

# The Roses

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*A story about my charries and the charries of my BFF. More chapters coming soon.*

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## 0 - Prologue

It was mid-winter, the coldest time of year. Safe on board the swift ship *Riverflyer*, an oldish otterwife sat down with her children. These were the children of an otter and a ferret. The oldest was a ferret with an otter's muzzle and rudder-like tail. His face had a odd flame-like mark over each of his eyes. The second-to-oldest was an otter with a ferret's tail. The third was a ferret-colored otter, a male, and the youngest was a ferret-eared, ferret-pawed, ferret-muzzled female otter. The otterwife's husband, a ferret who by his markings was the Taggerung, walked in with warm rosehip tea for each. The young ones were pleading his wife for another story.

"Please, anuver wintah's tale?"

"Jus' one more, mama, pwease?"

"Please, mama?"

"Please?"

The ferret sighed, "Well, looks like they ain't stopping until ye give 'em what they want."

"Aye," the otterwife sighed, "Alright, young 'uns, one more, but then you're off t'bed!"

The hybrid babes nodded vigorously, and she began her tale...

## 1 - Blackroze

Aquamarine Streampaw was an otter, yes, but still a Juskabeast. She had the usual marks, a slash of black from her left ear to her right jaw bottom, with two red horizontal lines on each cheek. She was a brown otter with a aquamarine bow on her tail. Aquamarine was the fiancée of the Taggerung and Juskatanku leader, Saggar Tanku.

Aquamarine was swimming upriver to survey the territory. She suddenly noticed a blob of black seen above the surface. She broke surface, smiling at the mouse she found. "Morning to ye, matey!"

The black mouse narrowed her eyes. "Hello, otter."

Aquamarine was confused by the hostility shown by this woodlander. She shifted onto the bank and sat by the mousemaid. "D'ye even know where y'are matey? Ye're tresspassin' on Juskatanku territory."

The maiden obviously did not trust her, "And I s'pose you're goin' to turn me in, then, paintface?"

Aquamarine shook her head, chuckling, and held out her paw, "I'm Aqua, by the way, Aquamarine Streampaw."

The mousemaid stayed placed, "Blackroze Aquamouse."

Just as Aqua was about to reply, a rumbling noise became a thundering roar of footpaws as at least twoscore vermin appeared, headed by a calico-colored vixen and centered by a draped palaquine. Once they were reached, the vixen continued until she was next to Aqua, who she yanked upright by her shoulder. "Nobeast, nobeast I've ever heard o' in the Juska ever made friends w'the woodlanders, safe that traitor of a vermin we call a leader. You should be ashamed, Aquamarine Streamaw, ashamed! Now into the palaquine afore y'cause more trouble!"

Four rats clamped their claws quickly on Blackroze's arms. The vermin left back for camp, the rats holding Blackroze trailing at the rear, even though she did not struggle.