

Anju RP Doc

Suspicious and Questions

Featuring:



Anju & Ramman

The Tell, Xassa Territory
Summer 2025

So much had happened in Xassa in a short amount of time. Anju's head was still buzzing over it. But most of all... he was uncertain. Wary. About one wolf in particular.

Ramman. Cyrus Ramman.
Cyrus Ramman.

A title that was never truly ever expected for him, but one that naturally fell at his paws. He never thought he would ever see the day, but alas, he had to wake up and smell the roses.

On the very same night Uncle Odin and Auntie Nay died, Ramman showed up, claiming to be a Xassan prince. Next thing Anju knew, Cyrus - now Advisor Nineveh - was no longer the Cyrus and this... stranger was the Cyrus now.

He was the Cyrus now.

Anju barely knew who this wolf was. Ramman hardly knew half of these wolves. It would take some time before he would get to know them properly. He denied it all the time, but he knew: he was afraid of Ramman in a way. He was a stranger who showed up and was suddenly the new Cyrus. Anju had some knowledge of the Susa Bloodline... but it still felt wrong. Very wrong.

It was never supposed to be that he return home to become the Cyrus. He expected to have been welcomed back with open arms or opposition. While that was sort of the case, the way the turn of events transpired felt awkward and wrong. To interrupt an entire trial after two seemingly good wolves had passed on was never his intention... He certainly had his pack's attention on him.

So for most of the time Ramman had been here, Anju had avoided him. He honestly planned to continue avoiding him just for a bit longer. He wasn't sure of what to think yet. What to say. How to process all of this.

He wished that his packmates wouldn't avoid him, especially considering that he wanted to get to know each of them better.

As Anju walked around the tell, he caught sight of the new Cyrus. As expected of himself, he lowered his ears and tail and not so subtly took off, scrambling behind a rock and hoping he wasn't seen, though chances are he was seen. What would he do if he was??

He noticed this in his peripheral view.

The dusty mouse colored male quietly padded over to where the young juvenile was and he cocked his head to the side. "**Hey there.**" he said gently and kindly. It was normal to feel apprehensive towards someone who was his perfect stranger, but at the same time, they were packmates, and he was his Cyrus. He was seen. Shoot. Anju very slowly and carefully poked

his head out from behind the rock, ears pinned flat against his head in nervousness. For now, he didn't say anything, just silently observed the new Cyrus.

"I don't think I've caught wind of your name lil' buddy." he said with a genuinely friendly tone as an approachable smile formed. Ramman hoped that he would come out of hiding so that he could hold a nice conversation. He wished he could comfort him and tell him that he wasn't a bad wolf by any means, nor someone he should be afraid of.

They were both wolves, Xassans at that. As far as he was concerned, they were on equal footing as living, breathing wolves with beating hearts.

"...Anju." He said meekly. He didn't remain quiet for very long... the 100 questions he wanted to ask were just begging to spill out all at once... he figured he would ask at least the most burning one.

"It is nice to meet you Anju! I hope we can-"

"...Who... are you?" Anju asked. The younger one had cut him off his sentence, but he didn't mind it too much. Had it been most any other wolf in his family, they would not have reacted as well as this. If this were a few days ago, he would have said this with a slightly wrinkled muzzle. Today, now that most of the shock of this stranger wore off, he was just... nervous. **"Like... you just... showed up... and now you're the Cyrus..."** He continued. Ramman nodded. He knew of the Susa bloodline, but he hadn't quite known that a Cyrus's reign could just end at any time in favor of another wolf. Perhaps the young pup didn't quite understand the age rules yet... either way this situation was entirely confusing.

"I bet this is all so confusing for you, as it is for me." Ramman said sympathetically. **"I'm Ramman, Nineveh's older half brother. I was never supposed to be gone from the pack for as long as I was... But when one is a Nabu, doing everything he can to fulfill Xerxes' wishes in exercising peace, one has to make tough decisions."** he looked down at his paws. It was just like Dad... a Nabu on a mission who went missing. He listened intently, but stayed quiet for now.

He still felt bad that he took such a role away from Nineveh... But he had to be honest with himself. Neither he nor Nineveh were ever meant to be Cyrus. That title should've gone to Elam... but it hadn't. Then after him, Ashur, but he perished not too long after Elam. He still couldn't believe they were gone after all these years.

"I became Cyrus because of a rule that Susa herself established many years ago before any of us were alive." he began to explain. **"She decreed that the eldest born of her lineage would have the title of Cyrus. This has been a rule that continues to live even to this day."**

He was beginning to understand the more Ramman spoke.

While it was true that he was Xassa's leader now, and that in theory he could change any rules that he so desired, he couldn't fight against Xerxes' will. Especially not when he realized what he was going to stir, Xerxes had pushed him even harder to go back home. Whether he wanted it or not, his god certainly had. And he had to do right by it. He certainly had plans to change around some rules to help establish his peace a little better, but this one was unfortunately not it.

