

---

# Family Connections

by Smitty & Whitney Ware  
2859.06.08

Printed in FTA #22 (2005)

*This story is printed by Kadanzer Weyr ([www.kadanzer.org](http://www.kadanzer.org)), a fan club approved by Anne McCaffrey in 1995. Kadanzer Weyr is a non-profit group – all materials pertaining to Ms. McCaffrey's works displayed on this website may only be accessed for personal, non-commercial purposes. Please do not reproduce without permission. All references to worlds and characters based on Anne McCaffrey's fiction are copyright© Anne McCaffrey 1967, 2005, all rights reserved, and used by permission of the author. The Dragonriders of Pern® is registered U.S. Patent and Trademark Office, by Anne McCaffrey, used here with permission. Use or reproduction without a license is strictly prohibited.*

---

J'hanos stretched languidly, feeling the strains and aches that inevitably followed a mating flight. The musky scent in his nostrils was female and for a few delicious, half-asleep moments he thought that Vhauth had won a queen... but then memory intruded and he recalled the green form twisting and teasing ahead of her pursuers, recalled the thrill of her going pliant in Vhauth's grasp, echoing her rider's eager surrender below. There was a sense of relief to knowing that Vhauth could once again compete and win, tempered by the realization that the last flight they had won had been Yashelth's....

'One step at a time,' he told himself, pushing away the sudden spike of familiar grief. 'Green today, gold tomorrow. Only a matter of time....'

Opening his eyes, the bronzerider found himself looking at a young woman with long blonde hair and a frame that looked a little too skinny for her bones, lying on her side as she watched him wake. She smiled as she saw his regard. "Good afternoon, bronzerider."

"Greenrider," J'hanos replied pleasantly, trying to place her face. She was a pretty girl, if no particular beauty, one of R'mal's wingriders if he recalled correctly -- he hadn't bothered to ask when Vhauth had shown an interest in the flight....

"You have no idea who I am, do you?" the greenrider said, her voice a velvet purr of amusement. She propped her head up on one hand, her blue eyes watching his face. Her body language was languid and relaxed – but there was something sharply observant about those eyes.

"Greenrider Yasmin, Tzarith's rider," J'hanos answered, finally placing her. "You're Wingleader M'ler's weymate." M'ler had to be old enough to be the greenrider's grandfather, by the look of her... although, now that he thought about it, he could remember Vesoz saying that she had once been young G'tin's weymate, before moving on to M'ler after a mating flight --

Suddenly those sharp blue eyes didn't seem quite so welcoming a sight to wake up to.

"Yes. M'ler's my weymate. He's a good man, and Warith is a solid bronze. They've both served this Weyr loyally since the Poisoning." She smiled, but it didn't touch her eyes. "Of course, steady and solid isn't always enough, is it?"

"Most would call it a good start," J'hanos told her, a little warily. "There is much to be said for loyalty."

"There can be." Yasmin reached out to run her fingernails lightly across his chest. "You're an ambitious man, aren't you?"

It was J'hanos's turn to smile. "Yes, you could say that."

Her fingers followed the curve of muscle, stroking just softly enough to leave his nerves tingling. "There are too few bronzeriders in this Weyr who truly are. G'tin is, although he's too proud to admit it. Z'hon, certainly. B'deras is, when it means no effort is involved. But *true* ambition? Few of your rivals have it. This Weyr has pretty faces enough. B'deras, L'ars, R'mal – they all have pretty faces, just like you." She ran a finger across his lips. "But your charisma is something more than skin deep, isn't it? You *do* want your Weyr back, don't you?"

"My Weyr is dead and gone," J'hanos said. "But given time, this place might make an acceptable substitute."

Yasmin laughed in delight at that. Her cool fingertips stroked the side of his face. "That's a dueling scar, isn't it?" she asked, tracing the faint line down his cheek before reaching lower to touch the matching scar that crossed his ribs.

"Yes," he replied. "I had some... disagreements with the sons of the High Reaches Blood before my Search. Those are from the second duel -- Rebien proved to be better with a blade than his brother."

"You killed them both?" There was no horror in Yasmin's voice, only a keen curiosity.

