different from the other cops around here" he commented.

"Yeah, I'm originally from Denmark" Torvald replied while he shuffled the files on his desk, looking for Mr. Sarkela's folder.

“Why in the world would you come here?” the fox asked. Frank was looking at the huge fur's family, wondering why any fur would even think of bringing their family to such a screwed up place like West America, of all places.

Torvald looked up from his paperwork to answer him. “I'm hoping that I can somehow make a difference in this new country. That's why I came here.” About that time there came a knock to the berserker's office, followed by a femme quagga entering. The uniformed femme unceremoniously dropped the bags in her possession on top of Torvald's desk and handed him a clipboard and a pen.

“Sign here” she said bluntly, indicating a line on the form. Once Torvald had signed, she made a very pointed statement; “You're making waves, Detective.” She then turned and left without another word.

Torvald waited a few moments before he asked the fox, “Well, are you going to get dressed?” The fox wasted no time in getting dressed, putting his valuables into his pockets. He put his watch and rings on and then took his permanent caps out of their holder, stopped and put them back.

“Dammit” the fox said under his breath.

“What's wrong?” Torvald asked, giving the fox his full attention.

“These” the fox replied, pointing to his mouth, full of silicone rubber. “I'll have to get these blasted temps removed before I can use my regular caps.”

“OK, I guess that's a give” the huge fur said, finally finding the appropriate file. “Let's get going with this counseling session, OK? It says on the report that you were arrested for being out in public without your caps in place. What do you have to say about those charges?”

“I was walking back from the Mexican food joint next door to my slot car track. I had some meat stuck in my teeth and my upper cap wouldn't fit back into place. They grabbed me before I could get inside my shop to pick the meat out from between my teeth to fix the problem.”

“You're a business owner, then” Torvald noted on a pad when Frank nodded at him. “Why didn't you just take the food back with you and eat in your business?”

“We had a Friday night kid's race in progress and I really don't like to eat in front of the other furs” was his reply. “I suppose that report doesn't say that they've arrested me twice before in the same place for the same thing? Those two officers hang out at the coffee shop next door to the food place.”

“No, it doesn't” the huge fur commented, looking at Mr. Sarkela's records. “I noticed that it says here you were awarded a community commendation by the city of Modesto for keeping the young furs off the street by providing a place for them to gather safely.”

“I guess the two officers that arrested me took some offense to an RRC receiving a commendation from the city.” Torvald nodded his head as he thought about the information provided. He made a few notes on his pad as he read the report further.

“RRC; you mean Restricted Rights Citizen by that?” Torvald asked for clarification.

“Yeah, that's what I meant” Frank replied. “In case you're wondering, the business belongs to my wife and I. My wife, well, I guess I should say my mate, is an equine, a black and white paint mustang. She does use my last name even though we can't be legally married.”

“I did wonder about that” the huge fur commented as he wrote a few more notes. “Mr. Sarkela, for the records, would you like to file a harassment complaint against the officers in question? By law I have to ask you and note a response for the record since you've brought this inappropriate behavior to my attention.”

“Would it do me any good to do that?” the fox asked because he wasn't sure if he would be wasting his time or not.

“It might force the department to drop the charges against you” Torvald replied. “If I were you, I would at least fill out the complaint so I can forward it with my recommendation to drop the charges. It's clear to me that you're being harassed by a pair of police furs that were overstepping their boundaries.”

“OK, I'll fill it out” the fox finally agreed, hoping that it would be to his advantage to do so.

“Please fill out this complaint form as best as you can and I'll be right back” Torvald told Mr. Sarkela, leaving the fox to fill out the paperwork while he went in search of some form of refreshment. He made his way down to the break room and he was deciding which non-caffeinated drink to get out of the vending machine when the uniformed femme quagga from earlier cornered him.

“You're making waves that might sink your boat, Detective” she said in a calm, level voice while she poured herself a cup of coffee from the coffee maker.

“Some police furs have arrested an upstanding member of the business community repeatedly” Torvald shot back. “That's wrong and it falls under the heading of abuse of power under the color of authority, if you ask me.”

“He's nothing but trouble” the femme officer said, giving Torvald a hard stare. “You shouldn't take sides in this, Detective. Just do your counseling job and leave it at that.”

“Tell me, officer; how *is* Mr. Sarkela trouble?” the huge fur asked, giving the femme his full attention.

“He's in an illegal mixed-species marriage that we can't prove on paper and he's hiding behind that damned community commendation from the city that he damned well doesn't deserve” the femme shot back.

“So how do you feel about me, then” Torvald said in an even tone. “I'm married to a tigress, for your information.” That information caused the femme's jaw to hit the floor, along with her cup of coffee.

