

*The characters Torvald Arend 'Tor' & Victoria Angela (nee Connell) Svensen, James Conrad & Cathryn 'Cathy' (nee Hunter) Svensen, Brett, Dana Lynn (nee Svensen) and Sabrina Angela Kashnikov, Roger, Gytha Louise (nee Svensen) Roger Jr. & Heather Louise Delancey, Axel Torvald & Madelyn (nee Barrett) Svensen, Bradley Torvald 'Brad' & Janet Lee (nee Mondragon) Svensen, Trenton, Nancy Jeanne (nee Svensen), Trenton Junior and Chelsea Corbin, Valerie Connell, Walter Lee Sr. & Harriet (nee Bishop) Connell, Walter Lee Jr., Michelle Annette 'Misha' (nee Kazinski), Walter Lee III, Joseph Franklin 'Joe' and Sarah Noel Connell, Robert James & Elizabeth Ann (nee Caine) Sands, Barbara Caine, Edward and Mary (nee Leese) Caine, Richard & Wilhelmine Marie (nee Kurzweil) Delancey, James William & Nancy (nee Roland) Kurzweil, Erich Martin & Ivanova Marie 'Iva Marie' (nee Schmidt) Kurzweil, Jason & Natasha 'Tasha' (nee Porter) Cummerow, Peter the dispatcher, El Casa Del Burrito<sup>®</sup>, Leonard's Restaurant<sup>®</sup>, Hunter Auto Parts<sup>®</sup>, Right Way Groceries<sup>™</sup> and Steven Nanomantube are the property of Kellan Meigh and may not be published or reproduced in any form without express written permission.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 Meigh

### Chapter 35

Dana stopped talking to her father and listened to the sounds on the other end of the phone for a moment before she made her astute observation.

“Dad, you’re getting undressed, aren’t you?” she asked, smiling from the knowledge she was right.

“How did you guess?” he retorted, now puzzled by what gave him away.

“I could hear you struggling with something and I can hear Mom in the background, singing. She only sings that particular tune when she’s in the big tub and you’re going to join her.” That statement embarrassed the huge fur, the thought that his family knew that much about their private life.

“Erm, would you like to talk to your Mom, then?” he asked, feeling the intense heat in his face.

“Yeah, let me talk to Mom, please?” she replied. He gave the tigress the cordless phone then went back to undressing.

“Hi Sweetheart. How are you feeling?” Victoria asked her daughter while she poured some soothing oils into the steamy water.

“Hi Mom. I, um, ... I ... the baby dropped this morning.” she finally blurted out.

“Well, you won’t have long now. Maybe a day or two at the most.” Victoria informed her daughter.

“You’re still not going to tell us if it’s a male or a femme, are you?”

“You will have to find out like everyone else when she’s born.” Dana said with a hint of mischief in her voice.

“I knew it was a little femme!” the grandmother-to-be said loudly as she slipped into the tub and settled in.

“How did you know?” the expectant mother inquired.

“By the way you’re carrying her. The baby was too high for it to be a male.” she stated. “Tor, Dana’s little one is going to be a femme!” she shouted to her hubby.

“I thought so. She’s carrying it too high,” he stated when he came to the doorway, dropping his robe on the dressing table to join his wife in the tub.

“Tell Dad I heard that.”

“Tor, she heard that. I’m surprised you noticed,” she commented as the stallion slid into the tub behind her and began to nibble on her neck, making her giggle.

“It was very obvious,” he pointed out before he took a sip of sparkling cider from a tall stem glass and went back to nibbling.

“Mom, I’m going to let you and Dad have a quiet moment to yourselves. I’ll call back this evening.” she informed her mother.

“OK, I’ll be expecting a call from you or a call from Brett saying you’re going to the hospital,” Victoria stated, enjoying the feeling of her husband’s strong arms around her.

“Bye, Mom.”

“Bye.” Victoria leaned back against her hubby’s chest and looked up at him. “So, how did your call to Bradley go?” she asked.

