

Sehh'Remma & Roger

The Characters and situations in this story are based on events mentioned in Rrsh'Dhana's Diary by Anthony Lion. It was written to be canon and has been approved by Anthony. I wish to thank him for tossing down the gauntlet and challenging me to write this. Also to James R. Lane for proof reading it and sending back the dripping red remains - ;-). It has been a learning experience.

Mike Regan – The Old Gray Raccoon

While in transit between planets, life aboard a spaceship is rather dull most of the time.

Sehh'Remma was already feeling this trip and they had only departed from Earth four days ago. At this rate she would be climbing the walls by the time the whole five-eight days journey was over. She sighed, *thirty-six more days*.

The main problem was that she had basically nothing to do. She was not part of the normal crew and had been brought along to rescue and protect Rrsh'Dhana. That had proved unnecessary. Far from being in danger, Rrsh'Dhana had not only been accepted but was well liked by the humans. The rescue mission had become one of alliance and trade negotiations.

Sehh'Remma had nearly begged for something to do, so, for lack of any other available job, she had been made a gofer. It was better than nothing but not by much. She was given a regular shift schedule and since the security chief was ex-military, he expected her to be in proper uniform while “on duty” even if most of the time the shift was spent sitting in her cabin staring at the wall.

Right now she was in the ship's mess having some tea. Rrsh'Dhana had been correct; the Earth drink was becoming so popular among the crew that Rrsh'Ghanar complained there would be none left to show the council by the time they got home.

He already had to lock away what remained of the smoked salmon. Earth would be able to buy anything it wanted using that as payment. And he had an exclusive contract as the sole distributor for his company. All he needed was the approval of the Clan Council and he was certain that once they tasted it there would be no question of a “yes” vote.

She watched the three humans from the computer team enter and get some coffee, another Earth beverage, but she did not like it as well as the tea. Their job was to find ways to install their Earth computers into Rrsh'Ghanar's ships and they had begun studying how the present computers interfaced at once. The humans seemed happy; they were smiling and laughing with the ship's computer technicians.

Sehh'Remma only recognized the expression as a smile because of her one short shore leave with Rrsh'Dhana.

That brief time in the town had been soon after Rrsh'Ghanar had questioned Anthony about the war. Anthony had vanished and Rrsh'Dhana had thought to go to town rather than just sit and worry, she could also ask around to see if anyone had seen him.

Not wanting to be alone right then, she had asked Sehh'Remma to join her. They had done some window shopping; what else would a depressed female do?

They had eventually arrived at the café and Rrsh'Dhana had taken her in to try her first cup of tea.

As they came through the door Sehh'Remma noticed the humans gesturing and speaking to Rrsh'Dhana but since she had not learned the language she didn't know what was being said.

Rrsh'Dhana took her to a seat in a booth near the counter, and after noticing her confused look told her that they were greetings.

She had also learned about smiles and frowns that day, since for her people the baring of teeth was not normally a friendly act. A human male came to the table; Rrsh'Dhana called him Henri. He was smiling at first but then his face changed. He said something and Rrsh'Dhana became very sad when she replied. He took her hand and stroked it for a bit then said something more and left.

Rrsh'Dhana explained that Henri had told her none of them had seen or heard from Anthony and asked if she had; when she told him she had not he became very sad. The look on his face was a frown and showed how sad he was. Everyone was worried and hoped that Anthony would return safe.

Some of the facial expressions she was seeing on the human techs were not among those she had seen that day on Earth.

Finishing her tea she decided to go and visit with Rrsh'Dhana to talk more about her time among the humans. At least it was more interesting than sitting here and watching steam rise from a cup.

When she got to the door she saw the physics professor Roger Thompson walk slowly by with his chin on his chest, his hands behind his back and a very large frown on his face. *With a frown that big he must be very sad*, she thought and continued on to Rrsh'Dhana's cabin.

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Roger walked slowly down the corridor towards his cabin. The engineers had introduced what they said was the most difficult to understand but the most critical part of hyperspace theory. Others of his profession would have just plugged the numbers into a computer and gotten the answers in minutes, but not him. Roger was “hands on”. He had to *know* the answer and the only way to do that was to figure it out in his head, to wrestle it to the ground and come up victorious. Something like this consumed him completely. He had a frown of deep concentration on his face as he strolled, head down, hands clasped behind his back. He was totally oblivious to his surroundings and eventually discovered that he had walked past his cabin and had to back track. He knew already that his mind wouldn't let this problem go until he solved it.

In the wee hours of the morning, at least by Earth time, Roger's eyes flew open, “Yes!” He had been tossing and turning all night and as such had gotten very little sleep. But he no longer felt sleepy as he raced for the door; only the startled look from the crewmember in the corridor reminded him that he wasn't dressed. Minutes later, now fully clothed, he burst excitedly into the engineer's station and began to describe the theories and their relationships to hyperspace he had just solved. The engineers were very impressed; this level of understanding usually did not come for at least an eight day and more often two or three of them.

They could now move on to the more complex systems, and that's just what they did.