"It is why I sit before you as your Cyrus. But just because I may be your leader, that doesn't mean you can't treat me how you would any other wolf in the pack. We are all born equal with beating hearts, ready to dedicate ourselves to Xerxes' Peace." He wondered if perhaps him bearing Susa's blood could have contributed to some of his packmates' fears. He could recall growing up how members of his family would stick their noses in the air as though they were to be revered just for their heritage, that they were somehow better than their packmates. **Despite still being riddled with uncertainty... Anju knew Ramman was right. At least, if Nineveh was so welcoming to Ramman's return, perhaps it is just in Xerxes' will.**

This change of leadership is what Xerxes would want - what Susa would want.

"...You remind me of my dad in some ways." Anju said, **"Before I was born he set out to go find a fellow Xassan after she went missing... she was family to the two wolves who died the other day..."** Anju said, **"He was gone a long time... he wasn't here when I was born. but just like you were gone a long time... he came back."** And how did Anju react at first? With growls. Fear. A duty to protect his siblings from a perceived stranger. At least all the way up until Anju practically saw his own face looking down at him and realized who it truly was.

He had seen his father around. If his memory served him well, his father was the Babu of the pack. A part of him felt a little jealous, because he had always wanted to become the Babu himself by this time. But as he had come to accept, life and Xerxes had other plans for him. **"True followers of Xerxes may leave, but they always return."** He and Anju's father may have been away for some time, but that did not negate the fact that he and his father were Xassan through and through.

It was because Ramman's situation reminded him so much of his father's return that Anju was able to understand better. All he needed was context - a Nabu that had gone missing for reasons beyond their control just like his father had.

"...I'm sorry for avoiding you." Anju said, **"And... thank you for explaining everything. If it makes you feel better I was fully prepared to fight my own dad when he arrived. He looked like a stranger until i got up close and realized he looked like me."** he chuckled sheepishly about it.

The dusty male chuffed and gently nudged the younger's shoulder with his paw. **"Not to worry. I know it's hard given that I was not here to be with our packmates. But when Xerxes calls on you to help others, that isn't something you should ignore. I helped a family get back to their home."** My family... Ellanora and Ivan. Oh how he wished that they could just live here with him as opposed to their pack. Maybe one day he would see them again.

Though, despite all the potential dangers he had heard about being a Nabu... he still wanted to become one. Perhaps... his opportunity to ask was right in his face...? Sure, he was still a bit wary of Ramman and it would take some time to get used to him being here - Ramman was still kind of a stranger right now, but Anju was willing to give him a chance now that he understood the circumstances properly.

"But it was all worth it in the end."

"So... you were a Nabu?" Anju asked, as if he had completely forgotten his wariness of Ramman he sported just moments ago. Technically, he still was a Nabu, but it was not going to be his only responsibility anymore given his ascension to Cyrus. In reality, Anju was still suspicious... though as he established himself within his mind, he is giving *Cyrus* Ramman a chance - until proven untrustworthy, Anju would trust him a little bit.. **"My dad's a Nabu... the lead one. Called the Ea."** He said matter of factly, though with a polite tone... despite the fact Ramman would likely know this. Oh! How interesting. This young lad already had some exposure to the role, especially given his parentage.

Anju glanced up at the sky, then the world beyond the tell that he could see from where he and Ramman stood. **"If you're the Cyrus... could you make me a Nabu? Please?"** Anju asked, **"I've always wanted to be one, like my dad. And, if you getting lost for a bit was worth it despite being so far away from Xassa and Xerxes... maybe it would be worth it for me too... if I got lost."** Anju wondered what he would do in Ramman's pawprints - would he meet some family in need and heed Xerxes' call to help them? Anju could see himself doing that. What a spirited young wolf. He was determined to get to work, something Ramman greatly appreciated. If there was anything the pack needed, it was for its omegas to take on tasks. Plus, just because a wolf had gotten lost like he had or his father, Xerxes truly had a magnificent way of showing himself and making his intentions known.

"That's why I wanna be a Nabu..." Anju continued, **"My dad set out to find a lost family member... or well a bond family member... and he did find her but she didn't wanna come back yet. I wanna see if i can find her and check on her... and, well, meet her i suppose. I think she was Odin and Nayeli's daughter... she has to know what happened..."**

This young lad reminded him greatly of himself. He was determined to help shed light to a family member of the newly deceased of what happened. This was understandable, though a part of him wondered how many family members Odin and Nayeli had in other packs or out there for there to be a need to share this news.

“That is quite an honorable reason to want to become a Nabu, Anju.” he said softly before smiling again, **“I’m sure one day you’ll be able to do it as one. The life of a Nabu is exciting but it can also come with its many challenges. Your father displayed how a Nabu should behave and handle matters.”**

Finally, he nodded slightly before Ramman opened his eyes, shimmering with mischievous determination, **“I’ll discuss with your father so that we may begin your training.”** Anju’s eyes glimmered, and he couldn’t stop his tail from breaking into an excited wag. He was gonna be a Nabu just like his father soon!

“Thank you, Cyrus Ramman!” He said, his previous suspicions about the new Cyrus forgotten in the moment of excitement the young adolescent was experiencing.