“He’s coming over tomorrow around noon and he’s bringing his wife and daughter.” was the reply. Torvald looked up at the ceiling, letting his head hang back. “Gah, why did the Gods allow my life to become so complicated?” he mused.

“Well, just relax for now. We have all evening to enjoy the tub and each other.” the tigress suggested, holding up the plate of chocolate-covered strawberries for him to get one.

“You’re right. I need to unwind,” he retorted, slipping down further in the tub before reaching for a treat.

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Conrad was busy stretching out, getting the kinks out of his muscles. His evening workout wasn’t that strenuous but it was enough to break a sweat. His concentration was broken by his wife coming into the exercise room.

“Conrad, Dana called to tell us your mom and dad are home,” she told him, tossing him a towel to wipe down with.

“Good, I was hoping they would be home soon.” he replied. “Maybe this time they will get to see the opening game.” He looked down at his paws, thinking about all that had transpired. They were proud of

him but they had missed so many of his achievements on the gridiron.

“I hope they can see the opener too. They missed the opening game last year.” Conrad’s wife reminded him.

“Well, I hope that whole thing with Dad’s grandson turns out okay. He sure was upset about it when I saw him last.” Conrad commented while he wiped down his fur. He wasn’t sure what he would do in that situation except welcome him in and talk.

“We can talk about it over dinner,” Cathy suggested, taking her hubby’s paw and leading him to the dining room.

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Willi Marie was watching a movie with her hubby, trying to ignore her need to lose her dinner. The two little ones being carried inside her were protesting something but what it was, she didn’t know. All she knew was the fact that her stomach was really bothering her and she needed to do something about it. After much deliberating, she decided to make some tea for her nausea.

“Where are you going, Hon. Want me to stop the DVD?” Richard asked when she got up from the couch.

“Would you pause it, please? I’m going to make some chamomile tea for my upset stomach,” she told him before she went to the kitchen.

Tasha was standing at the prep island, making tuna sandwiches for Jason and herself. The smell of the fish being prepared seemed to cause Willi to almost lose her groceries. She stopped, took a few deep breaths through her mouth and closed her eyes until the nausea passed.

“Willi, you look sick,” the lioness pointed out, hugging her around the shoulders.

“I am sick, Tasha. This pregnancy is turning out to be a real pain.” the femme equine told her. “I really wish my Mom and Dad hadn’t been murdered so they could be here to help me through this.”

“Wilhelmine?” a familiar femme voice asked momentarily. Tasha looked up to see a femme equine and a male lion looking around at their surroundings in confusion.

“Mom??? Dad!?!” Willi blurted out, stunned at the vision in front of her. It was her mother and father, in the flesh, standing in her kitchen.

“Um, we were in the middle of a mission just a moment ago ...” her mother, another palomino-colored equine stated, then the connection was made. “Oh My! You’re a sorceress! You brought us here!” she blurted out as she made her way to her daughter and hugged her tightly.

“I’m a Master-level sorceress, Mother,” Willi replied between sobs as she returned the hug.

“I’m sorry I never told you that you might become a sorceress,” her mom told her. “I was so sure you wouldn’t develop any powers. Wilhelmine, please forgive me.” she begged of her daughter.

“Mom, I really wished you would have told me,” Willi pointed out. “This has been real rough on me, ever since I became pregnant.”

“You’re with child?” her mother asked, then put her paw on her daughter’s abdomen. “Twins! I’ll have two little grandkits!” she said happily then frowned. “Um, did you know they will both be just as powerful as you are?”

“We had suspected as much. My stomach has been doing flips all day.” she replied to her mother’s question.

“Then I know why you’re so sick. You need some of my special tea to calm your stomach,” she stated, then headed off to make some for her daughter.

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Richard had been waiting for his wife to return to the family room and it had been a while. Too long, maybe. He got up to see about her only to be surprised by the sight in front of him. There was an older femme equine in the kitchen that resembled his wife in a big way and a male lion by the table that was smiling at him. That male lion resembled his brother-in-law in too many ways.

“Hello, I’m Erich Kurzweil,” the feline bid in his South African accent, offering up his paw to Richard. “I am Wilhelmine’s father.”

