Lies and Lightsabers: A Reylo Fanfic

by terapid

Summary

Reylo - Twenty years after TFA, there is finally peace in the Republic. Rey has a family (at last) and has become the Grandmaster of the Jedi Order. But she has a secret... Kylo Ren, the father of her children, is still ALIVE. He's been frozen in carbonite for the past eighteen years.

Kylo Ren has been freed and he seeks to reclaim what is rightfully his... Rey and their children, Kayla and Hanna.

Their daughter, Kayla is a promising young knight. Her world get's turned upside down when she meets a handsome, but cocky young pilot named Lin Dameron. To complicate things further, Kylo Ren has come back in a very big way.

Plenty of twists, fun and smut ahead.
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Peace Is A Lie

Master Luke Skywalker walked down the sunbathed hallway. He leaned against his trusty cane for support. From behind, youthful footsteps approached the Jedi Master.

Kayla joined his side, sliding to a stop. She offered her teacher a smile and happily slowed to the old man's pace.

Luke would never openly admit that he had a favorite padawan, but Kayla Kenobi was. She reminded him so much of Rey. Like her mother, the young Jedi was eager, resourceful and had a personality brighter than the sun.

He was fond of Kayla for many reasons. She perfectly represented everything that the new Jedi Order stood for. The girl was powerful and completely selfless, which he found refreshing. Luke foresaw her joining Rey on the Jedi Council. Maybe then, he could finally find time to rest.

Master and apprentice had just returned from their recent assignment without incident. With each mission, Kayla became more confident and trustworthy. Whether she knew it or not, the galaxy had taken notice. Kayla had a positive reputation that was growing with every person and star system she saved.

Luke cleared his throat, seeing the Millennium Falcon come into view.

"I spoke with your mother and the rest of the Jedi Council. We agreed that you are ready to take the trials," he said. A small, but warm smile spread across his lips.

Kayla's eyes sparkled and she couldn't help herself. Excitedly, she gave Master Skywalker a hug.

"Sorry, I know I shouldn't," Kayla said. Her smile was infectious.

The old man laughed, wrapping his arms around her. For years, Luke had been a cranky mentor. He was unbelievably strict with her. Looking back, he had to be. There was a time he feared she might turn out like Ben Solo. But that was a concern he unfairly placed on her shoulders. Other than having jet black hair, she didn't share much in common with her father.

"We received new orders from the Council. It seems another star system is requesting our help," Luke chuckled. "Once we complete our mission, we'll return to the Jedi Temple. You'll take and pass the trials. I know you're mother has been missing you terribly. I can hear it in her voice."

The young Jedi returned his smile. It wasn't like him to be this affectionate, she thought. "I'm ready to leave whenever you are."

While staring at his padawan, Luke realized how much she looked like Rey; especially with her hair up. He recalled the first time he saw Rey on Ahch-To. Kayla could have been her double. The Jedi Master sighed upon the realization that this might be the last Knight he ever trained.

Master Skywalker stepped down from the Jedi Council when Kayla was old enough to be trained. Rey was the logical successor and became the youngest leader the Jedi Order ever had. Reflecting on the decision, it was the right call. It would have been an error to allow Rey to train her daughter. Over the past decade, the Jedi Council flourished under Rey's leadership. Luke's success with Rey and Kayla had redeemed his past failures.

Waiting on the Falcon for them was R2-D2. The droid chirped from the top of the ramp, happy to
see them. Kayla hurried up the ramp, noticing there was a message blinking on Artoo.

"Who's it for?" she asked.

The droid bleeped loudly in response. Luke was slow to walk up the ramp. He sighed heavily while leaning into his cane.

"Would you like me to get out and push, Master Skywalker?" Rey smirked, watching the old man's face.

"You get one of those comments a year," he replied, pointing his cane at the young Knight. "Hope it was worth it," he added with a smile.

Rey Kenobi sat with her legs crossed, watching over the younglings. They looked adorable, wearing oversized helmets. With the blast shields down, they couldn't see anything. She was impressed with how quickly they were picking up training with remote droids.

"Reach out with your feelings, Sansa." Rey said. She had observed the youngling struggle with the last few rounds. The little girl was a little too familiar with the sting of the remotes.

"Yes, Master Kenobi," came the small voice. The youngling changed her stance, preparing for the next series of blasts.

The Jedi Master smiled as she watched Sansa deflect the next shot successfully.

"Much Better," she added. With that, Rey stood and circled the oval room.

Rey could feel the Force flowing through her students. Being close to them made her miss Kayla.

She'll be here soon, Rey thought. The Jedi Master had made the tough decision, choosing to send Luke and Kayla on another mission—instead of a different pair of Jedi Knights. They were the best pairing for the assignment, not that it made the choice any easier. It was a difficult situation, being separated from her daughter. Each mission seemed to last longer than the one before.

Kayla would be a Jedi Knight soon and she would be off on her own adventures. Where had the time gone? Even though her daughter was growing up, Rey would always be a mother first. She was allowed to worry.

Using the Force, the Jedi Master summoned the cup of tea into her hands. She blew gently before taking the first sip.

Watching the younglings made it difficult at times. Although Rey controlled her emotions well, she certainly wasn't a machine. Kayla chose to dedicate her life to the Jedi, just like she had. Rey was extremely proud of her daughter. As she continued to walk around the room, she felt washed over by a feeling of melancholy.

Rey's chest tightened. Hot tea spilled onto her fingers and the floor. Setting the cup on the nearest window ledge, she tried to push the feeling aside. Her efforts were in vain, however. Rey stumbled forward and reached for the smooth marble pillar next to her. Using it for balance, she caught her breath.

The Jedi Master's heart was heavy. There was a sense of loneliness and frustration—something she hadn't felt in years.
Where's this coming from? she asked herself. It was completely out of character for her to be affected so strongly by an emotion. Rey was in her late thirties and in incredible shape. It certainly wasn't something physical.

She hadn't felt this way in ages, not since being alone on Jakku. The realization was sobering for Rey. Checking on her students, she was relieved. With their helmets down, they seemed unaware that their teacher was in distress.

Another wave of emotion washed over her and this time she felt cold. It made her knees weaken. Rey breathed deeply several times, trying to find her calm.

"That's enough for today students," she said. Rey forced herself to smile.

The younglings yelled in excitement, turning their small sabers off. They quickly stacked the helmets and gear away and ran for the courtyards.

Rey exhaled again, relieved that the students didn't dottle. The feeling she had was overbearing and familiar. It wasn't like being alone on Jakku, she realized. This was something far more dangerous. She buried feelings for her lost love long ago. It was like he was there next to her, whispering in her ear again. Her bottom lip trembled as a shiver ran down her spine.

Staring off in the distance, his name escaped her lips. A name she hadn't uttered in ages. "Kylo Ren," she gasped.

On the other side of the galaxy, sat a prison that very few people knew about. Just outside its walls, lurked a desperate young man. He had a blaster in one hand and a detonator in the other. Keeping to the shadows, he checked to see if he had been spotted. The prison wall next to him was covered in a dozen explosives, set in a large circular configuration.

"Kriff," he muttered. The young man heard voices in the distance. Although he couldn't hear the guards clearly, they must have found the wreckage from his borrowed X-Wing. They knew he survived the crash.

It was now or never. Taking cover, he jammed his thumb into the detonator switch. The ensuing shockwave rattled his teeth. Heavy chunks of brick and debris fell around him and a large plume of smoke escaped the crater-sized hole in the prison wall.

Once the smoke cleared, the pilot cautiously entered the facility. Passing by sparks of electricity and bursts of steam, the prison corridors came into view. Faint alarms echoed in the distance and red warning lights flashed throughout the interconnected chambers. The interior was a labyrinth.

As his eyes adjusted, the pilot saw the first of the bodies. Covered in red and black armor, prison guards littered the floor. The young man's eyes widened, realizing the weight of his actions.

"I'm sorry," he said.

The young man was prepared for a fight. He knew that guards would be injured or killed in the process. But he hadn't expected them to be running down that hallway, right when the explosives blew. His fingers clawed through his dark hair and his stomach began to churn.

"Maker," he said, surveying the damage.

The explosion had done much more damage than he anticipated. It ruptured several pipes, which
widened the blast radius significantly. Soft moans came from the end of the hallway, near a pile of twisted metal grates. The young man didn't hear the faint cries at first, but as soon as he did, he hurried to find the source. With a rush of adrenaline, he pried the first metal grate away from the pile.

Trapped underneath was a prison guard. Impaled through the stomach, he was dying a slow and painful death. Even so, the guard reached for his blaster. It was crushed too, and wouldn't fire even if he could aim it at the young man in front of him.

The pilot returned his blaster into his holster. Adjusting the strap underneath his jacket, he knelt in front of the guard. There was nothing he could do for him.

"You thought he was escaping on his own, right? That must be why you were here... running toward his cell," the pilot said.

The guard shook all over and sputtered in response.

"Forgive me," the pilot pleaded. As he spoke, he reached for the second weapon on his belt. A moment later and a flash of green light pierced through the guard's heart.

The young man cursed under his breath and stood up straight. As he did, a loud rumbling sound echoed through the corridors. The pipes above were damaged and made an awful noise, too. He had to get moving; at any moment the entire ceiling could come crashing down.

Swapping his lightsaber for his blaster seemed to calm the pilot's trembling hands. It was too dangerous to use the sword right now, as anxious as he was. As he walked down the narrow corridor, he checked the junction for additional guards. Strangely, there were none.

*How odd.* Where were the reinforcements? A prison this size must have more.

Perhaps an even better question was: where were the other prisoners? Checking the small window of the nearest cell, he confirmed that it was empty. It appeared as though the guards were protecting an abandoned facility, but he knew better.

*That couldn't be all of them,* he thought. Crouching under a fallen vent, the pilot was careful with each step. He could be surrounded by an army of reinforcements at any moment.

With a blaster raised, he followed the slight bend of the corridor. Holding his breath at the last junction, he leaned around the blind corner.

"Gone," he exhaled. The other guards, if there were any, must have fled. He couldn't blame them if that was the case.

The only thing at the end of the tunnel was a large and imposing vault. It was made from thick metals and seemed out of place, even for a prison. A small light flickered from the ceiling above, which illuminated a faint Jedi insignia on the front.

*Yes,* he thought. He had seen this vault in his dreams; *the exact one.* And here it was, right where the voice said it would be. Behind the reinforced alloy door was the answer to his prayers.

Retrieving his lightsaber, the young man started cutting into the middle of the vault door. After a couple of minutes, a crude entrance was outlined in molten metal. The improvised doorway fell back on its own, slamming into the vault floor inside.

Waiting for the dust to settle, the pilot retracted his lightsaber and put it away. He switched back to the blaster and crept through the opening.
Dust particles were everywhere, causing him to cough. It was dark inside the vault, but he wasn't alone. There was a heavy presence in the room with him.

"Hello?" he said.

Moving to the center of the room, he was prepared to defend himself. A sudden noise from behind made him spin and fire wildly. The red blaster ricocheted off the vault door and hit the ceiling.

Realizing no one was there, he chuckled. When he turned around again, his eyes grew wide. A spotlight switched on, shining against the far wall. A large block of carbonite had been there the entire time. The pilot inhaled sharply, realizing who it was.

Finally, he had found him. Frozen and imprisoned within the carbonite was Kylo Ren.

The pilot ran over and punched the buttons along the side. After a few seconds, the carbonite peeled away. The tall, dark figure of Kylo Ren fell face forward onto the ground.

"Ah, crap," the pilot cursed. He should have caught him, but didn't move in time. Instinctively, he reached for the Sith Master's shoulder. As soon as he did, the gloved hand of Kylo Ren grabbed his wrist.

"Rey," Kylo said in a low hiss.

The daring pilot didn't scare easily, but he was wise enough to back away once the Darksider released his wrist.

Kylo Ren rose from the ground, his joints and back popping along the way. Standing at full height, the pale man had an imposing figure. With his cloak and attire, he moved like a specter.

Grabbing the young man by his collar, Kylo Ren growled, "Who are you?"

The young man stammered at first, getting a good look at the Sith Master's scarred face.

Kylo Ren kept his eyes closed and grimaced. His temporary blindness from hibernation sickness was accompanied with stinging pain.

"My name is Lin. I've spent the last few years trying to find you. I've lost… everything," he admitted.

"What year is it?" Kylo snapped.

"Year?" Lin asked. Suddenly, he felt his body lift in the air. The Force wrapped around his neck and the choking grip of Kylo Ren set in.

Lin struggled and gasped for air. He had never felt so helpless.

"How long has it been… since the destruction of Starkiller Base?" Kylo asked, clearly annoyed. His outstretched hand tightened his grip.

"Starkiller? That's been twenty years," he choked. "Before I was born." The young man's eyes bulged.

Kylo Ren released his hold, letting Lin drop to the ground.

"Rey," he whispered again. "How could you do this to me?"

Lin crawled on the ground, trying to suck air into his lungs. The pilot realized that his life was in
grave danger.

"Please... Kylo Ren. You don't know how far I've come. What I've had to do," he coughed. "I need to avenge the death of my family. But to do that, I must learn the Dark Side."

The Sith Lord said nothing, as he searched Lin's thoughts. After a tense moment, Kylo Ren reached forward. The blaster in Lin's holster flew into the Darksider's hand.

Fearing the end, Lin closed his eyes.

Kylo raised the blaster and fired twice. The shots hit the pair of guards entering the vault entrance. Lin opened his eyes in time to watch the guards fall to the ground. He scrambled to his feet, wondering if he was next.

The Sith Master growled in disgust, keeping his eyes shut.

"We have work to do," Kylo said. He sensed fear and desperation in the young man who freed him. "You have a transport, I assume?"

"It was shot down getting here, but we can steal one of theirs," Lin said with a nod.

"I won't be able to see for days," Kylo sneered. He couldn't fly a transport.

"You won't need to. I can fly anything," Lin stated fiercely.
Kylo Ren Is Alive

Chapter Summary

Kylo Ren Is Alive! Gasp. Rey has some explaining to do. Kylo exploits their Force connection to visit Rey alone, in her chambers. Kayla and Lin are on a collision course and they have no idea.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The Millennium Falcon left Trotoo's surface with Kayla Kenobi at the helm. Upon seeing the vast ocean of stars on the horizon, the young Jedi smiled. There was something peaceful about the familiar view of outer space. She was at home here, behind the Falcon's controls. Setting coordinates for Chandrila, Kayla put the ship into hyperspace and left to find her Master.

Luke was sitting at the dining table, resting his tired body. Watching Kayla as she came bouncing in did little to soothe his aches. The old man envied her energy more than he'd care to admit.

"What's the mission on Chandrila?" she asked. Kneeling next to Artoo, she found the droid's power cable.

"Hopefully not another gang of rogue mercenaries," she continued.

Artoo beeped wildly in response, thanking Kayla. He hadn't recharged since the previous mission.

Luke remained silent while he collected his thoughts. He couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong. The source of the feeling, whatever it was, seemed elusive.

"Maybe something with lots of sun and a white sandy beach," she suggested.

"If we were only so lucky," Luke replied. Shaking his head, he pushed the distant feeling aside and concentrated on his student's question.

"We need to track down a retired bounty hunter named Sil Fett. These days he's a black market arms dealer, located in the warehouse districts," the Jedi Master continued. He paused for a moment to catch his breath.

Instinctively, Kayla grabbed a cup of water and gave it to her teacher. She wondered if everything was alright.


Kayla's eyes widened and her cheeks turned red. People often told her how much she looked like her mother. It shouldn't bother her but every once and awhile it was embarrassing. Rubbing her neck, she furrowed her brow. Luke was making this mistake a lot lately and she couldn't help but wonder if it had something to do with his age.

"The Fetts have been on the wrong side of the Republic for generations. Sil is no different. In his prime, he killed a Jedi and about a dozen Wookiees," Luke explained. "We must be cautious."
"So, we're going to arrest him?" Kayla asked. Understanding how serious the situation was, she placed both hands on her hips. If there was a Jedi killer wandering around, she wanted to bring them to justice.

"We need his help," Luke sighed. The Jedi Master knew that this was the last thing that Kayla wanted to hear.

"The mercenaries we ran into on the last mission, were carrying First Order weapons. Experimental ones, at that. Those weapons should have been confiscated and destroyed decades ago. Sil knows the people responsible for selling those weapons. I'm certain of this. That means he knows who the buyers are as well."

Luke reached for the cup of water again. He braced for the young Jedi's response. She had no qualms about expressing her opinions, especially in these kinds of scenarios.

Kayla scrunched her face, feeling her cheeks burning. "He's probably the one that sold the weapons in the first place! Did the Republic stop to consider that?"

"The Council has requested that we take this meeting," Luke replied.

Chewing on her bottom lip, Kayla fell silent for a beat. How could her mother approve this farce? Sil Fett belonged behind bars.

"We should just arrest Fett on site and extract the information from him," she said, sounding annoyed with the whole plan. "There are ways to use the Force. Make him spill every last, dark secret."

Luke coughed water back into the cup. Caught off guard, the Jedi Master was blown away by the suggestion. He coughed repeatedly, feeling the fluid entering his lungs.

"Why would you say that, my padawan?" he asked.

Realizing what she had said, Kayla stammered.

"I'm not sure," she said. The young Jedi looked off in the distance. "It's the strangest thing. It just... slipped into my mind. Of course, I didn't mean anything by it. I'm not suggesting that the Jedi resort to torture."

Confused, the padawan made a flimsy excuse and left Luke's side. Kayla hurried back to the cockpit and was relieved when he didn't question her further.

Luke Skywalker scratched his white beard and leaned back into his seat. He recalled only one time, when a student suggested such drastic measures. That student, Ben Solo, destroyed the Jedi Order and sent him into isolation.

Sitting in the pilot's chair, Kayla pulled both knees under her chin. The awkward conversation echoed in her thoughts. She couldn't explain why made such a dark suggestion. Extracting the information made sense, on some level. But that wasn't the Jedi way.

Approaching Chandrila, Lin set the shuttle on autopilot. Grabbing the list he had made earlier, he headed for the back. The list was scribbled with hand written notes and Lin hoped to clarify a couple of things. He flipped on the overhead lights in the cargo bay, accidentally setting them on the brightest setting.

"I told you to leave the lights off," barked Kylo Ren. Still blind from hibernation sickness, the Sith
Master grimaced. He didn't want to be seen in a weakened state.

"Sorry, Lord Ren," the young pilot said. "The list is tricky. The materials for the mask are one thing, but I can only think of one merchant who has synthetic kyber crystals."

Growing impatient, Kylo Ren hissed in response.

"He's surrounded by a small army at all times. They can be intimidating." Lin continued. As he spoke, the pilot winced. He didn't want to seem afraid or unwilling, but there was an inherent danger associated with Sil Fett.

"Formidable," Lin corrected himself.

"What's the problem?" Kylo asked. The Darksider flexed his hands. He found it odd that the pilot would be complaining about a merchant—especially to him. The Sith Master had once brought the galaxy to its knees.

"That district is crowded and difficult to navigate. And you don't have the use of your eyes. There's also the off chance someone will spot you," Lin answered. He tried to be careful with his phrasing.

"On some systems, you're still listed as a fugitive. Despite all the reports that confirmed you were killed, it seems—"

The Sith Lord slammed his fist into the side of the ship's hull.

"Okay," Lin hurried. "If you're spotted then the entire galaxy will know that you're alive and well. Right now, we have the element of surprise. But if the Jedi Council finds out—"

"Let me worry about the Jedi Council," Kylo interrupted. "You've made your point. I will remain here, until you return."

Kylo Ren gave a wave of his hand, dismissing Lin on the spot.

Returning to the cockpit, Lin prepared to land. "I hate that I need his help," he muttered. Adjusting his course, he leaned back in the captain's chair.

"Be gone with you," Lin mocked, imitating the Sith Master's voice.

The shuttle circled the capital city several times, surveying the area. Lin chose a place outside Chandrila's warehouse district, on the outskirts. Hopefully, no one would notice the ship out here.

Finn waved his hand, signaling to the team behind him. Taking point, he led the expedition crew into the bombed-out prison walls.

"Guards down. Casualties everywhere," he said into his communicator. Where the hell were those medics?

Finn crouched by the nearest body, checking for a pulse. The medical staff pushed past the armed soldiers, rushing to their commander's side.

"There's nothing we can do here," the first responder said. "These men have been dead for several days." The eye-watering stench confirmed it.

Finn rose to his feet and pointed his blaster down the dark corridors. Using the light attached to the blaster, the war hero inspected the carnage.
"Who breaks into a prison?" he asked aloud.

While his team filtered into the facility, Finn felt a strange feeling running down his spine. There was something off about the prison and it wasn't just the dead guards. For starters, it wasn't in the Republic's databanks. It seemed to be an unlisted black site. Nevertheless, Rey sent him there for a reason—which meant that she knew about its existence.

Checking the corridor, he noticed that the cell doors were closed and locked. The cells themselves, were eerily empty.

Finn caught his reflection in one of the cell windows and grimaced. After all these years, he hated the left side of his face. It had been scarred during an encounter with Kylo Ren. Finn was captured and tortured with Force Lightning, following the battle on Circt.

Bacta tanks may have repaired some of the damage, but Some wounds never heal.

Keeping his blaster raised, the commander pressed on. He followed the corridor all the way to the end and was a little surprised by what he found. The imposing vault at the end had a large hole cut into the door.

Finn pressed the button for his communicator. "Find the control room. Let's get power restored to this level," he ordered.

Taking two soldiers with him, the commander entered the vault. Lights flickered on after a few seconds, allowing them to search the room for clues. The vault, like the rest of the prison, was empty.

"Someone or something was being held in here," Finn stated. It was the only logical explanation. "Why else would armed guards be assigned to this facility?"

"If it was a prisoner, they are free now," one of the soldiers stated.

"But there's no bed, or anything else to suggest it was a prisoner," Finn replied.

"Commander Finn. We have a partial recovery on the security feed," came a broken voice over the team's communicators.

"I'll be right there." Finn shouldered his weapon and exited the vault.

After watching the footage a few times, Finn ordered his men to return to the shuttle. Sitting alone in the guard station, he pinched the bridge of his nose. The disjointed clips painted half of a troubling picture.

While the team piled back into the shuttle, Finn came outside and found BB-8. He wanted to send a message back to the Jedi Temple, but he didn't want anyone else to overhear it. The droid beeped excitedly, indicating that he was ready to transmit at Finn's order.

Finn nodded and took a deep breath. His gaze shifted over to the crew, which was now on board.

"Rey, do you copy?" Finn asked. Closing his eyes, he waited anxiously for her reply.

After a lengthy pause, Rey responded.

"Yes Commander. Yes Finn, I'm here," she said. Rey knew he disliked it when she addressed him so formally.
"We're finished at the facility," Finn started. "It's seems we're a little late to the party. This wasn't the work of a strike team, either. One person busted into the prison. Whoever or whatever he was looking for, isn't here. The prison video feed cuts out, once the perpetrator enters the vault."

Rey sighed. "He?" she questioned. "Can we identify the individual from facial scans?"

"We don't need to. You're not going to believe it… it's Lin Dameron. He piloted past dozens of countermeasures, before being shot down. He successfully ejected, we know that. Because not long after, he blasted his way into the prison." Finn replied.

Rey swallowed hard while Finn shook his head.

"What would Lin be doing out here?" Finn asked. The commander thought fondly of his old friend, Poe, for a moment. "Lin had a lightsaber on him, too. I can't make heads or tails of that part."

Rey closed her eyes and groaned inwardly.

"We should talk, Finn… in person," she said. "How quickly can you get to the Temple?"

Kylo Ren sat alone in the darkened shuttle interior. Lin Dameron was off on his errand, which gave the Sith Master time to think.

His strength was slow to return and his impatience started to get the better of him. It usually did. He knew that he shouldn't, but the thought was too tantalizing. Stretching with his feelings, he searched the galaxy for his lost love.

After a few moments, a faint image of a temple appeared in his thoughts. A smile crept over Kylo's lips, as the image grew clearer. He invaded the grand structure, slipping through its arched hallways and comfortable rooms.

He could feel her. She was stronger than he remembered; much stronger. It made him thirsty, remembering how her lips tasted. Kylo continued to float like a phantom, haunting the pristine corridors.

At the same time, Rey sat in her chambers. She tried meditating, but found it difficult. Candles burned in front of her, releasing a pleasant scent. The faint orange flames kissed her skin, making it glow. The Jedi Master focused on staying in the present moment; finding peace. The day had been a stressful one.

She knew for certain that Kylo Ren had escaped his imprisonment. The secret she kept for years, was going to make the near future miserable. He was a threat to everything she built. Rey would need to take drastic measures to stop him.

Most of all, the Jedi Master agonized over the conversation she would be having with her daughter. How was she going to explain this to Kayla?

Rey sensed a cold, familiar presence drawing near. The flames on the candles flickered and changed direction. She opened her eyes, looking at the room in front of her. The windows were closed and yet a subtle breeze swept in.

"You're weak," Rey stated. She kept her voice calm and face neutral. He was here; she felt him.

Kylo had visited her like this before, in their youth. Those visits usually ended the same way, even when they were enemies. His presence right now wasn't nearly as strong or overwhelming.
"Rey." His voice echoed in her chambers.

She felt his hand on her shoulder. Rey turned her head, expecting to see Kylo Ren there. He was absent, unable to project an image of himself. For a moment, she was disappointed.

She felt his fingertips trace across her collarbone. He was gentle, as if feeling her for the first time again. Rey swallowed the lump in her throat. It had been a long time since he touched her.

"Too long," he whispered, as if reading her thoughts.

"What system are you on, Ben?" Rey asked, tilting her head to one side. She felt his fingers trace up her neck, admiring her jawline.

"So, you can hunt me down?" Kylo asked. He knew her all too well. "Will you send your lackies, or visit me yourself?" As he spoke, he caressed her skin—savoring the feeling.

The connection they shared couldn't be denied. Rey tried to ignore it for eighteen years, but even now, it left her gasping for breath.

"I'll come for you myself," she said. With that, the Jedi Master opened her eyes. Rey slipped into Kylo's thoughts and quickly found his location. It was easier than she remembered.

Kylo cursed under his breath. His fingers wrapped around her neck, but it wasn't a tight hold.

"Maybe I want you to know where I am," he said.

Rey kept the same facial expression, expecting him to become violent. To her surprise, Kylo Ren didn't lose his temper. His long fingers extended, tracing along her jaw.

"I found what I need," she said coldly.

The Jedi Master threw her palm forward, extinguishing the flames on the candles. Kylo Ren was cast away, removed far from her thoughts.

Across the galaxy, the Sith Master flew back in the shuttle. He winced, slamming into the cockpit door. The force of the impact, restored his vision. Taking time to collect himself, Kylo Ren started laughing.

*She's so strong,* he thought. The woman of his dreams had become everything he had hoped for.

Back at the Jedi Temple, Rey stood abruptly. She focused intently, channeling the Force and drawing it within. She searched the galaxy for Luke Skywalker, finding his energy on the surface off Chandril.

"Luke," she communicated through the Force. Rey tried not to panic, but it was apparent in her voice.

"Yes, Rey," he answered. Luke sounded surprised. Rey's voice had clearly entered his mind, while drowning out the sights and sounds of the city around him.

"Is Kayla with you?" she asked. Rey's hand clutched her chest.

"She's checking out the marketplace. We're in the capital, getting ready to make contact with Sil Fett. Why do you ask?" Luke stopped to sit and rest on a crate. The Jedi Master had lost sight of Kayla, not that she needed a chaperone or a bodyguard. She was a gifted Knight, of course.
"You need to find her immediately and get off the planet," Rey said. Her voice was trembling now.

Luke sighed. "Is there another emergency?"

"Yes. Ben is... oh Maker, how do I put this. Kylo Ren is alive. He is on Chandrila as we speak," Rey said, before burying her forehead in her hands.

Chapter End Notes

Feedback welcome! I like the idea of Kylo and Rey using the Force to secretly visit each other; even as enemies. It's worth exploring further, perhaps. It appears that Lin and Kayla are looking for the same person! I wonder how that's going to go? Everyone figured out that the pilot, Lin, is Poe's son in the last chapter right?
Chapter Summary

Rey and Kylo's daughter, Kayla is on a collision course with Lin Dameron. When Lin starts a fight in a crowded marketplace, Kayla goes to break it up. A chase ensues as the two kids fight it out for the first time. Kaylin chapter but it leads to an important Reylo chapter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"Where the hell is Fett?" Lin asked, crossing his arms. "You guys have been giving me the run around all morning." Looking up at the seven-foot-tall Besalisk vendor, Lin snapped his brows together. The determined pilot wouldn't return to Kylo Ren empty handed.

Raising a heavy cleaver, Chet the Besalisk, cut into another fish head. The ill-mannered butcher had four arms but only three hands. Judging by the size of the cleaver, Lin had no problem guessing why Chet was missing one.

"Do you have to do that right now?" Lin asked, his eyes watering from the smell.

"Sil Fett is booked solid this morning," Chet replied, in a throaty voice. "Wait until this afternoon and make contact in the warehouse district." The stout butcher swung down harder this time, intentionally squirting juices on Lin.  

"Please don't do that again, big guy," Lin warned, squinting his eyes for a second. "I don't really care if he has another meeting. Fett knows who I went to rescue. He's the one that supplied the detonators."

The pilot watched warily as the cleaver raised again. It didn't bother Lin if anyone overheard their conversation or not.

Chet held the blade above his head, glaring at Lin. Mentioning Sil Fett's business in public was strictly forbidden.

"I don't work for you, kid," he snarled. "Neither does Fett. Your name and ranking carries no weight here." The stout figure pointed the cleaver at Lin, as he spoke.

"It would be a shame to lose another hand," Lin said, lifting the side of his fighter jacket. The shiny coating of Lin's lightsaber was clearly visible on his belt.

"Nice, right?" Lin asked with a smirk. The young man had taken drastic measures to get this far. A giant cleaver wasn't going to stand in his way.

"Ha. You're no Jedi," the butcher replied. With that, he grabbed more fish and lined them in a row. "I'll bet you're not even that good of a pilot." Bringing the cleaver down harder, guts went flying directly into Lin's face.

"That settles it. I'm never eating fish again," Lin replied. Wiping the stringy parts from his face, he
flung them on the ground in disgust. "Okay. I wanted to keep a low profile and avoid the authorities. Eh, kriff it."

Lin sprung onto the merchant's table and punched Chet in the jaw. The crowded marketplace behind them ignored the fight at first. As it spilled from one tent to another, the tussle grew into a spectacle.

After a minute of sparring, Lin was thrown across the alley. The pilot crashed into an awning, bringing it down onto another Besalisk merchant. He stumbled to get up, getting caught in the canvas.

"You think I can't take a hit?" Lin yelled across at Chet.

Nearby, Kayla bit into a lush green apple and smiled. The people she passed were from different races and planets. A few of them smiled in her direction, realizing from her athletic clothing, that she was a Jedi Knight. There was a commotion on the next street over, which was causing a crowd to gather.

Kayla tried her best to ignore it. Local authorities patrolled these streets regularly, keeping the peace.

"It's definitely a fight," she said. Curiosity got the better of her and she moved closer to the sounds. As she approached, the young Jedi got a strange feeling. She strained to see through the large crowd, getting on her tippy-toes.

Someone nearby was Force sensitive. The mystery individual wasn't just sensitive, she realized, he was strong with the Force. The gathering made it difficult to discern who it was. Kayla weaved through the crowd, pushing her way past several spectators. Suddenly, the crowd cheered.

Kayla's focus shifted back to the fight. Catching a glimpse of a young man in a pilot's jacket, she pulled out her lightsaber. If a drunken Republic pilot was causing a public disturbance, she would need to intervene. The sounds of grunts and punches had the crowd cheering again.

Standing on top of some barrels, the Jedi towered over everything else.

"This is a Jedi matter," Kayla shouted at the crowd. She ignited her lightsaber, keeping the blue flame lowered but at the ready. "Disperse now!" she ordered. Her early mastery of mind tricks came in handy. The crowd quickly thinned, as if under an enchantment.

Lin felt his bottom lip swelling and he cursed. Reaching for his lightsaber he realized it had fallen off in the scuffle.

"Kriff," he spat. Picking up two cast iron skillets from one of the downed tents. Their flat round ends were still hot from the fryers. Giving them a quick spin in each hand, Lin grunted in approval.

"Maybe I should have brought my new friend, after all," he smirked.

A half dozen Besalisk vendors grouped together and glared at the cocky pilot. Chet was out in front, pulling on a loose tooth. Lin didn't realize these guys had each other's backs. In the marketplace, they cursed and threatened each other. They were rival merchants. In one afternoon, Lin managed to unite them all against him.

"I've faced worse," he goaded.

Kayla got past the last of the crowd and watched the standoff. The shortest Besalisk let out a yell and charged Lin. He held large broken bottles in all four hands. Lin hurled one of the cast iron skillets
into the vendor's jaw, stopping him cold. His five buddies reacted in surprise and reached for their weapons.

"That's enough!" Kayla yelled, stunned by the scene before her. The fight had completely trashed the street. Multiple booths and tents were down and a small fire was burning in the far corner.

Using the Force, Kayla pulled the blasters out of the vendor's hands.

Lin turned and gave the Jedi a quick glance. Breaking into a sprint, Lin picked up the second skillet before she could say anything else. He rolled under Chet's wild swing, avoiding the large cleaver. With a mighty swing of his own, Lin buried the pan into the knees of the Besalisk behind Chet. He then smashed both skillets into the ears of the next vendor.

Two of the merchants cried out and tumbled onto the street.

Kayla parted her lips, realizing the inebriated pilot was going to get himself killed. She reached out with the Force and tripped the other Besalisks.

Lin sidestepped the third attacker, watching the vendor stumble and fall to the ground. With a smirk, Lin ducked under the attack—not bothering to look over his shoulder. He moved on instinct alone, sensing where the next strike was coming from. Without looking, he threw a skillet in the chin of the fourth Besalisk, evening the odds.

Kayla took a step closer to the young man, watching how he moved. He couldn't be drunk, not the way he was fighting. This was the Force-sensitive person she felt seconds earlier. His fluid movements made her jaw slacken.

The mysterious pilot was untrained in the ways of the Force, but he clearly knew how to fight. She couldn't help but let her gaze roam over him. Did she know this man? He looked so familiar. The dark hair, stubbly beard, and hooded eyes. His broad shoulders stood out from his otherwise slender frame. Maybe he reminded her of academy pilots she met on a mission, years ago. They were arrogant, flirty and had similar builds.

"Put down your weapons and stop!" Kayla commanded. The remaining Besalisk's froze and stared at her.

Lin wasn't affected by her powers and used the opportunity to tee off on the last of his attackers. Two merchants face planted, leaving only Chet.

The Jedi couldn't believe her eyes. The young man resisted her abilities. Kayla caught herself gawking at Lin, watching his arrogant strut. Was it just for show, or was he like this all the time?

"I'm not playing around," Lin warned. Leaping onto a busted table, he grabbed Chet by his ratty shirt collar. "Fett's location?"

"Barges," Chet growled. He recognized the Jedi standing behind him; she had quite the reputation in the galaxy. Fett might kill him for talking, but it was better than facing these two alone. "She's with you, huh?" the butcher growled.

Lin squinted at him, unsure who he was referring too.

Kayla had seen enough. With a wave of her hand, she threw Lin Dameron to the ground.

"Get out of here," she commanded.
Chet blinked twice and fled from the street. The young Jedi circled the brash pilot, as he was slow to get up.

Lin grimaced and finally sat upward. The sudden impact left him with whiplash and bruises along his knees and elbows. At first, he thought he might have a concussion too.

His eyes traveled up the toned legs of the attractive woman circling him. Was this a hallucination? The young woman was showing more skin than most Jedi knights. Lin admired the vision while he could, checking out her arms and neckline.

"I must have really hit my head," he chuckled.

Kayla blushed for a moment, before narrowing her gaze. She pointed her lightsaber at his throat.

"Not bad," Lin said. He had never felt the effects of a Force push before. It took his breath away.

"Excuse me?" Kayla asked, following his eyes. She wasn't used to getting checked out and felt offended. Lin's eyes traced along her vest. The Jedi responded by kicking his foot.

"Nothing," he muttered. Lin wondered how he was going to get out of this one.

For a moment, the alley fell silent. The Knight and pilot glared at each other. Lin's dark, wavy hair was covered in dirt. He ran his fingers through it, knocking the grime away. Even now, he had an arrogant way about him.

"What's your name?" Kayla said. She kept her face neutral and her stance firm.

Lin licked his lips, tasting blood. Before he could answer, a pair of speeders approached from behind. The local police officer climbed off his bike, while his partner pulled alongside. The second speeder, a quad, was altered for transporting suspects in the back.

"Thank you, Master Jedi," the first officer said, pulling out a pair of old fashioned cuffs. "We'll throw him in the drunk tank."

Kayla looked at the man at her feet. His round, dark brown eyes found hers. She could tell he was thinking about escaping. The Jedi kept her saber pointed at him but allowed the policeman to lift him up.

"I'm not sure that's a good idea," Kayla warned. She could practically read his thoughts. The officer pushed Lin towards the quad seater. Lin looked over his shoulder, giving her a devious smirk.

The Jedi inhaled, getting a quick glance in his head. "He needs to come with me. He's force sensitive and there is no way you are equipped to handle him." Kayla protested, keeping her eyes on Lin.

"Ah, nonsense," replied the second officer. "We deal with washed out Republic pilots, all the time here." He picked up his radio and spoke quickly to dispatch.

Kayla followed Lin's eyes and caught the glint of something near the alley wall. Waving her hand, she moved the red canvas material where Lin had been looking. A reflective lightsaber hilt was lying there.

The Jedi's eyes widened. Summoning the weapon to her hand, Kayla raised an eyebrow at Lin.

"Washed out?" Lin muttered under his breath.

Without warning, he delivered a headbutt to the second officer. The impact knocked the glasses from
his face. Lin caught the busted glasses with his palms, despite being shackled. He hopped into the quad seater before anyone could react.

The officer grabbed his nose and fell to his knees. His partner started yelling into the radio for backup.

Lin Dameron punched on the accelerator, winking at Kayla as he passed.

"Maker," she scoffed. The Jedi tucked Lin's lightsaber next to hers. She pursued the speeder on foot, determined to catch him before he left the marketplace.

"Hahaha," Lin laughed, doing an impression of Kylo Ren's voice. He leaned back in the seat, using the stem of the glasses to pick the primitive restraints. He steered the speeder with the heel of his foot. "Washed out pilot, my ass," he mused.

Hearing a clicking sound, Lin smiled. The restraints were tossed overboard and he leaned forward again. "I'm the best pilot the—"

With a thud, Kayla landed in the backseat of the speeder. Lin jerked the wheel wildly, nearly crashing into stacked buildings along the side. He couldn't believe she ran down a speeder. He was going full throttle.

"Fancy meeting you here," he smirked, watching her scowl in response.

"Keep your eyes pointed forward," Kayla hissed. A sharp turn approached fast. The Jedi held her breath. Maybe this wasn't the best idea.

"Why?" Lin asked, keeping his gaze on her. She had a pleasant fragrance that he couldn't place. He turned the wheel, navigating the corner without looking.

Kayla gasped, grabbing the seat in front of her. This man was a maniac.

"Girls usually like it when I do that," he teased.

"Land this speeder immediately," Kayla ordered. She considered using the Force to render him unconscious. It would be risky at these speeds. The wind whipped through her hair, loosening some of the bundles.

Lin noticed his lightsaber tucked in her waist. A sly smile crept on his lips. "You're wish is my command," he said. With that, he slammed on the breaks.

Kayla went flying forward, out of the speeder. The pilot snatched his hilt back, as she passed over him. The Jedi tumbled onto the unpaved alleyway, catching herself in a crouched position. She skinned her knees and felt a sharp pain in her wrist.

"You didn't get my name or number. What a shame," Lin yelled down. Waving his lightsaber, he thanked her. He would never raise a hand to a woman. This Jedi was clearly tough and he had a mission to accomplish. Punching on the throttle, he headed for the barges.

The Jedi Knight watched the quad disappear into the horizon. A moment later, the officer on the speeder bike pulled up next to her.

"You let him get away?" he asked.

"No," Kayla snapped. The Jedi adjusted her hair, pinning it tightly into place again. She was
annoyed with the question and breathed through her nose a few times.

"I need your bike," the Jedi stated. It wasn't really a request. "This is far from over."

Luke made it to the marketplace and found the trashed alleyway. A melee had clearly broken out, destroying most of the tents and makeshift shops. He felt his padawan's presence there and grew concerned. There was an officer on the ground with a broken nose.

Kayla wasn't picking up her communicator, either. She had always been brave and sometimes a little too eager. Now that she was ready to face the trials, she would need to be able to make her own judgment calls. But Luke questioned whether this was the right course of action. The pair were supposed to be on a mission to collect Sil Fett. Where was she now?

The Jedi Master sighed, feeling her energy leave the city. He didn't sense Kylo Ren, but there was someone else she was pursuing. Luke didn't like being left in the dark. Channeling the Force, the old man hurried back to the Falcon. He ran like a twenty-year-old again, boosting his speed temporarily.

Artoo was waiting for his masters to return and beep wildly. He was excited to see the Jedi Master moving so quickly; leaving a trail of dust in his wake.

"Have you picked up Kayla on the long-range scanners?" Luke asked, sliding to a stop before the Falcon's ramp. He couldn't rest now, not with Kylo Ren here.

Artoo responded with a quick series of whistles. Luke nodded and made his way toward the cockpit.

"She's going to need to learn to communicate through the Force," he said aloud.

Finding his way to the barges, Lin searched for Fett. A crew of familiar faces were loading the rusted ships with gear. They were Fett's men, whom he had met a few times before. It looked like there was enough supplies for an extended tour of the deserts.

"Two Jedi knights and a fugitive pilot request a meeting with me on the same day," Sil Fett said, startling Lin. "Oh and the Jedi just happen to be Skywalker and Kenobi."

Fett held a blaster to Lin's face. "I wonder why that would be?"

"Fett, let me explain," the pilot backpedaled. He hoped to keep his ruggedly handsome face intact.

"Tell me why I shouldn't blow your head off, right here, hmm? My whole operation is running into the dunes because of this shit," Fett cursed. "You've been blowing up fortresses throughout the outer reaches, leaving an irresponsible trail back here."

"No. I've made it look like mercenaries like you asked. Rogue First Order sympathizers," Lin said, holding his hands up. Sil Fett sneered, looking away.

"Fett look... I found him. Kylo Ren is here, with me," Lin said, hoping the former bounty hunter would lower the damn weapon.

"You weren't supposed to bring him here," Fett said. He shook his head in disbelief. "Any planet but this one! The entire galaxy is going to know I'm involved if he gets spotted here."

"He won't get spotted," Lin said, sounding confident. "He agreed to stay in the shuttle, which is parked far outside the city limits."
Back on the shuttle, Kylo Ren opened the ramp. He came barreling down, looking toward the city in the distance. The Sith Master felt his strength returning and a smile crept over his lips.

"Skywalker," he said aloud. The old man was on the planet. *How convenient.*

Kylo Ren headed towards the city. It was nice to be outside, stretching his legs. He felt like he hadn't walked in ages, which was accurate.

After walking for twenty minutes, he was approached by a biker gang. Riding tricked out speeders, they circled him and kicked up a funnel of dirt. The gang whooped and hollered, foolishly teasing the traveler in dark robes.

"What do we have here?" shouted one of the bikers. His engine revved obnoxiously.

The Sith Master laughed, feeling the sand in his charcoal hair.

"This will be fun," Kylo muttered. Surging with energy, he could feel the Force from head to toe.

Reaching out with his palm, Kylo Ren lifted the riders into the air. Feeling them struggle and wither was intoxicating for the Darksider. It felt right, strangling the air from their lungs.

"Maker!" one of them yelled.

"Yes," Kylo Ren hissed. Only he wasn't addressing the gang. "Do you feel that Rey? I know you can." Flexing his fingers, he tightened the hold on each man individually. Kriff, it had been so long since he used his powers.

"Am I not worthy of your love?" Kylo continued. "Am I not as powerful as you recall?" He felt alone and hoped that she would answer him. But after a moment, it became clear that Rey wouldn't answer.

The bikers continued to plea for mercy.

"Not so tough after all?" Kylo said.

No one could ever be—not in the clutches of the man in black. Kylo slammed them into the ground, having enough fun. The biker gang was just an appetizer. He slung a long leg over the nearest speeder bike and drove toward the marketplace.

As he rode, he felt another presence. It was eerily similar to Rey. *Could she be here?* he wondered. *Perhaps hiding her movements from him?* A rush of excitement poured through his veins.

"Synthetic crystals. I don't want to see you again," Fett said, handing an old steel case over to Lin Dameron. "Don't lose these. Give my regards to the remnants of the First Order."

"Of course," Lin replied.

"Now, get the hell off my planet!" Fett yelled.

Lin put the case in the back of the quad speeder, along with the rest of the gear on his list. "I need one more thing," he said, pressing his luck. "I won't return after this, I promise." As he spoke, the barges started their engines.

Sil Fett turned and narrowed his eyes at the young pilot.
"I need a kit... in case any more Jedi come my way," Lin said, gauging the old man's expression.

"Mandalorian armor and nifty gadgets won't help with those two," Fett chuckled. He waved for one of his thugs to come to his side. "As much as I'd like to see Skywalker pay with his life, I've benefited nicely from the Jedi revival."

"You'll benefit more if a civil war breaks out. Maybe those gadgets will help me slow the Jedi down; maybe not. Either way, the jetpack looks cool," Lin replied.

Sil Fett considered the request.

"I'll bet it did wonders with the ladies," Lin added, getting the gruff bounty hunter to chuckle.

"You need to learn to use that, not a jetpack," Sil Fett said, pointing to the lightsaber. "Or you're not going to survive standing by Kylo Ren."

Lin's confident smirk faded. He nodded and exhaled, blowing air out of his mouth. For the first time in a while, the pilot wrestled with the implications of his actions. He needed Kylo Ren's help, but it came at a steep cost.

Off in the distance, approached a small cloud of dust. Kayla slowed her speeder, but she knew that she had likely been spotted. The Jedi recognized Sil Fett in the distance, talking with that ass of a pilot. Fett wasn't alone either; he had plenty of men on the barges.

Removing her lightsaber from her waist, she held it in her hand. Kayla needed Fett for her mission and it seemed like the pilot was in league with him.

"This is where we part ways, Grey Leader," Fett said, noticing a speeder in the distance. "Hope this buys you some time." The old bounty hunter switched a setting on his blaster and fired two smoke grenades in the distance.

Lin jumped onto his speeder, opening the kit. He waited for the Jedi to get closer, letting the smokescreen conceal him completely. The pilot attached both Mandalorian gauntlets to his wrists and sped away.

Kayla entered the smoke too late, losing sight of both barges. The sand they kicked up, made things even tougher to see. The Force pulled her in the direction of the arrogant pilot. Maybe he knows where they are going, she thought.

Inspecting the different settings on his right wrist, Lin Dameron played with the switches. He kept looking up to check the path ahead. The terrain near the barges was flat and free of obstacles, but it was still reckless to be flying the way that he was. Lin was so distracted that he didn't notice Kayla's speeder as she closed in. Her bike was much faster and wasn't weighed down by crates. She pulled up alongside him.

Lin looked over his shoulder and grimaced. She wouldn't let him leave with the last word, he thought. Yanking the wheel, he sent the quad speeder into her bike, slamming it. A loud crunch was followed by a cascade of sparks.

Kayla held on tightly, scrunching her face. She ignited her lightsaber and slashed it across Lin's thrusters.

"Crap," he yelled, feeling the quad dying. The turbines choked as Lin swung the speeder around for an abrupt stop. The quad slammed into the earth as he jumped out. Scrambling to his feet, Lin wasted no time. Losing sight of the Jedi, he dove for the case containing the jetpack.
Kayla jumped off her bike, soaring through the air in a backflip. She landed with her lightsaber ready, taking a defensive pose. Her brows snapped together as she took a step toward the stunned young man.

Lin gave Kayla a little look and she could tell what he was about to say. He pressed a switch on his gauntlet and a tiny gun sprang out.

"Just let me walk away," he said, sounding almost reluctant. As he spoke, he slipped one shoulder into the jetpack harness.

Kayla wasn't going to back down now. She needed to take him back.

"Not going to happen," she said.

The pilot sighed and fired a laser shot at her thigh. Kayla blocked it easily and advanced toward him. Lin continued firing, backing up. His eyes widened as The Jedi blocked everything. Seizing her chance, Kayla threw a Force Push at him.

Tumbling backward, Lin lost the jetpack. He cursed, while she strolled past it. He switched the setting on his armor and fired a net at the Jedi. The thinly gauged webbing opened wide, but Kayla had been expecting this. She flipped over the net and landed safely.

"Kriff," Lin cursed, reaching for his wrist again.

The Jedi pounced, landing on top of him and pinning his hands into place.

"Where did you get that lightsaber?" she asked. The young Knight used the Force to keep Lin in place, allowing her own hands to be freed up.

"Ah, hell," Lin replied. Feeling trapped and defenseless, he wondered if this was the end. "I suppose there are worse ways to go."

Kayla inhaled and punched him in the jaw, making him tear up.

"You're just a hack," she replied, watching his face change. "The council didn't think you were worthy, am I right? So, you've held a grudge against Jedi's your whole life?"

Lin smiled in response but Kayla kneed him in the solar plexus, bringing that to a swift end.

"Ah," he groaned loudly. "That's not accurate."

Twisting his hips, he managed to get a leg around her. The Jedi lost her balance upon feeling his hips bucking underneath her. The move broke Kayla's concentration for a split second. Scrambling to his feet, Lin tried to run away. She was faster, and tripped the scrappy pilot.

"I don't want to fight you," he said, turning over. The Jedi narrowed her eyes in response.

"Get up," she ordered. Maybe now she could get answers out of him. Lin rose to his feet and she punched him with a right cross.

Reeling he stepped back. "Kriff."

"Because I'm a girl? Do I hit like a girl?" Kayla asked, keeping her hands raised. The pilot was trembling with anger now, she could feel it.

"I used to have so much respect for the Jedi. Then they changed my life forever," he said, clenching
his jaw. "I see your kind for what they are. Bullies."

Kayla raised an eyebrow at that. She hadn't expected such an accusation. Who the hell was this young man?

"You're the bully here," Kayla corrected. "You entered a peaceful, crowded marketplace and started a fight with every merchant there."

Lin realized he wouldn't be able to get back to Kylo Ren without defeating her. He adjusted his wristbands, firing a rocket. The Jedi dodged the projectile, throwing another Force Push. The pilot flew back much farther this time, crashing into a petrified tree.

Falling to the ground, he landed in a heap. The wind was knocked out of him. Unable to recover, he felt a hand on his collar. The Jedi was stronger than she looked, able to lift him with her small frame. Stunned, Lin was left struggling to speak. He wondered if the beautiful woman was planning to kill him.

"Where did Sil Fett go?" Kayla asked, releasing him.

Lin gave her a bewildered look. He was afraid to move any of his aching muscles. From behind the Jedi, came an approaching speeder. Kayla felt a sudden disturbance in the Force. She backed away from Lin and ignited her blue lightsaber once more.

"Kriff. You need to leave, Jedi," Lin warned.

Kylo Ren came soaring thru the air. He used the Force to pull Lin's lightsaber to his hand. Landing with an overbearing strike, the green blade crossed paths with the blue one. After a quick series of parries, Kylo locked their blades together.

Smiling, Kylo Ren ran his eyes over Kayla's face. She struggled, holding her lightsaber in a deadly stalemate.

"Rey," he said, in a low voice. The taller man leaned into her, using his leverage.

Kayla's eyes shot open in surprise. Kylo Ren's expression changed. His sinister smile faded. The Sith Master noticed her jet-black hair and darker eyes. This young woman in front of him... wasn't Rey.

He gasped, pulling away from her. Kayla stumbled backward, pointing her saber at the Darksider. She felt a strange connection to this man, like she should know him but couldn't remember. It was a dangerous feeling that shook her to the bone.

"My light," he whispered between heavy breaths.

The imposing figure inched closer to her. Kayla was rattled by his presence and she quickly backed away. Kylo Ren angled the green saber behind him, not wanting to startle the girl further. His face was lost in thought, but his piercing eyes seemed to be putting the pieces together.

"Come here, my child," he spoke softly. Reaching out with his left hand, he smiled. "Your name is... Kayla." He spoke slowly, as if reading her thoughts.

"Named after your father," his voice cracked.

Kayla's heart raced. She swallowed a lump in her throat, feeling like she was in grave danger. There was a part of her that wanted to take the stranger's hand. This man was incredibly strong with the Force and the Dark Side enveloped him. The Jedi kept her lightsaber up, watching him move closer.
"Don't" she warned.

_The Millennium falcon_ roared overhead with its ramp down. Luke fired the lower cannons at Kylo Ren. The Sith Master froze the deadly lasers in midair, stopping them with ease.

"Get in, Kayla," Luke said, using the Force. For the first time, she could hear him in her thoughts.

The Jedi jumped onto the ramp, turning to face Kylo Ren. Her father kept his eyes on hers, knowing that this was his daughter. He wanted to reach for her, but he couldn't let go of the blasters.

Kayla's eyes welled up, overcome with emotion. Looking at the tall figure wearing black, she felt it. "It's not possible," she said in a whisper. Her heart told her, this was Ben Solo. _Only it wasn't Ben Solo anymore._

The Falcon flew into the afternoon sky. It's faint blue engines quickly faded away into nothing. Kylo Ren stood there, watching for a long time. Lin was close by, putting all the supplies back into the quad. Hopefully, he could get it running before nightfall.

"I just got my ass kicked by a girl," Lin said, scooping up the jetpack. "I'm fine by the way... oh, you sure you're okay, Lin?" He continued, having both sides of the conversation. "Thanks for saving my butt, Kylo Ren. Gee, thanks for getting me out of carbonite, quirky pilot!"

Standing stoically, Kylo Ren said nothing.

"You do realize the genie is out of the bottle now?" Lin asked, dusting himself off. His thoughts went back to the female Jedi. _She's very hot though_, he admitted. _Dangerous, but hot._

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Yeah so this will get very smutty, soap opera like, pretty soon. I want to try to keep the plot as interesting as I can make it. Hope that's cool - I'm having too much fun with it right now. I'm not sure if SW has apples or not. I don't care. I avoided describing Lin's appearance until Kayla saw him first. I wanted to get her reaction to his build and his strut. Kaylin! Lets make it happen. Alright, Reylo next chapter.
Kayla discovers her father is Kylo Ren. Rey gets confronted by Kylo Ren and he offers her an ultimatum. Lin is going on a path that may lead him to the Dark Side. A big revelation gets dropped.

Kayla stormed toward the cockpit of the Millennium Falcon. "Tell me that's not who I think it is?" she said, snapping at her Master. The young Jedi walked right past him, climbing into the captain's chair.

Luke leaned on his cane, turning around and following his padawan. He bent down slowly, to ease himself into the back row of seats behind her. The Jedi Master couldn't help but let out a loud sigh, every time he sat down or got up.

"This is completely absurd," she said. Without stopping to let him get a word in, she threw the ship into hyperspace. Kayla got up again and walked away from Luke. He was too tired to chase after her.

"Of all the inconsiderate things to tell us as children. This is just like her to…” Kayla's voice trailed off, as she circled the interior of the Falcon. She didn't notice Luke wasn't right behind her. Artoo obediently chased after his distraught friend.

"And another thing," she said, completing her round trip. "Master Kenobi always said my father returned to the Light in the end. If he didn't pass away, where the hell has he been this whole time?" Kayla asked rhetorically. She often referred to her mother as "Master Kenobi" when they didn't see eye to eye.

The young Jedi fiddled with her hair, tying it back tighter. Her mind was racing.


"Where's Artoo?" she asked, storming throughout the ship again. The droid followed her the first time around the Falcon and was only halfway back.

"There you are," Kayla said. She knelt beside him, while Artoo spun his head around to face her. "Did you know about this?" she asked. Changing some buttons on his panel, Kayla prepped him to transmit to the Jedi Temple. The droid beeped at her, trying not to sound guilty.

"What do you mean, you can't transmit now?" Kayla asked.

Artoo whistled and beeped, changing his pitch.

"I know you've seen a lot over the years. You sure you aren't hiding anything from me?" she said, raising an eyebrow at the blue droid. He beeped in response.
"No keeping secrets, okay?" Kayla asked, sighing. "It may get someone hurt one day."

Luke finally felt strong enough to stand again. The moment he did, Kayla came in and sat back down. The old man groaned loudly.

"My father is Kylo Ren," she stated. Sinking into the chair, Kayla crossed her arms. It hadn't fully sunk in yet. The young Jedi knew of the Knights of Ren, but was never given the entire story. Kylo Ren was their notorious leader and yet records of him stopped a couple years after Starkiller Base was destroyed. Now she understood why.

Master Luke sighed. "Yes, your father is Kylo Ren. We'll be at the Temple soon to discuss this with your mother."

He checked the navicomputer, confirming how much time they had remaining. The Jedi are taught to keep their emotions in check. In the old days of the Council, there wouldn't be these issues. Children were taken at a young age and didn't bond with their parents. However, Luke understood that times were different. The Jedi were different.

This would be a rough couple of days. Kayla had earned his trust over the years and she could handle this.

"I shouldn't have to tell you that Rey is the Grandmaster of the Jedi Order," Luke said. The comment made Kayla look up at him. He cleared his throat, not wanting to go any further. The old man had his own issues with Rey's deception but he wasn't going to admit it now.

"You don't want me to make a scene in the Temple," she scoffed. "I think I have the right to say my peace," Kayla said. She was hurt and had every right to be. Luke gave her a sympathetic look and she calmed down a bit. The young Jedi lowered her eyes, fidgeting with her fingernails.

"What would you have me do?" she asked quietly.

"Listen," Luke said simply. The old man scratched his beard, searching for the right words. "Hear her out before you pass judgment," he said while folding his arms.

Kayla leaned towards Luke and exhaled. He was right.

"Look at it this way, Darth Vader cut off my hand and then confessed he was my father."

The Jedi Master flexed his robotic fingers, driving the point home. "I nearly died that day. Had it not been for my friends and the Falcon, who knows."

Kayla's eyes widened and she nodded at Luke. He might be the only one in the galaxy that understood how she felt. She twisted in the captain's chair, facing forward again.

"We need to find out who that boy is. Kylo Ren came to his defense. They might be working together. If so, he's in way over his head," she said.

Kayla casually checked on the controls. She could feel Luke's gaze on her.

"A boy?" he asked, sounding surprised. "He looked about your age. Nineteen, if not older."

Kayla chose not to respond. She thought about the mysterious pilot, wishing that she could push him aside. Staring into the calm blue of hyperspace seemed to help some.

Lin Dameron insisted on getting Kylo Ren far from the Chandrila system. They needed to lay low
and plan their next move. After getting his ass kicked by a Jedi and being spotted working with a dead man, it seemed like the appropriate course of action. Although Lin hated running from a fight and hiding; he wasn't a coward. He cursed under his breath throughout the trip.

The Sith Master didn't speak a word to Lin, staying in the back of the darkened shuttle. The young pilot dabbed at his split lip, using an old rag. He navigated the shuttle with one hand, flying through a familiar mountain range. Lin's family had an old cabin nearby and after a few minutes, it came into view. Landing the shuttle, he was glad to stretch his legs.

"We might need to ditch the transport soon," Lin said. He leaned his shoulder into the old cabin door.

Just as he remembered, the door was tough to open. The musty cabin hadn't been occupied in years. Lin looked around at the neglected interior and frowned. This place was always old, but it was once warmer and full of life. It felt weird to be standing there without his family.

"Go outside and practice with your armor," Kylo Ren ordered. The Darksider wanted to be alone. Brushing past the young pilot, he sat down at the dusty table. Rolling out the materials to construct a new lightsaber, Kylo focused on the task at hand.

"I need to learn how to fight like you," Lin said. He rubbed his forehead, growing impatient with the Sith Master. "That's why I broke you out."

Kylo Ren ignored him and inspected all the pieces. Lin looked at him for a moment, before casting a gaze around the room again. He pulled open a faded curtain, throwing light onto Kylo Ren and the table.

Jackass, he thought. No wonder why someone put him on ice.

Sighing, Lin left the door open to air out the cabin. Practicing with the Mandalorian kit wasn't a bad idea, especially if bounty hunters or the Republic fleet were closing in. Worse yet, the Jedi Order, he thought. When the Republic discovered that Kylo Ren wasn't dead, there would be a massive outcry. The heat would be on them soon enough.

Lin spent the afternoon learning how to fire accurately with the gauntlets. Some weapons like the net, needed a little angle for their deployment. The cabin had empty glass bottles everywhere, perfect for target practice. He couldn't remember his parents being heavy drinkers, so they must have been left behind by teenagers. The area was quite peaceful.

Lining the bottles up, he quickly discovered how fun they were to shoot at. Lin had a smile on his face, exploding one after another. The stationary targets became easy to hit, so the young marksman started chucking them into the air. Throwing one directly above him, he nailed it with the wrist blaster.

"Booyah," he shouted as blue shards exploded above.

The pilot turned his head and covered his eyes, feeling the glass raining down. "Alright, lesson learned," he noted. Running his gloved hands through his dark hair, he brushed the shards out.

Lin eyed the infamous helmet with the "T" shaped visor. In all the fun, he had forgotten all about it. Walking over to the case, he carefully removed it. With the Mandalorian helmet on he felt like a daredevil.

He looked tougher than ever, catching his reflection in the lake.
"I'll be visiting some cantinas in this for sure," he mused.

"There's a new bounty hunter in these parts and he carries a lightsaber."

Igniting the jetpack, Lin soared through the air. Crossing the water, he swung the lightsaber, mimicking a sword fight. With the saber in one hand, he shot at the remaining bottles. They exploded, one by one. His aim and coordination in the air had improved dramatically throughout the afternoon.

The cocky pilot landed on the shore and yanked the helmet off. "Yeah!" he yelled loudly across the lake. "Ready for round two, Jedi?" His voice echoed, pumping the helmet high above him.

"Let's have at it." He screamed at the top of his lungs. Lin swelled with confidence.

Feeling that he wasn't alone, Lin turned around to find Kylo Ren standing behind him. The Sith Master ignited his signature lightsaber and raised his hand at the pilot. Lin violently ascended, levitating high above the ground. With widened eyes, Lin silently pleaded with Kylo Ren.

"You won't lay a finger on the female Jedi," Kylo said. Clenching his fist, he choked Lin. The young man kicked, feeling the pressure on his neck tighten. "Kayla or Rey," Kylo stated, his expression hardening.

"You got it, boss," Lin sputtered.

"I need to hear you say it, Lin," Kylo ordered. This was the first time the Sith Master had used his real name in their brief conversations.

"I won't lay a finger on Kayla or Rey," Lin said. Darkness crowded his vision.

Kylo released the young man, letting him drop on the ground. Lin slammed into the mud and rolled on the ground uncomfortably. The jetpack wasn't the softest thing to land on.

The Sith Master scowled at Lin, reading his thoughts.

"I don't hurt women," Lin said. Maybe there was a misunderstanding; he didn't enjoy hurting anyone. "I've dumped a few dozen, sure," he admitted.

Lin didn't know Kylo Ren's connection to Rey or Kayla. Why should the Darksider care about the Jedi anyway?

"I'm out for blood, but I have my limits," Lin continued. He wondered about the arrangement with Kylo Ren. It didn't seem like it could work.

"Pain. More pain than you can endure—that's what awaits you as my apprentice," Kylo said. The grim warning was Lin's last opportunity to back out. "Force sensitivity and a can do attitude belong in a different Temple. Your limits won't matter soon, only my orders."

The Sith Master was prepared to kill Lin on the spot, depending on his next answer.

The pilot sat up, getting the taste of dirt out of his mouth. He removed a small folded paper from a zipped pocket.

"It's my family," Lin said, unfolding the photo. "I've already had more pain than I can endure. Help me avenge them and I'll get you whatever you need. I'm the best pilot in the galaxy." His tone was deadly serious.
Kylo used the Force to snatch the photo from Lin. He narrowed his eyes, taking in the details.

"I'm wondering who you lost?" Lin asked. He finally got to his feet, leaving the jetpack on the ground. "You've been gone a long time, but I imagine there was someone before you were frozen."

The young man was sharp. He knew there was a clear connection between Kylo Ren and the Jedi he scrapped with on Chandrila.

"Get your lightsaber out," Kylo Ren commanded. "From now on, you will call me, Master."

The courtyards of the Jedi Temple were bathed in warm sunlight. Rey watched padawans of all ages scurry about the field. She could feel her daughter through the Force. *The Falcon* would be landing soon and it made her a bit apprehensive.

Stepping into the shadows of the covered corridor, Rey moved quickly for her chambers.

Entering her bedroom, she checked her hair in the mirror.

"After all this time, you're still breathtaking," hissed a voice from behind her. Rey froze, seeing the reflection of Kylo Ren in the mirror. She turned in surprise and he closed the distance.

"You're not really here," Rey stated, clenching her jaw and staring into his face. The last time he visited, he wasn't able to project his form. Kylo looked the same age as she recalled. The carbonite preserved his youthfulness. Suddenly, she realized how much she missed seeing him.

"When has that ever stopped us?" he asked, pressing his body into hers. "I have the same unquenchable thirst as before. I can tell you do as well," Kylo smiled widely.

"I can't do this right now," she said, turning her head away. Rey felt his breath on her neck. *It had been too long*, she realized, shutting her eyes tightly.

"But you do want this?" he asked, wrapping his hand around her waist. This would be easier than he thought. Suddenly Rey gave him a swift Force Push, sending him across the room.

The Sith Master laughed, standing up. "It's amazing how much that hurts, even though we're a galaxy apart." His darker eyes burned into hers. "It's not the same as touching me in person though, is it?"

Kylo Ren had one thing on his mind.

"My daughter will be here soon," Rey said, narrowing her eyes. Her cheeks were reddening and she was determined to sever their connection.

"Our daughter!" Kylo yelled, correcting her. He stalked across the room to confront her.

Rey ignited her lightsaber, stopping him cold. "This is the one thing we never tried, but I always wondered about," she said, inching closer to him. The bluish blade pointed at Kylo's throat. He was becoming stronger, which was troublesome to say the least.

"You're going to make this up to me, Rey. Every night. Do you understand?" he said, trapping her hazel eyes. She had aged a little, but not much. Kylo saw the same, deadly woman he loved for years. Now that they were older, it made no sense to keep sparring like this.

"Every night, for the rest of our lives. You won't deny me," he said. "You'll gladly accept me into your temple and your bed. You'll beg me just like you used to." Kylo Ren was washed over with a
hungry look. Rey felt so close, he had to know the feeling of her again.

"Stop fighting and I'll leave your precious order intact. Otherwise, I'll drag Kayla into the darkness and burn your home down," he threatened.

Rey seethed. Without giving him a reply, she ejected him from the Temple again—sending him back to whatever hiding place. Their bond drifted away, if only temporarily. A line needed to be drawn there, if not sooner.

Kylo Ren would not have anything to do with Kayla. Rey promised herself that much and focused on slowing her heart rate.

"His hair and those eyes," she said to herself. The Jedi Master felt heat between her legs and squeezed her thighs together. She closed her eyes and focused on the breeze coming in the windows. Her womanly urges had been kept in check for years. A few minutes with Kylo Ren's projection left her aching—wanting to be touched.

Maybe it was the way he spoke to her.

Far away, Kylo's sinister smile grew. He could feel Rey's warmth and it left him empowered. In the background, Lin Dameron struggled to get to his feet. He had taken several beatings from Kylo Ren, who didn't appear to be trying or breaking a sweat. The pilot reignited the green lightsaber and charged.

The Sith Master hurled another Force Push in his direction, sending the stubborn young man into the lake.

"I'm confident you'll make the right decision," Kylo said aloud. He hoped that Rey could still hear his voice.

"Kriffing hell," Lin cursed.

The pilot stormed out of the water, giving it a kick in frustration. There was anger there. Finally, something the Sith Master could use.

Kylo Ren raised his sword and gave Lin a wave, daring him to charge once more.

Rey saw Finn downstairs and gave him a smile. Her oldest friend returned it, but only briefly. Admittedly, their relationship had its awkward moments. After all these years, Finn still carried a torch for her. The Jedi Master couldn't reciprocate those feelings, for a number of reasons.

Finn returned the day before and had a difficult talk with Rey. He stormed out of the Temple after she told him the truth about Kylo Ren. Among other things, Kylo was responsible for scarring his face. Rey knew he'd forgive her… eventually.

The sound of running footsteps quickened in the hallway. Kayla came out of nowhere and leaped into Finn's arms.

"I missed you, Finn," she said, wrapping herself in the hug. She gave him a peck on the cheek, kissing his scarred side. Kayla always kissed that side.

"I missed you too, kiddo," he replied. Seeing the young Knight made him feel better. Finn had been up all night, worrying how Kayla would take the news about her father. Pulling her into a deeper
hug, eased his worries.

"I can't believe how grown you are," Finn whispered. It was loud enough so only she could hear. "Soon you'll be off, saving the day on your own. Remember that."

Rey watched them and felt her heartache. She moved to the bottom of the stairwell and paused for a moment. Kayla's eyes found hers and she reluctantly broke her hug with Finn.

"We'll talk soon, okay?" she asked, flashing him a grin.

The young Jedi approached her mom. "Master Kenobi, you're looking well."

"Oh hush," Rey said, wrapping her daughter in a hug. Kayla stood a few inches taller than Rey, but their height difference was only noticeable when they were standing together.

The pair headed for the gardens, without saying much more. They embraced each other while walking stride for stride. After a few minutes, they stopped by one of their favorite areas.

"Ben... your father killed Snoke in order to save me. For a moment, I thought he might have changed. Our connection only strengthened, but we were always on opposite sides," Rey said, taking a seat by the pond. Kayla joined her. As Rey spoke, Kayla rested her head on her mother's shoulder. She hadn't done that in years, but they both found it comforting. Staring at the serene water, Rey searched for the right words.

"I told Ben that I was pregnant," Rey said softly. "It changed him... for a time. He fought by my side, not wanting to see me injured. Of course, I refused to stay out of the fight." The Jedi Master smiled fondly, remembering some good times she had with him. "It seemed like Kylo Ren was gone; Ben Solo had returned to the light. He made amends with a lot of people he hurt, including your grandmother. Ben turned on the Knights of Ren, slaying them all. Soon, there was no one left to fight."

Kayla wrapped her arm around her mother. The breeze picked up a bit, making the pond shimmer with ripples.

"Your father could leave me speechless sometimes," Rey said. "He kept touching my stomach and would say nice things into it. It was sweet and borderline annoying in public."

Kayla smiled. "So, what happened? What made you imprison him?" She wanted to know the truth, but she was almost afraid of the answer.

"I started getting these visions, after three months or so. Kylo would touch my belly and say something sweet, but it would trigger a premonition," Rey said. She sighed deeply. "There wasn't anything in the archives about a Sith having a baby with a Jedi. It was new territory." Rey leaned her head to the side, resting on her daughter's.

"When the premonitions came to fruition, I couldn't allow our relationship to continue. Every single one came true. And then I saw your future, Kayla..." Rey's voice trailed off, as she collected her thoughts. "He had to be captured because I couldn't bear the thought of killing him. I'd do anything for my children. I couldn't allow either of you to fall to the Dark Side."

Kayla gasped, lifting her head off her mother's shoulder.

"Does he know about Hanna?" Kayla asked, becoming very concerned. She didn't like mentioning her sister's name, knowing how much it upset her mother.
Rey closed her eyes and shook her head. "We haven't made it that far in our communications. He's only mentioned taking you away—when he threatens me." Rey fought to stem her watery eyes.

The young Jedi stood up. "How does he threaten you?" Kayla asked. Becoming alarmed, she leaned over her mother. Suddenly, she was ready to track down Kylo Ren and wrangle his neck.

"We have a connection; a bond that was formed years earlier. I can usually control it better, but your father is persistent," Rey admitted. Her voice started to crack. "Kayla, I'd do anything to protect my children. Including sending their father into hibernation."

The Jedi Master knew she would have to go farther this time.

Kayla wasn't sure what to say. It was a lot to process and she still had a lot of questions that needed to be answered.

"How did he escape?" she asked, feeling deflated.

"A daring young pilot, Lin Dameron, discovered his existence and broke him out. How he located your father and for what purpose remains a mystery," Rey answered.

Kayla's eyes widened at the name. She remembered meeting Poe Dameron years ago. Was that why Lin looked so familiar?

"His father was the best pilot in the Resistance," Rey said, a fact she never disputed, despite being an incredible pilot herself. "A few years ago, the entire Dameron family perished. Only Lin survived because he was at the academy at the time."

There was more to the family's fate, but Rey didn't think it was appropriate to mention.

"Lin Dameron," Kayla said, letting the name roll off her tongue.

"While we have Finn here, we should discuss our strategy," Rey said, standing up and joining her defenses. "In case Lin tries to smuggle Kylo through our defenses, I want everyone on alert."

Finn turned down the lights, which allowed Artoo and BB-8 to start projecting holograms. A bright blue schematic popped up first, but that was to the prison where Kylo Ren had been kept.

"Okay, where do we begin?" he asked.

"What do we know about Lin Dameron?" Kayla chimed in. The bright info graphics above quickly swapped out. An academy profile picture flew into the forefront, accompanied with a long list of notes.

"He was an academy graduate. Promoted to Captain quickly, but he was discharged after several incidents. Lin had an impeccable record until his family died. The same Commanding Officer that Lin knocked out, also recommended that he be reinstated. Of course, that didn't happen. Admiral Ackbar considered it an unfortunate loss, considering Lin's skill and lineage. Although its subjective, Ackbar said he's the best star fighter in the galaxy."

He can't be better than me, Kayla thought. She looked at the photo of Lin and scrunched her face. He looked happy in it, at home in the X-Wing squadron. She wondered why this young man would risk everything to locate a Sith Master.

"How did he find Kylo Ren? The men guarding him didn't even know the truth about his identity,"
Rey spoke up. As she did, Artoo flipped through security images at the prison.

Lin Dameron was clearly on the feeds. The sight of him bombing the facility made Kayla rub her forehead.

"I'm not sure yet," Finn said. He sounded a little cold toward her. "It's worth investigating. It's possible the Jedi have another unknown enemy; someone helped Lin get this far."

"Probably Sil Fett," Kayla interjected. "Lin can use the Force, but he's untrained. Maybe that's part of it," the young Jedi said, stepping closer. "He has a lightsaber that he carries with him. Do we know where he got that from?"

"His biological mother," Luke Skywalker answered. The old man was seated in the back, where he silently watched everyone's interactions. Suddenly, the entire room was staring at him.

"Belin was General Organa's last assistant; toward the end of the war. I insisted Belin stay close to Leia because, she too, was Force Sensitive. I trained Belin briefly, teaching her lightsaber techniques and basic skills," Luke explained.

Rey nodded in agreement. "Belin was an incredible young woman," she attested. "After the war, Belin and Poe moved away to live in peace. Sadly, Belin didn't survive childbirth."

The group fell silent, looking at the hologram of Lin.

"Whatever Lin is after, it can't be good," Finn said. He shifted his eyes to Rey's. Her gaze narrowed in response, signaling that she wanted him to stop talking.

"Aside from joining up with Kylo Ren, what makes you say that?" Kayla asked. She looked to Finn for a straight answer. Clearly, there were some aspects of this that her mother seemed evasive about.

"Because Kylo Ren is the only one that can train him to fight Jedi Knights."

Finn avoided Rey's icy stare and looked down at the droids.

Kayla's eyes widened. She recalled the comments Lin made on Chandrila. He had lost respect for the Jedi Order and referred to them as bullies. The arrogant pilot that loved to joke around—who flirted with her a few times—was a potential threat. The young Knight wasn't sure what to make of it.

On the transport shuttle, Lin Dameron climbed into the cockpit. It was early in the morning and Kylo Ren was asleep in the cabin. Lin wanted to sleep under the stars, but his body was in too much pain to rest.

The pilot pulled off his shirt, wincing. His upper body was covered in welts and bruises. His muscles ached and he wondered if he could survive another training session like that.

"Ah," he grimaced, falling into the uncomfortable seat. Pulling up the holographic database, Lin pulled up everything he could on the Jedi Knights.

He couldn't help but search for Kayla Kenobi. As he cycled through the limited data, he kept finding small references to her. She had a successful track record and many systems were grateful for her assistance.

An image of the Jedi centered in front of him. Lin leaned back, finding the photo curious. How odd that she would pose like that. Kayla looked uptight with her head tilted to one side. A scowl was on
her face and her arms crossed. She was staring right into the camera as if challenging him to a staring contest.

"She's beautiful, even when she scowls," he said aloud.

Kayla finally blinked.

"Are you really looking at photos of me with your clothes off?" she asked.

Lin fell backward and out of the chair, letting out an agonizing cry. Scrambling to get back up, he couldn't find his shirt. *It wasn't a picture at all*, he realized. *How the hell did she find him?* The pilot gaped open mouth at Kayla, trying to make sense of it all. After a pregnant pause, he smiled. She glowered at him in return, tilting her head as if she already knew what he was thinking.

"What can I do for you, *babe*?" he said, slicking his hair back.

"Babe," Kayla replied, rolling her eyes. "You can start by putting on a shirt. Then you can listen to what I have to say."

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Chapter End Notes

Thanks for leaving me feedback. Seriously, all the fanfic authors live off those comments. Twins run in the family, right? Maybe we'll find out about Hanna soon. A fairly big hint at who Lin may be targeting. I'm sorry these updates are taking so long. That's the downside of having two different fics going on at once. I promise characters will get it on, much quicker than Unspoken. Isn't that what it's all about? :D
Kayla sat inside the Millennium Falcon, looking at a small screen above the communications array. On the other end, Lin Dameron had his shirt off. He flashed an incredible smile at her, which made the Jedi smirk.

"You set a trap for me… knowing I'd be doing research," Lin said.

"Is that what you call it?" Kayla scoffed.

"So, did you want something from me?" he asked. Lin leaned back in the chair, so Kayla could see more of his chest and torso. For a moment, he forgot about the marks there.

"Who gave you the bruises?" Kayla asked. She already knew the answer to the question but felt she needed to address it. Her eyes lingered a little longer than she cared to admit.

"This is nothing, really. I'm being trained by your father," Lin said. He said it so casually, wanting to confirm his suspicion.

Kayla sensed that he was probing and kept her expression neutral. "My father died years ago, fighting the First Order. You must be mistaken."

Her eyes fluttered a little bit and Lin wondered if she had a tell.

The young pilot made a face and snorted. "Okay, fine. Kylo Ren is teaching me to fight—using the Dark Side," he replied. Lin understood that Jedi feared the use of the Dark Side. Maybe mentioning this would get a rise out of Kayla, he considered. He shifted uncomfortably, not wanting to wince in pain.

"I can see it's going well. Did he go over blocking yet, or is the strategy to take a beating until your opponent wears out?" she asked. Kayla enjoyed the opportunity to tease him for a change. Although the matter was quite serious, she flashed him a wicked grin.

"That's... good Kayla. Do you think that tactic would work on you?" he asked, flashing a handsome smile in return. "If I keep flirting with you, will you eventually wear out? I can talk about your eyes and dimples all day. Just about everything else, too." Lin's gaze rested on her mouth. He was too beat up to care about being subtle right now.

Kayla thinned her lips and fidgeted slightly. Lin had the upper hand in this area; she wasn't used to this kind of attention from young men. She held his gaze, entering his mind to turn the tables.
"Is that a 'yes' over there?" Lin asked, narrowing his eyes. He could tell she was lost in thought. "Maybe you'd be less nervous around me if we simply hooked up. Ya know, just got it over with?"

"You're a pig, Lin Dameron!" Kayla yelled. She wanted to terminate the communication right there, but she refrained. The Jedi continued searching his mind when she caught a glimpse of them together. Lin and Kayla were in a seedy, outer rim bar; showing no shame whatsoever. The young pilot lifted her up onto a felt table, interrupting someone's game. The pair continued to kiss, as Kayla tugged on the pilot's jacket.

"I will never sleep with you," Kayla said. Her jaw clenched a little and she tried to get the scene from her mind. It lingered, however.

"Not talking about sleep. And it's not the first time a woman has said that to me and been wrong," Lin replied. He broke eye contact with her briefly. Finally spotting his shirt, Lin bent down to pick it up.

"I'll make sure to whisper that in your ear... right after I've got you on all fours."

Kayla gasped, trying to stop the noise from escaping her lips. The Jedi cursed under her breath, before scowling at the arrogant pilot.

"Alright, maybe that was a little too much." Lin struggled to pull the shirt over his head. Grimacing, his shoulders were too stiff. It was too painful to put it back on. The frustrated pilot tossed the shirt on the command console, feeling a little embarrassed.

"Tell me, Lin, I thought you had an issue with bullies? That's all Kylo Ren is. That's how you're acting right now," Kayla said. Her cheeks started to redden as she spoke. She wanted to believe there was something good underneath all the bravado and questionable choices. He didn't seem to be evil; just lost. Overcompensating for his pain, she thought.

