

Sera noticed the feathers, first.

Soft, frilly little plumes, drifting through the air, caught in the upswell of her breath as her snore cut off. They were the first things that her gaze settled on, as she blinked the sleep from her eyes. The rest of her senses took some time to catch up, lagged as they were by the alcohol that had not fully been purged from her system. That was almost for the best; the senses that her body had as of yet forgotten were not entirely pleasant.

An ache in her skull. Hangover -one that could have been easily stifled with a flex of the Force, if she could manage to focus- humming somewhere near the fore of her skull, vibrating like the beat of her father's caulker-skin drum. That, of course, wasn't the only ache. Her entire body protested as she slowly pulled herself to a sitting position, the sort of deep-set soreness that told her that the night before had been *busy*, indeed. That wasn't the only proof that she had, of course.

Sera was wearing a *dress*. Or, what was left of one. She couldn't remember putting the damn thing on...or, as it looked like, having the thing torn off of her. Perhaps multiple times. The snowy white fabric was marred with rips and rents and gaping tears through which wiry muscles and maroon tattoos peeped, alongside a few, far more salient features. The garish ensemble, it appeared, had not come packed with any white-threaded undergarments. It also appeared to have been the source of the feathers...partially, alongside the massacred, stained mattress upon which she was resting her head.

She was alone. Obviously not how she had started the night...whatever had been happening, anyway. She remembered something about a celebration. Candlelight. Her friends. There had been drinks...that much was obvious...and for the first time in a long time, Sera had perhaps gone slightly overboard in how much she had imbibed. Which was a shame. She would have liked to remember how the rest of the night had gone. There had been a game; truth or dare, most likely. And the dare...

Sera shook her horn-crowned head, yawning as she flexed tender legs and brought herself to her feet. The memory would not come, no matter how she worked to summon it. Even as she idly tugged at the Force, wresting full control of her brain and body back into her hands, she couldn't remember. All there was to go by were the scandalous remains of the gown...and, perhaps, the four rings set upon her fingers. She looked to them. To her dress. To the mess of her mattress. Then, only to herself, she shrugged.

"Well that is not any help at all," she whined, if only to herself. Then, still yawning, she pressed forward, reaching out with her mind to find the others. Stepping through the carpeted hall of her Estle apartment, she felt only the dull edge of slumbering hearts, familiar songs in the Force that, as of yet, had not been awoken. Just the fact that they were spread out -a few in her den, two in her bathroom, one in the entry hall- was another indicator of how...frenzied...they had been in their celebrations. Whatever those celebrations had been, anyway.

There was one consciousness that was awake. One far different from the others. Sera had known that from the very moment that she had first touched Atyiru's mind, years before...and her touch had grown far more sure, far more experienced, in the years hence. That growth had only demonstrated to her even more intimately that there was *no one* with a mind and heart and soul quite like the Miraluka's. Full of light. Full of sorrow. Touched by death.

And, at this moment, smiling at Sera in a way that could only be described as *inordinately creepy*. Like a hound, watching as the hunters got ready for an expedition, slavering and licking its chops. Or, rather, like her *Nitha*, watching a pair of young hunters frolicking, hand subconsciously creeping towards her midwife's bag. In another word; *suspicious*.

"Hello, Seralin, dearest desert flower, huntress of the moons and dunes," Atyiru greeted, her voice sibilant, long ears twitching. "A restful night, yes? After all of the shenanigans?"

"Uh...yes! Restful. Very," Sera agreed, carefully stepping around the Arconae. Eilen was sprawled over the length of one of the low, zabraki-style couches, her lanky form drooping off the edge. Diy lay on the floor by her side, snoring softly, her head held in Atyiru's lap. "I...hope the...party...was nice?"

The Miraluka nodded sweetly, humming softly under her breath as she gently brushed Diy's emerald curls. "Oh yes. You all seemed to be having such fun when I arrived. Of course, I was almost surprised by the nature of the invitation, but you know I could never refuse such a sweet request. Don't worry about the dress, either! It wasn't too hard to find one to borrow; you aren't the first to ask after me so late."

Sera chuckled nervously, trying not to think about how 'dress' was probably less appropriate than 'corset'. Or, perhaps, lingerie.

"Uh...request? Hope it wasn't anything too...odd?"

"Well...four in one night is a little bit out of the norm," Atyiru mused, head cocking to the side. "But, I suppose with two hearts, all the love you have to give, it's only-..."

"Atyiru," Sera cut in, softly. From behind the Miraluka, she watched a door swing open, out stepping two familiar, bulky frames. "What...exactly...did I ask you to do?"

Atyiru paused, eyebrows furrowing for just a second. Then, she gave a small laugh; like sunshine breaking through the clouds...and tinged with an undeniable level of mischief.

"You asked me to marry you, silly Sera. And I did just that!" she responded, smiling bright. Behind her, Karran and Doon stumbled around the low couch, their expressions bemused...and golden rings shining on their fingers. She looked to Eilen and Diy, by now stirring. She couldn't tell if they looked guilty or amused. And...they both wore rings as well.

There was silence. Then, Sera started to laugh.

“Well. *Frack me.*”

“That’s what last night was for, wasn’t it?”