“I, uh, erm, ...” she didn't know what to make of this, having never been put in this awkward position before. The coffee from her dropped paper cup had splashed all over her uniform pants, wetting the front of them quite thoroughly from the knees down. “I don't know what to say, Detective” she finally said sheepishly.

“You're going to have to come up with a better answer for me than that” the huge fur spat out as he left the break room. Torvald made his way back to his office to find Mr. Sarkela patiently waiting for him.

“Here's that report, Torvald. I filled it out as best as I could” the fox said as he handed the clipboard to the berserker.

“Thank you” the huge fur replied as he picked up the phone, waiting for an outside line. He dialed a local number and patiently waited for the phone to be picked up. Eventually a familiar voice answered.

“Dunsmuir Dentistry, Laura speaking” the femme on the other end stated.

“Laura, this is Torvald. I'm sending a male fur over to have his temporary caps removed so he can use his regular ones. Can you do this for me?”

“Sure, I can take care of him if he can be here in forty-five minutes. I have an opening that's come available from a cancellation.”

“Bill his office visit to me and I'll turn it in on my expense account” Torvald told the femme pony. “Uh, maybe you could give me your address so he can find you. I suspect that he'll need a taxi to get there.” Torvald got the required information for Mr. Sarkela and then took him downstairs to process him out. After a short argument with the desk fur over Mr. Sarkela not needing to post bail and the possibility of the fox filing a complaint against the department for harassing a member of the business community, Frank was on his way to have his temporary caps removed.

Torvald had made his way back to his office to find the femme quagga patiently waiting for him, her uniform pants now dry most likely from her changing into fresh clothing.

“Can I help you officer Bailey?” the huge fur asked.

“I came here to eat a huge helping of humble pie” she replied. “I guess I shot my mouth off back there in the break room without thinking” she admitted, looking at her hooves. “I no idea you were married to a tigress” she pointed out in her embarrassment.

“I'll bet you didn't know my wife was an unwilling 'guest' here from last Thursday until Saturday afternoon because she didn't have an identification card, either?”

“No Sir, I didn't know that” the femme admitted uneasily.

“Did you know she was naked the whole time she was here with male orderlies seeing after her?”

“Well ... I did hear something about the femmes not being allowed clothing for some reason but I don't know exactly why ...”

“And you most likely wouldn't know she wanted me to quit this job and go back home to Wisconsin, giving all of this up because of how badly she was treated by the authorities here.”

“No Sir. I wouldn't have known that” she said quietly, still looking at the floor. It looked like she might have been ready to cry, too.

“The gods didn't want us to exclude any particular species or have one species dominate over the other species. We are all equal, whether you care to believe that or not” Torvald pointed out to her. “By my

religion, you would someday have to judge yourself worthy or not worthy when you die. How would you judge yourself if you were to die right now?"

"Uh, erm, ... I guess I would judge myself not worthy" was her almost whispered reply. Before she could say another word, Torvald made a very pointed statement of his own.

"If you can't judge your own self worthy, then would the gods do likewise?"

"Um, yeah, I guess so" she said, looking up at him with tears in her eyes.

"What church do you worship at?" the berserker asked, just for his own edification.

"I belong to The Church of Faith, northwest of here on Oakdale Road" she replied.

"You know, I just happen to have met with Elders Parker and Reynolds yesterday" the detective told the police fur, her eyes getting wide from surprise. "I suggest, officer Bailey, that you see one of them and let them show you how to read your bible correctly. It's clear to me that you have been reading something into your scriptures that isn't there."

Officer Bailey didn't say anything in response, just nodding slightly in agreement as she left his office slowly. Torvald closed his door and sat back down, looking over his morning caseload. It looked like it was going to be a very long day for the stallion.

The male desert cottontail was still listening, well sort of when he was informed of the failure of four of his best operatives. He pulled the pawset away from his right ear, looked at it for a moment, not sure if he heard what was just told to him and put it back up to his ear again.

"You're tryin' to tell me she killed all four of them?" the lapin finally said calmly, shaking his head at the notion. "Naw, you're kiddin', aren't you? That was a good joke, Ed."

"Sorry, Vin, but it ain't no joke. They're all dead, I'm tellin' ya" the male goat on the other end stated in a level tone. "She snapped their necks just like she was a friggin' trained mercenary, buddy. I'm glad I wasn't inside with 'em 'cuz I wouldn't be here to tell ya this. Terry's head spun almost all the way around when she did him in, dude!"

"Where'd ya put the bodies then?" Vincent asked.

"I waited until these two military-lookin' equines took her away and then I took the dead bodies and dumped them at that abandoned warehouse over in Riverbank that you told me about" was Ed's reply.