Lin sighed. "I need him. I need Kylo Ren's help." He looked like there was more to say, but he turned away instead. Lin's eyelids were heavy and he looked tired.

"To avenge your family?" she responded, searching his eyes. Kayla wasn't entirely sure how their unfortunate passing could lead to all this reckless and violent behavior. Did Lin blame someone for their deaths? She had to know more.

"Can we not do this?" he said softly.

"How many Jedi Knights are you preparing to kill? Do you have a specific list or just an arbitrary number?" Kayla asked. Her question had a frigid bite to it. She needed to know how the Jedi fit into all of this.

"You're not a monster, but I foresee you on the path to becoming one," she added.

"So, you should probably avoid me, then. Monsters eat pretty things in all the fairy tales. You're in no position to judge me, Kayla. From where I'm sitting, you have everything."

Lin clenched his jaw. How could she possibly understand?

"You have a family," he continued. "What the hell do I have?" Lin raised a hand, looking to end the transmission.

"I've lost people too," Kayla admitted. It was enough to make him stop and listen. Kayla swallowed the lump in her throat, sensing Lin's pain. It was radiating from him in waves and it engulfed her
senses.

Leaning back in his chair, Lin considered the Jedi. "I'm sorry," he said, "for everything." Shaking his head a little bit, he thought about all the terrible things he had said and done. Kayla might be the one person in the Galaxy that understood him. Maybe he wasn't alone after all.

Kayla fell silent and ventured to read him again. He didn't want to say these chauvinistic things and maybe, he felt something for her. Lin had a mouth, but deep down, he was guarded.

The pilot didn't want to be hurt and instead, he chose to cut.

"For what?" she asked softly and blinked at him.

"Everything I've done and said to you. All the things I must do," Lin replied. He leaned forward to press the kill switch again. "You would have liked the old me... who I was. Before I started setting off bombs and freeing villains."

"And fighting with Jedi in crowded marketplaces?" she added. Lin smiled a little in response and it was perhaps the first genuine one he had offered her. "See, we can figure out a way to get you past this. Why else do you think we're having this conversation?" Kayla asked, trying to get through to him.

"I think we're talking because you're a very smart, sexy young woman... and I believe you're stalling to trace this transmission." His answer started as a light-hearted compliment, but he slowly realized its accuracy.

"Eh, kriff," Lin muttered.

Kayla kept her expression neutral. "I suppose I need to give you more credit, Lin Dameron." She swallowed the lump in her throat and nodded slightly. "Are we to be enemies, then?" she asked, shifting her tone.

"That depends on whether you let this go or not. Let me do my thing, Kayla... please. Either way, I'm not continuing this conversation unless you remove some clothes too." Lin was still shirtless and bruised, which she wasn't complaining about.

"There's no way she doesn't tell me to piss off," he thought.

Kayla raised an eyebrow in response. She slowly unzipped her vest, watching Lin's cocky expression change. Dropping the garment at her side, she was left in a revealing undershirt. The thin fabric had a shimmery quality to it. She ran her thumb along the bottom of the shirt, tightening the fabric against her contours.

"I'll bet you'd really like to see what's under here?"

Lin inhaled, drinking in the exposed areas of her neck and chest. His mouth went dry and his mind emptied, following her fingers. He must be dead, right? Kayla fired a missile from a destroyer somewhere and he had clearly died.

"Hmm. You're finally speechless. It's actually kinda cute," Kayla said, teasing him. She may be new to flirting but she was picking it up fast. Being able to extract people's thoughts and feelings was an advantage. Were all men this easy?

*Think of something clever to say,* he shouted at his brain. Lin cleared his throat.
"You really surprise me, Kayla." He spoke quietly, soaking in the beautiful view. "And you're not getting my location off this call."

Kayla tilted her head and narrowed her eyes a bit. With a smile, she replied, "We'll see about that."

Lin terminated the signal, exhaling loudly. The info holograms and Kayla's feed disappeared. He lowered his head on the flight console, bumping his forehead.

"This is not a good idea," he said. That didn't stop him from getting excited, however. "She'll get me killed," he chuckled.

A loud noise stomped up the ramp behind Lin. "And here comes the reason why."

Kylo Ren stormed into the shuttle and turned Lin around to face him.

"What the hell is going on?" The Sith Master felt a tremor in the Force, awakening him.

"Did you get enough beauty sleep?" Lin asked sarcastically. Kylo grabbed him by the neck in response.

"We gotta get off this moon. She's found us," Lin said.

"Who?" asked Kylo Ren, squeezing the pilot tighter.

"Your daughter," Lin said, choking out the words. The Sith Master dropped his new apprentice.

Kylo Ren turned and looked to the back of the ship. His vision focused off in the distance, "The Millennium Falcon," he said, his voice sounding ragged.

Aboard the Falcon, Kayla watched Lin's face disappear from her screen. "Well, he finally figured it out," she said, leaving the communication array. Walking back to the cockpit, Kayla came face to face with her mother.

Rey gave her a small smile. "Did you have to remove your vest like that?" she asked, placing her hands at her side. Mother and daughter stood the same way, exchanging the same looks. It often made people do a double take.

"Come on, mom," Kayla answered. She pushed past her, entering the cockpit. "Don't tell me you've never had to flirt with a cute guy before. I've seen old photos of Poe Dameron and Finn."

"Oh, I can't be overhearing this conversation right now," Finn said, sinking back in the copilot's chair. He suddenly wished he was in the back of the ship, fixing something.

"And Kylo Ren of course," Kayla added, even though it made her uncomfortable. "All that black and the mysterious mask."

"Well, of course I have. You wouldn't be here if I hadn't stripped those robes off your father," Rey answered. "Lin Dameron is a handsome young man. I urge caution, you're still a Jedi. And there's clearly some friction there. That's how it started with us."

Kayla cringed at her mother's comments and took over behind the controls. Finn sat in the copilot's chair and clawed at his cheeks.

"You do know I'm sitting right here?" he asked.
"What's the harm in a little innocent flirting?" Kayla asked aloud, ignoring them both. The Falcon broke the upper atmosphere of Yavin 4.

"This is where the Rebellion once had a base," Finn said. Clearing his throat, he hoped to change the subject. "I can see why Lin would feel safe here."

Spotting a ship heading for outer space, Kayla adjusted her course. "That's him," she nodded.

Rey agreed. The Jedi Master stood on her tippy toes, flipping a switch above her head. A beacon activated, sending their location to the Republic Fleet. In a matter of minutes, the little shuttle ahead would be surrounded by battle cruisers.

"Damn, they got here fast," Lin said, spotting the Falcon. "Fastest ship in the galaxy versus the best pilot in the galaxy. Man, I wish I had my x-wing."

The pilot checked his course and looked for a way to outmaneuver them.

Kylo Ren hit his fist on the seat next to Lin. They were no match for the Falcon in this little shuttle, better pilot or not. The Darksider paced, heading for the cargo hold. He felt Rey and Kayla's presence.

"Make the jump to hyperspace," Kylo ordered.

"We'll never lose them in hyperspace, not for long anyway. That ship's navicomputer is off the charts," Lin shouted back.

The Sith Master grunted in response. He knew the Falcon all too well.

The pilot flipped through several data screens, looking at the surrounding systems. "I've got an epic, horrible idea," he said, putting in a new course. The shuttle headed for the edge of the system, zipping toward the asteroid belt.

"Are you kidding me?" Kylo Ren asked, sneaking behind Lin again. The small craft was headed for certain doom on this course. Kylo paused to consider Rey and Kayla. He worried for their safety, especially if they decided to follow Lin. He wouldn't see them harmed because of this foolish pilot.

"Land this bucket on Yavin. We'll fight them on the ground instead," Kylo Ren said. Grabbing his new mask, he shoved it over his head and latched it into place.

The Falcon was right on their tail. Finn climbed out of the copilot's chair, letting Rey hop in his place.

"Is he serious?" Rey asked, watching the evasive movements of the shuttle ahead. "Going into an asteroid field?"

"That's Dameron's kid and Han Solo's son too. So, I'd say, yeah." Finn turned and headed for the gun turrets.

"Please disable that ship," Kayla shouted, keeping her eyes fixed on its engine trail. Working together, Kayla and Rey maneuvered the Falcon to get Finn a clean shot.

Finn strapped into the turret. Opening with a barrage of crimson cannon fire, the Falcon scored several hits on the shuttle ahead. He adjusted the setting, targeting the engines once more.

Feeling the effects of incoming fire, Lin Dameron killed the forward thrust and put the nose down.
Kylo Ren stumbled forward, catching himself before he smashed into the console. The Falcon passed right overhead, allowing Lin to sneak in behind it.

"Give me a warning next time, pilot." Kylo Ren cursed. He smacked Lin in the back of the head.

"I thought you could use the Force?" Lin replied, pulling in tight on the Falcon. "I don't want to see anything happen to Kayla, either," he added.

Finn shouted back to Rey and Kayla, losing sight of the shuttle. "He's in our blind spot. This guy can definitely fly."

Kayla narrowed her eyes, annoyed with this little game of cat and mouse. She gave the Falcon a barrel roll, hoping to shake Lin loose. "He's not that good of a pilot," Kayla said under her breath. Rey glared at her daughter, a little annoyed with her attitude.

The shuttle struggled to maintain its elusiveness amid the chase. Kayla worked in a series of loops and cuts, designed to get Finn lined up for another shot.

"The Falcon has better speed and agility. I wonder if the Dark Side could be of use, in this situation?" Lin hinted, sounding frustrated.

Kylo Ren stretched his hand forward, feeling the asteroid field. He used the Force to summon smaller chunks of ice, rock, and metals toward the Millennium Falcon. He was hoping to merely scare them away, getting the girls to veer from the dangerous field. However, Kayla barreled through the obstacles without giving it a second thought. Piece by piece, the Falcon rattled from the impacts.

"Ben Solo," Rey said, squinting her eyes in anger. She climbed out of the seat, while their daughter continued to pilot.

"That's not a laser blast. What's hitting us?" Finn yelled from the turret. "Are we in the asteroid field?" He panicked for a moment, wondering if this family feud was going to get them all killed.

Rey shut her eyes and focused. Using the Force, she projected into the small shuttle behind them. Kylo Ren turned, feeling Rey's presence invading the ship. The woman of his dreams appeared before him, poised to strike.

"Are you trying to kill your daughter?" Rey asked, taking a step toward him. He hadn't seen her this angry in a long

"My love," he said, reaching for his blade. Rey snatched the lightsaber from him, calling it to her projected palm.

"I'm more powerful than you can imagine, Kylo Ren," she stated, igniting his lightsaber.

"Then let it end here," he said, dropping to his knees. "You know how I feel. I wasn't trying to kill you."

Lin Dameron saw the flash of red light up the cockpit. Turning, he saw Rey hovering over Kylo Ren. "Holy—!" He shouted. The pilot reached for his Mandalorian gauntlets and fired the net into the cargo bay.

Opening wide, the net caught Kylo Ren and Rey, wrapping around them. Rey cried out, cutting
through the spider-like webbing. The Sith Master landed on top of her, pinning her wrist down. His long legs wrapped around Rey’s, causing the Jedi Master to whimper.

Kylo's lightsaber was still burning, just out of her grasp. His long fingers circled her wrist. It reminded them both of their secret rendezvous. The Resistance and the First Order were clueless for a long time.

"You'll never have me again," she said, grinding her teeth. The weight of his body felt so good on hers. She felt warmth for the first time in a long time. Rey fought the urge to wrap her legs around him.

"We're too old for this, Rey. Let the kids scramble and scrape to save the galaxy. Let this be our time, finally."

Her sparkly eyes found his darker ones. She parted her lips, looking desirable as ever. Kylo Ren leaned in to kiss her, fighting the net. Rey disappeared, leaving the ship before he could.

"Damn," he shouted. Kylo slammed his palm into the deck beneath him.

Lin Dameron noticed a large asteroid along the outside of the belt and broke away from the Falcon. "Okay, Kayla. Let's see you track me down now."

*The Falcon* turned in a wide loop; it's pilot sensing every move that Lin made. Kayla glanced over at her mother, who sank into the chair next to her.

"How did it go with dad?" Kayla asked. She could tell that it hadn't gone well.

Rey adjusted a stray strand of hair, remaining silent.

Lin's shuttle circled the large asteroid, gaining distance from *the Falcon*. Masked in the asteroid's shadow, Lin punched it for hyperspace. The stars ahead stretched and flashed into the tunnel of blue.

"Catch me if you can, baby," he said. As Lin spoke, he switched on the communications array. From behind, Kylo Ren cut his way out of the net. He cursed loudly, which also made it into the transmission.

*The Falcon* banked around the imposing asteroid, looking for the smaller shuttle.

"What!?!" Kayla blurted out, hearing the transmission. Feeling Lin and Kylo Ren's presence slip away, she cursed. Confused, she looked at her scanner and then to her mother. The scanner lit up with multiple signals, before clearing completely.

Rey sighed. "The asteroid must have kyber crystals in it." It was an unfortunate coincidence. The nearby kyber crystals would have bounced hyperspace signals in all directions. "By the time we figure out their trajectory, Kylo will have made them switch course."

"Crystals?" Kayla said, kicking the undercarriage beneath the console. "This isn't over."

The young Jedi veered away from the dangerous asteroid field and let her mother take over. Rey sighed, watching her daughter storm off. She resisted the urge to scold the nineteen-year-old.

"This close." Kayla gestured at Finn as she walked by. She held up her index and thumb fingers, clearly frustrated that Lin and Kylo Ren got away. It stung her personally, too. Lin had the gall to
taunt her before jumping to hyperspace; before running away.

Finn watched Kayla, before popping his head into the cockpit. "What was that about?" he asked. Rey merely gave him a little smile in response. "Is something wrong?" Finn continued, knowing his old friend too well.

Searching Finn's eyes, Rey shook her head.

"I'm not sure," she answered. "Her father tried to kill us by hurling asteroids at the ship. That's probably a contributing factor." Not feeling like elaborating, Rey looked away. She couldn't tell him about the conversation they just had.

Kylo Ren seemed sincere with his current request; putting an end to their fighting. However, the day before, he basically demanded to take her every night, for the rest of their lives. The thought of which made her ache all over.

Finn left the doorway and went after Kayla.

Rey chewed on her bottom lip, her thoughts lingering on her old flame. Her fingers trembled, reaching up to take her pulse. Kylo had lied to her before. It could be a trick or simply more empty promises, but Rey knew it wasn't. This time felt different. He genuinely wanted to be close to her. But if he was angling for a power trip or to coax Kayla away, she'd have to stop him.

She could feel his despair, even now. He missed her. Kylo Ren called her name through the Force, searching for their connection again.

Rey sighed. Kylo Ren didn't seem dangerous like this; he seemed lonely. The Jedi Master had to know for sure what he was planning. If she accepted him into the Jedi Temple, indulging everything she denied him over eighteen years, would it put an end to all of this? Would it save Lin Dameron, before he succumbed too?

Kayla circled the interior of the Falcon. She fumed; her skin felt like it was burning. She breathed through her nose, unclear as to why she was so worked up. It couldn't be over Lin Dameron, she thought. There wasn't anything between them, despite her mother's claims. Something else was going on, something elusive and dark.

It reminded Kayla of what she said to Luke Skywalker, days earlier. She suggested the Jedi torture information from Sil Fett. The Jedi rubbed her arms, pacing in the Falcon. There were these thoughts in the back of her mind, scratching to break the surface. The young woman felt urges that a Jedi shouldn't.

Finn approached her from behind. "Kayla," he said, gently touching her shoulder.

The sound of her own name triggered a vision—a memory from her past.

"Kayla," a familiar squeaky voice cried out. Little Kayla turned to see her taller twin sister, run up and hug her. Hanna had long, skinny legs and her father's eyes.

"I don't want you to leave," Hanna said, wrapping her older sister tighter. "I wish I had Force abilities too." She whispered into Kayla's ear. "We could save the galaxy together. We'd never be apart."

In the background, Luke Skywalker waved at the young Padawan. He looked so much younger as he called out to both girls. It was time to start their lessons.
"Kayla," Finn said. His voice sounded muffled and distant.

Hearing his faint calls, transported Kayla to the present. But she wasn't on the Falcon. Kayla took a step back into the snow, realizing that she was on some cold, desolate planet. The sky was grey and the wind cut like a knife. A tall figure in a black hood marched through the snow, walking away from her. The hood fell, revealing long, silky black hair.

The taller young woman turned to face Kayla, igniting a green lightsaber. Her wide, dark eyes narrowed, feeling a presence watching her.

On the Falcon, the Jedi fell to her knees. Finn scrambled to catch Kayla, slowing her descent.

"Rey!" Finn shouted, calling for help. Kayla was having some sort of fit in his arms.

"It's her!" Kayla repeated, feeling a hand on her forehead. Large tears formed in her eyes. Rey helped her daughter up, scooping her into a hug. The closeness of the embrace helped to bring Kayla back to the present moment.

"What is it, my dear?" Rey asked, calming Kayla's anxious shaking. The Jedi Master could feel her daughter's heart racing.

"Hanna is alive," she said quietly. Kayla tightened the hold on her mother's robe, pulling the fabric to her cheeks. Rey's eyes shot open, pulling back enough to look at her daughter.

"No, Kayla. You're mistaken," Rey replied. Her daughter, Hanna, was one with the Force.

"Mom, please," Kayla said, wrapping her fingers around Rey's wrist. "Hanna is alive. And the Force is with her." Finn helped both girls to their feet, looking gravely concerned.

Rey stared into Kayla's eyes. She started searching her daughter's memory. The tall, young woman in the vision turned around to face her...tall like her father. Gasping, Rey covered her mouth in shock.

"How is this possible?" Finn asked. He stood up slowly, reacting to Rey's expression.

Kayla and Rey exchanged long glances and fell silent for a beat. As impossible as it seemed, Hanna was alive.

"We have something bigger than Kylo Ren to worry about," Rey stated. She didn't have an answer for them—not yet anyway. She was certain of one thing, however.

"We need to find Hanna first. Before her father does."

Chapter End Notes

So alright! Let's talk about Hanna next and give this thing a healthy dose of Reylo. I'm trying to update this one while finishing Unspoken Forces, so its delaying both stories. I apologize. I appreciate your feedback and hope you enjoy these new characters. I'm always going to have Lin say what I'm thinking...most of the time. So its been fun to work on.
The Kids Are Right

Chapter Summary

Lin Dameron sneaks into Cloud City and unleashes hell. Kayla agonizes over going after Kylo Ren or tracking down her sister, Hanna. Rey struggles to get her family back together, wanting to reunite both her daughters. Will she give in to Kylo Ren, to protect the girl's from their father.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lin Dameron crouched behind a shipping container, near docking bay four. The daring pilot narrowly escaped the Millennium Falcon and it was time to acquire better transportation. Cloud City presented the perfect opportunity for a couple of lightsaber wielding thieves.

Since falling under Imperial control, Cloud City transitioned into a military base. The Republic claimed it as an outpost, following the Battle of Endor. As the galaxy became safer, the floating haven reopened for commercial use. Only a few docks remained dedicated to the Republic military.

"I didn't come all this way to get my ass handed to me at every turn. Blasted Jedi, flying a bucket of bolts." Lin said to himself, switching out both cartridges on his jetpack. The empty canisters tipped over, hitting the cement floor and rolling away.

The sound went unnoticed by the guards ahead. They sat in a small booth, keeping their heads down.

His thoughts lingered on Kayla. She was a Jedi and he knew better—he shouldn't focus on her. Especially not now, planning this reckless endeavor by the seat of his pants. There was a part of him, that wished things were different. But he couldn't back down now; he'd already thrown his future away. And why should she be interested in him, anyway? Jedi didn't have those feelings, or so he thought.

Lin remained kneeling, slinging the jetpack's straps over his shoulders. The pilot fastened the harness around his waist and adjusted the jetpack, so it felt more comfortable.

"We're not running anymore," Lin Dameron stated. With that, he put on his Mandalorian helmet. With a click and a twist, his gauntlets were locked and loaded. The armor felt more comfortable each time he put it on. It was like he was born to wear it. The young man stood up and casually strolled towards the lone guard booth.

Lin knocked on the flimsy window, getting both guards to look up. They flinched in their seats, believing they were face-to-face with one of Sil Fett's bounty hunters. Truthfully, they were looking at someone far more dangerous.

"I'm going to be needing one of your ships," Lin said. He pointed at the frigate docked at the end. It was being loaded with supplies and had an X-Wing fighter stowed beneath it. "That's more my speed, especially with the new stunt fighter attached. You should see the piece of crap I've been flying."
Both guards had bewildered expressions. They hesitated for a moment, wondering if this was a prank.

"Is there some sort of insurance paperwork, or what?" Lin asked, extending his right arm out and aiming the gauntlet at them. A small rocket spun out of the concealed chamber, ready to fire. The guards froze; one reaching for the alarm and the other for his pistol.

"You're gonna want to get on the ground, face down," Lin said, his voice was deeper and menacing with the helmet on.

The guards did as they were told, cursing as they hit the deck.

Kylo Ren approached from behind. His menacing walk echoed loudly, alerting Lin to his presence. With a quick hand gesture, the Sith Master crushed the booth with his power. It happened so quickly, that his apprentice didn't have time to stop him.

Lin cursed loudly, wanting to take his helmet off and kick it all the way to Bespin. Kylo Ren's impatience triggered every alarm in Cloud City, sending the facility into lockdown mode. Flashing lights and loud horns echoed across the nearby corridors.

"I said, I've got this!" Lin yelled. "Let's tell the entire galaxy that Kylo Ren has returned! Maybe next time, I'll crash the damn shuttle into Cloud City. It would be less conspicuous and I'd get some style points for creativity."

As Lin spoke, one of the guards crawled out of the booth wreckage. Without looking, he shot the guard with a tranquilizer dart, sticking him in the neck. Pulling down on the reload, Lin primed another gauntlet tranquilizer.

"Maybe we could set the place on fire and send giant smoke signals to Kayla and Rey. I'm sure they'd be thrilled to talk this out, with lightsabers."

Kylo Ren didn't answer at first. He stared into Lin's mask, searching past the young man's subconscious. Security cameras nearby focused on the threats below. The Sith Master destroyed the cameras one-by-one, without giving them a glance.

"Well?" Lin asked, wondering what the problem was.

"By all means, hunter," Kylo replied. He gestured toward the alerted Republic military. A small group of engineers, pilots, and infantry was staring in their direction. They were slow to react, stunned by the sight of Kylo Ren. Most of them were dressed down, tasked with loading the frigate.

"Great, a new nickname. I suppose it's better than calling me "pilot" all the time," Lin said, pulling the lightsaber from his belt. He engaged the jetpack, soaring through the air. The frigate's crew scrambled to get clear of the flying swordsman.

"To arms!" the Republic commander shouted. The crewman went for their weapons, while he bolted for the frigate's armory. Lin fired the second tranquilizer at the commander, hitting an engineer that ran into the crossfire.

Two soldiers ran underneath Lin, firing repeatedly at the bounty hunter. Lin blocked the incoming blasts, reacting on instinct alone. He managed to redirect a pair of shots, finding the right angle. Both soldiers howled and fell to the ground.

Landing slightly off-kilter, Lin shot a net into a group of charging pilots. The thin braids tangled their limbs, bringing them to the ground. Flipping a switch on his left gauntlet, the net electrified everyone
it caught. The current was strong; causing searing pain and paralysis.

"Hmm," Kylo said, watching the battle unfold.

Backup security arrived from Cloud City, taking positions behind supply crates. Lin spun around, hearing the noisy and heavily armed guards. His gauntlets unleashed a barrage of crimson cover fire. His jetpack propelled him to a better vantage point at the same time. Lin was seamless, alternating between shooting and deflecting with his lightsaber.

The security forces were pinned down. Those who didn't fall had retreated.

As the last body fell, Lin sensed a tremor in the Force. The first time he had felt something like this, he was a pilot at the academy. It was the worst day of his life. His family had been murdered while he was on the other side of the galaxy. It sent a shiver down his spine.

The Republic commander exited the frigate, wearing heavy armor and carrying a minigun. Using both hands to control the devastating weapon, he yanked on the trigger. Lin rocketed away, narrowly escaping the rapid succession of blue and red lasers.

Kylo Ren watched his apprentice without moving an inch to help. Lin was in considerable trouble now, getting pinned in the corner. Still, the teacher refused to interfere.

A lone guard crept behind Kylo, jabbing him with a stun baton in the side.

The Sith Master hardly reacted to it, absorbing the voltage entirely. In disbelief, the guard looked at the baton and backed away from Kylo Ren. Annoyed, Kylo shifted his gaze at the foolish guard. With the quirk of his brow, he used the Force to snap the man's neck.

"Only my beloved has the privilege to touch me," he growled as the guard collapsed into a lifeless heap.

Lin ducked behind a crate. The alternating streaks of color whizzed just past his helmet. Damn it, he thought. He was pinned. Out of options, he remembered the micro detonator on his belt. There was only one in the bounty hunter kit and he needed it to count. Removing it with care, he pressed the center with his thumb. The disc blinked, arming in his palm.

"Get some," he said, flicking the magnetic disc over his shoulder. It flew past the crates and found the gunner's weapon. With a metallic 'ping', it snapped to the barrel.

A fireball exploded a second later and the minigun stopped. Lin popped out from behind the crate, as small bits of cloth and hair came floating down. He had both wrists pointed outward, primed to fire rockets. But the deck was cleared of any other threats. Most of the personnel fled, entering the civilian section of Cloud City.

Breathing deeply, it occurred to Lin how quickly the fight lasted. It felt like an eternity, but it was over in thirty seconds. In the heat of battle, he was focused and had enough time to make all the right decisions. Every movement he made seemed like it was a step or two ahead of the guards.

"Maker," Lin said. His heart pounded loudly in his chest; the thrumming feeling resonated in his neck and eardrums.

The Sith Master finally moved from his spot. Kylo needed to see what Lin could accomplish on his own. There may be hope for this one yet.

Removing his helmet, Lin surveyed the collateral damage. Now that the smoke had cleared, he was
left unnerved by the experience. These were mostly good men, he thought, walking past the
commander. Kayla was right. Lin shut his eyelids briefly, acknowledging that he was the bully now.

Kylo Ren circled the trapped pilots in the net, stalking them like prey. He enjoyed their terrified
expressions. Without warning, the Sith Master strangled them with the Force. The pilot's cries caught
Lin's attention.

"There's no need for that," Lin yelled. He jogged over to reason with his Master. "We've
accomplished our goal, the ship's ours."

Lin hoped to spare a few lives. Annoyed, Kylo Ren glowered at his apprentice. Who was he to
question his teacher?

"Maybe it's a good thing to leave some witnesses alive. If the word gets out, your supporters will
want to make contact," Lin suggested.

Kylo Ren relaxed his fingers, releasing his stranglehold on the pilots. Lin had a point.

"This over here is Kylo Ren," Lin said quickly. He resisted the urge to pat the Sith Master on the
shoulder. "I'm his apprentice, the Hunter. May the galaxy tremble in fear."

Kylo Ren angled his head, glaring at his apprentice.

"But seriously though, tremble in fear," Lin continued. "And tell your friends."

Hovering over the console, Kayla replayed the security feed again. Kylo Ren lurked over a group of
helpless pilots. His hand rested on his lightsaber. The Darksider said something, but she couldn't
quite make it out. Kayla adjusted the controls again, getting clearer audio this time.

"Did you see that Rey?" Kylo bellowed. He paused for a moment, before walking toward the frigate.
"I could have killed them. All of them. But I chose not to."

"Is this all of it? Are they no additional feeds?" Rey asked aloud. She pinched the bridge of her nose,
realizing they were too late to do anything about the massacre.

Rey and Kayla were on Cloud City, following the trail of Kylo Ren. At Rey's request, Luke was
temporarily reinstated as Grandmaster of the Jedi Order. He stayed back to teach the younglings,
allowing mother and daughter to go after Kylo Ren. They were just finishing the end of the replay
when Luke's transmission came through Artoo.

"Have you seen the security feed?" Luke asked, appearing in holographic form.

"We've got this covered," Rey said, cutting him off. She wasn't really in the mood to deal with

Since recovering from her psychic episode, Kayla was pessimistic and second-guessing her mother's
choices. She was usually sunny and upbeat, but she definitely had some of her father's temper.

Rey herself was struggling with the news that Hanna was alive. The Jedi Master would feel better
when she held both girls in her arms again.

Kayla narrowed her eyes, watching the last part of the footage. Lin blew a kiss at the security camera
as if he knew she'd be reviewing the feed. She pressed her lips together, wanting to slap the arrogant
smirk off the pilot's face. He then slipped onto the frigate, out of frame.
Her feelings aside, it was clear from every available view, that Lin was a danger to the Jedi Order. He may not have the formal training, but he was making up for it with equipment and moxie. She wasn't even sure what he was planning, which was frustrating.

"The Senate is asking questions. There are rumors trickling throughout the galaxy; unconfirmed reports." Luke said, slumping back into his chair. "Fortunately, Leia doesn't take crap from politicians." The old man chuckled.

Rey scrunched her face. She had forgotten about Leia. Their relationship had been so good over the years. She had been a wonderful grandmother and yet, Rey needed to keep her and Luke in the dark about Kylo Ren.

Not looking forward to that conversation, she thought.

A dark figure approached on the security feed next, drawing Rey's eyes back to the screens. Kylo Ren looked directly into the lens, making sure his soulless mask could be seen clearly. He had both hands behind his back and simply held his gaze there.

The Sith Master didn't need to taunt Rey with a flirty gesture. Somehow, Kylo knew this would get under her skin more. This sent a clear message that he wasn't worried about the Republic or the Jedi Order. It was Rey's turn now as if they were playing an innocent game of tag.

"That horrible mask," Rey muttered, stopping the video feed. She rubbed her temples quickly, before turning to Artoo. Luke had been silent, patiently waiting for the girls to finish watching.

Kayla looked at her mother and sighed. She flipped a switch on Artoo, freezing the transmission. Luke started talking again, without realizing the girls weren't listening.

"He's the reason you won't marry Finn!" Kayla snapped, realizing how much her mother still loved Kylo Ren. "I can't believe after all this time, you won't move on and be happy." The young Jedi flipped the switch back on, returning Luke's signal.

Rey's lips parted and she glared at Kayla in response. She looked over her shoulder, making sure Finn wasn't in earshot. Luke continued to talk, suggesting the entire galaxy should be alerted to Kylo Ren's return.

"The Jedi Order needs to get ahead of this, before widespread fear grips the galaxy," Luke stated.

Stunned by Kayla's outburst, Rey cleared her throat. "We're going to need a battlecruiser at the very least. The frigate they stole is heavily armed," she replied, shooting daggers at her daughter.

That was petty, Kayla, Rey said, using the Force to scold her. Her daughter rolled her eyes and walked away from Artoo.

"Kayla!" Rey hissed, trying to hide the dust-up from Luke. She couldn't help but flash her teeth in anger.

"I'll have the Republic send one to Bespin, immediately," Luke said, scratching his beard. "What else will you need?"

Running to the Falcon, Kayla saw Finn working on top of the ship. He stopped for a minute once he noticed her presence. The Jedi stood as close to the ship as she could while keeping eye contact with her friend.
"I need my Delta-7 Interceptor," she said to Finn, who walked to the edge of the mandibles and knelt.

"Huh?" he asked, figuring she was referring to a ship.

"My Jedi Starfighter. How soon can we leave for Coruscant? That's where it's stored."

Finn raised an eyebrow and shifted his lower jaw. His silence was a bit unnerving, as he turned the socket wrench in his hands.

"It has to be that one, okay?" she said, biting her lower lip. Kayla felt attached to the starfighter. Although she didn't like to talk about material possessions, Kayla restored the Clone War Era craft. She was proud of her work and it would give Lin Dameron a run for his money.

"What's going on?" Finn asked, knowing her all too well. He wiped the sweat from his brow, getting a better look at the young woman. "I thought we were on the same page. We're going after Hanna."

Kayla stumbled in her response. Her sister had been on her mind constantly. Hanna must have been the source for the dark feelings she had been having. But it was so frustrating because Kayla wasn't even sure where to start. Hanna was out there somewhere, hiding from them. It felt like she was spinning her wheels, trying to catch a ghost that had been haunting her since the day she disappeared.

"Lin Dameron has turned into a threat. Like, an actual threat. We really should be splitting up to handle this," she replied, wondering if her mother would go along with the idea.

"We can't separate," Rey interrupted. She was late to the conversation but got the gist of it. "We're going to find Hanna together as we discussed."

"Mom, I'm capturing Kylo Ren and arresting Lin for that crap he pulled," Kayla said. Her shaky voice changed an octave.

The young Jedi was upset over Lin's mini-rampage on Cloud City, but that wasn't the whole story. She refused to admit that she might have feelings for the troubled young man. Maybe she believed that they would vanish after he was arrested.

Rey tilted her head slightly, giving Kayla a sympathetic look. She realized how difficult this must be for her daughter. In the past week, she found out her father was alive and that her twin sister faked her own death. It looked pretty apparent now, that both things were related. Hanna must have figured out Kylo Ren was imprisoned in carbonate. Adding a crush on a handsome, yet self-destructive young man didn't help matters.

Kayla wasn't sure how she'd react to Hanna, once they found her. She felt completely betrayed by her sister. They had a funeral pyre without a body, as Hanna's remains were never recovered. Some of her sister's favorite things were placed on the pyre, as a tribute. The memory made Kayla's eyes water, but she refrained from crying.

"Hanna didn't have abilities until Kylo Ren was freed. That's obvious, right? You suppressed Kylo Ren and it robbed Hanna of using the Force. All she wanted was for us to share this life, together," Kayla said, resting her hands on her hips. "As long as he's free, she's only going to get stronger."

"You're not ready to face Kylo Ren," Rey said. She frowned at her daughter. Kayla was right about Hanna, but she was surprised that she figured it out so quickly.

Kayla sighed. "I will need to face Kylo Ren, though. It's required for my trials—I know how Master
"We need to do this as a family," Rey said, softening her expression. "That starts with getting your sister back."

The Jedi Master looked up at Finn, letting him know that he was part of that family. The trusty commander smiled at Rey. His smile was always spectacular and she wished he would do it more.

Lin sank back into the pilot's seat, admiring the frigate's controls. He let out a whistle, impressed at the pristine interior. Entering a course for his favorite watering hole, the pilot sprang out of his seat and bounced toward the mess area.

"That's right! We have a fully stocked kitchen." He said, opening the cooler. Kylo Ren had his mask off and had constructed an odd looking sandwich. He apparently wasn't interested in eating, his gaze staring off into the distance.

"We're going to visit this incredible cantina crawl. We'll fit right in. Each one is less reputable than the next," Lin said, picking up Kylo's sandwich. He took a large bite out of it, getting the Sith Master to raise an eyebrow in his direction.

"Don't ever take my food again," Kylo said, looking away.

Lin took another bite and put the sandwich back down. The Sith Master seemed to be preoccupied, his thoughts resting on a tremor in the Force. It was nagging at him, like an insect bite. His curiosity begged for him to pick at the disturbance until he got to its root.

"I'll tell you, using my powers... I don't know how the hell you do this all the time. It leaves me famished and I really need to get some—" Lin said, stopping himself. He gulped the rest of the food in his mouth.

"Probably the wrong thing to say in front of Kayla's father, he thought.

Kylo shifted his gaze away, annoyed that he had grown so tolerant of the hunter. Lin should be punished every time he spoke out of turn—which was all the time. Maybe it was because he was older and less interested with ruling the Galaxy. He did have a very narrow focus these days.

"You said I have followers?" the Sith Master said, finally taking a bite from the half-eaten sandwich.

"Definitely! Especially in the outer regions where we are headed. You've got groupies, for crying out loud! The First Order loses the war and Kylo Ren disappears… presumed dead. There are a lot of laser brains that consider you as the underdog."

Kylo Ren looked like he was skeptical of this information, having a distaste for the labeling.

"I'm not sure these people are going to be of use," he dismissed.

"Most aren't going to be. But I'm talking armed militias that have First Order wannabe members. They have matching tattoos of your mask on their bodies." Lin said, his eyes lighting up. "We can use them to start breaking your old friends out of prison."

Kylo Ren drummed his long fingers on the table, kicking the idea around.

"Trust me. Three years ago, I had lost everything. They kicked me out of the squadron, clipped my wings and I crawled into a bottle. I would have drunk myself into an early grave, I'm sure of it. But
one night I hooked up with this amazing girl. She was like a beautiful, raven-haired angel. Got to meet some dangerous and unstable people afterward. And trust me, I never stay for breakfast. But this experience was different."

"Hmm," Kylo replied.

"Those dancer's legs, I swear." Lin grinned at the memory. "Let's unleash some crazy on the Republic." He felt so re-energized.

Kylo Ren raised an eyebrow in response, choosing not to say anything. His silence spoke volumes, however. He'd allow them to follow Lin's lead for a change. Something told him that this was the right call. Standing up from the table, his thoughts drifted to Rey again.

Rey docked the Falcon onto the mighty battle cruiser. Kayla was not far behind, flying her rebuilt Jedi starfighter. Her mother conceded to Kayla's argument, that the starfighter would come in handy if a certain rogue pilot returned.

Something familiar and unsettling was in the back of Rey's mind, drawing her from the present moment. It was Kylo Ren, no doubt wanting an answer on his little ultimatum. The Jedi Master kept her end of the connection in check, waiting until she got to her tiny quarters to answer. Closing the door for privacy, she sat down on the small cot and pulled off her boots.

"What is it, Kylo Ren?" she finally asked, annoyed with the headache he was causing. Rey suddenly felt herself leaving the cramped room and drifting through the galaxy. In a few seconds, she felt steam hitting her skin. It was hot, but not unpleasant.

Her vision was clouded in a white fog and her clothes, skin and hair became drenched. Moving a little forward, she saw the distinct outline of Kylo Ren. He had his back to her, with one hand on the wall, leaning for support.

Rey caught her breath, realizing where she was and what she was witnessing. She gasped, at the site of Kylo's toned back, covered in faded scars. The Jedi could never forget the first time she saw him naked like this, raw and unapologetic. He looked just the same now, his wild black mane slicked down the back of his neck. She didn't know where to look, trying to pry her eyes away. Feeling her entire body blushing in response, she moved closer. Rey allowed herself to be whisked away here and she could put a stop to this at any moment.

"Come and join me, my love," Kylo said, refusing to look at her. She seemed so timid now, catching him doing something very private—very intimate—while thinking of her. He only thought of her.

The Jedi lost the ability to speak, her fingers trembling as she undid her gray vest. It was heavy, weighed down by the water. Overwhelmed by his naked form, Rey forgot she was on the battle cruiser, safe and dry.

Feeling like a twenty-something again, she stepped forward, wearing only thin layers of undergarments. She remembered how much Kylo enjoyed ripping clothes off her body and kept some on. They did little to cover her physique, clinging to every part. As her tiny feet got closer, her breathing became ragged. Their height difference made her knees weaken.

Kylo tilted his neck slightly, keeping his head angled downward. He couldn't see her yet and didn't want to scare her away. Rey reached forward wanting to touch his shoulder blades. The fluid dripping down his back was a mixture of refreshing water and sweat.

He jerked slightly, feeling her fingers exploring his flesh, for the first time in years. Kylo stifled a
groan, feeling her body pressing into his.

Rey reached around his flank, exploring his defined chest and trailing down his abdomen. Kylo’s breathing hitched, twisting his torso toward her in response. Rey stood on her tippy toes, reaching for his hair. Tangling his dampened locks into her fingers, she pulled herself forward, forcing his head back. Her wet fingers reached around and found his hardening member. She forgot its size and girth, growing bolder with each stroke. She whispered in his ear, loud enough for him to hear over the water, "This... this is mine."

Kylo grunted, trying to twist around to face her. Rey pushed him back, keeping him in place against the fresher wall. Kylo breathed her name, giving into her control this time.

"You like this," she hissed, taunting him.

Lin Dameron settled back into the controls of the Frigate. When he sat down, he noticed a blinking light on the flight control.

"No way. No freaking way!" He shouted, wondering how someone had tracked the ship and delivered a message.

"We removed the beacons—all of them," he said, straining to look behind him. Kylo Ren was nowhere to be seen, taking the longest shower ever.

"There's going to be hell to pay for this," he muttered, switching his course to a more remote destination. He worried about responding to the message, but he needed to know who was on the other line. He brought up the weapon systems on the frigate while slamming his fist on the transmission button.

"It's about time," came a sultry voice.

Her accent reminded Lin of an actress in the spy serials he used to watch as a kid. There was something so familiar about it. Like a voice from his past. So far, no one had walked into the frame on the hologram. Finally coming into view was a tall, exotic-looking, blast from his past. Lin couldn't forget that silky hair and her smoky eyes.

Lin struggled to remember her name and he smiled sheepishly in response.

"Hey... there." He hoped it would come back to him. "It's so weird that you called. I was just explaining to a friend of mine, what an awesome night we shared." Lin grinned nervously. "Three years ago," he added.

The young woman on the other end was tough to read, brandishing an enigmatic smile.

"What's my name, Lin?" she asked, not skipping a beat.

He pursed his lips together. Damn it. His charm wasn't going to save him now.

"How can I help you," he said, shaking his head in disbelief. What the hell was wrong with him?

"You have something I want," she answered with a wicked smile. "Or rather, someone." The woman sent over a small image of Lin Dameron and Kylo Ren on a wanted notice.

Lin arched both eyebrows and leaned forward. "That's not going to happen," he stated. "Since when are you a bounty hunter, anyway?" Lin knew she was hopelessly devoted to the lost First Order
"Oh, I'm not the bounty hunter," she said, licking her lips.

Lin shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

"From what I hear, stallion, you're the Hunter now!" she continued. The moniker had made it to the wanted notice, which should have made Lin laugh. But instead, he clenched his jaw, checking the scanners for incoming vessels.

"You can't have Kylo Ren... not that you could control or capture him," he said.

Lin recalled their one night of passion. It was mostly a blur, broken into fragments. But she was the one who mentioned Kylo Ren the next morning. She seemed obsessed with finding the Dark Warrior whom everyone believed to be dead.

The raven-haired beauty smiled in response. "Of course, I can. I'll have him wrapped around my finger. I am his daughter after all."

The color drained out of Lin's face. He had the sudden urge to vomit.

"Wait. W-what?" he swallowed hard.

"I'm Hanna Ren, of course," she laughed. Hanna relished the horrified look on Lin's face. Served him right.

"Can I speak with my father, now?"

"You're Kayla's... Holy—" Lin cried, falling out of his chair.

Chapter End Notes

I have to thank my ex for the best line in this chapter. Something good came out of that after all :P So yeah, Lin hooked up with Hanna. She's got a "bond girl" quality to her voice, but I promise this will be a fun new character. She's really cool and can hold her own in this story. Is this Rey finally giving in to Kylo Ren's demands? Hmm. Full disclosure I forgot to add in Leia's scene in the previous chapter, so I made Rey simply forget all about talking to her. It seems like it might make sense though, given all the things these guys are dealing with. I've got Reylo Artwork going on tumblr - its under iancantbesaved - maybe some Kaylin eventually.
Like Her Father

Chapter Summary

Hanna, takes after Kylo Ren. She's close to digging her talons into him and learning the Dark Side. Rey makes a deal with Kylo Ren, giving in to his demands. Someone isn't going be happy. Lin decides its time to fly Solo.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Entering the bridge, Kayla removed her UV protective gloves. She couldn't help but smile radiantly. Getting to take her Jedi starfighter out for a spin certainly improved her spirits. Seeing Finn hunched over the tactical relay, she gave him a little nod.

"Kayla," Finn said, waving her over.

Floating above were six different data screens. Republic advisers crowded around the table and there was barely enough room for her to join. They were engrossed in the displays, speaking amongst themselves.

The Jedi’s eyes darted immediately to the bottom left screen. Finn quickly swiped that display away, as if realizing his mistake.

"Wait, go back," Kayla said, folding her arms and leaning in.

The crowd around the table grew quiet. They were interested in hearing the young Jedi’s input.

Kayla squinted at the wanted certificate issued by the Republic. The order directly named Kylo Ren and Lin "The Hunter" Dameron. That name, The Hunter, left a bad taste in her mouth. She once hoped the rogue pilot could be redeemed. Now, every bounty hunter and opportunistic low life would be after him.

"Great," Kayla said.

She wasn't sure how to feel about it. Would this make them more desperate? She was worried about the body count Lin would pile along the way. If the two had feelings for each other, this was where it officially ended. She couldn't act on them. Not ever—especially now.

"Yeah, this just came in," Finn said. He wanted to brush past the Republic's notice. "We've been primarily focused on breadcrumbs leading to your sister. Those are tougher to find, so it's our priority."

Kayla looked dejected at the news. She and Hanna shared a bond; somehow Hanna broke it from her end and hid from her. Finn watched Kayla closely and wrapped an arm around her. He didn't care who was watching them on the bridge. The Republic crew was following his lead and Kayla was his family.

"She's going to try to find our... she'll try to find Kylo Ren." Kayla said, stopping herself from calling him 'father'. The man was a total stranger, who was threatening and blackmailing her mother. She'd
have her chance to confront him soon enough.

"Where is mom, anyway?" Kayla asked.

The steam cleared in theresher, replaced by two drenched forms.

Rey's eyes found his. Her tongue swirled around his sensitive tip, causing his hips to buck uncontrollably. Kylo Ren melted, with his back bracing against the wall. She slowly accepted his length again, moaning into his shaft. An inaudible gasp escaped his lips and Rey knew he was whimpering her name. Their heartbeats were in rhythm; their Force Bond hummed. Rey was slow and torturous and he grabbed a fistful of her damp hair, holding her in place. He would have begged for mercy but he couldn't find the words. His hooded eyes found her intense stare and it was too much.

He cried her name and tensed all over as he came.

A smirk escaped Rey's rosy lips after. Having this much control over Kylo Ren was exhilarating—even from her knees. Rey would be lying to herself if she claimed otherwise.

Kylo Ren looked down at her, out of breath and swept over with lust. Rey giggled in return. She loved his face. His eyelashes, lips and chin. The Jedi Master knew what he wanted next and climbed into his arms for a deep kiss. Strong hands lifted her up, pulling her tightly against his stomach.

He was used to being in control, especially when they were intimate. Every now and then, Rey would surprise him. She'd take charge and let him know exactly how she felt. But that was nearly twenty years ago. The Jedi wondered if she still had it in her—to drive him crazy and make him forget his sworn responsibilities. It worked before. She needed it to work again.

Rey pushed wet strands of her hair away from her forehead. As if reading her thoughts, Kylo found her fingers near her ear and wrapped them in his palm.

"The next time needs to be in person, Rey." He licked his lips while peering into her soul. "I'm not looking to pick a fight over this, you've already won." Kylo Ren smiled at her, but it quickly faded. Her expression became frosty and Kylo Ren backpedaled. He wasn't sure which part she was having an issue with. Rey bit her bottom lip after a deep staring contest, tipping her hand. The Jedi had a secret she didn't want to reveal.

Kylo held her closely, noticing Rey's blush. She averted her gaze, shying from his scrutiny.

"You don't need to be like this around me."

He knew that she could hear his thoughts. Kylo reached for her chin, desperate to search her sparkling eyes once more.

"What's wrong, my love?" he asked aloud, sounding so sweet, that Rey couldn't bear it anymore.

'Well, I…" she stammered, as her heartbeat rocketed again.

Kylo felt her engine thumping and wished only to comfort her. The Sith Master shushed, trying to soothe his love. Their pulses fell out of sync; it was a sign that their connection was waning.

Rey looked down, realizing how exposed they both were. *This isn't the place. Not like this.*

Without an explanation, Rey disappeared—returning to her room aboard the battlecruiser.
Kylo stumbled forward, feeling cold and confused. He couldn't let her go, not this time. The Sith Master searched the stars with fervor, desperate to reconnect. He demanded answers, drifting from the fresher. The Force guided him across the expanse; they weren't finished yet.

Alone in her room, Rey gasped and sat up straight. Catching her breath, the Jedi realized she stripped her clothes off.

"Kriff," she muttered. They lay in a messy pile on the floor. She shouldn't have disrobed, not for the rendezvous. When they were younger, they figured out ways to leave their clothes on. It had been so long since they used the Force in this way; she couldn't help herself.

This was a mistake. Anyone could have stopped in to check on her. The thought was mortifying.

She pulled the neatly folded bed sheet off the cot, and wrapped it over her chest. A moment later, she felt Kylo Ren leaning into her. He was on the bed, making it creak. He snaked his toned arm around her, pulling Rey into his chest. He was making the attempt, at least, to show why he belonged in the Jedi Temple. Ben Solo was trying…

"What is it, Rey?" He asked, whispering in her ear. Rey felt small in his strong arms. She didn't close their connection and instead allowed him to slip right next to her. It was careless. She wanted him to chase her.

He smirked at the revelation, fortunate she had her back to him.

"You have another daughter. Her name is Hanna," she said, with a sigh. Rey's eyelashes fluttered closed. In an instant, Kylo had her pinned against the side wall. He had done this before, but never like this.

"What!?" he yelled, growling through his teeth.

Rey had never been afraid of him, not since Starkiller Base. She was shaking now, as his dark eyes burned into hers. Her head screamed to close the link, but she didn't. It was safer to have this conversation here, where she was somewhat in control.

"I had twins, Kylo. I never told you back then because I didn't know right away." Her voice died there. She was armed with practical excuses for the decision: the Dark Side, his anger, obsessions, thirst for war and destruction.

He looked away but didn't release her.

"You... what you've taken from me," he said softly. It was in an intimidating hiss. Fraternal Twins. One Light and One Dark. The presence he'd been feeling.

His mouth gaped open. He had a second daughter.

Rey's eyes drifted up to his chin, resting on his lower lip. "You've felt her?"

Kylo faced her again, lost in thought. "I've felt her," he answered.

Before she could respond he captured her lips with his. The kiss deepened to the point of hurting, engulfing them equally. One of his strong hands released her wrist and found the back of her neck. Her freed hand found his elbow in return, digging into it desperately. Rey bit his lip when he tried to pull away, making the powerful man groan.

Rey was left in a fog, reeling from the kiss. Kylo leaned his forehead into hers, taking the time to recover as well.
"This is a gift," he said.

The comment surprised Rey. He loosened his grip on her other wrist. She could have escaped now or slammed the connection shut. The Sith Master kept her body pinned but moved both his hands to her waist. He was gentler now.

"Yes. Yes, it is," Rey replied, shifting her gaze. She had to protect her daughters and didn’t want to give Kylo too much information about them. Her heart was pounding, as he watched closely. The look in her eyes, made him wary.

"Say what's on your mind," he said, rubbing her arms and planting a kiss on her shoulder.

"It's Hanna. I'm worried she's too much like you—who you were. Hanna is seeking out the Dark Side. She faked her own death and I believe she's been manipulating men to go on crusades to find you."

Kylo cleared his throat, "Lin Dameron," he said. There was a subtle smirk on his face as if the evidence was in front of him the entire time. Kylo never connected the pieces, when he should have. Someone sent Lin on the impossible task to track down his whereabouts.

"What about him?" Rey asked softly, leaning closer to Kylo.

"You should have told me right away. I can't believe you left me in carbonate all these years." His temper rose again.

"It's not that simple." Rey protested.

Kylo Ren turned away, placing one hand on the wall next to her ear. He considered leaving his love, right there. *Hanna needs me more*, he considered.

"I should be the one to train her. The Jedi won't understand her needs," Kylo said, not looking for permission.

"Come home. Be with me, Ben." Rey replied, giving in. He flashed a skeptical look at her. "I'll submit to your requests, but you need to stay away from Hanna."

Kylo Ren glowered in response.

"Her abilities come from me. What could you possibly do for her? She needs to learn from someone that can use the Dark Side," he said.

Rey's expression saddened. She looked tired and blurry-eyed. Kylo Ren wilted at the sight of her. He hated making Rey cry. Somehow, Rey was getting her way on the matter, even though these were his demands from the beginning.

Kylo Ren pulled his fingers through his hair, giving her a longing look.

"The Jedi Temple?" he asked, arching an eyebrow. His lips curled slightly, watching her face change.

"Yes. And my bed, too," Rey said.

She and Kylo had spent too much time apart and she wanted him close. She needed him close. Rey was a mother first. From her perspective, this was the best way to protect her children. Deep down, however, she wanted him just as badly as he wanted her.
"You won't be able to go by Kylo Ren, not in the Jedi Temple. You know that, right?"

The Sith Master scoffed.

"Fine," he replied a moment later. He knew what she was telling him and he didn't care. Every time she called him 'Ben' he'd make her beg for it. Without another word, he leaned down to kiss her on the nape of her neck. He found her lips after that, sealing the deal.

A knock came on the door and Rey pushed at Kylo Ren's chest. Kayla poked her head in without waiting for permission. Her eyes grew round like saucers.

Kylo Ren looked up and disappeared, just as Kayla ignited her lightsaber and kicked open the door.

Lin activated the landing gear and floodlights, lowering the frigate on Nesboon 6. He was in a tank top and old camo jeans when Hanna called him. After hanging up on her, he wasn't taking any chances. Lin removed the gauntlets from the kit, strapping them securely on his arms. The lightsaber never left his belt, a mantra that Kylo Ren drilled into him.

His Master emerged from the belly of the ship, his hair slicked back and damp. There was something different in his walk; more bounce beneath his usually bulky steps. The Sith Master seemed content for once.

"We're already here?" Kylo Ren asked, looking out the window. He ran his fingers through his hair, letting it fall back into its natural place. It didn't look like the neon city Lin described.

"No. We've diverted. Your daughter wishes to speak with you."

The pilot knelt by his gear, trying to decide if he needed the full kit or not. His fingers drifted over the Mandalorian mask.

"Kayla?" he asked, whirling around to face Lin. Before Lin could answer, a strange feeling washed over him. The presence he felt…

"No. Not that daughter," Lin said. "You were in that damn fresher forever. I had to make the choice."

Kylo inhaled deeply, noticing a transport speeder approaching. The Sith Master pulled on his mask, heading for the cargo area. Lin rushed after him, activating his gauntlets. Blaster attachments sprang out, ready to fire. He left his helmet in the case. Something told him that he wouldn't need the rest.

A heavily armed death squad surrounded the ship, weapons raised. Their tall, striking leader headed to the front of the group. Dropping the hood of her cape, she revealed wispy, charcoal hair.

As the frigate's ramp lowered, Hanna smiled. Unlike the rest of her gang, she wasn't afraid. Inside were two distinct Force signatures and one of them was her long-lost father.

"This isn't the same crew," Lin said, feeling a disturbance in the Force.

Kylo listened but didn't acknowledge his student. He remained calm as the ramp lowered.

"She's rolling with a special breed of lowlife," The hunter muttered, hoping his Master was on the alert.

Suddenly, the death squad started screaming. Hanna whipped around, looking at them in shock. Her men fell to their knees, continuing to shriek in agony. They dropped their guns and grabbing their
Hanna's pulse raced until she realized the source of their pain. A smile crept over her lips. She turned back toward the frigate, her eyes finding the lifeless mask of Kylo Ren.

Gliding down the ramp like a vulture, Kylo stopped just shy of his daughter. The two stared at each other for a long time, not saying a word.

The Sith Master removed his glove and slowly reached for her face. He gently caressed her chin, drinking in her features from all angles. Hanna didn't flinch. In fact, her shoulders relaxed. The young woman followed the lifeless eyes of the mask.

"You have my eyes and my chin," he noted. The comment made her smile. Kylo Ren could see Rey's face in hers, but mostly, he saw himself.

"You're beautiful... like your mother. But dangerous like me."

"Daddy," Hanna grinned in return.

With a click and a hiss, Kylo Ren removed his mask.

Hanna inhaled, getting to see her father for the first time. Kylo Ren couldn't describe the feeling he had for his daughter—his blood. She was almost his height and for a moment, nothing else in the galaxy mattered. He already loved her.

Hanna's men shook on the ground. They cried and pleaded for several agonizing seconds before Kylo Ren finally released them. The death squad whimpered and was left confused and emasculated by the power of the Dark Side. A few crawled for their weapons, which was a mistake.

Lin Dameron never took his eyes off the men. The hunter circled the cutthroats.

"Stay down," he ordered. When the first one refused to listen, Lin kicked him in the face. He fired two warning shots at the second dirtbag, which stopped the rest of them from moving.

"The next man that blinks will be shot in the one body part, they can't replace with robotics," he warned.

In the background, Hanna laughed. Lin ignored her cackle at first. Once he was satisfied that the gang got the message, he flicked his gaze toward Kylo Ren and Hanna.

Hanna gave him a flirty smirk. As if reading Lin's expression, she teased, "Hello, lover."

The color drained from Lin's face. He suddenly wished he had stayed in the frigate.

Kylo cranked his neck to look at Lin. Master and Apprentice locked eyes in an uncomfortable stare. Hanna laughed, breaking the tension. She pulled at her father's shoulder, wanting to usher him away. Her elbow locked around his, guiding him towards their hideout.

Lin took one look around the rundown bar and grimaced. It was home turf for Hanna's death gang. He didn't get their names or even an introduction—not that he cared to. There was one bartender, but no customers.

"Perfect," he muttered. Lin felt out of place. He was surrounded by thugs that wanted to gut him. Truthfully, he should feel right at home. Hanna's dive was the kind of ill repute joint that he often visited in the outer reaches.
Hanna's men had their weapons close; splayed out across the tables in the bar. The men were obedient; loyal to Hanna. It shouldn't have come as a surprise. But many of them were eyeing Kylo Ren with suspicion and hatred.

With a little concentration, Lin found that he could read their thoughts; search their feelings. His powers seemed to sharpen each time he used them. The men were unusually devoted to Hanna. They would lay down their lives for her, which he found peculiar. The gang would maim, steal, and kill if she gave the command. That kind of control was something that Lin hadn't encountered before.

Or had he?

"You're outta your league, fellas. The man in black let you off easy," Lin said. With that, he held up a glass to them a took a drink.

The gang shifted their eyes to the hunter. Lin wiped his mouth but seemed unconcerned with the gang. In fact, Lin could already tell how this evening was going to play out. If they couldn't put their hands on Kylo Ren, they would come after him.

Lin knew that he wasn't leaving the bar without getting to at least one fight.

From the corner booth, Hanna let out a bellowing laugh. The young woman was smoking and clearly enjoying herself. A cloud of white smoke trailed along her fingers. Hanna made a flourishing gesture, turning the smoke into some lettering. Kylo Ren smiled at his daughter.

She's dangerous. Lin thought. He realized that Hanna was the most dangerous person in the bar. What wouldn't Kylo Ren do for her? The man had never been a father before and she was used to manipulating grown men.

Lin couldn't make out what they were saying, but he could see they had an instant connection. They were talking like old souls; old souls who hadn't seen each other in years. He knew where this was going—the writing was on the wall.

"A father and daughter reunited," Lin said. Lifting his glass once more, he toasted the pair.

Without saying a word to Kylo Ren, the hunter headed for the back exit and left the bar.

The night's air was refreshing. Being outside was cleansing. It nearly washed the smell of the bar from his clothes. Taking a few steps down the alley, Lin accidentally kicked a bottle on its side. It rolled to a stop, resting in between uneven cobblestones.

He pointed his index and middle finger at it, concentrating on its shape. He could almost feel its weight and curvature in his grasp. The bottle wiggled, vibrating and scraping against the tiles. With a little more effort, he could get it to rise. The bottle came just off the ground before Lin was interrupted.

"Well, looky here boys," came a voice from behind.

Several of Hanna's henchmen followed him outside.

That didn't take long. Fools, he thought.

"Our Lady Shade, may not want the wizard harmed, but there is a bounty on your head," said the thug in the red mohawk. He pulled out a long, curved knife.
Lin smirked at the gang.

"Nice knife," he said, reaching for his belt. Lin ignited his green lightsaber, getting the gang to inch back a little.

"Go back in the bar. I won't ask twice," he warned.

Inside the bar, Kylo Ren looked toward the back. Lin Dameron was gone and several of Hanna's men were missing too. Hanna didn't seem concerned. She held his mask in her hands, admiring it.

"You're about to lose five men," Kylo stated matter-of-factly.

Hanna shrugged and smiled in response. Sliding across the padded booth, she got closer to her father.

"I suppose I should thank Lin," she said while studying every inch of Kylo Ren's face. It was hard to believe he was here. Hanna rested her head on his shoulder. His torso stiffened in response, unsure of how to react.

"I've searched for so long to find you. Who would have thought? Lin Dameron came through in the end. Are you training him?" she asked softly.

Kylo squinted and focused on the battle outside. Hanna's men fell one after another. They cried out, bleeding onto the uneven, rough tiles.

Lin Dameron made quick work of them. He dragged the tip of the lightsaber against the ground, making sparks kick up in his wake.

"I warned you. Morons," he said, stepping over a severed hand.

"Maybe I'm doing Lady Shade a favor," Lin said, raising the blade. "She's probably better off."

At that moment, Lin caught his reflection in a puddle of water. The green glow of his lightsaber cast a mean shadow across his face. He didn't recognize what he had become.

"Cherish the rest of your limbs and your lives," Lin said, taking one last look over his shoulder. He extinguished the blade of his lightsaber.

"You should be grateful that I'm not Kylo Ren."

Kylo Ren approached the frigate with Hanna by his side. His apprentice was outside, fighting with an old tug. The small, three-wheel vehicle had two flat tires. It wasn't going to move the X-Wing fighter more than a foot or two.

The Sith Master turned to face Hanna, giving his daughter a stern look. No words were exchanged, but Kylo made it clear he wanted her to remain there.

Lin looked at the pair and sighed. He was already in his bounty hunter outfit, kneeling by the tug's flat tire. Kylo moved within a few feet from the young man, noticing the helmet and Jetpack sitting on the ground.

He was leaving, Kylo could see it in his eyes. "I may need to move the Frigate a few feet, to get the X-Wing freed," Lin said, clearing his throat.
"You made a pledge to be my apprentice," Kylo replied.

He almost sounded disappointed. Maybe that was Lin's imagination.

"I have eyes," Lin said, resting one foot on his kit case. He tightened the buckles on his boot.

"You have a family, Kylo. I didn't know that… when I started on my crusade."

Kylo Ren kept his hands behind his back. His eyes shifted to the side as if he was checking on Hanna. The young man had a point.

"Three's a crowd." Lin laughed, picking up the jetpack by a strap and palming the helmet in the other hand. "I get it."

After an awkward beat, the pilot got serious for a moment.

"You have a second chance to have it all. You don't know what I'd give... I'd move stars to have my family back." He shook his head. "Fight, Kylo Ren. Win back Rey and Kayla. You lost eighteen years, but you can move past it and be a family."

Hanna overheard Lin and sneaked closer. She was careful about it and hoped that her father wouldn't snap at her for eavesdropping.

Kylo Ren held Lin's gaze for a moment, before clearing his throat. Hanna stopped at the noise, looking innocent.

The Sith Master extended one hand toward the X-Wing fighter, pulling it from under the frigate. The stunt fighter rose high, clearing the tug and any other obstacles. Seemingly with little effort, the fighter turned to face the open plains.

Lin inhaled, watching the awesome display of power. The X-Wing sat down gently, with plenty of room to take off. The hunter turned to look at Kylo Ren; he was at a loss for words.

"That photo of your family. There were names on the back of it. Names you need to hunt down," Kylo Ren stated.

Still stunned by the show of power, Lin nodded in response.

"Now you've seen what the Force can do," Kylo Ren continued. "Use it. Complete your mission. Avenge your loved ones."

Lin gave him a curt nod and walked away with the jetpack over his shoulder and his helmet tucked in the crook of his arm.

The Sith Master turned and headed toward the cargo ramp of the frigate.

"Come, Hanna," he ordered.

The young woman looked at Lin, with a hint of confusion. The pilot didn't look back, stuffing the pack and helmet behind his seat. He quickly hopped into the fighter and lowered the hatch over his head.

Hanna looked at the empty bounty hunter cases on the ground. With a faint pop, Lin was gone. His sub flight engines were beyond the horizon.

"Hanna," Kylo Ren called again.
She followed her father, boarding the frigate. A cold chill washed down her spine.

"Where the hell is he going?" Hanna asked once she found Kylo Ren. He didn't answer. Instead, he sank into the pilot's chair, adjusting it to accommodate his long legs and knees.

"Er... where are we going?" She asked, watching him enter coordinates.

Chapter End Notes

Send me feedback if you can - it makes me happy. It drives me forward. Lin is off on his own, but for how long? Reylo was on the same page—but Hanna has hooked her talons into him. We'll see.
Chapter Summary

The Reylo babies are on a collision course. Kayla has tracked her twin sister, Hanna to a small red planet. Meanwhile, Lin Dameron searches for his first target on the path for revenge. Setup chapter for some steamy goodness.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"We have to get Hanna first," Rey said hotly to Finn, ducking into the back of the Millennium Falcon.

Kayla was in the cockpit, preparing to detach the Falcon from the battlecruiser. The trio had been on the cruiser, searching for Rey's lost daughter, when they intercepted part of a deep space conversation. The transmission was between Lin and Hanna.

Two things became clear from the garbled communication. Hanna was indeed, looking for her father. Second, she and Lin Dameron had some sort of past.

Rey and Kayla were irritated for different reasons, but they needed to be on the same page. Kylo Ren had agreed to stay away from Hanna. Now, it looked like Lin was flying him straight to their wayward daughter. Rey seethed. Wanting to strangle him, she tried to open the Bond. But she quickly became frustrated when her attempts to contact him failed. He was cloaking himself from her.

Upon hearing the transmission, Kayla stormed across the battlecruiser. She got the Millennium Falcon online with needing anyone's assistance. She was stone-faced and focused on capturing Kylo, Lin, and Hanna. Her ears were bright red, she was so upset.

Rey could feel the anger radiating from her daughter when Finn pulled aside near the back of the Falcon.

"I know. I know, Rey. It's just, Kayla needs to know the truth about Lin Dameron. She's pissed and I think I know why. It's maybe her first crush and the boy is clearly bad news. Even I can feel her anger," he said in a hushed voice.

Rey and Finn had danced around this very issue from the start. Ever since Lin popped up on the prison security feed and became a wanted criminal. The pair hated keeping secrets from Kayla, but she appeared to have fleeting feelings for the troubled pilot. They wanted to protect Kayla, but really, they were protecting themselves.

The Jedi Master sighed, rubbing her forehead.

"I know you feel guilty," she said.

"Rey," he whispered, checking over his shoulder first. "That doesn't begin to cover it. You know Poe wanted us to act as guardians, if anything ever happened to him and Belin."
"Lin is a grown man. He was already in the academy when everything went sideways. It's been unfortunate that he's taken this path. But he has chosen it." She rebutted, crossing her arms.

"That doesn't change the fact that I wasn't...there. Guardians should be there, protective as if it's their own child. Rey, right now, Lin is out there, collecting scalps..." His voice trailed off.

Rey lowered her eyes. "I know."

"Eventually, he's going to find out the truth," Finn said. Rey shut her eyes, looking for clarity.

"I may not have the Force, but I know what my gut tells me. He's going after everyone responsible for his family's death," Finn continued.

Rey sighed, opening her eyes to gaze into his.

"What is he going to do, when he finds out? That I was tipped off about the attacks, but chose to save you and Kayla instead. That impossible choice, that ripped the Damerons from us." Finn's voice cracked.

"If he... if Lin came for you." The veteran was desperate and couldn't bear the thought of losing these women. He'd die for them if it came to it. There was no question about it and Rey understood that to be the case.

"What do you suggest we do?" Rey asked, sadly. Her eyes welled up and she fought a tightness in her throat.

Finn rubbed his chin.

"The priority is Hanna," he started, "But after that, I want to go after Lin. He needs to come home. He should be with us. Rey... you and I are the only family he has left. That's what we agreed to when he was born."

Rey quietly nodded.

"What if it's too late?" she asked. "Will Lin become the monster we fear; another lost son that we couldn't help?"

Finn stood quietly and thought about the question. He wasn't sure how to respond. The loudspeaker in the back of the Falcon flipped on with a buzz, breaking the tension.

"We're ready." Kayla said confidently. "I have the hyperspace coordinates to Hanna's location. Threepio is confident the transmission came from a small red planet, in the Nesboon system."

"We're heading up," Rey replied. Raising her hand, she stroked Finn's jaw. She cupped along the scarred side and her old friend smiled in return.

"Lin is lucky to have you as a guardian."

Lin Dameron cleared the planet's surface, staring out into the vast ocean of stars. He leaned back for a moment to admire the countless flecks of light. He always loved the breathtaking view, even if it made him homesick.

There wasn't much of a home to go too, it had burned down three years ago. There was always the family cabin, but it felt hollow. The stars were technically his home now. Reaching into his pocket, he wedged the picture of his family onto the console in front of him.
"Alright. One step closer," he said quietly, punching in coordinates for Hyperspace.

For a moment, the hunter's gaze found his father's warm smile in the picture. Lin had Poe's perfect teeth and handsome features. But he hardly smiled anymore; there wasn't a reason to.

His fingers brushed the surface of the aged photo, needing to feel the texture again.

"I know you wouldn't approve of any of this. None of you would. But, I must succeed. I know the Force will guide me; it's all I have left. And if I do this, if I'm right... then none of this bullshit matters." Lin said, feeling the lump in his throat getting the better of him. He pressed down on the hyperdrive.

The X-Wing stretched and with a loud 'pop', disappeared into the void.

A few seconds later, the Millennium Falcon exited hyperspace, near the very spot that Lin once occupied above Nesboon space.

"One step closer," Kayla said, flipping a switch and entering the red planet's atmosphere. She furrowed her brow, unsure as to why she chose those specific words.

Rey sat next to her, feeling Hanna's presence on the planet. It consumed her every fiber, making it hard to breathe. Her lost daughter was close. There was something else lurking, too. An unmistakable presence.

"Kylo Ren," Rey said, breathlessly.

"I had a feeling about the pilot when I met him three years ago. He was so broken, I knew it wouldn't take much to send him across the galaxy to find you. Just a gentle nudge, to send a young man tumbling into the abyss. Boys are easy. By the way, where are we going?" Hanna asked. She leaned over her father, who was seated behind the controls.

Kylo Ren loaded coordinates into the computer and remained silent. He was slightly annoyed to have Hanna looking over his shoulder. She would need to learn how to be an apprentice. How to be respectful.

She growled down at him and spun around to walk away. Her hand slammed into the metallic hull in frustration.

"What is it, child?" Kylo grumbled, cranking his neck to look at her.

"Talk to me. Force, you've been missing my entire life," she rasped. "Don't keep me in the dark. All I've done is work in the shadows, looking for you."

"Fine. You need to be trained. Your power is raw and out-of-control," Kylo said, curtly. He stood up and gave her a kiss on the forehead.

"Ah," she said, smiling.

"We cannot do that here," he added while walking past her. "It's time to leave the shadows."

Hanna liked the sound of that.

"This planet is a sinkhole, but I have devoted gangs on many systems. Even small armies," she boasted. "You can pick one. Hell, pick any system and we'll take it over. I have the death gangs to do it. No one would touch us."
"You're safe anywhere you go with me. Those thugs are no longer needed. You'll have the Force at your side, too," Kylo said, pouring himself some tea.

"Someplace warm and sandy then? We can train by the oceans, on the beach. It would be incredible," Hanna replied. She grinned just from picturing it.

"That's not what I had in mind." Kylo held the large gray cup, close to his full lips.

Hanna narrowed her eyes at him, before storming past. The young woman was intelligent and could clearly sense what was on her father's mind.

"I'm not going back! The Jedi Academy didn't want me then. They didn't think I was worthy," she said bitterly. Hanna proceeded to storm out of the ship.

"They were wrong, of course." Kylo Ren sighed, taking a sip of his tea. It reminded him of the beverages they served aboard the Finalizer. He never cared for it then, but he found it pleasant now.

"I must be feeling nostalgic," he snorted, setting the cup down. He stretched his neck, working out a kink, before striding after his daughter.

The Master of the Dark Side came down the frigate's ramp, to see fifteen men pointing guns at him. He seemed unfazed; clearly the Sith Master was used to facing insurmountable odds.

Hanna made a note of this as she gauged her father's expression.

"Would you really lead them to slaughter?" Kylo asked, eyeing Hanna way in the back. She moved behind the last rows of men with a sultry look on her face.

"Well Daddy, they are my lambs. You know, they'll do whatever I want?" Hanna said, arching her eyebrow to challenge him. The troubled girl didn't think these men would survive attacking Kylo Ren, but she was dying to see him use more of his abilities.

"I'm sure," Kylo smirked. His dark eyes panned across the gang. "Weren't there more of you?" He asked with a laugh. "Ah, that's right. They must be laying in the alley."

"Show me your strength, Kylo Ren. I need to see it again... especially if we're going to rebuild the First Order," Hanna said, almost seductively.

Kylo narrowed his eyes at the remark.

"The First Order is gone. It's time for you to stop acting like a child and come home." He gritted out. The irony of his advice didn't escape him or Hanna, for that matter.

"Oh, what did she promise you?" Hanna yelled. "There's no way we will be welcomed back to the Jedi Temple. We belong to the Dark Side, you and I." She didn't wait for a response. Hanna hopped onto one of the idling quad speeders that her men had brought along.

"I am the Dark Side," Kylo hissed, watching his daughter smile in return.

"Boys, make Lady Shade proud," she called out. Punching on the accelerator, she sped away.

Kylo watched her smoke trail kicking across the desert. The men slowly approached the daunting Force user, their weapons at the ready.

"Every single one of you is unworthy of her. Weak... pathetic." Kylo Ren's voice trembled as he used the Force to take control of their gun hands.
The gangsters panicked, crying out in disbelief. Each member turned and trained their blasters on a different compatriot. The Force pinned them like statues, locked in a battle for life and death. A battle these men were doomed to lose.

"It's a shame there is only fifteen of you. I suppose you'll have to shoot yourself in the head." Kylo said, walking past the largest thug in the center.

The tattooed brute begged, feeling his own hand jam a blaster into his temple.

"I'm borrowing one of your rides," Kylo said, starting the speeder bike. "I know most of you have made passes at my daughter. Some of you did far worse. Otherwise, you wouldn't be under her influence. I let one man off the hook for that today..."

Kylo Ren revved the speeder bike's throttle.


The sounds of blasters firing and bodies falling, filled the night's air. Kylo Ren kicked on the accelerator, taking off in Hanna's direction.

Hanna skidded the quadseater to a stop, at the nearest fuel station on the outskirts of town. The station was lit up in neon and had all sorts of unsavory characters, lined up at the pumps.

"Hey, guys!" Hanna shouted to a group of five bikers. "Would you help a damsel in distress?"

Giving them a wink, she drew them a little closer.

The dark-haired temptress lured them with a whisper. A heartbeat later, the five men stood stiffly, with blank expressions on their faces. Two climbed into the back seat of the quad and another in the front passenger seat. The other two jogged for their bikes, pulling into flanking positions around her speeder.

"Perfect." Hanna giggled, taking off for the desert again. From the backseat, the bikers trained their weapons toward the rear, looking for approaching trouble. Speeder bikes pulled alongside Hanna, acting as her wingmen. Tearing off into the night with the armed patrol at her disposal, Hanna smiled. The rush of cool air felt great on her skin and hair, as she considered her next move. She wouldn't allow her father to bring her to the Jedi Academy.

A few minutes later, something happened that shook Hanna to the core. Her lips parted. She felt a tremor in the Force.

With a roar, the Millennium Falcon buzzed the makeshift convoy.

"Oh, Kriff!" Hanna shouted, swerving the speeder in surprise. She nearly clipped the starboard biker, who slammed on the breaks and went flying off his ride anyway.

"He did it! He kriffing did it! He actually called my mother." Hanna cried out, suddenly wishing she acquired a larger group of escorts.

No, I found you, Hanna. Came a familiar voice in her mind.

"Kayla," she whispered. For the first time in many years, the Bond she shared with Kayla was open again.

A second later, Kayla dropped onto the moving speeder. She tossed the first gunner in the backseat,
overboard. Hanna screamed in shock, watching her twin grapple with the second, large man in the rear. The guard in her passenger seat twirled around, trying to grab Kayla by the neck.

Hanna's last wingman maneuvered to the side of the quad seater, aiming at the struggling pair in the back.

"Head down," the biker yelled. He fired into the speeder. Hanna ducked for cover, as Kayla wrestled with both men.

The first shot hit the dash of the speeder. The second flew at Kayla's face. She ignited her lightsaber, deflecting the shot right back to the biker. It disabled his vehicle, eliminating him from the trace.

"Damn," Hanna cursed. She didn't want to see her sister harmed.

Kayla kneed her attacker in the groin, causing him to shout. The assailant in the passenger seat raised his large fist up in the air, aiming for the Jedi. He shouted, however, getting ripped from the speeder.

Both sisters look bewildered for a moment, wondering who pulled the man from the vehicle.

Hanna shrugged it off and reached over, piloting with one hand. She pulled on Kayla's wrist, pinning the lightsaber in place. The blue blade retracted; Kayla did not want to stab her sister accidentally.

"Hanna, you... you loathsome bitch," Kayla called out.

Hanna flashed her a heated stare, ignoring the road ahead.


The last bodyguard grabbed Kayla once more and the Jedi unleashed a Force Push into his chest, sending him out of the speeder.

"Kriff!" Hanna said again. She elbowed Kayla in the head, causing her sister to roll out of reach and crouch in the backseat.

Losing sight of the terrain, the speeder cascaded off a set of heavy boulders. The impact bucked Kayla from the speeder, sending her recklessly through the air.

A dark figure came flying through the night like a vulture. In a quick swoop, Kylo Ren caught Kayla in his arms and landed gracefully on the coarse red sand. Letting out a gasp, Kayla found herself wrapped in her father's arms—staring in his dark eyes.

His twisted, concerned expression eased into a crooked smile.

"My Light," he repeated. Kylo Ren was happy to be staring at his first-born again.

Kayla was speechless. The Falcon circled back and prepared to land.

Hanna's speeder slammed into the ground, keeping its course. The machine sputtered and sparked, but the young woman didn't care about the damage. She flashed a quick look behind her and cursed. Off in the dusty trail was a cloaked figure, holding a Jedi. Hanna cursed loudly, hitting the wheel at her fingertips.

"Of course. I can't believe it! Kayla gets everything she wants." Hanna sneered.

The temptress would find more armed men to back her up, at the next pit stop.
Many more, she thought.

Lin approached the first guard tower on the Axien asteroid, the most notorious prison in the galaxy. The Asteroid rarely received visitors, as it was placed in a treacherous belt. Its size gave it slight gravity and a partial, uninhabitable atmosphere. The prison itself was entirely enclosed with a labyrinth of halls and towers.

"Dropping off?" The guards inside asked him, noticing the bounty hunter armor. It wasn't unusual for a bounty hunter to show up unannounced.

"Not exactly," Lin said, slamming his palm above his head, on the thick glass partition. In his fist, he held his lightsaber. Their wide eyes traveled upward, noticing the weapon.

"Maker!" The guards yelled as they backed up. "Lin Dameron."

Lin had broken into enough armed facilities to be on every prison's watch list. And now that the galaxy knew he was Kylo Ren's apprentice, no one was stupid enough to try to capture him alone. The Hunter used this to his advantage. If people believed they might see Kylo Ren turning the corner, they may be more cooperative up front.

The guards activated the switch to open the first gate. Lin said nothing in return. His menacing visor seemed to make the point alone. By the time the Hunter reached the second set of security doors, there was an armed team waiting for him.

"What's this about, Dameron? We don't want any trouble," the warden shouted.

"Then move," Lin replied. He voice cracked and sounded deeper when it came through the mask.

"I can't do that. If you're busting someone out of here, it will be taken out of our paychecks," the warden continued.

"I won't be breaking anyone out. Believe me." Lin growled.

The guards waited nervously, locked in a deadly standoff. The warden looked down, considering his options. "Stand down," he ordered. He waved his hand to make sure his guards lowered their weapons.

Lin remained quiet. The combination of his "T" shaped visor and growing infamy made him appear much more menacing. The armed guards parted, giving him a clear aisle.

The Hunter stalked past them and disappeared into the corridors ahead. Lin entered the blast doors that had the number "five" painted on them. The guards he passed along the way made no effort to stop him.

"Sir, what do we do?" One of them asked. He showed the warden the security feed.

"He's headed for tower five. You don't break into a prison like this, without an agenda. We will… alter the data and make whatever, look like an accident," the warden answered.

General Hux sat reading in his spacious cell. Captivity suited him better than most and his former standing had a lot to do with it. He had plenty of holopads to read; an adequate amount of entertainment. The First Order General had been given preferential treatment for his cooperation after the war. Plus, he had pull in this facility—making deals with the guards.
The cell doors were opened, as they often were. Hux heard a familiar sound, which made him pause and set down the holopad. He waited a moment until he recognized the distinct humming sound.

"Kylo Ren!" he choked, as the footsteps drew near. His face turned red and his pulse quickened.

