

The characters Torvald Arend 'Tor' & Victoria Angela 'Vicki D'nan' (nee Connell) Svensen, Conrad & Cathryn 'Cathy' (nee Hunter) Svensen, Brett & Dana Lynn (nee Svensen) Kashnikov, Roger, Gytha Louise (nee Svensen) Roger Jr. & Heather Delancey, Axel Torvald & Madelyn (nee Barrett) Svensen, Valerie Connell, Walter & Harriet (nee Bishop) Connell, Walter Lee Jr., Michelle Annette (nee Kazinski), Walter Lee III, Joseph and Sarah Connell, Robert James & Elizabeth Ann (nee Caine) Sands, Barbara Caine, Edward and Mary (nee Leese) Caine, Richard & Wilhelmine Marie (nee Kurzweil) Delancey, James William & Nancy (Nee Roland) Kurzweil, Peter the dispatcher, El Casa Del Burrito[®], Leonard's Restaurant[®] and Steven Nanomantube are the property of Kellan Meig'h and may not be published or reproduced in any form without express written permission. Any resemblance to any fur or person, either living or dead is purely coincidental.

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“A Loss Of Rights”

By Kellan Meig'h

Chapter 22

Valerie was awake when her family made their way into the room, greeting her warmly this morning. Barbara had convinced the hospital staff she needed to see her lover so the ocelot was in a wheelchair next to Valerie's bed when they arrived.

“We're not going to all stay very long this morning,” her mother told her, giving her daughter a hug and then kissing Barbara on the cheek. “We'll have to take turns, there's so many of us here.”

“That's OK mom, we're going home this morning,” she replied, giving her dad a smile. “I guess we could use Victoria's house, since it has a lot of room,” the tigress suggested, motioning for the detective to come in out of the hallway.

“What is it, Valerie?” he asked, giving her his attention.

“Barbara and I are being let go this morning. Will you come with us to my sister's house?”

“Yeah, I will. I want you to know, another agent has been sent to deal with the situation. We expect everything to be taken care of in the next 24 hours.” Everyone in the room let out a sigh of relief from that information.

“Do you two have clothes to wear home?” Cathy asked, knowing they probably didn't want to go home in the hospital gowns they were wearing.

“No, they cut our clothes off of us, some of it at the accident site and the rest in the emergency room. I lost an almost brand new pair of Levi's[®] to a pair of EMT's scissors.” Barbara related to them.

“OK, I'll go to the Wal*Mart[®] right around the corner and get you some clothes if you'll both give me your sizes.” Cathy took out her notepad and got their sizes, taking Grandma Connell with her to go shopping.

Victoria's group was watching the Archem Raiders disappear over the rise, headed back northwards towards their homes and family. They had left quietly after surrendering all of the bounty they had obtained while in these lands controlled by King Andath.

“Willi Marie, why don't you transport us to the castle?” Tasha suggested, giving her a smile. “I know you can do it if I give you some direction as to how to do it safely.”

“Yeah, if you give me some direction, I can try it. I've never summoned something away from me before, just bringing things to me.” the equine female admitted.

“Here's how you do it.” Tasha told her. “Close your eyes and 'see' the castle in your mind.”

“I see a castle in that direction,” she said as she pointed out the direction, concentrating on it to visualize it better.

“What does it look like?” Victoria asked, just to make sure it was the right one.

“It has a small gatehouse in front of it where a red-headed man stands and the emblem on the wall is a blue griffin, I think. It has a tower on each corner and a big one in the center that's painted in blue and white checks.” the equine proffered up.

“That's the right castle,” the tigress told her, smiling at the lioness' abilities in helping Willi Marie focus her powers.

OK Willi, look around for a clear spot to set us down in,” Tasha suggested, motioning for everyone to get close to one another.

“I see a very large open area by a corral and a stable,” she stated, the tigress nodding her approval. That was a very big clearing, indeed.

“All right, now 'see' all of us in that clearing.” Tasha told her. Suddenly with a flash of light, all of them were standing in the clearing within the boundaries of the castle's town.

“I did it!” Willi Marie exclaimed, giving her husband Richard a big hug. “I got us all here safely!”

“Um, Tasha, can I talk with you for a minute,” the tigress asked, walking over to her with a very concerned look on her muzzle.

“Sure, what would you like to talk about?”

“Well, could you teach Willi Marie how to control her magic? She did that transport without saying a word. I doubt those bands you put on her are doing a thing for her right now.”