“Uh, erm ...” Richard looked at the two femmes by the stove again, then back at his apparent father-in-law, totally stunned by this turn of events. He then promptly passed out from mental overload.

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Willi was seeing to her unconscious hubby that had been placed on the couch by her father while her mother made some tea for her upset stomach.

“Mom! I’m sorry that I didn’t have a chance to tell you that you and Dad had died on that other planet! That was almost ten years ago!” she said loudly through the house.

“We What!?!” her mother retorted. Momentarily, Iva was standing at the end of the couch, looking at her daughter wide-eyed. “We were dead? Are you very sure?” she queried.

“You and Dad were both killed on that mission. The Svensens, the furs we were living with completed that mission just recently. They took down *The Legion* and that lapin that was running it.” she explained.

“Oh my ...” the elder equine said quietly as she put her paw to her mouth. “What about James? Where is he now?” she asked, wondering about her son.

“He lives up in Santa Clara, Mom. He works for an Internet search company with his wife Nancy.” she offered. Willi picked up the phone by the couch and dialed her brother’s phone number, waiting patiently until some fur answered. “Hi James. Um, I want you to talk to someone.” Willi asked after her brother picked up on the other end. She gave the phone to her mother with a smile, knowing her sibling would be surprised.

“James? This is your Mother.” the elder equine offered up. There was silence on the other end, then the sound of a body sitting down hard on the floor. “James? James??”

“Uh, Mom?? Is that really you??” the surprised male on the other end asked carefully.

“James! I’m here with your sister!” she blurted out.

“Mom? This is impossible ... is that really you?” James asked. “Uh, hold on ... Nan, somehow my mother is at Willi’s house,” he told his wife before coming back to the conversation at paw. “Mom, ask Willi to bring us to you,” he suggested as he stood back up and held onto his wife tightly.

“Wilhelmine, your brother wants you to bring him and his mate here.” Iva related to her daughter.

“I can do that,” she replied, searching out her brother and his wife with her powers. In just a few moments the two felines materialized in Willi’s family room.

“MOM!! It is you!!” James shouted as he ran to her and hugged her tightly.

“Sweetheart, I’m not going anywhere,” she said as she tried to pry him off of her.

“I’m sorry, Mother. It’s been a long time since I’ve seen you last.” he put forth, still holding onto her.

Meanwhile, Willi’s father was busy looking after his son-in-law, concerned he might have injured himself when he fell.

“Wilhelmine, is your husband okay? He is still out cold,” her father pointed out.

“Well, um, I guess so?” Willi offered forth. She knelt by him, stroking his forehead and pushing his forelocks out of his face. Her hubby eventually started to show signs of returning to the world of the waking.

“Uunngh,” he moaned as he slowly put his paw to to his head and held it over a small lump on his temple.

“Richard, honey, are you alright?” she asked softly.

“Uh ... yeah, except for this bump on my noggin, I suppose so.” he replied. “I thought I saw your mother and father in our kitchen,” he said while he rubbed his muzzle.

“You did, sweetheart,” she pointed out. Her hubby slowly opened his eyes, then looked over at his wife and her father who were both looking back at him with concern in their eyes.

“My wife and I *are* here, my son-in-law. Your wife, our daughter, restored us back to life from an unnatural death.” Erich stated.

“So ... I wasn’t seeing things?” he asked, suddenly worried that his mate had possibly broken some rules when she did this.

“We are right here,” Iva replied, still trying to get her son to let go of her.

“I guess we had better get comfy because I don’t see this reunion breaking up for a while,” Richard stated, sitting up slowly. James’ femme bobcat wife sat down next to the huge gray stallion, patting him on the knee afterwards.

“You know, Richard, I was just commenting to James just recently, wondering when Willi’s out of control magic would bring their parents back.” she offered up.

“Yeah, I was thinking the same thing. I just hope she doesn’t get into trouble for doing so.” he replied. “Could you give me a paw with some refreshments?” he asked his sister-in-law.