"Not exactly," Lin said, turning the corner. The bounty hunter stalked into his room, his green saber pulsed at his side.

Hux sat up in his chair, noticing the lightsaber. His reddish hair had grayed a little over the years. He sneered, before letting out a quick laugh. *Of course, this is some sort of prank.*

"You won't kill me, Jedi," Hux said arrogantly, ignoring the mandalorian armor and focusing on the color of the blade. "Now, what's this all about?"

"I need some information, General Hux. Your fate depends on the answers you give me. Understand… I am, no Jedi." Lin replied.

"Is that so?" Hux started to reply, but his voice quickly faded. A faint pressure wrapped around his throat.

Raising his hand at the disgraced ex-general, Lin felt the Force obey his command. Hux started choking and dropped to his knees.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry its been a while, but I'm looking forward to updating this story and getting back to Reylo / Kaylin land. I had to finish
"The Force Arranges A Marriage." :D - come find me on tumblr and say "hello." I post updates and artwork - iancantbesaved
Lin Dameron grabbed a chair, dragging it across the hard, prison floor. It scraped loudly, grinding against the cold surface.

Hux winced at the sound, trapped up against the cylinder block wall of the prison cell. Lin kept the Force hold on the General, though it wasn’t as strong as it could be. Hux chose not to press his luck with the Force user and chose not to fight to get loose.

NotEmpty until he knew what this was about, Hux thought.

Lin removed his jetpack and sank into the cushioned chair.

"This is kinda fancy for a prison cell, isn't it General?" Lin asked. "Does every First Order goon get cells like this or just the fussy ones?"

The general sneered at the remark, staying tight-lipped.

"Silk sheets, a little library, and an antique tea set." Lin, nudged the tea set with the Force, sending it crashing to the floor below.

"Oops. Still working on that part," he chuckled. His laughs were amplified darkly by the mask.

"You... what is it you want, Hunter?" Hux sputtered.

"Right down to business, I like it," Lin replied, releasing his hold on the former General.

Hux dropped onto his cot, which squealed loudly as he bounced into it.

"Huxley—may I call you Huxley?" The Hunter asked, leaning forward.

Hux clutched at his throat, rubbing it. He wanted to tell the brash bounty hunter off or yell for help.

"Great! Huxley. I need to ask you about a project the First Order was rumored to be working on." Lin waited for the general to right himself, sitting up straight.

"Rocko! Ven Alborn!" Hux cried out, looking to his right.

Lin sniffed, ignoring the two large thugs that appeared in the doorway. They wore red jumpsuits and were squeezing to get in at the same time. Hux was about to say something clever when the blaster attachment sprang out of Lin's gauntlet. Without looking, Lin fired twice. Both prisoners fell instantly.
Hux jumped back on his cot, shielding himself. He looked up to see Lin Dameron 'blowing out' the smoke from the blaster, before letting it retract. The gesture may have made Hux snort, seeing a man in a helmet do such a thing. But the General realized, Kylo Ren's apprentice was the real thing.

"Any other rent-a-thugs?" Lin asked, watching Hux shake his head 'no.' The Hunter got the feeling that this was a lie but brushed it off.

"I was friends with Kylo Ren," Hux said, finding his usual sneer. "We served together."

"No, you weren't. Kylo Ren doesn't have friends. Now, where was I? Oh yeah, the First Order had this project."

"Leviathan," Hux replied, resting the back of his head on the white blocked wall.

Lin was taken aback by the answer and found himself fortunate to be wearing his mask. He knew the name, but couldn't recall where he had heard it from. Leviathan. He thought.

"We'll come back to that," Lin stated. "I need to know about a project called Check—"

"We're not having this conversation," Hux interrupted, his face turning red. "And where the hell is the guards! What am I paying you for?" He yelled desperately out of his cell, banging his fist on the metallic bookshelf.

"They won't come. You aren't paying them enough to fight the apprentice of Kylo Ren," Lin said. He stood abruptly, kicking the chair behind him.

"Okay, okay." Hux said, staring at the Hunter's menacing visor. "That particular project was in experimental phases only. Early development." The general looked up to the corner of his cell. There was an oddly shaped vent in the corner, making Lin suspicious. The Hunter fired a shot at the vent, destroying the security camera hidden inside. Hux exhaled in defeat. He realized help was not coming for him.

"But, is it possible? Theoretically, I mean," Lin asked. When Hux didn't reply right away, he kicked the bedpost.

The General rolled his eyes in response.

"That was a Snoke project. As for viability in applications, you're the Force User. You tell me."

Hux replied with an edge.

Lin yanked his lightsaber off his belt, leaning his head forward. The Mandalorian visor looked intimidating like this, something that Lin practiced in front of the mirrors.

"Where's the intel on the project?" Lin barked, starting to pace in the cell.

"I have no idea and that's the truth," Hux said, studying the pacing young man. The cell was the largest one on the block, giving Lin a little room to maneuver. Hux thought the walk reminded him a bit of Kylo Ren's. Though Lin wasn't as tall.

"Try harder," Lin snapped, getting in the General's face.

"The data is with the Republic. General Leia Organa took everything," Hux said, keeping his voice as calm as possible. "That was part of the deal."

The frustrated young man bowed his head, reading General Hux. Kriff. Was this a dead end?
"But they didn't take everything, did they?" Lin asked, sensing the General's heartbeat quicken.

"When I was at the academy, we learned about the First Order; studied it," Lin said, walking away from Hux. The General scoffed at the notion.

"And you'll never guess what name kept coming up." Lin continued, looking at a photo of a funny cat on the opposite wall. It was the only personal effect displayed in the cell.

"Leviathan," Hux replied.

"Start talking, Huxley," Lin ordered. He kept his lightsaber clutched firmly in hand.

Kylo Ren stared into his daughter's eyes and gave her a crooked smile.

"Put me down," Kayla breathed. She was starting to feel uncomfortable, but not because he was holding her. What was unnerving, was how comfortable she felt around him. How familiar the stranger seemed. The Sith Master did just that, respecting her request. He continued to smile, even as she backed away.

Kayla was guarded and understandably so. Her fiery eyes never left Kylo Ren's as she fidgeted with her hair tie.

"You don't need to fear me, Kayla. The entire galaxy may fear me, but you shouldn't." Kylo said, refraining from taking a step toward her. "Here's your lightsaber."

He offered it freely.

Kayla looked at it, before darting her eyes back to his. She snatched it with the Force, not wanting to come within arm's length of the man.

He laughed. "Okay, we'll work on proximity. It was like that with your mother sometimes in the—"

"You bastard!" Rey shouted from behind him, catching the Sith off guard.

Kylo turned around, seeing his love's scowling face. He gave her a warm smile. Rey jumped up and decked him with a right cross. Kayla seemed surprised by this and flinched more than Kylo did. The Sith Master growled, backing up and feeling his jaw. He worked his lower mandible around and spit out a tooth.

"I hope that one had a cavity!" He snarled, whipping around to get in Rey's face.

Rey narrowed her eyes and reached for her lightsaber. Both Masters ignited their blades at the same time, lunging for each other.

"What was that about?" Kylo said, bringing down an overhead swing.

Rey blocked his strike and pushed forward.

"We had a deal, did we not?" Rey said, cursing. She ducked under his parry, nearly missing with her own counter swing.

"I was bringing Hanna to you before she took off. Apparently, she hates the Jedi Temple." Kylo said, locking their blades in a stalemate. "Are you really upset with me, or yourself?"

Rey let out a primal scream and spun out of his hold, kicking his kneecap. Kylo growled and
stumbled, watching Rey circle him.

"You'd rather strike me down, than deal with your feelings for me," he accused.

"Oh bullshit, Ben," Rey snapped. Kylo straightened up, his height looming over Rey. He clenched his jaw and a crazed look washed over him. She'd only seen him like this, a handful of times.

"What the hell did you call me?" Kylo said.

Rey took a defensive form, her lips parting. "You'd better get used to it," she gritted out.

Both Masters marched toward each other, preparing to go to blows. Without warning, Kylo and Rey were disarmed, their lightsabers ripped from their grasp. They turned in shock, to see Kayla holding both hilts.

"Enough," She ordered, glaring at both of her parents.

"Why did you steal the frigate, if you weren't planning on starting a war?" Rey asked, looking down at Kylo Ren.

He frowned at her and shook his head, swiveling in the pilot's seat a little.

"I suppose I owed it to the pilot... for rescuing me," he said softly.

_You know why, Rey. All I wanted was to come home and be with you. Maker, you make it seem like you'd despise 'fucking' every single night._ His voice slipped into her mind.

Rey swallowed hard, her cheeks turning a rosy shade. Kayla watched her mother closely. She knew something was up.

"Are you talking through the Force again? Or is it something else?" Kayla asked. She remembered walking into her mother's cabin, seeing a naked Kylo Ren fade away. "Oh, I'm going to be sick."

"Kayla, it wasn't anything like that," Kylo said quietly, staring at the ceiling of the frigate.

"You! You don't get to talk to me, Kylo Ren. You've been threatening my mother ever since you got out of hibernation." Kayla yelled.

Kylo stood, tightening his lips. The Sith Master towered over his daughter.

"What the hell did you tell Kayla?" He asked Rey, shifting his gaze towards his lover.

"The truth," Rey said, simply.

"The truth? That I do not wish to fight anymore? That I am desperate to come home and be with you?" Kylo replied, in a low voice.

Kayla tilted her head, staring at Rey with round, buggy eyes. "Mom, is that true?" Rey scrunched her face, giving Kayla all she needed to know.

"We can't have a Sith Master in the Jedi Temple," Kayla exasperated.

Kylo heard enough and stormed out of the Frigate. His loud steps rattled the thin corridors.

"Where are you going?" Kayla yelled at him. "Where the hell is he going?" She snapped at her
Leaving the Frigate, he came face-to-face with Finn.

"Are they always this difficult?" Kylo muttered, staring off in the distance.

"Drinking helps," Finn replied, watching Kylo brush past.

The sound of a blaster safety disengaging made Kylo Ren to stop. Finn trained his weapon at the back of Kylo Ren's head.

"Do not test me right now, FN-2187," Kylo barked, keeping his back to Finn.

"Stop. Just stop," Kayla shouted, dashing to Finn's side. Her old friend clenched his jaw and lowered his blaster.

"This isn't over," Finn warned.

"I agree," Kylo nodded, turning and sending a Force Push into Finn's chest.

The war hero flew back twenty yards, feeling the air leaving his lungs. Flipping end over end, he felt the Force grab him by the ankles.

Kayla spun around, looking at her father in shock. He set Finn down easy, who coughed and sputtered to get his wind back.

"If he tries that again, I'll do more than scar his face," Kylo hissed.

"You're a monster," Kayla replied, pulling out her lightsaber and taking a defensive stance. Her thumb hovered over the weapon's ignition switch.

"I'm going after Hanna. Are you coming with me?" He asked, gesturing towards the open desert plains.

Rey finally came storming out of the frigate and got right in Kylo Ren's face.

"You're not going anywhere near Hanna. In fact, you're going into custody." Rey stated.

"You and what army, Rey?" Kylo smirked. He watched both women step back and ignite their lightsabers.

Overhead, two Republic landing parties came into view.


"I won't harm Hanna or any of you. You're my girls." Kylo replied, narrowing his gaze. "I can't say the same about your backup." The Sith Master ignited his crossguard, bending his knees into a defensive stance.

Republic marines spilled out of both landing ships, rappelling to the ground. Kylo Ren could feel the guns trained on him. Grandmaster Kenobi thought she brought enough support, but the smug look on her face hid a thimble of doubt. She hadn't faced her lover in many years and although she was much stronger; *so was he.*

Kylo laughed.
"If I were to harm all these men, then what?" he said, twirling his crimson lightsaber behind him.

"Don't," Kayla replied, killing the blade to her saber. "Come with us... willingly."

"You spent time with Hanna and can speak of her intentions. She's been able to hide from us for years and we don't know how—or why. We could use your expertise to bring her home. Your guidance."

Rey shot her daughter a cross look. Kayla was in no position to negotiate, but from the look on Kylo Ren's face, it appeared to have worked.

"My guidance," Kylo replied, turning off his saber and clipping it on his belt. "How unexpected. How wise. Well, it sounds like somebody just passed her trials," Kylo Ren added, congratulating his daughter. "You should be proud, Kayla."

Rey and Kayla exchanged sharp glances.

Hanna eyed the class three freighter. She stayed in the shadows, getting a read on the entire crew outside. The Captain of the ship came halfway down the loading ramp and shouted to his crew to get on board for take-off.

The dark-haired woman crept closer to the crew, staying out of the street level lights. The freighter was parked in speeder lanes that were hardly used in these parts.

Smugglers, she thought, her lips curling at the edges.

The Captain squinted and noticed a tall beauty striding toward them. She stayed in the shadows with every step, feeling his eyes on her.

"Well, look what we have here, boys," the Captain yelled. He knelt on the ramp and let out a whistle. His crew crowded behind him, staring at Hanna with interest.

"Who might you be, sweetheart?" He asked.

"My name is Hanna, but you may call me Lady Shade," she said, giving him a flirty smile. Hanna stood underneath the freighter's running lights. It threw a harsh shadow over her features, bathing most of her form in darkness.

The Captain flashed his crooked teeth at her, waving at her to step closer into the light.

"Your crew belongs to me," Hanna commanded. She watched the grin slowly fade from the Captain's face.

"All of you belong to me. Your ship belongs to me. Your lives are mind to control," she said louder, using the Force to bring the rest of the crew under her will.

"We belong to you." They chanted in unison, with vacant expressions.

"Perfection." Hanna smiled, stepping onto the ramp. One of the men reached with his hand and offered to help her. She grabbed it and twisted the young man's arm. He cried and fell to his knees in pain.

"The next man that tries to touch me, will lose an arm." She warned, letting go and stepping over the young man. The crew looked terrified and gave her plenty of room to enter the ship.
"Nerf herders," she muttered.

"Get this freighter into space," Hanna ordered, glaring at the Captain. She took a step back, staring off into the darkened desert plains.

"Kriffing Jedi," she hissed.

"No, Rey. Under no circumstances are you bringing Kylo Ren back here," Luke said, on the other end of the transmission. The old man chuckled in disbelief like it was the punchline to one of Finn's bad jokes.

"This isn't up for debate," Rey said flatly.

"He's a fugitive," Luke replied, scratching his gray beard. "Maker, even if he wasn't…"

"Ben Solo is returning to the Temple, not Kylo Ren. We need to put him to work and keep a watchful eye on his movements. If he goes to a prison cell again, we may as well usher in the return of the Dark Side," Rey said.

"You're not viewing this from every angle. It would give a Sith Master access to our entire academy. Do I need to remind you what happened when Ben Solo attacked the last batch of padawans?"

"He doesn't want the Jedi. Just me." Rey sighed, feeling Kayla's presence outside her cracked open door.

"What is it?" Rey snapped, looking at her daughter. With a wave of her hand, she yanked it open.

"Hanna...she's not on the planet anymore. She found a crew leaving the surface and brought them under her influence," Kayla said. She had overheard most of her mother's conversation. The Bond between both sisters was working again, favoring Kayla's resolve and dedication to the Force. "I've felt it," she continued.

Rey closed her eyes briefly. The Jedi killed the transmission from Artoo, without saying another word to Luke.

"Do you know where Hanna is going now?" Rey asked, dreading the answer.

"She's trying to find someone that is just as reckless as she. And we don't need three guesses to figure out who that might be," Kayla said. Turning abruptly she left.

Furious, Lin ignited his lightsaber and grabbed Hux by the collar. He physically pinned the General against the cell wall and leaned into him.

He couldn't believe the words coming out of Hux's mouth.

"Where the hell is Leviathan?" The Hunter growled, his voice cracking through the Helmet mod. He placed his blade inches from Hux's throat.

The General flinched, feeling the heat of the weapon.

"I'm not sure," Hux replied, his voice shaking. It was out of his character to panic. He hated showing weakness.

"There's no chance Leia Organa confiscated it? Perhaps the Republic found the superweapon and
"destroyed it?" Lin asked.

"No, they haven't. I would know. Organa would have brought additional charges. I may not have received a plea deal at all." Hux replied, eyeing the blinding hot, green blade.

Lin released the General, throwing him on the cot.

"Okay, let's think." Lin barked, pacing again. He kicked Hux's drafting table, sending papers scattering everywhere.

"I'm not the first person to ask you about this, am I? Who else have you told?" Lin asked, feeling his arms shake.

"If you break me out of here, I can help you find Leviathan," Hux said, licking his lips a little.

"No. You don't know where it is," Lin answered. He killed his blade. "You can't lie to me, so don't try. And I've gotten used to finding the impossible."

Hux looked indignant at the remark.

"You will need access codes, which I can provide. However, I need to be there to see the circuit positions. It's much like a safe with a revolving combination, in these regards," Hux stated.

"I won't need the codes" Lin said, reaching up and removing his helmet. "And you're not leaving this facility. It's not in the stars, I'm afraid."

"What do you mean?" Hux asked, studying Lin's facial features. He was strikingly similar to someone from his past. Though, the General couldn't place the name.

"You see, I'm Lin Dameron. Poe Dameron's son and last surviving descendant." The Hunter had a slight smile, that quickly faded.

The pale face of Hux drained, making him look ghastlier than ever.

"Da… Dameron, you say?" Hux stuttered. He wasn't sure if Kylo Ren's apprentice was capable of cold-blooded murder before, but this changed everything.

"Three years ago, my universe got turned upside down. A radical movement of First Order sympathizers, started pulling these stunts. Surely, you knew of the Coalition?"

"I didn't have anything to do with the Coalition; they were extremists," Hux replied sharply. He didn't like where this was headed.

"Yes, yes they were. But they went from doing lawful protests to taking hostages, rather quickly. The Republic didn't do enough to protect its citizens. Neither did the Jedi." Lin said, snapping his eyebrows together.

"I didn't have anything to do with the Coalition!" Hux insisted. "I hate disorder; disobedience, in any form."

"I'm sure you do. The pisser, Hux, is that those radicals were calling for your release. And you never once put a stop to it. You were given the opportunity to speak out and you sat on your thumbs instead. Probably reading one of these damn books." Lin eyed the cell's furnishings with open contempt.

"This is preposterous," Hux cried.
"So, the Coalition took a handful of recognizable Republic families and held them as hostages. My father... fought them. He wouldn't be taken, used as a pawn..." Lin's voice trailed off, fixating on the cat picture again.

Hux swallowed hard. He eyed the young man's lightsaber and lunged for it.

Lin grabbed his hand tightly and squeezed. Hux fell to the floor in agony, as the sounds of bones crunching echoed in the cell. The General wailed, pleading for mercy.

"I spent the last three years making friends with unsavory characters throughout the galaxy. I wanted to hunt down every Coalition member, weeding them out. I've done terrible things, just to get here." Lin's voice trembled. His eyes were watery and his face twisted with anger.

"You're not the only officer they tried to set free that day. You're not the only name on my list...from either side." Lin growled and released the general's busted hand.

"But, you are up near the top," Lin turned his back to Hux and ignited his lightsaber.

The General stayed on his knees, looking at the only exit.

"I will help you find the Leviathan... and assist with your other ambitions." Hux pleaded.

"I've been in your head," Lin replied, whirling the lightsaber around, but keeping his back to the general. "You've killed billions without giving it a second thought or single regret."

Hux ran for his bookshelf and retrieved a small, concealed pistol. He aimed and fired in a blink.

The Hunter spun around and deflected the first two shots. Hux backed towards the exit of his cell, firing again.

Lin blocked them one after another, getting closer with every form and step he took. The ricochets narrowly missed Hux each time. The redhead backpedaled and tripped over the thugs laying in the doorway. Lin lunged forward with an under-over parry, slicing Hux's hand clean off and cutting across his chest. The silver pistol fell to the floor in two pieces.

Crying out, Hux fell onto his bodyguards.

"Execution is no way for a man to die," Lin watched Hux's breathing, which became labored. "But you're not a man, are you? My father was. He was a real man."

Lin emerged from the quiet cell, carrying his helmet tucked in his arm. He stepped over the hired muscle and fading General.

He didn't feel better knowing that Hux was on his way out; not that he expected too. Tears welled in his eyes, causing him to jam the helmet down over his ears. The Hunter rounded the corner and came to a stop.

A young man in red prison colors blocked his path. He crouched in a fighting stance, pointing a shiv towards Lin.

"How old are you?" Lin asked, thrown by the youngster's shaved head and facial hair.

"Eighteen," the kid replied, his voice shaking.

"And Hux paid you off, too? As his bodyguard?"
The kid nodded, looking unsure of himself. *He was scared.* The young man had tattoos and looked like he had been in and out of incarceration for most of his life. Lin realized the 'look' was a front—a defense; façade. *Much like his helmet.* He was only a few years younger than Lin.

"Beat it," Lin said, flicking his chin. "Maybe you can save your boss."

The kid dropped the improvised weapon, staring into the Mandalorian helmet. He muttered his thanks and bolted in the direction of Hux's cell. He could hear the younger man slide to a stop, presumably trying to aid the General.

Lin sighed, glad that his mask was hiding how upset he really was.

The walk out of the facility seemed like a blur. The guards made sure to give the Hunter a wide berth. They kept their hands near their holstered blasters. A few held stun batons, but no one dared approach Lin. The former pilot held his saber in his hands but paid little attention to anyone around him.

"How many *accidents*, do I need to report to our governing board?" The supervisor asked, watching Lin pass the second gate.

"Three," Lin replied, looking straight ahead. "If you hurry, maybe only two." He added, feeling numb, as he left the facility.

Rey stormed into the brig, gesturing for the guards to leave her alone with Kylo Ren. She looked about as serious as Kylo ever remembered her being. Some stray strands of hair brushed against her cheek; something about the look put the Sith Master in a frenzy.

"I don't want to be disturbed," Rey ordered.

The guards acknowledged and left her in peace. The outer brig door sealed and locked into place, with a heavy thud.

Kylo was laying on a bench in the cell when she came in. In a heartbeat, he was standing up near his side of the force field. The Sith Master brushed his glove against the yellowish field, causing it to flicker.

"At last," Kylo said, taking in every inch of her. He removed his gloves.

Rey walked slowly up to the brig's forcefield. She refused to break Kylo Ren's stare, stopping just inches from the barrier herself.

"Maker, the trouble you've caused me," Rey said, scowling at him.

"You kept me on ice for nearly two decades. Am I not allowed to cause some trouble?" He gave her a little smile. His eyes wandered down her neck, resting on her clavicles and then drifting down further.

"After all these years, you're still checking me out?" Rey asked, lowering the field to the cell.

"I know what I want." He growled, extending an arm and using the Force to pull her into his torso.

Rey wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him in for a kiss. *Maker, it had been so long,* she thought—before her mind completely went blank. Kylo lifted her higher, allowing Rey to deepen the kiss from a different angle.
"Fuck you, Ben Solo," she said, wrenching her lips back from his.

Kylo hissed and kissed her neck. Rey moaned into the brig, echoing loudly. Kylo continued to kiss and suck on her neck, pinning Rey against the wall.

"Force!" She cried out, feeling his hardness brushing against her.

"You've needed this. We both have." Kylo breathed, wrapping his hand around her wrist.

Rey cried out, as Kylo forced her hand above her head and held it there. Kylo's other hand snaked under her shirt, finding her breasts.

"Kylo!" Rey choked, as his fingers brushed over her nipples. The Jedi Master started grinding her hips into him, slowly tightening her hold.

"We're not going to get interrupted, right?" Kylo questioned, pulling her shirt over her head.

"No, I sent everyone on errands." Rey breathed. Kylo released her wrist, pinning the other one up high and allowing Rey to discard her top.

The Sith Master brushed his lips along the nape of her neck and pulled back to admire her bare chest.

"You look amazing, you feel amazing," he hissed, pushing in to kiss right under her chin. Kylo's thumbs and index fingers found her earlobes, rubbing them gently with his rough fingers.

"You've still got it," Rey moaned. She had forgotten how much of her body that Kylo Ren explored, all those years ago.

"Kriff, I'm going to bury my cock in you. It's throbbing, I'm so hard, Rey." He groaned before finding her lips.

Rey moaned, wrapping her fingers in his dark hair. She fought to free her other hand, but Kylo wouldn't release it.

"Fewer clothes," the Jedi begged, as Kylo lifted her and latched a nipple into his mouth.

Rey cried out, arching her chest into his lips. Her back pushed harder against the brig wall, wedging her frame in place.

Kylo unclasped his belt. He kept her pinned, but allowed Rey to yank her hand away from his. He found her other breast, giving it plenty of attention.

Eventually Rey pushed on his shoulders, without needing to verbalize her desires. Kylo fell to his knees, letting Rey stand for a moment on weakened legs. He kissed her exposed belly while Rey threw her head back against the wall.

"How long have you been wanting to fuck me in a prison cell?" He asked her, kissing down her belly. His fingers ran along her waist band. She moaned in response and he pulled her pants down.

Rey stepped out and immediately shed her panties, too.

Kylo pulled one of her thighs over his shoulder and leaned in to kiss her sex. Rey was open to him and she couldn't help but whimper and buck against his touch.

"You taste as good as I remember." He groaned, giving her a slow lick. His tongue came forward, as her thighs widened for him. Towards the end of his lick, Kylo found her sensitive bundle.
"Maker." Rey cried out, rattled by the jolt of pleasure.

"Say my name, Rey. I'm the one doing this to you." He ordered.

"Kylo," she whimpered. Just then, his long fingers found her mouth.

"Tell me what you want." He hissed, before tasting her again.

"Fuck me, Kylo Ren," she cried into his index and middle finger. Rey pulled on his tunic. The garment was much easier to get to this time around. It was as if he wore fewer layers, knowing this would happen. The thought made her head spin.

His pants were down before she realized and he stood again, staring down at her. He leaned in close, teasing her with a kiss and sliding his fingers along her glistening stomach. She shook in anticipation, waiting to be touched there; but he stopped.

Rey protested and he smirked. His strong arms wrapped her up and lifted her back against the wall.

Rey felt like she was in a fog; her back was pinned again. She wrapped her legs around him, gasping as his cock rubbed along her entrance.

"Fuck me," she ordered.

"Say how much you want this, Rey." His lips curled, staring down into her glistening hazel eyes.

"Don't play games with me." She panted, feeling his chest and abs. Her fingers explored every muscle and faded scar in an approving way. Rey closed her eyes, trying to reacquaint herself with his body.

"Maker, this isn't fair," she whined, her fingers starting to tremble over his form.

Kylo smirked, pressing Rey deeper against the wall and controlling both of her hands.

"Lower yourself onto me," he demanded while easing his grip. Rey cried out, sliding perfectly into Kylo's length. Her sex coated his throbbing cock instantly and she sobbed in relief.

The Sith Master felt her clutch and spasm against his member. He groaned Rey's name, as his length filled and stretched her completely.

"This feels incredible, Rey. You're just as hot as I remember. I want you just the same, all of you. I crave you." Kylo said, between breaths.

Rey moaned and bucked in encouragement. Kylo grabbed her ass and began to pump in and out. The Jedi threw her head back, moaning his name.

"I love seeing you like this; so small and completely mine," he breathed. His lips were close to her ear.

Rey opened her glossy eyes to stare up into his, as they fucked. Her gaze drove him wild and Kylo braced the wall with one hand, thrusting deeper into her. His other hand readjusted, getting a firmer hold on her ass.

Both Masters found a familiar pace, hitting strides like they did many years ago. Rey saw spots with each thrust, giving in to the passion she'd denied for so long.

"How many times have we fucked like this?" Kylo purred.
"Ugh, I…" Rey muttered incoherently.

"Twice, when you snuck aboard the Finalizer. I fucked you in the turbolift, when you jumped down to surprise me. And then in my sparring room, against the First Order emblem." Kylo recalled.

Rey moaned, recalling flashes of those encounters.

"Ah yes, the Resistance base, against that tree." Kylo increased his thrusts. "I could have destroyed that whole base that day and instead I fucked you."

"Kriff, Kylo." Her head fell between his shoulder and chest, resting perfectly. "In the Falcon," she moaned.

"We're going to have to do that again." He choked out.

Rey buried her mouth into his chest. Kylo lifted her higher on his cock, letting her fall down deeper each time.

"You're going to make this all up to me, Master Jedi," he hissed.

"I can handle anything you give me... Master Ren," she cooed.

"I'm going to fuck you every night, Rey. You will beg and tell me which way you want it." He said, watching her shudder.

"I want them to hear you scream down the halls of the Jedi Temple. I want everyone to know how much you love fucking me, your Sith Master boyfriend."

Rey bit down into his arm, near his shoulder, muffling a scream. She wished she was a little taller, so she could silence him with a kiss. The Jedi hissed in frustration.

*Kylo, I'm going to fucking take you to my bed and ride you, until you spill everything into me. She said through the Bond. The Sith Master felt his knees buckle a little, coming close to exploding right there.*

*Then I'm going to suck on your cock until it hardens and ride you again. You'll receive no mercy from me."

"Fuck, Rey." He panted, wrapping both arms around her and carrying her completely under his own strength. They continued to ride each other, boiling over with desperate need.

He felt her tightening and could sense it through the Bond. But her words and whimpers were pushing him over the edge even faster.

"Come for me, now," Kylo demanded, increasing his thrusts.

Rey clung to him, digging her nails into his back and moaning his name.

Kylo pulled on the back of her hair, forcing her head back. He thrusted harder into her, as she exploded around his cock.

Rey milked him, coaxing deep ropes of his seed into her cunt. The Jedi's fingers wrapped themselves in his locks. The pair held each other tightly, riding out their climaxes.

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Kylo wrapped his hand around hers, stopping Rey from leaving the room. The Jedi Master had
scrambled for her clothes, but his shirt was still off.

"Let go," she said softly. Rey didn't want to leave, but her conscious was to weigh on her. Her other hand was already resting on the forcefield level.

With a sigh, she released the control.

Kylo brought her back in for a kiss, lifting her up to meet his lips. They both moaned into each other's mouths. The fire between them burned strongly.

"This isn't a mistake," he said, resting his forehead on hers. Rey kept her thoughts guarded, not letting Kylo Ren in.

"I am yours," Kylo whispered.

Lin circled the Axien rock, taking one last look at the prison. He punched on the throttle and left the hazardous asteroid field for less-treacherous space.

The photo of his family weighed on his mind, refusing to be ignored. Looking at how happy everyone was, made his chest tighten.

"Fuck!" he yelled repeatedly. Lin balled his hand into a fist and started banging on the metallic side of the cockpit. He eased off the throttle and exhaled deeply, letting the X-Wing drift.

After a moment to reflect, Lin switched on his long-range communicator.

"If I'm going to do this, I better retrieve BB-8," he said. Lin looked at the droid in the old photo. The orange and white astrodroid used to follow him around everywhere.

"Kriff." He said, dialing in a trans-coded channel that he had not used in years. "Fucking...First Order." He cursed.

"Republic command." A broken, garbled voice came from the other end.

Lin cleared his throat.

"Command, this is Lin Dameron, call sign, Gray Leader Echo Charlie 3-1-Zero." He waited anxiously, hearing nothing but silence on the other end.

"Gray Leader, go ahead," the voice eventually confirmed.

"I need to speak with the Old Lady, over," Lin replied. He took one last look at the family photo before tucking it into his flight jacked. There it would remain, close to his heart.

The voice on the other end returned. The dispatcher sounded out of breath. "What's this about, Gray Leader?"

"Tell her, it's about Leviathan," Lin said, straightening up in his seat and taking control of the X-Wing again. He adjusted his course and started the calculations for hyperspace.
So, the ginger general may just survive his encounter with Lin. Actually, a reader left a brief comment and it gave me a flurry wonderful ideas. So, your comments and feedback do help quite a bit. I'm SO excited to write where this goes next.

I really want to follow Lin and dig deeper into Hanna. She made just a cameo in this chapter. And it's about time, Rey and Kylo. Geez :P
The Bond

Chapter Summary

Kylo Ren seeks time with his daughter Kayla and ends up fighting with Rey over it. Fighting leads to other things...

Lin Dameron tries to make a deal with General Organa, but first needs to escape bounty hunters. Hanna has to face her demons, when her Master awakens and summons her presence.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I don't understand why trade blockades are legal," Kayla protested, joining her mother on the walk to the brig.

Rey sent Kayla and Finn to end an unfair trade blockade, on the way back to the Jedi Temple. The Knights were in the closest ship to the dispute and it gave Rey some alone time with Kylo Ren. The Grandmaster knew it wasn't anything that Finn and Kayla couldn't handle together.

Rey hummed a little and fixed her top hair tie. She barely had time to collect herself and hop in the fresher, before Kayla returned and knocked on her door.

"Let's do away with blockades. Maybe we can talk to Grandma about it? Only bad things can come out of such nonsense." Kayla said, keeping her eyes forward. "Are you even listening to me?"

"Hmm? Oh yes, dear. You did a great job and now the good people of Lumic Three, are indebted to the Republic." Rey said sweetly.

"You're not paying attention, Mom." Kayla said, stopping at the brig's vault. The two guards outside opened the door, letting the Jedi in.

You put all your clothes on, right? Rey asked Kylo through their Bond, suddenly realizing where they were standing. The battle cruiser was big, but they got to the brig much faster than she anticipated. Kayla stared at her mother, sensing something fishy.

Kylo chuckled a little in response. Yes, my love. Only you can see me with my shirt off.

Rey and Kayla entered the Brig, waiting for the door to shut behind them.

"How much longer do I need to be in here?" Kylo growled, already standing up by the force field. He had both hands behind his back and leaned his chin down, appraising both women. The Darksider's messy hair covered his eyes, but he didn't seem to notice.

Fix your hair, Rey scolded. It was disheveled from their love making; she couldn't help but lose her fingers in that mane.

"Alright," Kylo said aloud, getting Rey's eyes to widen. Kayla gave her mother a quick glance and rolled her eyes.
"What is it exactly, that you both feel you can't share with me?" Kayla asked.

Kylo raked his hair back, causing Rey's heart to skip a little.

"Nothing, my child," he replied, staring at his daughter.

"Okay, we need to discuss Hanna. For starters, where is she going?" Kayla asked.

"I can't answer that. I was hoping to bring her to the Temple, away from those lowlifes," he replied.

"How did that work out?" Kayla quipped, resting both hands on her hips.

"Kayla!" Rey hissed at her daughter.

A smile formed in the corner of his lips. "I like her, Rey."

Kayla wasn't sure how to respond to that, other than shifting her stance a little.

"I know Hanna has men at her beckon call. She'll likely be returning to a planet where she has reinforcements," Kylo continued.

"Because you killed her associates?" Kayla responded.

"Associates? The safest place for Hanna is by my side. I told her as much. She will figure that out and return," he said confidently.

I can't stop thinking about you, my love. Kylo's voice slipped into Rey's thoughts. The Jedi Master had one arm crossed, cupping her elbow, while her fingers rubbed her sore neck. She couldn't help but imagine her lover's lips there. Rey caught herself gawking at Kylo's full lips, when Kayla cleared her throat.

"Hanna can't be by your side," Rey said, quickly. "I can't let you train the next generation of Dark Jedi." Rey felt like they had this conversation enough times.

"Rey..." Kylo replied, lowering his gaze. "I destroyed the Knights of Ren, for us. I killed Snoke and abandoned the First Order for us. I won't hurt these girls. I won't let them be harmed in any way."

"I don't need you to protect me. I fight my own battles, Kylo Ren," Kayla snapped, answering for herself.

"I know, I know. Just like your mother," Kylo said, with a sparkle in his eye. "She gave me this scar."

"What does Hanna want with Lin Dameron?" Kayla asked, rubbing her arm. She tried to brush off the comment Kylo made, but it was difficult. The young Jedi shifted her gaze to her mother, beginning to understand what a precarious relationship they had. Kayla had done her best to put Lin out of her mind. Looking at the scar on Kylo's face, was a stark reminder of why she needed to suppress her crush.

"She wants to rebuild the First Order. If she can't get me to do it, she might be eyeing him." Kylo said, taking a couple steps to his right. He stood right in front of Kayla now, trying to get a read on her.

"Great." Kayla said, clearly frustrated.

"Lin won't go along with it though. He despises the First Order." Kylo clenched his jaw. "He has a
narrower focus, consumed by a list of names."

"Names?" Rey jumped in, suddenly concerned.

"People that he needs to eliminate... to avenge his family. It's quite extensive," Kylo replied, slowly starting to pace in his cell.

Kayla and Rey exchanged guarded looks.

"But that's only part of it. He knows that killing won't bring him peace. Lin's father wouldn't support this course of action; which Lin struggles with constantly." Kylo said, pulling Kayla closer to the barrier with his words.

"Then why? Why the hell is he doing this?" Kayla questioned, getting her Father to stop and turn to face her.

"So he can save them," Kylo Ren stated.

Rey and Kayla appeared bewildered by the comment. The Jedi Master tightened her lips, searching Kylo's thoughts. He willfully allowed her to probe, hoping to garner more trust.

"I don't fully understand it either. Now, can you let me out of here?" Kylo said, running his fingers along the forcefield. It flickered against his touch, but he hardly reacted to the stinging pain.

A week had passed since Lin Dameron risked contacting the Republic. His conversation with Leia Organa had been very brief…

"I'm sending you a recording from my meeting with General Hux." Lin said, transmitting the encrypted file to her.

"Was this 'meeting' by chance, held at the point of a lightsaber?" Leia scoffed, hoping to keep him talking longer.

"Listen to the recording and I'll contact you in one week." Lin killed the transmission before the Republic could triangulate his location.

Wanting to disappear, Lin headed for Mos Eisley Spaceport on Tatooine. He found a small room tucked above a cantina. It was the kind of place that should have offered him a chance to blend in; to not be discovered. The savvy pilot had the Force as an alley, but wouldn't let his guard down while a hefty bounty was on his head.

With a yawn, Lin pulled off his dark chest plate. The tiny cot in the corner looked inviting. There was one small window in the room, that wafted the smell of the merchant woks nearby. It was close to sundown and the Hunter killed the overhead light to get some rest. Placing the photo of his family on a creaky wooden table, he pressed a switch on his gauntlet.

The gauntlet projected a primitive, red hologram, which spread across the confined space. It had a list of fifty-three names. Under most of the names, were their locations and affiliations. There weren't photos, not it was necessary. He knew every face he was hunting.

Crossed off the list was General Hux, near the top left corner of the hologram. Although Lin had caught wind that Hux survived his injuries, the hunter was hesitant to restore the General as an active target.
No doubt, if bounty hunters wanted to catch him, the Axiem prison might be a place they were watching now. Not that a few bounty hunters were going to stop him from completing his objective.

"Alright," Lin muttered, looking one last time. With a 'wave' of his hand, he swiped the holo away, bringing a different image into view. The pilot was about to reach for the gauntlet, to turn off the projection, when the words "Leviathan" caught his eye.

He had gathered little information on the super weapon, aside from General Hux's testimony.

"If I was a skinny, ginger general, where would I hide you?" Lin asked himself, sitting on the bed. He shoved his chest plate onto the floor with his boots and closed his eyes. In times like this, he often pictured himself flying through hyperspace. Staring at the endless, blue tunnels, often brought him peace and clarity.

The young man never considered that this was a crude form of meditation. Something that allowed him to clear his mind and channel the Force. It almost always showed him a clue he was missing; where he needed to fly too or what steps to take.

It's ultimately how he found Kylo Ren. But he couldn't find Leviathan. Not tonight, anyway. Tonight, he pictured the little proprietor downstairs, talking with five… no, six bounty hunters.

"Kriff," Lin shouted, opening his eyes and shoving his boots back on. He hurried the chest protector over his shoulders and jammed the gauntlets onto his wrists.

Loud footsteps echoed up the hidden staircase in the cantina. The bounty hunters weren't going to bother knocking on the door, so Lin had to be quick.

He set an explosive on the window and backed up to blow the wall open. Jamming on the detonator, clay composite bricks and dust flew everywhere. Meanwhile, the bounty hunters fired at the door—blasting their way inside.

"Gentlemen," Lin greeted, igniting his jetpack and lightsaber simultaneously.

Lin went flying backward out of the open wall and into the desert sky. With a flourish of his lightsaber, he deflected blue and red blaster rounds. The jetpack pushed him further in the sky, exhausting nearly all the fuel within Two bounty hunters fell from ricochets, as the others cursed and pursued on foot.

"Die, Hunter, Die!" One of them shouted into the night.

In the cantina downstairs, explosions and blaster fire shook the ceiling.

"Damn it," Hanna cursed, shaking the falling dust from her hair. Lin was slipping away. *Those morons.*

"I need him alive!" she shouted at the bounty hunters, as they rushed down the stairs and continued past her. The bumbling guns-for-hire were in pursuit, but Hanna knew Lin would get away this time. The element of surprise, which she needed, had been squandered.

The last hunter down the staircase laughed in Hanna's face.

"The guy you're after, he just showed some serious style points." He flicked out his forked tongue as he spoke, nearly catching Hanna's chin. The bounty hunter held up a small photo, showing his employer what Lin left behind.
Hanna narrowed her eyes. She snatched the photo and stepped to the side, allowing her captain to rush forward and punch the bounty hunter. He stumbled backward, as the rest of the ship's crew gang tackled him.

As her men trashed the bar, Hanna strolled up to the little old lady behind the counter.

"This should cover the damages and then some," she said. Hanna took a seat at the bar, placing a pile of credits on it's top. The old lady frowned, but poured them each a drink.

"Does this sort of thing happen often?" Hanna asked, curious.

"Twice a week," The proprietor stated, downing her shot.

Her men continued to pummel the stray bounty hunter, dragging him outside. Hanna rested her elbows on the bar top and stared at the Dameron family photo.

A drop of blood fell out of her nose and landed on the picture's edge.

"Oh, no," Hanna whispered, dabbing her nose with a napkin. Her heart raced as an unsettling presence returned to her mind. It was like a fiery poker, scalding her temples.

"No. It's too soon," she pleaded, hearing her Master awakening. Hanna panicked and went running out of the cantina. She needed to find her crew right away.

Lin headed for open space above Tatooine.

"Well, that... sucked," he sighed. The young man never felt so tired before. Lin willed himself to stay awake, searching for a new system that could provide a rest stop. Cloud City, of course, wasn't an option.

Flipping on his long-range transmitter, he immediately found a message waiting for him. Lin ignored the blinking light at first, trying to figure out his next move.

An active 'ping' sounded in the cockpit; the Republic was trying to get in touch with him. Without giving it a second thought, he flipped the switch to answer the call.

"You're not tracing this transmission. And how did you know I would be in the X-Wing?" Lin stated, dropping any false pretenses.

"You're a Dameron. Where else would you be?" Leia replied on the other end. In truth, the Force told her to contact Lin at that very moment.

"Was that you, back there on Tatooine?" he asked sharply. "Nice touch with the bounty hunters."

The was a pause, before Leia answered, "No. We didn't know what system you were on." She replied truthfully. "You sound exhausted, Gray Leader."

"I take it you're alone and we can have a frank conversation," Lin said, staring out at the planet below. He didn't see any ships on his sensors.

"Sure," Leia lied, standing in her office. She looked out her window to the command center. Her subordinates were scurrying to get a trace on the rogue pilot. At least fifty sets of ears were listening in on their conversation.

"The Jedi tracked me down once. I learned my lesson and I know X-Wings better than anyone else
in the galaxy. You won't catch me, unless I fall asleep in this bucket," Lin said, charting a course out
of the system.

"You're way outside your mission purview, Gray Leader. Do you really think I enjoyed approving
wanted notices for my best spy?" Leia said, pacing in her office. "It's time to come in, soldier."

"I know Ackbar vouched for me...I'm grateful for the second chance but I can't give up now." Lin
said, realizing that he left his family photo in the bombed-out room somewhere.

"Kriff!" he shouted, banging the side of his cockpit.

"You were supposed to infiltrate the Coalition, not take it down by yourself. I knew it was too early
to give you that assignment. You needed time to grieve, Gray Leader." Leia replied, ignoring his
outburst.

Lin was silent for a beat. "Did you get my file?" he replied, considering going back to Tatooine.

"Yes. Well, I listened to the entire recording. Twice, in fact. You certainly got General Hux to sing
like a bird. Unfortunately, confessions and intel under duress, are rather unreliable."

"Not when you're dealing with the Dark Side," Lin chimed in.

There was silence on the other end. For a second, Lin thought the transmission failed.

"I know firsthand, Lin, believe me. And I know, you have a list of targets you are going after. But
you never said who the names are," General Organa replied.

"That may not matter, if we start working together again," Lin said. He rubbed his eyes and groaned
a little.

"So, come in and we'll discuss this." Leia said. She looked across the room at her commander on
duty. He shook his head 'no', indicating they hadn't found him yet.

"Leviathan is real. I can feel it in my bones. I think you do too, or we wouldn't be doing this dance,"
Lin said, licking his lips. "Give Commander Souch my regards, I'm sure he's listening in. I hope his
jaw is okay."

The commander frowned and Leia turned away from him.

"You've left quite the body count, Lin. I'm not sure we can overlook that," Leia stated, feeling
frustrated. Lin wasn't wrong about Leviathan, but she didn't want to go there with so many people
listening in.

"Leviathan will lay waste to the entire galaxy, if it ever gets out. There's no way... there's no way I'm
standing by while a super weapon goes unaccounted for. I won't sit in a cell, while the galaxy is
jeopardized," Lin declared.

"Well, for a moment there you sounded like your old self, Gray Leader," she replied, leaning over
her desk for support.

"Like you said, I'm a Dameron. We rid the galaxy of super weapons."

Lin closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

Leia put her hand on her forehead and sighed. "What is it you want, for your troubles? What will get
you to surrender?"
"Checkpoint." Lin said clearly, finding Leia quiet on the other end. "I want access to Checkpoint. All of it."

There was silence over the line, as Leia thought about how to phrase her response.

"That pipe dream died with Snoke. The project itself, doesn't work," the General said confidently.

"Then you should have no problem turning it over. And I'd rather not... continue on this path. Not if there is a different way to access Checkpoint." Lin replied, his voice sounding deep and strained.

Leia paused again before responding, "I'll have to discuss your proposition."

"With the Jedi Order?" Lin asked, scoffing at the idea. He shook his head and reached for the communications toggle. "Two standard days. I'll be in touch."

Leia sat fell back into her hair. Her assistant was in the office the whole time, listening quietly.

"Prepare a shuttle. I need to speak with the Jedi in person."

Her assistant gave her a questioning look.

"You heard me. Plus, I miss my granddaughter," Leia smiled.

Kylo Ren was escorted by two older padawans as he walked through the sunny gardens. The Jedi Temple was impressive. He had to give it to Rey. She had impeccable taste for someone who was raised to be a scavenger.

The padawans behind Kylo Ren had introduced themselves, but he didn't bother remembering their names. He figured that they were close to Kayla's age. They each kept a hand near their lightsaber hilts—which he was acutely aware of.

They were wise to do so.

A few younglings ran through the courtyard, approaching Kylo Ren. They came to a walking pace, being respectful of the powerful Force User as they passed. He smiled, knowing full well that they were intimidated by his presence.

The Sith Master stopped, letting the warm sunlight bathe his pale face. It was rather pleasant here, he admitted.

Suddenly, Kylo felt a tremor in the Force and left the courtyard to investigate. The padawans tried to stop him, but their protests fell on deaf ears.

Once he navigated through the great hall, he realized who the distinct Force signature belonged to.

"Of all the irresponsible things in the entire galaxy!" Leia shouted at Kylo Ren and Rey. "Peace in the Republic be damned! Why the hell wasn't I told about any of this at the beginning? Oh, the little dance I had to do in front of the Senate when the first sighting of Kylo Ren was mentioned."

Rey looked paler than Kylo at the moment. Leia had never been this upset with her. Kylo couldn't help but let his fingers brush over Rey's, curling his pinky and ring finger against her index and middle. To his surprise, Rey held on to his fingers and didn't pull away.

"Those bloated politicians, with their trade disputes and petty squabbles," Leia muttered, veering off topic.
Will you try to look sorry about this, please? Or say something that will help! Rey communicated with him.

I did not choose to be frozen. I just want to move past this. Kylo replied.

"And Hanna! My goodness, what a mess! Kayla, you must be dealing with so much." Leia gestured for Kayla to come into her arms. She, Luke and Finn were hanging back, glad they weren't in Leia's crosshairs.

Kayla felt like she was getting yelled at too and rushed over to comfort her grandmother.

Kylo made a strange face, suddenly recalling a memory from his childhood. He cleared his throat and looked down at Rey.

"We're working on finding Hanna," Rey said, looking back to wave Finn and Luke forward. The soldier and Jedi Master shook their heads, grimacing. Rey gave them the stare of death, making them saunter forward.

"Hanna is just beginning to understand her powers," Kylo said in a low voice. "She has an unconventional support system at her disposal. There may be something else at work too..." His voice trailed off.

Kylo had the nagging feeling that Hanna was receiving some form of basic training. Granted, he knew she was smart. How could she not be? Rey picked everything up quickly at that age; but Rey had a teacher back then. She just didn't realize it at the time; they didn't know about the Bond.

"We will find Hanna and bring her home," Rey stated confidently.

Leia broke away from Kayla, staring in her granddaughter's face. The old lady was cautiously optimistic, with tears in her eyes.

"Okay, anything you need to put this family back together," Leia sighed, taking a moment to collect herself.

Rey nodded.

"Great. Now, where can I put my things?" Leia asked, getting Rey to look at her in surprise.

"Wait here," Hanna ordered. Leaving her crew, she walked down the ramp alone.

The moon of Kupu was an inhospitable place. Tidally locked to a Gas giant, drifting towards its own sun, Kupu was split into extremes. Half its surface was on fire and a molten, bubbling soup. The other half was a frigid wasteland, unable to support life. Only a thin cross-section down the center, offered a chance at a settlement.

A crude, smoldering set of bunkers were constructed along that real estate.

Hanna entered the main building and slipped off her respirator. She shook ash from her hair and steadied her breathing.

Approach Lady Shade, the voice immediately entered her mind.

She hated that voice. It made her skin crawl, feeling unclean every time. Fortunately, he wasn't awake often.
Hanna walked as calmly as she could, passing by dozens of battle armored droids along the stark bunker walls. Two large doors at the end of a hallway swung open. On occasion, her Master did this for her. She put on the bravest face possible and stepped into the darkened interior.

*Come closer, Lady Shade.* The voice ushered.

Hanna tried to control her fear, as she approached the table in the darkened room. A body was strapped into it, secured by every limb. The table tilted at an angle, allowing the frail form to gaze at his beauty.

She dropped to both knees, kissing the near lifeless hands of the body in front of her.

*How long has it been this time, Lady Shade? How long did I slumber?* The voice hissed at her.

"Forty-one days," she replied.

*Where is Kylo Ren?* The voice asked. *Surely, you were given ample time to find him, by now.*

"My Lord. I have failed you and beg of your forgiveness. Kylo Ren is with the Jedi, as their prisoner," Hanna said, fighting her nerves.

Her eyes darted up to the emaciated body with paper-thin skin.

*Hmm. Do you not wish to be together, Lady Shade? Without a new conduit, I cannot complete your training. I cannot escape this form. Most importantly, I will not be able to touch you.*

"I know, my Lord." She averted his gaze and swallowed hard. The thought of this man touching her was repulsive, regardless of the corporeal form he occupied.

*Perhaps we could entice your sister to visit. I can feel her strength through the Force.*

*Kayla... such a wonderful asset she would make.*

"I pledged myself to you, years ago. By your word, you must leave Kayla alone. I've built an entire army for you! Legions spread across dozens of planets. They will be at your disposal. I've been fiercely loyal, my Lord," Hanna said, bowing her head practically to the ground. She hoped her tone wouldn't anger him.

*Hmm. I suppose taking control of your father or sister, would make you uncomfortable.*

*Especially during our lovemaking.*

Hanna held her breath, praying her Master didn't take the opportunity to skim her thoughts. She was fighting to keep her extremities from trembling.

*There has been another ripple in the Force. The pilot... the Hunter. His form pleases you, does it not? He could be a suitable candidate, yes?*

"The thought crossed my mind. But, Master... you and I are still cousins," she said. Hanna felt uneasy and had a hard time hiding it now. She could sense the broken man entering her thoughts.

*Bring Lin Dameron to me. Our familial ties won't matter then, Lady Shade. He's Force-sensitive and growing stronger every day. That's what matters most for a conduit.*

Hanna scooted closer to her cousin and gave him a quick kiss on the knuckles again.
"Of course, Master Skywalker," she said, lowering her eyes. A moment later, she could feel his tongue on her lower jaw. It was a gross, terrible misuse of the Force. The sensation slimed her entire face, as she felt the invisible tongue drag upward. He tasted her beautiful features; as vile as the act was, it could have been worse.

His expression never changed. Only his cold, dead eyes could move and watch her. The metallic bed holding the paralyzed figure, tilted back onto a horizontal plane.

*Go. Bring him to me. And we can be together, at last. The Skywalker lineage can live on, with us. I must rest.*

Hanna backed out of the chamber, her heart racing. The doors closed and she shuddered, her eyes watering in a mixture of fear and disgust.

"Maker, guide me," Hanna whispered. Rubbing her arms, she stormed for the ship.

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Kayla sat in the training room, meditating. She had the entire place to herself, normally looking forward to this personal time. Her thoughts today were clouded with images of her sister. She could sense Hanna was in trouble. The problem was that Hanna's Force signature was murky at best.

It was clearer when they were on the same planet, but reaching across the galaxy was a different story. It was as if something, or someone was cloaking Hanna.

_Hanna. Can you hear me?_ She pushed across the Force.

There was only silence.

Kayla sighed, uncrossing her legs and standing. She turned and jumped out of her skin, seeing Kylo Ren watching her.

"How long have you been spying on me?" she asked, feeling her heart race.

"You have a Force Bond with Hanna." Kylo Ren stated, easing off the marble column. He was in his black pants as usual, but he wore a black tank top. The padawans assigned to guard him were nowhere in sight.

He stretched a hand out and summoned a wooden staff to his palm.

"Don't worry, I didn't kill the padawans," he said, in a low voice.

"Who's worried?" Kayla replied, placing a hand on her lightsaber.

"Hanna needs to learn how to listen. Until then, you'll never be able to communicate." Kylo said, inspecting the staff. "Once the Bond is there, it will strengthen you both."

The young Jedi wanted to demand that Kylo Ren leave. However, she didn't feel like she was in danger. Deep down, she knew this was his way of connecting with her. He wanted a relationship, but had no sense of personal boundaries.

"Do you know how to use that?" Kayla asked, grabbing her towel and padding her brow.

He smirked in response.

"I'd prefer a lightsaber. But your mother thinks mine is too... recognizable." He sounded a little bitter.
"You think it gives you an advantage, the crossguard," she stated, sounding skeptical.

"No one can take me," Kylo replied confidently.

"My mother could." Kayla shot back, looking up into his face and realizing just how big he really was.

"I never tried to kill your mother. She knows that. Truthfully, she never fought the real Kylo Ren." He said, starting to twirl the staff behind his back.

"And you think she really ever tried to kill you?" Kayla asked. She stretched out her hand and summoned a staff from the wall, too.

"I suppose not." Kylo said, waving his hand toward his daughter.

Kayla lunged with a strike, spinning gracefully and parrying with both sides of the staff. Kylo blocked her feral strikes, surprised at her speed.

"Just like your mother." He mused, swinging over her head.

Kayla's eyes flashed at the remark. She did a flipping cartwheel, swinging her staff downward. Kylo blocked the strike, but Kayla managed to kick him in the shoulder. Her father stumbled back, chuckling and working his arm.

"Stop laughing." She gritted, spinning to her knees and swinging for his ankles.

Kylo kicked the staff, breaking it in half.

"Kriff." Kayla shouted. She rolled away from her father's downswing. The wooden bow slammed into the matted floor, just barely missing her.

The Jedi summoned the broken half to her left hand and scrambled to her feet. She twirled both ends, as Kylo circled his daughter.

Kayla rushed in, alternating with each hand. Kylo used the Force to block some of the blows, alternating defending with his staff.

"You're cheating." Kayla breathed, relentless in her pursuit.

Kylo wrapped the staff around her foot and tripped her. Kayla fell on her back and found the end of her father's staff, right by her cheek. They locked eyes for a moment and he backed away.

"Come on, Kayla. Again." He said in an authoritative voice. Kylo turned his back to her, coaxing another round.

Kayla summoned a fresh staff and rushed towards her father.

Kylo Ren dropped to one knee, leaning on his bow for support and breathing hard. Kayla did the same thing, from ten feet away.

The Darksider laughed, he was so impressed. "The Jedi Order is lucky to have such a gifted Knight," He stated, feeling the bruises on his ribs. "I'll certainly feel this for the next day or two."

Kayla gave him a little smile, finding her calm center. "The Order would be stronger if we had you," she said, quite seriously.
Her father thought about that for a moment, contemplating his response. For the first time, his daughter was talking to him without spewing open content for his existence.

"I know you've done terrible things; I'm not naive. I've read all about Kylo Ren. If you are trying to redeem yourself, it will take time." Kayla panted.

"My wish is to be here. By your mother's side," he replied.

"The best way for you to support her is to come back to the Light." Kayla swallowed hard.

Kylo took a deep breath, "Kayla, I..." he stopped, noticing another staff flying off the wall.

From three stories up, Rey caught it in midair. She twirled the staff over her head on the way down. The Jedi Master landed in a crouched position, poised to strike.

Kylo and Kayla sprang to their feet. Rey never took her eyes off him.

"Jedi Kenobi," Rey barked, keeping her back to her daughter.

"Yes Mo — yes, Master Kenobi." Kayla responded, swallowing hard.

"Master Skywalker wishes to speak with you. Afterward, please go and check on your Grandmother," Rey ordered.

Kayla scurried out of the room and shut the doors behind her. Rey used the Force to slam the remaining training room doors and lock them tightly. On every level she did this, making sure they wouldn't be interrupted.

"My love," Kylo said, approaching and leaning down to kiss her.

Rey stood up straight and grabbed his face, squeezing his cheeks and stopping the kiss. Kylo's eyes shot wide open, his lower jaw dropped uncomfortably. The Jedi tightened her hold and leaned in.

"I made it very clear. You are not to come near our daughters. Training is completely out of the question." Rey said, shoving his face back and taking a defensive stance.

"Rey... I am yours. But eventually you are going to need to give me a chance." He said, working his lower jaw. "Maybe I can help, in some small capacity here."

"Pick up the bow," Rey said, narrowing her gaze.


"Pick it up, Ben Solo." Rey challenged, removing her vest. Kylo's eyes skimmed her thin undershirt, exposed shoulders and arm sleeves. Her chest and face were turning red. He hoped it was because of the tank top he was wearing.

Kylo kicked the staff up to his hands and Rey was on him instantly.

The pair dueled, but Rey was sure Kylo was holding back.

"This is no laughing matter, Ben." Rey barked, striking him in the forearm.

Kylo wasn't laughing, but he wasn't fighting his love either.
"We do not need to train; not with staffs anyway," Kylo gritted out, as Rey continued to land intermittent blows.

"You must learn your place here, Kylo Ren," she replied, sounding like the Grandmaster of the Jedi Order.

She hit his jaw with the center of her weapon, getting him to stumble back. Rey jabbed the staff into the mat and vaulted into his chest with a flying knee. Kylo landed on his back, with Rey on top. She had one bare foot on his jaw and the other on the ground, by his waist.

Kylo was left reeling. The whole planet felt like it started spinning in the opposite direction. His focus became muddy, fixating on the heat between Rey's legs and her fiery stare.

Rey had the bow pointed inches from his ear. She was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Her chest heaving and skin glistening. Kylo Ren was hard, trying to gauge Rey's reaction to his excitement.

"Rey." He choked out, sounding almost desperate. She could sense the sincerity in his voice and through the Force. Right then, The Jedi saw the man she hoped Ben Solo could become.

Kylo placed his fingers on her foot and instinctively, Rey readjusted her frame. She settled into a more natural position, straddling him.

Force, he's hard. She brushed against Kylo's erection. His bulge strained against his pants, seeking relief.

Kylo ran his hands up her thighs, getting Rey to sigh and flutter her eyelids. The Jedi dropped her staff and the Sith Master promptly flicked it across the training mats. Rey began to ache all over, exploring his shoulders.

"We can't. Not here," Rey said softly, running both hands over his chest. "Kriff." She muttered, investigating every muscle. The Jedi couldn't help but lean back into his cock, letting it dig against her ass.

She bit her lower lip, as Kylo's hands found her waist. He lifted her a little, so she could grind into him. Even with their clothes on, Rey moaned loudly. Their breathing found a deep, consistent rhythm.

"We have to be quiet, Rey. You don't want the younglings to overhear. What would everyone say?" Kylo taunted, reaching up to caress her breast. He found her nipple and pulled it through her top.

Rey clamped her hand over her mouth and started to grind into his hard-on. The Jedi closed her eyes, fearing the intensity of Kylo's stare.

Open your eyes and look at me, Rey. He sounded so authoritative. Rey obeyed and shifted again, feeling his pants swelling even more.

"Yes," he hissed.

Rey moaned Ben's name into her hand. It was barely loud enough for him to hear. Kylo Ren growled in response. He made sure her dampening center was finding his cock now, grinding her sex into him.

Admit you want this as badly as I do. You and I were made for this, destined for it.
Her eyes pleaded with him to fuck her, as she started to shake in anticipation.

"Don't move your hand. Keep it over your sexy lips." He ordered, running his fingers down her stomach and finding her waistband. Kylo tugged at her pants and Rey whimpered, leaning forward to give him better access.

Kayla walked through the halls of the Jedi Temple. She was eager to speak with Luke about what her father said. She suspected that Rey and Kylo shared a Force Bond. Perhaps she could help Hanna's progression, in some way.

Spotting him through the breezeway, she smiled. Her Great Uncle and Grandmother were talking on a bench. It was gorgeous out and they both seemed to be laughing at some distant memory. She couldn't help but admire the way they talked. Kayla wanted that closeness with Hanna again.

A clear voice entered Kayla's mind, which made her smile fade. She stopped walking and froze, with one foot in the warm sunlight.

Hanna spoke softly, "Maker, guide me."

Kayla felt her heart racing, as the image of Hanna talking to an abusive Force User, formed clearly in her thoughts. The Jedi Knight pulled back, leaning on a stone column to focus on the vision.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is dedicated to the lovely and ridiculously talented panda-capuccino on tumblr. She spoils me with incredible artwork for this fic :D — I adore all my readers. Thanks for taking the time to comment! You're feedback helps my creative process.

So...How about Reylo dojo sex to start off the next chapter? Does that sound fun? Hanna, may not be the worst thing in the galaxy. I guess we'll find out more about her and this bad guy, that she needs to get away from! Sil Fett mistakenly calls Lin "Black Leader," in an earlier chapter. It's just cause he's old and used to know Poe. Lin is sort of on the Republic's roster still, as Gray Leader. I really want to dive into that more. Find me on tumblr, I'm posting new artwork when I can. IANCANTBESAVED
Chapter Summary

Kylo and Rey get it on, because they have 18 years of sex to make up for. Their daughter Hanna is in trouble and really needs help. Twin sister Kayla tries to use their Bond to reconnect and offer her assistance. While Lin Dameron...is up to something.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Rey ground her hips down again, moaning into her own hand. She took more of him in this time, leaning forward and angling his cock perfectly.

"Fuck, Rey," Kylo hissed, grabbing her hips tighter. Kylo increased his movements, so their bodies lined up. The sound of their skin rubbing together echoed in the training hall. "You feel incredible," he purred. Rey cried his name into her hand again.

She leaned down and gave him a hard kiss on the lips. He groaned, as she bit his lower lip and pulled at his tank top. It stretched to the brink and started to rip, as Kylo cursed at her.

"Do you want me to walk back to our room, shirtless?" he growled.

"I want you... to limp back, aching for more." She panted. Rey bucked harder into him and yanked the shirt up over his ears. The Jedi balled and tossed it to the side.

"Fuck me, Master. Show me the ways of the Dark Side," she challenged. The words alone, nearly made him spill into her there.

Kylo reached for her nipples with one hand and guided her hips into him with the other. She panted his name in response, repeating like a mantra.

"I said, cover your mouth, Rey." He ordered, giving her a light spank along her backside.

The Jedi Master whimpered and obeyed. Rey lost herself in the moment and arched her back, surrendering to his pace. Kylo pinched her hardened nipples and let out a deep groan as he did.

"You're so wet for me." He felt her impending climax. Rey's walls clenched around him, pulsing with trembling shocks. "I can't believe you're this tight. Listen to that sound, Rey.

Our bodies... sliding together. We need to fuck more often," he teased.

"Ah," she cried.

"More than once a day," he breathed, finding her other breast and pulling the neglected nipple.

Rey lost the ability to form whole sentences, concentrating on that special feeling. She would have told him where to stick it, but he already was. Instead she dragged her fingernails down his chest and torso, leaving a reddened trail. Kylo jerked with the pain, squeezing both hands into her thighs and ass. His long fingers, gripping her flesh greedily.
He gave her a sharp slap this time and the Jedi cried out. The heat of his palm struck her core and he
timed a second one, perfectly. Her cheeks turned red and sizzled from his spanks.

Rey’s hand wasn’t enough to stifle her cries. Not with Kylo possessing her like this. The Jedi Master
was getting loud again.

"What did I tell you, Rey?" he growled. "I said…"

"Shut up!" Hanna yelled into the mirror. Her hair was damp and wavy from the extended shower. She
could spend hours in the fresher, scrubbing her skin pink. There wasn’t enough soap and hot
water in the galaxy to get that feeling off her.

Sometimes she’d bury her head into her knees, letting the water wash his filth from her soul. It was
all she could do not to call out. Especially for Kayla. Hanna despised the Jedi Order, but this was her
sister. A card he dangled over her; leverage that she resented.

*He couldn’t have Kayla, too.* She swore to herself, as Hanna always did when the subject came up.

It had been forty-one days since her Master last invaded her mind. Each time was a violation. She
was left sullied and desperate; angry at the entire galaxy. This was the sum of her existence, serving
an insatiable monster. And it would only get worse, once he had a virile body to claim.

She used to keep track of her ‘free’ days by cutting into things. Making tallies in the side of a ship’s
hull, or ripping into the edges of whatever cloak she procured. Hanna slid on four thin bracelets over
her right wrist. They were shiny and black but had tiny crystals that she could add and subtract. It
was less destructive than carving into something; it gave her some semblance of control this way.
Counting tiny crystals was, at times, the only thing that kept her sane.

Hanna adjusted all the beads to the right, securing the tiny chrome stoppers to hold the configuration.
Her Master had been awake, off and on, for several hours. Sometimes he’d be conscious for days and
she would never sleep as a result. The thought of him awake for a week, made her shiver in disgust.

She long for the power to march into his chamber and remove his beating heart.

The young woman was afraid; terrified of the consequences of failure. It kept her in line and
obedient, but even she had her limits. It was something Master Skywalker loved about her; twisting
her will while sensing her defiance. A little game that only he enjoyed playing.

Staring at the mirror one last time, Hanna narrowed her eyes.

"I said that I would take care of it!" she yelled, listening to the faint, hissing whispers in her mind.
Hanna could feel a slithering, boney finger tracing her jaw. It felt vile and real enough. She bellowed
in frustration again, much louder this time. The mirror in front of her exploded, bursting into jagged
shards. The Force shook the entire fresher. She breathed raggedly, anger boiling over.

*Pain,* she thought, holding onto the feeling.

There was no way her motley crew didn’t overhear the outburst. Not that she cared. They knew
better than to check on her when she was like this.

Hanna quickly got ready and stormed off her ship. Her crew watched their Lady Shade leave,
wishing they could escort her.

"Have the ship refueled and resupplied by the time I get back!" Hanna shouted over her shoulder.
She marched into the underbelly of Coruscant. The young woman hadn't been on this planet in months, but she'd recognize the poor air quality and stench—even if she was blindfolded.

The seemingly endless rows of skyscrapers played psychological games with the lower classes. Life was harsher towards the surface levels. Something about being in darkness; constantly in the shadows of expensive buildings, played with the people here. With barely any sky and zero sunlight, the conditions were perfect for a desperate and susceptible population of recruits. The kind of people that the troubled young woman needed. The kind of people, a Force user could control, even from great distances and long absences.

Hanna was known there, as Lady Shade. And everyone took notice, immediately getting out of her path.

Lady Shade was to be feared, at the very least. So, Hanna didn't bother bringing her crew along. They weren't needed here. Her long legs and hips moved with purpose, almost challenging someone to get up the nerve to hit on her. She felt like inflicting pain on the next person that spoke up.

A large man standing outside a pub noticed her right away. His biker gang, clearly new to the area, whistled at the dark-clad beauty. They encouraged their leader—the largest of the bunch—to step forward and introduce himself.

He inserted his wide frame and pig-shaped nose in her path.

"You lost, sugar?" He growled, shoving a toothpick in his mouth and eyeing her long legs. Her thigh high, black boots were shiny and distracted him. "Me and my boys have piles of credits. Plenty of death sticks, too."

Hanna's lips curled. She reached behind her waist and in a swift move, ignited her lightsaber. The green blade sprang out, instantly burning off his ear. The man blinked for a second, feeling the searing heat on his thick neck and head. His beady eyes widened and he cried out in agony.

Hanna held her blade steady, smirking a little.

"You must be new here," she hissed rhetorically. "Is that your crew over there?" Hanna asked, giving a sharp nod to the biker gang.

The snout-faced man whimpered. His crew looked just as frightened, never seeing a lightsaber or Force user, up close before.

"Lady Shade." A voice bellowed from down the alley. A seven-foot-tall man pushed his way through the crowd. He wore a variation of Mandalorian chest armor and a chromed out spaulder. The mismatched armor didn't quite work together, but he was so formidable, that no one would dare question him about it. His arms had intricate charcoal tattoos, from outer rim tribes.

"Is this maggot bothering you?" Commander Zel asked in a deep voice. He towered over the sniveling gang leader. Zel had bronzed skin and came from a much hotter system. His black hair was done up in a small ponytail, which framed his high cheekbones.

"Indeed. But I will handle this." Hanna replied, shifting her eyes to her Commander.

"You...bitch," The snout-face stuttered as the green blade burned against his neck. Hanna was careful to inch the lightsaber tortuously closer; instead of jumping straight to disfigurement. Just as she was debating the pig's fate, her commander stepped in.
Infuriated by the insult, Zel reached for his back and removed his modified Z6 riot baton. The handle was twice as long and had energized prongs on each end. In one quick movement, Zel cranked the weapon to life and gave the pig-nose man an electric uppercut. The biker sailed through the air, crashing into the neon sign above the pub. The sign sparked wildly and shorted out from the impact.

"My apologies, Lady Shade. Respect must be taught; as you once taught it to me." Zel extended his hand to her and then pointed toward the alley. The gesture made the stunned crowd part instantly, clearing a path.

Hanna nodded and walked past the onlookers. She couldn't help but smile, remembering her first interaction with the notorious Zel. She slashed an "H" into his chest with her lightsaber, teaching him a valuable lesson. From that moment, he was hopelessly devoted to her.

The Commander gave the gang a long, threatening look. They scrambled, fleeing into the bar for cover. Zel turned back and took long strides to catch up with Hanna.

As they both slipped into the darkened alley. A loud thud, followed by an even louder crashing sound, came from the bar behind them.

"Some lessons you only learn once," Hanna said with a deep laugh.

"What is it, my child?" Leia asked, her wide grin fading. She and Luke were close to each other, catching up on a bench. The General worried that perhaps Kayla overheard her crass joke.

Luke's red face was recovering from a fit of laughter when Kayla walked up to them. He took one look at his former padawan and sobered up.

"We can't talk here," Kayla said, gravely. "I've felt Hanna...in a way I can't explain. We have a Force Bond and I'm seeing more than I'd care too," she admitted.


The aging Jedi Master ushered them into one of the empty meditation chambers. It was a dark, round room, with comfy padded mats. As they moved toward the center, a faint glow of rim lights, brightened the perimeter walls.

Luke and Leia eased their old bodies onto the soft mats.

"Kriff, you don't have chairs?" Leia complained.

"No cursing in the meditation room," Kayla replied, taking a position in between them. She moved a mat with the Force and wedged it in the middle.

Leia opened one glaring eye, slightly annoyed by her granddaughter's comment.

Kayla had her eyes closed and grabbed both of their hands without asking. She inhaled slowly, holding her lungs full of air. She then exhaled slowly, setting herself at ease.

"Close your eyes and imagine the ceiling is a window," Kayla said, feeling the Force in the room. "The window is the Force and it may show us many things."


"The present." Kayla followed, triggering the visions to come forth.
"Okay…” Leia replied, a little uneasy with this part. The General had walked away from this path, in large, do to her Republic duties. Sometimes her Force sensitivity wasn't reliable as a result.

Luke remained silent, concentrating on the Force. He felt it flowing from Kayla in waves, binding him to her. His sister just needed to quiet herself. Leia was about to open her mouth when she felt it too. The old woman gasped.

Kayla projected her thoughts into the room, sharing everything she gleaned from Hanna.

At first, it was just words. The desperate thoughts of an estranged daughter, sister, and niece. Then a cloudy image of Hanna appeared. She was shouting at her reflection; a white towel wrapped around her chest. Hanna lost control and the mirror shattered.

The vision changed and Hanna was suddenly much younger. Perhaps fifteen or so. It was around the age they thought she died.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Hanna pleaded from her knees. She felt her hair being yanked down, forcing her to bow. The young woman stifled a sob, feeling the cold cement on her forehead. Kayla could feel it too, sharing the pain in her ponytail. It was beyond depraved.

A chilling cackle erupted over Hanna's pleas. The disembodied, pitchy voice gave Kayla goosebumps. She was sure that Hanna must be reacting the same way, to the sinister voice.

"To make you stronger, I must tear you down first. Like a wildfire across the withering forest. It's the family motto. A wonderful curse," the dark voice hissed.

Kayla strained but could not see who was speaking.

The vision swirled again and Hanna stood over a dead body; her first life taken. She sliced the victim in half, along the waist. Bending down, she stuck two fingers into a dark pool of blood.

"Well done... Lady Shade." the same voice hissed.

Kayla gasped, wanting to reach out for her sister.

Then the vision changed once more.

Hanna was fully grown, wearing all black from head to toe. Her silky hair had a slight wave to it, coming down past her shoulders. She always looked great with it down.

She was talking to a large man, decked in armor. He was about a foot taller than she was, practically dwarfing her. This was rather rare to see; even as a young teenager, Hanna was taller than most men. They both overlooked a guardrail, to an expansive warehouse.

The warehouse floor was filled with men and women, training. They fought hand to hand, with staffs, Z6 Batons, and blasters. There was a flurry of activity. So much that Kayla, Luke and Leia couldn't take it all in.


"I need you to find someone. It won't be easy, he's Force-sensitive and while he doesn't look like it, the young man is a fighter." Hanna said, her sultry voice pulled the seven-foot man closer.

Hanna suddenly turned, feeling eyes on her. Searching frantically, her smoky gaze narrowed and
scanned for a spy she was positive was there.

In a flash, the vision faded.


Kayla grabbed her grandmother, wrapping her into a hug. Luke sniffled and inched toward them. He pulled both women into his chest, sighing as he did so. He knew his granddaughter was in danger and he wouldn't stand for it.

"We will find her," Luke said softly, kissing them both on the top of their heads.

"Lady Shade, is something wrong?" Zel asked, clearly alarmed. He reached back for his weapon, intent on killing anyone that may be eavesdropping.

Hanna's lips parted and she narrowed her vision straight ahead. She sensed a presence, but it wasn't her Master. Someone was there, but not in the physical sense.

"Never mind that," she said coldly, turning back to him. Her shimmering hair brushed her shoulders and gave off a lavender scent.

"Where was I?" Hanna asked, trying to look as though she wasn't perturbed.

"You need me to find someone, my Lady," he stated, giving her a warm smile. There was no denying that this tough, sometimes overbearing, commander of her Coruscant forces was completely enamored with her.

"Yes. His name is Lin Dameron. I've reached out to bounty hunters in the past and it wasn't enough to wrangle him in. He's dangerous... and that's putting it lightly. Do not underestimate him."

"Well, I am dangerous too, Lady Shade," Zel reminded her. His eyes glistened, more than happy to deliver her target.

She gave him a small, flirty smile in return.

"I need Lin Dameron alive and relatively unharmed. This will be difficult. I suggest you bring plenty of backup." Hanna stated, emphatically.

She turned to leave him and Zel cleared his throat.

"Yes?" Hanna asked, arching an eyebrow, but keeping her back to him.

"These men and women... they are loyal to you, Lady Shade. As am I. You give them purpose and value when the aristocrats would not."

Hanna turned enough to glance at him, using her peripherals.

"Your Master... I wouldn't hesitate if you decided—" Zel's voice trailed off and he looked down.

She suspected what he was about to say. At times, Hanna's eyes betrayed her. It was clear that the Commander would move against the base on Kupu, if it meant freeing her. It didn't need to be said, but it felt good listening to him struggling to find the right words.

Hanna felt her Master brush against her thoughts and she swallowed hard.
"I must leave, quickly," Hanna replied, her heart racing. And she was gone before he could finish the thought.

Kylo and Rey walked through the empty corridors of the Jedi Temple, knowing that they were late for Leia's meeting. There was a motive for her visiting, but the General didn't seem to be in a hurry to speak her mind—which was unusual.

Before turning the corner to head into the cartography room, Kylo grabbed Rey from behind. He wrapped his hands around her waist and pulled her back into him. His lips were inches from her tender neck when Rey spun him around and threw him into the wall. She was on him immediately, jumping up to meet his sore lips. He held her waist so she could deepen the kiss and take the control she desperately needed back. The Jedi's tongue slipped around his and she moaned in triumph. Her hands eagerly cupped around his jaw.

Rey broke away, just as Kylo lost himself, completely surrendering to the kiss. He looked at her, glossy eyed and puzzled, questioning why she pulled back. The Jedi leaned in to bite his lower lip and pull it aggressively.

"Rey," he groaned. She finally let go and dropped out of his arms.

"Mmm, Ben."

"I... ugh, you better go in first," Kylo said, unable to control the massive hard-on she inflicted on him.

The Jedi smirked and shook her head. "Is it ever enough for you?" She teased. "Not that I'm complaining." Rey pressed her body into his, giving his length one good pump with her fist. She backed away before Kylo knew what was happening.

"There's a hot spring near the Temple. We could visit it tonight," she whispered, leaving him there. He pinched her ass, making her scamper into the meeting.

"There you are." Said Kayla, looking annoyed at her mother.

Leia, Finn, and Luke were already in the cartography room, waiting for Rey and Kylo Ren.

"Where is Kylo?" Luke asked suspiciously. He and Kylo hadn't spoken two words to each other since the dark warrior arrived. The Jedi Master had every reason to be vigilant around his nephew.

"We don't call him that here. And I gave Ben a task... to complete." Rey said, hoping she wasn't blushing too badly.

"Well, I don't want to step on Grandma's toes here, but I have some questions that need answering. If you're honest, it may help me find Hanna." Kayla said, looking at her mother and Finn respectively.

"Okay." Rey replied slowly, wondering where this was going.

"You've been keeping something big about Lin Dameron from me and I need to know what it is," the young Jedi stated.

Rey and Finn shot each other glances. Finn parted his lips but allowed Rey to jump in.

"I... I don't see what that has to do with Hanna," Rey replied.
"Well, if you weren't in the training room, beating up Ben Solo, you would have been available to see the shared vision I had about her," Kayla shot back.

"Perhaps... it's time for me to come clean, then," Leia said, after clearing her throat.

"We're all of the opinions that Hanna is trying to find Lin Dameron, presumably for some nefarious purpose." Leia looked around for confirmation.

"Yes," Kayla jumped in, avoiding her mother's gaze.

"Lin Dameron has been a spy for me for several years now," Leia admitted. "At least he was until he turned into a rogue asset."

"Come again?" Finn cut in, caught off guard by the disclosure.

"Yes. We recognized his talents early. His Force sensitivity, for one, although I kept that part from anything official." Leia swallowed hard.

Kayla tilted her head, giving her grandmother an incredulous look.

"He's been entirely out of line for the past ten months or so. But technically, he's been trying to complete the same mission for years." Leia continued.

"And that is?" Kayla asked. The young Jedi Knight would have refused to believe it if it wasn't coming from her grandmother's own lips.

"Rid the galaxy of the First Order," Leia replied.

"The First Order is gone," Finn interjected. This had been taken care of years earlier. He personally, led a dozen missions to make sure. But that didn't stem the deep seeded regret he had, regarding the rest of Lin's family.

"Yes, however, the Coalition made a lot of noise a few years ago," Leia said, ruefully. "For Lin, the war isn't over."

Finn and Rey exchanged awkward glances; their expressions didn't go unnoticed by Kayla.

"I'm afraid Lin is hunting down an old First Order super weapon," Leia looked down. "It's a weapon we've lost track of and I'm ashamed to say, I stopped looking for."