“Your right Victoria, they aren't, I'm afraid. I had intended to stay with her and her husband so I could teach her how to control her magic. I grew up as an orphan with no control of mine so I understand just how frustrating it can be at times, when you do something you didn't mean to do.”

“So, you wouldn't mind teaching her?” Victoria wanted to be sure of this, for her niece's sake.

“Oh no, I wouldn't mind at all. I've been in a very rotten, miserable place for the last ten years so some time with her and her family would be just wonderful.”

“I though I heard you were married? Will that be a problem?”

Tasha smiled at her, shaking her head. “No, Jason and I could get a place near Willi's home so I could be there most of the day with her. Jason can commute to work and back.” Tasha wasn't going to proffer up that Jason worked on a different planet from theirs just yet.

“No, you can stay with us. Our house has an in-law suite on the first floor. You and your husband can stay there.” Willi Marie pointed out.

“Well, as long as we're not disturbing your privacy,” Tasha said, hoping this might work out.

“No, please come stay with us. I desperately need to learn to control my magic.” the femme equine begged.

“OK, we'll give it a try. Now, we all need to stable our horses and make our way to the castle. Sir Varn awaits us.” the lioness pointed out.

Sir Tamal had kept pace with the lone female rider, keeping her within his sight as best as possible. Knowing her horse was tired, he spurred his mount onwards, catching up to her quickly. Grabbing her reins, he stopped her horse and forced her to dismount at pistol point.

“Turn to stone!” she shouted, waving her hands at him to invoke her spell. He smiled, pulling an amulet out of his armor.

“I was given this to protect me from your magic,” he said casually, forcing her back against a tree with the barrel of his firearm. “It seems to have worked quite well, by the looks of it,” he added, putting the muzzle of his pistol right in her face.

The knight took out a pair of silver bands from a pouch he carried on his waist, quickly putting them on her wrists. He stepped back from her a bit afterwards, giving her an evil smile.

“What are these?” she asked, looking them over. Mirelda tried to remove them, finding the catch on either band would not open for her at all.

“You now have no magical powers, it would seem. That strange warrior, the very tall Sir Michael was right about you; you are the fly in the pudding, doing the work of a dark agent.” the knight informed her. “I will now take you to the castle and have you tried and hung for treason.”

Mirelda tried to run from him but he caught her in just moments, knocking her to the ground roughly with a gloved fist to the back. He tied her hands behind her back tightly, picking her up afterwards.

“You will not escape me, witch!” he said tersely, giving her a vicious slap across the face. “You soon will be hung, or maybe drown for your crimes. You have tried to have Miss Vicki banished, you have suggested she is a demon and you have tried to interfere between her and the King himself! She is a

kind, generous soul that has done nothing but good for this kingdom! She had fed us with her hunting, she has protected us as a warrior and she has done many other good deeds. You, however are hateful and you have done many bad deeds but it does not matter now; soon you will be dead.”

Sir Tamal marched her back to their horses, tying her mounts reins to the saddle of his. Placing her in the saddle, he tied her about the waist to the horn of her saddle, preventing her from just bailing off in transit. He then got back in the saddle himself, leading Mirelda to her doom.

The femmes were discharged as promised by the doctor and they left the hospital, en route to the Immortal Couples' home. They still had to make one detour, though to see about their possessions that were in the vehicle when they had their accident.

“There it is,” Conrad pointed out, indicating the tow yard on the corner. “That's it, isn't it?” he asked Valerie, who was in the back seat of their rental car.

“Yeah, Bud Taylor Towing, just like it says on the business card.” The owner of the tow company had brought them a card in the hospital so they knew where their vehicle was being held. “He said the parking lot is on the side, Conrad.” He pulled the car around to the side, finding a nicely paved parking lot.

Once they helped Barbara and Valerie out of the car, they all went into the office, which was very clean and neat, not like the normal tow yard's greasy, messy office.

“Well, there she is,” the white with black spotted bull stated, coming out of his office. “You're Valerie, right?” he asked, giving her a soft handshake. He was wearing a company shirt that had his name on it, 'Bud', and he looked like he had just dressed, he was that neat.

“Yeah, I'm Valerie Connell and this is Barbara Caine. You have our destroyed Chevy Tahoe hybrid here.”

“That I do, Ma'am. I'll get your things out of the safe here,” he said, going to a very large safe, maybe six feet tall by that much wide. Opening the door with a key, he searched through the brown paper bags in search of the right ones. He took two out, closing the door afterwards.

