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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 03:34:33 GMT

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Sunday, January 13, 2969, New Zealand

Izarra Soto Fernandez kicked off her high heels as she sank into her brother's sofa with a glass of wine in hand. After her trip to Tracy Island, she was looking forward to relaxing amongst family.

"Ah, Joaquin, you always have the best reds."

Izzie's brother walked into the room with a tray of snacks and laid it down on the coffee table.

"Well, Izzie, I always break out the best for you."

"And it is always appreciated, little brother."

She reached out and picked up a handful of pretzels and Joaquin sat down with his own glass of wine.

"So how have you been?" he asked.

"Not so busy," Izarra answered, trying to hide a little smile. She had, of course, just accepted a job with International Rescue. She continued. "With the other dentists in the practice, I am mostly focusing on administration, but I get it done very quickly. I have been reading my Chase Rivers books again -- I'm looking forward to the next one; hopefully there will be a next one."

"How many times have you read those books?" Joaquin said, chuckling.

"Too many to count," she said, grinning. "And how are you? How is Wellesley? How are the children?"

Joaquin chuckled as his sister plied him with many questions at once as usual, and he took a sip of his wine.

"Wellesley is fine. Working hard as always in the office. I've tried to tell him to take it easy, but you know what he can be like. That's where he is now."

"Indeed," Izarra said, munching another pretzel.

"Peter and Darcy seem to be enjoying their classes. I did worry that they were only studying medicine to follow in my footsteps, but as always, my twins surprise me."

"Is the University of Auckland suiting them?"

"They say that they wouldn't have wanted to go elsewhere. They have made a huge amount of friends, as always."

Izarra smiled and sipped more of her wine. The plum and berry flavours of the smooth merlot danced in her mouth before the liquid sank smoothly down her throat. She closed her eyes and tipped her head back to rest on the plump sofa cushions. In part I still cannot believe it. International Rescue! It is so strange. I look forward to this challenge very, very much. When Izarra opened her eyes again, she saw that Joaquin had fixed her with a hard stare.

"Are you sure you made the right decision in coming here?"

Izarra chuckled lightly and lifted her glass to him.

"With wine like this, it can't have been a bad decision."

Joaquin kept his gaze steady and stared her down. Izarra finally sighed and shrugged her shoulders.

"When my Sébastian died, I knew I could stay no longer in Spain, nor return to our house in France. When I went back to mother and father, I knew that the Dominican Republic was not the place I wanted to be. I love our homeland, and I will return to live there when I am an old soltera with ten cats and a fat, drooling dog... but I am not so old yet. Where else would I go but to be with my brother in this beautiful country, to work and to own my own practice? Yes, Joaquin, it has been the right decision."

"As long as you're sure, Izzie," he said. "I don't want to see you sad again."

"No one can ever make me as happy as my Sébastian did," Izarra said, briefly closing her eyes. "But I must move on. And I have, and I am happy."

"I never thought that you would be happy just being a dentist," Joaquin said, shaking his head.

And that shows all that you know, little brother, Izarra thought, and she hid her grin behind her wine glass.

--by ArtisticRainey