Kayla watched her grandmother carefully and stepped in. "If Hanna gets to the weapon first, it would be a catastrophe. Especially given what we know now."

"And what is that?" Rey interrupted.

"Hanna is serving someone we believe to be a Dark Sider. An abusive relationship, that has gone on since before she disappeared." Luke offered, finally throwing his thoughts into the mix.

"What kind of weapon are we talking about?" Rey asked.

"Leviathan." A voice came from behind them. Kylo Ren entered the room finally, circling the group and giving Kayla and Rey a long look.

"Though I can't be sure the project was ever completed. I defected before seeing it come to fruition," Kylo admitted.
"Great." Finn scoffed. *The one time having Kylo Ren around might be useful.*

"Is Lin trying to use the weapon? I don't understand that part." Kayla asked. She was more worried about the list of names he carried. Maybe he was looking for a more efficient solution.

"No." Kylo and Leia replied simultaneously.

"Lin is after something else. He wants to trade for it; come to an accord. He'll find and destroy Leviathan. In exchange, we hand over a special project. And that's what I came here to ask you about, son." With a pause, Leia sighed heavily.

"Lin wants us to hand over Checkpoint," she said gravely.

Kylo stiffened at the name. The room fell quiet and everyone looked at the Sith Master. Kylo shifted his gaze to Kayla and Rey.

"Checkpoint?" Kayla asked. What could that be?

"No. I won't allow it," Kylo Ren said. His nostrils flared at the thought.

A figure wearing a hooded cloak strolled up to the limestone steps, entering the Jedi Temple grounds. Two teenaged padawans stood guard on either side of the first entryway. The cloaked man walked past them but didn't get far before his hood got pulled back, over his head.

Lin was turned around in surprise, as one of the young padawans grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Who are you?" the Jedi asked, while the second one ignited his lightsaber and took a defensive form.

"Really? You boys don't watch the news or?" Lin asked, grinning sheepishly. "Oh, this is embarrassing for me—a little. Maybe if I wore my mask? And I have black armor... it's really cool."

"I asked you a question, you imposter." The padawan gripped him tighter.

Lin sighed, "Eh... *diversion.*"

"What?" the Padawan replied. A split second later, a massive fireball erupted just beyond the Temple walls.

Both Jedi looked toward the blast, distracted. Lin spun out of the hold, flipping the first padawan onto his back. He fired his gauntlet net at the second knight, who tried to block the webbing with his lightsaber.

The net electrified, getting enough of the Jedi to drop him. Lin knelt down and punched the first teenager in the face, knocking him out cold.

"Sorry. There's something here that I need," the Hunter said while looking at his surroundings. He grabbed both unconscious bodies and dragged them into the bushes. "What do they feed you guys? Geez."

A group of younglings scurried past, but they didn't notice Lin by the ferns.

"Sleep tight boys," he patted one of them on the shoulder. "This time, we're on the same side."

Lin placed the hood back over his head. He could feel strong Force signatures nearby.
"Oh boy. Look's like the gangs all here. Can't back out now." Lin hurried up the next batch of steps, as several more Jedi walked right past him. They were too preoccupied with the commotion outside the walls to notice the stranger in their midst.


Kylo held up his hand to silence the old man. It made the aging Jedi Master want to reach out and strangle his nephew.

"Lin Dameron," Kylo Ren said, turning around and detecting his former apprentice. A small smile crept over his lips.

"What about him?" Kayla snapped, just before the explosion went off near the courtyards. The rumble of the detonation woke her senses. "I feel him too," she gasped.

Rey shot her daughter a look, "How is it that you can sense Lin, Kayla?"

Kayla was already gone. She bolted from the cartography room, with her lightsaber in hand.

"No, wait!" Rey shouted, going after her daughter.

Finn looked at Kylo Ren for a moment, before chasing after both women.

"I can't let him get away," Kayla yelled back. Running with incredible speed, she left the others far behind.

Kylo looked at his mother and sighed. They hadn't really spoken much since he turned to the Dark Side and things were still awkward between them.

"Hmm. She wants to use Lin as bait... to lure Hanna here," he stated. Kylo wasn't sure if he approved of Kayla's impulsive plan. It was an interesting thought, yes.

"Well... whatever works," Leia said, coldly. The general wouldn't lose sleep over it.

Chapter End Notes

So this is where we have some story lines starting to come together. Lin and Hanna have had a bit of a rough go at it, and sometimes you need to lean on people.

At the beginning of the story, its Kayla who has been making a good name for Force users and garnering the admiration of systems throughout the Republic. Now Lady Shade, we find has been undoing a lot of that. Spreading fear and victimizing the vulnerable.

This bit about the architecture of Coruscant, reminded me of my old days when I went to school for such things. In New York, the Equitable Building was constructed and it stopped light and 'air' from reaching the ground. A massive building (1 acre)...It kept certain areas of the surrounding area in perpetual shadows. Gaaa!

It was widely documented that the lack of light, was causing office workers in the
buildings next door, to be depressed and jump out of their windows. :( So, by law and architectural standards, skyscrapers are tiered. Allows the light to come in. :D

Ugh sorry!!! Very excited to get these characters together. :D
Sil Fett stepped off the main barge, noticing the distinct dust trail of an approaching speeder bike. His lookout whistled at him, but Sil merely waved his crewman off.

"Yeah, I see 'em," he replied. The gruff arms dealer scratched his back with a hydrospanner. "What's the point of hiding out in the sand dunes, if everyone can find us?"

Fett's gang had been on an extended tour of the deserts, ever since he aided Lin Dameron in the escape of Kylo Ren. Now that Lin and Kylo Ren were the biggest fugitives in the Galaxy, Fett wasn't in a hurry to return to anything remotely resembling civilization.

This morning had already produced one unexpected visitor and the aging bounty hunter wasn't in the mood to entertain any more unwanted guests.

"Check out this fucking guy," Sil Fett said, as the speeder bike came to a stop, a few feet from him.

Fett's gang immediately drew their weapons on the hulking man. They spread out across the barges, prepared to fire at the first sign of trouble.

"You got a lot of guts coming here alone. I'll give ya that. But not much going on upstairs, I'd say," Fett chuckled. He cranked his hydrospanner into a clean rag.

The gigantic stranger approached and cast a shadow over Fett and his men. He didn't seem concerned about the fact that he was outnumbered or that there were dozens of weapons pointed at him.

"I am Commander Zel of Lady Shade's Coruscant forces," the outlander stated proudly.

"Lady Shade, eh? I've lost plenty of men to her... unique skill set." Sil Fett didn't seem too impressed with the warrior, turning his back to him.

Zel's nostrils flared at the comment, but he chose to let it slide—this time.

"You must be her favorite... or at least her most loyal errand boy," Sil gave him a crooked smile.

"I seek Lin Dameron." The Commander interrupted, losing his patience and stepping forward. One of Fett's guards open fired, hitting the sand between Zel's feet. Refusing to flinch, the outlander wasn't deterred.

The old man laughed, barking loudly. His voice echoed against the dunes.
"You and half the galaxy, it would seem."

"I won't ask again. I know the Hunter has been here," Zel stated, reaching for his staff.

Sil Fett quickly raised his gauntlet blaster at the giant's face. After all these years, he was still an incredibly fast draw.

"I'm too old for this shit! Listen closely, outlander. Lin is not part of my crew," Sil replied.

"I know Lin Dameron has been here to see you in the past six hours," Zel said calmly. The warrior was going to stand his ground, regardless of the odds.

"Look around, outlander. You're surrounded," Sil said, shaking his head slightly. He set the hydrospanner on a fuel barrel and shoved a pick in his teeth. Some of his gang rushed down the barge ramps, putting themselves between their boss and the stranger.

"Surrounded?" Zel said, activating his signature riot staff. "I never said, I was alone."

From behind the gigantic commander, six soldiers appeared out of thin air. Their armor had retrograde angles and flickered into the visible spectrum, in large sections. They stood by Zel's side, fully opaque, with weapons trained on Fett's men.

Sil Fett's toothpick fell out of his mouth.

Six more soldiers de-cloaked, as they repelled down semi-transparent ropes. Their specialized armor glinted in the high sun, revealing their bodies like a mirage. Fett's eyes traveled upward, seeing the faint outline of a cruiser. It was barely detectable in the sky, mirroring the clouds around it and giving off almost no noise.

Fett whistled in admiration, "Well, that's something new." The arms dealer rubbed his chin, soaking it all in. He had underestimated Commander Zel. "I'm insanely jealous of your tech. I must know where you found it," Fett said, chuckling in delight.

"The Hunter," Zel demanded. The warrior took a defensive form, spinning his riot staff. He now had a dozen men behind him, ready to attack the bounty hunters.

"You're a little late. Lin Dameron is probably in the custody of the Jedi Order by now." As Fett spoke, he motioned for his men to lower their weapons.

"The Jedi Order?" Zel said, glowering. He didn't trust the arms dealer.

Fett merely laughed, "Dameron's storming the Jedi Temple, but he won't get far — will he boys?" The gang on the barges started to snicker.

"You must take me for a fool, eh, Fett? You really expect me to believe, that one person is reckless enough to storm the Jedi Temple on their own?" Zel asked.

Lin ducked behind the over-sized statue of Master Yoda, as several padawans rushed by. Another harmless explosion went off outside the Temple gates, not big enough to do more than superficial damage. It sent colorful bursts into the sky, drawing attention away from the intruder.

"Worth every credit. I can't believe they sell that stuff to kids." He said in a low voice, unable to hide his excitement. It was such an adrenaline rush, making it this far onto the grounds.

The Hunter dipped into the closing Temple doors, activating his gauntlet read out. A red holographic
map hovered just above his palm. Lin spun around, looking at the large breezeway and checking the blueprints.

"Damn, this place is big," he whispered, panning across the cavernous archways. Lin heard a voice from above, which made him scurry for cover.

"You take the upper corridors and I'll sweep below," Kayla shouted from above. Finn nodded and ran with his blaster up some stairs.

"Kayla, wait," Rey shouted.

Lin turned white as a sheet and fell forward to a prone position. He rolled tightly next to the breezeway fountain.

"Crap! Crap, crap crap," he whispered. Lin could hear Kayla talking in a hushed voice with her mother, but couldn't make out the discussion. After a tense few moments, the young Jedi broke into a jog across the second level. He caught a brief glimpse of Kayla, just before she disappeared into a dark corridor.

Hearing the voices fade away, he crept down the nearest hallway, looking over his shoulder. "Ugh. This isn't right." Lin spun in a circle, trying to reorient himself.

He was in the middle of four corridors, that were not on his map. Hearing footsteps, Lin slipped into the nearest set of double doors. He tapped the gauntlet furiously, trying to scroll through the blueprints. The holographic image blinked and shut off altogether.

"That beady-eyed bastard," Lin swore, trying to get the display back on. Currently, he was in the middle of an impressive, multi-level library. The structure should have been on the blueprints, but clearly, Fett's plans for the Temple were inaccurate.

The gauntlet sparked and all its attachments started going haywire. He began to suspect that Fett's men tampered with his gear, while they were reloading cartridges.

"Kriff," he yelped, as the gauntlet started smoking and burning his sleeves. Running around the library, scrambling to remove the defective weapon.

The doors behind him opened silently, as Lin pulled the gauntlet off his wrist and slammed it into a metallic trash bin. His arm sleeve caught fire a split second later.

"They said this was fireproof material... nerf herding jackasses," he cursed.

"Well, Mr. Dameron. You're smoking hot," Kayla said, dryly. Lin wrung his arm out, using the heavy drapes nearby to smother the fire. Realizing who it was, the Hunter spun around wildly, finding the Jedi Knight looking less than pleased.

"So, you break into my home, knock out two of my padawans and try to set the place on fire?" Kayla stood in the doorway, scowling with hands on her hips.

"This isn't what it looks like," He said, backing up, as Kayla marched toward him. Lin hopped over some furniture, putting distance between him and the Jedi. She shoved the chairs easily out of the way, using the Force.

"So, you didn't assault two of my Knights?" she hissed.
"Is there an answer that doesn't get my ass kicked?" Lin asked, giving her a nervous smile.

"No." She growled, using the Force to slide two desks together, trapping his escape. The Jedi got her hands on his cloak and pulled. Lin spun out of the cloak, leaving her clutching the ratty garment.

Lin fired his grappling hook at the third level of the library. The metallic claws dug into the banister, holding firmly. The Hunter propelled himself along the zip line, escaping the ground floor. Kayla ignited her lightsaber giving it a quick twirl. She threw it high, slicing into the thinly braided line.

The Hunter fell fifteen feet onto the table below, landing on his back with a heavy thud. The table splintered down the middle, protesting the harsh impact.

"Eh, crap," he groaned, rolling onto his side and arching his back.

Kayla immediately recalled her saber and grabbed Lin by the leg. She yanked him off the table, dropping him on the floor.

"That table, Dameron, survived the Jedi massacre. It survived Darth freaking Vader!" Kayla said, putting her knee into his chest and using the Force to pin his body in place. "Two minutes inside the Jedi Temple and you've destroyed something with two thousand years of history."

"Well, I think the table did more damage to me," Lin said, struggling to free himself. Kayla narrowed her eyes and reached back with a threatening, balled up fist. He wasn't trying to be funny; far from it. Lin was trying to focus on something, anything other than the heat between the Jedi's legs. She was so close to straddling him, it made him swallow hard.

"Are you... enjoying this?" Kayla asked, immediately wishing she hadn't. The Jedi blushed deeply, regretting the position she had taken.

Lin closed his eyes and inhaled, "Please don't make me answer that."

"Tell me why Hanna is looking for you." She demanded, impatiently leaning forward. Kayla tried to ignore the bulge in his pants. But she could almost feel him. It should make her appalled or disgusted but it didn't. Fuck, it didn't.

"Wait... what?" Lin asked, caught off guard by the question. He looked genuinely bewildered, but Kayla wasn't buying it.

The Jedi gritted her teeth and punched him right under the eye. Lin's head snapped back, hitting the tough wooden floor.

Rey, Kylo Ren, Luke and Leia watched on the tiny holographic view screen.

"Does this get any bigger?" Kylo asked, pointing his large fingers through the invisible holo barrier. Rey playfully slapped his hand, getting him to knock it off.

On the screen, Kayla walked into frame and leered over the unconscious intruder. Two padawans, sporting shiners, each brought in large buckets of water.

"I'm not sure this is a good idea," Kylo said, feeling uneasy. He didn't like the committee's plan to have his daughter in charge of questioning his former apprentice.


Kylo Ren arched an eyebrow but said nothing. Leia smiled inwardly, almost in disbelief that her
brother and son agreed on something. Even if they were being needlessly overprotective.

"Yes, it is," Rey replied, looking up at him. "You'd be surprised what kinds of secrets, guys will tell pretty young ladies."

Kylo raised an eyebrow, "Eh, I haven't forgotten... I'll *never* forget that day. You weren't exactly playing fair." He smirked, recalling the first day they met. It was also the day she left him bleeding in the snow, but the reformed Darksider didn't want to mention that part.

"Me?" Rey replied, teasing him a little with her smile. "You had me tied up on an interrogation table."

"Oh, *kriff,*" Leia said, rolling her eyes. "Ben, you tied her—nevermind. I don't want to know." The General sighed heavily and plopped down on the seat in front of her.

Luke cleared his throat, "I have... Jedi business to attend too." He got out of his chair with a low grunt. Leia shot daggers at her brother, but he wisely chose not to turn back.

"I was just an innocent, scavenger girl from Jakku," Rey said, biting her bottom lip. Kylo turned to her, grabbing Rey's waist and pulling her close.

"Hmm, an innocent scavenger? You pried away my deepest fear that day; something I wanted no one to know. I couldn't even bear to learn your name, after that. As a dark Knight, I knew... I couldn't hold on to something so *sweet.*"

"Ben..." Rey sighed, searching his eyes. His gloved hand reached up and his thumb caressed her chin.

"Oh, do shut up. Both of you," Leia said, rolling her eyes. The cranky General found it all a little too cute and distracting, as she watched Kayla pick up the first bucket of water.

"Cold!" Lin yelled out, feeling the crisp bucket of water. He gasped to breathe. He blinked, seeing two blurry images of Kayla joining in the center. She bent down and picked up the second bucket.

"I'm awake. Easy. Take it easy!" He shouted, as a second bath of frigid water, left him gasping for air.

"The padawans you attacked, filled up two buckets." Kayla said, trying to look serious. The corners of her mouth fought the urge to giggle. The Jedi Knight dropped the second bucket, backing up. She punched a code on the wall, activating a force field to trap him. Lin was so sore, that he made no attempt to stop her or flee.

"I know why my back is killing me, but why does my face feel lopsided?" Lin asked, slapping his wet arms on the ground. The fabric of his long sleeves echoed in the catacombs. He calmed his breathing and gingerly got up to his feet.

"I may have punched you in the face... once or twice." Kayla admitted, watching him limp closer to the invisible barrier. "I would have brought you some cold meat for that eye, but I didn't want to waste the food."

"Well, it hurts," Lin said, rubbing his jaw and wincing.

"It looks like it hurts," Kayla sighed, trying to read the young man in front of her. Lin licked his lips and walked along the force field, separating them both. He eyed the edges of the confines as if trying
to spot a weakness.

Lin ran his fingers along the barrier, feeling it sting and flicker a yellowish hue. It was a terrible tease, being so close to Kayla. There were torches lit in the catacombs, kissing her skin with a warm light.

He wondered where exactly they were, finding the surroundings similar to a crypt. Only it appeared to be massive. *We must be under the Temple*, he thought.

"Why are you here, Lin?" she asked, watching his expression closely.

"I had to retrieve something... I needed the frigate back. You know, some old fashion fire power."

Lin said, nonchalantly. He scratched his five o'clock shadow, returning her icy stare with his softer gaze.

"The frigate? You mean the same frigate that you stole from Cloud City? How many people were killed in that little adventure of yours?"

"Too many, I'm afraid." His tone was somber. "Only the one's shooting at me...but that's not the point."

Kayla shook her head in disappointment.

"Look, Kayla. I need you to meet me halfway here. There's a new objective and it concerns every man, woman and child in our Galaxy. If you knew the truth, you would understand why I can't walk away empty handed. Why our goals, at the moment, are aligned."

"Oh? What truth is that?" Kayla asked indulging him.

"The Resistance lost track of a super weapon," he replied, making Kayla scoff. "I know how it sounds, but it's true." Lin cleared his throat and held his hands up.

"Ludacris, for one, is how I'd describe it. Fortunately, I know enough about Leviathan to believe you. But why would you even think the frigate would be here? We returned it to the Republic Fleet."

"Ah... of course you did," he replied.

She squinted at Lin. His eyes looked a little too doughy.

"You're lying to me." She accused, using a hand to lower the force field. The Jedi Knight ignited her lightsaber, glowering at him as she did so.

"Kayla..." he said, almost pleading with her.

"Why are you really here?" she demanded. Footsteps echoed from the catacombs, followed by the familiar whistles of BB-8.

"Fun's over," Leia said, stepping out of the shadows. BB-8 came rolling to a stop right behind her.

"Grandma!" Kayla said, terminating the blade to her saber.

"Grandma?" Lin whispered, in disbelief. Suddenly everything he knew about Kayla made a lot of sense. "Of course."

"Lin was my agent, dear. He'll talk to me and I promise to get to the bottom of this." Leia said, putting a hand on her granddaughter's shoulder.
As the two women spoke, BB-8 looked up at Lin in excitement. The droid shook, seeing his old friend for the first time in years. Holding a finger up to his lips, BB-8 took the hint and stayed quiet.

"I am in complete control," Kayla protested.

Lin smiled at BB-8, catching the Jedi glaring at him.

"Come on BB-8. And don't talk to my droid," Kayla said, storming off. She reactivated the force field as she passed by the control panel.

The spunky droid gave Lin a quick glance and took off after the Jedi.

"You're not leaving this cell," Leia said, waiting for Kayla to climb the steps. Lin folded his arms and cleared his throat.

"Tell me you didn't break into the Jedi Temple, just to retrieve a droid," Leia said, satisfied that Kayla was gone.

"That droid is one of a kind, but I shouldn't have to remind you of that. Now, what about Leviathan?" Lin asked, getting serious.

"I've told the Jedi Order about my egregious error. I promise, Dameron, that if the weapon exists, my team will find it. I'm going to request that Finn takes charge its recovery." The General guaranteed.

Exasperated, he sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "Finn? General… it's gotta be me. I can't explain it, but I know I'm the one that finds Leviathan and destroys it. You do realize, the weapon needs to be destroyed, right?"

"You're not going anywhere, flyboy. My granddaughter wants to wrap you in a bow and deliver you on a platter to some dangerous people. I'm more than inclined to let her—believe me," Leia said.

"I knew the risks when I signed up. Who else is after me?"

"Hanna," she replied. Her expression soured.

"Kriff. What the hell does she want with me? And where is Kylo Ren, anyway? He was determined to put his family back together. "The last I saw of Hanna, she was with her father."

"I'm frustrated to say, she slipped away," Leia said.

Lin kicked one of the buckets that was imprisoned with him. "This explains that BS on Tatooine, but I have no idea why she would be looking for me," he replied.

"Yes. Did you have some plan for escaping the Jedi Temple?" Leia asked, knowing the pilot all too well.

"That depends... are they watching us?" he asked, getting closer to the force field.

"No... they are distracted," Leia said, closing her eyes. "Lin, the rest of this conversation, never took place..." she continued.

Kayla hovered over a long table in her mother's ready room. It was a small private library and office, that Rey shared with her daughter and Luke. Kayla tended to use the facility more than either of them, which wasn't much of a surprise. The young Jedi was constantly on the move, going from one mission to the next.
On the table was a pile of Lin Dameron's Mandalorian armor. She picked up the busted gauntlet, turning it over carefully. She tapped one of the buttons, seeing a hologram project out of it.

A red map flickered on and then off. The gauntlet was burned to a crisp, which was to be expected. She was amazed that the holographs worked at all.

"You know, it's really annoying having someone watching from the shadows," Kayla said, standing up straight.

"What is it your looking for?" Kylo asked, leaning on a column outside the opened door. His eyes wandered across the room.

"Something doesn't add up. Why would Lin risk entering the Jedi Temple, for a ship that wasn't even here?" she asked, tossing the gauntlet back on the heap of armor. "I hate to admit it, but he's smarter than that."

Kylo picked up a small picture frame on the bookcase. He stared over it intently, looking at the cute photo of Hanna and Kayla. They were wearing bright colors; Kayla smiled widely, looking so much like her mother. Hanna seemed happy, too but distant. She was wearing yellow, which made her dark eyes and hair stand out. The snapshot was rather telling, he realized.

"That was one of the last photos we took together," Kayla said, sadly. "We were constantly moving in different directions after that. I guess, I always figured there would be time for more."

"Your mother and I spent eighteen years apart." He cleared his throat. "So, it's never too late. Not when we have the Force." Kylo suddenly wished to storm out of the Temple and track Hanna down, regardless of the collateral damage. The Master clenched his jaw and refrained, respecting Rey's wishes for him to remain there.

"Hmm. I'm not sure why Lin came here, exactly," He continued. "Maybe he came here, looking for some help," Kylo set the frame back down. "What did you do to his armor?" He asked, using the Force to float several burned pieces up in the air.

"That wasn't me," Kayla said, watching the pieces spin slowly. "One of his gauntlets malfunctioned and caught fire. That was before I started beating his face in."

Kylo looked down, at the gear. His forehead strained a bit, the faint veins caught Kayla's attention.

"What is it?" She asked.

"I've never known Mandalorian kits to fail so spectacularly. The Fetts wouldn't trust their livelihoods to devices that occasionally blew up."

Kayla pressed a switch on the table, activating the holo view screen. She toggled over to the makeshift holding cells in the catacombs. Leia was talking with Lin, but the audio was cutting in and out.

"It's never this easy," she said. "He's always been an arrogant jerk, but he's never gone easy on me before. He didn't even have his lightsaber with him. It's almost like he wanted to get caught." Kayla squinted at the video feed, trying to make sense of Lin's odd behavior.

Kylo Ren stood next to her, unsure of what to do with his arms. He felt compelled to pat her shoulder, but he stopped himself.

"Were you ever told about the first time your mother and I met?" Kylo asked.
Kayla flipped the knob on the view screen to the 'off' position.

"No," she said, smiling with great interest.

"It was not my smoothest moment," Kylo admitted, poking fun at himself. "I was trying to find this BB unit that kept slipping through my fingers. It belonged to the best pilot in the Resistance," he started.

Lin glared at the camera. "They aren't watching now, right?" He felt the Force guiding him and somehow, he knew that was the case.

The General turned around and fired her pistol at the camera. It exploded with a bright burst.

"We don't have much time," she said, quickly.

Lin nodded, "Hanna will not come here, not after my escape on Tatooine. That's not how she operates; she prefers the shadows and uses her minions to do the heavy lifting. If you want her back, maybe there's another way."

Leia crossed her arms, chewing it over.

"General, she doesn't trust the Jedi Order. Not that I blame her. She's not coming anywhere near this Temple," Lin said, cranking his neck from side to side.

"If it looked like you burned us and stole something useful, Hanna might let her guard down. She may overlook something small," Leia said, drumming her fingers along her forearm.

"Something small... like a homing beacon?" he asked, letting out a small laugh. "As it happens, I came here to acquire something very useful."

Leia squinted, checking the stairs at the far end of the catacombs. The coast was clear. "It has to look good, Lin." She said, lowering her voice.

"The black eye doesn't sell it enough, huh? Come on, General, it's me. I always look good," he bragged, grinning through the pain in his face.

"I want Hanna back. No excuses; no bullshit, Lin. Get captured, get close to her and I'll send the cavalry. My team will work on finding Leviathan," Leia said.

"You know what I'd need for this, General. Can I trust you, the way my father did?" he asked.

"You only get to play that card once," she glared in response. "We have an understanding."

"For Checkpoint," he replied, needing confirmation. "Please, General."

Leia chewed on the inside of her mouth. "Alright. Hanna, for Checkpoint." The General produced a small plastic vial, containing a tiny device in it. She rolled the tube in her fingertips.

"Then I guess I better get back to work, General. I came here to get an old friend and save the Galaxy," Lin said, raising an eyebrow.

"You sound like your old self, Gray Leader," General Organa said while lowering the force field.

Lin took the vial from her and popped it open. He swallowed the tracker like a pill.
"My granddaughter, Kayla, will do everything to bring you back. Watch your six. When she cools down, I will convince her this is the right move."

"If Hanna likes shadows so much, then she can stay in the shade of a giant umbrella when we have a family reunion on the beach," she added.

Lin smiled at her. "Maybe you can get my face off those wanted notices? And if it's not too much trouble, maybe... put in a good word for me," he added.

"Such a charmer. No wonder, she can't stand you," Leia replied, watching Lin sprint down the hallways.

Kayla laughed, placing her hand on her Father's elbow without realizing it. Rey heard their voices from the hallway and leaned on the door frame; she didn't mean to eavesdrop, but couldn't help herself.

"I'd say, I had to work hard to win her over after that," Kylo said, enjoying the moment.

Kayla bit her lip, anxiously changing the subject. "Can... Hanna be saved?"

He snapped his eyebrows together, chewing on the response. "Sometimes it isn't that simple. The Light and the Dark... it pulls Force users. The Jedi teach the Light, but that isn't always the right call—not for everyone. Denying the Force can make it much worse. The distinction, either way, doesn't necessarily need to be so cut and dry."

"I don't believe that," Kayla said, taking a deep breath. "I'm sorry, I don't. You are living proof of that, Kylo Ren."

"I spent most of my life in the darkness, but truthfully I didn't fit in either classification. The Dark was easier because it masked my pain. Sometimes the only way to be happy is to exist in the grayish middle. However, when I'm with your mother...I don't care about the darkness or the Galaxy."

"You don't care about the Galaxy?" Kayla smirked.

"Well, you know what I mean," he said, returning her smile. "I care more for Rey, than my former selfish pursuits. And I'd rather not go back into cold storage," he chuckled.

Kayla and Kylo's laughter made Rey's eyes well up. For the first time, she was starting to think that bringing Ben here was the right move. The Sith Master would do anything to protect the women in his life. That had to count for something, she thought.

Artoo beeped from behind Rey, startling her.

Looking up, Kylo motioned for her to join them. Rey smiled, leaning into his chest, as he wrapped an arm around her.

"I was wondering. What happened to the droid you were looking for?" Kayla asked.

"I imagined the BB unit stayed with their pilot. He escaped, after all." Kylo said, kissing Rey on the top of the head.

"Until he came to live with us. You remember, don't you Kayla?" Rey put her hand on Kylo's chest.

"Orange and white?" Kayla asked, looking around for BB-8. The droid usually followed her everywhere in the Temple.
"Yes, dear. It was BB-8, of course." Rey nodded. "He's part of the family," she said, looking up at Kylo Ren.

"Where's BB-8?" Kayla asked, kneeling by Artoo. Suddenly, she had a bad feeling in the pit of her stomach. She sensed a disturbance in the Temple.

Lin looked up at the brilliant blue holographics in the Jedi Archives.

He let out a whistle, amazed at the ceiling. It had a dome shape with strings of information floating across it. The holographic data looked like star systems, constantly changing place and structure. He couldn't believe how wonderfully artistic the knowledge looked.

"This room is bad ass," he said spinning around and taking it in. "If I was a Jedi, I'd spend most of my time in here."

BB-8 started whistling. He was plugged into a small terminal in the center of the room.

"Yeah, buddy. I need all the data concerning Rogue Planets. If I was going to hide a superweapon, I might do it on a rock that no one could find."

BB-8 complied, finishing the download. He beeped again, changing his tone.

"Yeah, we're gonna find Hanna first. I made a promise. But I will be destroying the Leviathan. There's no way I'm leaving anything in Finn's hands," Lin said, sounding bitter.

The little droid beeped excitedly.

"A file on me? Well, grab it and let's go," he said.

From outside the Archives, a bell sounded. It rang loudly, alerting the meditating padawans nearby. BB-8 spun around and let out a long whistle.

"Yep... time's up!" Lin agreed.

Kayla came to a sliding stop in the catacombs. She walked into the empty space that once held Lin Dameron. Suddenly, she felt foolish for starting there, when the Force clearly told her that he was already loose.

*Mom.* she sent through the Force.

"Yes, dear," Rey replied, while embracing Kylo Ren. She reluctantly pulled away from his arms, to concentrate on her voice. He kept a hold of her hand, letting his fingertips linger.

*Lin Dameron has escaped our custody.* Kayla said, in a panic. She darted back to the stairwell, leaping up multiple steps with each bound.

Rey looked up to Kylo Ren and he narrowed his gaze.

"I know," he said, reading her expression. "Do you want me to bring Lin back?" He asked.

"Kayla," Rey spoke sternly, looking fiercely into Kylo's eyes. "I'm sending your father to retrieve Mister Dameron."
I've got this. I'm not letting him get away. Kayla said, feeling Lin's presence near the Archives.

He's mine! she shouted through the Force.

Kylo gave Rey a loving kiss on her cheek. He immediately stormed out of the room, bumping into Leia.

"Mother," he said, arching a brow.

Leia kept her face stoic, but he knew her all too well.

"Something you'd like to share with us, General?" he asked, clasping both hands behind his back.

Kayla left the Archives and ran out to the nearest balcony. She got there in time to watch an X-Wing taking off, not far from the Temple walls. She slapped the banister, catching a glimpse of the pilot. The fighter appeared to be dripping water as if it had been submerged.

"Finn, how could you miss this?" she said under her breath, scowling. There would be time to address it after she recaptured Lin. The Jedi leaped over the third-floor balcony, sliding onto the tiled roof. She kept her balance on the way down, displacing tiles as she went past. Kayla landed on the grass, doing a somersault. She was immediately up, bolting for her Starfighter.

"I kinda feel bad about this, BB-8," Lin said, swinging the X-Wing around. BB-8 chirped sarcastically behind him. "You're right, I guess I really don't."

The Hunter did a pass around the Jedi Temple, doing one last look. "Did they treat you well?" he asked.

BB-8 whistled in response.

"That's good to hear, buddy. I'm sorry I had to leave you for so long, but it was much safer than taking you with me. Maybe someday we'll get invited back... when I'm not a wanted man, that is," Lin said, noticing padawans pointing at him from the ground below. "It's a good thing they don't have any weapon systems, huh?"

Just as he said it, a ship came tearing out of a hidden bunker on the grounds. It sprang out of a large, retractable Jedi symbol.

"Ah, shit," Lin cursed, hitting the throttle. He caught just enough of it to know it was a Jedi Starfighter. Kayla swung around and zeroed in on his tail, gaining on the X-Wing.

"Haven't seen one of those relics in a while, I wonder who that could be," he said, looking over his shoulder. Lin piloted the X-Wing over open waters, heading for the canyons in the distance.

Kayla was right on his heels, having an in-depth knowledge of the terrain to come.

"Alright, Jedi..." Lin said, flipping a switch and starting evasive maneuvers.

"...let's see what you got," Kayla muttered to herself, activating her targeting systems.

Chapter End Notes
The inspiration for the picture of Kayla/Hanna came from panda-capuccino on tumblr. I just had to use this imagery, its so damn inspiring. Well, we're about to get into some really fun stuff. Still need to spill the beans about 'Checkpoint' and find out what Hanna is up too. I really wanted to work in Kylo and Rey in a hot spring. It will happen :D
The Truth About Lin Dameron

Chapter Summary

I've been waiting for this, my little green friend.

I'm being blatant with the title on this one. Lin Dameron is on a mission and Kayla Kenobi finally finds out what he's really up too. Kylo Ren admits to Rey, what she really means to him. He's worried what will happen, if Lin succeeds. And Hanna... is up to her usual ways.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lady Shade gently rubbed her hand over the curved top of her loyal droid. Ar-Twenty-One beeped in musical octaves, getting her attention. She programmed him to speak so elegantly; like birds chirping in the trees. It was a pleasant contrast, to his dark plated exterior.

"Keep it down," Hanna shouted across the room, glaring at the group of struggling men. "Ar-Twenty-One is trying to tell me something." She knelt next to her droid, giving him a loving smile.

The infirmary fell quiet. Two of her thugs had General Hux pinned against the prison wall. He had been dragged from his recovery bed, caught off guard by the assault. Her other two henchmen had the warden, face down on the ground. A blaster was pressed firmly against his spine.

The black, chrome and blood orange droid, twisted its head and started to project an incoming message. Hanna held out her palm, as the red image generated in sections. Commander Zel appeared in her hand; he was kneeling with his fist over his heart.

"Lady Shade, sorry for the interruption. Is this a bad time?" he asked, bowing slightly in front of his over-sized command chair. Zel was aboard The Phantom. More than likely, he was calling to give a status report on the search for Lin Dameron. His Z6 staff was clutched tightly in his other hand.

Hanna shifted her gaze across the infirmary. Everyone was looking at her; frozen in their positions, they were too afraid to move a muscle. To the dark woman, the men looked like statues in a tragic holo novela. It brought a smile to her lips.

"It's never a bad time. Could you be a dear and hold on for one second? I must tie up some loose ends." Her gaze panned from Hux to the Warden.

"Of course," he said, bowing once more. Ar-twenty-one paused the image in place, stopping the Commander from seeing or hearing anything without Hanna's permission.

Lady Shade gave a curt nod and her men immediately restrained the Warden. He was pinned like a wild swine; his hands and ankles shackled behind his back. Hanna stood upright and kicked Hux's bed across the infirmary. It was already skewed from the initial scuffle and it rolled off to the corner.

Hux watched as the bed tore through a privacy curtain and collided with the cot next to it. Hanna's men roughly set Hux back on the ground, keeping their large hands close to his unflattering jumpsuit collar.
The former First Order General was still recovering from his wounds. Every breath and movement was sharp and laborious. Now that he was being hoisted and manhandled, there was a twisting pain in his abdomen. Hux already lamented the inordinate amount of time he was spending in the infirmary. There simply wasn't a quick way back, from deep lacerations at the hands of a lightsaber. Now, his recovery time would likely double.

The General watched Hanna closely, suspecting that he was dealing with another Force user. It made his stomach churn in knots, remembering his run-in with Lin Dameron. He kept his composure, even though he was in visible pain.

Hanna walked right up to him, sliding a metallic chair across the tile floor. It scraped loudly, making Hux's piercing eyes water. Lady Shade couldn't help but enjoy the cringing sound it produced.

She spun the chair around and sat in reverse, casually leaning her elbows on the backrest. Her alluring dark eyes burned into his. Hux remained calm, finding his trademark sneer. The General clenched his jaw defiantly, but Hanna could see through the façade.

"I wonder, General Hux if you know why I am here?" She asked, her voice sounding oddly seductive, considering the circumstances. "I'll bet you always pictured someone tall and dark showing up to end your miserable life; you just didn't imagine it would be a woman."

Hux chose his words carefully, feeling his bandages becoming damp. "I do not fear what comes next; the beast that comes for us all. There is order in its finality."

Hanna smiled at the poetic statement, wondering if he had rehearsed this speech—expecting to recite it in front of a firing squad one day.

"I have a conundrum. My Master ordered me to bring you to speak with him. He wants a private audience..." Hanna started to laugh. "He never speaks to anyone, but me. He can't. So, you see the problem I have?"

Hux narrowed his gaze.

"You're not a Force user, Armitage. So, he couldn't find you that way. I'm left to wonder what he needs with an incarcerated General. A man that hasn't fought a campaign in almost two decades, with a little silver above his ears. It's kinda sexy, by the way; but that's not really my point."

"Perhaps I can be of assistance," Hux offered, tugging at one of his restrained arms. Hanna's henchmen refused to let go and they clinched tighter.

"You were responsible for destroying the Hosnian System. You're a dangerous man, even without your army. Tell me, why Master Skywalker wants your release. Why does he demand an audience with you... a washed up General?" Her voice melted and cut into him at the same time.

Hux blinked, refusing to be drawn in by her influence. There was something about this young woman and the way she manipulated people with the Force. It seemed familiar.

"What's your name, young lady?" Hux drawled, trying to distract her. The more information he could gather, the better. After all, this was a young woman and he was accustomed to dealing with far worse.

"I'm asking the questions here!" Lady Shade shouted, making everyone jump. Her words spilled like venom and the infirmary lights flickered, with her sudden outburst.

Hux inhaled, his mind racing. He knew his cheeks and face were probably beet red, as a single
thought fought its way forward.

"Are you the daughter of... Kylo Ren?" he asked, refusing to trust the words as they tumbled from his lips.

"I am Lady Shade. That's all you need to know. You will answer me." She gritted, her voice taking a familiar and threatening tone. "Tell me about your connection to Master Skywalker," she commanded.

Hux merely searched her features, before realizing what she was attempting. A slight, mischievous smile spread across his lips.

"Mind tricks won't work on me, Lady Shade. Your petty powers pail to Kylo Ren," he said, trying to get a rise out of her. Hux instantly knew from her reaction, that her father was a sore spot; his one way in.

Hanna closed both hands, shaking in anger. Nearby, a metallic stand of medical supplies started to vibrate furiously. The entire tray clanked and rattled, drawing everyone's attention. A scalpel rose and wobbled in the air, making Hux's eyes widen. The surgical steel flipped end over end, grazing just above his left ear. It caught a thin clump of his hair, shearing it off and embedding itself into the wall. Reddish and gray strands fell to the ground.

Hanna stood up and threw her chair out of her way. It bounced once, narrowly missing the hogtied Warden.

"Impressive control," Hux admired.

Her men pinned him harder against the wall. They lifted him high enough so that his feet dangled precariously. The prison-issued tan jumpsuit, cut the circulation under his arms.

"What are you talking about?" Hanna gritted. "I missed."

Hux gulped. She's just as volatile as Ren, he realized. Pushing this woman, was the wrong call.

"I don't know why... did you say, Master Skywalker?" He asked quickly, watching her reach for her lightsaber. "I have no relationship with Luke Skywalker."

Hux followed her thumb, as it hovered over the ignition switch.

"That's not the Skywalker, I serve," she hissed while igniting the lightsaber. The green hue bathed her pale fingertips and flickered in her dark brown eyes—bringing out subtle golden flecks. Hux would have noticed the extra detail there if he could pry his gaze away from the humming blade.

"Perhaps your Master requires a special weapons project? Or help to rebuild the First Order?" he said quickly. "You're not the only one to seek my invaluable experience and extensive knowledge in these areas. Even a week ago, I spoke with an ardent Force user."

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply, sensing a tremor in the Force. The disturbance was elsewhere; illusive and distracting. Hanna chewed on her lip, letting the feeling fade away for the moment.

"Another Force user, someone not near as lovely, came to visit me. I barely survived the encounter; as I always do," Hux stated, sounding proud about his battle scars. "I only gave the brash bounty hunter what he wanted to hear."
Hanna was less than amused, knowing he was talking about Lin.

*Of course, if Lin was here... her Master would have known,* she considered.

"You're on Dameron's shit list. Why would he let you live?" Hanna asked.

"Oh, he didn't mean too," Hux replied.

Hanna killed the blade to her weapon, keeping it firmly in her dominant hand. The young woman closed the gap and grabbed the scalpel from the wall. She ripped the top of his jumpsuit off, cutting into the tan shirt as well. General Hux screwed his eyes tightly for a brief moment, feeling the undershirt and bandages rip away.

Lady Shade inspected the skin graphs and patchwork in front of her. "Staples for lightsaber wounds?" She asked, incredulously. Her eyes shifted to the terrified Warden. "I suppose...you make do," Hanna stated, rhetorically.

Hux winced as a finger grazed across a single staple.

"What did you tell Dameron?" she asked, leaning over the general. She placed the warm hilt of her lightsaber against his tight, pale abdomen. Lady Shade had enough bullshit for one day.

"I told him about Leviathan, but only enough to get him to leave," Hux said, wincing in pain. The metallic hilt pressing into his stomach overpowered his thoughts.

"Elaborate," she demanded.

"Lin Dameron is seeking the Leviathan, but he actually showed up to learn about a different project. If he was a smart lad, which I doubt, Lin would find Leviathan and use it for his own nefarious gains. Something tells me he won't however, not that it matters much either way. He'll most certainly be discovered during his next fool-hearty mission," Hux said.

*Lin is smarter than you realize,* she thought.

"What did you say to Dameron? What specific words did you use?"

It couldn't be a coincidence. Hanna was certain that her Master sought information on Leviathan. Her brief time as a Republic engineer made her familiar with the rumored superweapon. There were whispers swirling the Republic Fleet for years; that a potential First Order weapons project had gone missing. This was mostly speculation, as the Resistance never located every First Order engineering facilities.

"I'll tell you the same thing that I advised him. Finding Leviathan requires a special map and a First Order officer, that knows how to decipher the changing combination. The rogue planet is difficult to locate by its nature. It's not a part of a system; it constantly moves. Leviathan is protected by heavy shields; shields that only I can bypass," Hux said, hoping to sell his value to Lady Shade.

Hanna fell silent, concentrating on the wall behind Hux's head. She was lost in thought, gazing past the bricks and steel. Her mind sought the Force for guidance.

It made the General slightly nervous, so he cleared his throat. "The tricky part is locating the first marker," he offered. "It's tough, even with the complete list of rogue planets."

"So, Lin is searching for a rogue planet; drifting through the Galaxy," She continued, "No archive has a complete list of them all. Not even the Republic. That aside, it would take him decades—if not
longer—to find the correct planet."

"One archive has a completed list; I handed it to them personally—The Jedi Academy," Hux said, clearing his throat. It was part of his surrender and plea deal.

"Choke him," Hanna ordered, glowering at the General.

Hux's eyes bulged, as both men started to cut off circulation to his head. Lady Shade backed away and traced a finger over Ar-Twenty-One. The droid reactivated the signal to Commander Zel.

"Commander, what's the status of Lin Dameron." She said impatiently, watching the large man flinch in surprise. He was sitting in his chair, resting his head on his knuckles. He jumped up and stood at attention.

"Yes, Lady Shade. Lin's been captured by—"

Hanna cut him off abruptly. "He's being held by the Jedi Order, am I correct?"

"Yes, but...Lady Shade, my forces can move against the Jedi. We can find him," he said, clenching his fists. "Let me do this for you."

"Your forces, Commander, won't last five minutes against the Kenobi women," Hanna replied, drumming her fingers on her droid's head. She thought about it for a moment, putting the pieces together.

"He wanted to get caught, kriff." Hanna ran her fingers through her hair.

The small hologram of Commander Zel flickered, as he spoke, "Lady Shade, we can extract Dameron... I promise." Zel knelt again, but she wasn't in the mood for his patronizing gesture.

Hanna brushed her hair over her ears and started pacing, like a trapped feline. The dark woman looked as though she might strike down the next person that spoke.

"General Hux, you've given Lin Dameron the most powerful weapon in the Galaxy!" Hanna cried. She spun around and pointed her lightsaber at the coughing general.

A voice brushed over her mind, but it wasn't her Master. "The Force is the greatest power in the Galaxy." Hanna shivered at the sound of a new intruder. The dark woman couldn't be sure what the new presence meant; she couldn't indulge it now.

"No... that's inaccurate," Hux choked. His face turned blue in hue.

Hanna gave her men a swift nod and they finally released him. The General collapsed to his knees and coughed for a few moments. He wiped his mouth and stood under his own power; a defiant glint in his eyes.

"The Jedi Order has him in custody, as you've heard. He'll be transferred to the Republic and sent to a facility; just like this one. At that point, finding the location of the rogue planet will be relatively easy. Judging by the display of strength you've shown here, you can get to Lin virtually anywhere. Get the planet's first set of coordinates." Hux coughed again.

"Lin Dameron has already escaped," Hanna scowled, seething with flushed cheeks. Her own words caught her off guard. The statement formed in her mind as vivid as any dream she could recall. Lady Shade suddenly knew the source of the earlier disturbance.
Her sister, Kayla, was infuriated that Lin slipped out of Jedi custody.

"It may be too late. Leviathan will be his and I will be...punished," she said, her eyes lowering. Hanna’s shoulders dropped, but she didn't mope for long.

Hux rubbed his throat, trying to find some relief.

"The Hunter, as he’s been called, does not seek Leviathan. I'm afraid he's after something else... something equally as destructive, if not more so," Hux said, seizing his opportunity.

Hanna brought the pulsing blade between his legs. It sparked on the tile, before traveling upward. Hux's eyes shot wide open, fearing this woman might do the unthinkable.

"Lin is after an old project belonging to Supreme Leader Snoke. It's called Checkpoint." The General wavered ever so slightly, trying to ignore the heat between his ankles.

Hanna killed her blade and took a step closer. Hux exhaled, as both men tightened their holds around his armpits and back.

"Tell me everything," Hanna ordered, raising her hand to Hux's forehead. "Give me everything about Checkpoint."

The General looked a little bewildered at first... until the pain set in.

Across the crystal blue water, two fighters raced along. Their ships followed a serpentine pattern, kicking up the water's surface and dispersing it into the air. With the X-Wing in her sights, Kayla unleashed with another series of cannon fire. Her shots sailed wide and she diligently made an adjustment.

The Jedi was attempting to wound the Gray Leader, forcing a landing or ejection.

BB-8 turned away from the Jedi Starfighter. He chirped at his longtime friend, Lin Dameron.

"Don't worry, BB-8, we're not going to hurt her," the Gray Leader said, as a laser blast buzzed his port side s-foil. His shields caught the brunt of it. The force field wavered in yellow, before dissipating.

"Maybe she doesn't feel the same way, though," he added with a chuckle, veering away from the Jedi's next barrage. "Go ahead and open an active commlink, buddy," Lin said calmly, flipping the X-Wing end over end.

A double beep rang out in his headset.

"You took my droid," Kayla spat across the radio.

She was irritated and he understood why; the Jedi wanted to trade his life for Hanna's. But Lin understood too well, that Hanna would not come home so easily.

"Your droid? Your droid? BB-8 has been my best friend, since before I could walk," Lin replied.

"Oh, so you do have friends," Kayla quipped. After a few seconds, she felt awful for saying such a thing. He never came back with a witty response.

Lin gritted his teeth and put the nose up, throttling back to a near stall. Kayla swerved up to avoid the mid-air collision, cursing in surprise.
The Gray Leader smirked, watching Kayla's Starfighter pass overhead. He punched the throttle again, having the Jedi in his sights. Pulling on his trigger, a crimson laser buzzed Kayla's side; the shot slid along her cockpit leaving a burning trail across it.

"Kriff!" she shouted, watching the blast dart just past her nose and into the canyon.

"You kinda had that one coming, Kayla. My face feels great, by the way. Now, let's drop this and go our separate ways. You may have an advantage everywhere else, but you can't take me in the skies," Lin said, removing his finger from the trigger.

"This isn't over," Kayla snapped. The Jedi started evasive maneuvers, trying to shake the wily X-Wing pilot. The red rock canyons loomed closer and Kayla saw it as an opportunity.

Arrogant little prick. I know these canyons; he doesn't. I've got this, she thought.

"There has to be a better way for us to spend time together. Ya know, without fighting." Lin said, keeping close to her tail. "And no, I don't mean some other physical activity."

"You made that choice. You did Lin, when you put on the bounty hunter mask!" Kayla glowered, trying to shake him one last time.

Lin muted his end of the comm link and BB-8 chirped wildly.

"Alright BB-8, alright. I know you like her," Lin said, banking hard to his starboard. The Gray Leader broke pursuit, just before the canyon entrance. Kayla continued into the ravine, believing he was still on her six.

"Lin?" she asked, turning her head to the side and realizing she was alone. She gripped the stick tighter and pulled up and over the canyons.

Lin headed for open skies, easing back in his seat. He loved the rush of adrenaline, missing the harrowing aspects of aerial combat. Part of him really wanted to show off for Kayla; to let her see his considerable skills.

"Get ready to make the jump to hyperspace," he said reluctantly, flipping his sublets on.

BB-8 whistled wildly in response, curious as to their destination.

"We've got to pick up some fire power," Lin said, punching in new coordinates. "I borrowed a frigate and I'm afraid, we need to commandeer it once more." BB-8 hummed in response, happy to tag along.

An explosion rocked the Gray Leader's nose, catching him off guard. His entire console lit up with warning lights.

"Shit!" he shouted, going into evasive patterns.

"Are you taking it easy on me, hot shot?" Kayla asked, closing the gap. "You'll regret it," she warned.

"Kayla, were on the same side this time." Lin pleaded, thinking about jumping to hyperspace and ending the chase there. He got enough distance from the Starfighter, to make the jump possible. She's going to be on my ass the whole time, if I can't smooth this over now, he thought.

"BB-8, can you hack into that Clone War era relic? I want to try something," Lin said, dodging her
incoming rounds.

The little droid beeped and whistled quickly, almost too fast for Lin to discern.

"Wait... what do you mean you've been her astrodroid? You been flying missions as her navigator?" he asked, feeling cheated on.

"You've been taking BB-8 on missions!?!" Lin yelled over the open comm. Kayla didn't respond, trying to anticipate his movements for a knockout shot.

"How many missions, BB-8?" he asked, acting annoyed. Lin cranked his head around to look at the droid, continuing to pilot without looking forward. BB-8 turned his head away in shame, not wanting to see the look of disappointment on Lin's face.

"Oh, alright buddy. You must know what her shield resonators are set to." The pilot faced forward again, as BB-8 started chirping her settings—one number at a time.

Lin matched her shield resonance and shifted his polarity to the exact opposite. Doing a lazy barrel roll, Kayla thought she had him squared up for the perfect shot.

She smiled, just before losing control of her ship. The Jedi Starfighter accelerated forward, attracted to the X-Wing like a magnet.

"What the hell?" Kayla shouted, trying to steer the ship out of a collision. She closed her eyes, fearing the worst. The Jedi Starfighter came to an abrupt rest, one foot away from Lin's X-Wing. In between them, both shields married. The force fields hummed in unison, keeping both stunt fighters tidally locked.

Kayla opened her eyes to see Lin staring at her from an upside-down position.

"Lin!?" she gasped, completely bewildered.

"Okay, Jedi...you steer us and listen. I'll talk, if that's alright?" Lin said, looking down at her. The Jedi opened her mouth to protest, but took firm hold over the stick.

"This is not... normal!" she said, feeling the added weight of the X-Wing, with every turn and movement.

Lin breathed a sigh of relief, feeling the blood starting to rush to his head.

"Okay. Your Grandmother sent me on a mission. She's the one who freed me from the Temple." Lin started, watching Kayla roll her eyes.

"Oh, bullshit," Kayla replied.

"Listen to my voice, Kayla. What does the Force tell you?"

"Why would she do that?" The Jedi asked, shaking her head.

"Because Hanna won't come near the Jedi Order. I'm sorry, but I know it's the truth. I think deep down, you do too." Lin said, his eyes darting to the skies ahead. "Ugh, we've got geysers along the port side, Kayla.

"No, it's starboard," she corrected, steering them out of the path of the powerful island geysers. Pilots often steered clear of the volcanic activity, as the powerful streams of water could knock ships out of the sky.
"Right, sorry. It's tough being inverted like this." Lin took his controls and spun them 180 degrees. Both ships turned slowly, as Kayla cried out in shock.

"That's better," he said, feeling less faint. Kayla wasn't strapped in and fell onto her cockpit window.

"Kayla, it's dangerous to fly these stunt fighters without being buckled in. What if you had to eject?" he asked, sounding worried. "What if I had hit you with an actual missile or blaster? You could have been knocked out, hitting your head on the console."

"Oh, you!" She huffed in frustration, using her arms and legs to fight against gravity. Lin gave their ships a gentle turn, helping her fall back into place. As soon as she was buckled in, Lin sent the Starfighter upside down again.

"Now, as long as you're just hanging there, I swallowed a tracker. I have to get to Hanna before nature calls and it needed to look good; like I stole something valuable and managed to get away," Lin said.

Kayla opened her mouth and paused, using the Force to read his thoughts.

"Say I believe you... why are you helping us?" Kayla asked, sounding skeptical.

"For one, so that you'll want to punch me in the face a little less," he said, ignoring her scoff and eye roll. "But the truth is, I'm getting something out of it."

"Project Checkpoint?" she asked, arching an eyebrow. Lin nodded, avoiding the last of the island geysers.

"If your Grandmother keeps her word, I will get access to it—after I deliver Hanna." Lin said, his demeanor changing. "I just want the same opportunity that you have." His voice sounded strained, almost mournful.

"And that is?" Kayla asked, biting her bottom lip.

"I'm going to use Checkpoint to save my family," he said, starting to turn both crafts around.

Kayla didn't pay the maneuver much attention, as they headed back to the Academy.

"Lin... your family is gone," she said, closing her eyes and feeling bad for mentioning it. He was clearly very broken over it all.

"Checkpoint... will allow me to travel back," Lin said softly, watching her shoot her eyes open in surprise. "I can go back three years and save them." The two stared at each other for a moment, as Lin flipped their ships again. He was worried too much blood may be rushing to Kayla's head.

"Lin, that's simply not possible," She said, her eyes wide and sparkly. "You can't just travel back in time and right a wrong."

"Talk to Leia... or better yet, your Father," Lin said, his eyes were wet and truthful at the same time. "Kayla, you may find that there is a reason for everything I've done."

The X-Wing and Jedi Starfighter re-entered the geyser islands. Kayla rubbed her forehead, trying to make sense of it all. She suddenly was very worried, that she hit Lin too hard in the head.

*He's clearly delusional,* she thought.

"Kayla... don't take this the wrong way," he said, looking down at her. His hand rested on the release
"Take what the wrong—" she started, losing her voice and breath. Lin flipped a switch on his shields, reversing its polarity. Kayla's ship was now repelled by his, and her craft fell out of the air.

The Starfighter stalled on the way down, but the falling sensation was quickly cushioned by a burst of water.

Kayla looked around in shock, realizing her Starfighter had been caught by the largest geyser in the islands. She watched Lin fly away, turning his X-Wing upright and jumping to hyperspace.

The Jedi took control of her ship once more, restarting the engines. The Starfighter hovered in the air, as the geyser died down. Heading back to the Academy, Kayla knew that it was time to learn the truth about Lin Dameron.

"Alright...I've heard enough," Hanna said, turning away from General Hux. She slowly paced around the room, chewing on his candor. Her long legs and boots echoed, as all eyes were on her. Her fingernails found Ar-twenty-one, tapping across his dome.

"Armitage Hux is going before Master Skywalker. Place him on board the ship." Hanna gave a dismissive gesture. Her men did as they were told, grabbing Hux under the arms and dragging him across the floor. The General winced in pain, feeling like his torso was on fire.

Lady Shade held up a hand, stopping her henchmen. She quickly pinched Hux on both cheeks, bending down and leaning close. Hanna placed her lips next to his ear; the one she narrowly missed with the scalpel.

"You try to manipulate me again, Hux, and I will eat your heart for breakfast. I'm told by some tribes, it contains the mortal soul. I'm sure yours is blackened and shriveled, but I would do my best." Hanna released his face, with an aggressive shove.

Hux was pulled along again, turning back to see Lady Shade leaning casually against her droid.

"You won't hide a thing from my Master," she said, piercing into his frightened eyes.

Hux wisely kept quiet, finding this opportunity to be a subtle victory. He realized that this was his opportunity to return to power. Perhaps, Lady Shade's Master would see his value and restore his standing. He had plenty of experience serving under powerful Force users.

Just like the old days, he thought. Both men continued to drag him out of the infirmary and down the prison halls.

"Go with him," Hanna commanded, looking at the other two crewmen.

"Lady Shade," Commander Zel said softly. His hologram was still activated; he overheard everything. "If Lin Dameron is free, let me continue my mission." He pleaded. She kept her eyes on the hallway, before focusing on the small hologram on the floor.

"Bring him to me alive, Zel...or don't come back at all," she said, terminating the signal on ArTwenty-One.

Her warning—her threat—cut both ways. Hanna had men and women drawn to her power and control. She had small armies on thirteen planets; poised to strike at her order. Why Commander Zel, should make her feel anything other than apathy, was troubling. Everyone important to her was used
as leverage and a potential target.

It would be dangerous for Commander Zel to get any closer to her. *Especially if he found out*, Hanna thought. The dark woman looked down at her trusted droid. Ar-Twenty-One whistled a pleasant tune, coaxing her to grin a little.

"I've been waiting to move these beads over to the left," she said, looking at her wrist. "Maybe our Master will sleep, once we bring him Hux."

Hanna was bitter and approached the restrained warden.

"Lady Shade... please," he begged. His pathetic face looked warped against the cold infirmary floor.

"I gave you specific instructions, warden. If anyone came to visit General Hux or any high ranking First Order officer here, I was to be notified"

The man whimpered, hearing the distinct sound of a lightsaber igniting.

"Do you follow orders? No. Instead you sent a transmission to Kudu, alerting my Master. Maker... just when he was about to fall asleep." She swore loudly, swiping her lightsaber into the tile floor. It scorched and melted the surface.

The Warden pleaded again, shaking from head to toe.

"Next time, let the asshole die," she said, raising the lightsaber high. The blade came down, cutting off the restraints and freeing the whimpering man.

The portly man thought it was his lucky day, as he scrambled out of the infirmary.

"You're not the only one who is strong, Kayla," Hanna said, raising her hand. She hoped her words would find the sister she loved; the perfect sister, whom she was always jealous of.

Kayla landed her Starfighter in the secret hangar, underneath the Jedi Academy. She immediately saw her mother and father, holding hands by the Council's Command Transport. Kylo Ren was wearing black again, with his lightsaber clipped onto his belt. His helmet, rested at his feet.

"Oh, this isn't going to be good," he said quietly, leaning down to give Rey a quick kiss. He could feel the heat from Kayla's stare, burning in their direction.

"I wish we had some time to visit that hot spring," he whispered in her ear, before pulling back. Rey flashed him a flirty grin, smoothing his tunic with her hand.

Kayla never took her eyes off them, hopping right out of the Jedi Starfighter. She didn't even wait for the padawans to attach her pilot's ladder.

"You're not going anywhere," Kayla shouted, her voice booming across the hangar. She marched straight for her parents, pulling off her helmet. The young Jedi used the Force to float the helmet back into her cockpit, realizing her mistake.

Rey gritted her teeth and shifted her gaze to her daughter. The Grandmaster knew her family was about to have it out, in front of a handful of padawans and technicians.

"Everyone else, get back to your studies," Rey commanded, watching the last of the padawans scurry away.
"You better just get in and go, Ben," Rey said, putting herself between him and her daughter.

"No, he's not leaving until I get answers," Kayla said, looking flush and breathing heavily.

"Kayla," Rey started, but Kylo cleared his throat.

"What is it you need to know, my child?" he asked. Kylo was surprisingly, the calmest one in the hangar.

"I trusted you... I was so damn foolish!" Kayla said, pointing two fingers at his chest.

Rey looked up at Kylo Ren, parting her lips. He glared at his daughter, remaining quiet.

"He's known this entire time that Lin Dameron is crazy. He has some sort of mental illness and is completely delusional." She accused.

Kylo chuckled without meaning too. "I don't mean to make light of the situation, but Lin Dameron, knows exactly what he is doing. Please understand that, Kayla. And that's why he needs to be stopped."

"And Project Checkpoint?" she asked, caught a little off guard by her father's statement. There was a stirring in her stomach, that she couldn't quite place. The Jedi felt sorry for Lin; she worried about the young man. He was entirely reckless and determined; he was like a child playing with matches and Kayla couldn't pry them away.

"It's real. Lin wants project Checkpoint and I understand why," The Sith Master admitted. "I'd do anything to get back three more years with you girls; I would. Or any amount of time."

Kayla put both hands on her forehead, "You must be joking," she replied, leaving her mouth open in disbelief. "This... this is ridiculous!"

"Lin was given his first secret mission more than three years ago; striking out against the remnants of the First Order. It was mostly arms dealers, pedaling stolen remnant weapons," Rey said. She hoped to diffuse the situation before it escalated into a fight.

Leia Organa heard the commotion and came slowly walking into the hangar. She was being helped by a strapping padawan named Colton. Kayla took a deep breath and shook her head. She wasn't sure what to make of it.

"It's how he made contacts with a lot of dangerous people, including Sil Fett," Rey continued.

"One of the first artifacts he recovered was the project known as Checkpoint," Leia chimed in. "It started as a theoretical experiment, following the destruction of Alderaan. The New Republic didn't understand the implications of Checkpoint; not fully. Ignorance is not something we can afford to hide behind."

Kayla sighed, "Grandma, did you really let Lin out of his cell?"

Leia's eyes said it all, as she sat on a shipping crate by her granddaughter. Colton smiled at Kayla and darted back up the stairs.

Kylo cleared his throat, getting Kayla's attention.

"After your mother and the Resistance destroyed Starkiller Base, my former mentor, Supreme
Leader Snoke was infuriated. The setback was costly and truthfully, the First Order never recovered.

Kayla looked to Rey, who simply nodded.

"Starkiller Base was a Force based weapon. Few people are alive who remember the truth; many of the engineers were on board the station, when it was destroyed. Weaponizing the Force, was the only way we could create something so large and powerful. We're talking about a ship that can annihilate multiple targets, from across the entire galaxy. It doesn't have to move," Kylo said. He sounded bitter about the whole endeavor. He believed that the weapon created on problems than it solved.

"Using the Force to engineer terrible weapons," Rey sighed, shaking her head. Starkiller Base was still a tender issue; it's where Han Solo perished. It was where a lot of good people, on both sides lost their lives.

"Checkpoint was the next step, Kayla. It works on technology that's been around for thousands of years; hyperspace travel," Kylo Ren said. His daughter's eyes went wide in response.

"The device is a failsafe, really. If certain First Order officers were killed—like in the destruction of Starkiller Base—Checkpoint would activate and revert to its last created marker. The last coordinates in space and time. It's taking the hyperspace technology and infusing it with the Force; binding the universe around us," Kylo Ren said.

"I'm sure you can guess the issue we're facing, assuming that this device works," Leia interjected, rubbing her sore back. "Lin was technically the last Force user to come into contact with the device. It's drawn to him."

Kayla felt the urge to snap at her grandmother, but couldn't bring herself. According to Lin, the General had made a deal with him, where she would deliver Checkpoint for Hanna. The Young Jedi would do anything to have her sister back. This however, sounded like a costly price to pay.

"The last checkpoint was created just days before his family was slaughtered. The scientists working on the device generated space time coordinates at the end of their work day. This was a daily ritual... only Lin stormed their facility and recovered the device that evening," Leia said, looking down.

"Wait, just wait," Kayla said, her face scrunching. "You said the device triggers automatically? That list of names Lin has... his targets." She looked back on everything that Lin had told her. "It's a revenge list, right?" Kayla looked up to her father for clarification.

"It's much more than that, my Light. I believe, as does Lin, if all those names are eliminated..." Kylo's voice trailed off, watching his daughter's expression change.

"It will trigger the last created checkpoint," Kayla said, feeling her heart race. "The time marker created—just before his family was murdered."

Kylo Ren used the Force to pick up his mask and palm it in his hand.

"I can't let that happen, Kayla. I won't... go back into hibernation. Lin wants his family back; I can empathize. I was inclined to help him in the beginning; selfishly, I thought he might free me a few years earlier. Perhaps I could get some years restored." The Sith Master lowered his head.

Rey reached up to cup Kylo's face. She had tears in her eyes; Leia did as well.
"I won't allow him to take me from you," Kylo said, softly. "Now that I have my family, I can't let go. I won't. If the device functions properly, it will send Lin back in time. It's tethered to him, believing he's the covert Dark Warrior that it serves."

Kayla turned to her grandmother, "We should destroy the device. It's the only way."

Leia exhaled, giving Kayla a smile. "I agree, that's what I should have done in the first place. The thing is... Checkpoint went missing. I swore it was Lin that did it, but now I know better."

Kayla scoffed in disbelief, "You made a deal with Dameron based on recovered tech, that you don't even have anymore."

Leia merely nodded, looking tired.

"Okay, okay. Lin swallowed a tracker," Kayla said, biting her lip. "He thinks he has an arrangement with Grandma. We'll let him find Hanna and when he does, all of us will come for her."

Rey and Kylo Ren exchanged glances, considering the plan.

"The entire Jedi Order," Kayla said, her eyes sparkling. "We'll get Hanna back and I will capture Lin."

Kylo Ren scratched his stubbly chin. "I detest sitting around and waiting," he admitted, arching an eyebrow. The Sith Master was rather impressed with Kayla's sound strategy.

"I feel the same way," Kayla responded. "But we must be patient."

"We can be patient, while getting everything ready to go," Rey added, squeezing Kylo's hand in hers.

"I'll get the padawans ready. We should have a meeting with the Jedi Order," Kayla said, heading for the steps. She turned and backpedaled, looking at her parents. "At some point, we need to discuss how we're going to recover two missing superweapons."

Chapter End Notes

I've been dying to share this Checkpoint reveal! Ah! It's time to dive into the rest of the story. I should be arrested for having this much fun with a chapter. It should be illegal, having such a blast with OCs. Rey and Kylo in the hot spring is gonna happen.

AR-21 the droid, hmmm. I like twenty one pilots, so I went there. Hanna would have a super loyal droid, but I couldn't squeeze him in until this chapter. The pair are really in sync; she doesn't have to tell him to do anything, he just does it.
Bruises

Chapter Summary

At her Master's request, Hanna chases after Lin Dameron and is forced to play nice with General Hux. She fears for Commander Zel's safety, sensing her Master's jealousy. Lin fully expects to surrender to Hanna, allowing the Jedi Order to retrieve their wayward daughter. He doesn't realize the danger he's in. Reylo shares a sweet moment, as Luke Skywalker comes to terms with Ben Solo's return.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lin Dameron pulled the cap tighter over his head, so it covered as much of his bruised face as possible. The high noon, binary system, cast harsh shadows across everyone's features. It was hot and dry on Soolis Two; the perfect place for a Republic Shipyard.

He and BB-8 waited by the large columns, just outside the Shipyard's entrance. Lin watched as groups of civilians walked right into the main building.

"Is this a military installation or a museum?" he asked BB-8. The enthusiastic little droid chirped in response.

"And you're sure the frigate is here for inspection?" Lin continued, eyeing an approaching tour group. BB-8 whistled in affirmation.

"Okay," the Gray Leader nodded.

The large tour group passed right by them, presenting the perfect opportunity to sneak in with the crowd. Lin and BB-8 slipped into the back, as the tour guide walked them through the facility.

Once inside, BB-8 started doing internal scans of the building, finding the quickest and least secure routes to the hangar. Lin kept his dark shades on, using them to assess the room's security. He took inventory of the hallways and exits; tracking where armed guards and cameras were stationed.

"A lot of cameras," he whispered to BB-8, keeping his head tilted downward. Lin didn't want to give the security feeds a clear shot of his face.

The main corridor was crowded. There were small displays of battle armor and portraits lining the walls. The tour guide continued to talk, pulling the huddled group past each display. The elderly guide was mostly talking about the Resistance, getting some key points wrong. Lin rolled his eyes.

"I've had about enough of this propaganda bantha fodder." Lin muttered, looking down at BB-8.

A young mother standing next to them, turned and glared at Lin.

"Sorry, ma'am," he said, in a low voice. She put her arm around her son and pushed him forward, into the rest of the group.

Perfect, Lin smirked. He had a clear vantage of the restricted corridor, that the young mother was
screening. He looked at BB-8, arching an eyebrow. The little droid did an improvised 'nod', after scanning the hallway.

"Alright, let's go." He gave the tour group a quick glance and hurried down the hall. BB-8 whistled and beeped, getting in front of Lin and guiding his path. "Oh, it's good to have you back buddy," he said, letting the droid navigate the labyrinth of office hallways.

The two turned down a series of long corridors, getting deeper into the facility.

Lin skidded to a stop, noticing a large, plexi-glass display case. He let out a whistle and BB-8 circled back for his master.

Standing in awe, the pair drooled over the mandalorian armor of Jango Fett. "I can't believe they have this here," Lin said, pressing his nose into the glass.

BB-8 chirped in response.

"Eh, you're right. I don't think I'd want to wear that helmet. Not if Jango was decapitated in it. Besides, I have a backup kit on the frigate...I'm praying it's still there." Lin said, smiling at his old friend.

They took off around the last corner, finding the extensive hangar. It was an impressive sight, with fighter craft from different era's adorning the ceiling.

The hangar and facility as a whole, was perplexing to Lin. The installation was equal parts museum and active base. It was as if the Republic wanted its visitors to feel as though the galaxy was safe. The displays and open public access, was meant to wrap tourists in the comforting illusion that the Dark Side was gone.

Lin knew better than anyone, the dangers of this carelessness. His family perished, because the Republic took this presumptuous attitude.

General Leia knew better, too, he thought. The Gray Leader found it troubling that she would allow a facility to indoctrinate the public with such dangerous ideals. Alderaan and the Hosnian system could have benefited from some transparency.

The Gray Leader shook that off, noticing the hangar crews were rather light. It seemed like most of them were out to lunch. No one turned or paid him much attention. Lin's heart rate calmed, as he picked up a clipboard on a bench and acted like he belonged there.

He and BB-8 moved authoritatively through the hangar, passing by several retired X-Wings and a First Order TIE fighter. He could spot the frigate in the corner, towards the opened hangar doors. Several maintenance workers were finishing an inspection and appeared to be walking away for a break. The duo inched closer, stopping right next to the last X-Wing on display.

BB-8 looked up at the ship and whistled in excitement. Lin gazed down at his friend, before shooting his eyes upward and following the Orange stripe along the ship's hull.

"Black One," he whispered in shock, placing his hand on its coarse exterior. He'd know that texture anywhere. Lin saw his Father's name and stepped back, seeing the old girl in her entirety. She looked practically brand new from afar; a museum quality piece. Lin could close his eyes, picturing every bump, scrape, and battle scar the ship earned.

This was her.
BB-8 shivered, he was so ecstatic.

"She doesn't belong in here; not like this." Lin muttered. "You know, I was probably conceived in this thing," he chuckled.

"Pretty impressive, isn't she?" A voice came from behind, making the Gray Leader jump a little in surprise.

"Uh, yeah," Lin replied, keeping his back toward the stranger. He pulled his cap down over his eyes and gave BB-8 a quick nod. Lin was hoping they could move on, but the mechanic stopped right next to him; cutting off his escape.

"Poe Dameron was certainly one of a kind," the mechanic continued, setting down his tool box. "But they say a pilot is only as good as his ship."

Lin cleared his throat, "Yeah, and a ship is only as good as its pilot. It's nice to meet you… Mack," he said, glancing at the name tag on the mechanic's jumpsuit. They both shook hands, but Lin kept his chin tilted away from the mechanic.

"I heard they finally caught his son," Mack said casually, looking across the fighter's profile.

Oh, thank you General, Lin thought. The Gray Leader hated looking over his shoulder and it appeared Leia was protecting her spy again.

"I'll bet everyone here is relieved," Lin offered, turning his head away as he spoke. He adjusted his shades, hoping that his bruised face was covered enough.

"Well, security is much lighter now that Kylo Ren and Lin Dameron have been apprehended. It's a damn shame though, if you ask me. I know that boy has done some terrible things, but without him, my son wouldn't be here," Mack said, squinting into Lin's face.

Ah, shit, Lin thought, brushing his fingertips near the top of his lightsaber. The mechanic was getting a close look at his black eye. Lin didn't want to take any more lives; not that he ever did in the first place.

"Your son…and he is?" Lin asked, stepping to his right and pretending to inspect the 'S' foils.

"Captain Mackin Teagues, Junior," he replied.

Lin started to sweat now. He attended the academy with Junior Teagues.

"Anyway, I never got to thank Lin," the mechanic said, regretfully.

"That's what you do when you wear the uniform. You fight for the person next to you." Lin looked down at BB-8.

"I suppose, you're right. It's seems like an unfortunate waste; having Black One sitting here. She should be defending the stars. I'm sure that's what Poe would have wanted." Mack stated, picking his toolbox up and walking away from Lin.

The Gray Leader exhaled, giving BB-8 a relieved smile. The little droid looked from him, to Black One, and then back again.

"Haven't exactly earned the right to fly the old gal, buddy," Lin said, sadly. He readjusted his cap, watching BB-8 slump down and whine in disappointment.
"I know, come on," Lin gestured, ducking under Black One to sneak onto the frigate. His fingertips brushed the under carriage as he passed.

Getting onto the ramp, Lin ripped his cap off and placed his shades in it. He quickly closed the entrance, preventing anyone else from boarding. BB-8 whistled loudly.

"Yeah, we're going to find Hanna. Rather, she'll find us. Kylo Ren and I were in this frigate the last time she tracked me down. So, if she's looking for me…" his voice trailed off. Lin pulled up a cargo hatch, finding the spare bounty kit intact.

BB-8 beeped happily and watched his master get to work. Lin pulled the heavy crate up, setting it next to his droid. Flipping the case open, he knelt next to BB-8 and they both surveyed the gear.

"Eh, crap. Not sure if I should blow this on a fight that I'm not supposed to win." Lin said, chewing on his bottom lip. He kicked the idea around, tossing the right gauntlet back in the case. "Do you have the maps of the rogue planets?"

BB-8 pulled back and started to project a blue map of the Galaxy. He whistled lightly, as Lin walked into the center. The 360-degree hologram had hundreds, if not thousands, of gold points of light. They each represented potential locations for Leviathan.

The little droid made a long whistle, echoing Lin's thoughts.

"I made a promise. We're getting Hanna back to Kayla... I know it will be dangerous. But not as dangerous as giving up on Leviathan."

Lin pulled one of the random rogue planets in gold, closer to his hands. The holographic display grew, allowing him to inspect it. "I can't explain this feeling I have, BB-8. I don't trust anyone else with this task." He let the holo planet go and it returned to its cosmic trajectory.

*Is this the Force?* He asked himself, acknowledging that he could use some guidance right now.

"When Hanna shows up, I need you to hide," Lin said, turning around and taking in the data, one last time. "If something goes wrong, the data is safer with you."

"Ready?" Hanna asked coldly, from behind General Hux.

"Yes," he replied, checking his reflection again. The General's pulse spiked, not realizing Hanna was behind him. She had been totally silent, despite walking in boots. Hux made sure his chin and jawline was as clean as possible. He locked eyes with Hanna in the mirror, vexed by her expression.

Hux was usually excellent at reading people. Hanna was becoming a bigger mystery, the more time he spent with her. She didn't say much on the ship, merely showing him to some cramped bunk beds and the fresher's location. He noticed that her makeshift crew tiptoed around her, but worked diligently. Most of them were part of the crew that threatened him in the prison infirmary. A black and orange droid shadowed her movements, but he didn't find that too odd.

During the brief trip, Hux would steal glances of the young woman. She would often stare off into the distance, as if keeping an eye on someone or something that was a galaxy away. She whispered to her droid, as if the pair shared secrets. Ar-Twenty-One would occasionally break out into a song, getting her attention. Lady Shade didn't say anything to the crew during the journey. They were probably relieved that was the case.

Armitage swallowed hard and broke eye contact with Hanna for a split second. When he turned
around to follow her out, she was already gone—off the ship altogether.

Hurrying into the fortified bunkers on Kudu, Hux shook the ashes out of his hair. He spent enough time getting it in proper order, but it was a useless exercise now. The General pulled the respirator off and gagged, feeling the particles in his lungs already. Hux coughed deeply, trying to expel the irritants.

Hanna grinned wickedly as he continued to cough. It was nice to see someone else suffering Kudu's harsh climate, for a change.

"The sulfur smell will stay with you for a day, or so. You'll be weeping plenty tonight, assuming you survive my Master. The ash will force its way out of your tear ducts, the moment you rest your eyes. It stings and there isn't much you can do, but to let it all out. Believe me, that's the least of your problems right now," she said.

Hux glowered at her, but didn't respond. He brushed the black flakes from his shoulders, sweeping as much of it away as he could.

"This way," Hanna gestured, starting down the darkened path to her Master's chamber.

Hux caught himself staring, before catching up with the young woman's long strides. The General found his confident, arrogant gait; reminiscent of his days aboard the Finalizer.

Armitage Hux hadn't been in front of a Master Force user in many years. The eerie bunker setting was daunting enough, as Hux wondered what he was facing. As the General passed by scores of Super Battle Droids, he felt a tension headache building. Hux knew immediately, that he was being probed. He kept his breathing calm, trying to clear his thoughts. He'd experienced the sensation many times before, in the presence of Supreme Leader Snoke.

Hanna raised her hand, using the Force to push open the large set of doors at the end of the hallway. She backed away from the chamber entrance, letting the General walk in alone. He did so stiffly—almost mechanically—stopping to look at Lady Shade. He found no comfort in her eyes, as she avoided his gaze.

Suddenly, Hux was pulled forward into the room. The doors slammed on their own, echoing loudly in the hallway.

Hanna took a moment to lean back on the dusty walls, exhaling. She felt her nerves tingling through her arms and fingertips. It was exhausting, having her Master awake for so long. Lady Shade had to constantly be on the defensive; guarding every thought and watching every syllable spoken.

After twenty minutes of waiting, she started to pace in the corridor. Hanna wasn't worried much for the General's wellbeing. She was however, paranoid of what Hux might tell her Master. She wasn't as powerful as her father, but that didn't mean she would be taking orders from a washed up, First Order relic. Lady Shade refused to be bullied by a second asshole.

"Not after all I've sacrificed," she swore, staring into the visor of a battle droid. Hanna played with the rings around her wrist, wanting desperately to restart her tally. She could, once he fell asleep again.

Lady Shade.

His voice called to her, slithering in her ears like a serpent's tongue. Hanna fought the urge to shiver, keeping her arms down at her side. The sensation warranted burying her ear into her shoulder, like someone finding the ticklish spot on a child's neck. But this was much worse.
Master Skywalker opened the doors for her and she quickly entered the chamber.

Hanna fell on her knees next to Hux, keeping her gaze lowered. She caught a brief glimpse of the man next to her. Hanna noted his red face and messy hair—he looked worse for wear. The General survived his first encounter, but clearly endured his own private torture.

"Master," she said, bowing her head in respect.

"Take General Hux to inspect the Coruscant Forces. Assuming we find Lin Dameron, the General will ensure our Forces are ready for Leviathan," he spoke softly, just loud enough for them to hear. Master Skywalker almost never used his real voice, preferring to speak telepathically with her. His vocals were rusty and strained, painful at higher decibels.

"Commander Zel oversees the infantry," she said, keeping her voice from trembling. Hanna felt she needed to be firm on this point, keeping Hux's involvement to a minimum.

"I look forward to meeting... Zel in the flesh. After you've brought me Dameron, that is," Master Skywalker replied.

Shit. That didn't bode well for her Commander.

Hanna lowered her eyes, feeling her Master searching her thoughts. She tried to insulate her concerns, masking how she really felt.

"Have I not been completely devoted to you?" she asked, avoiding the lifeless, atrophied body in front of her. The form's lack of movement was disturbing, reminding her more of a corpse, than anything else. It sickened her to imagine Master Skywalker mobile again, using Lin Dameron as a conduit. But this was part of the deal they made, years earlier.