"Ya know, Ed, this really pisses me off. Find that sorry bitch and kill her very, very slowly" Vincent said very calmly. "No fur does that to my people and gets away with it."

"Sure thing, Vinnie" Mr. Harper said quite malevolently. "I'll hunt her down and kill her 'the usual way."

"Make sure you leave a calling card" the lapin suggested, playing with his pasta salad while he talked

to the henchfur.

“Will do, Vinnie. How about comin' over to my place Friday night for dinner and a few paws of poker?” Ed asked.

“Yeah, that sounds good, Ed. As long as you two furs barbecue something tasty like the last time. Your wife really knows how to marinate and grill a cut of meat.”

“Hey Mom! Are there any spare vacuum bags in the house?” Gytha asked, looking at the vacuum cleaner with disgust. “I think this bag's full or something, Mom. It's not picking up very well.”

“Look in the hall closet, dear. I thought I saw a box of them on the top shelf” Victoria replied. She was busy dusting the living room, being careful to keep her duster from getting snagged in their armor. The tigress was thinking about their conversation with the church elders and the information that had been shared with them the prior evening.

This was turning out to be a very odd mission for the immortal couple. Unless This Vincent James turned out to be a demon or a dark agent, it looked like they were battling flesh and blood sentients that were hiding behind their warped version of the scriptures to further their own goals and ideals. Destroying a demon or a dark agent wasn't a big deal but on the other paw, a sentient had to be taken care of properly. He would have to be exposed for what he was; a criminal and a disgrace to the church along with the government officials that sided with him. This wouldn't be an easy mission at all.

What she and her hubby both hoped for was that they could somehow restore the original church doctrines for The Church of Faith after this was over, which by her standards were some very good ones. She particularly liked the notion that when a fur passed on, the fur in question would have to judge themselves to be worthy to enter the hereafter. She smiled as she thought about how Torvald had said something about how close to the berserker's Asetro religion this was.

While she was straightening the pictures on the wall, the phone began to ring. Gytha answered it, talking with the fur on the other end briefly.

“Mom, it's for you” she shouted through the house, bringing her the cordless pawset. Victoria took the pawset from her daughter, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

“Hello?”

“Hi Victoria. It's me, Laura. I just called to let you know your caps were just delivered to me a few minutes ago. If you can come down here around 5 p.m., I'll stay open late and fit them for you” Laura related to her.

“That was fast” the feline femme commented, thinking the fur that made them didn't take long to do his work.

“Yeah, he doesn't fool around when I ask for a rush job. He can do a set of caps in less than a day if I send him the molds before noon.”

"I guess I'll see you at 5, then." Victoria wrote down the directions to her office and thanked Laura once again before she ended the call and hung up the pawset. She stood there for a few moments, thinking about what needed to be done and where. She shuddered just slightly at the thought of having a dentist, even if it was Laura, messing around with her teeth. She shook her head as she walked back to the living room only to find her daughter struggling with the vacuum.

"Mom, this zipper seems to be stuck on a string and I'm afraid I'll break it if I keep trying to mess with it" Gytha stated, looking at her mother with a scowl. "I'm afraid to force it past this string that's binding it up." She pointed out the problem to her mother, hoping that Victoria would have better luck with it.

"You hold the top of the bag and I'll try to get this thing to zip open" the tigress directed as she knelt down and began to try to zip the bag. After a few moments, they were successful in their efforts. Once they managed to change out the bag, which was quite full, Gytha sat down on the floor by her mother and got her attention.

"Mom, I need to talk to you about something that's been bothering me" she stated, giving her mother a hug.

"Well, what do you want to talk about?" The tigress could sense her daughter was troubled by the sound of her voice and her body language.

"Mom, I ... I don't know how to say this. I know that I'm your daughter because I remember everything that we've seen and done and the places we've been. The problem is this, Mom; I have other strange memories in my head, of being other species, of having other parents." Gytha was looking at her mother with tears in her eyes while she told the tigress about this. "I'm scared, Mom. Axel says he has the same odd memories too." The huge femme equine/feline cross was having trouble keeping from crying while she talked openly with her mother.

"It's OK, sweetie. It's just something we're trying to straighten out for you, your brother and sister" Victoria told her daughter while she held her to keep her from crying. "We'll talk with Denise and find out if the problem will be fixed soon." The tigress was forced to daub at her own tears, hoping not to begin crying in earnest herself. She concentrated hard, working to clear her mind enough so that she could summon their mission assistant.

"Denise! Denise, we need to talk with you!" the tigress called out, wiping at her tears that were flowing from the hurt she felt in her heart. Momentarily the femme skunk shimmered into existence in their living room.