“I didn't think we had that much stuff,” Barbara stated, looking at the size of the bags. They were as big as a regular grocery store bag.

“Well, I personally made sure your things were all accounted for at the accident site. This one is your purses,” he said, giving them the bag that was in one paw. “This other bag is your important stuff out of your car. Most of the windows were broken and I didn't want these things to get wet if it rained.”

Valerie and Barbara were both shocked to find both of their cellphones and were further surprised by the fact that their purses were intact and everything was still inside of them.

“If you wouldn't mind, I would like to see some ID so I know you are who you say you are.” Bud suggested. The two femmes took out their driver's licenses from their pockets that had been taken with them to the hospital, showing them to the huge bovine.

“Um, do you mind if we see our vehicle?” Barbara asked, giving him a sad look.

“Sure, ladies. I'll show you myself. I really didn't think either of you had survived that crash until I saw you both in the hospital.”

Bud showed them out to the yard that was neat and fully paved. The cars were placed in diagonal rows, allowing them to be put in and taken out with ease.

“This is a very clean yard,” Valerie mused out loud, knowing the time she had to get her Roadrunner out of storage years ago when it was towed by accident. It had been towed by their apartment manager that was new on the job and didn't know their car. That yard was a greasy mess and her car was a mess from being in the yard.

“Thank you for the compliment, Ma'am. I try to keep this yard neat and I ask my drivers to be as clean as I am right now. I hate the look of a greasy truck and a greasy driver. It gives everybody a bad feeling about your company.” One of his trucks was leaving the yard and it was very clean and spotless. “That truck is nine years old and it's one of the oldest we operate.” That surprised both of the ladies, that it looked almost new to them.

They started down one row and there it was, their Black Chevy Tahoe hybrid, very much destroyed. The whole vehicle was bent in a severe boomerang shape and the passenger side was heavily caved in. The passenger front door was torn off the hinges, most likely due to the firefurs extracting Barbara and the driver's side doors wouldn't shut anymore. The nickel-metal-hydride battery pack under the vehicle was buckled and ruptured, still dripping battery gel. The yard had a shallow tub underneath the vehicle, containing the gelled acid.

“All of our tow vehicles are equipped to do hybrid towing now. We have the equipment to deal with batteries and hydrogen power cells,” he pointed out, standing by while the femmes walked around the car. It was clear to Bud that the condition of the vehicle really shook the two femmes up. It looked like no fur should have survived it.

“Well, thank you,” Barbara said to him, now quite upset after seeing the condition of the vehicle. Bud walked them to the office, offering to help out in any way if he could.

Would you like me to get a shop to look at it, to see if it's salvageable? John Moore Chevrolet's body and frame shops over in Garden Grove can do miracles if you're really attached to that Tahoe.” he suggested.

“No, thanks for the offer but I think we'll let the insurance total it, Bud. It's toast now,” Valerie stated, giving the bovine a pat on the shoulder. The family then went back out to the rental car and headed home, where the two femmes could get some rest.

Several of their party had decided to go back to their home worlds and Tasha had sent Richard back with Willi's assistance, so that left the Immortal Couple, Axel, Willi Marie, Joe, Tasha, Hess, Nevaeh and Teric to meet with the king and the head knight. The tigress led her horse into the castle keep, giving him over to JerMac to unsaddle.

“JerMac, I will be leaving soon. See to it that Morri is given possession of my warhorse when I leave, please?”

“As you wish, Miss Vicki. I will see to it that he becomes the owner of this fine stallion.” the feline replied. “If I might ask, is that equine over there your mate?” he asked, pointing to Torvald, standing with Joe and Teric.

“Yes, that is my husband that came all the way here to find me.”

“He looks as strong as your warhorse, Miss Vicki.” the feline commented. That made the tigress blush.

“He is a very strong but loving equine stallion that I love dearly.” She nodded and bid goodbye to JerMac as she headed back over to meet with the rest of her group.

“Well, we need to go see the king, to tell him I'm leaving and apologize to Sir Varn,” Victoria stated, wiping a tear from her eye. She knew she would miss all the fine furs and humans that lived here.

“We'll all follow your lead, then,” Joe suggested, everyone following her towards the side doors to the keep. Once inside, there were people scurrying around, being mindful to acknowledge her presence. The Chamberlain waved her over, looking very upset for some reason.

“Chamberlain, what is wrong?” she asked, very worried about the situation.