She felt him pushing through her mental barriers, searching deep within her subconscious. Hanna pinched her eyes shut, biting down to dull the pain. Her alabaster skin glistened under the intense heat of the probe.

"I will not trust our future together, with a pirate from the outer reaches!" the Master bellowed, making her and Hux wince in pain. The whole room quaked, sending down plumes of dust and ash.

"Zel is a battle-hardened warrior and commander. He's completely loyal and he freed his interned home world. He liberated an entire system, ruled by illegal slave trades," Hanna spoke quickly, making her point.

"Then he should be leading the infantry on the battlefield! Just like your father, Kylo Ren," he drawled.

Hanna could feel Hux's eyes on her. The blood drained from her face, going numb at the suggestion.

"Just like your... sister," her Master added with a growl.

Hanna's trembling fear quickly jumped to rage. She could feel it in her cheeks, tightening her jaw. Her fingers found her lightsaber hilt, but Hux cleared his throat. The General could tell she was about to lose it and needed the young woman's help to find Leviathan. His life depended on locating the rogue planet again and delivering its contents to Master Skywalker.

Two super battle droids came out of the shadows. They eyed Hanna, raising their arms to lock on both targets. Hux's eyes shot wide open, as he thought quickly.
"Allow us to find Lin Dameron. He is the key to everything," Hux said, speaking for them both.

There was a long pause where the chamber fell quiet. Hanna seethed, keeping her head lowered and fingers around her hilt. She finally relented and released the weapon.

"Good... good. Now, use this Hanna. Use your anger as our advantage. Go forth and bring me the new Conduit. Let nothing stand in your way," he ordered.

"Yes, Master," Hanna agreed, feeling her Master exiting her mind.

"And Hanna," he added, his voice becoming faint. "You won't have to count the days that we are apart anymore. Soon you will be able to toss those shackles away," the withered man said, referring to the bracelets.

Hanna opened her mouth in shock, but held her tongue.

"I must rest..." he said, his voice dying away.

For the first time in a week, Hanna felt her Master completely withdraw from the corners of her mind. She could have cried in relief, as the battle droids retreated into the shadows.

Hux stood and straightened his attire. "Well, that could have gone better," he sneered. The General held out his hand to help her up, but she shoved it away. "Have it your way Lady Shade."

Hanna stormed out of the Chamber and ripped the lightsaber from her belt. Hux followed her out the door, without realizing how upset she still was.

Igniting the lightsaber, Hanna cut the nearest battle droid in half. She turned to the droid behind her and sliced it down the middle. Hux scampered just past, sensing that Ren's daughter was on the warpath. He put some distance between her, before looking back.

"The arrogant, pompous bottom feeder!" she said, ringing her wrist. Hux's eyes darted to her unusual bracelets, but he kept quiet.

"He threatened my family!" she yelled, getting him to look at her in a different light. Before he could open his mouth, two Super Battle Droids sprang to life. Hux found himself trapped between the metallic warriors and an emotional Dark Jedi. The droids extended their arms, acquiring Hux and Hanna as targets.

"Hanna, there is an entire army of these droids," he pleaded, as they started marching toward them. Hanna killed her blade and the Battle droids stopped advancing.

She let out a devious chuckle, feeling her frayed nerves getting the better of her. "Ar-twenty-one," she said, hotly.

Hux turned back and notice smoke billowing from both battle droids. Their armored chest plates turned from cobalt to orange. The droids sparked, as molten holes burned through the armor. Streams of plasma decimated the metal, melting it and scarring the doors to the chamber.

Hux jumped back as the battle droids fell face down. Ar-twenty-one was positioned behind them, with turrets jutting out of his flank panels.

The turret barrels smoked, as his laser targeting system switched to Armitage Hux's face next.

"Stand down," Hanna ordered, winking at the droid. She shouldered Hux as she passed, making sure
to drive the point home.

Hux stumbled to the side, sneering at the young woman.

"Don't fuck with me, Hux," Lady Shade warned. She traced her fingertips across Twenty-one's curved head. He purred for her, singing for his master.

"Definitely not," Armitage said, before clearing his throat. He watched Hanna leave. Her droid was right behind her.

"Master Ren will be coming with us," Kayla said, watching Luke Skywalker grimace in response. He was in the back of the training room and fortunately, no one else saw him do it.

"Something you'd like to add, Master Skywalker?" she asked, putting him in the spotlight.

"I should remain here, with the younglings then," Luke said. The old man felt so tired lately. "We must protect the future of the Jedi Order."

"Okay padawans, you have your assignments. Dismissed," Kayla said, keeping her expression guarded. They jumped up, bowed quickly and filed out of the room. Kayla shifted her eyes to her mother. She was standing off to the side, merely observing.

"You have to let this go, Luke," Rey said, after the room cleared out. She was watching Kylo Ren walking in the courtyards. He strolled by the windows, pretending not to notice her staring.

"Rey, even you watch him like a hawk around here. You can't be so naïve," Luke scoffed.

"I think recently, she's been doing that for an entirely different reason," Kayla interjected, trying to lighten the mood.

"Ben will not harm the Academy; not this time, or ever again. He is with us, undoubtedly." Rey attested, searching the Bond they shared. This time she was certain.

Luke pulled at his face, elongating it. "Kylo Ren —" he started, before Rey interrupted.

"And its Master Solo," she corrected, turning to make sure Kayla and Luke understood. "Ben Solo was invited to return to the Jedi Temple. Not Kylo Ren."

Luke squinted, readying to fire a response back at her. Padawan Colton and Finn came walking in, breaking up the discussion. The aging Force user muttered under his breath, leaving the training room and leaning into his cane.

"Jedi Kenobi, Master Kenobi," Colton greeted, eagerly. "We have your transports prepped."

"My teams are ready, too" Finn said, noticing the frosty atmosphere in the room. He could tell that Rey and Luke were having a disagreement. It was happening quite frequently these days. Catching a glimpse of Kylo Ren outside, he didn't need to be Force sensitive to guess why.

"Excuse me," Rey said, giving Finn a pat on his forearm.

The Grandmaster left the room and both men turned to Kayla. The young Jedi gave them a small smile.

Luke moved slowly down the empty hallways, sensing that Rey was coming after him. He resisted the urge to quicken his pace. Luke realized he wasn't an immature teenager and waited by the railing.
She looped her arm into his and ushered him into an empty meditation room. This room was one of his favorites. It had a mural that Hanna painted, just before she left for the engineering corps.

The old Master couldn't help but return Rey's disarming smile—even after all this time together, she had an indescribable effect on him.

"You can't just smile at me, Rey, it's not fair," Luke said.

"Why not? Its worked in the past," she said, searching the old man's face. He was so patient with her when they trained on Ahch-To, years earlier. Ever since Kylo Ren returned, they had been fighting with each other. Rey couldn't stand it anymore and felt they were past due for a conversation.

"You're a part of this family too, you understand?" Her eyes were sparkling in the naturally lit room.

"I know that, Rey. I also know that my days here are coming to an end. The Force is calling." He sounded whistful. "And I'm ready."

"You have plenty of years left, Master Skywalker." Rey said, guiding him to the window. She hoped he was being dramatic, as Skywalker men were prone to be. Deep down, Rey prayed to the Maker that Luke wouldn't disappear right there; leaving her holding nothing but a cloak.

Luke offered a smile, but Rey could tell he was saddened.

"I worry about the Jedi Order. We've regained so much and yet we are still so vulnerable. By the time Kayla takes over, the Council will be stronger than ever. I have Foreseen it. But, Ben Solo returning… I have no sight with him here. And I wonder if he has clouded your vision as well?"

Rey turned from Luke, spotting Kylo near the North end of the courtyards. "Let's watch him for a moment, shall we?" she suggested.

Kylo walked through the small garden sections, watching the Jedi Order bustle around him. As he passed by an opened window, he could hear his mother's voice. She was giving orders to someone over a transmission, but he didn't pay it much attention. The Sith Master decided to take a rare opportunity and let the warm sunlight on his face.

Coming up to a little pond, he heard a small voice crying. Kylo sensed a student nearby, trying to hide from everyone.

Looking over the garden boxes, a youngling was huddled tight in the corner. The boy shifted, wiping the tears out of his eyes. He carved a pattern into the soil with a stick.

"Why are you crying, youngling?" Kylo asked, sitting on the ledge of the flower box. "What's your name?" he continued, realizing he needed to sound softer.

The boy stood and dropped the stick on the ground. He sniffled, "My name is Morr, Sir."

Kylo gave him a half smile, "Tell me, why are you out here and not with the other padawans?"

"They won't let me go on the mission. Master Kenobi says I'm too young."

"Does she?" Kylo said, turning his head slightly. Suddenly he could feel Rey's eyes on him. It gave him goosebumps.

"Morr, your time will come. I can assure you of that. There is an entire Galaxy in need of protecting. That will never change, no matter how large the Jedi Order becomes. The best way for you to help,
is to complete your training here."

"Really?" the boy asked, staring at Kylo's scar without meaning too.

"Trust me on this. I think that Master Kenobi envisions you becoming a great Jedi Knight. So, she will take it hard on you, at times. It will make you stronger and more prepared when you face the trials. But you must do something first. Do you know what that is?" Kylo said.

"Stay behind and finish my training," Morr replied.

"And if you're lucky, you will get a scar like this one day. Chicks dig the scar," Kylo said, making the youngling laugh.

"Great. Now, get the hell out of here and practice with the training droids," he ordered.

The boy gave him an excited grin, before dashing across the bridge.

Luke turned to Rey and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"It's rare we get a second chance. Maker knows, I wish I had another with Owen," Luke said.

Rey teared up watching the exchange between Ben and Morr. She grabbed Luke, gasping at the mention of his son's name. The Jedi Master almost never talked about him. He never talked about his failed academy, either. The pain was still there and Luke carried the brunt of it with him; always. Even after all he and Rey had accomplished, the wounds never healed.

"I'll be alright." The Jedi Master promised, wishing to retire to his quarters. His old eyes were wet too, but Rey respected his wishes and let him leave.

The Grandmaster dried the corner of her eyes. She turned back to the courtyard, finding Kylo Ren watching her. He had both hands behind his back and adorned a concerned look on his face. Kylo wasn't trying to pry, but seeing Rey cry was something that always weakened him. The Sith had no defense against her tears; or her love.

You really surprise me, Ben. Her voice was so soft in his mind. Kylo's bottom jaw dropped a bit, but his gaze remained as intense as ever.

I can remember a time when you detested this Bond. You screamed at me to stay out. He took a casual step closer. I could have handled things better in the beginning. But I always feared the day, when you learned to lock me out.

Oh? she replied, with a smile.

I also feared I'd show you too much. That you see how I really felt. And that you couldn't reciprocate those feelings. He was standing at the water's edge now.

"It was agonizing," Kylo confessed, aloud.

Bring those lips in here. Rey replied, flashing her dimples. I'll show you how I feel.

To her surprise, Kylo marched across the pond. It came up to his knees and he splashed with every stride, scattering the fish. His long legs powered him forward, as he leapt through the window to join her.

"Ben!" she cried breathlessly, as he scooped her up. He had a hand wrapped around her waist, supporting her firmly against his torso and chest. Kylo's other hand cupped her face. A stray tendril
shifted over her cheek and he brushed it away with his thumb.

His fierce gaze and breath on her pulse was dizzying. Kylo kissed her neck, sending a spike of pleasure throughout her body. His lips lingered, before pulling back to search Rey’s questioning eyes.

"Do... do I still look the same to you?" she asked, timidly. Rey worried about the thin, barely visible lines that showed when she smiled. Even as a Grandmaster, she couldn't help but have some lingering doubt. **What if he wanted someone a little younger?**

After all, she was nineteen when they first met. She kept herself in great shape, but he still looked like **himself**. The same broad shoulders, powerful arms and narrow waist. He had that same crooked smile, careless hair and dark eyes that always reeled her in.

"I see the woman I love. She only gets more beautiful, every time I look at her."

Rey's cheeks flushed, feeling his thumb brush over her lips. She caught his hand and guided his middle and ring fingers into her mouth. Kylo inhaled deeply, watching Rey suggestively take both fingers in. She slowly accepted their length, trapping his stare the whole time.

"Rey," he groaned, feeling his pants tightening.

*I was thinking...we probably won't leave until daybreak. The Force is telling me so.* She smiled, savoring his large fingers. Kylo stumbled forward, using the wall to keep her in the perfect position. With a nod of his head, the blinds and doors closed to the meditation room.

"Where did the Grandmaster toddle off too?" Kayla asked, looking at Padawan Colton and Finn. The padawan turned around and Finn gave Kayla a knowing look.

"Eh, I don't see... Solo either," Finn said, folding his arms. They both knew what that meant and ended the discussion there.

"Alright, Colton, would you let me have a word with Finn? Please check and see if Master Skywalker needs anything. He’s a little grumpy today," Kayla said.

"Yes, Jedi Kenobi." He smiled at her, as he always did, and turned to exit the training room.

Kayla waited for Colton to leave before saying, "I think I need you to stay behind, Finn." She was completely serious and Finn scowled in response.

"On the bench!? Kayla, you should know, I'm on your side. There's no way I intentionally missed Lin's hidden X-Wing," Finn said, feeling like he needed to get it off his chest. "I never thought anyone would park an X-Wing in a boggy swamp. Who does that?"

"Finn, I'm not suggesting you did anything wrong. In fact, Lin's escape may prove to be useful in the end," she said, pulling him closer to her. "I need to know what data Lin stole. He was in the archives before he left and I hate to say it, but BB-8 covered their tracks too well." Kayla soured a bit as she spoke, feeling the sting of BB-8's betrayal.

"I think the data has something to do with Leviathan," she continued.

"Just as long as it's not Checkpoint related. We just got debriefed on that missing little nightmare," Finn realized Kayla wasn't in the loop on his closed-door meeting. "Oh, I just left from a meeting with The General. She gave me an update on both projects and has tasked me with Leviathan's..."
recovery," Finn replied, keeping his voice lowered.

"Recovery? Finn... Leviathan needs to be destroyed. Even Lin Dameron knows that!" she said, matching his volume, but still sounding like she was scolding him.

"Damn, Kayla. You said that just like your mother would. Sorry, I meant nothing by that," he backpedaled, shifting his jaw awkwardly.

Kayla rubbed her forehead. "Finn, I must get Hanna. And I know you want to save Dameron. In a few hours, we may be able to do both."

"I know," he said, feeling like Kayla was going to make things tougher for him.

"You can't agree with this course of action. You watched the Hosnian system get obliterated!" Kayla reminded him.

"Alright, I know!" Finn replied.

"I'll talk with my Grandmother, if I have too. Finn, if you find this rogue planet before I do, you must level it. Raze the whole bloody installation. Leviathan can't exist. Even in the hands of the Republic, it would be a disaster."

Finn closed his eyes and nodded. "Alright, I promise." He said, impressed with how much Kayla had grown. She was right of course; the battle-hardened warrior knew this to be the case.

Lin leaned back in his chair, enjoying the last bit of his meal. He could hear footsteps coming up the rickety, outdoor stairwell. Picking up his small communicator, he eyed the restaurant's front door. It was almost closing time and he felt a tremor in the Force.

"Hey buddy, I think we're going to have company. You better sneak into a maintenance hatch and hide. It's likely they've found the ships, too," Lin said. He decided to leave BB-8 on the frigate, in case something like this happened.

BB-8 whistled sadly, disabling the lights onboard the frigate. He reluctantly rolled towards his hiding spot.

"I know, just contact Kayla, the moment they are gone. She'll come for you," Lin said, dropping the communicator in his glass of water.

The Gray Leader couldn't trust the Jedi Order, but maybe he could trust her. If anything, she'd come and rescue him; just to have another opportunity to kick his ass down the road.

He leaned back in his chair again, resting his feet on the table. Lin was happy for once, that his favorite little restaurant was completely empty.

The front door opened, chiming as it did. Lin stared at the entrance, waiting for someone to walk in. Instead, he heard heavy boots crowding into the lobby. It was unsettling, listening to the wooden floor creak.

"Heh," Lin chuckled to himself, wondering what he was facing. The Force told him that he was surrounded, but he couldn't see anyone else in the restaurant.

The door stayed open and a large man strolled in, with dark skin and crude armor. He unplugged the 'open' sign and shut the door.
"The poultry is outta this system," Lin offered casually, as the giant turned to face him. The Gray Leader immediately spotted an 'H' on his chest, which caused Lin to groan inwardly.

"Never tried it," the stranger's deep voice responded, giving Lin the once over. Zel scanned the entire room before noticing the lightsaber on Lin's belt. The Gray Leader was leaning back just far enough to show the gleaming hilt.

"Are we stepping outside, or destroying this nice establishment?" Lin asked, feeling the floor around him shift. He was sure someone else was in the room with him, other than the seven-foot-tall brute.

"That depends entirely on you, Dameron. We came prepared to repay the owners," Zel said, setting down a bag of credits.

Lin let out a whistle.

"Lady Shade has requested your presence," Zel continued. "Either way, your leaving with me. She didn't specify that you go unharmed."

Two Warriors de-cloaked behind Lin, reaching for his arms. The Hunter tipped the chair all the way back, rolling out and activating his saber.

"That... is a cool trick," Lin said, flashing a big grin. "I've got some slick armor, but nothing like that." He crouched defensively, angling his blade as both flankers circled him.

"You should have kept your armor on, Dameron," Zel said, reaching for his staff.

Well, I won't have to worry about making this look good, Lin thought.

Both warriors charged in, as Lin hurried and blocked the downswing from the one in front. He spun the warrior around, using him as a shield. The second attacker brought down his baton, bashing his brother in arms.

Lin took the opening and shoved both men into the table he was eating at, just as a third attacker grabbed him from behind.

"Where the hell did you come from?" he gritted, dropping his lightsaber. Lin jumped back into the hold, kicking with both feet and connecting with a fourth assailant. The invisible warrior crashed into the second table, sending it to its side. His armor flickered on, as the warrior rolled onto the ground.

"Mr. Ong is never letting me eat here again," Lin choked, flipping the third attacker over his shoulder. Suddenly all four men cloaked themselves, disappearing in the restaurant.

"What do you call these guys?" The Gray Leader asked, wiping blood from his nose and picking up his lightsaber.

"Marauders," Zel said, cranking his neck. "I'd prefer to handle this myself anyway, so they'll sit back and watch. I thought, if cornered, you'd flee. So, I brought back-up."

"I hate running from a fight." Lin replied, watching the larger man crank the electrified staff to life.

"As do I," Zel agreed, rushing forward with a quick strike. Lin barely picked up the block, igniting his saber just in time. Both warriors adjusted to the cramped environment, crashing throughout the restaurant. Tables and chairs were upended and thrown to the side.

Zel had very technical combinations, almost predictable in their usage. Lin thought he had an
opening, but Zel feigned his parry, delivering a strike to Lin's midsection.

The Hunter flew back, letting the last table break his fall. Zel chuckled to himself, stepping on a downed chair and snapping the wood in half.

"I will not fail my Lady Shade," he said, picking the table up and throwing it away. Lin was up immediately and landed a right cross, which made Zel stumble and twist his face. The giant stepped forward, going on the offensive.

Zel locked their weapons together, connecting with a feral elbow to Lin's jaw. The Gray Leader staggered back, seeing double and spitting out a stream of red. Lin countered with a Force Push, but it had little effect on Zel's Mandalorian chest plate. The larger man chuckled and marched through the Push. Lin raised his lightsaber to defend.

Both men traded devastating blows, mixing in wild punches, elbows, and knees. Lin landed a critical strike, breaking the staff in the middle. Zel countered with a spinning fist, sending Lin reeling against the window to the balcony.

The Commander yelled, rushing the stunned Force user. He sent them both crashing out of the glass barrier, nearly breaking through the guard rails outside. Lin ended up behind Zel, wrapping him into a choke hold. The giant warrior stood up and turned them around. He jumped backwards and sent them both into the brick façade. The patio creaked precariously, as Zel repeated the action to break free.

Lin finally softened his hold, and fell to the decking.

"Kriff," he said, stumbling away and grabbing his back.

Zel laughed, picking a shard of glass out of his shoulder. He found a fistful of Lin's hair, using his long arms to keep the scrappy pilot at bay. He raised his other fist up high, bringing his elbow down with tremendous force. Dameron spun away from the elbow and kicked the Commander's knees with everything he had. Zel groaned in agony, reeling from an old war injury.

Twisting his face, Zel's eyes became fierce and practically glowed. Lin tried to follow up with a knee to the chin, but Zel caught him and threw him back into the banister. The hulking warrior shouted a battle cry and blitzed the dazed Gray Leader. They both went tumbling over the patio's railing, falling three stories.

Lin grabbed onto the Commander and punched him once in the ear, before they slammed into the asphalt below. The downed men lay still for a moment, groaning and reeling from the fall. Part of the railing came tumbling down, narrowly missing the combatants.

Opening his eyes, Lin turned over on his back. He landed awkwardly, clutching his side.

"Ah, next time we're fighting in a place that's not so high up," He said, feeling every word sting as it left his mouth.

Zel laughed, getting up to his hands and knees first.

"Not bad. Not bad, pilot," he said, adjusting his spaulder. The statuesque warrior continued to laugh, as Lin crawled towards his lightsaber.

Just at his fingertips, the hilt was kicked away by an invisible foot.

"Eh, crap," Lin muttered, watching eight Marauders de-cloaking around him. Lin laid back, feeling
like every muscle and body part was seized.

From down the alley, Lin heard the confident strides of a woman in heels. She smelled of lavender, he realized, knowing the fragrance. In his daze, he saw double of the woman and hoped one of them was Kayla. The mirrored images formed in the center, revealing the identity of the shadowy figure. Lady Shade opened her hand and used the Force to snatch Lin's saber.

Zel hurried fixed his pony tail. He grabbed a Z6 baton from his Corporal and activated it, stalk ing the downed pilot.

"Ha-Hanna," Lin stuttered.

Zel was furious that the pilot was speaking out of turn, addressing Lady Shade. He raised the baton up high, like an axe. It sparked in the air, incinerating several insects that crossed its streams.

"Enough!" Hanna growled, igniting Lin's lightsaber. "I'm in no mood to watch a dick measuring contest. Take him and let's go," she ordered.

Zel bowed his head, giving Hanna a quick, apologetic look. She turned and walked away, with Lin's lightsaber still burning in her hand. The warrior glanced at Lin and gave a little nod.

"Sorry, mate."

The Commander's men rushed in, overwhelming the injured pilot.

"Bull...shit!" Lin cried out, before getting hit with a stun baton. A single thought entered his mind, just before he blacked out.

Kayla ran a damp wash cloth over her face. The cool water and soft texture calmed her down, as she considered having an uncomfortable conversation with her Grandmother. It technically wasn't her place, as a Jedi Knight, to do so. The Grandmaster should be the one to address military issues with the General. Kayla hoped her Grandmother would be willing to listen to her, taking special exception.

She padded the top of her forehead, checking her reflection in the mirror. Kayla smiled and she hummed to herself. The Jedi had a strange melody stuck in her head, but she couldn't place where she heard it.

Suddenly, Kayla's window blew open with a gust of wind. It scattered papers on her desk and flipped pages in the novel she left open. The wind extinguished the single candle she had lit.

"Kayla," a voice rang out in her ears.

The Jedi's eyes widened and she dropped the cloth in surprise. She turned and stared out the window.

"Lin?" she whispered, feeling her pulse quicken.

Chapter End Notes

A lot of little things going on here. I wanted a quick Reylo scene to address their age
differences, as I get asked this constantly. I hope it clears it up a little more :D

Luke dropped his version of a John Muir quote.

Rough go of it for Lin. He doesn't realize the danger he is in. The scene in the beginning was really important to me personally, to show everyone what Lin once was. He saved scores of cadets on a mission. It's devastating to think of how far he's fallen. I wonder if he can come back.

AR-21 is a different kind of droid. I thought about the droid Hanna would want. I wanted him to be able to sing to her; because she's an artist and she would program him to do that. However, he has to really stand out from BB-8 and Artoo. I started thinking...weapons. In a way, he's a reflection of her own insecurities.

This is one of those setup chapters. Little details will come back and weave everything together. I think it's going to be a lot of fun, watching all these characters collide.

The Marauders is just my HP shout out. It's a cool name to call this invisible squad.
Lin Dameron has been captured and doesn't realize the danger he faces. Hanna tries to pry information from him, but the Gray Leader resists. Kayla discovers Lin is in peril and leaves to mount the rescue alone; hoping to capture her sister in the process.

Rey and Kylo Ren find some alone time in the gardens, but its fleeting. Kylo Ren vows to return both his daughters to Rey.

"Getting settled?" Kayla asked. She watched her grandmother from the doorway for a moment before announcing her presence.

Leia turned around. Removing her spectacles, she smiled at her granddaughter. She had converted the Jedi Temple's dignitary room into her war office. There were green tinted displays everywhere and holographic projections floating up high in the domed ceiling. Some of her support staff were already there, buzzing around the displays.

"Yes, dear," Leia said, taking a seat.

Kayla frowned at the holographic image of Lin Dameron. It was hard to ignore, given the size of the head shot. She was a little startled to see the profile window next to it, that outlined his mission backgrounds for the General. The list was greater than Kayla anticipated. The blinking red 'active' label at the top, was where her eyes rested.

The Jedi was beginning to understand Lin's value as an operative. Her grandmother must have been desperate to regain control over her favorite asset.

"Was there something you needed, Kayla?" Leia finally offered, searching her granddaughter's eyes.

"I just wanted to say, I love that you're here and helping us find Hanna. I wish you'd visit more often."

"Uh oh," Leia said, clearing her throat. "Your father used to beat around the bush like this, when he had an issue. Or worse, he'd close off entirely." Kayla fell quiet, struck by the realization that she shared this quality with Kylo Ren. She never would have guessed it.

Though, she didn't have a problem fighting with someone that pissed her off. Kylo Ren was the same, she considered, before pushing the thought away. Deep down it was nice to know she shared these things in common with him, even if it wasn't a positive trait. It was something.

"Can we have the room for a moment?" General Organa asked her support staff. It sounded more like an order than a question. They complied, shuffling out of the room and breaking for lunch.

"Clearly something is bothering you," Leia stated, wondering if this was about the charming, but cavalier Gray Leader.
"I had a vision of Lin. I think he's in trouble," Kayla said, hoping that would be enough. She didn't want to get into what she felt, or why she felt it. If the young Jedi didn't know better, she'd swear there was a Bond between them. But that made absolutely no sense. The conditions weren't right for a Force Bond, not when she was clearly connected to Hanna.

"We've been monitoring it. He's a fighter, Kayla. Though, I can't imagine why you are having visions of a cute young man," Leia said, hoping to lighten the mood. She flicked a remote in the palm of her hand, changing the displays to show Lin's position.

"We're working toward the same goal here. And he can handle a few broken ribs."

Kayla turned away, "I don't believe this, Grandma." She said. "If you knew Hanna already had him, why not send in the Jedi Order? The tracker tells you he's injured, right? We should have left by now."

Leia raised her hand, "No, dear. We need to wait for them to land. It's too dangerous risking a hull breach in space. With any luck, we'll find their headquarters. If Ben... if your Father is correct, we may be able to take the Dark Force user who has been pulling the strings.

"I'm not okay with this," Kayla snapped, taking a long look at Lin's path across the stars. She quickly noted the frequency of the tracking device. "You shouldn't be either," she added.

"He's a soldier and you're a Jedi Knight. Now, is there anything else?" Leia asked, getting a little testy with the grandchild she adored so much.

For a moment, Kayla forgot the reason why she came to visit her grandmother in the first place.

"What about Leviathan? We're going to destroy it, correct? After we capture Hanna?" Kayla asked.

"Of course." Leia kept her face frozen, as if trying to read her granddaughter. The vertical lines around the General's mouth twitched just a bit, tipping her hand.

"And Project Checkpoint, too?" Kayla asked, guessing the answer.

"Yes, Kayla. Now, if you please—I need to get some lunch. You're welcome to join me." Leia offered, breaking eye contact.

Kayla kept her expression neutral, "No, but thank you. We will meet up for lunch soon. I need to make sure my padawans are clear on their instructions." With that, the Jedi turned on her heel and left.

Leia eyed Kayla carefully, as the young woman walked out of the makeshift war room. She drummed her fingers on the desk, before picking up the communicator.

"Get Finn," General Organa ordered, waiting for confirmation on the other end.

_How did I get here?_ Lin thought while walking down a long, darkened tunnel. His feet carried him on a seemingly endless path of handmade tiles. The only thing lighting his footsteps was the occasional torch. The flames danced, but offered no heat and made zero sound. The pathway had a slight breeze that pushed against his back, as if urging his progress forward.

Lin continued walking but he wasn't sure why.

Up ahead, he heard footsteps getting louder. He felt a little relieved, hoping it may be someone who
could direct him to the surface. From the moisture pooling in different spots above, he figured the tunnel was underground.

Kayla appeared around the bend, with a frigid stare. Lin's heartbeat raced, excited to see the Jedi Knight. His face fell, however, watching her reach for her lightsaber. She ignited the blade, which bathed her body entirely in cool tones.

"Kayla... I'm not here to fight," Lin said, defensively. The Gray Leader realized he was wearing his Mandalorian armor and promptly removed the helmet. He hoped the gesture would reinforce his point.

"See?" he said, clutching the helmet in the crook of his arm.

The Jedi's expression didn't change. Kayla closed the gap, stopping twenty yards from him. She bent her knees, angling her lightsaber behind her in an attacking form. Kayla elegantly raised her left hand and directed the Force at Lin's helmet.

"Shit!" he yelled, stumbling forward. The helmet pried from his fingertips, making a sliding sound as he lost the grip. Lin fell to his knees trying to catch it, as it hurled toward Kayla's grasp.

Lin stretched out with his hand and tugged back on the Mandalorian mask. To his surprise, the mask hovered in between them both. It vibrated furiously, locked in a tug of war. His stunned look turned into one of focus, as he tried to will the helmet back into his possession.

"Kayla, I need it," Lin cried out, starting to pull the charcoal visor towards him. For a moment, the Force favored his efforts. Lin leaned forward on his free hand, trying to keep from falling on his face.

"No. You don't," Kayla said, firmly. She gave a dismissive flick of her wrist, winning the battle. The mask darted in her direction. In a swift, compact movement, the Jedi cut the mask in half with her lightsaber. Both pieces missed Kayla's resting pose, falling past her and into the tunnel.

Lin fell forward in a prone position. He narrowly avoided scraping his chin. Embarrassed, he scrambled to his feet and Kayla killed the blade on her saber. The Jedi turned on her heels to leave, without saying a word.

"Why did you do that?" Lin called out, thoroughly confused. The Jedi opened her mouth to answer the question...

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Commander Zel took a step back and came forward with a bucket of freezing cold water. It drenched Lin Dameron, snapping him from the confusing dream.

"Seriously?" Lin gasped, spitting the cold water out of his mouth. The water's crisp bite felt like it cut his cheeks. It was like getting slapped repeatedly by a woman in a snowstorm. Sadly, Lin understood the feeling.

"What is it with you girls? It's scary how alike you think. Tell me why the water has to be so kriffing cold?" Lin said, struggling to open his eyes.

Zel stood in Lin's face, growling.

"Ah, sorry, big guy. I guess I figured it was your boss," Lin chuckled.

"What does she want with you?" Zel said in a low voice, trying his best not to be overheard. "What are you to her?" There was something about the questioning and tone that struck a chord with the
Gray Leader. It flashed across Lin's face and he couldn't help but smirk.

"It was just one night, big guy. I mean nothing to her, so you don't have to worry," Lin stated.

Zel opened his mouth, caught off guard by the answer. He eyed Lin suspiciously, as if pondering another question. From behind him, a voice cleared.

"That's enough, Commander," Hanna drawled.

Zel's eyes shot wide open, "I was just checking the restraints." He lied and backed away. The Commander had impeccable hearing and vision, but he didn't hear her sneaking up on him. Turning his broad shoulder, Zel revealed the dark outline of Hanna. Her shifty eyes left Zel and zeroed in on her prisoner.

This can't be good, Lin thought.

Lady Shade narrowed her gaze, as if trying to burn a hole through Lin's retinas. Her hands were on her hips and her jaw was clenched tightly to one side.

"What did you steal from the Jedi Order?" she asked, getting right to the point.

Lin looked around at the setting and was perplexed. He had a difficult time seeing everything, with an interrogation light rigged in his face. But they were on the frigate. It was moving through hyperspace; he could feel the vibrations, under his feet. The Gray Leader twisted a bit to look around, his hands cuffed above his head.

Metal restraints, he thought.

"You swiped my frigate?" Lin asked, blinking his eyes furiously in discomfort. Hanna's eyes flicked up to the bulb and she used the Force to unscrew it enough to kill the light altogether.

"This will go easier for you, Lin, if you answer my questions," Hanna glowered. "What did you steal from the Jedi Order?"

"If you can believe it, I stole a droid," Lin said, with a chuckle. It was the truth, but not what she wanted to hear.

Hanna scowled, snapping her lightsaber off her belt. Lin swallowed hard, hoping that BB-8 was hiding safe somewhere and hadn't been discovered.

Commander Zel was standing off to the side and he started chuckling at Lin's response. Hanna snapped her head to the side, glaring at him in turn.

"Will you excuse me, Zel? I can take it from here." Hanna gave her Commander a dismissive gesture.

The big guy's face fell. "My apologies, Lady Shade. Please, I should remain here in case you need my assistance. I don't trust this man."

Hanna raised an eyebrow at him, "You can't trust our chained-up prisoner, or you don't trust me?" Both men exchanged glances. Zel grumbled and backed away. His slumped body language, betrayed him on the way out.

"He seems nice," Lin said, working his jaw. "I have some loose teeth, but maybe he knocked out one with a cavity."
Hanna moved closer to the cell. "I'll ask once more. What did you steal from the Jedi Order?" She narrowed her eyes, getting uncomfortably close to him.

"I took a droid. And mind tricks won't work on me, Hanna. Not this time," Lin said, defiantly.

Hanna laughed, taking a step back and igniting her emerald lightsaber. It flickered in her dark eyes. The hum of the blade and glow of its elegant destructiveness, blocked out the other noises on the frigate.

Lin scrambled to think of something to diffuse the situation. "This isn't you, Hanna," he started.

"Oh, isn't it?" she asked, smirking. "And you know me so well?"

"I know you're scared. I'm just not sure who it is, that you're afraid of. I know it's not the big guy," Lin said, watching Hanna lower the saber behind her. "You surround yourself with the biggest of the bad asses in the galaxy. I'd swear you were building an army for some reason, but maybe you just want to feel safe?"

"Enough," Hanna said, stretching her righthand outward. Her long fingers rested just above Lin's forehead. "You will give me what I want."

Lin's body jerked, feeling a searing pain in his temples. Hanna skimmed his subconscious before pushing violently into his mind. He yelled in pain, feeling the Force twisting inward.

"The location to Leviathan," she said, closing her eyes. "I need you to focus on it."

Lin struggled, sweat pouring down his face. Through labored breaths he grounded out, "I don't know. Even if I did, you will get nothing from me."

Hanna scrunched her nose, deepening the cerebral attack. She started seeing images of the pilot's family. He missed them deeply and it motivated everything he did. This wasn't exactly news to her, having captured the Dameron family photo back on Tatooine. His sadness and feelings of emptiness, struck her core. It reminded Hanna of her own despair and how she missed her family.

The Force wavered between them both, as it became apparent how much they had in common.

The pair grunted in frustration, continuing to fight each other. Hanna eventually pulled her hand back, needing to catch her breath.

"Lin, you will tell me everything. The Force calls to you. It wants you to find the rogue planet."

"This isn't you, Hanna," Lin repeated. "I'm sure of it. I'd bet my life on it." He was exhausted, but so was she.

"Oh, you would? You don't know shit," she chuckled, flexing her fingers and readying for another pass. Hanna killed the blade to her lightsaber and clipped it on her belt. Lin noticed that his saber was resting right next to hers.

"You're the daughter of Kylo Ren. You're also the daughter of Rey Kenobi and..." He started.

"Don't talk about them!" Hanna shouted, slamming her palm on Lin's forehead and cutting through his thoughts.

Lin saw dark spots and somehow managed to keep fighting. "They care about you. Your family is doing everything to bring you back home. They want to save you from becoming a monster."
"Shut up!" Hanna yelled. The interior of the frigate began to tremble, affected by her Force abilities. The interrogation light blew up, as the rest of the lights on board flickered. She was losing control with every passing second.

Commander Zel came stumbling into the back of the frigate, worried about Hanna. She ignored him and continued to probe.

"You should know there are people that love you. Hanna, you have a family you can return to."

Her resolve faltered at that, a tear dropping down her cheek. A flash of light hit Lin's eyes and suddenly he was transported into a memory. It was brief and only a flicker, but it was one of hers.

Hanna felt her hold on Lin slipping, so she pushed harder to keep the passage open. Her lapsing concentration let the Gray Leader right in, without either of them realizing it.

"Hanna... you programmed your droid to sing," Lin blurted out, somewhat confused.

She gasped in response, feeling his presence now. A muffled "No," was all she could muster. Her hand left his forehead, pulling back a little and shaking.

"Because... Kayla can sing," Lin said slowly. "Your mother sings, too. Only...only she doesn't sing for anyone. Just her little girls."

Hanna yanked her hand away, falling back onto the curvature of the ship's hull. She banged her elbow and dropped to both knees. Tears flowed freely now.

"Lady Shade!" Zel yelled, rushing to her side. He started to help her up, but she shoved him away. Hanna was adrift in her own thoughts, searching back to those times that she painted while Kayla sang.

Lin's head dropped down and he struggled to catch his breath. He wasn't sure what to think, but a small smile crept over his lips. The Force hummed around him. He felt stronger somehow. If he ever got out of this mess, he pitied the Marauders. He pitied everyone else on his list, too.

"Why would you dream of my sister?" Hanna said. Her sultry, confident tone had abandoned her.

She wiped her mouth, breathing heavily. Her skin glistened and she felt feverish. This was the last thing she pulled from the depths of Lin's mind.

The Gray Leader was deeply conflicted by his feelings for Kayla. "What do you mean?" Lin asked, furrowing his brow. He was in a fog, trying to process everything he gleaned.

"You've dreamed about my sister. You know Kayla." She said, sounding angrier with each word. Her fingers lightly traced the hilt of her lightsaber.

"Well, yeah. I know Kayla, because I rescued your father. And..." His voice trailed off. Lin felt like he was being interrogated again, only over something much more personal. He knew it couldn't be jealousy; not from Hanna's end. She was seething about something else.

"And!? What does my sister, have to do with you?" Hanna asked, her lips beginning to twitch.

Zel reached for her elbow, but Lady Shade instinctively pulled away.

"I'm...not sure. She's a Jedi and we've met a few times," Lin hesitated. That may have been over simplified, but he found himself wishing there was more to tell.
"Do you have a relationship?" Hanna questioned, pulling out her saber.

"No. We... I've screwed it all up." Lin blurted out, without meaning to divulge that much. He'd traveled too far down a dark road and there was no way Kayla would give him a shot. There was also the gigantic issue of him sleeping with Hanna. He was sure Kayla knew.

That aside, the Gray Leader was perplexed as to why Hanna would care. Especially with the seven-foot-tall, bronze warrior that followed her around like a puppy dog.

"But you want to!" Hanna accused, her nostrils flaring. Her eyes shut and her lips pressed together. "You care about my sister. You have feelings for her."

Hanna suddenly looked calm, like she was trying to reign in her emotions.

Lin wasn't sure how to respond. "I don't know what you want me to say. I have a predilection for brunettes." The statement wasn't entirely inaccurate, but Lin cared deeply for Kayla. He couldn't explain it.

Hanna could strangle him, she was so upset. Storming out of the brig, she brushed past Zel. The Commander sighed, wanting to chase right after her. He thought better of the idea and waited back a minute. He wondered how much damage she'd inflict, before he could talk her down.

In the connecting corridor, she ignited her lightsaber. She passed by Ar-Twenty-One without stopping to give him a loving pat.

"Stay," Hanna growled, not wanting the droid in her crossfire. The Droid whistled a sad note, keeping his position.

Hanna stomped around the entire ship, ending up in the cargo bay. She stalked the crates of supplies that were there. Screaming loudly, she raised her blade in the air. In a flash, the blade cut through the first box. She repeated the motion on the next crate. With each swing she kicked up a flurry of sparks.

Commander Zel leaned against the entryway of the cargo hold. He'd seen enough of Hanna's tantrum, as she redecorated the space with molten lacerations. There was something oddly elegant about the way she moved. Her feet and legs were expressive and artistic; it was mesmerizing.

"Good thing those aren't explosives," he said finally, leaving his perch.

Hanna cursed under her breath.

"What's wrong?" Zel asked, walking through the amber sparks. The hot bits of light didn't faze him. He kept far enough away, so that the Dark woman's swings couldn't get to him.

"Tell me you're not jealous of your sister. The Dameron kid can fight, but I don't see you two ending up together." Commander Zel sounded a little jealous himself.

Hanna buried her saber into one last crate, holding it there. "It's not that," she sighed. "And the explosives are in the red crates."

Zel nodded, his eyes flicking down to the lightsaber. He couldn't take her recklessness anymore and reached for the hilt. Hanna allowed Zel to thumb off her weapon. As he did, his fingers brushed against hers. The touch sent a tingle down her spine. Smiling, she turned away from him.
"If Lin has a thing for Kayla, that means he will too," she said, biting her bottom lip. "It means he might."

"Your Master?" Zel replied quietly, crossing his arms. He watched her carefully, wishing for once, he could peek inside her mind.

"There's a chance that some of Lin's urges may resonate; may linger. My master warned me about the transfer process, years ago." Hanna growled in frustration. "After all I've done to keep him away from her!"

It was disturbing enough, when Master Skywalker requested that Kylo Ren serve as his Conduit. Lin Dameron seemed like a vastly better alternative, considering the position she found herself in.

"Please, Lady Shade. Allow me to—" Zel started, but Hanna held her hand up. He had mentioned this before, but it was too dangerous for them both. Her Commander would do anything for her. She knew this to be the case.

"Don't speak it, Zel. Don't say the words," she ordered.

Zel wanted to kill her Master. He'd lead her entire army to do it. But it wouldn't be enough. They wouldn't succeed and the price of failure was one she couldn't accept.

"Then maybe the pilot is right!" Commander Zel said, raising his voice uncharacteristically at her. "You have an entire Force-sensitive family that wants you back, surely Kylo Ren can defeat this... this monster you serve!"

He was angry now, kicking a tied down crate across the cargo bay. The latches snapped, allowing it to slide away.

"And what if it's not enough? Am I supposed to lose Kayla, my father and... my mother?" She said, her voice cracking. "Am I to lose... you? No. Not when my obedience ensures safety for all."

Zel took a step closer to Hanna.

"I've held my tongue too many times, Lady Shade! I've watched you take needless chances. You've been stubborn and miserable when you could have asked for help. I've always been there, but you resist."

Hanna inhaled sharply. She had never heard her commander speak like this before.

"You shoulder the responsibilities alone and I silently watch the toll," he continued. "I would do anything you ask. You must know that. You're not alone."

Hanna backed up, completely disarmed by his candor. She didn't push him away, as her breathing started to hitch. "Zel," she whispered.

Zel took purposeful strides towards her. Hanna's back hit the cold metal of the raised ramp. Her head rested in the middle of the giant, yellow 'keep clear' letters.

"We shouldn't," she said, in almost a whisper.

Her commander didn't listen. Moving in front of her, Zel placed a hand next to her face. He leaned in close and searched her deep eyes. "A chance. That's all I will ever ask you for. I will give my life, to free yours," Zel said.
Hanna wanted to protest but lost her voice. Unable to rip her gaze from Zel's, her mind went blank. All her fears about Master Skywalker targeting her potential suitor, dissipated. She shuddered as he inched closer.

*Force*, she should put a stop to this, but her hand found his chest. Not to push him away, but to *feel*. It seemed so natural, standing close like this. It was new and unexpectedly pleasant.

Zel leaned in and angled his strong chin as her lips parted. Right as they brushed against each other, the ship was jostled out of hyperspace. The loud 'bang' slammed the frigate to a listing stop. Zel caught Hanna, shielding her head from the ship's heavy ramp.

"What the hell was that?" she asked, shaking her head. The dark woman found herself in Zel's arms now. He looked around the ship, eyes widened by the disturbance. The Commander took stock of the remaining supply crates, making sure nothing shuffled precariously.

"Maybe we hit something?" he offered.

Hanna ducked out from under Zel's embrace, nervously running her fingers through her hair.

"We've dropped out of hyperspace," she stated, struggling to catch her breath. Hanna was sure that her cheeks were painted rosy red. "Would you check on that, Commander?"

Zel exhaled, scratching his chin. How cruel. He had only held her for a few seconds. "Of course, Lady Shade," he said.

"Call me Hanna," she replied, turning her back to him.

"What are you doing to my ship?" Lin yelled, but no one answered. The frigate was quiet for a beat, the warning sirens shutting off. A friendly sight came rolling across the deck in front of him.

"BB-8, you sabotaged the ship?" he asked, relieved his friend was alright. The droid beeped quickly in response.

"Okay, that's great. They will have to land the ship somewhere. It will give the Jedi Order a chance to catch up." Lin's smile faded. "You were able to call for help, right?"

The droid whistled, looking closely at Lin's chains.

"No, buddy. You better hide until we land. I think I have an idea to get out of these chains. Oh good, someone's coming," Lin said, staring down the main corridor. The spunky droid took off and not a moment too soon.

"Who are you talking to?" came a gruff voice. It was one of Zel's Marauders. Stopping in front of Lin, the warrior glowered. He pressed the communicator which was located on his armored chest plate.

"Zel, I have eyes on the prisoner. It couldn't be his doing," the short Marauder stated.

Zel's voice answered from the other end. "Then there must be someone else aboard the ship. A bloody saboteur."

Lin laughed, listening to the open communication. "Shiny armor. Does it come in adult sizes, too?" he asked, with a wink. As Lin spoke, his fingers wrapped around the chains that he was shackled to.

The Marauder sneered in response. "Some Jedi you are. I would have expected more."
"Not a Jedi. Never would have looked good in robes anyway. Hey, what do they call you guys, Moron doors?" Lin asked, flashing a cheeky grin.

The armored warrior glowered, stepping closer to Lin. "That's Marauders. You want me to carve it into your forehead?" he asked. The marauder produced a shiny blade and held it into the light.

"Don't you need permission first? I can wait for Hanna to get here and give you back your set of balls." Lin grinned widely.

The Marauder hissed and showed his sharp teeth. "I'm going to enjoy this," he said raising the blade and taking a step closer to Lin. Consumed by his need to cut Lin, he moved in too close and took his eyes off of the captive's boots.

"We must land then," Commander Zel conceited. He spoke with his flagship, the Phantom. At the time, it seemed like a perfectly good idea to boost the frigate. If anything, it offered the Marauders access to better amenities and a larger weapons cache. With a dozen warriors already, it would allow Zel to expand the elite squadron.

Hanna came in and pointed at the monitor, next to their pilot. "Here," she said. It was the closest uninhabited world, containing a few abandoned cities. They were very primitive structures; more like ruins than anything.

"Take us down," Hanna ordered. Leaving the pilot, she turned to face Zel. "I can't fix the hyperdrive without us landing."

Lin crept past the crowded cockpit, moving undetected.

"It's worth it to have a ship that can carry an X-Wing," Zel noted. "Plus, our Lady Shade redecorated the cargo hold."

The Force user ignored the comment. "Well, I can fix anything. But, flying was really more my sis…" Hanna's voice trailed off. The Commander gave her a knowing look and cleared his throat.

"It's a shame, you know. We have the best starfighter in the galaxy, tied up in the back," Zel said, trying to lighten the mood.

As the Commander spoke, Lin crept past the cockpit. He moved silently, avoiding their detection. Without his lightsaber, he couldn't rush the occupants inside. He wasn't sure how many Marauders were on the ship, either.

"Yeah, he's a real pain in the ass though. The sooner we get him to my Master, the better." Hanna said. "We'll land and I will try to get the information out of him again. If Ar-Twenty-One is convinced this was sabotage, there may be another droid on board."

The black and blood orange droid whistled in response.

Lin froze, hearing his name come up. He waited in a crouched position, listening intently.

"You still want to go through with it, then?" Zel replied, leaning back in his command chair. Hanna stood next to him, her hand draped along the top of the chair; near his shoulders. She bit her bottom lip and considered his question.

"It has to be done. My Master insists on using Dameron as the conduit."
"Shit. That doesn't sound good." Lin thought, creeping away. The Gray Leader was still oblivious to the amount of danger he was in. He moved quietly, sensing that the coast was clear to retrieve the bounty hunter gear.

Lin quietly pulled up the grate, revealing the hidden compartment. He picked up the spare bounty hunter kit, being as careful as he could.

"Kayla, I hope you're on the way," he said to himself, carrying the heavy case and moving it to the empty barracks.

*Hell, bring the entire cavalry.* Lin thought.

"What do you mean we're not going in yet?" Finn said. He couldn't sit still and was starting to make everyone in the command room nervous.

The General looked up at the tracking display, with an annoyed expression on her face.

"My granddaughter just took off alone. Care to explain why she would do that?" Leia asked, already suspecting that Finn told Kayla about the recovery mission.

"I'm not the one who lied to her," Finn replied, shaking his head. "Why is it that whenever someone in this family says, 'we need to do this together', they then turn around and take off alone?"

Leia squinted, wanting to reprimand her long-time friend. Had this been the days of the Resistance, Finn would have been stripped of rank. He was, however, family, which afforded him leeway.

"We're waiting until Lin's tracker comes to a full stop. His vitals are still strong. And even if they weren't..." Leia said, leaning back on the table in the center of the room. Her support staff worked around the awkward conversation, continuing like it was no big deal.

"Wait, what do you mean? Are you saying they already have him?" Finn asked.

"Yes. It appears that Lin took a beating, but he's tough. He can handle it and much more." She said, rather bluntly. Leia didn't exactly sugarcoat it with Kayla earlier but was even more direct with her First Officer.

Finn grimaced, "Come on, Leia. That's why Kayla took off." The grizzled war veteran turned around to leave.

Leia was a little taken aback by Finn's use of her first name. "Finn...Finn where are you going?" She stumbled.

"I'm going after my nieces and my godson!" Finn said loudly, turning back around to make his point. He never outwardly referred to them so affectionately, but it's how he felt.

"I am Kayla's Grandmother, and I trust her to follow my orders. If she doesn't, I trust that she has a good reason. We must wait until the tracker stops," Leia stated.

"This is bull... we're going. We're going now." Finn left and wasn't going to be swayed. She could take his ranking and command. It didn't matter.

He walked quickly through the corridors of the Jedi Temple, bumping into Padawan Colton.

"Colton, have you seen Rey? We need to find her immediately," Finn said.
Kylo ushered Rey out of the meditation room and into the secluded part of the gardens. The Grandmaster took issue with them making love in front of the starry mural; she didn't specify as to why and he didn't question her.

He pushed her up against the stone wall along the path. This part of the Temple was built around existing church ruins, from an ancient order of Jedi Knights. Only the Masters were permitted in these parts and they wouldn't be disturbed.

"Kylo," Rey breathed, getting pushed against the wall. She realized she called him this accidentally, merely fueling the desire in his eyes. There were people looking for her and the Grandmaster couldn't shut down her mind.

"Ignore them," he whispered, running his fingers under her shirt. Kylo used the Force to undo her vest and the drawstring to her pants. It kept his hands free to caress her freely. His touch burned her skin.

"Ben...please," she whimpered in response. The Jedi could push him away, but her body wanted this too badly. It wasn't entirely safe to be doing this out in the open, not with people searching the Temple for her.

Kylo's fingers were still wet from Rey's mouth and he slipped them into her pants. He leaned his knee and thigh between her legs, parting them.

"I have to show you, Rey. I need to convince you of how beautiful you are to me," he said, lifting his leg to raise her higher. Rey slid against the wall, inching closer to his height. She gasped at the increased pressure of his thigh. Kylo could feel her wetness.

"Let me in," Kylo insisted. They stared at each other from the same eye-level. He knew she wanted this.

Rey's heartbeat raced and she closed her eyes. "Quickly," she demanded. Kylo's own breathing hitched and he attacked her neck with his lips. His fingers found her honeyed center, making the Grandmaster moan in delight.

"You feel incredible," he groaned.

Her own fingers lost themselves in his hair as Kylo brought her closer. His touch made her tremble; his rough hands simmered with every stroke. She saw into his mind and buried her face into his neck. Kylo pictured them having sex every day, for the rest of their lives. He showed her every position and every detail. She felt his desire for her and it was hotter than the surface of Jakku. It was suffocating in the best way imaginable.

Rey panted and muffled her cries into his pulse.

"There you are," Finn said, clearly irritable. He had searched the entire campus for Rey and Kylo Ren, but had only succeeded in finding Luke. The grumpy elder didn't appreciate that Finn interrupted one of his lectures.

Luke threw his cane at Finn, chasing him from the door.

Padawan Colton managed to find Kylo Ren and Master Kenobi first, as they were strolling past the reflecting pond. By the time Finn caught up with Colton, Rey was leaning against a column and she had pulled her dark Knight into an embrace.
The Grandmaster had tears in her eyes, but she appeared to be elated. Her hair was a little messy and she giggled. Kylo gave her a reassured look, running his fingers across her midsection. His hand lingered a moment before he reluctantly pulled away.

Finn wasn't sure if there was an issue and was almost too preoccupied to notice. Rey had been acting very differently since Kylo Ren returned. Finn had grown numb to the public displays of affection, though they normally didn't flaunt it quite like this.

"Let's go, love birds," he said, waving at them both. Finn had other things on his mind, now that Kayla had jumped the gun. The Jedi Knight had a head start, going after Lin Dameron alone.

"Actually... Ben would be accompanying you," Rey said, somewhat hesitantly. Her eyes found Kylo's one more time and he nodded. "I must stay here."

Kylo leaned down and kissed Rey's forehead. "I will bring our girls back," he promised. The Darksider wrapped his arms around her once more and whispered something into Rey's ear.

Finn was stunned. Why wouldn't Rey come along? There wasn't time to debate the issue, but damn, everyone was acting so odd lately. The trusty commander closed his bomber jacket and chose to leave for the staging area, without stating his concerns.

Kylo Ren caught up to him quickly and the unlikely duo walked side by side. Their boots echoed, as they navigated the halls in silence. Eventually, Finn cleared his throat.

"Are we bringing the padawans?" Finn asked, keeping his eyes forward. That was the original plan, but everyone seemed to be changing it on the fly.

"We won't need the Jedi Order. Not this time. Call it a hunch," Kylo said. His tone was cryptic and Finn suspected that there was something else the Force user wasn't saying.

The frigate came to a landing, inside the ruins of a lost civilization. The broken arches and pillars were weathered from eons of neglect. The stones were turning green from rain and oxidation.

Commander Zel's primary ship, the Phantom, was already there waiting for him. Most of the Marauders were outside, talking to each other. They had pulled toolboxes and inspection equipment, knowing that Lady Shade needed to work on the frigate.

"Has anyone seen Mado?" Zel asked, after taking a big breath of fresh air and stretching. The Commander hadn't talked with him, since he checked on Lin. Mado went on tobacco breaks, so Zel figured that he was off exploring the ancient grounds.

BB-8 came roaring down the frigate's ramp, his tiny body sparking with electricity. He beeped loudly in pain. The Marauders turned to look at the strange droid.

"What the hell?" Hanna asked, caught off guard by the appearance of a second droid. She was
sifting through the repair kits, so focused that she ignored BB-8 when he initially came tumbling down. It wasn't until her droid came racing past, that Hanna noticed.

The Marauders laughed. They were delighted by the chase.

"Twenty-One caught the saboteur," Zel said, chuckling. The damage was already done and he wasn't too concerned. "The little droid won't get far."

"Don't just stand there," Hanna scolded, scrambling to her feet. "We need that BB unit. It may contain the information we're looking for."

Lin secured his black chest plate, admiring the red accents along the sides. He picked up the spare mask, when he heard BB-8 calling for help.

"Little Buddy?" Lin yelled, leaving his hiding spot. "BB-8?" he shouted, breaking into a frantic run. Lin made it to the top of the ramp, just in time to see BB-8 ducking into an ancient temple.

"You sons of bitches!" Lin bellowed through the Mandalorian mask. "What the hell did you do to my friend?"

The Marauders turned around in surprise, looking in Lin's direction.

"Apparently, we underestimated you," Zel responded, nodding to his men. "Or at least your droid." The soldiers pressed buttons on their armor, cloaking themselves.

Hanna ignited her lightsaber, squinting at Lin. She noticed a change in the Gray Leader. His Force signature was radiant and strong.

"We may have a problem," she said, almost hesitantly. Her eyes locked onto the visor of Lin's mandalorian helmet.

"My men can take care of it Hanna—Lady Shade," Zel corrected, unable to break the habit. He didn't seem too concerned about the so called 'Hunter.'

"Okay assholes," Lin said, coming down the ramp. "Round two." He stretched out his hand, summoning his lightsaber from Hanna's belt. She flinched in surprise. The hilt flew into his grasp and ignited. Lin cut down the first Marauder in a second.

The warrior fell, screaming at the loss of his severed hand. The armor he wore flickered, becoming visible again.

"It's not going to be so easy this time," Lin said.

Hanna twirled her lightsaber, taking a step closer. "He can see your men!"

Lin's visor showed him the heat signatures of the Marauders. He fired the gauntlet blasters at them, keeping the elites from rushing in all at once. The men circled him, but had to dodge relentless blast fire while doing so.

Taking advantage of their hesitation, Lin fired his jetpack. He sprang through the air like a rocket, delivering a sequence of parries. One by one, the Marauders fell to the ground or went tumbling backward. Every time he connected with a lightsaber strike, the warriors lost their cloaks.

Commander Zel's men were dropping much quicker than he anticipated. It can't be just the mask, he thought.
For Lin, the battle slowed down in a way that he couldn't explain. Closing his eyes, he followed in harmony with his lightsaber. He countered strike after strike, letting the Force guide his every movement.

The Gray Leader avoided a baton stab, which connected with the Marauder sneaking from behind. The elites continued to fall, but they were persistent. The warriors struggled to get on their feet, even if they were missing a hand.

"Go after the droid," Zel ordered. Hanna did a double-take, but she listened to her commander.

"Krifting hell," Zel cursed once she was gone. He realized that his staff was destroyed in the last fight and wasn't there. Zel whistled in the direction of one of his remaining warriors. They tossed him a curved dagger that turned opaque, as it flew over to him.

Zel caught the dagger and spun it in a flourish. "Not bad, pilot. It's almost a shame I have to destroy such a worthy adversary."

Lin disarmed the last of the Marauders, using the Force to rip the riot baton away. He stabbed the unarmed warrior in the thigh, removing him from the fight.

"Hanna is coming home with me. You can do the smart thing and accompany her."

Commander Zel narrowed his eyes. Letting out a bellowing battle cry, he charged forward. The Gray Leader ignited his Jetpack, accelerating toward him.

"We want the same thing," Lin shouted, slashing with his lightsaber.

Zel fell back in agony, his curved dagger sliced at the hilt. The lightsaber cut through his spaulder, grazing his skin across his shoulder. The Commander threw the useless blade down and ripped the smoldering spaulder from his arm. It revealed a strange tattoo that was symbolic of a goddess, that covered most of his deltoid.

"My orders are to deliver you to Kudu. There isn't a peaceful solution here and I will not fail, my Hanna," Zel said, pushing off the ground and getting into a boxing stance. Unarmed, he advanced on Lin.

The Gray Leader killed the ignition to his saber and clipped it onto his belt.

"You genuinely care about her, don't you? Then do the right thing," Lin said, using the Force to stop Zel's punch.

The warrior's eyes grew wide, struggling against Lin's hold. His large fist vibrated in the air, trapped against an invisible barrier.

"As impressive as that armor is, it pales to the Force," Lin stated, shaking his head.

Zel growled and spun around with his other elbow.

Lin ducked under the feral strike. Zel couldn't believe it, spinning around to grab his illusive enemy. The cocky pilot wasn't there, which made the Commander turn around again in confusion.

"Right here," the Gray Leader said, appearing behind him. Lin fired his jetpack once more, propelling a flying knee into Zel's face. The Commander's jaw cracked at the point of impact, which sent him snapping backward. He landed unconsciously onto a few of his downed soldiers.
"Get back here," Hanna shouted, running past Ar-Twenty-One and cornering BB-8.

Her voice echoed in the empty amphitheater.

The frightened orange and white droid backed against the ruin columns, running out of room. He shifted his lens sensor from Hanna, to the dangerous Ar-Twenty-One. There was no way escape for him.

"Stand down, Twenty One," Hanna said, a smile creeping over her lips. "I'd hate to hurt such a perfectly cute, little droid." The dark woman crept into the shadows of the ruins, closing in on BB-8.

"Don't be afraid," she said.

BB-8 shook in fear anyway.

"Lin gave you the maps, didn't he?" Hanna asked, kneeling by the droid. BB-8 didn't respond, but she had a feeling this was the case.

"Such a curious little thing. You must be dependable," she cooed. "You know, my mother once told me a story about an orange and white BB unit."

Her fingers reached out to comfort the scared droid. Hanna hoped to garner its trust, by being sweet to it.

Suddenly, Ar-Twenty-One lifted in the air and flew back on his side. The droid landed with a crunch and beeped in pain.

"What!?" Hanna screeched, standing up and igniting her lightsaber. From above, a shadow passed over the ruins. She caught a glimpse of the figure before it leaped down.

Flipping through the air, the Jedi Knight landed in the sunlight. Springing to a defensive form, she ignited her lightsaber.

Hanna's jaw slackened. Her breath caught as she looked into her sister's fierce, sparkling eyes.

"Get away from my droid," Kayla said, standing as tall as she could. Both women stood face to face, their sabers burning by their sides.

Chapter End Notes

Metaphors are running wild in this chapter. The symbolism is overt in some areas which I like. There are also plenty of little breadcrumbs for later chapters. I had a blast writing this update. I've been waiting for this little stand-off with the twins. And how about some Zanna (Zel/Hanna)?

I love this reylo community, seriously. It makes me so deeply honored that you would take the time to read my fics. It gives me a rush of adrenaline, every time I think about it.
Chapter Summary

Kayla and Hanna fight and something goes terribly wrong. In the aftermath, Hanna is captured and is to be reunited with her family. A dark cloud looms over what should be a happy reunion.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Hanna circled her sister Kayla. Her lips curled into a sneer. "You attacked Ar-Twenty-One."

The elder Jedi Knight held her ground. Hanna was almost a foot taller than Kayla, not that Kayla would be intimidated. BB-8 cowered by Kayla's feet, doing his best not to trip her.

The Bond between the sisters opened fully, crackling like fire. Kayla hadn't felt it this strongly, since they were little girls—even then, the Bond may not have been so prevalent. Hanna had Force abilities now, though they were quite raw.

"BB-8, go to my Starfighter and wait," Kayla said, raising her lightsaber into a defensive form. The little droid took the opening and scurried away. He left a dust trail, leaving the ruins and cutting underneath layers of thick foliage.

"How could you do this to me, Hanna? To our family!? How could you let us think you were dead?" Kayla said, gritting her teeth. She imagined this conversation from the very moment she found out that Hanna was alive. Despite Kayla's best efforts, her voice shook. She swore to herself that she wouldn't let that happen. Her bottom lip trembled and she cursed inwardly because of it.

Hanna swung her lightsaber wildly, falling intentionally short of Kayla's blade. "You think you know everything, don't you Kay?" She slashed again, this time her green blade struck Kayla's blue. A flash of white, followed by orange sparks radiated from the collision.

"Enough. That's enough. Whatever you are afraid of, we will face it together. You're coming with me," Kayla said, stepping out of the long reach of her younger sister. Neither one wanted to hurt each other, but there was a sense of desperation in their faces.

Hanna couldn't allow herself to be captured and Kayla couldn't let her leave.

"Let me go," Hanna said, her voice hissing. "You must." She continued to circle the Jedi Knight. The darker sister positioned herself away from the confines of the ruins and ran for the open plains.

Kayla caught her quickly, flipping over Hanna and blocking a feral downswing. The Jedi locked their blades in a stalemate.

"I'm not letting you go!" Kayla shouted. "I can't!"

Hanna leaned into Kayla's blade, using her height for leverage, "I love my family more than you can possibly imagine," she said, her hardened expression starting to falter. "Kay, you don't understand. I must leave... you have to let me."
The Jedi pushed upward and spun out of the deadlock, in a swift graceful movement. Hanna toppled forward, but caught herself. She twirled around and lunged for Kayla, but her Jedi sister froze her attack with the Force.

"You're not strong enough to take me, Hanna," Kayla said, her face scrunching. "Come back with me and I will train you to use the Force. Properly, like a Skywalker and a Kenobi."

"Oh, you were always so smug," Hanna replied, trying to break free from Kayla's hold. She fell to her knees, in a vain attempt to fight the overbearing pressures being exerted. The harder she struggled, the worse it became. It was like being buried up to her neck in sand; something Kayla did to her during a beach trip once.

"You're being stubborn as always. Kriff, some things never change," Kayla said, keeping her hold on her little sister.

"While you've been out becoming miss popularity—saving the Galaxy from trade disputes and hair pulling—I've done everything to keep you safe." Hanna shot back, doubling over.

Kayla looked bewildered at her sister. "Do you even hear yourself right now? You've been quietly collecting an army and batting your eyes at everything with a pulse. How is that keeping me safe?" The Jedi Knight researched all she could on Lady Shade and was rather appalled at what she found.

Hanna let out a primal scream, channeling the Force and breaking Kayla's hold. A shockwave erupted from Lady Shade, expanding in circumference and strength. It shook the surrounding stone columns; Kayla held up both hands and redirected the Force around her.

"Oh, you really think you know everything, don't you?" Hanna said, leaping up to her feet, "The future of the Jedi Order and Mom's favorite." There was a familiar bitter edge to her words. They had this discussion as little girls; Hanna always felt like the black sheep of the family. Even now, going toe-to-toe with her sister, it still stung.

"Oh, bullshit Hanna," Kayla said, raising her lightsaber once more. The girls circled each other and traded parries. "When you left for the engineering corps, it ripped a hole in our family. It's never been the same since."

Hanna barreled forward, connecting her blade with Kayla's. "You even took Kylo Ren from me," she countered. "Our father was supposed to understand!" The columns around them started to shake, more violently this time. The vines hanging off them swung wildly, as dust plumes cascaded down the precarious structures.

"Keep your emotions in check," Kayla said, blocking Hanna's next strike. The ruins looked as though they might come down at any moment. The Jedi Knight would not let them perish here. They were going to be a family again, even if it cost her sister a hand.

Lin Dameron searched throughout the temple ruins for BB-8. He heard a bloodcurdling yell and instinctively ran towards the cry.

"That can't be good," Lin said, running up the worn steps. He ignited his lightsaber and cut through the thick vines before him. As he fought his way through a darkened tunnel, he could see the light bleeding through the other side. He heard the distinct sounds of lightsabers and saw a flicker of blue and green.

With another set of swings, he sliced through the last of the vines and froze. Kayla and Hanna were trading strikes, completely oblivious to his presence.
Lin put his lightsaber away and began changing settings on both his gauntlets. "Eh, crap. I am going to get blamed for this," he said, jogging out of the darkened tunnel and into the sunlight.

"Yeah, this needs to stop." Lin aimed both gauntlets at the sisters. Metallic grapples shot out, finding both lightsaber hilts and sticking with a metallic 'ping.'

Both girls looked down, in shock. Lin took a step back and gave a sharp tug. He yanked the sabers out of their hands.

"Hey!" Both women shouted, diving for their weapons. They collided and tripped over each other; their limbs tangling. Hanna scrambled on top, pushing down on her sister for balance.

Lin breathed a sigh of relief, snapping both sabers onto his belt.

"Sorry ladies... your father will strangle me if I don't break this up," he smiled at them both, suddenly realizing he was wearing his mask and that they couldn't see him.

Hanna and Kayla both gave each other a knowing glance and advanced on Lin.

"Oh, crap," he said, igniting his jetpack and flying over them. Kayla reached up and pulled him down with the Force. The rockets cut out temporarily, sending Lin hurling toward the ground. The savvy pilot managed to soften his crash landing, firing the jetpack at the last moment. He skidded across the ground, coming to an abrupt stop.

Kayla kept her hand outstretched and pulled her lightsaber from Lin's belt. She ignited it, placing it in front of her sister's path. Hanna's brow furrowed even more, as she shot Kayla a glare.

"Kay, this isn't over," she said. The taller woman was not fearful of the burning blue saber that hovered inches from her waist.

"You can yell and scream at me all you like, on the way home," Kayla said, keeping her chin up.

Hanna shook her head slightly, "I don't have a home."

Lin coughed and stood up, removing his mask. "Damn it, Kayla," he said, realizing the mask was damaged beyond repair. It probably saved him from a nasty head injury, but still. "Thanks for the nice crack!" He tossed it to the side, "Where the hell is BB-8?"

"He's waiting in my ship," Kayla said, keeping her gaze trained on her sister.

Suddenly, a disturbance in the Force made all three stop and look at each other. An ominous shadow crept over the sun, as incoming cannon fire rained down in heavy blankets.

"I feel it, too," Hanna said.

"Shit!" Lin yelled, igniting his lightsaber and jetpack at the same time. He narrowly avoided the first bombardments, which scorched the soil and left a black cloud of smoke.

The Gray Leader positioned himself in front of the girls and deflected the second cannon shots. The artillery was too powerful and sent him tumbling into the nearest column.

Kayla screamed, "Lin!" watching him fall to the ground in a heap. Hanna froze in shock and wasn't sure what to do. "Check for a pulse!" her older sister ordered, stepping up to defend them all. It was all Kayla could do, not to rush to Lin's aid.

The Jedi Knight stretched her hands out and channeling the Force. She caught the next barrage of
large, powerful green blasts. They hovered erratically, just ten yards away from the group of Force Sensitives. Kayla summoned all the concentration she could. The Jedi had been able to hold a single shot from a blaster rifle, but this was something completely different. No Jedi had managed to hold back something of this caliber; not that she could worry about the difficulty right now.

Hanna watched her sister, wide-eyed, as she dropped to the ground by Lin. Lady Shade didn't know who was firing or why. She would have guessed that this was Hux, but the thought slipped away. She fumbled with Lin's collar protector and found his weakened pulse. Her fingers trembled, pulling away from his damp skin.

"I... oh no," Hanna said, losing her voice. She snapped her head in Kayla's direction. The Jedi Knight kept her focus on holding the cannon fire in check. They could feel each other's emotions through the Bond and Kayla knew that Lin was in grave danger.

"Move him out of the way," Kayla yelled. As she spoke, she took small steps to her right. She couldn't hold the vibrating cannon fire for much longer, especially if the ship made another pass. The Jedi squinted; she wasn't sure where the battle cruiser was.

Hanna dragged Lin under the arms, pulling him out of harm's way. She snatched her communicator to hail Zel. As she did, Kayla jumped to the side and avoided the deadly green blasts.

"Zel, call off the attack." Hanna said, tracking the strafing ship. It hovered over the frigate and the Phantom, before lowering. "That's not one of mine," Hanna said, looking down at Lin's face. She pulled the chest plate off him and listened for a pulse.

Kayla rushed to Lin's side, the panic apparent in her voice. "Is he... breathing?" she asked, wiping the hair from his sweaty forehead.

"No," Hanna replied in a whisper, pulling back and shutting her eyes. The Dark woman adjusted the beads on her bracelets. "Four days," she muttered to herself. Her fingers nimbly pushed the four rounded beads to the rest of the clump; the tally resetting.

"What are you doing?" Kayla asked, tears forming in her eyes. She couldn't help herself, feeling Lin starting to fade. The Jedi's hand draped across his chest, smoothing out the black shirt covering his torso. She searched frantically for the pulse that wasn't there.

"Something reckless," Hanna replied, summoning her Master. She felt him stir; waking from his slumber. With a piercing hot flash, Lady Shade allowed her vile Master to look through her eyes.

Lin Dameron, the Master hissed across the connection.

"Save him," Hanna mouthed, surrendering to her Master's control. He slithered into her limbs, enjoying the warmth of her body.

A blinding hot light entered Hanna's mind, taking over completely. Her hands rubbed together, creating a series of small sparks. Kayla backed up in astonishment, falling on her backside.

Hanna's hands arched with electricity and she pushed down into Lin's chest. His chest heaved and his whole body shook, but there was no pulse.

"Kriff," Hanna said, rubbing her hands again and drawing a larger surge of power.

She repeated the action and Lin jolted awake. His eyes shot open, lunging forward he gasped for air. "I've got this," Lin cried out, unsure as to where he was. Kayla scrambled back next to him, stopping Lin from moving.
"Just wait," she said, cradling his head. Lin tried to speak, but the Jedi Knight shushed him.

Kayla couldn't believe what she just witnessed. Her sister, Hanna, had managed to produce Emerald Lightning; a skill that should have been outside of her reach. Kayla's eyes traveled up to gaze in awe at Hanna.

"Hanna...how did you manage this?" she said, her voice choking. Kayla was relieved and slightly embarrassed that she reacted the way she did. The Jedi couldn't help but run her fingers through Lin's hair.

Hanna was doubled-over at the waist, her silky black hair covering her features. She let out a giggle at first, which quickly turned into a sultry laugh.

"Hanna?" Kayla said, easing Lin's head down. He blinked at her and smiled, still in a fog. Kayla's arms prickled as the laugh turned into something sinister. "What is so funny?" the Jedi asked, her heart still pounding.

The laughter continued unabated, shifting in pitch and tone. It echoed maniacally, sounding like an old man's laugh.

"Hanna?" Kayla asked again, getting to her feet. She rushed to her sister's side, draping her arm around Hanna's back.

"No, Kay!" Hanna yelled, jerking upright and backing away. She sucked in her breath, eyes dilated. "I can't hold him back for long," she stuttered. Her voice returned to normal and she continued to back away from Kayla. "You have to get off this planet. The men on that ship aren't under my control...and..." her voice trailed off.

Kayla took a step closer, reaching out to calm her little sister. "You can't hold who back?" The Jedi felt a dark presence radiating from Hanna. It felt like a frigid winter storm.

Hanna grabbed the bracelets around her wrist. "You have to leave me... he's awake!" she said, her voice shaking. "My Master..."

The Dark woman started laughing again, her lips curling and teeth showing. Her scared expression turned into an obsessive, deranged look. Hanna's shoulders shifted out of alignment, her posture twisting unnaturally.

"I've been waiting for this... little one," a deep, strained, masculine voice erupted from Hanna. The entity walked strangely—like an old man trapped in a woman's body.

"Who the hell are you?" Kayla said, re-igniting her lightsaber. "Never mind that, get out of my sister's mind," she ordered. The Jedi Knight raised her hand, aiming for Hanna's forehead.

The Dark woman lifted in the air, using her own considerable power. She hovered five feet from the ground and surveyed the bombed out landscape. Hanna brushed off Kayla's command, merely answering her with a chuckle again.

"I won't ask again," Kayla warned.

"You are powerful, little one. Much like your father, Kylo Ren." Hanna's teeth showed through her parted lips. "I rather like it here... with your sister. Perhaps she does too."

Kayla clenched both fists. Her face strained, trying to break through the mental barrier that Hanna had in place— rather, that her Master had in place.
"Imagine what we could accomplish together, Kayla. I can feel your Force signature even when I sleep. Your power calls to me," Hanna chuckled, her deep voice echoing. The Dark Force user shook the ruins around them, toppling the rows of columns in the back.

Every word brought a shiver down Kayla's spine.

"Let my sister go," she demanded. The Jedi Knight wasn't sure how she could save Kayla and suddenly found herself wishing that her mother was there.

"Submit to me. Bring me Lin Dameron. And I will let your precious Hani, free." As the foreign voice spoke, Lin slowly got to his feet. He dusted himself off and worked his jaw around.

Kayla's eyes widened and she turned to look at Lin.

He wasn't facing her, noticing the armored squadron marching towards them.

"Stormtroopers?" he muttered to himself, sounding shocked. The last of the stormtroopers were eradicated almost twenty years prior. The armored division moved across the plains like ghosts from another era.

"We've got company," Lin shouted over his shoulder, holding his lightsaber hilt by his side.

"Leave my sister now. And I will trade places with her," Kayla hurried, taking a step closer.

Hanna laughed. "Why have one, when I can have both?" Throwing an arm out, the Jedi Knight was lifted in the air and pulled closer. Kayla struggled against the hold, feeling the incredible power of a Sith Master. She was sure this had to be the case; the Dark Side was reaching out through Hanna.

"Surely, you can do better than that," Hanna smirked, taunting her sister. Master Skywalker enjoyed the anxious look building in Kayla's eyes, while he continued to work Hanna as a puppet.

Lin raced to their sides and slide to a stop in the dirt. He was more than a little concerned about the approaching battalion. His head was still fuzzy and he had no idea what was going on with Hanna.

"We don't have time for this. I thought you were done fighting for the day?"

Hanna smiled at Lin and with a wave of her arm, sent him flying towards the approaching squadron of stormtroopers.

"No," Kayla cried out, her bottom lip trembling. She twisted around the waist, coiling back and summoning her strength. She whipped back around and delivered a heavy Force Push.

The powerful strike broke Hanna's hold—her Master's hold—and sent her flipping backward. Master Skywalker caught his precious Hanna, easing them both to a stop at the ruin's base. Kayla landed gracefully on her feet, free from the Darksider's hold.

"Impressive, Kayla. Most impressive. With my training, you and your sister will be unstoppable," Hanna raised her hand to her cheeks, arching a spark around her fingertips.

Lin stopped himself with the jetpack, igniting his lightsaber and landing to his feet. He didn't have time to turn back or question how Hanna managed to throw him so far. Fifteen rows of stormtroopers—stacked four deep—bored down on their location. The odds were stacked against them. The stormtroopers weren't firing yet, and soon Lin realized why. They were there to collect Hanna. He couldn't allow that. She needed to go home; to be with her family. Lin genuinely believed that, but he was personally invested in her return. Leia would hand over Project Checkpoint, for all his
efforts. It made the blood and sweat worth it.

The Gray Leader held his ground, bringing his lightsaber in front of him in a defensive form. He would draw a line in the sand right here. "Alright. Let's see what you've got."

A crimson blast landed right in the center of the stormtroopers, scattering the group. Their commander pointed in the sky and ordered his troops to open fire on the encroaching ship. Lin caught a brief glance of the mini cruiser and recognized two figures, hanging out the opened doors. Finn was seated behind a bolted-down turret, taking aim. Kylo Ren hung outside the open door next to him, casually deflecting the incoming fire back to the ground.

"Reinforcements," Lin smirked. He lunged forward and cut down the nearest stormtroopers.

"Let's get to work," Finn yelled from above, unleashing a barrage into the enemy below.

Kylo Ren dropped out of the mini cruiser and cushioned his landing with the Force. Marching forward, he delivered a powerful Force push into the battalion. Stormtroopers went flying in every direction, reeling from the attack. Kylo and Lin walked side by side, engaging the remaining stormtroopers. They moved in a similar fashion, cutting down any challenger who stood in their way. Up above, Finn turned his attention to the Imperial-era frigate.

Exchanging brief looks, Kylo and Lin deflected every shot fired at them. A tremor in the Force called to both. Lin was surprised by the sensation but managed to keep his focus on the stormtroopers.

"Do you feel that?" he asked.

Kylo Ren merely grunted in response. They could sense Kayla's desperation through the Force. Kylo, however, could sense something so much more.

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"I've heard enough," Kayla said, gritting her teeth. The powerful entity vying for control of her sister showed no signs of tiring. She felt a powerful Force user nearby; her Father had entered the fray. The Jedi closed her eyes, sending a single thought toward Kylo Ren.

*Your daughters need you,* Kayla said. Her words carried through the Force and connected with a warm embrace. Kylo Ren's signature was akin to a pulsar star and it flared up at the sound of hearing Kayla's voice.

Kylo turned sharply and looked to the ruins. He gave a dismissive wave of his hand and bowled over another group of stormtroopers.

"Help your girls. I've got this," Lin said confidently—but Kylo was already gone.

The Gray leader ignited his Jetpack, flying over the huddled mass of stormtroopers. He deflected the shots back into the squadron, taking down shooters one at a time. Lin managed to flank them, evening the odds with a series of quick parries.

From out of nowhere, a large fist connected with a stormtrooper. The punch cracked the helmet, sending the soldier to the ground. Commander Zel was up, standing with a deranged look on his face. He spun a riot baton and buried it into the nearest stormtrooper.

Lin raised his eyebrow, wondering why Zel was attacking his own men. *Wait, were these his men?* he wondered.
As if reading his mind, Zel shouted, "They are here to take Hanna back to that pathetic piece of garbage!" He picked up a stormtrooper and raised him over his head. With a growl, he threw the soldier at the remaining enemies. "I won't let them!" Zel cried out.