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Sehh'Remma awoke and stretched. She had enjoyed time with Rrsh'Dhana last night and been told a few humorous stories. They had also talked about the beginning; from the time Anthony had shot down Rrsh'Dhana's fighter. How he had treated her with respect even before he knew she was female and more so after. He had not treated her as inferior, but as an equal.

She wished the males she had been involved with had done that. Either they avoided her because of her size or they tried to make her subservient. At present she had no one and felt a slight twinge of loneliness. Her mind flashed back to Roger as he passed her last night. He looked so sad and for some strange reason that made her want to comfort him. Then she remembered that he had been alone in his cabin since departure. He had no one to share his bed and must be feeling lonely and maybe homesick. Then and there she resolved to share his bed that night and show him he was welcome and accepted. After all, no one enjoyed sleeping alone.

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Roger was thrashed. He had gotten little sleep the night before and had awoken very early. After solving the problem they had given him he had made great strides in understanding hyperspace. He had not even taken time out to go and get something to eat; they had to bring it to him, but that's the way he was when he was “on a roll”. However,

Sehh'Remma & Roger

there was still a long way to go and he was tired but happy. He did not see anyone as he walked to his quarters and went inside to go to bed.

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Sehh'Remma had just gotten off duty and went to her cabin to change into her "off duty" clothes. The outfit, a roman toga style with ties over each shoulder, was loose and comfortable. The style was popular with most of her people, although they preferred leaving their feet bare. And sleeping was always done "in the fur". She reveled in how good it felt to get out of that restrictive uniform.

She left her cabin and proceeded toward Roger's quarters. When she arrived she saw the door was not in privacy mode. Aboard ship the doors were always closed against the remote possibility of depressurization. You could not leave your door standing open, so it was a long accepted custom that a door not in privacy mode was the same as one that was standing open and a person could just open it and enter at will. In privacy mode pressing the button would sound the signal rather than open the door but in an emergency three rapid presses would cause the door to open and send an alert to the security station. She pressed the door button to open it.

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Inside, Roger lay on his back in bed, already asleep. With the problem solved, his mind quiet and coupled with the fatigue of a long day, he had drifted off almost before his head hit the pillow. He started to dream at once, a dream he only had when his conscious mind was satisfied and would allow his subconscious to come to the forefront. Only then would his subconscious admit to just how lonely he was.

He was back in college, lying in bed in his dorm room when the door opened.

The door slid back to admit Sehh'Remma.

Into his room came the gorgeous cheerleader he had fantasized about, then and ever since.

Sehh'Remma saw he was already asleep and was careful not to wake him as she entered.

Roger watched her enter and seductively approach him, letting the robe she was wearing slip from her shoulders to reveal her nude form.

Sehh'Remma padded quietly to the bed and slid the ties off her shoulders to let the toga drop to the floor.

Roger watched as she slowly slid beneath the blankets with him.

Sehh'Remma & Roger

Sehh'Remma pulled back the blanket, slid beneath it, and laid back on the pillow.

As she was lying back beside him, Roger rolled over and placed an arm behind her back with the other over her breasts pulling her into a firm embrace and...

All hell broke loose!

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Roger, clad only in his boxer shorts, ran out into the corridor yelling for help, wailing that someone had tried to kill him while he slept. He had always been underdeveloped but in his oversized boxers he looked even more like a stick figure. Blood was running from deep scratches on his arm.

Sehh'Remma was close on his heels pulling her toga on over her head and demanding loudly (to know) what he thought he was trying to do. She had tried to be nice to him and he had assaulted her!

They stood facing each other yelling accusations, and neither had the slightest idea what the other was saying.

Rrsh'Dhana was on her way to her cabin after bidding her father good night when she heard the sudden commotion. She ran toward the source of the disturbance and demanded to know what was going on.

Even though both began speaking at once, she heard enough to understand what must have happened.

She ordered them both to be quiet and then began to explain to Roger about her people's aversion to sleeping alone, and that Sehh'Remma was probably feeling a little lonely and must have thought he may have been feeling the same. The sharing of a bed to them was not an invitation for sex, and that this custom had been practiced for as long as anyone could remember.

She told him that that information was in the packet of papers he had been given and he should have known about it. He, on his part, blushed very brightly and admitted that he had not even opened the envelope to look at them but made a sincere promise to do so first thing in the morning.

She asked Roger why he had not activated his door's privacy function and he responded that no one had told him it had one. Rrsh'Dhana told him that this too was in the information packet from the major that he had been given. She took him inside and showed him how to operate the door controls, then sent him to the ship's doctor to have his scratches looked at.

Sehh'Remma & Roger

Once he was gone she turned her attention to Sehh'Remma. Rrsh'Dhana calmly explained to her about the unspoken meaning to humans when an unclothed female enters a male's bed.

Sehh'Remma was humiliated by her error and embarrassedly mumbled something about not knowing that humans did not have the same custom. When she had seen his frown she thought he was sad. She only wanted to make him feel welcome and accepted by sharing his bed with him.