“Sure, Richard. With all the talking that will be going on, I’m sure something to keep the throat wet would be nice.” she replied.

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Brett got into bed with his wife and made himself comfortable, then rubbed her enormous belly. He looked up to see Dana smiling, enjoying the touch from her hubby.

“It won’t be long, little one,” he commented, smiling at the thought of little paws running through the house. “Hon, do you think she might be a gunsmith like me when she grows up?” he asked, looking up to see her reaction.

“She will be what she wants to be, Brett Kashnikov. We *will not* influence her to be something she has no interest in being.” Dana replied as she snuggled into her pillow.

“Alright! I was just suggesting it would be nice to see my little one follow in my family’s pawsteps and be a gunsmith.” he retorted.

“Well, maybe she will be a legendary Kashnikov gunsmith after all.” the femme mother-to-be mused. “You are a fourth generation smith so maybe your talents will get passed along.” Dana rolled over onto her side, got herself comfortable and closed her eyes, hoping to get a full night’s rest. “Goodnight, Brett.” she bid.

“G’night,” he replied, no longer able to keep his eyes open.

Dana listened to the sounds of her hubby sleeping, musing about what might have been. She was just out of high school and she was seeing Jim Haskell, a red fox tom around the time Gytha broke up with Brett. Her relationship with the fox was on the rocks because Jim didn’t approve of her parent’s views on firearms and weapons in general.

Purely by chance, Dana ran into Brett at the local pawgun range one day and after burning through four hundred rounds of ammo, a dinner and some shared firearms cleaning, they knew they were meant for each other. He had been very loving towards her and she knew he would make a wonderful father and role model for their little one, once she arrived.

It was a good thing she didn’t continue her relationship with Jim because she read just recently that he had been arrested along with his current femme friend for having connections with a group illegally

manufacturing methamphetamine. Why he didn't want her to have firearms but had one that had no serial number on it when he was arrested is beyond her.

Dismissing that thought, she made herself comfy and slipped off to sleep, safe with the knowledge she had married the right male.

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Bradley was making coffee, trying his best to get going this morning. He had slept badly, thinking about his meeting with the fur he was sure to be his grandfather. He stopped filling the coffeemaker with water, giving thought to what he would say. This was going to be tough.

"Morning, Dad," his daughter bid, making him jump in return.

"Good grief! You startled me!" he told his offspring after he caught his breath.

"I'm sorry, Dad. Here let me fill that," she offered, taking the carafe from him and pouring the remaining water into the reservoir. "Hmm, you didn't put enough grounds in here," the blond femme equine pointed out, adding two more scoops to the basket.

"Didn't sleep well?" he questioned while he got out some bagels for his breakfast.

"I slept fitfully." she replied while she peeled a banana to snack on.

"Want some bagels?" he asked while he sliced several in half.

"Mmm, Yes, I'll have two, please?" she replied, giving him a kiss on the cheek. "I'm on edge too, Dad. I have no idea what to say to him, especially if he turns out not to be your grandfather."

"We'll come up with something," her father offered up. He looked at the coffeemaker, silently urging it to brew faster. He put two bagels in the toaster and took a moment to fish some butter and jelly from his daughter's refrigerator to place on the table. He knew in his heart this fur was his grandfather. He didn't know how he knew this, but he knew.

"Dad, Mom knows about our 'condition', doesn't she?" his daughter asked. She was his offspring by his late first wife Carole Austin. He had married the jet-black pony Janet Lee Mondragon fifteen years after Nancy Jeanne was born, thankfully with his daughter's approval.

"I've never openly said something but I suspect she knows. I mean, how many blond equines have you ever met? I do mean true blonds, not palomino colored." he put forth. He looked up from his work at the toaster to see her response.

"Um, how about that femme that was in that movie "WitchHammer"? Wasn't she blond?" she offered up.

"No, Gabrielle Ryder is a bay, I think. She had to do a full-body dye job for that movie. It was in the outtakes and extras on the DVD." he replied. "Gah, that's been such a long time ago. I remember doing research to find out if she was related to us only to be disappointed. It was a good movie, though."