Hanna ignited her lightsaber, stalking toward Kayla. There was no doubt, that her sister was being possessed. For this to happen to Hanna—someone who was Force-sensitive—was troubling, to say the least. The mere fact that it was happening to her sister, made Kayla irate.

Kayla came running in, aiming her precise attacks to disarm her sister. She was cautious, to the point of being detrimental to her own health. Hanna lunged forward, dropping her shoulders and posture into the most reckless forms of lightsaber dueling.

"Fight him, Hanna!" Kayla gritted out, hoping to get through to her sister. She knew that Hanna was present, buried deep down.

"She likes it here, darling sister. You will too, by my side. All you need to do is bring me Lin Dameron."

Kayla blocked the furious strikes coming from the Darksider. "What do you want with Lin?"

"He will set me free," Hanna answered.

The lightsabers locked, sending sparks cascading around the girls. Kayla's concentration wavered some. She wondered whether Lin knew the possessive entity that controlled her sister. Hanna got the upper hand and pushed her sister down to one knee.

"You will be my queens. I will have you and Hanna, equally. Just imagine what we could accomplish together."

"The Force is strong in Lin Dameron. It's strong in you girls and together, we can breed a new generation of perfection."

Kayla turned her face away from the unrelenting heat of the clashing sabers. The Jedi Knight wasn't sure if she could hold on much longer. A trickle of sweat made its way from her head, down her neck and chest.

Soaring in from above, Kylo pushed the girls away from each other. He landed between Kayla and Hanna. His rage radiated openly, in a way that the Jedi Knight hadn't witnessed before.

"Let my Hanna go," the Sith Master ordered. He entered his daughter's mind and pushed out the Dark entity with a furious, efficient strike.

Hanna cried out in her usual voice, falling faint. Kylo Ren scooped her into his arms, pressing her tightly against his chest. The young woman's strained features softened and eased.

"My beautiful Darkness," he whispered, feeling her strong heartbeat.

Kayla thumbed off her lightsaber and fought the urge to cry out. Her arms trembled. The Jedi should have felt a sense of relief, but no. Despite the touching sight before her, she seethed.

"I will find the monster that has the hold on you. I will find him and kill him!" Kayla vowed.

Kylo clutched Hanna tighter and breathed a sigh of relief. He brushed a long strand of hair away from her face. "This one is tough. She will be fine," he said.
"That's not good enough," Kayla said, turning away. From behind, Lin and Commander Zel approached. The seven-foot-tall warrior broke into a jog upon seeing Hanna.

Above them, Finn's mini cruiser swung around and came in for a landing. It kicked up the loose topsoil, as he jumped to the surface. Finn shouted an order over the deafening engines and his men came barreling out. For the first time in years, he locked eyes with his godson. For a moment, he wasn't sure what to say to Lin. He was just glad his family was in one piece.

"You're okay," he finally said.

"This doesn't change anything," Lin replied, shaking his head. The Gray Leader held Finn's gaze before turning around to adjust his gear.

Commander Zel came to a stop over Kylo Ren and Hanna. He thought about reaching for her, but Kylo's presence made him reconsider. The woman of his affection looked so weak; he longed to take her into his arms, just to feel her breathing. He needed to know she was alive; that she was safe. However, the Commander forgot who he was dealing with. He forgot that this was Kylo Ren holding her; the most dangerous man in the Galaxy. A father who could read his thoughts. Someone with the power to crush adversaries with the Force.

Zel opened his mouth to speak, but Kylo sent him flying into a pillar. The Commander fell unconscious as the column wavered and tipped forward.

"Hey!" Kayla shouted, stepping back and stopping the column with her outstretched hand. "We need to interrogate this man," she protested, sending the column tumbling in the opposite direction. They needed Commander Zel in one piece.

"He'll live," Kylo replied, still staring into Hanna's face. At the moment, she seemed at peace. The Sith Master got the feeling that Hanna hadn't slept well in years. He was right, of course.

Lin came up to Kayla, with a big grin on his face. "I just realized something... you totally came to save me," he teased. The Jedi Knight rolled her eyes. "You were worried and showed up to save me."

"I came here for my sister," Kayla said, adjusting the ribbons in her hair. She avoided his gaze. Lin didn't realize he stopped breathing at one point and she wasn't going to tell him. The Jedi was fighting a strong mixture of emotions. She couldn't ensure that she wouldn't burst into tears if she told Lin what really happened.

"BB-8 sent a distress call and you're here. I'm... I can't stop smiling right now," Lin flashed her a flirty grin.

The Jedi Knight couldn't take his playful smile. Instead, she slowly walked around him under the ruse of inspecting his chest plate. She gave the shoulder strap a sharp tug and fixed it.

"Well, thank you," he said.

Kayla merely nodded. "You did a couple of very brave and bonehead things back there. So, I'll let this slide." Stopping behind him she waved a hand over his head. The pilot's eyes fluttered shut and he fell forward, collapsing in a heap.

Lifting a brow in her direction, Kylo caught Kayla's glare. "What? You just sent Hanna's boyfriend into a stone column. You're in no position to judge me."

"True. But you're supposed to catch them when you do that little move," Kylo replied. His daughter
scoffed and waved Finn's soldiers forward.

"I want these men transported to the battlecruiser. Bring the rest of the survivors, too." Kayla ordered, gesturing at Zel and Lin.

Kylo Ren remained silent. He walked Hanna aboard the Republic mini cruiser. It was pleasant being so close to his girls.

"I can hear you judging me, Kylo Ren," Kayla yelled. "I don't care. I'll be getting the answers we need!"

Kylo Ren and Kayla hovered over the security feeds aboard the Jedi Battle Cruiser. Ironically, the warship was given to the Council, to hunt down Kylo Ren. Grandmaster Kenobi saw no reason to return it just yet. The Sith Master kept a close eye on the Level 2 Detention cell holding Hanna. It also housed Commander Zel, who was kneeling next to Hanna's sleeping form. He appeared to be praying to some form of deity.

"They should be separated," Kylo drawled, glowering at the security feed.

"No. That hulk of a man is the one positive thing in Hanna's life. It would be comforting for her, to wake up and find him. It would go a long way in establishing trust," Kayla said.

Kylo clenched his jaw, silently objecting to the arrangement.

"Look how he dotes on her. That man will never leave her side. We'd have a bigger issue if he was on Level Three with the others." Kayla said as if sensing her father's dissidence. She gestured to the other screen, where Lin Dameron and the rest of the Marauders were housed.

"Hanna is waking up, I can feel it," Kylo said.

"Yes," Kayla replied, not needing to look at the monitor for confirmation. The Bond between the girls was stronger than it ever before.

The Jedi swiped the graphic of her sister away, giving them some privacy. "I need to speak with him," Kayla said, pointing at Lin. He was already awake and pacing in his cell.

"I would like a word first if you don't mind," Kylo said, following her off the bridge. Kayla nodded, quickening her strides to match her father's longer ones.

Lin stared into the security camera, hovering above his cell.

"I'm sorry. Am I really the bad guy here? Aren't we on the same side?" he asked, kicking the cot which was bolted against the wall. "This blows," he added.

The Level Three blast doors opened and Kylo Ren came walking in. His boots were heavy and he held his hands behind his back.

"This day keeps getting better," Lin said with a chuckle. His former Master didn't look pleased to see him.

The Sith Master adjusted a dial on the control module. It chirped twice, changing the current to every cell, except Lin's. The shift in the force fields made the other cells soundproof. Kylo didn't want the Marauders to overhear their conversation.

"How's Hanna?" Lin asked, holding the Darksider's stare.
"She's a true warrior," Kylo said stiffly. He could sense what Lin really wanted to ask. The young man's thoughts were often consumed with a different subject these days; his daughter, Kayla.

"Kayla has taken the necessary precautions... given your affinity for breaking in and out of prisons." His gaze looked around the enclosure—taking in every bolt and seam.

"This isn't what we talked about," Lin said, in a low voice. "I complete my list and Checkpoint goes into full swing. You and I would finally have another chance. We'd get back what we lost."

"But you don't enjoy killing," Kylo said, finally making eye contact with Lin. "So, you thought you'd make a deal." There was something about the Sith Master's tone, that gave away his true feelings. Kylo didn't want to go back and change anything.

"Your mother isn't keeping up her end," Lin scoffed. He guessed this might happen.


"Bullshit," Lin countered, running his fingers through his long hair.

"Even so, I voiced my objections when Leia suggested she turn over the device," Kylo replied. He expected Lin to start yelling expletives at him, but it never came. Lin didn't know how to respond, so he sat down on the bench. After taking a moment to reflect, he chuckled.

"Does anyone in your family keep their word?" he asked.

Kylo looked away and started for the exit.

"What the hell changed?" Lin called out. Slumping forward he rested his elbows on his knees.
"What have you gained in this life that you wouldn't still have... if I spun back the clock?"

Kylo looked at him one last time before leaving. There was something the Sith Master wanted to say but chose not to. "My daughter would like a word," he said, changing the subject. As he left, Kayla came in and brushed past her father. The first thing she did was close the security door to level three.

"Great," Lin muttered, running both hands through his curly hair again.

Kayla stood just outside the force field. "This is becoming a habit; meeting like this."

Lin scoffed. "Why do I feel like I fell on my face?"

"You'll have to be more specific," Kayla said. She couldn't keep herself from smiling.

Lin pushed off the bench and came to the invisible barrier between them.

"I thought I could trust you. That's why BB-8 called for help. I've never called for help before. Not on a single mission," Lin stated. He wasn't trying to boast, but it came off sounding that way.

"It's you, I don't trust," Kayla said, flatly. "Somewhere, on some distant system, lies Hanna's Master. He's immensely powerful; so strong in fact, that he entered her thoughts and controlled her actions. He tapped into her raw Force sensitivity and displayed his own staggering abilities. Amidst the chaos of the last two hours, something he said, resonated with me the most."

Lin crossed his arms, knowing that this had to be about him. He recalled the conversation between Hanna and Zel on the frigate.

"What did he say?" he asked, clearing his throat. The subject was already weighing on his mind.
"He said that you would be the one to set him free."

Lin shut his eyes. "I don't know what that means. What the hell is that supposed to mean, Kayla?"

Kayla shook her head in disbelief. She fought the impulse to search Lin's thoughts, wanting to sort out the truth.

"This is what I get. I deviated from my course and started chasing another myth. Another whisper. I could have let someone else deal with Leviathan," he said. The words sounded bitter as they left his lips.

"So why didn't you?" she shot back.

"We're not doing this right now," Lin answered. He wanted to punch something but refrained.

"Oh?" Kayla replied, sounding curious.

"I've been a spy for most of my adult life. But you... you're something else. You've played me from the beginning," he accused.

Kayla flashed her eyes and crossed her arms. "Explain," she demanded.

"Whispering things into my mind. I've heard your voice, guiding me. Showing me the Force. But deep down, you don't really care. I guess I can't blame you." Lin took a step back, checking out the confines of the cell. "I would have done the same thing if the life of a family member was on the line."

"Believe what you want. When I thought you were dying, I broke down," Kayla finally admitted, biting her bottom lip.

Lin found her sparkling eyes. He knew she was telling the truth. The Gray Leader could sense it through their budding connection.

"I shed tears over a spy. A Hunter. A murdering insensitive jerk," Kayla's voice broke. "Tell me there is something more to you than Project Checkpoint. Tell me that pursuing Leviathan is more about doing the right thing; instead of doing something self-destructive or for personal gain." It wasn't about personal gain; not Leviathan anyway. Not completely. Kayla knew it to be the case.

Lin leaned his forehead down, resting it near the force field. "Why can't we be together?" he asked.

"Because you won't stay," Kayla replied, trying to get him to look at her. "You have a dangerous agenda. You'll strive to achieve it, no matter the odds. Even if Checkpoint rips you to pieces... which it already has."

There was a long pause between them.

"You could ask me to stay," Lin replied.

"But you wouldn't," Kayla said firmly. "You think you can save your family. You won't stop until it consumes you fully. And after that, there would be nothing left."

The Gray Leader was uncharacteristically quiet.

"There's also the matter of my sister. You were intimate with her. That, I can never look past." Kayla said. She watched Lin's expression change. Heartbroken, he turned away from her. Lin placed his back against the forcefield and slid down it. He landed with his legs crossed and head tilted back.
The forcefield flickered yellow, stinging him.

"If we met first, we'd be having a different conversation right now," Lin said, sadly.

"We did meet first," Kayla answered. "Though you probably don't recall."

Lin chuckled, "Of course I do. It was a sunny afternoon and you came to tour the academy. It was brief, but I never forgot. The pretty Jedi in blue. You always looked good in blue."

Kayla nodded and brushed a tear out of the corner of her eye. *He remembered what she wore.* She left Lin, without saying another word. He stayed in the same position for a long time.

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"Zel?" Hanna asked, opening her eyes lazily. He dabbed a washcloth over her forehead. The Commander was grateful that Kayla permitted him to sit next to her, and supplied him with some medical supplies.

Hanna was fine of course, just needing to rest. Zel felt better knowing that he was close and could treat her if needed.

"Take it easy," Zel said, gently resting his hand on her shoulder. Her hand reached up to find his.

"Where are we?" Hanna asked, feeling her strength returning to her arms. She started recalling everything that happened and felt the urge to get up and begin pacing.

"In Jedi custody," he replied.

"Shit!" Hanna yelled, springing to her feet.

"I said, take it easy," Zel repeated, rising as well.

"I can't believe this," Hanna continued, running her fingers through her hair. This was a disaster; everything she had been hoping to avoid.

"Your family can help," Zel insisted. His eyes followed her frantic pacing.

"I'm putting them in danger by returning. They don't understand!" Hanna groaned inwardly, before licking her lips. "You have to break me out of here."

"No. No, Hanna. We must get you the help we need. I can retake the Coruscant forces, once you are better." Zel was confident of this, even if General Hux was trying to usurp his role. The Commander would cut down anyone in his way.

"You don't get it, do you? How could you possibly? I woke my Master." Hanna could kick herself for doing what she did. At the very least, it showed Kayla what she had been up against; all these years. Maybe this was something that could allow her family to forgive her actions? If they only knew the strength her Master possessed.

Zel's worried expression morphed into one of anger. "I don't care about your Master! I will squeeze the life out of him with my bare hands!"

Hanna backed up against the cell wall and sighed. She bowed her head in defeat. "I don't deserve your loyalty." Her sultry voice was hushed and barely audible.

After a long moment, Zel moved right next to her. "Lady Shade... *Hanna,* please don't say that. Serving you has been an honor." As he spoke, he reached for her chin and raised her head. Hanna's
eyes were wet and saddened.

"I'm damaged…" Her voice trailed off.

"I don't care about any of that. You should know that my feelings for you are genuine. It doesn't matter to me, how many men or women you've been with," Zel declared. It was the truth, he accepted long ago. "I accept you for who you are, no exceptions."

Hanna's heart skipped a beat.

"It's not... what it appears," Hanna said, returning his fierce gaze with her doughy eyes. "I haven't slept with any of them. Not once. I used the Force... to make them think it. And believe it. I may have put my hands on them, but it's not as I've made it seem."

Zel's lips parted. His large hands reached forward and rubbed Hanna's arms. He wasn't sure what to say, so instead, he chose to show her. He needed to feel Hanna; he was desperate to.

The Commander dropped to his knees, burying his head into Hanna's midsection. He kissed her belly button, sending a shiver into her core. Hanna moaned and pulled his head closer. He kissed her again, his lips trailing a path of fire across her pale skin. Zel's strong hands buried into her hips and ass. Hanna's fingers pulled at his ponytail and Zel stood up. He lifted his love so that she was at his eye-level. She instinctively wrapped her legs around his waist, as he pushed her against the cell wall.

Hanna's lips parted, allowing Zel's tongue to explore her mouth. He did so tentatively at first until she moaned into the kiss. The Commander didn't need further encouragement.

Chapter End Notes

Some Zanna at the very end! It will pickup at the start of the next chapter. :D

I have to say that imagery of them is inspired by panda-capuccino on tumblr. She's an incredible artist, whom I've mentioned before. I knew when this chapter came, I needed to borrow from these two incredible drawings she created of Zel and Hanna.

Quite a revelation too. I wonder if Kayla finds out the truth, if she could give Lin a chance. I want so badly for these two to find each other.

Kayla got to show off her impressive Force abilities. She's more like her Father, probably, than a lot of readers think. Some have commented on that. We'll see, moving forward.
What We Need

Chapter Summary

General Hux grows concerned for Master Skywalker's safety, since Hanna has been captured. Hanna wakes to find Zel doting on her. Reluctantly, she must leave to speak with Kayla. The twins have a lot to talk about so that the healing can begin. An issue rises and Lin Dameron's life is in dangerous.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Wait here," General Hux instructed before storming down the ramp and entering the bunkers on Kudu. He was prepared for the harsh climate this time, bringing an umbrella and an enhanced respirator to shield him from the ash plumes on the surface. Hux moved silently through the creepy underground corridors and found that the doors to Master Skywalker's chambers were already opened.

The general was quiet and allowed his eyes to adjust to the darkness of the chamber. Hux steeled himself, finally catching a glimpse of the withering darksider. He made sure his mind was clear of any fear or doubt before approaching the sleeping Dark Lord.

"Master Skywalker," he said, kneeling before the decaying life form. "Master Skywalker, we are here to extract you." The general felt the Force user brush across his mind.

"My Lord, I must relocate you. It's no longer safe to keep you on Kudu," Hux said, standing and leaning over his master. He was nervous now, having difficulty masking the trepidation in his voice.

The general had sent a group of stormtroopers to retrieve Hanna and Lin Dameron. The mission had failed spectacularly and only a handful of stormtroopers returned. In the interest of self-preservation, Hux was hoping to spare the powerful practitioner the details—especially of his failure.

The cold, vacant eyes of Owen Skywalker were pointed toward the ground. After a few seconds, he blinked and his pupil's constricted. The frail man's lower jaw moved and a scratchy groan slipped out of his drooling mouth.

"Where is Hanna?" his voice choked out, raspy and sleep ridden.

"I'm afraid she has been taken by the Jedi Order," Hux said, leaning away from the table. Suddenly, he felt a cold, emaciated hand reach up and grab his wrist. The general froze in place, his eyes darting down to the bony hand.

"They have Hanna? They have my Hanna!?" he bellowed, causing the chamber to tremble.

Hux managed to keep his balance amidst the shaking floor. A crack formed in the wall in front of him and the general became concerned that the entire room might cave in at any moment.

"Sir, it's crucial that you allow me to relocate you. I've brought a convoy to make sure we can bring everything that you require. Lady Shade knows too much and I believe they have Commander Zel as well. I have a plan to retrieve your apprentice, but we must see to your safety first."
Master Skywalker winced at the mention of Zel's name and he turned his head and spat, "And what of Lin Dameron? Is he with the Jedi too?"

Hux swallowed hard.

"That's unclear, my Lord. However, I have issued a sizable bounty for Lin's capture. There is no system in the galaxy that he can flee to. No place to offer him quarter; he's as good as caught," Hux said, narrowing his gaze.

Master Skywalker hissed and moved his icy stare away from the general.

"In the meantime, I can find you another conduit. Surely, there are other Force-sensitives," Hux started, but stopped as he felt his master's grip tighten.

"Yes, there are but it must be Lin Dameron. It is his destiny to become my vessel. But there is a persistent complication that threatens to bring the Hunter into the Light. We cannot allow that to happen," Owen Skywalker said gravely.

Hux nodded, though he wasn't entirely sure why it mattered. What was the obsession with the brash hunter? The general buried any remaining doubt he had in case the Force user invaded his mind again.

Owen hissed and flared his nostrils, releasing the general's arm with a shove. "I've grown tired of this feeble, impotent existence. It's time we make Lin Dameron come to us," the frail man said, covering his mouth. A deep, wheezing cough overcame him and it quickly turned into a fit.

Hux squinted but remained quiet, waiting for his master to regain his composure. The general was fortunate to still be alive, which made him breathe a sigh of relief.

"Once we procure the Hunter, I will have both women. I swear it through the Force, they shall be mine," the Darkside hissed and spat on the ground again, without wiping his mouth. This was the most Hux had ever seen the Darkside move, and until now, he had believed that Skywalker was virtually catatonic.

"My Lord, what of Hanna Ren?" he said lightly. "When we retrieve her, that is, I could use a Knight aboard the Finalizer," Hux said, taking a bold chance.

"A Knight of Ren," Skywalker considered, flicking his eyes at Armitage Hux. He brushed the general's mind again, looking for an explanation.

"I was hesitant in the past," Hux said quickly, "about having a Knight shadowing my operations. I believe that the right partnership could yield remarkable results. Of course, that's if you can spare her once you ascend to Emperor."

"I will consider your request… now, through those doors," Master Skywalker said, abruptly changing the subject. He extended a long finger into the darkness.

Hux turned and realized there was another set of doors in the chamber. Battle droids were positioned on either side of them.

"What's in there?" Hux asked, hesitant to approach.

"Something we need to bring along. The device that Lin Dameron has been desperately trying to acquire," Master Skywalker said, candidly.
General Hux walked across the chamber and open the doors. His eyes grew wide, "Project Checkpoint."

Master Skywalker bent at the waist and coughed again. "He will give us Leviathan if he believes this is the reward. I have no intention of giving up the device; nor will I give up my time travelling conduit."

"Forgive me for asking so many questions, my Lord. It is not my intention to be defiant. If I understood Lin's importance, perhaps I could be more efficient in his capture?"

Hux lowered his head in respect as the Darksider started to chuckle.

Kylo Ren paced around the battle cruiser's bridge, making Finn's men incredibly nervous. It didn't help that he was wearing his mask, which was synonymous for death in the galaxy. Even battle-hardened men and women would be intimidated at his very presence.

"Ren, would you take that damn thing off and come over here? Rey just sent us an incoming transmission," Finn said.

The Sith Master stopped by the security feeds that he and Kayla were monitoring earlier. Lin's feed was still active and he swiped the screen away. His fingers were poised on Hanna's minimized feed, when he heard Rey's voice chirp in the background.

"Where's Ben?" she asked right away. Kylo's fingers left the security feed before he could restore the window.

"I am right here," he replied, removing his mask and joining Finn. Kylo ran his fingers through his hair to make sure that he was presentable.

The grandmaster gave him a sly smile but it faded quickly from her lips. She was calling from her shuttle, setting out to meet the battlecruiser. From Rey's expression, she didn't seem pleased with either man, even though their mission was a success.

"Kayla has already filled me in on the particulars," Rey said coolly.

Kylo lowered his gaze and got closer to the screen. "Perhaps, it was hasty to leave without the rest of the Jedi Order. I did not foresee the stormtroopers, nor the attack from this unknown entity. Rest assured, Hanna will be fine and I shall hunt down this Force user and eliminate him," he stated.

Rey snapped her eyebrows together. "I knew I should have gone, Ben. I can't believe you talked me into staying behind. Did you get a glimpse of the monster when you cast him out?" She was justifiably upset.

"Can we talk about it when you get here?" Kylo asked. The grandmaster slammed her fist on the console in front of her and her holographic projection shimmered briefly. The sudden outburst wasn't like Rey and it caught both men by surprise.

"I will smooth it over with General Organa, but I would like to accompany Kylo Ren to take this
jackass down," Finn stated.

Kylo shifted his gaze to Finn, but only briefly.

Rey was taken aback by Finn's offer. Apparently, they were able to work together if they believed in the same cause. They cared deeply for Hanna and Kayla and it warmed her heart. The Jedi master's expression softened a little.

"Honestly, everything is fine here," Finn confirmed. "Helm says we will be arriving at the Jedi Temple in four hours. There's no need to leave the academy, just to meet us in the middle."

Rey glowered; her cheeks reddened. "I'm her mother, Finn! I've just been told that my missing daughter has been possessed by a Dark Entity. There is nothing in the galaxy that will keep me from meeting you. Is that going to be a problem?"

Kylo Ren stood silently and kept his expression neutral. Finn got the feeling that the last part of the comment was meant for the Sith master, more than anything.

"I am quite capable of flying a shuttle," Rey said, unprovoked. It was as if she was having a private conversation with Kylo Ren. He blinked at the answer but remained stoic.

"I know, my love," Kylo replied in a hushed voice. By this point, everyone on the bridge was eavesdropping on the conversation.

Rey gave the Sith master a thinly lipped smile and terminated the transmission.

"Okay," Finn said, leaning on the console next to the holoprojector. "Everyone get back to it!" he shouted. Once he was satisfied that all the blinking lights and shiny switches had distracted his crew, he addressed Kylo Ren.

"What is going on with you guys?" It was now blatantly obvious that they were having some sort of domestic squabble. As long as lightsabers weren't involved, Finn really didn't care. But he recalled the power couple behaving strangely in the Temple corridors, just before they left.

Kylo Ren rolled his eyes and turned away. "That is for Rey to disclose when the timing is prudent."

Finn opened his mouth and then closed it again. The Sith master would always be something of an enigma. That's great, he thought.

"Hey nice talk, by the way. Clear and concise as always," Finn called out, as Kylo Ren exited the bridge.

Kayla leaned on the door to the Level Three Detention Cells. She knew that Lin was on the other side, silently cursing himself. The Jedi didn't want to admit that there was some sort of connection forming between them, whether she wanted it or not. She rubbed her hand across her face and tried to put thoughts of the Gray Leader out of her mind.

She had endured quite a bit already and the day wasn't over yet. Kayla waved the guards forward to resume their posts. With some reluctance, she pulled herself away from the door so the guards could have their spot back.

"No one goes in there without me or Kylo Ren present. Am I clear on that?" Kayla said.

"Yes, ma'am," the guards replied in unison. They took their places at opposite ends of the blast
doors.

The Jedi frowned and considered the men. These guards were technically under Finn's command and Kayla didn't know them at all. "What are your names?" she asked.

"This is Yune and I'm Voray," the stockier guard said, speaking for them both. Kayla stepped closer to the men, getting the impression that they were merely humoring her.

"Alright, Voray. It's important that you stay out of the detention wing. It's not safe to go in there and talk with him." Although the cells were packed with Marauders, the Jedi was clearly talking about Lin Dameron.

"Of course, Master Jedi. We know all about the Gray Leader," Voray said. He had a carbon fiber club gripped tightly in his fist, which he was tapping against his thigh.

Kayla didn't care much for the guard's demeanor. She knew Lin ruffled many feathers in the Republic Command. He had earned enemies throughout the galaxy and these guards weren't fans.

"You have a nice evening," Voray said, giving her a crooked smile.

Kayla nodded and left the brig. She didn't get a good feeling from either man but chose to take it up with Finn instead. The Jedi would have them replaced as soon as possible.

While walking across the ship, Kayla closed her eyes. She could feel traces of Lin's feelings. The rogue pilot was filled with sadness and regret. The added weight of his emotions was too much for her to bear. So, Kayla decided to close him off completely. Her shoulders relaxed as thoughts of Lin drifted away.

"Hanna," Zel breathed against her neck. She pried the band from his ponytail and let his hair fall free. Hanna quivered from the mixture of his hot breath and the sound of her own name. She lost her fingers in his hair. The texture felt better than she could've possibly imagined.

Her fingers brushed into Zel's scalp, giving her a quick peak into his mind. The large warrior was lost in a blur, praying to the Maker that this was real and not just a dream.

"Oh, it's real," she moaned loudly, as he repeated her name. Hanna leaned into his ear, teasing it with her teeth. "I love it when you say my name," she said breathlessly.

Zel growled, pushing her harder into the cell wall. He knew that Hanna wasn't some fragile little thing. She could handle all of him; his strength and considerable size. They were a perfect match. He always knew this would be the case. Holding her now—the way their bodies lined up—there was never any doubt.

Instinct took over and he sucked under her chin. She cried into his ear, urging him forward.

"Less clothes," she insisted, starting to rip into his tank.

Maker, this is happening, he thought, lifting his arms to allow Hanna access to his clothing. She cooed as the thin material ripped away. He kissed farther down her neck, feeling her pulse. Hanna whimpered and dug her nails into his hardened torso. She clawed up and down the 'H' that she had branded him with.

The raven-haired beauty felt his cock pressing into her lower stomach and it drove her crazy.
"I want this, Zel," she hissed, enjoying the look of desire and euphoria on his face. She grabbed his erection through his pants, getting him to grunt and jerk his hips. Hanna couldn't help herself and whispered into his ear, "I'm going to mark you someplace visible so every woman knows who you belong to."

"Yes," Zel groaned.

Hanna tugged his ear in her teeth, enjoying the groans she was eliciting from her powerful warrior. "Fuck me, Commander," she ordered.

"Kriff," he grunted, squeezing his fingers into her hips and ass. He was so possessive and confident. After years of being quiet and undeniably loyal, it was a wonderful surprise. The commander was desperate to show her how he felt, to hold her close and become undone in her arms.

"You've already marked me, in more ways than one," he admitted. She knew about the scar across his chest, which was something he was proud to display. He often wore tank tops in public which barely hid the scar.

Hanna dug her fingernails into the backs of his upper arms. Her teeth left his ear and she rested her head on his shoulder, enjoying the blazing trail of kisses he left on her tender skin.

"Wha—what's that?" Hanna moaned, noticing a tattoo she had never seen before. Positioned just behind his left deltoid was a striking image of a woman kissing a rose. Hanna realized his spaulder would have covered this tattoo, but Lin Dameron destroyed it in their fight.

Zel removed his mouth for a beat, suddenly realizing where she was gazing. His hands left her waist as he struggled to find his voice.

"It's a symbol," he said, leaning his head forward to kiss her again.

Hanna put both hands on his chest and demanded to inspect the tattoo closer. She didn't need to speak a word and Zel reluctantly let her down. He turned at the waist to show her better. Hanna's hooded eyes grew wide as she reached for the beautiful design.

Her fingers trembled around the profile and Zel let out a heavy sigh. He was deeply worried about what she was going to say.

"She is the goddess from my homeworld. She represents strength in the face of adversity. She instills courage and heart, against all odds. The goddess is the eternal symbol of the tribal warrior," his voice was soft and he lowered his eyes. "To mark one's body with the symbol of the goddess is to devote your life to the protection of others... or sometimes, the protection of one."

"It's... me," Hanna said, rubbing her fingers across it and searching Zel's eyes.

"I... I didn't know what to tell the artist. When he asked, I described what I thought the goddess looked like. I'm not... I'm not imaginative like you. I could only tell him what I saw on a daily basis."

Zel closed his eyes as Hanna reached for his chin.

"Look at me, Commander," she said. He opened his eyes, savoring the warmth of her hand along his cheek. He was terrified that she wouldn't take this revelation well. There was more that he wasn't telling her. The goddess tattoo was something he could stare at in the mirror. He could see Hanna's face, right before bed. And her likeness would be there too, every morning when he went into the fresher.
"You were worth the wait," Hanna said, getting on her toes and pulling his lips onto hers. Zel's eyes widened before he relaxed and lost himself in the kiss. Hanna pushed them back towards the lone cot in the cell. He stumbled over the low hanging edge and fell onto his back with a startled look.

The Dark woman straddled his chest and pulled her top off in a seamless move. Zel's lips parted at the sight of his goddess before him.

"Don't worry," Hanna said, pressing her index finger over his lips. "They can't see us right now and I can be quiet if I need to be." She felt his hardness digging into her ass. Hanna couldn't help but bounce on his lap, swearing that it stiffened even more as a result.

Zel gripped her hips eagerly with both hands but Hanna pulled his right hand to her breast. His large paw fit perfectly over her mound. She moaned as his fingers brushed her nipple.

"Well, this looks comfy," Kayla said, standing just outside their cell. The Jedi didn't mean to startle them, but the Level Two facility contained only one cell and didn't have a cumbersome blast door to open.

"Shit, Kay!" Her younger sister cried out. Zel sat up abruptly and pulled Hanna into him, screening her naked torso. "Thanks for knocking," Hanna said, bitterly.

"Oh, it's nothing I haven't seen before and this isn't exactly a bedroom," Kayla said, shaking her head. "Though I appreciate how chivalrous you've been. It's refreshing to know that Hanna has an upstanding man in her life... up until now, of course."

Hanna looked like she might strangle her sister as she reached for her discarded shirt.

"Kriff, you couldn't give me an hour?" Hanna said, pulling the top over her head. Zel gave an embarrassed laugh, unsure if he should speak up or not. This was a family matter and he did not want to be shoved out of an airlock by Kylo Ren.

"To be continued," Hanna said reassuringly, turning Zel's head to face her.

"I'm sure it will be," Kayla interjected.

"There's no need for jealousy," Hanna said, resting her head between Zel's neck and shoulder. "I'm sure we can find you a nice young man who would be willing to dive in front of artillery fire to protect you."

Kayla rolled her eyes and moved over to the detention control panel. "You should just be thankful that I came down here and not our father. You'd be looking at one dead boyfriend right now and I'm sure you'd hate to break up the collection."

"Oh, I'm going to get you for that, Kay," Hanna said, crawling off of the bed and standing to face her sister. She looked down at Kayla, inching closer to the force field. "You really think you know me so well?"

"That's the problem, Lady Shade. I don't know you at all anymore. Your boyfriend stays in the cell until I can figure out what we are up against." Kayla raised an eyebrow, making it clear she wasn't in the mood for any bullshit. The Jedi lifted the force field so that Hanna could leave.

Hanna flashed a rare smile and blew Zel a kiss. She conceded that her commander was right and that this was the time to seek help from the Jedi Order. Zel reached out and grabbed her hand as she walked away. He pulled her back into him.
"Zel," she gasped, as she pressed into his chest. He captured her lips, wanting to make sure that this was real. She was still warm, soft and entirely his. The warrior needed her to know how he felt and poured everything into her lips and mouth. They moaned indistinctly as the kiss deepened.

"Don't forget me," he said quietly after Hanna broke the kiss. They both rested their foreheads together before Hanna stood back up again.

Kayla watched the nauseating couple. She could sense Zel's affection and sincerity radiating towards her sister.

"Hanna, let's go," Kayla said, softening her tone. She could feel her sister's heart aching at the thought of leaving right now. Hanna sighed and stepped out of the cell.

The twins walked across the battlecruiser in silence. The main corridor was empty, for which Kayla was thankful. She wanted to converse with her sister in private, but now that they were alone together, the Jedi Knight was at a loss for words.

Kayla kept Hanna in her peripheral vision as they moved stride for stride. Her sister's taller frame reminded Kayla of when they were girls. Hanna was all legs with long, flowing raven hair.

They would walk together through the Temple gardens or along the sandy beaches to the south. Hanna always walked along her right side and was typically close enough to grab Kayla's hand if need be. In those days, the girls didn't need to talk much. They usually sent thoughts through the Force, sometimes images. Even before realizing what exactly that meant, the pair indulged the Bond.

Hanna's eyes shifted to Kayla, making the Jedi Knight wonder if she was remembering the same things. Both women were unsure of how to begin. The awkward unease permeated the air between them until Hanna couldn't take it any longer.

"I'd appreciate it if you didn't mention this to Kylo Ren," Hanna said, breaking the silence. "I mean, what you walked in on us doing. I value what I have with Zel." Hanna caught a glimpse of her hair in the portside window. She quickly ran her fingers through her silky strands, straightening out the skewed wisps.

"Oh, I'm not that stupid," Kayla said, keeping her eyes facing forward.

After a few more steps Hanna snorted, realizing how absurd this was. She couldn't help it and giggled, only making things worse by trying to suppress her laughter.

"Break up a collection? Geez, Kay. That was such a bitchy thing to say," Hanna laughed, realizing that her sister hadn't changed much since they were girls. Kayla was often overprotective of her.

The Jedi looked at her with a raised eyebrow. She peered into their Bond to make sure that Hanna wasn't being possessed again. Her heart skipped a beat at the thought, but Kayla quickly realized that it was just them.

Hanna cupped her hand over her mouth. Her face turned bright red from the fit of laughter.

"Stop," Kayla said, cracking a smile out of the corner of her mouth. "You're going to make me laugh too." The young Jedi let out a giggle of her own. "It's not funny. I'm really upset with all of this."

Hanna doubled over, grabbing her sides and leaning into Kayla for support.

"Hey—hey dad… let me introduce you to my boyfriend!" Hanna said, fighting to get through the
sentence. "Put down your lightsaber and say hello to my date."

Hanna's laughter was infectious and spread through the empty corridor. Kayla couldn't help it and broke down too, wrapped up in her own fit of laughter. "I know... I know! Kylo Ren, you've been frozen for eighteen years..." Kayla said, unable to finish the sentence.

"You—your daughters, are already dating," Hanna sputtered, grabbing onto Kayla. "But we're being safe; we take lightsabers on dates."

"Stop! My sides," Kayla protested as both women clung to each other. "My sides!"

Hanna wrapped her arms around her sister, pulling her into an embrace. Kayla's eyes welled up and she pulled Hanna tighter. Both women felt relieved as the laughter seemed to melt their anxiety away. It was a temporary cure that granted them both the re-connection that they desperately needed.

"Force, I've missed you," Kayla said, sniffing. She buried her face into Hanna's hair. "If you only knew how hard I looked, how badly I needed you beside me." The Jedi knew the healing process would take time, but she needed this. She needed to hold her sister.

I was so worried, watching you float in the air like a puppet. I never want to see that again. I never want to feel that darkness again. Kayla's voice entered Hanna's mind, just like it had when they were children.

Hanna nodded and sniffled. "I know, I know," was all she could muster in response. Hanna wanted to make it better somehow but knew it wasn't going to be easy. "You don't understand, Kay," she sobbed into her big sister's shoulder. "You don't understand his power. I'm sorry that I fought you."

The twins sank onto the floor and clung to each other. They stayed there for a long time, refusing to say another word or let each other go. The sisters had each other again and there would be time to sort out the rest.

Yune looked down at his blinking wrist guard. He flipped open the top and revealed a hidden screen. The guard's eyes darted across several lines of text before he cracked a wide smile.

"You won't believe this," Yune said, adjusting the graphic to make the message easier to read.

The guard standing next to him, Voray, leaned over to see the display. He let out a loud whistle, which made Yune chuckle.

"That... is a lot of credits," Voray replied. He scratched his chin and shot his longtime partner a look. "Someone is going to find this asshole and cash in."

Yune could tell that Voray was entertaining the idea of collecting Lin's bounty. This wouldn't be the first time that the pair had moonlit as bounty hunters. Contract work as security guards wasn't really a long-term goal for either man.

"He's a decorated hero," Yune said, thinking aloud.

Voray chuckled. "You mean a spy," he corrected.

"He's the Gray Leader," Yune offered with a smirk.

"Dameron is a deserter, criminal, murderer, and Hunter," Voray countered.

"He did save plenty of lives at the academy," Yune replied. "It still carries weight with a lot of
"Again, he's worth a lot of credits," Voray said with a wicked grin.

"Fuck Lin Dameron," Yune said, closing the wrist guard. "I guess I don't care how many cadets he saved at the Academy. After that little rampage on Cloud City, he's got this coming!"

"And fuck the Jedi Order, too. We can retire on this bounty and never look back," Voray said, twirling his carbonsteel baton. The guys mulled it over for a few minutes and appeared to come to a quick decision on Lin Dameron. Just as they moved to open the detention doors, they heard footsteps in the hallway.

"Hey, you guys saw the message too?" a raspy voice yelled out. It was Donsu, approaching with three other guards. Yune and Voray knew Donsu and his crew very well. They were known to be careless and downright trigger happy. They carried blasters slung over their shoulders like a bunch of mercenaries.

Yune pulled out his blaster and disengaged the safety. "Yeah we saw it. Do we have a problem here?" he asked, wagering that he could shoot four men before they could react.

"Take it easy gents and just think it through. It will take all of us to sneak Lin Dameron out of here without being detected," Donsu said with a smirk. "Hell, split six ways it's still pretty damn good. You try doing this with a crew of two and Kylo Ren will fry your asses before you get out of the hangar."

Voray and Yune glanced at each other.

"Alright, Donsu. You take your men and shoot Commander Zel in the face. The notice was pretty clear that the commander and his supporters need to die," Yune stated nonchalantly.

Voray cleared his throat, "You'll have to do it the old-fashioned way. Level Two doesn't have knockout gas for that giant to overdose on. Make sure you take a photo to show that we got him," Voray instructed.

Donsu nodded and placed a toothpick in his mouth. "This way, gents." The ring leader left with his three accomplices and moved up to Level Two.

Voray and Yune waited for the men to leave before opening the blast doors to Level Three. The sturdy airlock released with an ominous hiss.

"We're going to fuck them over, right?" Yune said, shooting out the camera hanging just above them.

"Of course," Voray replied, cracking his stiff neck. "We're not splitting the bounty six ways."

Kylo Ren stormed across the battlecruiser, feeling the Force signatures of his daughters. He didn't set out to find the girls at first, however his long and powerful legs carried him closer.

He rounded the corner and stopped in his tracks. Kayla and Hanna were wrapped in each other's arms. The sisters had been crying; their cheeks were stained red and their eyes were puffy. Kylo couldn't help but feel his heart ache for his daughters. They looked so beautiful and he caught himself staring.

The Sith master suddenly felt as though he was encroaching on something private. This reunion had
been a long time coming, even if the healing process was just starting. Kylo didn't want to disturb them, they were so peaceful. The girls looked angelic, holding each other in such a tight embrace.

As if reading his thoughts, the girls opened their eyes to find their father. Kayla sniffled and gave Kylo Ren a little nod. He was by their side a split second later. He knelt into a crouch and wrapped his arms around both of his girls.

The sisters remained silent and they allowed Kylo Ren to pull them into his chest. He felt the call to the Light in a way he hadn't before. Holding his daughters like this made Kylo Ren grin from ear to ear.

His Darkness and his Light, finally in each arm. The Sith master squeezed them tighter and savored the experience.

"Ah, I love the smell of blaster fire at supper time," Voray commented. The stocky guard spun around with an arrogant smirk. "That's right, take it all in."

Lin Dameron and the Marauders stood, watching the guards closely.

"Sorry, fellas," Voray said, taking a jaunt stroll around the octagon that separated the cells. "We're here to take the Gray Leader into custody, but we get double if we... thin out the Marauders."

Yune aimed his blaster and fired at the cameras lining the ceiling of the octagon. Smoke and sparks billowed into the detention wing. Voray twirled his baton and chuckled underneath the sparks. "It's really too bad."

The Marauder warriors exchanged worried glances and started beating on the sides of their cells.

"Hey, losers. What the hell do you think you are doing?" Lin said, watching Yune move to the main control console.

"Oh, they want you alive, Gray Leader. Don't you worry about your new friends; they won't feel a thing," Yune started working the controls.

"Ah, shit," Lin said, looking at the Marauders in the opposite cells. The Gray Leader closed his eyes and tried to send Kayla a message through the Force. Lin wasn't sure if he could, but he had to try something.

Kayla, you must hurry. The guards are in here, claiming that there is a bounty on me. And I think they are going to kill Zel's men.

There was no response. Lin couldn't feel the Jedi and now he started to worry for the safety of the Marauders.

Voray pointed his carbon baton at Lin's face and chuckled. "I'd love to rip off your head, Hunter. I guess we'll have to settle for Zel's men."

Green gas started wafting in the Marauder cells, causing the warriors to wheeze and cough. The knockout gas was usually used smaller doses, but this amount would be fatal in minutes.

Lin ripped off his jacket and wrapped it around his right fist. He took a step back and started punching the force field to his cell.

"Kriff," he shouted, reeling back and using the Force to deliver an enhanced strike. He hit much
harder this time, causing the barrier to flicker in yellow.

Voray started to laugh, but his voice was drowned out by the coughs and yells of the Marauders. The warriors began using their clothes to cover their faces.

"Get on the ground," Lin shouted, continuing to punch his way out of the cell. The Gray Leader's eyes widened, watching the warriors fall to their knees and struggle for every breath.

"This is bullshit!" Lin yelled. He couldn't believe that he was watching men die like this; right in front of him.

Lin quickened his strikes, ignoring the nasty shocks of the force field. Every right cross was painful to throw. His jacket burned away, exposing his knuckles. A hissing sound came passing through the vents above him. The ominous green gas filtered into his cell, but Lin was too concerned about the other prisoners to notice.

The Gray Leader shut his eyes and tried to channel the Force. His heart pounded as he called out, "Kayla." Lin couldn't reach the Jedi and he found himself wishing he had the training to do so.

Lin started choking and he fell to one knee, getting further away from the toxins. The Marauders were lying prone now as the knockout gas continued to billow into their cells.

Voray came closer to Lin's force field, wagging the carbon baton at his face. "Not so cocky now, eh Gray Leader?" To his surprise, the downed pilot's eyes shot open.

"You will lower the force field and set me free," Lin commanded.

Voray's menacing smile faded and he stood upright. The thuggish guard took a step back and buried his club into the release for Lin's cell.

"What the hell, Voray?" Yune shouted, as the force field blinked and shut down.

Lin leaped out of his crouched position and slammed his knee into Voray's chin. The guard toppled backward and Lin caught his baton. He twirled around and threw the weapon into Yune's blaster.

The guard cried out as his shot backfired and exploded in his hand.

Lin pulled back and unleashed a Force Push into Yune, sending the guard crashing into the blast doors. The Gray Leader immediately rushed to the main controls, releasing the prisoners. Lin switched on the silent alarm, hoping that help would arrive soon. The Marauders weren't moving and the gas wouldn't shut down.

"Shit!" he said, unable to figure out how to stop the gas. He fumbled with the unfamiliar console but it was no use. Lin sprinted into the closest cell, pulling out the first two Marauders.

Kayla, Hanna and Kylo Ren came barging into the detention wing. The Sith master drew his weapon.

"Oh, kriff," Kayla said, running to the central command console. She flipped the intercom and called for the medics, while shutting off the gas.

Kylo Ren put his weapon away and used the Force to pull the rest of the prisoners from their cells.

"Oh no," Hanna said, her dark eyes growing wide. "I… I have to get to Zel," she cried, turning to run out of the wing.
"Hanna!" Kayla shouted, watching her sister leave.

Lin knelt by the Marauders, checking for pulses. The warriors were barely hanging on and he sighed in frustration. "Kayla, what the hell?" he said, glaring up at the Jedi.

She came and knelt next to him with a worried look on her face. "I'm sorry," she said, putting a hand on Lin's knee. She bit her bottom lip briefly but stopped once she caught Lin staring at her mouth. "I shouldn't have blocked... whatever this was. I had a feeling about these men and I didn't... I didn't listen."

Lin sighed, unsure of what to say. He rubbed his scraped-up knuckles as a shadow crept over him. Kylo Ren hovered over the pair and glowered. Kayla quickly removed her hand and stood up. She brushed past her father and moved to the door to greet the incoming medical staff.

"We need to treat these men with anti-toxins," she said, sending them forward.

Lin watched Kayla take the scene in before standing and facing Kylo Ren. The Jedi blurted through a series of directions and then ran after her sister.

"They'll live," Kylo said, raising an eyebrow at Lin.

The Gray Leader grabbed a roll of bandages from a passing medic and wrapped his hand. "I have no intention of going back into a cell," Lin stated.

Kylo Ren clenched his jaw and nodded slightly. He moved his hand down to his belt and unclipped Lin's lightsaber. Kylo rolled his forearm and opened his palm, holding the weapon out to Lin.

The Gray Leader gave a slight nod and took his lightsaber back. Lin returned the elegant weapon to his side, where it belonged.

Hanna raced into the Level Two detention area, worried for Zel's safety. The Force guided her through the foreign ship, retracing her steps. She came to a sliding stop, seeing four bodies splayed out on the floor. They were guards and Hanna inhaled sharply. One of the men crawled weakly, reaching for a blaster. The Dark woman ran over to him and kicked the guard in the face, breaking his jaw.

"Zel," Hanna said breathlessly, turning to find her love. The commander was struggling to sit up, clutching his lower abdomen. Hanna's eyes darted to the pools of red that were forming between his fingers. "Oh no," she whispered.

A cloaked figure from the corner of the room rose and moved over to the commander. Hanna jumped in surprise, startled by the figure that she hadn't noticed before. The powerful Force user knelt by Zel and placed her hands on his chest. A bright light erupted from her fingertips and the commander gasped for air. A few seconds later, Zel's eyes opened wide and he sprang forward at the waist.

Hanna was speechless, rushing to Zel's side as the white light faded away. She slid near the commander and cradled his head. Zel smiled and reached for Hanna's chin.

"I'm not going anywhere," he said.

"Rest," the cloaked voice said, making Zel sleep instantly. Hanna's dark, doughy eyes looked into the cowl of the powerful Force user. She moved away from the couple to give them ample space.
"Ma… Mom?" Hanna said, shakily.

Grandmaster Rey Kenobi dropped her hood and ran her fingers through her bottom hair bun. She turned to face her daughter. Rey's sparkling eyes found Hanna's. Without saying another word, Hanna ran into her mother's arms.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I have to thank my wonderful Beta, Perry_Downing. She is just an incredible writer and friend. Please check out her work, for some awesome Reylo fics.

This story originally was going to follow two characters: Kayla and Lin. It's really evolved and I hope, become far more interesting. With Hanna coming into the mix a bit earlier than I thought, it opened up a lot of possibilities.

Lin Dameron is the critical piece of the puzzle and its really important to keep an eye on him, moving forward.
Chapter Summary

It's a confusing time for Lin Dameron and Hanna Ren. These characters are at a crossroads. The choices they make will could change the direction of the galaxy. For Kayla, it's a relief to have her sister home. She is however, scared to lose Hanna to the Dark Side. She can't bear to be separated again. It's Part One of an emotional reunion that leads into Hanna's backstory for Part Two.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rey held Hanna tightly, as her daughter sobbed into her lap. Rey stroked the long silky hair of her child, much like she used to do when Hanna was younger. The comforting memories of this resonated between mother and daughter.

Hanna couldn't find her voice, mumbling incoherently into her mother's vest. Over the years, Hanna imagined how this reunion might go. She often pictured the worst, believing there would be a lot of yelling and hurt. It made it easier for her to stay away, convincing herself that she couldn't go home. There was so much Hanna wanted to explain but her emotions were overwhelming her.

Rey's fingers eased the tension in her daughter's face, massaging softly into Hanna's forehead and trailing out through her dark strands.

"Shhh. Everything will be fine, dear. There is no darkness in this galaxy, that we cannot face together. There is no evil that can extinguish our love or light."

Rey's tone was soothing, as the Grandmaster radiated positive energy through the Force. Hanna felt the warmth and calmed herself with a heavy sigh.

Kayla came running into the detention facility a moment later. She spotted her mother and sister right away; knowing they were safe, she scanned the rest of Level Two. The Jedi ran over to the unconscious guards and removed the restraints from one of their belts. She proceeded to shackle each guard, making sure their hands were bound tightly together.

"I can use the Force," Hanna said, weakly. "I always believed I could," she said with a sniffle. "I had these dreams where I saw myself wielding a lightsaber and mastering the Force."

Kayla listened quietly, catching her mother's eye. Rey had a tell, when she was keeping a secret or withholding information. The young Jedi knew it well because she developed the same trait: crinkling her nose. As Hanna spoke, Kayla caught her mother making that expression.

Could their mother have suppressed Hanna's abilities? Kayla believed that Hanna's abilities were awakened when Kylo Ren escaped his carbonate cell. But clearly something didn't add up, as Hanna had been receiving training from an unknown Darksider. A master of the Force had coerced her into leaving everything she knew. Why would someone choose Hanna, if she didn't have natural gifts?

We're going to talk about this mom, Kayla communicated through the Force.
"This is not the time, Kayla. Rey's voice was stern and she glared at her daughter to reinforce the point.

"All I wanted was to protect the galaxy and keep my family safe," Hanna said sadly.

"I know. I'm sorry," Rey replied, softly. "You should have been with us at the Temple the entire time."

Hanna wasn't sure what to say. "You couldn't have known that I had abilities. I didn't either... not really. Not until he found me."

Rey fell silent, shutting her eyes. "We will sort it out, okay?"

Kayla clenched her jaw and ran over to Zel, checking on him next. She knelt and felt his pulse. It was strong and the big guy appeared to be sleeping peacefully.

"It's a good thing you got here when you did, Mom," Kayla said. She ran her fingers across Zel's torso, admiring the slight signs of Force healing. Her mother and Luke Skywalker were the only ones who could manage the feat; though she was determined to learn as well.

Padawan Colton came running into the Level Two Detention area, breathing heavily and catching Kayla off guard. He ignited his lightsaber, his eyes darting to Commander Zel.

"Colton?" Kayla said, rising to her feet. "Put that away," she instructed.

"Of course, Jedi Kenobi," he replied with a sheepish grin and a bow. He kept his eyes fixated on the seven-foot-tall prisoner.

"What are you doing here?" Kayla asked, slightly annoyed by his presence.

"Kylo Ren instructed Colton to keep a close eye on me and he's been a nuisance since you guys left," Rey said. She leaned down and pressed her cheek against Hanna's forehead. "I allowed him to come along if he kept quiet."

"I will restore the force field at once," Colton said, gesturing to the control panel.

"No, you're going to help me get this man to the med bay," Kayla said, waving her arm over Zel. He started to lift slowly. All the medics were busy helping the Marauders, who were in worse shape.

"Oh," Hanna said, lifting her head up from Rey's lap. She stood swiftly, worried about her boyfriend.

Kayla used the Force to steady the large man so he hovered four feet from the ground. Colton fell in line next to Kayla, using the Force to help her guide Zel through the door.

"He will be fine," Rey said, wrapping an arm around her daughter. Hanna leaned her head and neck down so she could get closer to her mother. They walked together, following behind Colton and Kayla.

Lin stormed into the command deck with Kylo Ren on his heels. He zeroed in on Finn, who was talking with his senior officers. The deck was swarming with crewmen, trying to get a handle on the chaotic situation that the rogue guards had created. Finn was in the process of personally re-vetting the entire staff.

He looked up in time to catch the fiery glare coming from his godson.
"What the hell?" Lin yelled, getting in Finn's face. The senior officers inserted themselves between the Gray Leader and his godfather. One of the captains made the mistake of putting his hand on Lin's shoulder, trying to defuse the situation.

Lin twisted the captain's hand, sending him down to one knee in agony. He let the officer go, with a shove.

"Don't lay another finger on my crew," Finn shouted, getting restrained by his own men. "And you better step out of my face, son," Finn warned. He was not backing down from a challenger aboard his own ship.

"Your men just tried to overdose the Marauders with knockout gas," Lin gritted his teeth and grabbed Finn by his collar. The Gray Leader didn't care if those warriors were his enemies or not. No one deserved to die like that.

Lin brought his hand back, balled tightly in a fist. "What do you think those guards would have done if Kayla or Hanna came walking in?"

Kylo Ren used the Force to freeze Lin's right cross. The punch stopped just inches from Finn's jaw. "You guys need to learn some anger management. I have some breathing exercises," the Sith Master said, with a coy smile.

Finn broke Lin's hold and took a couple steps back. "Those guard details were last minute acquisitions. Had you not gone off on your own and needed Kayla to save your ass—" Finn started.

Lin cursed at the accusation that he endangered Kayla by trying to rescue Hanna. The hot-headed pilot came back, breaking through Kylo Ren's hold. The Sith Master could have increased the strength of the restraint, but he knew that deep down the boys needed to slug this out for a bit.

There was a flurry of shoving going back and forth, with more officers getting involved to restrain the men. Kylo Ren was content to hang back and let this sort out on its own, but he felt the strong presence of his beloved on the ship.

"Rey," Kylo whispered.

A few seconds later, the distinct double-crack and ominous ignition of Kylo Ren's lightsaber rang out.

The officer's parted, putting plenty of distance between themselves and Kylo Ren. The Sith Master's smirk faded and he clenched his jaw over to one side. Finn and Lin looked like they were still going to tear each other apart.

"You better talk to him. This is still my ship," Finn said, with a wag of his finger. Two of Finn's senior officers grabbed him, ushering their commanding officer to the side. Kylo Ren inserted himself between both men now, his lightsaber still burning in a threatening fashion.

"You've got this coming Finn," Lin said as Kylo turned to face his former apprentice. The Gray Leader avoided the Darksider's glare, wanting to get something off his chest that he had been carrying around for the last three years.

"I know everything! I know my father called you for help the day that he died—the day my family was slaughtered." Lin's face was red, and he didn't care if the entire ship of strangers knew his quarrel. Lin Dameron was glad it was finally in the open. "Where the hell were you?"

Finn's face dropped, his hot cheeks cooling instantly. The moment he had dreaded for years had
finally arrived and it was being aired out in the open.

"Take a walk," Kylo said, shoving Lin towards the observation deck. The taller man killed the blade to his lightsaber and reattached it to his belt.

"This isn't over!" Lin said, turning back to gesture at his godfather. Kylo grabbed his former apprentice by the back of the neck and escorted him from the bridge.

Once they were out of earshot, he shoved Lin toward the panoramic window on the observation deck. The seething young man caught his reflection in the glass, ignoring the stunning sight of the galaxy that was within his view.

Kylo hissed, rubbing his forehead. "I just restored your lightsaber privileges and this is how you repay me? I could confine you to a damned droid closet and disarm you!"

Lin spun around, feeling the overwhelming urge to punch something. "I'm not the one who reached for his weapon. This is such bullshit! What would you do if you were in my position?"

"Something regrettable," Kylo admitted. "Which I've done many times in the past," he added. The Sith Master was keeping tabs on Rey and his daughters as he spoke. He could sense that they were together and sharing an embrace. It was the kind of moment that Kylo wanted to be there for, but he knew that Rey needed alone time with their daughters.

Lin bit his bottom lip and furrowed his brow. "I've wanted to strangle that man for so long," he confessed.

"I've done far worse, believing it would put me at peace," Kylo Ren said. "It will not bring you satisfaction, nor will it revive your loved ones. At the end of the day, you would be left hollow and alone."

"I am alone," Lin glowered.

"You are on a ship with people that care about you—the only people in the galaxy that care what you do with your future. If you were to strangle the life out of FN... Finn, that warmth will be gone. Those people will leave you forever."

Lin thought about it for a moment and slammed both hands along the window sill. He eventually laughed, running his fingers through his hair.

"What's so funny?" Kylo asked.

"You... being the voice of reason. A second ago, those officers in there just wet themselves because you ignited a lightsaber," Lin said with a smirk. He finally felt the tension easing from his shoulders and face. "That's some pretty sage like wisdom, Kylo Ren."

"I know," Kylo replied with a smirk. "Don't tell the women, eh? I rather enjoy taking a back seat and staying quiet. Plus, my Rey still thinks of me as the bad boy she fell head over heels for."

"Sir, amidst the chaos, we forgot to announce the arrival of the Jedi," one of the officers said, clearing her throat. Her commander barely acknowledged, staring straight ahead.

Finn leaned forward in his seat, with both hands clutched under his chin. He was still fuming over the interaction with his godson. His own officers were working around him, trying to avoid his ire. It seemed that the six guards were the only ones that were new to the rotation. The whole experience
had him glaring at the men and women around him, people he had trusted for years. Now he wondered if he could really trust any of them. It was a dangerous thought, considering everything they had been through as a unit.

"Where are the guards, now?" Finn asked, finally breaking his contemplative silence.

"I put them in the starboard airlock, sir," one of the officers responded. "The Third Level Detention force fields are down. Something overloaded the circuits and we'll need to address the problem. It was the most secure option, considering the circumstances."

"That will be fine," Finn said, pushing himself up from his seat. His tired eyes wandered over the security feeds that were currently displaying the med bay. Zel and the Marauders were receiving the best medical care that he could provide. Finn wasn't concerned about the tribe of warriors; they weren't getting up anytime soon.

He turned and headed for the exit, wanting a word with the rogue guards. Two of his armed officers followed him, flanking either side of their commander.

"No, wait here," Finn ordered, refusing the escort.

Finn hurried across the ship, moving with purpose. In under a minute, he found himself standing in front of the airlock—facing the rogue guards. Without looking at it, the Commander pulled his blaster and fired into the security camera.

"Apparently, that's how you guys enjoy doing things," Finn said, putting the smoking pistol away. He could always pay for the damages.

The guards rested casually, as if the airlock chamber was some sort of resort. They barely flinched at the subtle thud of blaster fire and the sharpness of Finn's voice.

Finn scanned the guards, clenching his jaw in disgust. Two of them were asleep, lying on the ground. One guard had a broken nose and merely glared in his direction. Another guard, with a busted hand came up and started to say something.

"Shut it," Finn said, resting his hand over the airlock controls. "Who sent the bounty for Lin Dameron?"

"Bite me," Yune replied. He hocked a loogie on the ground by the airlock.

"Wrong answer," Finn said. He slapped the airlock release, which started a sequence of yellow, blinking lights in the chamber.

"Very cute, Finn. You're not going to let us die in space," Voray stated. "You have no legal recourse to detain us. Technically, we were trying to collect on Lin's bounty. Which is perfectly legal."

The guards didn't show the smallest bit of remorse. Finn chewed on the inside of his mouth. He wanted to tell them that Lin was his kin and that these men were going to face justice. They would pay, he thought, one way or another. Normally, Finn was level-headed. This wasn't one of those times.

"It's a rough way to go," Finn shrugged, as the lights continued to flash. "First your blood will boil... but I think that's after your eyes pop out of their sockets."

"It was General Hux, alright? It was Armitage Hux," one of the other guards piped up. Yune and Voray snapped their heads towards the guard that spoke. With the confession, any leverage these
men possessed was swept from their pockets.

Finn's eyes narrowed. He cancelled the airlock release, shutting down the sequence. "Shit," he said. Finn took a moment to consider everything that had happened over the past thirty minutes.

*This can't be the return of the First Order; not after all these years.* Finn's mind raced as he backed away from the airlock controls. General Organa's second in command was kicking himself now; he had strongly protested cutting General Hux a deal after the war. He had lobbied against the resolution, knowing that the ginger-haired worm would eventually find freedom.

Armitage Hux should have faced a firing squad.

Finn didn't seem to notice that the rogue guards breathed a collective sigh of relief, now that he was backing away from the controls. Cracking his neck, Finn left the rogue guards in their airlock prison.

"Clearly, someone else has a hard-on for you. It must have something to do with the stormtroopers we encountered," Kylo Ren stated, escorting Lin across the observation deck. "We have to be careful…" His voice trailed off.

Lin didn't notice the ripple in the Force, like Kylo had. "I haven't heard any reports of the stormtroopers returning. This whole thing is twisted… I feel like we're being played," Lin stated.

Kylo and Lin came to a stop, seeing three gorgeous women approaching them.

"Are you seeing this?" Lin said, stumbling to get the words out. Hanna, Rey and Kayla walked straight for them and the Gray Leader stopped breathing at the incredible sight. It was more than their beauty, of course; the Force radiated from these women in a way that left him with goosebumps. Lin didn't have the ability to describe it.

Apparently, neither did Kylo Ren. He merely grunted in response to Lin's question, locking eyes with Rey.

Lin caught Kayla's stare and tried to look away. It was a little nerve wracking to be standing next to Kylo Ren while gawking at the Jedi Knight. He finally got his bearings and pried his eyes away from Kayla.

"Something wrong, *Hunter*?" Hanna asked in her sultry voice. She noticed Lin staring at her sister and couldn't resist the opportunity to give him hell for it. Kayla arched an eyebrow at the Gray Leader but didn't say anything. Her expression gave nothing away either.

The Force users stood in silence for a few beats before Hanna broke up the reunion. "I'm going to check on Zel," Hanna said, brushing past both men. Kayla waited a second and followed her sister. The Jedi Knight shuffled awkwardly past Lin, who did his best to get out of her way. What ensued was a little bit of an impromptu dance before Kayla finally made it past.

*Smooth*, Lin thought, wanting to bury his face.

Kylo Ren shifted his eyes toward the pair, but remained quiet. He closed the gap and hovered over his love. Bending down, he gently kissed Rey on the forehead. She gave him a flirtatious grin and reached up to wrap her hands around Kylo's neck.

"Shouldn't he be in a cell?" Rey whispered, referring to Lin.
"He did something good today," Kylo replied softly. "He belongs out here, with us." The Sith Master rubbed his hand over Rey's belly and smiled down at her. Rey and Kylo put any worries they had aside and shared a long kiss.

Lin felt awkward and moved over to the observation window. He wasn't entirely sure what to do with himself. He stared out at the spectacular view for a moment before noticing two bodies floating off in the distance.

*What the hell?* He thought.

"Uh, Kylo Ren," Lin said, wide-eyed. He didn't want to incite the Sith Master, but this was too damn strange to ignore. The Gray Leader wasn't sure if he could trust his eyes. "Can you come look at this?"

"What is it?" Kylo snapped, pulling his lips away from Rey's and glaring at his former apprentice.

Lin turned to face him, gesturing out the window. Before the Gray Leader could explain, a third body splattered across the observation window. The guard slid across the length of the glass in a grotesque manner, redecorating the pristine surface as it went along.

Kylo turned Rey and shielded her from the grisly view, knowing that her stomach had been upset as of late.

"How the hell did this happen?" Kylo Ren hissed. He, Finn and Lin were huddled in a corner on the flight deck. The crew around them was preoccupied with the battlecruiser's landing sequence. The mighty ship was passing through the dense atmosphere of Tre Lan, the home of the Jedi Order.

Orange and yellow flames pounded the shields and windows of the battlecruiser as the men bickered in hushed voices.

"It wasn't me," Finn protested. "Look, I may have threatened those jackasses with a similar, grizzly fate—but that was just to get them talking. I would never *actually* send them out the kriffing airlock."

Lin glared at his godfather, "Well, you're not pinning this on one of us."

"Will you two nerf herders knock it off?" Kylo Ren growled. From behind them, Rey cleared her throat. All three men stood up straight and turned to face her. She eyed them warily, with flushed cheeks that brought out her freckles.

"My stomach these days, is a little unsteady. Now, what have we learned?" Rey asked, letting her eyes fall on Kylo Ren.

"Well, laser-brain over here blasted the security feed," Lin started, but quickly stopped. The Grandmaster glared in Lin's direction but kept her lips pressed tightly together.

"It happened after I walked away," Finn cut in. "Shooting out the camera was an unfortunate coincidence."

"What am I missing here? If Hux issued the bounty, then why were these guards silenced? There must be more to the narrative. And of course, have a double-agent on board. Rey spoke directly into Kylo's thoughts, taking advantage of their bond.
Kylo stared blankly at Rey. *I was wondering the same thing myself. Those men must know more than Finn thought. He shouldn't have tried to interrogate the guards on his own. It doesn't make a lot of sense for the bounty to include killing Zel's men, either. Unless, Hux has made a powerful new friend. We need to get Hanna to open up about her experiences.*

"She will," Rey said aloud. "We need to give her a little bit of time to recover. Our daughters look like they could drop at any moment."

Lin eyed both Masters of the Force with a curious look on his face. It was as if they could read each other's thoughts. He convinced himself that was the case, though he wondered how it was possible to communicate like that. That skill could come in handy one day.

"Hey, uh, we probably shouldn't mention this to the girls. They've been through enough bantha shit for today," Lin cut in. He was genuinely concerned for Kayla and Hanna's wellbeing.

"No kidding?" Finn interrupted. "Is that your professional opinion, doctor?"

"Enough!" Kylo Ren said, stopping the shoving match that he was sure was about to follow. His nostrils flared and his eyebrows snapped together. He didn't want anyone disturbing Rey, who had taken a seat nearby.

Lin waited anxiously for the ramp to lower. He was with Padawan Colton, who would be his escort onto the Temple premises. Neither man seemed too thrilled about the arrangement.

"Did I give you a black eye?" Lin asked. Most of the padawans wore the same robes and he couldn't remember. Colton didn't say anything but merely frowned in response.

Towards the front of the ramp, Hanna hovered over a gurney. Her sister Kayla was close by, watching over Hanna like a hawk.

The Gray Leader cleared his throat and moved over to the gurney. Zel was looking up at Hanna, with a faint smile on his face. His large frame dwarfed the bed beneath him. After a pause, his eyes flicked over to Lin.

"**Hunter,**" he said, through an oxygen mask.

"How are you doing, big guy? Not bad, taking on those jackasses, unarmed," Lin said, impressed with the seven-foot-tall warrior. Zel's large hand reached up and grabbed Lin's shoulder. He gave Lin a firm pat.

"You... protected my **tribe,**" Zel said, wheezing as he spoke. The giant warrior wanted to say more, but Hanna squeezed his other hand, making him stop.

"Rest," Hanna said, smiling down at him. Her own eyelids were heavy, also in need of some rest. Hanna's long hair brushed over his exposed shoulder. The tough warrior melted at the sensation, wishing to smell those heavenly raven locks.

"Don't worry about it, big guy," Lin nodded as Zel withdrew his hold on the Gray Leader. The Commander grabbed Lin's hand in a manner that only he and his Marauders used to greet each other. Lin was unfamiliar with the warrior's handshake, but picked it up rather quickly.

Lin and Zel let go at the same time and gave each other a slight nod again. "**Toc Na,**" Zel said, with a little smile. The Gray Leader wasn't familiar with the language and furrowed his brow.
"In his tribe it means... hero," Hanna said, rubbing her fingers in Zel's hand.

Lin backed away and swallowed hard. He wasn't sure how to respond to that and Zel had already turned his attention back to his girlfriend.

"Hmm. You two beat the hell out of each other and suddenly become friends?" Kayla said, coming up from behind Lin.

"Yeah, sometimes that's how it goes with guys," Lin replied. "I know... we're morons."

Kayla cracked a smile at the comment. Out of the corner of his eye, Lin noticed that his bounty hunter kit was being loaded into a supply crate.

"I swear, I better not see any of the Jedi using my gear. You can test out the jetpack, okay? Just refill the canisters," Lin said, catching Finn's crew by surprise.

"Come on," Colton said, inserting himself between Lin and Kayla. The padawan flashed the Gray Leader a fake smile. The ramp finally started its slow descent.

Hanna's eyes welled up, as she kissed Zel's hand.

"I will be up and walking around in a few hours," he promised. Hanna rolled her eyes.

"Well, you need to get healthy in a hurry, because we must finish what we started," Hanna said. She couldn't help herself, making sure no one was watching. Hanna licked her lips and inserted Zel's thumb into her mouth, sucking down and slowly pulling it out.

The big guy squirmed on the gurney, his heart rate spiking. "Hanna," he choked out. She teased him with a smile, knowing that was plenty of incentive for a speedy recovery.

The cargo ramp finished lowering and Hanna broke away from Zel. Her damp eyes fell onto two figures who were waiting patiently outside. Luke had his arm around Leia.

"Oh, Force," Leia said, bursting into tears. The sight of Hanna was overwhelming, even for the general. It wasn't like her to break down in public.

Kayla escorted Hanna down the ramp. The taller sister was grateful to have Kayla's arm knotted through her own. She feared this reunion the most, unsure as to how her grandmother would react. They had a history and Leia was technically Hanna's guardian when she disappeared all those years ago.

Taking one look at her grandmother's expression, Hanna's doubts drifted away. She wasn't going to get scolded or lectured right now. It might come later, but so far the reunion had been overwhelmingly positive. Leia's hands reached up and cupped her granddaughter's face.

"You raven-haired dream, look at how gorgeous you are," Leia cried.

Lin and Colton respectfully passed the family, letting them have alone time. Finn did the same thing, coming down the ramp after Lin and Colton. He chased off any padawan's or engineers that were lingering close by.

"Grandma," Hanna cried, leaning her head into Leia's shoulder. The General shushed her tall granddaughter and gently stroked the back of her head. It was a surreal feeling that left Leia filled with hope and promise again. At this stage of her life, the galaxy stopped giving her things.
But this... this was an incredible gift, Leia thought.

"You're home now and that's all that matters," Leia said, misty eyed. She could feel Hanna's tears running down her cheeks and finding her own neck. The general didn't mind; it let her know that this wasn't a dream.

Luke's face was long and his cheeks were stained red. He had been crying too, once word of Hanna's recovery made it to him. The Master was at a loss for words; his voice failing him at the mere sight of his lost niece.

Kayla went over to Luke and wrapped an arm around her Master. Luke would always be her teacher, even if she was a full-fledged Jedi now. She gave him a sweet kiss on his cheek.

Rey watched the interactions closely, keeping her head resting on Kylo's chest. The Grandmaster knew that the family needed to get answers from Hanna. She also knew that time was of the essence; Hanna's Master could have already gone into hiding.

But, family came first. That wasn't negotiable.

Right now, Rey understood that the family needed to hug, cry and reconnect. There was the very real threat of Hanna's attacker returning. That fact pulled at her heart, making her ache and determined to seek a solution.

There wouldn't be any mention of Hanna's whereabouts. Not right now; not until Hanna rested. Rey was hungry to know, starving to put a name and face on her daughter's abuser. But she'd refrain. She knew what both her daughters needed.

Whatever monster lurked in the shadows, the Grandmaster vowed to hunt him down. And she was not going to do it alone.

This wouldn't be the start of a war, not if Rey could help it. But she would bring justice to the individuals who had coerced Hanna into running away. She'd end the Darksider's life, whatever the cost.

Feeling Kylo Ren wrap his arms around her, Rey knew that he was making the same pledge.

Lin Dameron was getting suspicious glances from the padawans. It was clear that the entire Jedi Order was upset that he was on the premises again. Not that Lin could blame them; he did break into their Temple, assault two padawans and steal information from the archives. Lin did his best not to smile or act in any way that might be deemed as disrespectful or challenging. There may have been a lightsaber attached to his belt, but he couldn't defend himself against an entire temple of Jedi Knights. Nor would he want to.

At least BB-8 is here, Lin thought, staring down at the happy droid.

His movements were shadowed closely by padawan Colton. He appeared to be in his late teens and had a very regal way about his walk and appearance. Colton was refined and far too polite for Lin's tastes. The Gray Leader believed this might be an elaborate act.

"These are the courtyards," Colton said, walking out into the sunlight.

Lin let the warmth bathe his face and he held for a moment. It was so wonderful here; so peaceful. He had his reasons for distrusting the Jedi Order, but right now, those issues drifted away with the cool breeze of the morning. Lin's pace eased to a leisurely stroll.
Colton held up, dropping his fake smile and looking annoyed with the Gray Leader. The padawan cleared his throat, warning his guest to pick up the pace.

"Sorry," Lin offered half-heartedly. He bent down to smell a strange flower that was growing above everything else in the garden. "It's just that you have such a lovely home here." Lin's statement hid a note of envy. He didn't have a home and found himself missing his family more than ever right now.

"It is lovely here. So, you can see how personally we take it when unwanted guests show up and take what isn't there's."

"BB-8 is my droid," Lin stated patting Colton on the shoulder. "But thanks for taking such good care of him."

Lin was certain that he could hear the padawan's teeth grinding.

Two small younglings darted across the courtyard, smashing wooden staffs together.

They giggled and parried, disturbing the otherwise peaceful morning. As they got closer to Lin, they kicked up water and sent doves flying out of the manicured bushes. BB-8 went diving for cover.

"No training in the courtyards," Colton scolded. Lin suppressed a laugh as both younglings twirled their small staffs around and made grunting sounds.

"Kriffing awesome," Lin commented, as the younglings scurried across the larger stones in the pond. The rocks were laid out in an unintentional pathway, which the intrepid students were taking advantage of.

"Wait here," Colton said, going after the younglings.

Lin didn't respond, taking a moment to peruse the courtyards, unescorted. He stared off into the distance, his eyes drawn to a four-story spire. He followed the stone structure back to ground level, noticing a shaded archway that led to a darkened interior.

The Gray Leader started walking towards the spire, disappearing behind some columns. By the time Colton stood back up and turned around, Lin was gone. The padawan's eyes grew wide, as he spun around to locate the man he was supposed to be watching.

"This is weird," Lin muttered, feeling something calling out to him. A breeze picked up, which pushed against his back and urged him into the spire. "I feel... cold."

Lin walked up the spiral staircase, hanging onto the railing as he went. There was a sign posted about halfway up, warning padawans to turn back to the courtyards. The Gray Leader swallowed hard and continued the ascension. With each step, the strange feeling that called to him grew stronger.

BB-8 stopped at the bottom and whistled sadly; he'd need to wait for his master to return.

Coming to the top of the staircase, Lin was confronted by a locked wooden door. He waved his hand over the handle and it unlocked from the other side. His hand trembled on the doorknob as he realized that the Force had instructed him to open the door in that fashion.

The door swung back slowly and a harsh beam of light blinded his eyes. Lin put his hand up and stumbled into the circular room. Getting into the shade, Lin blinked furiously until the spots in his eyes went away.
"Oh, wow," he said, turning around to inspect the room's layout. His voice echoed in the vaulted ceiling and he got the impression that the room wasn't used much.

There were twelve padded seats, fanned out in a semi-circle. He had never seen chairs like this before; they were well cushioned and handmade. Each chair was a little different, but the one in the center stood out the most. It was the only seat that looked like it had been used. There was a small table next to it with a mug and book placed on top. There was also a blue, knitted blanket that was draped over the back of the seat. The blanket had rough designs woven on the panels that had a vague resemblance to Hanna and Kayla—though Lin didn't make that connection until getting much closer to the blanket.

The Gray Leader scratched his stubbly beard, wondering what this room could possibly be used for. He wandered around the perimeter and inspected the portraits, small statues and the occasional handwritten scroll.

His eyes drifted to a set of three, long pieces of parchment. They were preserved in glass cases and installed handsomely on the stone facades. Lin found it strange that the light seemed to find these specific pieces, making them seem all the more alluring.

Moving closer, Lin bowed slightly and started reading what he could. There were multiple languages represented in the hand-written documents. About halfway down, there were finally some dialects that he could read. Below a painted emblem, were the words, "The Jedi Path." Just below that, he saw a mantra that was written like a poem:

There is no emotion, there is peace.

There is no ignorance, there is knowledge.

There is no passion, there is serenity.

There is no chaos, there is harmony.

There is no death, there is the Force.

Lin whispered as he read the mantra, something he often did when reading anything. It was a quirk left over from his childhood that he hoped to kick one day. Truthfully, he never noticed unless someone else brought it up.

He moved over to the second panel, finding that the handwriting had changed again. Lin was so wrapped up in the texts and occasional pictograms, that he didn't notice movement behind him.

Suddenly, the circular room disappeared and Lin found himself falling into darkness. He didn't have time to scream or even process what was happening, before a dimly lit room entered his field of vision.

The young man fell to his feet, realizing that he was on some sort of battlecruiser. He squinted and recognized the layout of the room. It was something from the past, barely at the surface of his memory. The familiar silhouette of a man in an orange jumpsuit was in front of him.

"Dad," Lin said, just above a whisper. He couldn't believe his eyes.

Poe Dameron set his boot up on the edge of a bed, furiously re-tying his laces. A small boy came in through the open door, holding something shiny that resembled a flashlight.

"Lin, what are you doing out of bed?" Poe said, rushing to his son and scooping him up. His father
took the lightsaber away from his younger self.

This is too weird, Lin thought. The Gray Leader could barely recall the memory.

"I know it's scary, but Daddy is going to help our friends," Poe said, giving his son a kiss on the head. "This lightsaber isn't a toy. It belonged to your mother and she would be upset if you hurt yourself with it."

Lin watched as the little boy nodded. The 5-year-old had a blue and white shirt on with an X-Wing decal on the front. He was pretty sure he remembered the shirt from his childhood.

Poe set his son down, who scurried out of the room. The heroic pilot adjusted his vest, setting the lightsaber down on a metal dresser. A loud bang rocked the cabin, as the ship was under attack.

"Ah, damn," Poe said, clutching his stomach. Lin watched, still in shock and struggling to believe where he was and what he was seeing. He was slow to react, realizing that his father was bleeding from a wound.

"Dad!" Lin shouted, running to his side.

"Ah, son," Poe said, clutching at his stomach with both hands. "Where were you son?" He asked, starting to cough.

Lin shoved his hand against the wound but couldn't stop the bleeding. "I... I... this wasn't how it happened," The Gray Leader stumbled. "No, it was years later. I should have been there with you."

"It wouldn't have changed the outcome," Poe said, doubling over and falling to the bed. His father grunted and moaned in agony, twisting to his back. Poe's face turned pale and sickly.

Lin grabbed his father's hand, with tears starting to form. "I'm strong enough now. If I go back, I can set it right. I can save our family."

"Is that what you really want... to undo the good you've done?" Poe said, shutting his eyes.

"Shit!" Lin yelled out. "What good have I done? A couple of medals from my days in the Academy!? It's a pittance to the good that you and mom brought to the Galaxy. I pale in comparison."

Poe smiled at his son, with tears falling slowly down his cheeks. His blood-stained fingers cupped Lin's chin. "You are so convinced that you don't belong anywhere. Maybe you haven't found your place."

"My place is with my family," Lin said, shaking his head furiously. "I'm going to get some help. There are people here that can heal."

"We're on a starship, son... actually, we are nowhere at all."

"No, I'm with the Jedi right now. They have the power to save you." Lin wanted to call for help, but he knew it was fruitless.

"I'm already dead," Poe said, regretfully. "Nothing that you do can change this."

"That's not... true," Lin said, defiantly. "It's entirely within my power to save you. To save them all."