"I did," he told her, finding it strange to be revisiting what was, after all, quite literally ancient history. "It's why I stood at Southern Weyr and not at High Reaches."

That earned a fresh smile. "Killer instinct is even rarer in these parts than ambition. You can be ruthless, can't you? I can see that in your eyes. That *is* rare. Rare enough to treasure. You have the ambition. You've got the charisma. You could be a Weyrleader again, especially with your giant of a bronze. And I could help you do it."

"Help me?" J'hanos relied dryly. "I rather think that leadership choices are for Ihyanith to make."

"There's more to Weyr leadership than a queen's whim, as well you know." The young woman's pose was still languid, but there was now something passionate in her eyes. "You're a Lord's son. You understand the importance of family, and of family connections. So you'll understand that it's not arrogance when I say that I'm more than just a simple greenrider. I am the granddaughter of Lord Mendius, and the daughter of Masterweaver Valorian. I can teach you what you'd need to know to be effective in this Pass." Her gaze was fierce now, determined. "I know who is important here in this time and in this territory. I know what the feuds are, what the politics are, who are allies, who are friends, and who want you to think they are loyal when really, they just want to score at your expense." She moved closer to him, one hand pressed against his chest as she licked her lips and said, "I can help you be a Weyrleader worthy of the history books – in both Passes."

"Can you now?" J'hanos rolled away from her and pushed himself off the bed. He began to collect his scattering clothing from the floor.

Yasmin sat up, a frown beginning to twist her features. "I can. Deny that you need the help. If you're a Lord's son,

you know how important it is to know the intricacies of holder relationships, and craft relationships. Weyrbreds don't see the importance of such things, or care to understand how such influences can last over generations. I may be a greenrider, but I *know* things, and I know the value of knowledge. I should have Impressed gold; as perfect as Tzarith is, I'm wasted as a combat rider. Take a look at the goldriders of this Weyr – beyond Lybelle, there's not a brain to be found among the lot of them. You know Dunia's faults, first-hand. Cassidoria is as bland as milk, while Luka is afraid of her own shadow, and frigid as well. Zherra is about as reliable as a green firelizard, and Faydra? The brand on her face is all you need to know. Lybelle alone is worthy of being a Weyrwoman. Or of being a partner to an ambitious man like yourself. Consider my offer, bronzerider. I can help you be Weyrleader again. As you should be."

J'hanos pulled on his pants as he considered the greenrider and her words. "Mendius. Which Lordship does he Hold again?"

"Dawn Sisters," Yasmin said, her chin lifting proudly. "My mother is Mendius's oldest daughter, and I am the Lord's favorite granddaughter."

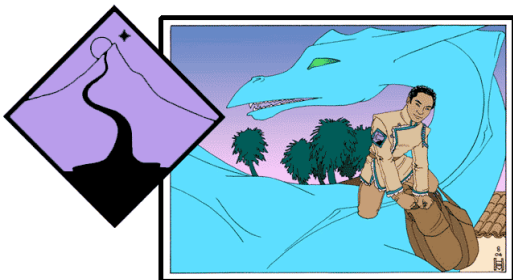
J'hanos laughed, humorlessly. "Well then, you'll understand the importance of 'holder relationships over generations', when I point out that, as the son of the Lord of Tillek and the father of Tillek's Lord Jeshan, I may have *slightly* more in common with you than I'm entirely comfortable with."

Yasmin's face went pale, and her blue eyes widened. J'hanos managed a half-smile before shrugging on his shirt. "It looks as though you might want to do a little more research next time. Your grandfather's mother would have been... what? My ten? twelve? times great-granddaughter?" He shook his head, amused by Yasmin's sudden wilt. "I'm sorry, little girl, but there are some games that I am not willing to play."

"We scarcely share a drop of Blood," Yasmin tried. "Four hundred Turns is a long time --"

"Not for me, it isn't." J'hanos reached for the flightcot door, opening it to leave. "I'll consider your offer, greenrider, but please -- do not be surprised if I don't take you up on it. Family connections and all, you know?"

He nodded to her once, and left. Vesoz was just going to *love* hearing about this one....



# Kadanzer Weyr

Alternate Tenth Pass *Dragonriders of Pern*® Fanclub

[www.kadanzer.org](http://www.kadanzer.org)