"Victoria?!? What's wrong???" the skunkette asked as she knelt next to the two femmes that were sitting on the floor, crying.

"You need to listen to Gytha tell you something" Victoria replied as she wiped at her tears with the back of her paw. She comforted her daughter while Gytha told the skunkette about her mixed up memories in her head. Finally the huge femme asked the question that had been burning in her mind;

"Am I really Gytha Svensen or am I just a prop for their mission?" she asked, tears streaming down her muzzle from her highly emotional state. This caused the skunkette to cringe in response.

"Listen, sweetheart, this is going to take me a while to explain" the femme skunk began; "You are

Gytha Svensen, Torvald and Victoria's daughter. You were meant to portray this part for their mission to be a success. When Pamela Benelli wrote the backstory for this mission, she got totally carried away with it. Normally, you would have known you were just an actress playing this part but Pam wrote Axel, Dana and your parts way too detailed, too perfect. She got carried away with what should have been a simple story.

“When these memories were put in everyone's heads, they were too perfect, too bright. You really think that you're Gytha Svensen and so do a lot of other furs. Do you follow me so far?” the femme mustelid waited until Gytha acknowledged her understanding by nodding her head.

“What's going to happen to us when this mission is over?” Gytha asked in a shaky, wavering voice. It was clear that the equine femme was on the verge of a possible total emotional breakdown over this. She was shaking like a leaf and her muzzle was dripping wet from crying. About that time Axel joined them, the fact that he had overheard everything that had been said was clear; he was visibly distraught too. He sat down by his mother and hugged her tightly while he tried unsuccessfully to keep from crying.

“When this mission is over, kids, you all would normally just go back to wait for your next assignment, the memories of this mission slowly fading in your minds” Denise stated. “Since Pam messed up with her eloquent, exacting backstory, the memories of you three teens burn too brightly in every fur's mind including your own. These memories are so bright, your mom and dad have expressed the wish that they want you to always be their children.” Gytha looked at the femme feline and gave her mother a pensive smile before burying her face in Victoria's neck and beginning to cry uncontrollably. Denise patiently waited for Gytha to calm down a bit before she continued with her train of thought.

“What about the other memories in our minds?” Axel asked, wiping at his eyes with his paw. “I remember being at least 13 or 14 other species at one time or another.”

“I'll get to that in a minute” Denise replied. “Well, I told Peter what happened with the backstory and he came completely unglued! I had to wait for hours before he calmed down enough to talk with him.” Denise was shaking her head at the memory of Peter's anger towards the femme mongoose. “I told him what your mom and dad wanted to happen and at first, he said 'no' to the whole idea. After I talked with him a bit more, I finally convinced him that it was for the good of all concerned. It sealed the deal when I pointed out we couldn't remove your memories from your mom and dad's minds because the memories had been imprinted too deeply. They would have been hurt the most by this and I'm sure your mom would have gone after Peter if he said 'no' to her and we're positive your dad would have quit his work for the gods.”

“But what about our other memories in our minds?” Axel asked again. He was struggling to keep his composure and not break down completely.

“We would need to very carefully fade them and you might possibly have foggy, incomplete memories of those other missions the rest of your lives” the skunkette pointed out to them. “Eventually, you might forget the other missions altogether and only remember the memories of your lives as Axel, Gytha and Dana Svensen. We still need some time to tune your backstories a bit more so they feel right and we need to know that you're OK with this. That means all of you.” they all nodded in agreement but then the tigress got a very concerned look on her muzzle.

“What about Dana? Does she know about all of this?” This question in itself proved that the striped

femme was looking out for her brood's best interests in this matter.

“I'll bring her here and we'll discuss it some more once Torvald gets home from work this evening” Denise stated. “I'm sure we're well on the road to getting this problem fixed for the good of all concerned.” The children and their mother finally broke down and cried their hearts out, crying tears of pure love and joy.

The femme skunkette stayed with them for a while just to make sure they would be all right. She had retrieved some tissues for them to blow their noses with and even found a washrag to wipe down Gytha's muzzle with.

“I ... I'm through (sniff) crying, I think” Gytha told the femme skunk, wiping her eyes with a clean tissue. “I'm glad that this is getting straightened out for us” she pointed out while she was helping her mother to sit down at the kitchen table. “I'm going to fix everyone a little bite to eat, if that's all right.”

The tigress and her son nodded in agreement with that idea so Denise helped the tall femme to fix a light dinner to settle everyone's stomachs. The skunkette even enjoying a tuna sandwich Gytha style; mustard instead of mayo with finely diced jalapeño peppers mixed in for good measure.

Once they had consumed their meals and everyone was picking at the dregs on their plates, Denise pointed out something important to the tigress; “Victoria, don't you have a dentist's appointment?”