Poe closed his eyes, "If you think this is what I want then I have failed you as a father."
"I am nothing without you," Lin said, squeezing his father's hand. Poe's grip had weakened considerably, like a flame being blown out on a candle. "What is my reason for breathing, if not for this? What can I possibly offer the galaxy, a mere Hunter? What is there to fight for?"

Poe coughed and kept his eyes closed. "I've only ever fought for what is right. What's so hard... about that, my boy." His fingers reached up one last time and swiped across his son's chest. A streak of red clawed over Lin's pounding heart.

Lin shook his father by the arms, refusing to believe that he was gone. Even if this was a memory—the wrong memory—it was overwhelming. Lin felt like his chest was being crushed.

"What's right," he repeated.

"Leviathan," a voice whispered into his ear. It wasn't coming from his father. It was elsewhere and the vocals were unfamiliar to him.

A second voice buzzed Lin, "You've lost your way, Gray Leader." There were other voices that followed but the sound became deafening and Lin pressed his hands over his ears.

Lin found himself being pulled from the vision. The loud noises faded away and he opened his eyes to find himself back in the Jedi spire. He exhaled repeatedly, trying to catch his breath. His hand rested on the glass in front of him, realizing this had all been some sort of dream.

A terrible dream.

He wiped his forehead, finding it glistening with sweat. He wasn't sure how something could feel so real.

Kayla's face appeared in the glass and Lin caught her gaze. He about jumped out of his own skin, clutching his chest to calm his already erratic heartbeat.

"Geez, Kayla," he panted. Lin backed away from the glass, heading toward the center of the room. Kayla glared at him, before stalking in his direction.

"Did you find what you were looking for?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I certainly didn't come here looking for a fight," Lin replied, brushing a hand through his dark hair. "And I don't know what the hell is going on." He thought briefly about the strange dream he had, where Kayla made an appearance. "I don't have my mask on, so there is no reason to draw your lightsaber."

The color drained from Kayla's face and she fell silent for a beat. The Jedi kept her icy stare and stern expression, hiding the fact that her mind was racing.

"Was there a tug of war?" she asked, finally breaking the silence. "Did I try to remove the mask from you, using the Force."

Lin's eyes shot wide open, believing the Jedi was merely reading his mind. "Uh, yeah. Well, I did my best. Eventually you pried it away though. Even in my dreams, I can't get the better of you," he said, with a faltering smirk. Lin was trying his best to lighten the mood, but he couldn't get a read on
Kayla. "I didn't mean to cause a panic by wandering off. It's like something pulled me up here."

Kayla took a couple steps back and paced the room. She made sure to keep Lin in her sights as she walked. With a wave of her hand, Kayla shut the door. "I find that interesting. This is the Jedi Council chambers. The Masters of the Jedi Order would sit in here. You wouldn't be allowed in, unless they needed to speak with you."

"Ah," Lin replied. There wouldn't be a reason in the galaxy for the Jedi Council to speak with him. He felt a little silly for going into the room. "It doesn't seem like the chamber gets used much," he said softly.

The Jedi licked her lips, removing her lightsaber hilt from her belt. Lin sighed and slumped his shoulders. He did not wish to fight the woman he cared for and yet it always seemed to head in this direction.

"The Jedi Council is in the process of returning to full strength. There are only two Jedi survivors that are left from Order 66. The Republic doesn't know about them and we like to keep it that way. And as you know, there is Master Luke Skywalker and my mother, the Grandmaster. She's in charge of the entire Order.

Lin nodded, as Kayla took a step closer. "Because of your actions, we're going to be adding a fifth Master to the Council." The Jedi was referring to her father, Kylo Ren. "Of course, some people here aren't entirely sold on this notion. But I've foreseen it."

"What about you?" Lin asked, innocently. "I've seen what you can do. And now your sister is back; it can't be long before you take a seat in this stuffy room."

"It's true that we could do a lot of good as a family. But your ambitions threaten what we might accomplish here," Kayla said, narrowing her gaze. "One rogue Jedi who is doing what he believes is right. It's toppled the Jedi Order before. And I'm not just talking about Kylo Ren."

"Ka... Kayla, I'm nowhere near as powerful as you or Kylo Ren. You were right to call me a hack," Lin said, raising his hands to try to calm her down. "Kayla, I won't fight you. I am no Jedi, clearly."

"Hmm," Kayla responded, igniting her lightsaber. Lin simply closed his eyes, feeling deflated at this point.

"You may not have been trained here, but I suspect you've been learning quite a bit on your own. I've been curious if you've benefited from a teacher this entire time," Kayla stated.

Lin's eyes flickered in her bluish flame. "Kayla..." he said, weakly. The Gray Leader reluctantly ignited his lightsaber and kept it lowered at his side. She wasn't going to let him pass.

"Defend yourself, Dameron," Kayla said, starting to circle her counterpart. "Don't think about it, just
A second later, Lin dove out of the way of her initial lunge, doing a somersault on the ground. He scrambled to his feet and barely managed to block Kayla's downswing.

She leaned her saber into his, gritting her teeth as she did so. Lin was caught off guard by Kayla's strength, feeling his footing starting to give way.

*Lift and spin*, a voice came into his mind. Lin exhaled and listened to the instructions, trusting his body to follow through. The Gray Leader escaped his precarious positioning and put some space between him and the Jedi.

Kayla cracked a smile, but hid that fact from Lin who was backing away.

"I know I'm not worthy of being here, Kayla. There is no reason to keep reminding me that I don't belong at the Temple. I can leave and never return," Lin said, raising his green blade into a defensive form.

"You're not going anywhere. We're not done yet," Kayla said, circling the Council chambers. The Jedi unleashed a sequence of parries, which Lin was able to counter in a clumsy fashion. His footwork was atrocious and it would have been easy to knock him over if she wanted to.

Undeterred, the Jedi changed her stance and tried a different technique to disarm Lin. This time she came at him and Lin deflected everything much cleaner. Kayla continued her assault, noticing that Lin's breathing and posture had changed. He didn't look like a scruffy pilot wielding a lightsaber; he was moving like she did. He countered like she would.

"I don't understand," Lin said, chest heaving. He locked their blades up, wanting a chance to get in a word. "Are you going easy on me?" Lin asked.

"No," Kayla said, abruptly cutting him off. She let out a primal scream and pushed him backward. The Jedi was getting frustrated now.

Lin stumbled, but stayed on his feet. He raised the lightsaber into a defensive form; it happened to be a favorite of Kayla's and it merely fueled her drive to disarm the Gray Leader.

The Jedi twisted at her waist and unleashed a powerful Force Push.

Lin fell to one knee, dropping his lightsaber and defending the Force Push with both hands. The energy deflected around the Gray Leader and nearly destroyed the encased relics that were on either side of him.

Kayla looked more surprised than Lin. She thumbed off her lightsaber and walked over to him. The Jedi extended her hand. He stared at her hand for a moment, in complete shock.

"Oh, boy," she sighed, as Lin accepted the help and rose to his feet. He didn't need her assistance, but he was elated when she held out her hand. It was probably the nicest thing that Kayla had done for him.

Lin wasn't sure what to say, rubbing the back of his neck.

"I have my answer. I've seen all I need to on this subject," Kayla said, abruptly turning for the exit. "You were right," she muttered.

"No, wait," Lin said softly. His fingertips brushed along her palm, which he did accidentally. The
Gray Leader removed his hand, as if realizing his mistake. The Jedi stopped but didn't seem to mind the incidental contact.

"You had the same dream, didn't you? You told me that I didn't need the mask," Lin said, softly.

Kayla's eyes shifted to meet his. "We may have shared a dream," she replied, cryptically.

"What about on the battle cruiser. I used a mind trick the way that Hanna does. Only I've never done that before. Was that your doing too?"

Kayla cleared her throat. "I had to do something... I wasn't sure we'd make it there in time," she admitted.

Lin rubbed his chin. "Those other times, too. You dismissed it so quickly when I swore that it was your voice. You've been showing me things over the past few weeks. That was your voice again, telling me to spin out of that hold. And I anticipated all your strikes."

The Jedi nodded in response but her mouth ran dry. Lin leaned closer to Kayla, but she chose to stare straight ahead. The Gray Leader had accused her of merely using him; sending lessons through the Force. Kayla believed the claim held no real credence, but now she was having second thoughts.

His lips moved closer to her ear. "Kayla, you've been guiding me. You tipped your combinations and showed me how you would counter. I gained this impeccable footwork out of nowhere and I didn't even know that this was even a key attribute."

There was a brief pause, but neither one broke away.

"Why are you continuing to help me? You already have Hanna back," he asked.

"I haven't been using you, Lin. If I had, this connection would have dissolved the moment we got her back home." The Jedi blushed deeply, as Lin studied her features closely.

"I didn't mean for this to happen," Kayla swallowed hard. "It isn't unprecedented. The same thing happened years earlier with a Knight and a scavenger girl."

"What happened to them?" Lin asked, refusing to back away now.

"The scavenger became the Grandmaster of the Jedi Order. She fell for the Knight, but he spent the last eighteen years in frozen carbonate," Kayla replied.

Lin positioned himself so he was in front of the Jedi. "How is this possible?"

"We might have a Force Bond. It doesn't quite make sense to me yet," she replied, finally looking up at his face. "I share one with Hanna, but we are twins. We would be very close anyway, however our Bond is different. It's even stronger. My Grandmother and Great Uncle share the same thing, but I'd argue that theirs isn't as strong."

Lin swallowed hard and he could tell that he was pressing his luck with this issue. "How is Hanna?" he asked, changing the subject.

Kayla sighed in relief. "Hanna will be fine; she just needs to rest. There will be time for answers but we need her to sleep. Her defenses need to be replenished. But she's finally home and..." The Jedi's voice trailed off. She smiled, with tears in her eyes.

Lin reached for her hand and held it. "When was the last time you got some sleep, Jedi?" he asked,
brushing his thumb over the back of her hand.

Kayla sighed again, "I'm worried that if I close my eyes, I will wake up and she won't be here."

"Come on," Lin said, pulling Kayla towards the stairwell. She smiled and allowed him to lead her down the spiral staircase.

"I just have to do this," Lin said, sitting on the spiral railing. He grinned widely, getting Kayla to roll her eyes and chuckle.

"Okay," she said, sitting on the railing next to him. Lin slid down the bars, keeping his balance all the way. Kayla came down right after him and let out a loud, "Wahoo!"

"Oh, crap," Lin called out, crashing into the ground. He flipped over on his back, just in time for Kayla to land on him.

"Sorry," she offered, laughing in his ear. Lin's hands reached up and found her lower back. They lay still for a moment before Kayla stood up. The Jedi helped him to his feet.

"Oh, you were not sorry for using me as a cushion," Lin said, working the kink out of his shoulder.

"You should have someone look at that," Kayla suggested, tugging on his shirt to fix it. She motioned for him to follow her.

"Would you like to look at it?" he asked, trailing after the Jedi.

"Is this your room?" Lin asked, once Kayla slowed to a stop. They had walked the temple corridors in a comfortable silence.

The Gray Leader enjoyed following her lead; he enjoyed being so close to Kayla.

"Yes," Kayla replied, searching his eyes. "Hanna is inside."

"So, you can go and do your sister thing and snuggle up," Lin said, nodding towards the hand painted door. He noticed that the painting on the front was a little faded, but it had an enchanting quality to it.

"I'll wait out here and make sure that Hanna doesn't disappear when you close your eyes." He smiled in a reassuring manner.

"Just so you know, I asked BB-8 to keep a watch from the inside. So, you'll just wait out here for the next few hours?" Kayla asked.

"As long as it takes, I promise." Lin wanted very badly to wrap the Jedi in his arms and kiss her, but he was positive that it would undo any trust he had earned.

"And you keep your promises, don't you Mr. Dameron?" Kayla was suddenly concerned that Lin might take the opportunity to leave; which could be disastrous for several reasons. And more importantly, she didn't want him to go.

"I have so far," he grinned wider. "You could always search my thoughts," he added.

Kayla reached up and fixed a stray lock of his dark hair. "That won't be necessary," she said. "I'm trusting you to guard the door."
Lin and Kayla held each other's gaze for a long moment, neither one wanting to look away first. Lin inched closer but stopped; his hesitation allowed Kayla to grin and slip inside her quarters. Kayla moved quickly and shut the door before she could do something she might regret.

"Okay, nighty night," Lin called out, after the door closed. He scrunched his face and immediately wished he hadn't said that. Kayla was already gone and he couldn't recover.

"Nighty night?" He grumbled, putting his back against the door. "It's daylight still." He slid down to the floor and settled in. "Fantastic," Lin chuckled, resting his head on the wooden frame and shutting his eyes.

Kayla stumbled into her darkened room, nearly tripping over BB-8. The windows were usually open, but Hanna had shut the curtains, making sure that no light would enter. Her sister was curled up in Kayla's bed, clutching the comforter close to her chin.

Hanna turned toward her big sister, her peaceful face looking angelic. Kayla smiled and took in the sight of her little sister. The Jedi eased onto the edge of the bed, not wishing to disturb Hanna's rest. Without opening her eyes, Hanna lifted her arm and let Kayla into the bed beside her. They both giggled, as Hanna moved over and allowed Kayla to scoot in closer.

*What took you so long?* Hanna said, speaking through their Bond.

*There was this boy,* Kayla replied. She didn't feel like elaborating, not that Hanna needed an explanation.

"Good," Hanna said aloud. The last thing Kayla remembered was Hanna's arm reaching over to wrap around her.

The sisters slept for several hours. It was just what they needed. Hanna woke first. She stretched and yawned, before rolling out of bed. She was rummaging through Kayla's closet by the time her sister awoke.

"Hmm?" Kayla replied, lazily at first. She could hear her sister humming by her closet. The Jedi rubbed her eyes, "You're so tall Hanna, I'm not sure a whole lot will fit you."

"What are you saying, Kay?"

"I don't want you wearing something and making it look better than I do," Kayla admitted. "Also, I don't want that big butt of yours stretching my pants."

"You brat," Hanna said, sticking out her tongue.

"Here," Kayla said reaching for the back of her closet. She pulled out a couple of hangars that she had been keeping. The clothes were in Hanna's size, though Kayla didn't want to explain why she owned the outfit.

"You always looked so good in colors," Kayla admitted, holding up the maroon long sleeved shirt. It had open shoulders, with a high neckline and a loophole accent. It was very similar to what Hanna usually wore.

"I prefer black," Hanna replied, feeling the fabric. "But this is nice. I'm not sure about the white vest though."

"Oh, this was grandma's. She'd be so happy if you wore it, please?" Kayla asked.
"And this dark grey skirt... how am I supposed to kick ass in this? It comes down to my ankles, but
the slits on either side are kinda nice," Hanna said. She was already removing her top and swapping
it out for the maroon shirt. "When did you have time to get these?"

Kayla cleared her throat. "Look, I can take you into the closest city and we can shop. We just need to
get through this meeting first."

"Right," Hanna said, removing the long skirt that was folded neatly over the hanger. "How long has
that gentleman caller been outside your door?"

Kayla's eyes shifted to the entrance to her quarters. "Six hours. And I'd hardly call him a gentleman."

"I usually wear pants," Hanna said. "But I rather like the look of this." The taller woman checked out
her reflection in the floor mirror.

"So do I," Kayla replied.

"I wonder if Zel will like the change?" Hanna asked, turning a bit.

"I believe he will like you in anything, especially if it's easy to remove," Kayla said, with a smile.

Hanna caught her sister's gaze in the mirror. "There is something you should know about Lin
Dameron."

"I'd rather not hear this," Kayla snapped, pulling her boots on over her feet. "I already know."

Hanna shook her head, "No, you don't. Kay, I was hoping I could watch you both squirm a bit, but
you really should know the truth. You see, Lin believes that he and I slept together…"

Lin snored lightly outside the solid oak door. Suddenly, he had a dream like he was falling and woke
up with his head hitting the floor. The pretty faces of Hanna and Kayla hovered over him.

"I was completely awake the entire time," Lin said, his voice sounding gravelly. The Gray Leader sat
up and sprang to his feet.

"We're going to meet with the Council," Kayla said, looping her arm in Hanna's. "But you should
come with us."

"This pertains to you, Hunter," Hanna added with a wink. Lin nodded and wasn't entirely sure what
to say. He was relieved that the women invited him and didn't want to screw it up by saying the
wrong thing.

The trio ascended the stairwell to the Jedi Council. Kayla and Hanna seemed quite comfortable
making the climb. As Lin got closer to the top, he felt his stomach turning into knots. He opened the
door for the girls and they smiled at him in return. The gesture made him feel better, as he entered the
room.

Lin followed them into the chamber and came to an abrupt stop. The Jedi Council was assembled
and the Gray Leader had never felt more out of place.

Chapter End Notes
I have to thank my wonderful beta, Perry_Downing, who went above and beyond for this very long, character driven update. I adore her advice, maturity and grace.

So, a lot is going on here. The Chapter is about Lin and Hanna because they are at a crossroads, as far as character development. They both will have choices to make that directly affect the outcome of the story.

Hanna is about to take center stage, as we find out a lot about her backstory. Essentially, this is Act II and our characters are about to discover that there are three big bad evils out there.

I hope you enjoyed this update. Come talk with me or ask me a question on tumblr. I'd love to hear from you.

iancantbesaved
Homecoming - Part Two

Chapter Summary

Rey and Kylo spend some alone time together, before the council convenes.

Lin Dameron and Hanna Ren face the Jedi Council. Hanna talks about her past and we see the origins for Lady Shade. The Council learns of Owen Skywalker and the revelation is a game changer.

Biggest chapter to date, hope you like it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kylo Ren knocked on Rey's door and opened it before she could say anything.

The Sith Master entered her quarters, closing and locking the door quickly. Kylo whipped his head around to find his beloved. He knew Rey would be annoyed that he entered without her permission, but he considered this to be their room now.

Rey stood next to a slightly opened window in the corner. Her sparkling eyes danced in the array of candles that were burning on the tables next to her. Rey blew out the match she was holding, finally making eye contact with the man she loved. She wasn't surprised to see him.

"Did you need something?" Rey asked, taking in his fit form. From the looks of it, Kylo had been training. His gloves and folded robes were tucked under his arm. Kylo placed them on the stand near the door, keeping his eyes on Rey.

Rey gave him the once over and appreciated his glistening state.

Kylo was in a black tank which exposed his overworked muscles. Ever since they landed at the Temple, he was a pent-up ball of energy. It was reinvigorating having his family under one roof.

The Sith Master had his hands and wrists taped up in dark gray, showing he had been training in hand to hand. A loose strand of tape dangled off his left wrist and Kylo bit it off with his teeth. He imagined it was Rey's panties.

Watching him do that took Rey's breath away.

Kylo never blinked, refusing to look away from his love. The candle light bathed Rey in a warmth that brought out her natural beauty. He loved her freckles and cheek bones. He loved the way her flirty smile crinkled the bridge of her nose. He loved her forehead, knowing full well that she was self-conscious about it.

He was madly in love with her.

Rey gave him a little smile as she walked toward the center of the room. "I thought I could take this time to meditate," she said.
"How long do we have?" he asked, in a low voice. Kylo's eyes flickered in the candlelight as he moved closer. Rey knew what he was here for. He was hard for her; she could sense it and that realization caused a stirring in her core.

"Until the Jedi Council convenes? About two hours," Rey replied, allowing Kylo's feelings to wash over her. He was completely open, sending his desire across their Bond in waves.

"That's ages," Kylo said breathlessly, marching toward the Grandmaster. Rey backed up instinctively, holding her man's fiery stare. His taped hands were quickly around the small of her back and neck, as she let out a gasp. Their Bond spiked from the physical contact and it send a tingle down Rey's spine.

Kylo eased her onto the bed, plunging his lips into her pulse. Rey's eyes fluttered closed as she gave into the need that was pushing them together. Her love blazed a trail of kisses along her exposed shoulders, savoring every stop he made.

He wanted to brand her as his and soon everyone would know. They would see her expanding belly and they would know Rey was his. Kylo's lips made their way down her shoulders, arms and along her wrist. He pulled up for a breath of air, covering her hand in his larger one.

"We can do this right? It won't harm the baby?" he asked, with a sly smile. Kylo kissed the inside of her wrist, waiting for a reply.

"Yes, of course," Rey grinned radiantly and reached for his chest with her free hand. The Grandmaster pulled Kylo completely on top of her, comforted by his weight and warmth. They kissed slowly, despite Kylo's eagerness to claim Rey once again. His throaty groans made Rey twist her fingers into his hair. She felt his hardness against her thigh and the need to meditate was overshadowed by her own desire.

The lovers reluctantly pulled up for air, their glistening foreheads rested on each other's.

"Was there something you wanted to say to me?" Rey teased, keeping her fingers wrapped in his dark mane. "Or was it something you wanted to do to me?"

Kylo growled and leaned back enough to help Rey remove her outer robes. She gasped, as he tossed her garments off to the side. He gazed possessively at her thin undershirt, which clung to her heaving chest.

Her Dark Knight wanted to take her before the Council meeting.

"And after," Kylo admitted, letting her know that he was reading her thoughts. Rey reached up and pulled his tank over his ears and head, a little pissed that he was searching her thoughts.

"Oh, I like it when you're steamed with me," he growled, flipping Rey onto her hands and knees. The Jedi's breath hitched as she wasn't expecting this. It had been years since he had taken her in this position. The thought made her lips and voice tremble with want. Kylo planted a kiss on the back of her neck, caressing her breasts with his taped-up hands.

"Kylo," she whimpered, as he pulled her leggings down to her knees. He reached forward with his left hand, wrapping his fingers between hers. His right hand brushed over her exposed bottom, giving her a quick spank and then leaving it to soothe her. She moaned and encouraged him to proceed. Kylo's taped right hand trailed down her spine and found the back of her neck. She loved the texture around his palms.

Rey's breathing caught and she tightened the grip on his left hand.
Kylo smirked and leaned closer to her ear. "You want me to take you… tell me you need this," he hissed into Rey's ear. "You need this as badly as I do."

"Kriff, yes. I want you to fuck me, Sith Master," she said, closing her eyes. The Jedi cranked her head to the side and found his lips once again. Kylo groaned as she pulled his bottom lip with her teeth. She needed to make him squirm, even for a few seconds. It was part of their dance that would always remain intact.

Kylo tensed and ran his fingers through the back of her head. Part of him wanted the pain and pleasure to go on forever, but his cock was throbbing against her inner thigh.

His right hand waved over Rey's triple buns, undoing her hair ties. She gasped and let go of his lip, but didn't protest. He wrapped the length of Rey's hair across his palm, letting it flow through once.

In that moment, she was his and Kylo was desperate to prove his worthiness all over again. He grabbed Rey's hair firmly and snapped her head back.

"Kylo," she moaned.

Kylo's cock slipped between her legs, teasing her wet entrance. Rey bucked her hips slowly, coating his entire length and making them shiver in unison.

"You're not going to let us get completely undressed?" she asked. The sound of his cock sliding against her wetness was dizzying. Kylo did his best to remain calm, while he drove her mad with need. His manhood grazed and teased against her clit, with long strokes.

"No," he breathed, nibbling on her ear.

"Fuck you," Rey said, reaching her hand back and wrapping it around his cock. Kylo grinned wickedly, as his breathing grew heavier and matched hers. She lined him into her entrance and pushed her hips back into his girth.

Kylo's eyes widened as he jerked forward to meet her hips and bury into her pussy.

"Rey," he cried out, pulling her hair tighter and clutching her hand for support. Their Bond surged and Kylo leaned as close to her as possible, kissing the back of her neck and shoulder blades.

She felt incredible; wet, warm and all his. He lost himself in her with every thrust, his devious mind going completely blank. Rey's name escaped his lips like a mantra. She eagerly met every thrust from her hands and knees, pulling him deeper.

Rey saw spots as a familiar feeling started boiling in her center. The slick sounds of their love echoed in the room and drove her towards the fast approaching summit.

Kylo's right hand gave her hair a sharp tug before slipping across her waist and finding the bundle of nerves between her legs.

Rey moaned and squeezed her eyes tighter. "Kylo," she called out, as his fingers started circling her clit.

Kylo felt her orgasm coursing through her body, clenching his cock tightly. He continued to fuck her, trying to hold on to the wave of pleasure that threatened to make him burst at any moment. The Sith Master wanted to last as long as he could.

He was greedy and should have finished with his love. Panting in her ear, Rey realized what he was
doing and increased the movement of her hips.

"Come inside me, Kylo," she ordered.

Rey's voice was too much for him. Kylo wrapped his arms around her torso, bringing her back and body against his chest. He sat back on his heels and let her grind the rest out. She loved this; sitting on Kylo's lap and forcing his orgasm. Rey tilted her head all the way back and found his eager lips waiting for hers.

She milked every bit of Kylo until he cried out, feeling the tip of his cock rolling in over-sensitive ecstasy. It was the perfect mixture of pleasure and pain. It affected the powerful man in ways he couldn't describe. Kylo tried to pull out, but Rey sank in.

"No," she said with a chuckle. "You showed me no mercy a few minutes ago." Rey was content to return the favor.

"Rey," Kylo offered weakly, softening and losing his voice from the shattering stimulation.

Finally, she let him leave her. Rey whimpered at the loss of their bodies, but pulled him down on top of her. They kissed and cuddled, lying next to each other and letting their Bond simmer.

"Your cock belongs to me, remember?" Rey asked, nuzzling into his neck. Kylo smiled against the top of her head.

"Rey, when are you going to consider this my bedroom, as well as yours?" he asked after a moment of reflection.

She turned her head and looked up into his eyes. Rey knew it was his room now, though she referred to it as hers, mostly out of habit. The Grandmaster should have told him that of course, it was theirs. She thought about it and couldn't pass up an opportunity to make him squirm.

"When you choose a name for our son," she replied, before kissing Kylo Ren quickly. "Then it will be ours."

Kylo wrapped his legs around Rey and pulled her into a deep kiss. He wanted to lay in bed with her for days, but he'd settle for the next hour. There was a difficult day ahead for the Jedi Council. Kylo and Rey understood this and embraced for as long as they could.

The Jedi Council chambers were filled with a murmur of low voices. As Lin, Hanna, and Kayla made it up the winding staircase, Rey knew that her daughters were getting closer. It made her smile and look at the door expectantly.

The large oak door opened, with Lin Dameron holding it stiffly for the girls. Kayla and Hanna entered the chambers first, smiling and thanking Lin. The twins linked their arms together and waited just inside the entryway. There was something Hanna needed to do first.

"Hang on," Hanna said, looking around the chamber at the familiar faces. She pulled a folded piece of paper from her white vest and turned toward Lin. She stretched her long arm back and he took the photograph from her.

"I believe this is yours," she said with the hint of a smile.

Lin's heart raced as he noticed the names scribbled onto the back. He unfolded the photo and flipped it around. This was his family and Hanna had returned them, just as he returned her. The Gray
Leader froze and watched the girls step forward into the Council chambers.

Kayla gave her younger sister a squeeze. "What was that about?" she asked, in a low voice.

"You'll have to ask him... over dinner sometime," Hanna responded, with a coy smile.

Kayla glared at her sister before pushing her forward into the chamber. "Everyone, this is Hanna Ren," she announced proudly.

The Jedi Council rose, as Leia Organa left her seat on the end to greet her granddaughters.

"Hanna Ren?" Luke whispered over to Rey, who glared at him in response. Master Skywalker turned and grabbed his cane from the seat behind him. He leaned on it to steady himself and Rey rolled her eyes.

"You only reach for that damn cane when something displeases you. I swear old man, you don't walk with a limp unless you remind yourself," Rey hissed so only he could hear. "And I don't care what name Hanna uses, as long as she's here."

Luke grumbled but kept his words to himself.

"Oh, my," Leia said, shuffling closer to her granddaughters. "I love this. Oh, it's perfect." Leia cooed, feeling Hanna's vest and taking a step back. "Look at how gorgeous you are in this outfit." The grandmother felt refreshed and at ease, seeing her lovely grandchildren standing like this.

Hanna couldn't help but smile widely, as Kayla leaned her head into Hanna's shoulder. The Council waited patiently in the background, watching the new arrivals with great interest.

"Yes, I was hoping that Lin would compliment my outfit, but I think he's a little distracted by Kay's new leggings," Hanna said, reaching for her skirt and showing off the flowing gray material with a little toe tap.

Kayla's eyes grew wide and they darted in Lin's direction.

Lin was crowding the doorway, lost in thought. He flinched and suddenly straightened up, hearing his name. His thousand-yard gaze had been on Kayla, without realizing that he was staring. Lin swallowed hard and put his family photo into his pant pocket. "Sorry," he offered, looking from Kayla to Hanna. "Did I miss something?"

The young Jedi Knight blushed deeply, wondering what Lin was thinking about.

"Hanna," Kayla said in a hushed voice, turning them both away from him. Now she knew why her sister suggested the slight adjustment to her wardrobe. The baggy pants she usually wore weren't very flattering, other than showing her defined calf muscles.

"Oh, like you weren't checking out his ass on the way up," Leia interjected, before letting out a throaty chuckle. The general spoke just loud enough for her girls to hear. She correctly figured that her granddaughters would make Lin climb the stairs first.


The Gray Leader held his position, as if waiting to be invited in. He was deeply distracted by the family photo, even though it was tucked away.
Across the room, Rey clapped her hands together. The gesture caught the light and made her dark gray ceremonial robes shimmer. The material had silver accents and hugged her smaller frame nicely. The elegant look denoted her importance within the Order, even though she hardly wore anything flashy.

The Grandmaster cleared her throat, gathering all eyes respectfully on her.

"Shall we begin?" Rey asked, beaming at her daughters. Rey was overjoyed at the scene of her family reuniting in the Council chambers.

Kylo Ren had been off to the side, watching over everyone and everything. His expression didn't change, as he circled the room. His eyes found Rey's and he hurried to take her hand. Rey eased into the seat in the center, allowing her Dark Knight to aid her. She liked this; she liked how Kylo was with her. Her fiery gaze trapped his for a moment, before Kylo caressed and released her hand.

The Sith Master remained standing to her left, but he was directly over the seat next to Rey. His gaze wandered over to Lin. Kylo gave a subtle head nod, telling the Gray Leader to step forward. Lin finally moved into the room and the door shut behind him.

Kylo Ren sat down, but stayed at the edge of his seat. He looked like he was ready to pounce at any moment, a hand not far away from his holstered lightsaber. This kind of posturing was an old habit for the Sith Master, though Lin wondered if the Jedi Council's presence had something to do with it.

The Gray Leader scanned the room again. He started with Leia near the far left. She slowly took her seat at the end, leaving a few open spots next to a seated holographic projection of a Jedi Master. She was older, though Lin couldn't be certain of her age. The Master was Togrutan and although her holograph was primarily in colder hues, occasionally it would clear up to show she had orange skin, white markings and blue stripes.

"It's a relief to see you have returned, Hanna," the Jedi Master said. She gave a warm smile after she spoke, clearly sincere in her greeting. "The Force is with you," she added with a positive undertone.

Hanna nodded, "Thank you Master Tano," she said. Hanna was pleased to see Ahsoka Tano, someone who had always treated her well in the Jedi Temple. When they were children, Ahsoka played her guitar in the gardens, while Hanna painted and Kayla sang nearby.

"I'm sorry I was not there to greet you properly," Ahsoka said. Luke shifted his eyes in her direction. It was his idea to intentionally keep a couple council members away from the Temple. He did it as a precautionary measure, when Kylo Ren was invited to return.

Lin picked up on the exchanged between Ahsoka and Luke, since the old man was right next to her. Rey was in the middle, seated in the spot where the blue quilt was earlier. The Grandmaster shifted her gaze to Kylo Ren on her left and the pair appeared to converse non-verbally.

Kayla let go of her sister and went over to kneel by BB-8. Lin's heart swelled as he realized the little droid had snuck through a tiny dumbwaiter off to the side.

The young Jedi changed a few settings, allowing BB-8 to access a security feed from the medical wing. BB-8 beeped and started to project an image. Commander Zel appeared in the holograph and sat up in his bed. He looked a little surprised until his eyes fell on Hanna.

"I thought it might help," Kayla stated, addressing Hanna and Lin together. She was right of course, as the sight of BB-8 and Zel was comforting.

Kylo Ren and Luke Skywalker did not seem to be very pleased to see Zel, though neither of them
"Kayla, dear, please take your seat," Rey said, gesturing to her left. The Jedi Knight acknowledged and sat in between Kylo Ren and another Jedi Master.

Lin recognized the seated holographic projection as being a Kaminoan. He thought they had been eliminated as a race, so it came as surprise.

"This is Master Kina Ha, another survivor of Order 66," Rey said, for Hanna and Lin's benefit.

"We've only recently convinced Master Ha to leave exile and rejoin the Order."

The mysterious Jedi Master nodded and blinked, though she remained quiet. Hanna greeted Kina Ha in a Kaminoan dialect, much to Lin's surprise.

The Gray Leader never felt more out of place. As if on cue, Rey cleared her throat, "Lin Dameron, please step forward."

Lin complied and stood next to Hanna.

"The young man we've heard so much about," Luke said, scratching his beard. Kina Ha and Ahsoka Tano looked at him very carefully. Lin stood straight, as if he was a cadet back at the Republic Academy. He wasn't entirely sure what to do with himself.

"At ease, Captain," Kayla said, taking pity on him.

Rey gave him the once over, "This must be very strange for you, Lin."

"Sort of. I mean, I am familiar with many of you by reputation of course," Lin replied respectfully.

"I'm sure," Rey said sharply. "We knew your parents quite well. I fought beside your mother and father for years."

"I know," Lin replied. He lowered his gaze.

Rey searched his thoughts before continuing, "After your mother passed away, Poe wanted a quieter life. He did his part to secure peace in the galaxy; they both did. For Poe the war was over and after he remarried, no one held it against him when he left."

"The war was over for him," Luke said, after Rey's pause.

"But it's not over for you, is it, Lin?" Rey continued.

Lin shifted on his feet, glancing at Kayla briefly. "My father didn't want me to leave home. But I was too much like him and I needed to be behind an X-Wing. He was supportive, but as you said...the Damerons had sacrificed plenty."

"Your father was the best pilot in the galaxy," Ahsoka offered, catching Lin off guard. "And I've been around plenty of amazing pilots." She said, referring to her Master Anakin and friend Luke Skywalker. "There are rumors that you would have given him a run for his money."

"The rumors are just that," Lin said sharply. "People talk. My father was the best, hands down. Now, is there something I can help you with?" he was growing irritated now. Lin felt like the Jedi Order was ganging up on him—asking questions that didn't need to be asked.

Kayla shook her head in disappointment, knowing that the Council was testing Lin. They wanted to
explore what made him emotional and it didn't take long to get to the root of his issues. She had once
confessed that Lin Dameron was a threat to the Order; now she wondered if the Council believed it
to.

Hanna could sense Kayla's emotions and decided it was time to pull Lin out of the limelight.

"So, what did you want to talk with me about?" Hanna asked, with a sly smile. Kylo Ren waved his
hand and pushed one of the empty seats over to his daughter. Hanna thanked him and sank into the
chair.

"You'll have to stand, Lin," Kylo said, without bothering to look at him. Both Rey and Kayla shot
him a glance, though the Gray Leader didn't seem to mind standing. In fact, he was hoping to leave
and eyed the exit.

"Maybe it would be easier if we started, dear," Rey offered. She knew that Hanna's disarming
demeanor was a front and that her daughter was nervous. The past couple days had been an
emotional flurry and now Hanna stood in a place that she never expected to set foot in again.

You're safe here, Rey's voice slipped into Hanna's mind. The Grandmaster nodded to Luke who sat
forward.

"About two months ago, we noticed a great tremor in the Force," Luke started, puffing on a small
pipe. "We couldn't be sure until Master Kenobi confirmed it, but it became clear that... Ben Solo had
returned."

Kylo Ren grimaced a little at the use of his birth name, though this was part of the arrangement he
made with Rey. She warned him on plenty of occasions, that he needed to get used to hearing it
again. During his life in the First Order, the name was banned from being spoken. So, it grated on
him; something that he didn't hide well.

"Ben's signature is incredibly strong," Rey said, keeping Kylo Ren in her peripherals. "It's a balance
between the Light and the Dark Side, that has rarely been seen in the history of the Jedi Order."

"That accounted for some of what we felt, but not all," Master Tano said, after a brief pause.

"There was an awakening," Ahsoka added, "which was distinctly different from Ben Solo's
signature."

"I should have known it was you, Hanna, but there was something masking your presence," Kayla
cut in. The sisters exchanged looks of regret.

I should have contacted you the moment I was in danger, Hanna said through their Force Bond. She
was misty eyed, but kept her composure. I thought it was safer for everyone if I stayed away.

"It's an old Sith trait; rather a Dark Side ability that has been used against the Jedi Order for
thousands of years," Kina Ha interjected. It was rare for her to speak. "It allowed the Emperor to
hide in plain site from the previous Jedi Council. It also allowed Snoke to get his hands on our most
promising pupil."

Kylo's eyes shifted over to the hologram next to him.

"More importantly, it allowed Emperor Palpatine to develop a relationship with Master Anakin
Skywalker," Ahsoka said. Her voice was filled with regret.

"We've lost much in the past because the Dark Side was able to hide in the shadows and grow in

Rey reached over and squeezed Kylo's hand. *Stay with me, Master Solo*, she soothed. He relaxed a bit, intertwining his fingers in hers.

"You can imagine our concern when it became apparent that two Dark warriors were on the scene. We knew that one young lad, was receiving training from Kylo Ren. The other... was something of an enigma," Ahsoka said, sounding genuinely intrigued by Hanna.

"It became clear to us that you must be receiving training, too," Rey said, reading her daughter's uncomfortable body language.

Hanna brushed her hair away from her eyes, as it had shifted every time she looked down. "Yes," she said simply. "I've had extensive training in the Dark Side of the Force. Most of it was academic, until the power awakened in me."

Kylo Ren rested a hand on his chin, considering everything that his daughter was saying. The rest of the council looked on, but kept quiet. They wanted to hear from Hanna now and she took their cue.

"Some of this, you already know. When I was fourteen, I left for the engineering corps in the capital. I knew there wasn't a place for me here," Hanna said, fidgeting a little.

"That's not true, dear," Rey replied with a heavy sigh. "Sorry, please continue."

"I need to stand up. I'm going to stand," Hanna said nervously. She popped out of her seat and shoved it back behind her. The chair made a painful scraping noise, which she didn't intend to do.

Hanna looked back for a moment and caught Zel's expression. He looked so lovingly at her, that she vowed to calm herself. Hanna took a moment to collect her thoughts.

Kylo Ren tensed and leaned forward even more, practically leaving his seat altogether. He wanted to go and embrace his daughter, but Rey wouldn't allow it.

*She needs to do this on her own*, Rey's voice said, trying to soothe him. *Hanna is stronger than she knows. Let our daughter prove to herself that she can do this...that she has a voice.*

Kylo nodded, trusting his love.

"After my first year, I finally thought I was fitting in. I made friends in engineering and I rose to the top of the class. That's when I received the apprenticeship and left early. It was an incredible opportunity," Hanna said. Her voice cracked a little, recalling what it was like in the beginning.

"We remember," Rey said, breaking the silence. "We were so proud of you." Hanna gave a small smile and cleared her throat, she paced back and forth.

"I was stationed on the battlecruiser *Bos Ranger*, getting a chance to learn on the job. I felt like I was doing something good and I thought... I thought this meant that Kayla and I could be stationed together one day."

Kayla closed her eyes, as she swallowed hard.

"I knew it was a longshot in the beginning, but I figured in time... it could be possible. Afterall, Kay and I have family in high places." Hanna was clearly referring to her mother and grandmother.
Surely, they would have agreed to the arrangement and worked out a way for the sisters to be reunited. They could have been a formidable team and commanded a new era of Jedi Cruisers.

"After a few weeks on the *Bos Ranger*, I noticed that the crew was acting strangely. There wasn't a whole lot of fraternizing for starters. There weren't the usual clicks or general socializing. It appeared to be a ship of loaners."

Kylo Ren looked at Rey. They understood that this was a peculiar thing for Hanna to mention.

"I didn't mind it so much, though it was lonely. Then my CO, Lieutenant Piral started acting bizarrely. He was bending over backwards for me and started showering me with gifts. It was strange and even at fifteen, I knew something was wrong with this man. But soon it wasn't just him... it was the rest of the crew. *Everyone.* It quickly went from being a distraction from my work to something else entirely. Something dangerous."

Rey reached up and rubbed her neck, wanting nothing more than to comfort her daughter. The entire council, Lin and Zel were transfixed by the story being told.

"I would hear this voice at night, whispering that I was in danger there. It pleaded for me to take precautions and I did. You see, I felt it too. I knew the danger was real."

Kayla and Lin exchanged glances. The Gray Leader could sense Kayla's quiet despair. The young Jedi was trying to mask her emotions and be supportive, but whatever she truly felt was bleeding through the connection and sending him goosebumps.

"I always had a stun weapon in my tool chest and I started working on reinforced locks for my quarters. I considered calling home and asking for a transfer, but I was stubborn. I was too determined to succeed," Hanna continued.

Rey cleared her throat, wanting to speak her mind. This time it was Kylo Ren who squeezed her hand, reminding Rey that Hanna needed to finish.

"The bodies started piling up. Something was making these men and women go slowly insane,"
Hanna said, looking down. "I stayed in my room; stuck to the vents and access tunnels, when I needed something."

Kylo Ren squeezed Rey's hand.

*You haven't been honest with me,* his voice entered her mind. Kylo's tone was sharp. Rey glowered in his direction, wanting to hear the rest.

*We are going to discuss this, my love. I know you've been hiding something from Hanna...but you can't hide it from me.*

Hanna continued to pace. "The voice that spoke to me grew louder. It encouraged me to use the maintenance shafts to fight back. He warned me that time was running out and he was right. Over the three-week, hellish period, the ship broke into small groups of people. They were working out ways to get to me, while fighting against each other in packs. If I only had control then—as I do now—this wouldn't be an issue."

"The man's voice," Ahsoka spoke, "this was the voice of your Master, yes?" There was a wariness in her tone, as the Jedi Master tried to figure out the identity of the Force user. She did a mental head count of the survivors of Order 66. The Master needed to be certain that only she and Kina Ha remained. Could there have been others?

Kina Ha was silently doing the same thing, making sure that there wasn't an unaccounted Jedi Master.

"Yes," Hanna replied. "He was right about everything so far and I had to trust him if I was going to get out alive." As the raven-haired woman continued to speak, she locked eyes with her sister.

*Kay,* she said through their connection. *I want you to search my thoughts... I need you to see what I did. I need you to understand.*

Kayla nodded and shut her eyes, as Hanna continued to address the Council. The young Jedi stretched with her feelings and followed the open Bond. The Force allowed Kayla to enter Hanna's thoughts. A powerful memory swept Kayla away from the Jedi Council chambers. The young Jedi found herself waking up on the doomed *Bos Ranger.*

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Kayla searched the large engine room, as one of the compressors died. The turbine slowed to a crawl, shaking the catwalks nearby. The *Bos Ranger* needed severe maintenance, though she didn't see anyone in the vicinity. Typically, a team would be ready to address the blinking lights and clear signs of distress.

The young Jedi moved up a couple flights of stairs, sensing Hanna's presence. She heard a voice talking, as her heart skipped a beat. Hanna sat there on the highest platform in the room, surrounded by droids.

"Day nineteen," Hanna said, taking a food packet from Ar-Twenty. She quickly cut another slash into the metallic bars behind her. "And we've just lost another engine," she added, recognizing the sounds. The skinny teenager ripped into the plastic and devoured the pre-made meal without ceremony. Hanna managed to use droids to access parts of the ship that were unsafe; strangely, the surviving crew didn't bother with the droids. They only wanted her.

Kayla was stunned, watching her younger sister sitting there. Hanna was wearing blue coveralls, that were greasy and looked a little lived in. She had the zipper part way down, revealing her gray tank underneath. It was hot on the engineering level, as the air conditioning seemed to cut in and out.
"One more thing I need to fix," she said to the droid closest to her. It looked like Ar-Twenty-One, but it was an older model. The droid beeped in response, offering Hanna encouragement.

"I don't have the parts," she responded, taking another bite out of the packet. "But I will see what I can do."

There was a tremor in the Force and Kayla suddenly worried for her sister, even though this was a memory.

"Are you going to sit there, forever?" a deep, dark voice hissed.

Kayla flinched, realizing that this was the voice from the ruins; the man that possessed Hanna's body. The Darksider that took her sister from their family.

"I'm considering surrendering to the bridge," Hanna said as she finished the rest of her meal. "They have the thickest blast doors and I may be able to send out a distress call." The dark voice growled.

"The very moment you set foot in there, the crew will tear each other apart. Or they will tear you apart, depending on their desperation. The bridge is working together now, but I do not advise this course of action."

"Then what should I do?" Hanna asked, standing up in a huff. "You've been right about everything but these droids aren't warriors. I've programmed them to obey me, but all they can do is feed me intel and bring provisions."

"Do you trust me?" The deep voice whispered in Hanna's ear. "My child, calling a rescue ship is futile. Until you can control your abilities, you will infect those around you."

"Then teach me!" Hanna yelled, causing the droids to scatter. Ar-Twenty was the only one that kept his ground. "Teach me to control this, so I don't drive anyone else crazy again!"

"Oh, no," Kayla said, clasping her hand over her mouth. Suddenly, the crew's behavior and Hanna's disappearance made so much sense. This memory showed that Hanna was choosing a path, albeit one that the teenager couldn't fully understand at the time. Hanna was choosing to disappear and learn from a Dark practitioner, in order to protect the ones she cared for.

"No, Hanna," Kayla pleaded, although she knew deep down it was useless. This was the course that her younger sister was tumbling towards; the path to the Dark Side.

"Escape pods," the dark voice said, making Hanna sigh.

"Not this again," she muttered with her hands on her hips. "There is no safe way to get to them and the vents and maintenance shafts will only get me so close. I would have to..." her voice trailed away.

"Fight," her Master finished. "Yes, you will have to fight. You and your droids will need to fight the rest of the way. You must be prepared to take radical measures to save yourself. No one is coming to rescue you; the Force has given you the strength and raw ability to protect yourself."

Hanna spun around, releasing the anxious energy in her long legs. "The Force won't stop the bridge from firing on the pods, after they have been released. It will be simple target practice."

"Send a droid to deactivate the sensors and auto turrets. It's your best chance, considering it's your only course of action," he said coldly.
Hanna bit her bottom lip, looking longingly at Ar-Twenty. "If they think I am coming, they may open the doors. I can rig a droid to send off an electromagnetic pulse. That would definitely secure my escape."

She did not want to sacrifice a droid.

The voice laughed in approval. "Yes, yes. I can sense the awesome potential in you. Resourcefulness is in your blood, just like the Force. You are like your parents; smart and powerful... worthy of your birthright."

Ar-Twenty rolled forward, beeping positively. The droid was willing to sacrifice himself in order to attack the bridge. He wouldn't survive the electromagnetic bomb, but he existed to serve Hanna.

The skinny teen smiled sadly, removing a small device from a zipper in her overalls. Hanna started copying the databanks and programming for Ar-Twenty. She was determined to make sure the brave droid would live again.

Kayla seethed, understanding it all so better now. Hanna needed this man to survive in an awful situation. He offered guidance so that she would trust him; so that she'd escape. And then Hanna would seek him out. The Dark Master would have himself an apprentice; someone young and malleable. Someone he could use.

By the time Lady Shade was born, it was too late to turn back. He had his talons in her and controlled her skewed way of thinking. She could wield her powers over the weak minded to serve him. But she couldn't come home. He wouldn't allow it and Hanna feared his power. She feared his manipulation and what he might do, if she ever left.

Kayla snapped out of Hanna's memory, hearing her own name being spoken in the Jedi Council Chambers. She furrowed her brow and shut her eyes, steadying her focus on the present. It was tough not to dwell on the shared vision, because those events had a profound effect on Hanna's life.

The young Jedi reminded herself that Hanna was here now and centered her concentration where it belonged.

"It haunted me, knowing that my Master might come for the Jedi Temple one day. What could I do to stop him, if he decided to come for my sister?" Hanna asked. "Or what if he set his sights on our mother? It would be catastrophic for the entire galaxy."

"I couldn't let him anywhere near the Jedi Temple," Hanna continued firmly. "Even if it meant restoring his powers and physical form. He wasn't coming anywhere near my home. I would serve faithfully and I have, with the understanding that he leaves the Jedi alone."

"Oh, my," Leia said, covering her mouth in shock. She had been silently crying in the corner and found that she couldn't keep quiet any longer.

*Restore his physical form?* Rey pondered, looking at Kylo Ren.

Kayla buried her face in her hands. The Jedi Council was stunned by the revelation.

"Hanna, as noble as your intentions are, you should have contacted the Jedi Order," Kina Ha said. The reclusive Jedi Master received plenty of glares for the comment. "You've aided the return of a Dark Lord. You've given him access to an army that is spread out over a dozen systems."

Zel could no longer keep quiet. "I command the Coruscant forces and I swear that those troops are
devoted to Lady Shade." It was still a habit for him, addressing her formally now that the occasion seemed to dictate it.

"So, you have a small army," Ahsoka stated curiously. "We'll know soon enough how loyal they are."

"Excuse me," Lin interrupted, turning red. "Why the hell aren't we tracking this guy down right now? You are all sitting there while he goes underground. And that's the best scenario."

"Lin!" Kayla snapped.

"First Leviathan, then Checkpoint, now this guy. The odds are pretty stacked against the Jedi Order," Lin said, fuming. He wanted to act and hated standing idle.

"Tell us again," Leia said, sounded irritated. "What were you planning to do with Checkpoint when I handed it over anyway?"

For Lin, the question seemed rhetorical. Leia must have known. "I can tell you that I'm going to destroy Leviathan before I ever consider using Checkpoint. For some reason, I don't think you're planning on destroying Leviathan if you get to it first."

Leia pressed her lips together and exhaled in a loud huff. Rey and Kylo looked at her, wondering if Lin was correct.

Ahsoka looked at Luke Skywalker with deep concern, "If this mysterious Dark Sider has collected these troops, we could be facing another Jedi Massacre."

Luke turned pale at the thought, already formulating an evacuation plan.

"No, they won't follow him without me," Hanna hissed, becoming irritated.

Luke and Ahsoka stared at each other, ignoring her comment. It wasn't out of disrespect, but merely their concern for the Jedi Order as a whole.

"Hanna, that is a dangerous assumption to make," Kina Ha replied, talking over Luke and Ahsoka. The Master was always blunt.

Rey stood abruptly, noticing that Hanna was getting very upset. Her long dark locks were framing her face now and she was staring at her closed fists.

"We don't even know the identity of the Dark Master," Kina said, leaning over to make eye contact with Ahsoka.

"Of course, I know who he is!" Hanna yelled, getting everyone's attention.

"I became stronger because I found him," she continued, her voice trembling. "He said you wouldn't understand because you cannot control the darkness; only the Light."

The council chambers started to shake with every word Hanna spoke. Paintings on the walls and the small statues on the perimeter began rocking. The Jedi Masters were deeply alarmed.

"Hanna, it's alright. Please calm down," Rey said.

"No Mom, it isn't alright. I'm just as powerful as Kay, I know I am! He's the one that really listened. If you only knew the extent of my abilities, you'd know that I've been keeping the Jedi Order safe this entire time."
"Hanna, listen to how you sound right now. You're with family; there are no enemies to conquer here," Rey said, commanding the room.

Kayla ran over to her sister, steadying her hands. "Breathe," Kayla said, inhaling deeply and holding the air in her lungs. Hanna did as her sister did, and they exhaled at the same moment.

Kayla's fingers drifted over the bracelets on Hanna's wrist. Kayla had been curious about these but decided that the explanation could wait.

The young Jedi waved her hand and brought the seat back for Hanna. Her sister sat down and Kayla took a seat on the floor next to her.

"You said you know the identity of this dangerous individual?" Kayla asked softly.

Hanna nodded, "For a long time, I simply called him Master. He taught me to control my abilities and in turn to control others. So, I didn't need more. Until he told me that the rest of my powers could be unlocked if I freed Kylo Ren."

Kylo and Rey shot each other guarded glances.

"I told him that Kylo Ren was dead. And that my father was Ben Solo. He convinced me that they were one and the same. With a vision, he showed me the true power of the Dark Side. He showed me Kylo Ren striking down Supreme Leader Snoke. It was then that he revealed himself, as Owen Skywalker."

A deadly silence fell over the Jedi Council, followed by an overwhelming feeling of shock and remorse. It was like an old wound had been ripped open and every person in there felt the sting.

Luke Skywalker tensed, looking like the wind had been knocked out of him. "That's not possible," he said in a hoarse voice. "It can't be," he added, looking over at Leia.

"What am I missing?" Kayla asked. The young Jedi had never heard the name Owen Skywalker before and she looked to Luke for an explanation.

Anger suddenly radiated from Luke, as it did from Kylo Ren.

My former life is back to haunt me again, Kylo said to his beloved. Rey didn't respond, letting the information process.

"Owen Skywalker was... my son," Luke said, his voice faltering. This was news to Kayla who never once heard the name before. Her Master kept this secret for a long time and she was a little hurt that he wouldn't share such an important part of his life with her.

A silence fell over the room again, as Lin walked over to the holographic projection of Commander Zel.

"Do you know where this creep is?" Lin asked in a hushed voice. The Jedi Council ignored the two in the corner, as they reflected on the unexpected revelation.

Zel's sharp gaze left Hanna and settled on Lin. "Yes," he replied. The warriors sized each other up, as if reading each other's thoughts.

"Can you walk yet?" Lin followed with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes," Zel said, getting out of the recovery bed. His nostrils flared, as he was more than ready to
"Then you can fight, let's go," Lin replied, wanting to bury his lightsaber into Owen's spine.

Kayla sat up, realizing that the boys were up to something. "You two aren't going anywhere," she shouted across the chambers. Hanna turned and glared at her Commander.

"It's not safe for you to go after him, Zel," Hanna clenched her jaw. She had warned him about this in the past and got the feeling that he might leave to do something stupid. "And Lin, it's not safe for you either. My master wants to use you as his conduit."

"Alright... what is that?" Lin snapped, realizing the term came up a couple times before.

"A conduit?" Luke asked, before Rey could. The light in the old man's eyes was dull, as he only half listened to the conversation around him. The Jedi Master was numb, trying to consider if his son Owen could truly be alive somehow.

"It's old... very old," Kylo said, speaking up finally. His wary eyes fell on his daughters. "Twelve hundred years ago, the Jedi Order orchestrated an attack on the first Sith Temple. The lone survivor, Darth Bane, vowed revenge against the Jedi. He became obsessed with immortality, fearing that his vendetta would not be fulfilled in his lifespan. Darth Bane sought to extend his human life. But immortality is a Jedi trait; the ability to return from the other side of the Force."

"Yes, so what does this have to do with Darth Bane?" Luke snapped. Hearing Kylo Ren's voice pulled the Jedi Master from his contemplative state.

"If you'd let me finish... Darth Bane devised a way to transfer his consciousness into other Force Sensitives. By using conduits, he could extend his own life. He may have unlocked immortality for the Dark Side, but he was eventually cut down."

"There isn't anything in the archives about this," Ahsoka interjected.

"It doesn't seem possible," Luke added, staring at Rey. "This appears to be along the lines of Darth Plagueis and there was never any proof that he could extend the lives of those around him."

"Don't be so quick to dismiss the accomplishments of Plagueis. He taught Snoke how to extend his own life," Kylo said, talking over Luke Skywalker.

Hanna glowered at the bickering men; she needed them to stop. "He wanted to use you, Dad. He wanted the most powerful Dark practitioner he could get. But I couldn't allow that for a number of reasons. You see... with a new conduit, he expected our relationship to change."

Rey's eyes shut and the Grandmaster felt as though she would vomit. The thought of Owen using Kylo Ren to deprave her daughter like that was sickening.

"I convinced Owen to change targets, if he insisted on procreating."

Kayla looked back and caught Lin out of the corner of her eye. He buried his forehead in his hand, suddenly realizing how he fit in the puzzle.

"Maker, he wants to breed a small army of Force Sensitives," Ahsoka said, mortified. Hanna nodded.

"He wants to rule the Galaxy with me by his side," Hanna said, flatly. "Only... only one bride may not be enough for him once he gets ahold of Lin Dameron."
"That is simply not happening," Rey said. She stood and hurried over to comfort her daughters.

Lin stiffened as he felt the Force surging in his veins. He knew what Owen wanted. He knew that he should avoid the Dark Sider at all costs. But the Gray Leader looked at Kayla and could feel her pain. His eyes drifted over to Rey and Hanna, who both looked like they were on the verge of tears.

These women were powerful. They didn't need Lin Dameron to fight their battles. He knew that but he was compelled to do something reckless anyway.


"I don't know about you, but I've heard enough about this Owen asshole," Lin said, scanning the room. The Jedi Council was shaken and distracted, staring at the women huddled in the center.

"Do you know where we can find this sorry excuse for bantha fodder?"

"As a matter of fact, I do," Zel said, with a growl. "A desolate rock called Kudu." "And your Marauders?" Lin asked, staring at Kayla's face again.

"They are ready for battle. As are my forces on Coruscant," Zel stated, watching his love, Hanna closely. He would do anything for her, including sacrifice his own life to free hers.

"Then I say it's time we level Kudu. If that worm survives, you and I will cut him into pieces," Lin said. Zel had already left the projection and the infirmary, going to extract the rest of his team.

Lin turned for the door and came face to face with Kylo Ren. The Sith Master was watching the boys closely and could sense that they were plotting something audacious.

Kylo Ren would have stopped Lin right there. He should have. But Lin Dameron had a determination in his eyes that the Sith Master recognized. Lin had the same look when he vowed to avenge his fallen family. The powerful Force user understood his former apprentice; the Hunter was out for blood. He stepped aside and masked Lin's exit from the room.

Kayla wiped the tears from Hanna's cheeks. "The Jedi Order will protect you, as you have protected us."

The taller sister nodded.

"That's enough for today," Kylo said, knowing this would incite the Jedi Council. The Masters started arguing with him instantly, buying Lin and Zel the time they would need to get off the planet.

"You do not give the orders here, Ben Solo," Ahsoka snapped, irritated.

"Alright enough," Rey said, finally returning to her seat. "My girls are tough and we still need to know more about Owen. How is it possible that he could be alive?"

"I've had him at a facility; at least, he was supposed to be there," Luke said with a heavy sigh. "The doctors gave no indication that he could recover from his brain trauma."

"Trauma from what?" Kayla asked, afraid of what the answer might be.

"When Luke tried to rebuild the Jedi Order, he had gathered the first batch of Jedi survivors that revealed themselves. There were about fifteen that joined him," Rey said, her voice was solemn.

"Those Knights found an apprentice to start training in the ways of the Force," Ahsoka added.
Leia went over and knelt by her brother. He listened as he felt a lump in his throat forming.

"The Jedi were slaughtered by the Knights of Ren," Kina said coldly. "Kylo Ren showed up with his Knights—some of which were current students at the Academy."

Kina's glossy eyes looked at Kylo Ren, expecting him to claim responsibility.

"Owen was... my second in command," Kylo said, regrettably. "I believed with his help and popularity, we'd sway the academy to our way of thinking. But Owen was gravely injured in the beginning of the assault."

"The massacre against the Jedi Order, you mean! He should have never followed you!" Luke stood up, immediately meeting Kylo Ren in the center. "You cost me everything!"

Rey whipped her hands together, using the Force to create a barrier between the men. Hanna was shocked by the sudden outburst and took a step back.

"Oh, my," Kayla said, in disbelief. "That was the reason you went into seclusion. Why you never once mentioned Kylo Ren or Owen when you were training me. Your son was a Knight of Ren."

"Luke please," Leia said, pulling on her brother's arm. "This won't solve anything." The tension in the room was at a boiling point, with neither man backing down.

The elderly Jedi Master was no match for Kylo Ren, but he didn't care. Rey concentrated on restraining both men.

"This is not the time to be ripping the Order apart. This is exactly what Owen wants, to separate us," Rey said.

Kayla looked around the room, noticing that Lin was gone. In the corner of her eye, she noticed that Zel had abandoned his recovery bed.

What now, she thought, pinching the bridge of her nose. She was torn between going after Lin and staying there. She could sense his anger and suspected that he was about to do something foolish. Grabbing her communicator, she headed off to the side to contact Finn.

Hanna started pacing the room, much like her father did earlier. Her cheeks were pink and she was annoyed now. "While we bicker in here, Owen's strength grows. He used to sleep for months, allowing me relative peace to do his bidding. But he's been waking up more frequently. And staying awake for longer stretches."

The council looked at her and composed themselves. Luke backed away from Kylo Ren and hugged his sister.

"That's why I created these bracelets," Hanna said, showing off her wrist. "They are to forecast and keep track of the days, because I can't afford to be caught off guard. While jumping from system to system, I needed a manual way to keep track of the daily cycles on Kudu."

Rey sighed heavily, "You kept tallies." It was something the Grandmaster knew all too well from her days on Jakku.

Kayla came over to her sister and inspected the bracelets. "You don't need these anymore," she said, brushing a thumb over the beads. "Don't let that monster control you any longer."

"No one is taking you girls away from us," Rey stated. "And as for Lin... where the hell is he?" She
asked, scanning the room to find he was gone.

"Stop right there," Colton said, holding his hand out. He blocked the entrance to the orange storage lockers near the Jedi hangar.

Lin, Zel and the Marauders ignored the padawan, putting on the rest of their armor.

"Where did you guys find that handy cloaking tech?" Lin asked, adjusting his chest plate.

"Pretty nice, eh?" Zel replied, shifting his eyes over to the padawan in the doorway. "You gotta know a guy," he continued, cracking his knuckles.

"Step outside with your hands on your heads," Colton ordered, raising his voice.

"Beat it," Lin replied, rolling his eyes and activating his gauntlets. He checked the alignment of his blasters by pointing them at the padawan. "I know you don't want us here. So, forget you saw us and we'll leave Tre Lan and your precious temple."

Colton narrowed his eyes and took a defensive stance. Lin had slipped past him once and he wasn't about to let these prisoners escape. The padawan ignited his lightsaber, "By decree of the Jedi Order, you are all under arrest."

Lin and Zel exchanged glances.

"Do you mind?" Lin asked, being polite. He wanted to punch Colton's lights out, but figured he'd let Zel take a swing if he was up to it. The big guy mulled it over.

The Gray Leader picked up his Jetpack, happy that no one had taken it for a test flight. He slung both straps over his shoulders, waiting for Zel's response.

"Did you hear what I said?" Colton sneered, stepping into the storage lockers.

"Eh, make it quick," Zel said with a chuckle. The commander shook his head and started tying his shoelaces.

Lin aimed his grappler at Colton's lightsaber.

"If you were trying to impress Kayla, try flowers," Lin said, shooting the attachment at the metallic hilt. "Because trust me, the lone moron with a lightsaber bit doesn't seem to work." The Gray Leader pulled on the grapple, extracting the weapon from Colton's hands.

The padawan stumbled forward into the storage lockers, looking bewildered by what had transpired. Lin caught the lightsaber and gave the padawan a violent Force Push with his free hand.

Colton hit the top of the doorframe and landed outside the entryway. He was down for a minute, before finding his feet and stumbling off.

"Hmm. Who needs fancy gadgets when you have those skills," Zel commented, taking a spare Z6 baton from one of his men. He looked it over and twirled it in his hands. The big guy dwarfed the weapon. He'd need to modify it into a staff, but that could wait until they were orbiting Tre Lan.

"Are you sure you can fly the battlecruiser?" one of the Marauders asked.

"I can fly anything," Lin said, offering the lightsaber to Zel.
The Commander shook his head and waved at the weapon.

"Too elegant for my tastes. Plus, I've seen what happens when lightsabers are wielded by nonusers," the commander added.

"Non-users," Lin chuckled. He liked the sound of that.

"Yeah. They usually lose a limb or two," one of the Marauders chimed in. "In fact, even the most experienced swordsmen lose limbs with those things."

The group laughed as they exited the storage facility and entered the main hangar. They moved across the cement floor, approaching Finn's command shuttle. It appeared to be unattended.

Just as Lin found it peculiar that no one was around, troops came spilling down the shuttle ramp. Finn and a handful of senior officers came after, eyeing the Marauders. The twelve officers raised their blasters at Lin and the armored warriors behind him.

Zel growled and activated his weapon, coiling back to strike. The Marauders did the same thing, readying themselves. A few of them pulled out sleek pistols and aimed for Finn.

"Out of our way, Finn." Lin ordered. "I'm taking that shuttle to the outskirts and we're borrowing your battleship."

"My baby? I don't think so," Finn replied. "Kayla warned me that you might do something dramatic."

"We are the bad guys remember? We specialize in dramatic. This won't end well for your men. Now move, we have a Dark Sider to eviscerate." Lin said.

Finn released the safety on his weapon. "The Jedi Order isn't finished with you yet, Lin."

"I will block every shot you and your men can fire at us. We will take the shuttle and leave you lying in a smoldering heap, if that's what it takes," Lin said, igniting his lightsaber.

The Gray Leader walked out in front of Zel's men, showing that he would deliver on his threat if they didn't yield. Both groups were in a tense stare down, waiting to see who would blink first.

Kayla came flying in between them, flipping through the air and igniting her weapon. Her sudden appearance caught everyone by surprise.

Hanna was not far behind, using the Force to slide along the floor. She gracefully rose to a standing form, putting her left shoulder by Kayla's right. Hanna fell into a classic Soresu defensive stance; nearly identical to a Temple statue that depicted Obi-Wan Kenobi.

Kayla was coiled in an Ataru form, bending her knees and angling her lightsaber back behind her waist. She spent years perfecting the form, so she could fight acrobatically like Master Luke and Master Yoda—but right now she looked fiercer than both.

"Enough!" the women yelled in unison, breaking up the showdown.

The Marauders fanned out and activated their cloaking devices. Their armor flickered on and off, failing to cloak them completely. The Warriors had forgotten that Lin damaged their armor and it would need to be repaired. Going into battle with invisibility was an advantage, but these men won their freedom long ago—without the use of blasters or fancy armor. They would give their lives protecting Commander Zel, if he ordered them to engage right now.
Their big commander turned around and glared at his Marauders. Zel bellowed for his men to stand down, taking a threatening step toward them. His love was here and his men should know better than to threaten Lady Shade.

"Kayla, please step aside," Lin said, twirling his lightsaber. He wasn't in the mood for games. She knew he would never harm her. His quarrel was with Owen Skywalker and the Jedi had already wasted enough of his time.

"No," she said defiantly. "You are not going after Owen Skywalker alone."

"That beast will never harm Hanna again," Zel said, with a raised voice. The big guy deactivated his weapon anyway and bowed slightly to Lady Shade. Hanna's icy stare held her man in check.

"Or anyone else we care about," Lin added, making it clear that he wasn't backing down. He and Kayla were having their own standoff, waiting to see who would yield first.

The safeties behind the Jedi disengaged. Finn's men were ready to fire on the Marauders at his orders.

"Restore your safeties and drop your weapons," Hanna commanded, turning her head to the side.

Finn's expression turned blank, "We will restore our safeties and drop our weapons." His men complied and dumbly threw their weapons to the tarmac. The sounds of blasters clattered and echoed in the large hangar.

Lin cracked a smile; he was amused by Finn's vacant expression. Hanna was very powerful. It was impressive. Once she trained with Kayla, the sisters would become strong enough to take over the entire galaxy.

_Or save it_, he considered.

The young man was now convinced that leaving was the right course. The Jedi were too important to the galaxy. _These Jedi_, to be precise. Lin didn't want them swept in the firestorm of hate and revenge that he was fixing to drop on Owen's head.

Zel moved closer to his love, "You look amazing by the way..." his voice trailed off as she glared at him.

"Hanna and I can stop you with a single command," Kayla gritted out. "Now is not the time for a reckless, chauvinistic mentality."

"I know full well that you ladies can handle yourselves. It doesn't change the feeling I have inside. It doesn't change the fact that the Marauders and I can dirty our hands in a way that the Jedi Order cannot," Lin said, turning red in frustration.

"I meant no disrespect," Zel said softly, looking to Hanna for forgiveness.

"You were just going to leave, without saying anything," she replied, cross with him. "Not to mention the fact that Owen has likely fled Kudu by now."

"We have to try. It may sound selfish, but you are always with me, Hanna," Zel said. He turned his shoulder, showing the ink that was branded there. "Please, let us hunt down Skywalker for you."

Hanna hissed, despite being moved by Zel's words. The commander scratched his beard and gave her the once over. The last thing he wanted to do was abandon his Lady; Zel hoped that she
"We will track Owen down. If he has fled, I can find him," Lin said, confidently.

"Oh, just like that?" Kayla replied. "It's that easy? Even while you have an insanely rich bounty on your head? Not to mention, this is exactly the kind of reckless thing Owen wants you to do."

"Kayla," Lin replied, looking away and shaking his head. She took a step forward, demanding that he face her.

"Well?" Kayla said, irritated. She wasn't giving him much space now. Hanna backed her sister up, keeping a watchful eye on the Marauders.

"Yes!" Lin shouted, losing his temper. "There is no where in the galaxy he can hide from me. There is no rock, no army, or system he can run to," he said, getting in Kayla's face. They were both within striking distance, but they angled their lightsabers away in forms that mirrored each other.

Kayla clenched her jaw, her chest heaving. She was just as fired up as he was.

"You can arrest us afterward," Lin offered. His eyes darted to Finn's men who appeared to be snapping out of their mind suggestion.

"Why... why do you have to be so bloody difficult? Why are you doing this?" Kayla asked sharply.

"You know why," Lin snapped, shaking his head. He let his breathing calm and after a beat, he repeated, "You know why." He was much softer in his delivery the second time. The Gray Leader looked at his hands and killed the flame to his lightsaber.

"I won't fight you," he said quietly. "But we're at war, whether your Jedi Order admits it or not. And I've lost too many people that are close to me. I won't stand idle, while some monster threatens the woman I care for."

Chapter End Notes

This Chapter is dedicated to all the wonderful artists that have been creating work for this fic. On tumblr,

@panda-capuccino, @auroralynne and @the-resident-demon

This chapter is also unbeta'd, so mistakes are entirely on me. This was a tough one, but a chapter I looked forward to writing. We know definitively that Reylo is having a son. He will be a total bad ass, though I still need a name for him. I have this whole adventure for him when he turns 16 planned... we should finish this story first. :P

It was an important chapter for Hanna - what went wrong on the Bos Ranger really shaped her path. It's not entirely her fault either, which I will get into. There was an entire extra page of Hanna's BG that I couldn't work in here. It will resurface when it can serve the story. I want to keep some intrigue for now, as her powers are tied to the Dark Side.

Lin Dameron and Zel. They were going to suit up and chase this guy across the Galaxy. If anything, they are bros now as they do share some things in common.
The Gray Leader is at a crossroads. I think he's trying to run away from his feelings, but we'll see. He cares deeply for Kayla and soon we'll know just the extent of those feelings.

Stop by and say hi on tumblr, @iancantbesaved - Let's talk!
The standoff in the hangar ends when the Jedi Order surrounds Lin and Zel. Kayla and Hanna aren't pleased with their men and decide its time to talk about it.

Kayla takes Lin into the past and we get to see the very first time they met. Hanna and Zel go someplace private to sort out a few things.

Meanwhile, Kylo Ren, Rey and the Jedi Council, figure out what their next course of action will be.

"Now where are they going?" Leia asked, squinting at the entrance to the council chambers. Kayla and Hanna ran out of the room like a gust of wind. By the time the door hit its hinges and squealed in protest, the girls were at the bottom of the spiral staircase.

Leia had her arms wrapped around Luke, who was sitting forward. She planted a kiss on his forehead and held her brother tighter. The last name Luke expected to ever hear again was Owen's. When his grandniece spoke Owen's name, his calm center was flipped inside out. His failures as a Jedi Master came flooding back.

The Council was quiet for a minute, as the door creaked and came to a slow stop. After the uncomfortable silence, Ahsoka Tano cleared her throat.

"So many of our meetings end in Kayla running off to save the day—why is that?" she asked. Ahsoka was trying to lighten the mood, but she was also making a point. The Master had been pushing for Kayla to take her trials two years sooner and now that she was a Jedi Knight, Ahsoka wanted Kayla to sit on the Council.

Rey and Luke were not on board with this idea; even if it meant keeping Kayla closer to home. With a young apprentice, Kayla would need to stay at the Jedi Temple. Though Rey wanted this very much, she didn't feel that it was Kayla's time just yet.

Ahsoka's argument was sound. The Jedi Order needed Masters. Kayla was a proven warrior and very respected in at least a dozen systems. If she took a padawan now, Kayla would be in her mid to late thirties when her apprentice passed the trials. It would mean that Kayla Kenobi could train a handful of Jedi Knights within her lifetime.

Luke seemed to know where Ahsoka's head was and he grumbled. When she gave him a quizzical look, he finally decided to speak up—if only to change the subject.

"We need to decide what we are going to do with Lin Dameron," Luke said, patting his sister's arm.

Rey glared at Kylo Ren, but didn't say anything to him. She had a feeling that Kylo Ren had shielded Lin's departure from the meeting. He was avoiding her gaze and had closed off his part of
the Bond, making him look guilty.

"He's not leaving here with a bounty on his head. We can't allow him to be in a situation where Owen can capture him," Rey replied, tearing her glare from Kylo Ren and putting it on her former teacher. "As far as I'm concerned, Lin is here indefinitely."

"I'm not sure that's the wisest course," Kylo interjected. "Lin can be quite the nuisance and he will definitely try to leave at some point. I think we need to control when and how he escapes next."

The Jedi Council wasn't entirely sure what Kylo Ren was implying. It was clear to Rey that the Sith Master had something up his sleeve.

"Do you think Lin Dameron is a threat to the Jedi Order?" Kina Ha asked, studying Kylo carefully.

Kina was usually very private. During the days of the old Jedi Order, she lived in seclusion on the other side of the galaxy. Today however, she wished she was in the Jedi Temple, having this conversation face-to-face.

It was difficult to read Kylo Ren and Lin Dameron via a hologram. She wasn't convinced that the Jedi Order had made the right decision by allowing either man inside their walls. However, Kina was trusting Rey when she vouched for Ben Solo's return.

"Kayla has told us as much," Ahsoka cut in, before Kylo could offer his opinion.

"I'm more concerned with why Owen wants Lin," Kylo replied, glowering at Ahsoka's projection. "We have an advantage, as long as Owen is confined to a broken body."

Another silence dipped over the Jedi Council as Rey stretched with her feelings. The Grandmaster knew that her daughters had found Lin and the Marauders. Finn's men were present too and there was some sort of standoff in the hangars.

"We must keep a watchful eye on the Marauders as well. Perhaps we should see what kind of army Hanna and Zel have been building," Rey said, feeling the pull towards her daughters.

Ahsoka smiled and nodded, "I can return and take Hanna, Kayla and the Marauders to inspect the forces on Coruscant."

Kina Ha nodded and the Jedi Council seemed to agree on this course of action.

"It's decided. Now, if you'll excuse me," Rey said, giving a slight nod to both distant Jedi Masters.

"We will be in touch shortly, Master Ha. Master Tano, we'll see you in the morning. May the Force be with you."

"May the Force be with you," they said in unison, as their projections blinked and then faded away.

Leia stayed by her brother, refusing to let him go. "If Owen is alive… we need to find him. Luke, we will find him." Her raspy voice was soothing. The Jedi Master let the full weight of his head and chest fall into her.

Rey craned her neck and gave Luke a loving look, before turning and leaving the chambers. Kylo was on her heels and closed the door behind them. He gave his mother and uncle a quick glance, just as the door latched into place.

"Wait," Kylo said, stopping Rey on the landing just outside the doors. "We still don't know who
murdered the rogue guards. The culprit was here with us when we landed." Rey turned to face him slowly.

"What are you implying?" she asked, turning red at the insinuation that Finn was behind the executions.

"Alright, fine," Kylo said, abruptly ending the discussion. "There's something else I need to know first, anyway."

"Please not now," Rey said with a heavy sigh. "We'll talk about Hanna, I promise, but we need to give the girls a hand first. And... I need to know that they are safe here. I need to know that Hanna won't run off when she learns the truth." Her voice trailed off after that, as she bit down on her lower lip.

Kylo took a step closer to her, gently catching Rey's chin with his thumb. She finally looked up and he captured her lips.

The Sith Master pulled Rey tightly against his chest. As Rey's fingers found his hair, Kylo used the Force to move them off the landing at the top of the stairwell.

Rey flinched and opened her eyes when she felt them move. Her toes left the ground and they were suddenly weightless. The feeling caught her off guard and took her breath away.

I've got this, Kylo said, keeping her firmly against his body. Rey allowed herself to relax and accepted his demanding tongue into her mouth.

The Sith Master used the Force to slowly lower them down the four flights of stairs in the spire. Their kiss lasted until Rey felt her toes gently return to the ground. Kylo held her waist tightly, as Rey's weakened knees needed a minute to get their strength back.

"Okay," she said, catching her breath and licking her lips. "Okay," Rey repeated.

Kylo raised an eyebrow at his love, but didn't say anything. His part of the Bond was silent and she wanted to scrape her nails against his back to get him to open it up again.

"I've conferred with the rest of the Council. We'll let you train Hanna," Rey said, still trying to catch her breath.

"You'll let me," Kylo stated evenly. There was never a doubt in his mind that he was the one to complete Hanna's training. For Kylo, it was a certainty. He knew that Rey was giving him a peace offering and he decided to accept it.

Rey ran her fingers from his jaw and down to his chest. She gave Kylo a little smile which he couldn't help but return.

"If you only knew how weak your smile makes me," Kylo said, enjoying her touch.

"Come on," Rey replied, pulling him towards the empty corridors. "Let's see if our daughters need any help."

Lin Dameron clipped his lightsaber, making it clear that he wasn't going to be fighting his way out of the hangar standoff. The Jedi who stood before him, Hanna and Kayla, weren't his enemies. But he still felt as though there was a score to settle with Owen Skywalker. It was personal. That monster wanted to use him as a conduit. But what really pissed him off was what Owen was
planning to do with Hanna and Kayla.

He exhaled deeply, trying to calm himself. His eyelids were heavy and his gaze fell toward the ground near Kayla's feet.

Kayla wasn't saying anything. Lin had just confessed that she was the woman he cared for and she was impossible to read.

In truth, Lin's feelings went deeper than that, but he didn't want to scare her away. Maybe Kayla suspected this was the case; it would explain the way she was looking at him. Her gaze could pierce his soul.

Kayla often denied the spark between them. It was present when she saw him fighting off Besalisk vendors a couple months earlier. She had flirted harmlessly with Lin, while she had tried to track his location from the Millennium Falcon. At least it seemed harmless at the time. Looking back on the past two months of their interactions, she wasn't so sure.

If she was honest with herself, Kayla had developed a small crush on the daring pilot when she had met him at the Republic Academy years earlier. She thought Lin wouldn't remember her, as the events of the day were chaotic. But Lin remembered meeting Kayla.

Lin and Kayla were lost in their own little world, while Finn's men started to stir in the background. They clutched their heads and crawled for their discarded weapons.

Hanna's voice rang out sharply, snapping Lin and Kayla out of their own fog.

The taller sister spun around to face Finn, "That's it. Get down on the ground and stay there," she commanded. The men dropped to their bellies, frozen in place. This time, the men weren't going to move an inch unless Hanna released her hold.

She gave a long wave of her hand and Pushed the blasters across the hangar floor, well out of reach.

The show of Force was awesome and was meant to intimidate Zel and his men. The Marauders weren't afraid of much. However, Lady Shade had always been their alpha female; they should have knelt the second she arrived with a lightsaber.

They were kneeling now, like respectful gentlemen. Zel cleared his throat and took a step closer to his beloved.

"I am so pissed at you," Hanna said, whipping her head around. The big guy lowered his eyes and was doing his best to look apologetic. He did not enjoy being reprimanded in front of his men and he felt the need to speak up and defend his actions.

"Our duty—first and foremost—is your protection," Zel said in a low baritone. Hanna loved that voice of his, especially when he said things like that. She glowered at him however, clenching her jaw tightly.

"I will only apologize for leaving without saying goodbye," he continued. "If memory serves, I am still your sworn protector. Owen Skywalker needs to be eliminated." This much Zel knew.

"That's right," Lin chimed in, finally raising his eyes to meet Kayla's.

Hanna didn't like the sudden change in Zel's demeanor. He was saving face in front of his Marauders, which she could understand. But she didn't need Zel to be her sworn protector anymore. He wasn't some blunt instrument. He wasn't expendable. Zel was more than that.
They were more than that now.

*He needs to know,* Kayla said through their connection. *Perhaps that's something you can discuss the next time you are alone. Let Zel know what he means to you, so he doesn't do something foolish.*

Hanna sighed, knowing that Kayla was right. She and Zel needed to talk—for once—because when they were alone there wasn't much verbal communication.

"You need to do the same thing," Hanna said aloud, shifting her gaze to Kayla. The Jedi didn't respond, but she knew who her sister was referring to.

