

"WHY!" Saraya screamed as the red blast slammed into Savil's chest. The force knocked him onto his back, sent him sprawling through the dirt.

"You think you're so good. So fucking righteous!" He spit blood. "You think you haven't lived lifetimes where you were the oppressor?" He disappeared and she lost sight of his energy signature until he was right in front of her. He grabbed her face, pressing his fingers against her temples. "Look. LOOK at what you carry in your soul, sister."

<past life memories>

She shoved him away from her,

"This life, this task of consciousness coming into form is nothing but a cosmic game. Living will turn you into a monster. If not this lifetime then another."

(At birth Dacwen's past lives are recalled and only those lives that would serve a great purpose are the children allowed to remember)

The terrible memories swarmed her. She slammed her fist into his stomach, energy colliding with his sacral chakra and weakening his ego. Savil cried out, loosing his grip and stumbled backwards, pushing his hands over his stomach in a protective gesture.

Saraya collapsed to one knee, the rain running rivulets down her face, one hand gripping her head as she worked with her consciousness to sort through the memories to put them where they belonged and clear the path for who she was now.

"You still can't take responsibility. For anything can you? It's never your fault." She jerked her gaze to his. "We choose to come here, Savil. We choose to experience life this way. And when we're here we choose whether to be ignorant about who we are, or to find a way past the forgetfulness so we can remember. It's not a game. And there is no winning. Life matters. Our choices, matter. And maybe we don't make the right ones every single life we incarnate but we have to try. Savil we have to love. That's the lesson. That's the only lesson."

Savil's lips curled into a sneer and two long blades emerged from his tanarull. "I do love. I just don't love what you do."

"That's not love," Saraya rose to her feet. "I can see your heart chakra brother. It does not glow."

He growled and in the blink of an eye he was in front of her, the twin blades thrusting towards her midsection. Just as quickly she opened a portal, stepped through it and behind him, locking one arm around his neck, and slapping her palm over his chest. "If you won't open it, I will," She hissed and her palm began to glow.

A dull green light emanated from underneath her palm and Savil screamed. The physical pain was minor, an uncomfortable sensation, a tightness in his chest. It was the emotional pain that she let out that threatened to overwhelm him.

Tears filled his eyes, and making another sound of rage, he flung himself backward, using the energy of his tanarull to propel them until they crashed into the side of the <blank>. Saraya cried out at the impact but didn't let go. Savil screamed in fury, in pain and did it again, harder. Saraya's grip loosed this time

with the shattering impact and he opened his palm, grabbing hold of her thigh and a blade shot out, digging into her skin.

Saraya gritted her teeth against the pain, kept her palm on his chest another moment, forcing open the chakra portal he'd closed.

"No!" Savil screamed, and pulled out of her grip, stumbling away from her, falling onto his knees. "Stop. Stop. No." He jerked his hands up his chest, the green glow getting brighter and brighter. "I don't want to feel this."

It was the pain of life that surrounded him. The moment that their father had died that had made him question existence and purpose. The pain of it that he hadn't wanted to feel. The idea that he must be strong instead of heal that he'd let fester until it grew into an unnecessary resentment. Fear. So much fear.