“Mirelda is nowhere to be found. Only her young acolyte Theresa is available.” he replied.

“Look, that's not a deal breaker. Theresa will do just fine for what I need to say to King Andath and Sir Varn.” she stated.

“What of your niece's magic? Will the King and Queen be safe from her?” he queried.

“She is just here because I wanted her to meet the King and Queen. She's not going in there to sling her magic around.” That seemed to calm down the Chamberlain.

“I will introduce you, then.” He opened the door to the grand reception hall and took up a ceremonial stance as he announced them. “Your Royal Highness, Miss Vicki D'nan, her family, friends and Sir Teric to see you.”

They walked into the chambers, Victoria kneeling in front of the King. Her family and the rest of the group, knowing the old 'When in Rome' bit, followed suit.

“All rise, so that I might address you,” the King said in a very important manner, and then in a very informal way told Victoria, “It is good to see you again, Miss D'nan. We had feared something had happened to you at first, until Sir Tamal returned with his news.”

The King, an equine/human hybrid that was bay in color, stepped down from his throne and approached the group, giving Victoria a big hug. “Please introduce me to your family. I have waited some twenty-four years to meet them.” he directed.

“Your Highness, This is Torvald Arend Svensen, my husband,” she stated, the huge equine bowing his head to the king. “This is my son, Axel Torvald Svensen,” she continued, Axel bowing his head. “This is Wilhelmine Marie Delancey, my niece,” Victoria said to the king, the femme equine curtsying for the royalty.

“This is the sorceress I have heard about,” he said, taking her hand and kissing it gently. “I only wished that Mirelda, our sorceress would have been here to meet you. I no doubt think you would have things to share with one another.” the king commented with a wide smile on his face.

“If I may be so bold, Your Highness, I am a very powerful sorceress but I am also a rank novice at it. The lioness with us, Tasha, will be training me to control my magic.” Willi Marie countered.

The King turned and looked at the gray fox vixen standing by the queen's throne. “Theresa, come here, child and meet a contemporary of yours.”

“As you wish, my King.” she replied. The young vixen walked up to Willi Marie and held out her hand to her. “Hello, I am Theresa, an acolyte under Mirelda.”

“It's nice to meet you, Theresa.” Willi Marie replied, giving her a warm handshake and a hug. That was when Tasha walked up to them with a concerned look on her face.

“Your Highness, I do not wish to sound rude and out of turn but I am Tasha, a sorceress and an instructor of acolytes. This child wears a dampening amulet that draws away her powers. This is not allowed by our laws.” Tasha removed the very decorative amulet from the vixen's neck and held it in her hands. “This amulet must be destroyed by fire. Sir Teric, can you destroy this amulet?”

“Tasha, I do not like to use my fire, ever since a tragic accident long ago. I will smash it with the pommel of my sword for you, however.” he suggested.

“No, this cannot be destroyed except by fire, kind dragon.” she pointed out. That was when Willi Marie used her magic again without thinking, conjuring up an oxy-acetylene rig for them.

“Axel, you do know how to use this thing, right?” she asked, giving them all a sheepish smile. “Sorry, I wasn't thinking again,” she proffered up, turning bright red under her coat to the point it was noticeable.

“What manner of device is this?” the king asked, looking it over carefully.

“Your Highness, it uses chemicals to make a very hot, controlled flame that will melt steel.” Axel stated as he set up the rig. He put on the gloves and goggles provided and used the striker to light the torch, causing the king and Theresa to step back a few paces. He set the flame to a blue cutting flame, motioning for Willi to come close.

“Willi, I'll need a pair of pliers,” he told her, the filly making a pair of slip-joint pliers appear in his hand. Tasha held out the amulet so Axel could grip it, stepping back afterwards and making sure everyone else stepped back too.

As Axel began to heat the amulet, it began to make a loud, horrible sound like a mechanical monster was being killed. Sparks showered away from it in huge gouts, at times enveloping the tall equine as he destroyed the amulet, a small portion at a time. Tasha put her hands up, sending a shield around Axel to

protect him as the sparks threatened to set fire to his clothing, mane and tail. Eventually, he had the amulet melted down except for the part in his pliers. He turned the tool on its side and melted the last of the amulet along with a portion of the jaws of his pliers.

“That was an incredible display!” the king stated as Axel shut down the torch and closed the valves on the bottles. “I had no idea that it would take that much effort to destroy a simple amulet.”

“I have to tell you, your Highness, I could have melted several swords in that same time.” Axle told him.

