

A Fresh Start for Old Wounds

Estle City

Sera woke to find that she had slept clear through the start of the new year. Outside her window, the city's revelries had gone quiet, the raucous cheers and booming fireworks replaced by a thick blanket of silence, pierced only by the drunken-mutters of the odd, extremely late carouser. Considering the ungodly hour in the morning at which she awoke, startled into consciousness by the dream, that wasn't surprising. Slowly, wiping a hand across bleary eyes, the young zabrak pushed herself up onto her elbows, blankets falling from her nude form. Her slumber hadn't been sober; even with the startling level of control that her new training in the Force had granted her over her own body, she could still feel the lingering numbness in the back of her skull, a dull fog laying over her mind. She didn't remember the drinks -not at this moment, anyways- but their effects were apparent.

This wasn't her bed, or her room. These days, she didn't even stay in Estle City, having found a comfortable home among her crewmates, Karran and Sulith, out in Selen's tropical islands. When she did come to Estle, she normally retired to the apartment that had been set aside for her in Arcona's Citadel... but, it didn't seem like that had happened either. Judging by the shifting form under the blankets by her side, long coils of golden hair spilling out onto the pillow, she had had a *very* good New Year's Eve. With whom, exactly, was anyone's guess.

Silently, Sera slipped out from under the sheets, wincing slightly as her bare feet touched down on the icy chill of the floor. Putting her huntress' gait to practice, she strode across the room, not bothering to clothe herself. She wasn't leaving, afterall; that wasn't her style in the slightest. No, all she wanted was a better view of the city, sleeping beneath her. It was hard to think in bed, harder still with such a welcome distraction by her side.

And, oh Ancestors above, she needed some time to think.

The dream was carved into her mind as clear as the tattoos on her skin. She didn't often remember her dreams; normally, they were light, frivolous things; Images of home, laughter with friends past and present. But this... whatever this had been had struck her like a bolt of lightning on a clear day, searing her nerves, her mind. It hadn't been a dream, not even a nightmare. More like...

Like a vision. A vision of two figures, one in robes of blinding white, the other in a tattered cloak of the deepest black, like a shadow given shape and form. Their hands had been outstretched to her, offering...offering...what? She hadn't seen, couldn't remember. A voice had shot through her mind then, echoing outward like the deep, percussive blast of the explosions that had rocked her nights on Lyra. It had been her brother's voice. Koren. Lost, missing now for four years. Just thinking of his voice, the first time that she had heard it for years, was enough to bring a catch to Sera's throat. But his words...

"Choose, Sera. If you want to find me, you need to choose. Promise me."

She had no idea what he meant, what he was asking of her. The vision, the message -if it was anything close to that- only told her one thing. Koren was *alive*. Somewhere, near or far, her brother lived. The brother that had raised her, trained her, that had made her who she was. The brother that she loved, more than anyone else in the galaxy.

It was a new year. A new day. This time of year, resolutions were made, promises set. It just so happened that most of them were abandoned in days, yes... but not this one. If she was right about the dreaming being a message... then he had found her through the Force. So, she would do the same. She would strengthen herself, push herself beyond what she had believed possible. She had barely even scraped the surface of her own power; that much she could feel the sensation growing stronger with every passing day. If she could just reach beyond her limits, take hold of the strength that escaped her and drag it to the surface... she could find him. She *would* find him. There wasn't any doubt in her mind, not any longer. That, she swore to her Ancestors; any that would listen.

But, all things in their own time. For now, well; there was a New Year to celebrate. So, a sly, toothy smile spreading across her face, Sera walked silently back to bed, and roused her mysterious partner in the only way that she could think of.

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