



## Alara Meets Amber

Alara Deathbane, Dossier #12681,  
BT Spectre Cell, House Galeres, Clan Arcona

Amber tried to comfort herself amongst the blue linen sheets of her bed. Tears streamed down her eyes and sobs distortedly spilled from her mouth as the anger and grief became too much for her anxiety disorder to handle. She punched her pillow and gently nudged Milo, her nervous grey kitten, away from her face. She felt like she needed to be alone at this point. Her husband, Johnathan was away at his work while she waited at home for him. Times were getting hard for them both, but they tried their best not to lash it out on each other. It was becoming a habit for Amber to let out her feelings while Johnathan was away.

The room darkened as the sun disappeared behind an overcast, wintery sky. Her pups were gently laying next to their master as she tried to rub away what salty tears stained her rosy cheeks.

As she finally began to feel a bit of relief, a knock was at the bedroom door.

Amber's spine straightened in slight fear of who that might be. Was Johnathan off early? How did she not hear the door open? When she looked up, a familiar face, though one she had never seen before, was there at the threshold.

"Hello, friend." Alara spoke softly. She held her fingers around the door frame, and pushed her fingertips away from it to sit on her true master's bed.

"How... How..." Amber sniffed, and rubbed her eyes.

"It doesn't matter now," Alara edged closer to Amber and tucked some loose blonde hairs behind her not-so-pointed ears. "Just know that I'm here. And you're not alone."

Despite Amber's attempts to keep composure, she lost control of herself and began to cry a bit more. She grabbed excess blanket and held it to her face. "Why did they do that to us, Alara? Why? We have done all that we could to help that clan sustain its balance. We built that house out of nothing. Nothing!"

"I know. It's definitely not fair," Alara placed her hand on her friend's shoulder. "But you know we can get through this. We've gotten through everything else. And we can get through this, too."

"So, Arcona then? Do you think that will be a more sustainable home for you and Jae'ille? Gregryck too?" Amber grasped Alara's hand with hers tightly, still on her shoulder.

"We'll find a way wherever you put us. However, I think that's best for now. You get along well there with the other members. They'll be happy to have us." Alara smiled, trying to reassure her soul-sister.

"I just got you to Rollmaster! I just made it to our dream! A dream we both worked so hard on!" Amber began to rub her cheeks again as more tears fled her face.

“And you’ll get us there again. It’s not your fault that there are tyrants who wanted us both out. In Arcona we will both get recognized rather quickly for our skills. You’ve done it once. And we can do it again. This time, in a much better, more stable home.”

Just then, the sound of Johnathan’s car echoed in the driveway. His loud, country music was blaring through the car doors.

“Oh dear. You better get going. Johnathan is going to think we’ve both gone crazy if he sees you.” Amber reached for her friend’s arm yet again.

“Yeah. You’re right. He’s gotta get his butt in the Brotherhood someday, too, yaknow.” Alara winked and stepped up from the bedside.

“I’m working on it, I’m working on it.” Amber chuckled slightly.

“One more thing.” Alara lifted her master’s chin and looked into her bright blue, sorrowful eyes. “We will get through this. And this doesn’t define who you are as a leader. It defines who *they* are as leaders. If we stay together, we can get through anything.” With that, Alara kissed Amber’s forehead gently and turned towards the door.

“I’ll try to see you soon, friend. I promise.” Amber called for her.

“You better. I still need a home in Arcona somewhere. That aint gonna write itself,” she winked yet again and turned to the corner to disappear in thin air.

“And there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,” Amber quoted to herself. She cuddled back into her pillow and began to fall asleep.

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