Rrsh'Dhana felt sorry for Sehh'Remma since, after all, she was just trying to do something nice for Roger.

She said that she would tell Sehh'Remma more about human customs later but now it was time for sleep.

Rrsh'Dhana walked back to her cabin but her mind was still too active from the excitement, so she went to the ship's mess and made a pitcher of tea to sip and relax with.

In the meantime, Roger returned to his cabin, activated the privacy system and sat on his bed thinking. The more he thought about the incident with Sehh'Remma, the tenser he became. His neck and shoulders were in knots, he also felt the beginnings of a tension headache.

Sehh'Remma, on her end, was in a state of emotional turmoil. She paced the small confines of her cabin and finally decided to see if she could find something in the ship's mess to help her calm down to get some rest.

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Sehh'Remma walked into the small mess area of the ship. She did not know what she was looking for, exactly, but she needed something to calm her nerves following the incident with Roger. When he had unexpectedly grabbed her, instinct had caused her to unsheathe her claws so when she gripped his arm to pull herself free she had made some deep scratches. Even then, something had kept her from doing more harm. If anyone else had done something like this they would have been in critical condition. What had stopped her this time?

She was not angry with him but with herself for not having considered that humans might have different customs. She had been to enough other planets that she should have known better.

Rrsh'Dhana was already there and motioned her over when she entered.

"<I have found sipping a cup of tea soothes me and allows me to set my thoughts in order.>" Rrsh'Dhana stated, pouring a cup of the beverage and passing it to her friend.

They sat for a few moments drinking in silence. Sehh'Remma did have to admit that her raging thoughts were coming under control. “<Thank you,>” she said. “<I hope I didn't hurt him too badly. How did you manage to survive long enough to learn about them?>”

“<They're not as bad as we have been led to believe in the stories that were being spread about them. They can be quite gentle.>” Rrsh'Dhana's face took on a wistful look as she closed her eyes and remembered the feel of Anthony's hands stroking her back.

Sehh'Remma took in the look of serene peace and contentment from Rrsh'Dhana. She also thought she detected a bit of longing mixed in as well. The same as one would have when thinking of an absent lover. *Could a human really make one feel like that?* She thought. It had been some time since her last time with a male and while it had been enjoyable it had come nowhere close to producing the feelings she was seeing Rrsh'Dhana unknowingly display. *Why can't I find someone to make me feel like that? Does a human walk my path also?* She began to wonder and again her mind turned to thoughts of Roger and how his arms felt around her, just before she had sunk her claws into him and he released her---*screaming*.

Rrsh'Dhana came back to herself with a start. “<Sorry, where were we?>”

“<We were talking about what a fool I was for just assuming the humans had the same customs we did. I should have asked someone about it first. I'm such an...>”

“...IDIOT! MORON! INSENSITIVE CLOD!” Roger sat on the edge of his bed calling himself every name he could think of. He was mortified. He was brought up to be a gentleman and a gentleman *never* did to a lady what he had nearly done to Sehh'Remma.

“I haven't just caused an international incident; I've caused an intergalactic one.” He hung his head in shame. What would his father have thought of his behavior?

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Rrsh'Dhana had finished her tea and left Sehh'Remma at the small table. Their talk about humans and her look had roused Sehh'Remma's curiosity. She thought again about the feel of Roger's arms around her. A small smile crept onto her face. She began to retrace her steps.

###

The door signal sounded and Roger got up to answer it fully expecting to be put under arrest but when the door opened he froze in momentary shock. There before him stood a nervously smiling Sehh'Remma, still not certain she was doing the right thing but too caught up in the thrill of the unknown to stop now. All she knew for sure was that

she wanted to feel loved. Remembering his manners he bowed and motioned her to enter. After all, a gentleman did not leave a lady standing on his doorstep.

She entered and he closed the door, turning to find her standing right behind him. Again she gave him a small, slightly nervous smile, then reached up with both hands and released the shoulder ties of her gown, letting it slide down her body to the floor.

Roger was speechless. Sehh'Remma stood unclothed before him. She was a feline, she was ... an alien---and she was... the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

She reached out and took his hand in hers bringing his open palm up to stroke the soft fur of her cheek. She moved it to her muzzle and sensuously licked it, then slid it slowly down her chin, her throat, over her small firm breasts and to her waist. Roger's mind was swimming in sensory overload. She released his hand and placed both arms around him pulling him into an embrace. Roger being eighteen inches shorter than she, soon found his face resting in a place that made him feel ... what? He couldn't describe it. He felt, at once, aroused, calm, at peace, relaxed all at the same time. All the tension, the tight knotted muscles in his shoulders and neck, the headache; all gone, like they had never existed. The scientist in him wanted to study this phenomenon and understand it, but from somewhere deep inside a long forgotten part of him rose up and took control, displacing the other. Roger hoped this feeling, whatever it was, would never end. He reached with his free hand around her back and began to stroke her tail. She arched her back and made a sound that could only be of pleasure and contentment. They still had not learned to speak the other's language, but, then, for *some* messages no words are needed.