“Well, now that the amulet has been destroyed by this brave young stallion, I wish to meet the rest of your troupe.” he told Victoria. She returned to introducing the furs with her, picking back up with the coyote.

“You have already met Tasha Cummerow so this is Joe Latrans, a family friend. He came with my husband and son to find me.” Joe bowed his head, taking his hat off. “And finally this is Nevaeh and Hess, two former dark minions. Hess is helping to restore my memories and we are still trying to figure out what Nevaeh will do once we return to our home.” Both of the femmes curtsied for the king out of courtesy.

“Everyone, please meet my wife, Queen Morgeth.” the king stated. Everyone turned and bowed or curtsied to the black and white femme equine. “Now, might I suggest we partake of some food ...” They were interrupted by Sir Tamal bringing Mirelda into the hall roughly, hands bound behind her.

“Your Majesty, please excuse my rude interruption but I have brought Mirelda before you to charge her with high treason!”

“And what manner of treason has she committed?” King Andath asked, looking not so surprised by this action from Sir Tamal.

“She is in league with an agent of the underworld, Sire.”

Tasha noticed something around her neck so she approached the half-skunk and roughly yanked the amulet from her neck.

“Why do you wear a Darekal Seculinim, witch? This amulet is used only to summon dark agents!” Tasha shouted at the female in front of her. It was clear the lioness was *very* upset by this.

“Is this true?” the king asked, seemingly upset by all of this.

“I can now tell you the lioness is telling the truth. Mirelda has summoned a winged whippet to the castle several times with that amulet, my Lord.” Theresa told him in a quiet voice. “That amulet I wore had a spell added to it by Mirelda that prevented me from telling you this, my King.”

“She is lying to you, my Lord!” the accused sorceress shouted, trying to break free of Sir Tamal's bonds that held her. She had a look of death on her face as she spat out, “The one you call Miss Vicki is a demon, Sire! She is without death!”

“I have known that about her for a long time,” the kind retorted, polishing his fingernails on his robes.

“You however, have not been telling me the truth for some time. I have suspected this subversion for a few months now and you will now pay for your crimes against the crown. Guards, seize her.”

Two of the king's royal guard, Sir Jac and Sir Marc stepped forward, taking the half-skunk in their grasp. As they turned to lead her to the dungeon she broke free of her bonds and captors, running up to Tasha quickly, knocking her down in the process. Jumping on the amulet that fell from the lioness' grasp, she clutched it to her bosom and said loudly,

“I summon Beoram, my Master and Lord!”

Mike, Doug and Phillip were turning in their equipment, preparing to change into contemporary clothes so they could go debrief from their involvement with this mission. Mike, however still had this burning gut feeling that they shouldn't have left so soon.

“Hey Michael, are you in here?” the female voice asked, the huge fur turning to see Kristy Storm and her hubby Samuel standing in the doorway in bipedal form.

“Hey you two, I thought I just saw a couple that looked just like you on another planet,” Mike stated, trying to keep from smiling.

“Very funny, Mike. I came to give you back your emergency pack. You left it behind with us when you left that planet,” she told him, giving him the pack in question.

“Oh, thanks, Kristy. That would have been almost 100 credits out of my pocket,” he commented, putting the pack on the counter.

“Mike, can I ask you something?” the femme equine asked.

“Sure Kristy. Ask away.”

“Mike, I felt something on that planet.” she commented. “It felt ... I don't know how to put this. It felt very dark.” she finally said, visibly upset by that thought. Sam nodded in agreement to her statement.

“You know, I felt bad about leaving that planet. I don't care what Jason says, I'm going back.” He began to put his things back into his saddlebags, getting ready to go again.

“Um, Mike, you want me to get your partner Alan back here? He just left for home,” Samuel asked the tall one.

“No, I'm going straight to the castle this time. I have this feeling my presence is needed.” He put his saddlebags over his shoulder, headed across the hall to the armory. The cougar behind the counter smiled as Mike made his way into the room, setting his clipboard down on the counter.

“What can I do you out of this morning?” he asked, giving him a warm pawshake.

“Listen Brad, I need a class 3 Thermal Disruptor Rifle and 2 battery packs, please.” Mike smiled, scribbling his signature on the bottom of a blank requisition form.

“Aw, geez, Mike, you know this is very irregular,” the feline pointed out as he looked down at the blank form. “I can get my tail in a bind for issuing you a heavy weapon without Jason's written permission.”