“Yeah, it was good, if you like that kind of stuff. Trenton still watches it from time to time.”

“Speaking of my son-in-law, wasn’t Trenton due home today?”

“He should be home tomorrow. He had to go up to a microwave installation in the San Gabriel mountains and fix something that was in alarm. Probably another one of those backup generators failing.” she replied.

“I get the impression he hates his new job,” Bradley offered up as he sat some bagels on the table.

“No, not really. He has a partner, this canid named Paul Lorena, I think, that he’s worked with before. He says they make a good team.” she retorted. She put some butter and grape jelly on her bagel halves and held up her coffee cup for her father to fill.

“Well, I hope this meeting goes smoothly,” the huge male commented while he poured her a cup of joe then sat down at the table with her. “I’ve been rehearsing what I would say for seventy years and now, I’m not sure what to say.”

“We’ll do just fine. I’ve been waiting for over half of a century to meet my great-grandfather so a few more hours won’t make a difference.”

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Torvald stood at the counter, trying to prepare the coffeemaker through bleary eyes. He had slept badly, thinking about the coming meeting. Even though this was his family coming to see him, he really didn't know what he would say to Bradley, his wife and their daughter. Would he deny who he was or would he openly admit to them that he was indeed immortal? Would they believe him if he did tell them he was without death? It still seemed far-fetched to him and he knew it was the truth.

“Gah! This is so tedious!” he spat out to no fur in particular. He started the coffeemaker and began to wrangle up items to make some breakfast with.

“Tor? Are you down here?” a familiar femme voice called out. It was Victoria, looking for her mate.

“In here,” he replied, taking a cast iron skillet from the pan rack and sitting it on the range afterwards. He turned to see the tigress making her way into the kitchen with that ‘I’m still sleepy’ look on her muzzle.

“You look like you slept badly,” he stated, then took her in his arms and hugged her. She looked up at him so he kissed her on the lips.

“I did sleep very badly because of a certain stallion.” she replied. “He tossed, turned, got up a few times during the night and stole the covers once. He even turned on his bedside lamp and read a novel he started a few years back.” she added.

“I’m sorry I kept you awake,” he told her, giving her a kiss on top of the head. “Maybe I can make it up to you somehow.” he suggested.

“Well, you could make me breakfast,” she replied, hugging him around the waist. “Maybe some

waffles and eggs?”

“Waffles and eggs it is,” he said as he broke their embrace and began to make the batter.

“Would you like blueberries in the waffles?” he asked, looking to see his mate’s reaction. They were joined at that moment by a houseguest.

“Morning,” Hess bid as she made her way to the coffeepot for some morning go-juice.

“Good morning,” Victoria replied, smiling at the canid shuffling through the house.

“It is morning but I don’t know about it being good,” Hess stated, looking at the tigress with a polite smile. “I should have known better than to follow your suggestion and go out and get a job while I was here. I’m hoping we might be done after a few more sessions of straightening out your memories and then I can leave here.” she pointed out.

“And I thought you liked working at Uncle Mike’s Pizza,” the stallion said with a sly smile.

“Gah, I hate that place!” she spat out. “My manager is a slave driver! I would be better off being tortured by Surt’s minions than working for that idiot!”

“That could probably be arranged,” Torvald said jokingly. That made Hess actually stop and think about it for a moment.

“Well, maybe my job isn’t that bad,” she mused. Hess then noticed Torvald’s preparations for their meal. “I don’t want to seem like I’m intruding on your lives so guess I’ll get something to eat at that diner by the pizza place.”

“No, I’m the reason you’re here, Hess. Please have breakfast with us,” Victoria said, nodding to her hubby.

“Yes, please have some eggs and waffles with us.” he replied at his wife’s urging.

“Okay, I will dine with you two this morning,” the canid finally stated, reluctantly sitting down at the table with Victoria. “Torvald, would you leave the berries out of my waffles? They tend to give me an upset stomach.” she asked.

“I can do that,” he replied with a smile, turning back to the work at paw.

