

Rrsh'Dhana and Anthony
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Disclaimer

This story was inspired after reading chapters 1 and 2 of Broken Fang and chapters 1 and 2 of Rrsh'Dhana's Diary. It is this author's version of what might have taken place afterward, and since it was not written by Anthony Lion, is not canon to the original story.

I wish to thank Anthony for granting permission for it to be displayed, even though some of it does go against the events in the original.

(This takes place after the events of Broken Fang chapter 2 and Rrsh'Dhana's Diary chapter 2.)

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Anthony, Rrsh'Dhana, Masmah and the White Lady are © Anthony Lion.

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Anthony slowly rose from the pleasant dreams he was having toward consciousness.

He realized that he was alone in bed and lay there listening to the sounds of the White Lady. From long familiarity with her, he could pick out the sound of Rrsh'Dhana moving across the galley and climbing the ladder to the deck.

He rolled over on his back gazing at the ceiling, thinking back on the events of the previous day. Rrsh'Dhana had come back to him.

It had been a long time since he could remember feeling like this. He was truly happy again for the first time in years.

His mind drifted back to their first meeting. He had shot down her Fang fighter and taken her prisoner.

He remembered his surprise to discover upon the removal of her helmet that she had not been a wolf but a feline. And the even bigger surprise, once out of the flight suit, that Rrsh'Dhana was a female.

Right from the beginning things had been different between them. She could have killed him several times, of that he had no doubt. He had seen her fight and was impressed with her skill. She had not even tried to escape but instead comforted him when the nightmares came.

She had gone with her father back to her own people but now had returned to him.

Anthony suddenly realized that he had been lying there lost in thought for over half an hour.

He got up and dressed. The galley was empty when he entered and there was no sound from the deck.

He noticed a note on the table by his usual chair and sat down to read it.

Rrsh'Dhana had gone into town to see Masmah and asked if he would meet them at their usual café at noon.

Anthony checked the clock and noting that he had time to make a stop before the meeting time, departed.

Anthony walked through the doors of the café and noted that Rrsh'Dhana and Masmah were not there yet. Another glance at the clock above the counter told him it was only 11:45. He was a bit early.

“Hi Anthony!” Greeted the counterman with a wave. “Where’s Rrsh'Dhana?”

“I’m supposed to meet her and Masmah here at noon. I’m a bit early it seems.” Anthony answered.

“Can I get you anything while you’re waiting?”

“Just my usual tea.” Replied Anthony as he sat in the booth across from the door. Here he could see them coming and they could see him easily when they arrived.

“Coming right up!” The server again marveled at the change in Anthony since Rrsh'Dhana had come into his life. Before, he had almost never come in here, preferring his boat, the open sea, and solitude. The few times he did, he was cold, aloof, and spoke to no one unless he had to. The attitude was part of the reason he had gained the name “Ice Man”.

“Here you go.” He said and then hurried off to serve another customer.

A few minutes later he saw Rrsh'Dhana and the bear-like Masmah approaching the café. He could tell at once from Rrsh'Dhana’s posture that something was wrong.

As the two entered the café Rrsh'Dhana cast a furtive glance in Anthony’s direction. He could see longing mixed with fear in her eyes. Masmah leaned down and said something to her then walked over to the booth where Anthony was sitting. Rrsh'Dhana, however, took a booth by the door and looked down at her folded paws on the table. She seemed to withdraw into herself.

“Hello Anthony, may I sit down?” Masmah asked as she reached the booth. Anthony was pulled from his inspection of Rrsh'Dhana by her question.

“Yes, of course.” He answered.

“What’s wrong with Rrsh'Dhana? She looks frightened.” He asked.

“She is.” Came the answer.

“For me or of me?”

“Some of both.” Masmah told him.

“She doesn’t think she can do this herself and has asked me to be the go-between, as they say in your language.”

“I don’t understand.” Anthony replied. “What reason would she have to fear me? There is nothing I know of that should cause her to fear *for* me.”

Masmah reached into a pouch on her belt and placed a rectangular box on the table, sliding it toward him. “This is part of the reason.” She said.

Anthony recognized the box as the one that contained the bracelet he had given Rrsh'Dhana. He opened the top to find the bracelet inside and his world began to crumble.

Masmah may have been a large alien bear but she could read the hurt and question in his eyes. “She came to me this morning, very upset and afraid. She knows that I’m very curious about alien customs and hoped I could answer her questions. She now understands but I have to make sure that you understand as well what is happening here. From the look in your eyes, it isn’t what you think.”

“You are of course already aware that different cultures have different customs. I have studied Earth customs and told her that when a male of your kind likes a female, they will often give gifts of this type. Indeed there may be several. These could be earrings, necklaces or bracelets. It is simply a show of his affection for her. The quantity or cost of the gift does not always reflect the level of that affection. There is however one gift that holds very special meaning to your kind. When a male gives a female the gift of a ring it is a wish for a life bond. If she accepts the ring she agrees to be his bond mate for life. To Rrsh'Dhana’s people the gift of a bracelet holds this same significance.”

Comprehension dawned on Anthony’s face. He had in effect proposed to her when he had given it.

“She was certain you did not know what you had just done. But after talking with her mother, she has to know for sure just how you feel. Now do you understand her fear?”

“Yes, she is afraid that I will feel she has rejected me and more afraid that *I* will reject *her*. You say that you explained Earth customs to her?”

“Yes.”

“Then, would you excuse me for a few moments?” He asked as he rose and walked to Rrsh'Dhana’s table.

Masmah watched him approach and stand next to Rrsh'Dhana, speaking quietly to her. She nodded slightly a couple of times but still retained her withdrawn posture.

Masmah was beginning to worry about the outcome of this meeting when suddenly Anthony went down on one knee extending both hands to Rrsh'Dhana and the light of her smile could be seen all the way to the harbor.

In the one he held the box containing the bracelet. The other held a small box that contained a simple circlet of gold.