“I'm going back to IS-23440 to back up Tasha Cummerow, Brad. I'm having one of my burning gut feelings that we left way too soon.”

“Well Hell, Mike, why didn't you say so?” he said, going to a locked gun safe, unlocking it and removing a rifle and two battery packs. He slammed one pack home, taking a third one out to bring to the counter. “Here you go, Mike. Let me get the serial numbers first.” He logged the numbers on the form, taking the yellow copy and giving it to the tall one.

“Thanks, Brad. I owe you one,” Mike stated as he turned to leave the room. That was when he almost ran into Jason.

“Mike, are you going back to IS-23440 to back up Tasha?” the rottweiler asked, crossing his arms across his chest. He was dressed in period clothing similar to Mike's, carrying an equipment pack himself.

“You caught me red-pawed, boss. That's where I was headed.” Mike admitted.

“Kristy told me what you were doing. Well, hold on a minute while I get my hardware and we'll both go together.” Jason drew an identical rifle, two thermal blasters and three batteries for his rifle. Giving one of the blasters and a holster from behind the counter to Mike, he motioned for them to get going.

The two of them made a quick trip to the staging and transport area, finding things quite busy with a transport returning from another planet. Once the inbound transports were completed, they quickly stepped into the chamber. Just as soon as the mesh gate was closed, they were on their way to IS-23440, in search of a tigress, her family and a lioness that most likely would need their help. Mike was never wrong in these matters and Jason was not about to question him, since it did involve his wife.

Conrad and Wally were in front of the Immortal Couple's home, tossing the football around a bit just to unwind. The young tiger was particularly worried for some reason, making some pretty sloppy catches.

“Wally, do you ever feel like something's wrong, even if it's happening far away from you?” he asked as they sat down at the curb for a moment to rest.

“Conrad, sometimes my gut feeling just burns at times.” he replied. “I know this sounds stupid but I'm not wrong very often. If I feel something is wrong, most of the time it is. Why do you ask?”

“Well, I feel like something bad is about to happen but I have no idea what it is.” he replied.

“You know what, let's get a cold soda and try to unwind, eh?” his uncle suggested.

“Yeah, you're right. Mom's going to be home soon so why am I worrying? She said she had warriors to guard her.” Conrad mused.

“Come on, let's go inside. Your grandma said she was going to fix us some lunch.”

They walked inside to find Valerie sitting at the table with her mother and both of them had that look on their muzzles like they were bothered.

“Mom, Val, what's wrong?” Wally asked, sitting down across from them. He took a sandwich from the serving platter, putting it on a plate. Conrad did likewise, putting some potato chips on his plate afterwards.

“Son, I have this gut feeling ...” She couldn't bring herself to finish her statement.

“You think something's going to happen to Vicki, don't you?” he asked, knowing in his heart she was right.

“I wasn't going to say it,” she replied, hoping she had been wrong but if he had felt it too ...

“OK, that's it!” Conrad stated, standing back up again. “I've stood by long enough! Michael, Gabriel, I need your help!” he shouted loudly, going into the family room to get some of his armor off the wall. Momentarily the two angels made their appearance near him.

“Conrad, how can we help?” the shorter feline angel asked, giving him a concerned look.

“You know where my Mom is so send me there! She's in trouble and she needs help!” Conrad said excitedly, giving Cathy a kiss when she walked up to him. “Hon, I'm sorry. I remember what I promised about not leaving the planet but Mom needs me.”

“We can get in trouble for this, Conrad,” Michael stated, giving it some thought.

“She needs help, you two. Get me there now!”

“OK, Conrad, here goes nothing,” Gabriel stated, turning to visualize the tigress' location. Once he had located her, the feline angel made an M-60 squad carbine, two cans of ammo, an army helmet and a flack jacket appear at the tiger's feet. That was when Wally stepped up.

“I'm going with Conrad.” the white tiger stated firmly.

“Um, who are you?” the taller feline angel asked, then smiled at him afterwards. “that's right, you're Victoria's brother. Well, I guess you do have a right to go after all.” An identical set of armament materialized at his feet.

“I can't possess firearms on this planet but the laws didn't say a darn thing about another planet,” Walter Jr. commented, picking the rifle up and shouldering it. Gabriel then materialized a flack jacket and helmet for Wally, sending them both on their way as soon as they was ready.

“I hope they'll be all right,” Gabriel mused, still shaking his head over the whole thing.

“I agree,” was all that Michael retorted, shaking his head too.