
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 21:48:55 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 9/9/2006 6:16 PM

[August 1, 2068, 9:00 p.m., Tracy Island

Kyrano had been keeping an eye on Lisa all day long. She had gone about her business quietly, far too quietly to his eye. Even Emily had noticed the change and had questioned it.

"Are you feeling okay, Lisa?"

Lisa had looked up, startled. "Oh, uh... I'm okay, Emily. Just a bit tired, that's all. I'll get to bed early tonight."

Emily had given Lisa a look that said plainly, "I don't believe you," but then Kyrano had stepped in.

"I will take Lisa for a walk in the garden this evening, Mrs. Tracy," he had quietly said to her. "Perhaps that will lift her spirits."

Emily had nodded and given the retainer a small, encouraging smile.

Now the cooking for tomorrow was done. The dishes and kitchen were clean. The excitement that Cherie had shared with the two women was gone, and Lisa was quiet once again. He and Lisa were back in his quarters, and Kyrano decided it was time for that little walk.

"Lisa, would you care to accompany me to the garden?"

Lisa looked up from the romance novel that she had been reading, or trying to read. She shook her head slightly. "I'm sorry, love, but I'm not in the mood."

Kyrano gave her a patient smile. "So I have seen. You not been yourself since you arrived back here, but even less so since our talk with Jefferson yesterday." He sat down next to her on the settee. "I think that a change of scenery -- and perhaps some serious discussion on what we should do is in order, dear one." He rose from his seat, and held out his hand.

She glanced from his hand to his face. "You know I can't argue with you when you take that firm tone with me."

"Yes. I know. Please, my dear. Let us visit the garden."

Lisa sighed heavily, and put her hand in his. He helped her to her feet, then ducked into the bedroom and returned with light jackets for them both. He helped her on with hers, then tucked her hand under his arm, covering it with his opposite hand. Together, they went out to Kyrano's garden.

The evening was dark and chilly and the sea sent a moist, salt-laden breeze their way. Lisa

shivered a little, and Kyrano let go of her hand to drape an arm around her shoulders. "We will have fog in the morning, I fear," he said quietly. Lisa only hummed in agreement.

Their path was illuminated by light-sensitive lanterns that gently swayed, hung on wrought iron hooks at ankle level. The bushes of the garden acted as a windbreak to some extent, and the pair sat down in the garden swing. The bench swung a little when they did, then stilled. The scent from the evening flowers that still bloomed despite the season wafted on the breeze and Lisa breathed it in. She relaxed enough to put her head on Kyrano's shoulder for a few minutes. He rubbed her shoulder comfortingly.

After a few quiet moments, Kyrano asked, "Lisa, do you still fear this man?"

Lisa sighed and straightened up. She was quiet for a while, then said, in a small voice, "Yes. Ah do."

"Why is that, love?"

She shook her head. "Ah... Ah don' know. Perhaps it's 'cause Ah never knew what would set him off. The drink was certainly a factor, but near the end there were times when he wasn't drunk and he'd still go off at me. He was... unpredictable and, Ah suspect, unbalanced. Ah still don' know what to expect. He made me feel small an' worthless durin' owah marriage, an' that has nevah changed. Ah nevah did confront him, not even durin' his trial ovah Dianne or durin' owah divorce proceedin's. Ah don' know that Ah can evah confront him." She shivered again. "Seein' him again made me feel small an' worthless... an' angry. Ah won' go back if'n he's hangin' around."

There was another silence between them, then Kyrano coughed softly, clearing his throat. "I know you do not want to return to Greenville. I understand why, and I will not attempt to persuade you otherwise. And you have expressed that you will not follow Douglas to his new home." He pulled her closer. "Perhaps it is time that we... formalized things between us."

She gave him a sharp look, almost disbelieving. "Formalize? As in... marriage?"

He nodded, and said, "Yes, dear one. We have spoken about it before, but until now you have not wanted to leave your home. You have been happy in Greenville with your shop and your friends. But now that happiness is twice shattered." He looked down, and grasped her hand with his free one. "I would see you happy, my dear Lisa. Happy and safe. Not afraid."

He pulled his arm from behind her shoulders, and moved her hand to his now freed grasp. With the other, he steadied himself as he slipped cautiously off the swing and onto one knee before her. "This is difficult for old bones such as ours," he quipped gently. She giggled a little as, now steady, he put both of her hands in his. "My dear, beloved Lisa. Will you marry me?"

She leaned forward, touching her forehead to his. "Oh, Tuan." She shook her head gently. "What am Ah gonna do with you?" She paused, a silence that Kyrano took to bode ill for his idea and his proposal. Then she chuckled. "Yes. Let's 'formalize' owah relationship. Ah will gladly marry you."

Kyrano let out a breath he hadn't been aware he'd been holding. He lifted Lisa's hands to his lips, kissing them one at a time, then he let go so he could rise from his rather precarious position,

groaning. "I do not understand how this practice became popular in the West. It is hard on the knees, and there is a danger of falling over."

Lisa chuckled again as she helped him stand. "I think it had something to do with being knighted and chivalry and all that Middle Ages claptrap." She snuggled close as he sat next to her, putting his arm around her shoulders again. "So. Now that we've settled that matter, what next? Do we tell our family right this evening?"

Kyrano looked out into the darkened garden as he responded. "I think we should wait until as much of our family is gathered as possible. Since Dr. Tracy has gone to New Zealand to speak with the pharmaceutical supplier, I think we should wait until she returns to announce our engagement." He sat up as if stung and said, "Ah! I knew I was forgetting something."

He reached up to remove the chain that hung around his neck, the one that held his alarm pendant. He didn't undo the clasp, but pulled something off the chain before returning the pendant to its usual place. "My trousers and tunics do not have pockets, so I was hard pressed to find a place to put this," he explained as he worked. "The pendant is large enough that this would not slide off."

Lisa, having heard a distinct light clinking of metal against metal, asked, "Is that what Ah think it is, Tuan?"

"If you think it is a ring, you would be correct," Kyrano said smugly. He grasped her left hand and she held up her ring finger helpfully.

"It's warm," she said as he slipped it on. "How long have you had this?"

"A month, perhaps longer," he said. "I have wanted to ask you to marry me for some time now. Jefferson's accident pointed out to me how anyone could be taken from those they love, suddenly and without warning. He was fortunate to survive his ordeal, but you or I, we might not be so. I wanted for us to be one in all ways possible; physical, spiritual, emotional, and legal. I had not yet chosen a time to do this; instead, the time revealed itself."

"Oh, Tuan," Lisa breathed. "Ah am so glad you thought ahead an' did this. This is the answer to mah prayers... as are you."

She reached up with her now-bejeweled hand and drew his face toward hers for a long, sweet kiss. He placed an hand over hers and said, "You are cold. I think it is time we went inside."

"Yes," she said, drawing him to her for one more kiss. "Let's go in. Ah could use a cup of tea right now, and Ah'd like to see this ring in the light. Ah wonder how many people will notice it."

Kyrano chuckled. "I am sure that Mrs. Tracy will if no one else." He stood, and helped her to her feet. "Come, my dear one. The tea, and our warm bed, await."