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Mitch Gallegos closed the folder he was looking through and sat it back on his kitchen table. This was not going to be easy for him, to actually go to the Immortal Couple’s home world and inform them they were under house arrest for crimes against the universe. Even if they weren’t found guilty, this was a blow to any being’s psyche.

“Mitch? Are you feeling alright?” his wife asked. He looked up at her and shook his head ‘no’ in reply.

“I’m really at odds with this case,” he offered up. His mate, a tigress chimera, sat down with him and

gave him her attention. "Lisa, I have to put two Celestial Warriors under house arrest." he added.

"Gah, that seems like a suicide mission!" she blurted out. Her ruddy orange, black and white paw grasped his hand, giving it a loving squeeze. "Bill Fletcher told me the about the last ..." Her hubby cut her off.

"Yeah, I know about that orange tree," he said wearily. "I'm not looking forward to this." he added.

"Maybe if you just explain to them that it's not personal, they won't try to do something retaliatory to you." she suggested.

"That just it, Lisa, it's not personal! My boss Dave Klepper has already filed charges against them!" he said in an exasperated voice.

"Maybe I could go with you and my presence would help to defuse the situation," she suggested, giving his hand a kiss afterwards. "I have a lot of experience in these matters."

"Well, you would blend in on their world very easily. On the other hand, I'll have to undergo physical remodeling to go to their planet." That information made his wife scowl.

"The last time you had to do that, it took three separate reversal procedures to get rid of the scales on your back." she reminded him.

"I know. Maybe this time I'll just keep whatever form I take on afterwards." he retorted. "Maybe I'll have them make me a tiger-morph this time."

"Would you really?" she asked. That thought made her get excited, the fact that her hubby would look like her.

"I'm really thinking about it. Reme says I can get on the morph-world investigator's list and have a lot more options open to me than I have now." he put forth.

"Just don't do it for my sake. Do it because you want to." she told her soul mate.

"If I do go ahead with it, I'll be in the field most of the time. That means a lot less of this kind of stuff," he told her, tapping the file in front of him.

"Well, just don't do it for me." she told him. "Do it for yourself."

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Torvald and Victoria has just finished straightening up the family room when some fur rang the doorbell. Going to the door, the tigress looked through the peephole to see their expected guests.

"Hello! You must be Bradley!" she said cheerily after opening the door. "I'm Victoria, Torvald's wife. Please come in." she asked.

"I'm Bradley, this is my wife Janet and our daughter Nancy." he replied as they came inside. The tigress showed them through the house to the family room and her waiting hubby. "Tor, this is Bradley,

his wife Janet and their Daughter, Nancy. Bradley, Janet, Nancy, this is Torvald, my husband.” she offered up, introducing them to one another.

“Hello, I’m your Grandfather Torvald. I ... I’m glad to see you again, Bradley,” the huge fur said as he went to his grandson and hugged him tightly.

“I knew you were my grandfather just as soon as I saw you. You haven’t changed a bit.” the younger stallion told him between sobs.

“Son, I have something I need to share with you,” Torvald told his grandson. “I’m immortal.” he offered, expecting to hear him respond to that. What Bradley said in return shocked the elder Svensen.

“Well, I guess I should share the fact that Nancy and I are both immortal too. I think you somehow passed on your ‘gift’ through your genetics.” the younger Svensen proffered up. “By the way, our species is long extinct. Did you know that?” he added, looking to see his grandpa’s reaction.

“I guess I have some explaining to do?” Tor asked.

“I think you do, Grandpa. Nancy, Janet and I need answers to a lot of questions about you, where you came from and this unique ‘gift’ we all share.” Brad replied.

“Well, let’s all get comfortable because this is a long story that starts somewhere in the early tenth century.” Torvald told them. Knowing it would be a long day, Victoria got up to get some refreshments for them.

“Um, Janet, is it? Could you help me get some refreshments out? This is going to be a long story.” Victoria put forth.

“Sure, I’ll help you.” Janet replied. They both went out to the kitchen to get some lemonade, soda pop and an apple-carrot cake to snack on while Torvald began to weave his tale.