The Marauders remained quiet and respectful, kneeling before Lady Shade. Like Commander Zel, they were usually proficient at hiding their emotions.

One of them spoke up in the Marauders native tongue. He was concerned and advised his leader, "Not to blow it with Lady Shade."

Hanna picked up on this and crossed her arms. The Marauders looked out for their commander and genuinely wanted to see him happy. It became clear from the murmurs of Zel's men that this relationship was one they were rooting for. The pleasant surprise made Hanna's lips curl into a smile.

"What are they saying?" Kayla asked, feeling a wave of elation coming from her sister.

"Oh, they're pointing out how special I am to someone," she replied.

Zel nodded at Hanna and lowered his eyes. The battle-hardened commander simply wanted to hold Hanna now and he was concerned that she wouldn't let him.

Hanna extended her arm to Zel and he took a long stride forward, grabbing her wrist and bringing it to his lips.

Hanna sighed, knowing that she couldn't stay upset with him forever. She wanted to make sure that her point was clear. She and Zel needed to stick together and this rogue, macho bullshit wouldn't be tolerated.

*Unless it's in the bedroom,* she thought, as Zel's lips left her hand.

"Well, they seem better," Lin said, looking past Kayla and toward the shuttle behind her. He could do this alone, if he needed to, but for a moment he wondered if the Jedi would want to come with him. If he walked past her and went up the ramp to the shuttle, would Kayla follow?

Maybe this was something they needed to do together.

But Lin still couldn't get a read on Kayla. If they shared a Force Bond, like she suggested, it wasn't helping him right now.

"Come with me," Lin said, boldly taking a step toward the young Jedi. She inhaled, caught off guard by his request.

"Come with me and we'll do this together," Lin said, firmly.

Before she could answer, the hangar was filled with the sounds of footsteps and lightsabers igniting. Lin tore his eyes away from Kayla's, as the Jedi Order surrounded the entire party.

"Ah great, Kayla," Lin said, rolling his eyes. "You called your mom and tattled on us?" he asked.
Kayla looked to her left and right, seeing the padawans rushing into the hangar with lightsabers drawn. Colton worked his way to the head of the pack, sliding to a stop near Kayla.

"No, I didn't," she replied, shaking her head.

Rey came into view next, walking toward her daughters. When Kylo Ren came up from behind the Marauders, the men tossed their weapons down and curled their fingers against the back of their heads.

"Great," Lin mumbled.

Kylo waved his hand and pulled Lin's lightsaber from his belt.

Lin whipped around and caught his weapon, pulling the sword back to his chest in a defensive crouch. Like a reflex, the Gray Leader ignited it.

"You can try to take it from me, but it won't be that easy," Lin snarled.

Kylo glowered and held his hand out. His crossguard saber was summoned from its belt and the deadly crimson blades ignited the moment he closed his first. The Sith Master twirled his fiery weapon around in a menacing pattern.

Lin and Kylo glared at each other, entrenched in threatening positions.

"Enough boys," Rey said, snapping them out of their testosterone laced posturing. She and Kayla both marched in between the men, ensuring that the standoff ended.

Kylo growled. He would be talking with Lin about this, for sure.

The Grandmaster turned and yelled at the other padawans to return to their studies. After the hangar emptied, she set her eyes on Hanna. She was holding Zel's hand and reluctantly released it.

"Hanna dear, would you release Finn and his men? They look… miserable," Rey said.

"Of course," Hanna said with a shrug. There was a small tremble in the Force, followed by a calming ease. Hanna released her influence on Finn's men. They slowly lifted themselves up, looking groggy and confused as to where they were.

"I must admit, our daughter is quite talented with that particular skill," Kylo said, ripping his glare away from Lin.

Rey silently nodded, though chose not to comment. The Grandmaster cast her gaze across Zel and the Marauders, trying to decide where she could put them for the evening.

Lin sighed as he and Kayla walked through the empty corridors of the Jedi Temple. BB-8 trailed behind them, doing his best to keep up.

The Gray Leader didn't want to go back to the makeshift prison in the crypts. Lin knew he wasn't in a position to judge the Jedi for taking such precautions now. He wasn't sure what he could say to make things better with Kayla.

As if she was actively probing his mind, Kayla spoke first. "You're not going to the crypts," she said sharply. "The Jedi Order does not make a habit of keeping prisoners."

"Ah, well that's a relief. When did you institute that policy?" Lin asked, wondering where Kayla
might be leading him.

"I swear," Kayla muttered, completely flabbergasted by Lin's actions. She came to an abrupt stop, not far from her own quarters.

"Did you just… pull a lightsaber on Kylo freaking Ren?" Kayla said, her face starting to turn red.

Lin grimaced a little, acknowledging how stupid that was. He was amped up from the standoff with Finn, but that wasn't an excuse. Being around Kayla calmed him down, but when Lin had felt like his weapon was being confiscated for good, he decided to fight.

Suddenly, he burst out laughing, and much to Kayla's surprise, she found herself snickering too.

It eased the tension between them. Lin pulled at the corners of his mouth, letting out a contented sigh.

"My lightsaber is a part of me now," he admitted. "And you may not like the reason I do things, but you and I must agree that there is no place for me here. I panicked, thinking you guys might throw me in a cage and send me off world without it."

Kayla rolled her eyes and continued to walk down the corridors.

Lin followed, noticing that they were passing by Kayla's bedroom. His eyes flicked to the painted door and although he had slept against it, he hadn't fully appreciated the artwork that adorned it.

"I'm curious... did Hanna paint the door when you were kids?" he asked.

Kayla stopped at the next living space down from hers and scowled at him. "Yes," she said, opening the bedroom door and gesturing for Lin to enter first. She was a bit annoyed that Lin seemed to be pulling these little tidbits from their Bond. She'd have to be more conscientious around him and keep her defenses up.

Lin walked into the simple room and stood in the center. He immediately undid the chest plate straps that were digging into his side as he looked around. "So… this is right next door to your room, eh?"

The Jedi Knight glared at him and took a couple steps into the room. "Look, Lin. You and I are going to be neighbors for a while. I won't bother posting armed guards out here; I'll know if you leave. And if you leave without my consent, I will take that lightsaber away and never give it back."

"Threats aren't an incentive to stay. Are you worried that if I leave something will happen to me?" Lin asked, keeping his tone light.

"I don't want something bad to happen to you," she admitted. "I'd hate to see that handsome face of yours getting bashed in again," Kayla added.

The Jedi Knight called him handsome and Lin admitted his feelings for her. At least they were being honest with each other. It was a start, which they both seemed to acknowledge.

"I don't like making you angry," Lin said, rubbing his forehead. "Tell me you want me to stay because you have feelings for me."

He was sincere and gentle in how he spoke, catching Kayla off guard.

The Jedi Knight clenched her jaw and couldn't hold his gaze.

"Look, I'm sorry about… being with your sister, but that was years ago. It was stupid and we were young. I'm not making excuses, I've made some poor decisions. Your sister and I don't have feelings
for each other—the one thing that connects us is that we care deeply for you."

"Lin," Kayla said, softly. She had to tell Lin the truth, that Hanna tricked him into believing they had been intimate. She had manipulated him and had used her influence to convince Lin that finding Kylo Ren was in his best interest. Lin had no defenses against Hanna's abilities back then.

"If you meet me in the middle, I won't go anywhere. We want the same thing, right? To fry this bastard," Lin stated.

"You didn't sleep together," Kayla rushed out before she could stop herself. This was a barrier that was keeping them both at bay, or at least her. The Jedi didn't think it was fair for Lin to continue believing a lie.

Lin turned his head and gave her a bewildered look. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but the Jedi closed the distance before he could speak.

Kayla held her hands out near her midsection. "Place your hands in mine," she stated firmly. Lin was hesitant at first, wondering if this was some cruel trick. He could see himself resting his hands in hers, only to have Kayla slap him silly while his guard was down.

"Quickly, before I change my mind," Kayla said, shutting her eyes. Lin gulped and gently placed his hands in hers. They were so warm and inviting that Lin wrapped his fingers around her hands and savored the contact.

A moment later, Lin's eyes shot wide open. The room around them disappeared and the Gray Leader felt weightless. Off in the distant corners of Lin's mind, a picture started to form.

Kayla's voice echoed above, sounding like a gentle breeze in a canyon. He strained to hear what the Jedi was trying to say. He could barely make out the words before a powerful shared memory overwhelmed him.

"We've gone too far," Kayla said, but Lin was unable to answer.

"Attention Central! It's my privilege to introduce Kayla Kenobi," Colonel Graft bellowed to his team. Graft's men and women stood from their stations, saluting the teenaged padawan.

Kayla had met the colonel for the first time, a few minutes before. He had marched her directly into the Republic Academy HQ, a giant room called "Central." The padawan was still getting her bearings and taking in all the sights when the colonel suddenly thrust Kayla into the spotlight.

Kayla was outgoing, but she blushed under the attention of so many unfamiliar faces.

"As many of you know, Kayla is the daughter of the Jedi Grandmaster. She's going to be shadowing different cadets and instructors today—learning what our academy is all about," he said, casting his gaze among the bridge crew. "Alright, back to it," he ordered.

The men and women sat and resumed their tasks, working faster under the added scrutiny. Central quickly became a buzz of activity as Kayla took everything in.

The padawan could use the Force to read people; there was a palpable tension in the air. For a moment, Kayla wondered if it was her presence that was causing the anxiety around the room.

As she got closer to the nearest engineer, however, it became quite clear that Central was simply trying to coordinate a drill between B-Wing fighters and a handful of old TIE fighters.
"Oh, don't worry," the Colonel said. "It's just for practice," Graft continued, looking a little preoccupied with a couple of cadets who were trying to give him reports on the drill. "The B-Wings haven't been used in a while, so we are putting them through their paces."

"Colonel," Kayla said, taking a closer look at the monitors. Something didn't seem right and the Jedi sensed a disturbance in the Force. A heartbeat later, a large chunk of metal fell off the B-Wing on the monitor.

The piece collided into the TIE fighter that was shadowing it. A few seconds later, the TIE erupted in fire and the pilot ejected. The injured black and gray fighter spiraled toward the ground, helplessly crippled.

Some of the cadets rose from their seats, stunned by what they were witnessing. HQ fell quiet, as the B-Wing fighter hailed Central for help. A real-world emergency was unfolding in front of them and everyone seemed slow to respond—like it wasn't really happening.

"Colonel Graft," Kayla said, reaching for his arm.

"Ah, of course. The X-Wings," Graft said, running his fingers through his thinning hair. He turned and bellowed for his closest operator.

"Get Dameron up here," he said, sounding annoyed. "Tell him his suspension is lifted. I need him to take our guest up in the new X-Wings."

"That might be a problem, sir," the operator said, pointing to the monitors above. "Lin just left the hangar."

"One of the B-Wings, sir. A piece fell off and collided with our TIE," the operator said, dropping to his seat and finally focusing.

"Status!" The Colonel yelled, snapping everyone out of their stunned shock.

Kayla wouldn't find out until later, but Lin Dameron warned them that this would happen today. He was adamant that the drills needed to be postponed. Lin was convinced that one of the B-Wings would break apart in the air and that the day would take a tragic turn.

Lin was sent back to his barracks and told to keep quiet about his vision. Now, it seemed like it may be coming true. Word about Lin's vision had trickled down to Central anyway, which is why the command crew was stunned when the events unfolded just as he had described.

"Which B-Wing is it?" the colonel barked.

"Junior Teagues," a different operator replied. "I'm clearing all ground personnel and starting our sirens."

"Rescue and Fire are standing by," a third operator reported. The Central crew was working cohesively now, falling back on their training to deal with the deteriorating situation.

"Sir, Lin Dameron jumped in his X-Wing. Apparently, he ordered our A-Wing squadron to assist in the rescue," the first operator said.

Colonel Graft cursed and leaned over the table in the center of the room. "How the hell
could *Dameron* have known about this…" he grumbled. The whole thing had the colonel wondering if Lin had sabotaged the ship, just to prove some sadistic point. But he knew him better than that.

"Damn it, he's going to get everyone killed" Colonel Graft said, bug-eyed. Suddenly, every monitor was populated with images of the distressed B-Wing. "Why the hell hasn't Teagues ejected yet?"

Kayla closed her eyes and stretched out with the Force. "The ejection seat isn't working," Kayla said, clutching her cloak around her. "Something is wrong with the hatch above... so the rockets won't fire."

"Are you sure about that?" Graft asked, spinning around and looking at the young padawan.

"I'm sure," Kayla said, opening her eyes and adjusting her cloak. She stormed out of the nearest door, wanting to get a better look at the scene in the skies above.

"Patch me in to Dameron's frequency," Graft said, grabbing a headset. "Let's pass that information along to Lin and Junior. See if they can work it out."

Kayla exited Central and used her hand to block out the harsh sun. It was a pleasant day, except for in the skies above. She could see and hear the drama unfolding; a poor B-Wing pilot was fighting for his life. The padawan felt helpless, knowing all she could do was watch.

She saw the silhouette of an X-Wing fighter leading a squad of A-Wings. They were the last hope, though Kayla wasn't sure what they could *do* to help.

"Dameron," she said to herself. *This must be one of Poe's children.*

It couldn't have been a coincidence.

"Ah, shit," Junior Teagues said, flipping his ignition switch. The B-Wing was stalled in the air, unresponsive to his commands. The only systems Junior had working were his battery powered helmet communicator and a holographic flight indicator.

Sweat poured from Junior's brow as he tried swapping out fuses in order to get the main engines and flight control back online.

"Central, I've got *dead stick* here. And the ejection boosters don't appear to be firing," he said, giving the handles on his seat another sharp tug. "It could be an issue with the cockpit hatch or the rockets themselves; I'm not sure.

"Hang in there buddy, the hatch is stuck" Lin said catching sight of his wingman. "I think you're missing a chunk of your fighter."

"Did... did the TIE pilot make it?" Junior asked, relieved to hear his best friend's voice.

"Affirmative, we've got a good shoot on Overeem," Lin said, sweeping closer to the stalled B-Wing.

"It's... it's no good Lin," Junior said, feeling his ship pitching into a spiral. "I don't have electrical or hydraulics. She's... *dead in the air,*" he said.

Lin's eyes widened. "Dead in the air," was code for "Crash you never walk away from." Junior was telling his best friend to steer clear. It was useless.

"Stay back Lin, this thing has a fat ass," Junior said, feeling his throat tighten. He caught just a brief glimpse of the dark gray X-Wing before his ship turned.
"When has that ever stopped you, Junior?" Lin said, getting his friend to laugh. "To hell with crashing today," Lin said, giving a nod to the A-Wings off his portside window. "You're gonna feel a sharp tug, while we try to stop this roll."

The A-Wings circled the larger B-Wing, spreading out evenly.

"Alright boys and girls—harpoons and tow cables," Lin shouted over the radio. "Make it count."

"You've gotta be kidding me," Junior replied, hearing the first harpoon attaching to his hull.

"You've gone daft!"

From Central Command, Colonel Graft covered his mic and cursed openly into the room.

"Recall Gray One and the A-Wings," Graft gritted out, pounding a fist on the table. "He's going to get everyone killed this time!"

"Sir, all the A-Wings have attached tow cables to Junior," one of the operators reported.

"Fuck!" the Colonel yelled, as the harrowing scene continued to unfold.

The A-Wings pulled up and away, slowing the descent and stopping the spin of the dead B-Wing.

"Thirty seconds," Central warned Lin, calculating the time to impact. The A-Wings were tugging against gravity, but it wasn't going to be enough to stabilize the larger fighter. The cables tightened and whined, straining against the forces pulling at their fibers.

"Lin, we can't hold for much longer," one of the A-Wing gunners cried out.

The Gray Leader closed his eyes and breathed, before doing a quick barrel roll over the B-Wing's cockpit.

"I see the issue," Lin said firmly, dropping his main gun and lining up a shot over the cockpit seams.

"Guys… you should know that I am thankful, but you've gotta let me go," Junior said, realizing his fate was sealed. There were only seconds left. He knew it. The brave pilot didn't want to drag his friends down with him.

"A-Wings, get ready to detach," Lin yelled, switching off his targeting computer. The shot was too close; too precise. His gut was telling him that this was the only way.

"What the hell are you doing?" Junior shouted.

Lin squeezed on the trigger and fired at the hinges and seams around the cockpit.

"Better hold on to something," Lin warned, blasting the last of the hinges off. The final piece of molten metal gave way and the cockpit door started to wobble without it. Suddenly, the hatch bent and came flying off.

"Detach!" Lin ordered, freeing the A-Wings.

Junior pulled on the ejector seat and finally, the boosters released. The pilot rocketed away from the dying B-Wing.

"Fuck yeah, Lin!" Junior screamed, shooting straight for the open sky.
Thirty seconds later, Junior's shoot deployed safely.

Lin and the A-Wing pilots roared in celebration.

Back in Central, the Colonel took off his headset and held it by his mouth, while the cadets around him erupted in applause. "How the hell does this guy... every time," he muttered to himself.

Victorious, the squadron circled back towards HQ. The A-Wings buzzed Central command; the flyby made Kayla open her eyes. She caught the last fighter to pass, watching Lin Dameron bank the X-Wing in for a landing approach.

"The Force is strong with this one," she said. With that, Kayla excused herself and headed for the airfields.

On the other side of the Jedi Temple, Hanna pulled Zel away from the Marauders. She felt her Bond with Kayla go silent... but not in a disturbing way. She knew Kay was fine; it was as if her sister was in a deep meditation. Hanna decided it was time to talk with Zel alone. She had just shown the Marauders to their temporary quarters so that they could get a good night's sleep. In the morning, Hanna would be taking them to inspect the Coruscant forces. It felt odd, returning to the life she had once led.

Her brief stay in the Jedi Temple was like a comforting bubble. A part of her didn't want to leave. Hanna was wondering if Zel felt the same way; would he stay with her, when this was said and done?

She worried that this life wasn't for a commander. That he would be bored, while she trained to harness her abilities. Would he follow the Marauders into space, looking for a new place to call home?

Suddenly, their relationship seemed so fragile. She was tough; she was Lady Shade. But Hanna melted in Zel's arms. He pushed his way through her defenses and opened her heart; she felt exposed.

"Let's go for a walk," Hanna said, closing the door and putting Zel's arm around her. They strolled around the perimeter of the Temple, enjoying each other's company.

"Why do I think that we only have tonight?" Hanna asked, walking Zel down the corridors toward Kayla's bedroom.

"You're worried about us," Zel said, calmly.

"Aren't you?" Hanna said, stopping to search his eyes. "After tomorrow, everything could change. I worry we are about to be pulled into two different directions... and I just got you," Hanna said.

This was the most open she had ever been with a man. Zel could sense how anxious Hanna was.

"Hanna, you've always had me," Zel said, pulling her into his arms. He gave her a quick kiss on the lips before capturing them completely. It was the deepest kiss Hanna had ever received in her life. Her senses hummed, connecting with Zel's love and sincerity. His touch put her at ease.

After a moment they pulled away, desperate to breathe.

Zel nestled his strong jaw against her cheek. "There is no army in this galaxy that could keep us apart."
Hanna grinned openly, showing her sparkling smile.

"Come on," she said, pulling him towards the empty room next to Kayla's. They both laughed a little and continued to kiss along the way.

Hanna pushed open the door, making BB-8 scurry away in surprise. Seeing the droid, reminded her of Ar-Twenty-One. She longed to repair her faithful droid and swore that she would get to it as soon as they got back from Coruscant.

BB-8 circled Lin and Kayla, who was standing in the room.

"Look at that," Hanna said, smiling at Lin and Kayla. She was not expecting to see them like this. It was almost intimate, watching the expressions on their faces. Lin and Kayla had their eyes closed and were holding each other's hands.

If Hanna didn't know better, she'd swear these two were reciting wedding vows.

"Don't get any ideas about this... not yet, anyway," Hanna said. Zel scratched his beard, wondering what exactly she meant by that.

BB-8 chirped wildly and hid between Lin and Hanna. Neither Force user moved or reacted to the droid. They were drawn deep within a vision; that much Hanna knew.

"Interesting," Zel said, trying to figure out what the hell they were doing. "I suppose that's a start."

"It's a slight improvement," Hanna said, grabbing Zel's hand an ushering him away. "Come on, I know a place that will be more secluded. We'll leave these love birds in peace."

Lin Dameron crouched under his X-Wing, with BB-8 close by. He knew that Junior Teagues and the other cadets would track him down soon and drag him back to the celebration.

Running his hand under the belly of the fighter and along the side, Lin knew that he needed some space. He was likely facing a court-martial in the morning; not that it mattered. Given the choice a thousand times, he'd always act in order to save his best friend's life.

What was bothering Lin was this feeling. Something talked to him earlier that day. He couldn't explain it... he had no reference for it. He knew that the B-Wing was going to crash. Lin pictured the fate of his best friend and he had to do something.

Now there would be whispers. Lin was sure of it; people would be wondering if Lin was a freak that should be avoided. It had the confident pilot hiding out in the airfield instead of celebrating with his friends.

Lin heard footsteps approaching and BB-8 let out a happy whistle.

"You're not crazy," a sweet voice said from behind him. "You're not a freak either."

Lin turned on the balls of his feet and hit his head underneath the X-Wing. A stunning young brunette in an ornate blue vest and matching pants giggled at him. She placed a hand over her mouth and felt bad about doing so.

"Sorry," she said after a beat. She finally offered a hand to the pilot. He accepted it and she pulled him from underneath the X-Wing.

"I'm Kayla," she said, shyly.
"My name is Lin," he managed awkwardly. There was something about this girl that was alluring. Right off the bat, he felt like he should know her. There was this familiar quality that he couldn’t put his finger on.

Admittedly, he was a sucker for brunettes. But this wasn't the reason. The strange sensation radiating from the cloaked young woman was intoxicating.

Lin realized he was staring and felt incredibly foolish for doing so. He blushed and looked away. The pilot needed to find something, anything else to look at. He rubbed the back of his neck and stared intently at BB-8.

"Um… yeah," he said with an embarrassed laugh. "It's been a strange day and I... feel like I should know you," Lin admitted. "Have we met before?"

"Yes," Kayla replied, "just not face-to-face." It was the most mystical and frustrating answer she could give. She laughed on the inside, watching Lin's expression slowly change.

Lin furrowed his brow, bewildered by the statement. His senses were on fire. Being in the presence of this teenager was indescribable. He definitely felt like he knew her; like they were old friends that drifted apart. The sensation was overwhelming.

He grabbed his forehead, wondering if he was coming down with something. Kayla watched him carefully, reading him.

"That feeling you can't describe... it's the Force," Kayla said, watching Lin's eyes light up. "It calls to you, guides your actions. You simply need to learn to trust it. To let it in."

Lin exhaled deeply, trying to calm his heart rate. "The Force," Lin said, between deep breaths. He was a little concerned. He was no Jedi. From what he understood, Jedi needed to train from a young age.

The Force. It would explain a lot of the strange, recent events that were ruining his life. But why now—why not sooner?

It was an upsetting trend for the daring pilot who didn't like feeling out of control. If this was the Force, his sensitivity was starting to show itself in his daily routine. It wasn't just the vision of the crash—although that was the most upsetting thing to date.

There were other things that Lin felt, things he couldn't explain. Other times when the Force was trying to instruct him. But he didn't have the training to deal with it. Occasionally, he felt tremors that would keep him up at night.

He worried that the entire galaxy was in danger; Lin just didn't know from what.

The Gray Leader wasn't sure if he wanted this. Staring at the padawan, he wondered if this was normal for people like them. Deep down, he was afraid of this power.

"This is a good thing, Lin," Kayla said calmly. "Don't be afraid, I feel it too."

A flash of white clouded their shared vision. Lin and Kayla left the Republic Flight Academy far behind, exiting the past. They opened their eyes at the same instant, finding themselves back in the Jedi Temple. Kayla gasped, tightening her hold on Lin's hands.

"I don't understand," Lin said softly. He leaned in closer to Kayla. "Why did you show us that?"
Kayla swallowed hard, enjoying the feeling of Lin's thumbs brushing over her palms.

"Lin please… can we just… stand like this for a bit longer?” she said, closing her eyes. "I'm not sure why the Force showed us that moment," Kayla continued.

Lin nodded and remained quiet. It felt natural, standing there next to Kayla. He admired her cute nose and freckled cheeks. He'd stay there and hold her hands forever if he could. Kayla inched closer to Lin, pulling his hands around her waist. He inhaled sharply as Kayla leaned her head into his chest.

The pair settled into a comfortable, warm embrace.

Hanna led Zel up the western spire of the Jedi Temple. It was the tallest, most narrow column on the grounds. The interior of the spire was lined with thousands of kyber crystals. These were usually rare and scattered throughout the galaxy.

"The crystals power our swords," Hanna said with a smile. "My mother tracked down most of these."

The Grandmaster had spent her early years as a Jedi collecting kyber crystals. Rey did so just in case she rebuilt the Jedi Order. The former scavenger from Jakku accomplished those goals and so much more.

Hanna continued to climb, coaxing Zel along their ascent. The crystals caught light and reflected blues, greens and purples throughout the interior. It was an awesome sight, but Zel was happy to pry his eyes away from the walls and return them to Hanna's backside.

"Watch your head," she said, leading them both underneath a low rafter. The staircase opened to a cushioned platform at the top. "This space is used for meditation," Hanna explained, pushing her hair to one side and exposing her long, pale neck to Zel.

The tented roof above had glass windows which revealed the heavens. At night, it offered an incredible view of the stars and the moon. But right now, the sun was below the horizon. The skies were painted with reds and purples.

The light splashed across Hanna's creamy skin, giving her the slightest hint of a cherry glow.

"If you ask me," Zel said quietly, "This view is wasted on meditation." Their eyes met as Zel's hands rubbed down her arms. He circled his fingers around her wrists and held there for a moment.

Hanna bit down on her lower lip and Zel moved his fingers from her wrists to her waist. She shuddered and pulled Zel's shirt towards her. The raven-haired beauty pulled her commander on top; Zel caught them and eased his woman onto the padded flooring.

"Zel," she moaned into his ear. The big guy groaned into her neck, before sucking her tender flesh into his mouth.

He kissed and nipped at her, working his teeth and mouth up to hers. His calloused hands roamed her back before flipping Hanna around so that she was straddling him.

Zel kissed Hanna deeply, but she moaned in protest. She missed the weight of him on top of her, though the heat between their thighs was a nice consolation.

"What's wrong?" she asked, releasing his lips with a playful bite. She adjusted her hips, teasing his
stiffened member. This position was good; very good. But she longed to be underneath his hard body.

"Everything is perfect," Zel said, reaching up for her jaw. "I wanted to see you like this," he said, left breathless by the view. "I've imagined this was how it would be… the first time."

Hanna was silhouetted against the vibrant sunset. The hungry commander needed to see more of her; he needed to remove her vest and shirt. He needed to run his hands up her legs and thighs, taking advantage of her skirt.

She was everything he had ever wanted.

Zel was speechless, but Hanna knew what he desired. She could see it burning in his eyes. He loved her. Hanna closed her eyes and captured his thumb into her mouth. She sucked slowly, as the commander groaned loudly into the spire.

She let his thumb leave her mouth with a pop.

"I'm ready for this, Zel. Are you?" She asked huskily.

Zel's hands pushed against Hanna's skirt, lifting the seams until his fingers found her ass and thighs.

"Maker, yes," he breathed, squeezing her possessively.

Chapter End Notes

I have to thank my wonderful beta and friend Perry Downing. She's a bad ass Reylo author and she takes time out of her busy writing schedule to fix my mistakes and make the story that much better. She's an awesome collaborator and please check out her stuff if you haven't already.

Big chapter coming up for Zanna. Their first time together :D :D :D - Junior Teagues if you remember, we met his dad when Lin broke onto the military facility/ museum with BB-8 to reacquire the frigate and bounty hunter kit. Senior Teagues wanted to thank Lin for saving his son's life and ended up offering the lost pilot some sage like wisdom.

Come find me on tumblr and lets talk Reylo or weather… whatever is fine. It's hot here. iancanthesaved
Zanna

Chapter Summary

Let's get it on!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The sky was setting across the windows, dimming the ambience in the comfy meditation space. The slightest bit of steam started to build against the glass above, radiating from the smoldering bodies on the mats beneath.

Hanna broke their kiss and leaned back on Zel's hips. She panted openly, while his hand wrapped around her long neck. His fingers massaged the light red patches beginning to form there. She kissed his palm while catching her breath.

"Zel, please," she rasped. They had been losing themselves in a tidal wave of lips, tongues and teeth. Hanna's brow furrowed as she felt her chest flushing a deep shade of pink. They still had their clothes on and Lady Shade wanted to remedy that before they went any further.

Hanna was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. Zel wanted to take tonight slow and make it special for them both. But every kiss and every bite made it difficult.

"Let me," he said huskily, dropping his hands down to caress her upper arms.

Zel's thumbs circled her exposed shoulders, taking full advantage of the open design there. The rough texture of his pads were hot against her creamy skin. He brushed against the seam of the fabric, just near her collarbone.

Force, she loved his attentiveness.

He teased her with his gentle touch; far too gentle for a battle-hardened warrior. It made her glistening skin prickle all over. Zel's hands travelled down her ribcage, just missing her breasts. Hanna squeezed her eyes shut and exhaled shakily.

"My love," he said, barely above a whisper. "Let me see your sparkling eyes."

Hanna's eyelids fluttered open, drawing attention to her dark, long lashes. The heat between her thighs intensified as she rolled over Zel's stiff member. His sheathed, hard cock slid along her moist panties, from back to front. He pressed into her clit, making them both moan out into the tower.

Their voices echoed loudly and Hanna didn't care that someone walking by would have overheard them. The thought of someone hearing Zel call out her name made Hanna grind down harder.

"Hanna," the commander groaned, his baritone reverberating off the walls.

What his voice did to her. She furrowed her brow and sucked in her lower lip.

*Why was he moving so damned slowly?*
She wanted to lean forward and bite him on the shoulder, but Zel's hands settled back onto her hips, keeping her in place. Hanna scraped her nails across his forearms instead, punishing him for the tortuous pace.

Zel hissed loudly and Hanna smiled. She settled back onto his cock, making him lurch upward. She found a comfortable rhythm, moving slowly back and forth.

She elicited a deep growl from Zel, teasing his cock. Her soft gasps and moans made him grip her hips tighter. Every touch sent a spark between them, drawing their bodies closer together.

"You could pull off my panties and see what color they are," Hanna suggested, tilting her head down. Her dark locks teased along his hand and wrist.

"Ah," was all Zel could say in response. His head was swimming. Zel wanted to peel away Hanna's layers and take his time. He wanted to savor every bit of her. But Hanna was making that impossible.

Zel could read her; he could feel her excitement and energy. She was soaking wet and ready for him. She grabbed his dominate hand and guided it under her skirt.

"Ah, shit," Zel hissed, feeling her panties. His index and middle fingers pushed against the damp fabric. Maker, he could feel her arousal and it made his head spin.

Lady Shade was his. After all this time; she was wet and moaning and all for him.

For him, he thought.

Zel groaned deeply in his native tongue, making Hanna flash a wicked, open mouthed smile. It was a prayer to the goddess, though Hanna knew it was spoken to her.

"My goddess," he said at the end, spreading his hands along her ass.

She had turned the tables on her man, undoing his steady demeanor. She crumbled his hard exterior, the way she always imagined she could. And it wasn't because of her abilities; there were no need for mind tricks here. Zel was truly hers.

Leaning forward so they were chest to chest, she whispered into his ear.

"Take me," she said with a sultry drawl.

"Ah, Hanna," Zel grunted. He ached all over now, straining more against his pants than he ever thought possible. His thumbs teased the hem of Hanna's skirt, sending a shiver down her spine.

"Zel, please," she said with a heavy sigh. "I swear there will be more times for us, baby. Countless more." Hanna placed a few quick pecks along his jaw, before leaning back and straddling him again.

They were still fully clothed and wearing the materials out. Hanna managed to remove her vest, but needed to be free from everything else. She wanted to feel his skin on hers.

The commander sat up so that she slid down into his lap and lower abs. His hand fisted her hair, bringing her lips closer to his. Zel's piercing eyes cut into Hanna's doughy pupils.

As much as he wanted to worship Hanna, he couldn't wait any longer. She couldn't wait any longer.

He crashed his lips into hers, tasting her tongue one more time. Hanna pushed her hips over the tent in his pants, making Zel groan deeply into her throat.
Hanna had undone him, unleashing something primal.

"Hanna," he growled, breaking the kiss. She dragged her teeth along his mouth, scraping his bottom lip.

His expression turned fiery and unhinged. Hanna dug her nails across his traps and challenged Zel with an arched eyebrow.

Zel's fingers went for the bottom of her shirt and he quickly pulled upward. Hanna's arms reached up and a heartbeat later the shirt landed across the platform.

Her ample breasts swung free. His hands were immediately on her soft mounds, giving them a confident kneed. She moaned as his thumbs brushed over her nipples. He repeated the gesture, dropping his lower jaw and showing his teeth.

Zel bucked his hips up into her. Hanna squeezed her eyes shut, gyrating her waist and hips to ride him. Her hands pressed firmly on his chest, sensing that he was about to repeat the same motion. She dug her nails in as he pushed up against her for a second time.

Hanna's head tilted back and to the side. She continued to grind onto his hardness, riding him and increasing her pace. It seemed so natural; like they were meant for this.

"Fuck," he hissed.

She gave him her signature coy, flirty smile. Zel's hands left her breasts and came to her waist. Before Hanna realized what was happening, she was flipped over and pinned on her back.

Hanna gasped in delight as Zel crawled on top of her. The commander looked like a predator about to devour his prey. It made Hanna squirm under him, trembling with anticipation.

Her hands reached in between them, finding his belt. Holding his stare, she unfastened the buckle, the sound of metal clanked as the leather came free. Showing that he could be agile too, Zel's pants and boxers were off in a swift move. His rigid cock brushed against her knee, making Hanna's eyes widen.

"Oh," Hanna whispered, feeling its massive size. "Force," she let out a few seconds later. She felt like her entire body was blushing now. He was bigger than she had imagined. Zel's slick cock teased up her knee and rested on her inner thigh.

"Your eyes," he demanded, making Hanna find his burning gaze.

Zel's finger dipped between her thighs and felt her wetness. She cried out in encouragement, grabbing desperately at the padded mats beneath her. Unable to dig in there, she clawed into his shoulders. Her lips parted and her heaving breasts were pushing into his chest.

With her wetness coating his fingertips, Zel reached up and eagerly sucked the moisture clean off. His face remained stoic, but a deep groan escaped the back of his throat. He would be tasting more of her later — that was for sure.

"Fuck me, Commander Zel," Hanna said sternly, watching Zel remove his fingers from his mouth with a sucking pop.

Zel grabbed a fist full of her hair and Hanna gasped in surprise.

She read his mind and scrambled to her hands and knees. Hanna came face to face with Zel's
glistening, massive erection.

He was hard for her and only her.

Licking her upper teeth so that Zel could see her tongue, Hanna wrapped her fingers around the base of his cock. She paused for a moment, returning his heated stare.

This was happening; finally.

She could feel him throbbing; feel his strength... it wouldn't be long now.

Her tongue found the tip of his cock first, making Zel jerk forward. He gasped out, which only encouraged her. She smiled, before taking his tip in slowly. Her lips parted and her tongue came out, dabbing at the liquid seeping from his arousal. Slowly, Hanna allowed her wet and warm mouth to lubricate him. The sucking and slurping sound was nearly too much for Zel.

The commander tightened his hold on her hair, but his free hand reached up and clawed at his own forehead and hairline. Zel closed his eyes and gave in to the indescribable pleasure.

"Mmn," Hanna murmured, slowly pulling his massive cock from her mouth. It made a delicious popping sound and he sprung free. "Eyes on mine," Hanna insisted, just as he had.

"Hanna," Zel gasped desperately. His eyes shot open, but his intense face had softened quite a bit. He was melting for her and she loved to see the power she had over him.

"Such a big, commanding warrior. Undone in my mouth," she said with a smile, resting his bulbous head against her cheek.

He exhaled heavily, his head spinning and unable to form a coherent response.

"Force, you're huge," Hanna said, teasing his cock with the movement of her jaw. Suddenly, she plunged forward and took nearly his entire length into her mouth.

"Hanna," he cried out, bending forward and clutching the back of her head with desperation. They moved back and forth; Hanna made sure his cock was nice and wet. She swirled her tongue every so often, making him groan openly.

Feeling his knees starting to wobble, Zel growled and released Hanna's hair. He reached down and pulled her up, his strong arms wrapped around her. He immediately laid her down on her back.

"Yes," she hissed. Hanna wanted him like this, on top of her. Owning her. She felt her lover's weight on her again, pinning her in place. His strong hands were back up her thighs, bunching her skirt around her waist. Hanna helped him by undoing the hidden zippers along the sides and sliding her legs up and out.

Zel nudged her thighs open, causing Hanna to gasp. Fire swept over his features again, showing her the fearsome warrior within. His eyes roamed her naked form possessively. He loved her pale skin and all the beauty marks scattered across her body. Zel would kiss them all — one day soon. He made a silent vow to himself that he would accomplish this goal. That thought was tucked away for later as his dark eyes found her glistening, widening ones.

With a loud thud, both of Hanna's wrists were restrained above her head; Zel consumed them entirely with his left hand. A rush of excitement coursed through her body; she hadn't expected this.

Hanna's fingers wrapped around his hand like a vice.
"I… I've wanted this…" he said huskily. Zel had never looked more serious about something in his entire life. Sweat pooled across his brow, as his naked form trapped hers completely.

"I know," she cooed.

"I'm taking you," Zel stated, biting into her neck and sucking hard.

Hanna started to see stars and cried out. He continued to kiss and nip and all Hanna could do was whimper into his ear. They lost themselves in the moment. Hanna was wetter than she had ever been in her entire life.

His cock slid along her entrance, making her quiver and cry out in desperate need. She wrapped her arms around his shoulder blades, digging into the tattoo of the goddess, into her own likeness.

He repeated this stroking tease a few times, sliding his cock back to front. His head would flick her clit each time, making them both purr and grunt. Hanna's soaking sex slicked Zel's cock, making an obscene sound that was loud enough to be heard over their own moans.

"Zel," she pleaded with him, one last time.

His right hand grabbed the back of her knee. Zel bent at his waist, drawing closer to her. His breathing quickened as he made sure Hanna's hands were secured over her head. Hearing her whimper for him, Zel lined the head of his cock with her entrance. The commander trapped her hooded eyes with his fierce gaze.

She wanted to turn her head and close her eyes, knowing what was coming next. Zel sensed this and growled down at her.

"No," he ordered. "Look at me, my love. Do not look away!"

She bit her lip hard and opened her eyes in obedience.

The commander pushed forward, finding Lady Shade's entrance. With a confident thrust, he buried her up to his hilt. Hanna gasped but no noise came out. Her eyes stayed open, but all she saw was stars.

He held there for a moment, feeling her clench and undulate underneath him. His belly was flat against hers. His chest was inches from her breasts. They stared at each other, adjusting to this incredible feeling.

"Amazing," Zel said, with a shaky but low voice.

"Yes," Hanna replied with a sob. She had tears in the corners of her eyes, but he knew she wasn't in pain. For once, the large warrior wished he could be inside her head. Hanna gave him a teasing smile, letting her lover know she was indeed, better than fine.

She felt every ridge of his cock. He filled her completely.

He felt her clenching walls, already starting to twitch and threatening to milk him too soon. Zel leaned forward and gave her a slow, deep kiss. When they broke, he held his forehead inches from hers.

She gave him a confident nod and squeezed Zel's fingers tighter. He kissed her cheeks with a few quick pecks and chased away her tears.
Hanna slowly rolled her hips, starting the motion. Zel groaned and matched her rhythm, beginning to ease in and out of her. They repeated this intimate dance, getting used to each other, adjusting to their bodies. They fell into a pace that was natural.

Zel wanted to tell her how amazing this felt, but he couldn't form the words. Hanna's mouth panted openly and she was flushed all over. Zel's cock slid out farther and came back in faster with every push.

The nighttime sky chased away the sunset. It bathed Zel and Hanna's naked forms in cooler tones. But they didn't stop to notice. They both cried out for each other. Their bodies slid and fell into perfect harmony. They were built for this, for each other.

Hanna dug her nails in deeper as Zel pounded her relentlessly. It was suddenly too much for both of them as her walls around Zel's cock started to tremble and squeeze.

"Hanna," he called out in a whimper. His legs were buckling now and this was it. She knew he was close. Hanna could hear it in his voice and she could feel it with every thrust. She called out his name and he lifted her hips, bringing her flush against him.

Her left hand reached up and found his temples. Zel gave her a curt nod, mixed with a grunt. She took that as permission to enter his mind. She felt his arousal. She heard his thoughts and fell in sync with his breathing.

They continued to pound each other, as Hanna probed his mind. She could feel him tense, every time her walls clenched around him. And then it was suddenly there, upon them both. Hanna cried out and her vocalizations made him spill into her.

Zel continued to thrust and kiss, drawing out Hanna's orgasm. After one last push, the commander fell on top of Lady Shade. She sighed happily, wrapping her legs around him and putting an end to this round of love making. Hanna's hand swept over his messy hair. Her fingers massaged his scalp in a loving fashion. They came down to together, calming their breathing.

"There, that's the style," she said, fixing his wet hair the best that she could. Hanna was spent and sleepy, letting her eyes shut.

Zel had no words for this amazing experience. His voice was hoarse and his throat was dried out. He wrapped Hanna into the closest embrace imaginable, rolling Hanna over so that she could rest her head on his chest.

BB-8 beeped wildly, running a figure eight around Kayla and Lin. The noise and movement beneath them snapped Kayla's eyes open. She had forgotten about the spunky droid while losing herself in the toned arms and chest of Lin Dameron. Startled, she pushed away from the comfortable embrace.

The Gray Leader leaned forward and sighed deeply at the loss of contact. "We were doing so well," he said, missing Kayla's warmth.

"I… I'm sorry," was all Kayla could muster in response. Her skin flushed from head to toe and the Jedi felt her pulse quickening. She wasn't sure where these feelings were coming from. Holding her hand up to her forehead, she dabbed at her glistening brow. She bit on her lower lip, confused about the butterflies building in her stomach.

Lin watched her carefully, not wanting to frighten Kayla. His arms and chest still hummed from the
sensation of holding her. He tried to play it cool, but he wore his heart on his sleeve. Lin's eyes always gave him away, when he looked at her.

Kayla fidgeted uncomfortably. She was overheated and flustered, as a spark of recognition washed over her.

"Eh, don't tell me," Kayla said aloud, rolling her eyes. She realized that these feelings were mostly coming across the Bond she shared with her sister. "Oh, geez," she murmured.

"What's the problem, Kayla?" Lin asked, concerned with her shift in attitude.

Had he done something?

"It's my sister." Kayla said, not wishing to elaborate. She closed the Bond to Hanna, giving her and Zel the privacy they deserved. The connection was left open a little too long and quite a few emotions filtered over from Hanna.

Kayla squeezed her thighs together and tried to steady her breathing. She quelled the sudden spike of desire that coursed through her own system. This was something she and Hanna were going to need to be careful about. It didn't help any that Kayla was alone in a room with Lin Dameron. Handsome, troubled and courageous — Lin Dameron.

"Please don't look at me like that," Kayla said shyly.

"Like what?" Lin said deeply, sensing a rush of emotions from Kayla. He knew there was a spark between them. He had never seen Kayla vulnerable before and it was refreshing to see a different side of her.

"Kayla, I'm not going to apologize for holding you, but —" he started and stopped, as she held her hand up to silence him.

"Really, I'm fine. We're fine, Lin. I just… needed some space. I'll explain why sometime — I just can't right now," The Jedi offered a weak smile to put Lin's mind at ease. She took a couple steps backward until the bend of her knees hit the bed. Kayla's eyes widened, realizing how close she was to falling onto her back.

"Okay," Lin said, chasing away a confused expression. "So, why did the Force take us back to that particular memory? I thought you were going to show me something about Hanna and me. It was so different, seeing those events through your eyes as well as mine."

Kayla rubbed her arms and looked away. "Different?" she sighed.

"Is different the right word?" Lin asked after a pause. "I meant special."

"Oh, Lin," Kayla said, resisting the urge to bite her lower lip. He was being awfully sweet. She could push him away when he was a jerk. She could deny the Bond when he was being reckless or chauvinistic. But Kayla was starting to see that it really wasn't him. Lin was passionate, daring and trouble for her.

Staring at him now, she needed to change the subject.

"I was wondering the same thing about our vision," she said, pausing and playing with her fingernails nervously. It was something that Lin couldn't help but notice, Kayla bit them from time to time. It was a tiny quirk that he found endearing. She wasn't perfect, but even her flaws were deeply fascinating to him.
"The Force showed us what we needed to see," the Jedi said, cryptically. She could tell from Lin's reaction that it wasn't what he wanted to hear. "Something wrong, Lin?" she offered after he looked away.

"It's just... you said that Hanna and I didn't sleep together. Kayla, if that's true, what's really stopping us? Why can't you and I be together?" Lin's expression hardened and Kayla was caught off guard by his directness.

The Jedi brushed past Lin and walked towards the door. He spun around quickly to watch her. His heart pounded in his ears. Lin felt like he'd lost all the ground that he had gained.

"I'm not going away, Kayla," Lin called to her. "You can't ignore me. Not if we have a Bond like you've suggested."

Kayla's hand paused on the doorknob. She turned to face him, keeping her expression indiscernible.

"I'll take that to mean you won't leave the first chance you get," she stated, raising an eyebrow. Lin nodded in response. "I'm trusting you, Lin. I have a mission to Coruscant in the morning. I expect you to be here when I return."

"Fine," Lin said, taking a couple steps toward Kayla. "But when you get back..." his voice trailed away.

"I know," Kayla said. "This conversation isn't over."

Silence fell over the pair. Lin nodded at her, keeping his expression hardened. Deep down, he felt his stomach rise and drop in anticipation.

"Come on, BB-8," Kayla said, finally breaking the stalemate. The little droid found himself caught in the middle. He spun his head to look back and forth between his masters. His consternation made Lin smile.

"It's alright buddy. You can go with Kayla," he said assuringly. BB-8 circled around Lin before happily going over to the Jedi Knight.

"You should try to get some sleep, Lin. I'm sure the cobbled hallway and door to my bedroom wasn't very comfortable," she said taking a deep breath. "I know... I know you've been on the move for a while now. You haven't slept well in some time. You're safe here. The Jedi Order won't let bounty hunters or darksiders take you in the night. I won't let anyone get to you."

Lin chuckled, "Thank you, I appreciate that. But I can handle myself. And... I've always been too stupid to fear bounty hunters or the Dark Side."

Kayla furrowed her brow, "You are a lot of things, Lin Dameron. You can be dense sometimes, but you are anything but stupid. It's part of what makes you so... frustrating to me."

Lin swallowed hard, feeling his throat dry out. It was the nicest thing Kayla had said to him. He wasn't sure how to respond and perhaps it was better that he didn't. The Jedi Knight's eyes sparkled just the slightest amount, making Lin grin openly.

"Get some sleep," Kayla said, cracking a flirty smirk back. She opened the door and held it open for BB-8. She closed it quickly, shying away from Lin's handsome smile.

"Sleep," he muttered after the door shut. Lin walked over to the bed and plopped down on his back. He stretched out, suddenly realizing how stiff he was from guarding Kayla's door. "How the hell am
Kayla marched down the dormitory corridors, blowing past the entrance to her own quarters. BB-8 hustled to keep up with the Jedi Knight. He whistled questioningly, wondering where they were going. It was usually around this time that Kayla started getting ready for bed and settled in with a book.

"No, BB-8," she said with a heavy sigh, "I can't sleep right now. I need to clear my mind." The Jedi Knight weaved throughout the faintly lit temple gardens. Initially, she wasn't sure where she was going. Once Kayla spotted the hangar, her face lit up and she got a spark of inspiration.

BB-8 continued to hum and beep intermittently, making sure that Kayla was okay.

"I'm fine… I will be fine," Kayla said, not wanting to discuss her feelings right now.

Entering the hangar, Kayla passed by Artoo and gave him a loving pat. The droid woke and whistled in excitement, happy to see his friends. The Jedi Knight undid the bulky power connector to Artoo so he could follow.

BB-8 came to an abrupt stop, bumping into Artoo. He started chatting wildly with his friend, getting Artoo up to speed on Lin and Kayla.

The Jedi Knight ignored the chatter. Her head was swimming with thoughts of Lin. This wasn't supposed to happen. There shouldn't be any room in her life for a complication like Lin Dameron. Kayla wanted to become a Jedi Master. She wanted a seat on the Council and to help usher in a new age of peace and prosperity in the galaxy.

She knew that her personal wants and desires were an issue, even regarding her career as a Jedi. Kayla couldn't help that she wanted things like this. She often tried to rationalize her personal goals within the Jedi Order. Shouldn't she aspire to be something more — for the good of the galaxy?

Would it really be so bad if she desired a seat on the Jedi Council? Wouldn't that goal result in more padawans and ultimately a larger Jedi Order? The galaxy would benefit greatly if the Jedi Council grew in strength.

Her career was something Kayla felt like she could control. Lin Dameron on the other hand, was like a fiery meteor streaking across the sky. She wasn't able to contain him and this connection they had was tearing her apart. Kayla couldn't reconcile this pull toward the troubled young man. These feelings she had for Lin were new and terrifying.

She worried what might happen if she couldn't extinguish the spark between them. The Jedi Knight needed a distraction right now and pushed thoughts of Lin to the side.

Kayla searched through the inventory taken from Hanna and the Marauders. She used the Force to push away large crates that Finn’s men packed away. She saw a hint of chrome and black towards the back. Shoving the rest of the shipping crates away, she uncovered her sister's droid.

Ar-Twenty-One had been deactivated since Kayla had attacked him in the temple ruins a couple of days earlier. The Jedi Knight felt awful when she discovered what this droid meant to Hanna.
Ar-Twenty gave his life to make sure her sister escaped the doomed *Bos Ranger*. Hanna cloned Ar-Twenty's hard drive and operating system, so that he could live again as Ar-Twenty-One. The Orange and Black droid followed her everywhere. He protected Hanna faithfully.

Kayla ran her fingers across the wooden frames, holding Twenty-One in place. The planks vibrated and splintered, dropping to the floor in a messy pile. With full access to the droid, she gave it a quick inspection. Kayla hated leaving a task incomplete. She wanted to make sure she had the proper time to fix the damage, before her mission in the morning.

"Okay, Twenty-One," Kayla said, kneeling by the deactivated droid. "I'm going to get you working again for my dear sister. I hope you don't shoot anyone I care about, once you come back online."

It occurred to Kayla that she could remove his weapon programming, but that might piss Hanna off. Satisfied that she could complete the task before Ahsoka arrived, she pushed Ar-Twenty-One towards her workstation in the hangar. BB-8 and Artoo came rolling up cautiously, as BB-8 told Artoo all about his encounter with Ar-Twenty-One.

"It's okay," Kayla said with a chuckle. "Twenty-One is gonna be on our side, BB-8. Assuming Hanna is here when I turn him back on."

BB-8 peeked out from behind Artoo and chirped at Kayla. He offered his assistance and came rolling back around his blue friend to give her a hand.

"Great," Kayla said. "Can you pull up schematics for this model? It should be similar to Artoo's, but Twenty-One is a larger droid. I want to be sure." Kayla was eager to get her fingers dirty. She needed to push away thoughts of Lin Dameron sleeping with his shirt off.

The sun came up, creeping into the four story sparring room. It bathed the wooden supports in a golden hue, stopping just shy of the bottom floor. The large space was cooled by a slight breeze, drifting in from the top row of windows and falling downward. The bottom floor was chilly and for the time being, remained in the shadows. The Jedi Order insignia was prominently featured on the carpet, woven into the fabric.

A single, dark figure was sitting in the center of the insignia.

Kylo Ren opened his eyes, breathing through his nostrils. The Sith Master was in a meditative form, resting on his knees and sitting on his heels. His lightsaber was laying out in front of him on the carpet. Next to his signature crossguard was a similarly designed lightsaber hilt made of white synthetic durasteel. This one was machine crafted and a special gift.

A gift for a padawan that was late for her first day of training.

Kylo Ren stared at the newly fashioned ivory lightsaber and scowled. He only had a few hours to train with Hanna before they were headed off to Coruscant. Because Kylo was to be her Master, he needed to accompany Hanna and the Marauders on this mission.

Ahsoka wouldn't be happy about this development, not that Kylo Ren cared. It was his duty to help Hanna harness her abilities, before they consumed her.

The Sith Master rose to his feet, furrowing his brow. Both lightsabers levitated from the floor and hovered out in front of him. Without looking, Kylo used the Force to secure his lightsaber onto its
clip. He snatched the ivory hilt with his hand and tucked it under his belt.

Kylo stormed out of the sparring room, in search of his daughter, Hanna.

BB-8 chirped at Kayla, letting her know how late it had become—or rather how early it was. The Jedi Knight lost track of time, making sure that Ar-Twenty-One was restored to pristine condition. Twenty-One would always have carbon scarring and small dents in his outer shell; such was the life of an astrodroid. But Kayla had taken time to really clean him, making the droid shiny and look better than he had looked in years.

Wiping sweat and grease from her brow, Kayla was a mess. The Jedi knew she had to change and prepare for Ahsoka's arrival. She had about three hours, which gave her ample time.

Kayla was wide awake—even after hours of manual labor, swapping out tiny parts and reading through schematics in a foreign language. She supposed that was a good sign, considering pulling an all-nighter before a mission showed poor judgment on her part.

Rising from her knees, she stood very slowly. Kayla's joints cracked and popped.

"Ah," she hissed and scrunched her face. Her knees, legs and lower back were stiff, causing her to stretch in an attempt to loosen up.

"I'm not sure I should activate you just yet," Kayla said, looking at the orange and black droid. She had removed his payload, in case Ar-Twenty-One woke up and wanted to fight.

She rolled her shoulders hoping that Hanna wouldn't mind that she worked on the droid. It made Kayla feel better to patch up Ar-Twenty-One. No doubt, Hanna's eyes would light up when she saw her guardian droid working again.

Kayla closed her eyes and searched for Lin Dameron. He was still asleep in the empty room next to hers. She could feel his Force signature. It was strangely comforting, knowing that Lin was close by and safe.

"Oh, BB-8," Kayla said softly, looking at the friendly droid. "I need to change and get into the 'fresher. I really need to talk with Hanna."

Purposeful footsteps echoed in the hangar, growing louder and catching Kayla's attention. The Jedi Knight didn't need to look over her shoulder; she knew who it was.

"You're not the only one that needs to speak with Hanna," said Kylo Ren, sounding bitter.

"How can I help you, Master Ren?" Kayla asked, running her messy fingers into the cleaner sections of a used rag. She turned to look at her father.

Kylo Ren was dressed in his usual attire but wasn't wearing his protective sleeves. Light, faded scars were displayed like proud trophies. Kayla was fairly certain that her mother had been responsible for a handful of these at some point; along with the scar across his face.

"I see you're up early, Kayla. Was Hanna asleep when you woke?"

_Uh oh,_ Kayla thought. She had to think fast. If Kylo caught wind that Zel and Hanna were together, it would result in Zel being skinned alive with a lightsaber.
"Her first day of training was to be at sunrise," Kylo said, narrowing his gaze. He was already looking at Kayla, as if he questioned whatever answer she'd give.

"She mentioned getting up and going for a run. I can communicate with Hanna and tell her it's time to come in. In fact, if you wait in the sparring room, I will bring her to you."

Kylo Ren was suspicious, from Kayla's body language alone. No one in the galaxy could lie to this man. The Jedi was being deceptive and she had a tell; reacting the same way that Rey did when she was being evasive. Kayla was unable to hold his gaze. She turned away, rubbing the back of her right arm.

*Just like her mother,* Kylo thought.

"Alright, good. I'll go get Hanna and we'll meet you back in the sparring room," she said nervously. Kayla turned and exited the hangar, knowing that Kylo Ren's gaze was on her. The Jedi Knight's steps quickened into a jog, with BB-8 struggling to keep up.

Kayla knew that she needed to locate Hanna before Kylo Ren did.

"Hanna," Kayla said warily, opening their connection.

Across the Jedi Temple, Hanna cursed into the ceiling. She was on all fours and rolled her hips over Zel's mouth and chin.

They had fallen asleep wrapped naked in each other's arms. At sunrise, Zel stirred first and worked his way down Hanna's silky body. Hanna's eyes fluttered open, feeling his lips pressing into her inner thighs. She did a push-up and sat back, only to find that she was sitting on Zel's face.

It was an unexpected and perfect way to start the day. Hanna was riding his face and moaning unapologetically when she heard a voice enter her mind.

"Not now, Kayla," Hanna gritted out. "Your timing sucks, by the way," she said after a sharp gasp. Zel murmured from underneath her. His hands gripped her thighs and ass tighter. She reached down and pulled on Zel's wild mane, fisting it between her fingers.

"Eh, I know," Kayla said, feeling Hanna's arousal across the Bond. She didn't want to keep their connection open for any longer than she needed to. "Dad is looking for you, Hanna. Your training with him was supposed to start this morning."

"What!?" she said, furrowing her brow and grimacing. "Don't talk about dad right now," she continued, pulling her left knee and thigh away from Zel's eager mouth.

"No," Zel grunted, trying to pull her back into him.

Hanna cried out in frustration, echoing in the tower. She let out a profanity-laced tirade, prying her body away from Zel. She fought off his insistent hands and put some distance between them.

Zel looked at her, utterly bewildered. His lips, beard and chin were glistening with her wetness.

"What's wrong, my love?" he asked. "My goddess…"

Hanna put on her black panties and started kicking her heels into the mat beneath her, "I'm sorry, Zel," she said desperately. "I can't… do this right now." Her hands covered her eyes out of
embarrassment. "Kylo Ren is looking for me. My training starts this morning and I completely forgot," she said shakily.

Zel reached over and pried Hanna's hands away from her eyes, so he could see her face. He massaged her palms with his thumbs, as he gazed deeply down to her. "My love, we will be doing this again."

"I'm afraid," Hanna admitted. "You won't want to stay here with me, after Coruscant. My training is important to me, but you..." her voice trailed off.

Zel kissed her hands and wrists, before bringing them close to his chest. Her fingers spread wide and flush against his chiseled form.

"My place is by your side," he said reaching over and handing Hanna her shirt.

She took it from him, pressing the fabric into her chest to cover up. Zel leaned forward and captured her lips with his. The kiss was gentle and sweet. As he pulled away, Hanna protested.

"No, no, my love. We'll continue this after our mission," Zel said, smiling and pressing his forehead into hers. Hanna chuckled and returned his smile. She wanted to stay in his arms all day, but she needed to head out before Kylo Ren found them.

Hanna put the rest of her clothes on and ran her fingers through her hair. She gave Zel one last kiss, before heading down the spiral staircase.

Zel grabbed his pants and walked over to the railing. He watched Hanna as she hurried down the stone steps. The commander smiled, reaching into a concealed pocket. He pulled out a shiny, metallic band and turned it in his fingers. The tip of his index finger rubbed inside the ring, feeling the inscription there. He hoped that Hanna would wear this ring, one day soon.

Hanna caught up with Kayla, running past her in the gardens. She sent blue butterflies scattering in all different directions with her long strides.

"Thanks for the warning, Kay," she shouted, passing her sister. "Don't ever talk to me during sex again."

Kayla gasped and looked around in horror. The gardens were empty, which the Jedi Knight was grateful for. She knew that the younger padawans would be in the gardens soon, as breakfast was approaching.

"Oh, you better not hog the 'fresher!" Kayla yelled, chasing after her sister.

Hanna made it to the bedroom and into the 'fresher first, slamming the module shut. Kayla was a few seconds late, pounding her fist against the door.

"Damn it," Kayla said, turning around to look at BB-8.

"Would you wake up Mr. Dameron?" she asked. "I need to have a word with him before I leave; I'd rather not look like a total mess when I speak to him. If you need me, I'll be in mom's room. She's probably already up and meditating."

Kayla shut the door to her bedroom and locked it. The Jedi headed towards the Grandmaster's suite,
which was tucked around the corridor and up a flight of stairs. BB-8 rolled down the hallway in the opposite direction, whistling happily to himself.

The orange and white droid stopped in front of Lin's door, waiting patiently for it to open. The sensor towards the bottom should have triggered the door chime, but nothing sounded. BB-8 tried the chime again and let out a frustrated electronic sigh.

Again, there was nothing. BB-8 looked around, unsure of what to do. After a minute, he heard a noise from behind him.

"Hey there, little guy," a cloaked figure said, creeping up behind BB-8.

BB-8 whipped around, recognizing the familiar voice. From the dimly lit corridor, the cloaked figure approached and knelt by the droid.

"I can help you get in that door, BB-8," the cloaked figure said. BB-8 inched closer to the friendly voice, trusting this individual.

In a flash, the hooded figure jammed a small device into BB-8, making him cry out and roll backwards. The droid wailed and spun around, before being shocked violently by a power surge.

A few minutes later, Lin Dameron opened his eyes. He felt a disturbance in the Force and it woke him with a start. The Gray Leader pulled a dark gray tank over his chest and torso, which had a unique design that matched his gray sweats. The training outfit Kayla left for him to sleep in fit perfectly. It made Lin wonder if Kayla had sized him up at some point.

Lin pounced out of bed, making sure he was alone in the room. He checked the empty closets and pushed open the drapes. He wasn't sure where the hell this feeling was coming from. Suddenly, he feared for Kayla's safety and ran for the door.

He flung it open and was stunned to see BB-8 spinning wildly in circles.

"Buddy!" he cried out, reaching down to stop the droid. He immediately spotted a foreign, violet plastic piece, jutting out from one of BB-8's data ports. It didn't belong there and Lin had never seen anything like it before. Lin tried to pry the device out, but it appeared to be soldered in place.

"Damn!" he yelled, slamming his fist into the door next to him.

Lin scooped BB-8 into his arms and looked frantically down the hallways. There wasn't anyone lurking in the corridors, but he had a feeling he was being watched. There were distant noises of padawans playing in the courtyards, but they were so faint that Lin didn't notice.

"Kayla... she can help," Lin said, running his best friend to the Jedi's door. He skidded to a stop and elbowed the door chime. He could sense someone was inside, but it wasn't Kayla. It was Hanna and Lin didn't realize that the taller sister was an engineer and could help out.

So instead, he closed his eyes and tried to communicate with Kayla. He opened the Bond and sensed the Jedi Knight nearby. Pressing the droid tightly against him, he narrowed down the direction he needed to travel in.

Searching with the Force, Lin felt the spark between he and Kayla flicker brightly. He hustled with BB-8, heading down the hallway and turning the corner. The Force carried him up the stairs, towards the Grandmaster's chambers.
Rey found Kylo Ren stalking the catwalks of the sparring room. He was seething and tense. His muscles glistened and the Grandmaster couldn't help but admire the definition of his arms.

"You left early this morning," Rey said softly. One of her hands drifted across her midsection and came to a gentle rest. The gesture made Kylo Ren stop and look at her.

"I needed some time to process everything you told me," Kylo said, tightening the wraps around his hands. "And... Hanna was supposed to start her training today."

Rey smiled at him, which was always disarming. Kylo was annoyed that his padawan was nowhere in sight.

"Are you still upset with me?" Rey asked, getting close to him and searching his eyes.

Kylo wrapped his arm around Rey, pulling her closer. The Sith Master looked upset, but he refrained from saying anything further. Rey's head rested against his chest and she sighed heavily.

"I know you want to tell Hanna, but I can't risk losing her," Rey said, softly.

"Our daughter needs to know the truth. She felt like an outsider growing up; she felt awkward and out of place here at the Temple."

"I know," Rey said.

"You could have told her the truth, instead of hiding her abilities. All Hanna ever wanted was validation that she was Force sensitive. She needed to belong and instead she always felt like an outsider. Believe me, I know that feeling. You know that feeling too, Rey."

"Ben, please," Rey said, starting to well up. "She was surrounded by Jedi when she grew up. Her powers of influence didn't show themselves clearly; not at first. When she was five or six and I would take her into the city nearby, there may have been some troubling signs."

"No, Rey. Do not lie to me," Kylo said, turning Rey to face him. "You were wise enough to stick me in carbonate. You had the foresight to know that I wasn't ready for any of this."

Rey was caught off guard by this and started to protest.

"No, just listen to me. Our Force Bond was incredibly strong and you saw a glimpse of a dark future. For Kayla, right? But that was before you found out there were twins. I know you, Rey. You're my soulmate. We're Bonded for life," Kylo said, holding her close.

"Ben," Rey offered shakily.

"You knew that Hanna was a lot like me. You knew her powers were tethered to the Dark Side. But Hanna's Force sensitivity wasn't something that anyone else could pick up on. Luke couldn't sense it. No one else could and that scared you. That scared you because cloaking is a Dark Side ability. You denied Hanna's abilities, the same way that Luke Skywalker denied yours."

Rey scoffed at the notion. "No, Ben. This is entirely different. I didn't send Hanna away. I didn't abandon her on Jakku, like some orphan. She was always loved here, Ben. You have to understand the difference."

Kylo shook his head and started to walk away, but Rey grabbed him and made him face her.
"She gets her powers from you, Kylo Ren! Hanna has your strength and passion. It was that combination and drive that brought down the Jedi Order last time," Rey gritted out.

"Everything that happened to Luke's pathetic excuse for a Jedi Academy, happened for a reason. What you've built here, Rey — this was what the Jedi Order was meant to be," Kylo said.

Rey's cheeks reddened, "How can you possibly say that? How can you justify the slaughter that you and Owen orchestrated?"

"Look around you, Rey," Kylo shouted, spreading his arms wide. "This is a sanctuary for Force users that hasn't been seen since the Clone Wars. Hanna won't leave; her sister is here. They cannot be pulled apart now."

Rey glowered and started circling Kylo Ren. This was what they used to do, years earlier. It reminded Kylo of the many times they fought; two lovers trying to deny their feelings for each other. Two warriors on the opposite sides of the struggle.

"Maybe there is a different reason you fear telling Hanna the truth? You know that hurting Hanna will risk alienating Kayla... and she is really your favorite."

The Grandmaster tightened her jaw and held out her hand. "Maker, you must really want to spar with someone," Rey gritted out. She knew that he was baiting her, but it didn't matter. The Force called the lightsaber into Rey's palm and it ignited as her fingers wrapped around the hilt.

Kylo Ren smirked, mimicking the same gesture and igniting his crossguard.

"I love you," he said, blocking her first parry. Rey glowered at him and followed up with another strike.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Finally!!! YASSSSS.

Let me know what you think. And come say hi on tumblr. terapid
The First Steps

Chapter Summary

Kylo Ren and Rey sort out there parental differences with lightsabers. Kayla and Lin go after BB-8's attacker and the leading suspect is a shock. Hanna Ren begins her Dark Side training (which is gonna be awesome to follow). I've always wanted to write Sith training and now I'm taking a shot at it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Rey had gained the upper hand. Her lightsaber came crashing down onto Kylo's, forcing him to one knee.

"Take it back, Kylo Ren," she gritted out. Her teeth flashed white and her eyes burned into his. Kylo smirked at her, despite knowing this was no laughing matter. Rey only referred to him as 'Kylo Ren' when she was furious with him, or when he grabbed her hair and fucked her from behind.

Kylo defended her vicious strikes but made no attempt to improve his precarious position.

"You can't hide from the truth, Rey. When Hanna was a little girl, she looked like me. She reminded you of me. That's why there's always been a distance between you," he said.

"Are you trying to piss me off?" Rey asked, bringing her lightsaber down again. Their blades crashed and flickered wildly, locking together. The Grandmaster pressed her advantage, leaning down and showing her strength.

The lightsabers cracked dangerously in the stalemate, as Kylo's own blade pushed closer to his face. Sparks rained down and singed the hair tie that held his dark mane away from his eyes.

There was a brief flicker of fear in the face of the man Rey loved; his smirk faded as the heat from his lightsaber started to make his eyes water. The Grandmaster realized that Kylo wouldn't hurt her, even if he was in mortal peril. It wasn't like him to make a mistake with his footwork. Not twice, at any rate.

"You… you've been taking it easy on me," she challenged with a bite to emphasize each word.

Kylo's eyes gave him away. His glistening, furrowed brow softened — though his hold on the crossguard lightsaber didn't. The Sith Master had sparred with Rey enough in the past to know the penalty for going easy on her.

He stared into Rey's sparkling eyes and his mouth ran dry. Kylo wasn't sure how long they had been sparring, but it was just that: sparring. Clearly Rey had been stewing over his comments about favoritism and she needed to work out her own issues; as did he.

"Rey," he finally managed in response, pushing up against the cascading sparks. She could hear how he felt in his voice. How he said her name; Rey could read Kylo like a book — with or without the Bond.
Love and devotion was present in his voice and in his eyes. Rey pressed against his mind and felt the swell of emotions just beneath the surface. He was consumed with anxiety, though he'd never admit it outright.

Kylo Ren understood everything that hung in the balance. He knew what could happen when Hanna discovered the truth. She might abandon the Jedi Order and turn her back on this life altogether. The thought was too much to bear, which was why he was desperate to begin training her and building a relationship with his daughter.

He knew his failure would mean losing Kayla, too — as the sisters would undoubtedly stick together. Their Bond was strengthening and nothing would keep them apart.

Kylo was worried for his family… for their family. During a time when Leviathan and Checkpoint were threatening to eliminate everything he and Rey held dear, they needed to be united. But the Dark Side had returned to the galaxy while Kylo Ren had been asleep. He should have represented that side of the Force, balancing it and keeping the Darkness under his thumb. The thought was terrifying that someone else might take his mantle and bring everything crashing down.

Rey hovered over him, full of life and carrying his son. Soon, everyone in the Jedi Order would know this was the case. The powerful child growing in Rey was supercharging her considerable talents. The child gave her the strength and energy to overpower Kylo Ren. But it wasn't enough to repair her family. Things were going well during Hanna's brief return, but Rey shared Kylo's fear.

Looking down at the father of her children, she prayed to the Maker that there was a way to put their family back together. This was a task too big for her to face alone.

"Damn you," Rey said, spinning out of the stalemate and backing away from Kylo Ren. She glared at him before powering down her saber. Kylo swallowed hard and mimicked her, returning his saber to his belt.

"Ben… if you ever treat me with kid gloves again," she warned with a raised eyebrow.

"Rey," Kylo repeated. He remained on one knee, expressing his devotion to her by showing that he was her Knight. That would never change.

"No, don't give me that look," Rey said. "I am so very upset with you." The top of her nose crinkled, which the Sith Master always found irresistible.

Kylo's lips curled slightly and he stood. Rey shook her head, watching him close the gap with a bit of arrogant swagger. He scooped Rey into his arms and she turned her head away from his in protest. She refused to look at him, but didn't struggle in his strong hold. Kylo Ren took the opening and buried his lips into her exposed neck.

"Fuck," she cried out, running her fingers through his dark mane. Kylo's teeth found her flesh, getting Rey to melt into his arms.

Lin came to a sliding stop, clutching BB-8 close to his chest. The second floor landing opened up to two solid oak doors. Both were hand painted intricately and any other day, Lin would have taken the time to admire the ornate details.

The doors to Grandmaster Rey Kenobi's chambers were locked and Lin used his elbow to activate the chimes.

"Come on, Kayla," Lin said in a huff. He looked down at BB-8 and hit the door chimes again. After
a minute, there was still no answer.

Impatiently, he stepped back two paces. "Sorry about this Kayla," he said ruefully. "Our droid needs you." With a thundering kick, Lin connected along the middle of the door locks. They broke and swung open violently, sending Lin stumbling forward. He barely caught his balance and managed to put BB-8 gently on the ground.

Lin's eyes were lowered on the lifeless droid, as a pair of wet feet and ankles came into his line of sight.

"Lin!" Kayla shouted. His eyes traveled up Kayla's toned calves, before he closed his eyes and stood abruptly.

"Kayla," Lin said, carefully opening his eyelids to look at her. She had a white towel wrapped around her breasts, covering her up. It accentuated her figure and came down to the top of her knees. Kayla's dark hair was damp and trailed down to her shoulders. It was the first time that Lin had seen her hair down like this. The young Jedi usually styled her hair similarly to her mother's.

Lin was thrown by Kayla's beauty and stumbled pathetically to get out the words. "BB-8." Lin let out a deep breath, watching the Jedi's eyes widen as she surveyed their droid.

"What did you do to my droid?" Kayla asked, crouching carefully. She made sure that Lin couldn't get an eyeful of anything intimate as her fingers roamed BB-8's shell. "Help me," she huffed, starting to turn the droid.

Lin inhaled sharply, helping Kayla turn BB-8 over to show her the purple device that was shoved into his data port.

Kayla was very quiet, letting her index finger ghost over the device. Her dark eyes glistened as they roamed over BB-8.

"If anything, we have joint custody," Lin replied, getting Kayla to glare at him.

"Okay, how did this happen?" Kayla asked, resting her hand on BB-8. "I just left BB-8 a few minutes ago and sent him to wake you up."

Lin cleared his throat. "He was out in the hall. I thought I was having a strange dream where BB-8 was being chased by someone. A young man in a cloak, though I couldn't see his face. He gave me the impression that he came from money or influence. Something about the way he spoke. I realized that it wasn't a dream and that the noise was coming from outside. That's when I stumbled out of bed and found him by my door."

Kayla sighed, realizing she was partly to blame. The Force should have alerted her to the malcontent waiting nearby. Whoever attacked BB-8 likely watched her run down the corridors and leave the droid alone. "Let me get some clothes on," she murmured, padding towards the privacy screen in her mother's quarters.

"Who could have done this?" Lin asked, following her as she disappeared behind the screen. A hint of Kayla's silhouette was visible as she started to rummage for clothes.

"I'm not sure," she answered, muffled by the shirt going over her head. She smoothed the garment over her body as it clung to her glistening skin. "We'll get BB-8 to my mother. I've never seen a device like that before. It could be Imperial in design and no one knows those relics like the Grandmaster," Kayla yelled from behind the screen.
Lin shut his eyes, "Uh, crap." His hand glided over BB-8 as a terrible thought washed over him. "Whoever it was, they got what they were after."

Rey's head popped out from behind the screen, "Hmm, what would that be?"

The Gray Leader stood, as Kayla emerged in her Jedi attire.

"The First Order maps. The one's containing the rogue planet housing Leviathan," Lin said, running his hands through his hair. "I think it's safe to say that there is a spy on the temple premises."

Kayla stepped very close to Lin, running the towel through her hair. She thought about what he said before draping the towel over her shoulder. "I can't believe what you're suggesting."

"Is it really so hard to believe?" Lin scoffed. "Look at the evidence, Kayla. The person that attacked BB-8 is probably the same person that sent the guards out the airlock."

Kayla rolled her eyes and shook her head. "Don't you dare suggest that this was Finn," she said sternly. "You don't have an unbiased opinion when it comes to him and trust me, I've known Finn my entire life."

"This may not have been Finn. But you need to consider the possibility that I am right and that this was one of his crew members. Because if there's a chance that I am, then there is a spy feeding Owen Skywalker everything that is happening within these walls," Lin warned.

Kayla fell very silent and bit her bottom lip. She looked deeply into Lin's eyes and he could tell that she was mulling everything over. Kayla's stillness and contemplative look became slightly unnerving and Lin found himself wondering what was running through her mind. He couldn't take the lull in the conversation and cleared his throat.

"And I'll tell you something else—if I'm right and we don't figure out who it is and soon—you and Hanna may be flying into a trap on Coruscant," Lin stated.

"Okay," Kayla said, nodding slowly. She closed her eyes to summon the Force. She swallowed hard before communicating a brief request to her mother.

*Mom, we're in your quarters. Please hurry.*

Lin heard a lightsaber ignite behind him and he turned slowly to see Grandmaster Rey Kenobi standing in the doorway. Her brow furrowed as her eyes flicked from Lin to Kayla and then back to Lin.

Rey was less than pleased to see Lin and Kayla in her room. She was a mess from her impromptu sparring session with Kylo Ren. Loose strands of hair spilled from her hair ties. Rey's cheeks were flushed and she had a dull ache between her legs. The feeling left her frustrated.

"What's he doing in here?" Rey asked, staring at Lin but addressing her daughter. She adjusted the collar to her vest, hiding the red marks that Kylo had left there.

*She really doesn't like me,* Lin thought, letting out a nervous chuckle. He turned his head to the side, trying to get a glimpse of Kayla. Lin knew that eventually he'd need to win Rey over… she could make things difficult for him. Especially if he wanted to *stay.*

And there was a reason to stay.
Kayla walked to Lin's side, "He came to find me because someone attacked BB-8." The slightest hint of an accent escaped Kayla's lips, as she spoke. She sounded a lot like her mother when she was excited or concerned.

Rey's eyes dropped to the floor, seeing BB-8 lying behind them. She killed the ignition to her lightsaber and brushed past the pair in front of her.

"Oh, BB-8," she cooed, kneeling and inspecting her old friend. Her palm gently rested near the purple device. "It's... it's a retro data mining drive. The casing is new," she added looking at the semi-transparent, purple housing. "The internal components have been modified. This part on the end shouldn't be here. I'm not sure what it's for."

Rey found this attack on BB-8 and the device that was jammed into him to be concerning for several reasons.

"I need to speak with Finn and increase our perimeter security at once," Rey said to herself, more than anything.

"How did the assailant get away with the data, if the device is still attached?" Kayla asked. She looked over to Lin, who hadn't considered that part. The Gray Leader assumed that the data within BB-8 had been stolen. But now Kayla wasn't so sure.

Lin shook his head slowly, having no idea how to answer her inquiry.

Rey's lips pressed tightly together as she thought about her daughter's question. "The drive probably used BB-8's transmitter to send the data to a nearby array."

Kayla and Lin exchanged quick glances. The connection between them spiked.

"A communications dish," Lin said.

"If there is an array nearby..." Kayla started.

"We can get physical evidence from it and track down BB-8's assailant," Lin said. "We could also track the signal and probably figure out where Owen Skywalker is hiding." He was too wound up to wait for a response. Lin ran out the doors, going for his lightsaber. In all the commotion, he had left his weapon in the spare room next to Kayla's quarters.

Rey looked at her daughter with concern. Kayla felt her mother's eyes on her and she made a clicking sound in annoyance.

"What?" Kayla asked defensively.

Rey shook her head and scoffed loudly. Kayla and Lin were headed down a dangerous path; one eerily similar to the path that she and Kylo Ren had walked at their age.

"How long have you two been finishing each other's thoughts?" Rey asked with a heavy sigh.

Kayla wasn't sure how to respond to the question. She hadn't spoken much about the budding Bond with Lin Dameron. In fact, she had spoken only briefly with her mother since they had returned with Hanna.

Rey pinched the bridge of her nose after noticing the damage done to her quarters. "Hanna painted those doors for me before she left for the engineering corps. I like these doors even more than the starry mural she made in the meditation rooms."
"I know, mom," Kayla said softly.  

The Grandmaster stared at the busted doorway. Her eyes traveled far into the distance, leaving the Jedi Temple and planet altogether. Kayla knew from her mother's expression that she was getting a glimpse of the future.  

"What is it, mom?" Kayla asked.  

"With everything we're facing, the Jedi Order needs all the allies we can get. Every asset we have at our disposal will be crucial in the war to come. We need to be united if we're going to stop Owen Skywalker," Rey said. "United," she repeated, much softer.  

Kayla furrowed her brow, concentrating on everything her mother was saying.  

"Go after Lin and make sure he comes back. I'll take care of BB-8," Rey said.  

"You should know that Lin is more than an asset. I know that's how Grandma sees him. But…"  

Kayla's voice trailed off as she squinted at her mother. "Did you just have a vision about Lin Dameron?"  

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Hanna stood outside the entrance to the sparring room. She adjusted her long ponytail and exhaled deeply. On the other side of these doors was Kylo Ren and her heart began to race. A surge of nervous energy coursed through her body and caused her fingertips to twitch.  

"I can do this," Hanna said, placing her hands flat against the door. She didn't know where these feelings were coming from but she powered through and pushed her way inside.  

The sparring room became dark, as if it was nighttime. It was an ominous sight, with scattered patches of moonlight hitting the walls and floor. Hanna's eyes struggled to adjust to the darkness as she crept forward. She could sense that Kylo Ren was close, but she couldn't see him. The Dark Side consumed everything around Hanna, pulling her further toward the center of the room.  

"Dad," Hanna called out, trying her best to scan the room. Her instincts told her that she wasn't alone and that there were multiple sets of eyes on her. The sensation made the hairs on the back of her neck stand up.  

Hanna reached for her lightsaber but it was yanked from her thigh clip before her fingers touched it.  

"Kriff," she yelled out, diving in the direction of the hilt. It quickly disappeared and Hanna felt vulnerable. She scrambled to her feet and took a defensive posture. Zel taught her how to fight hand to hand and she could defend herself if needed.  

The shadows in the dimly lit room started to move, making Hanna gasp in surprise. From above, she heard a loud, electronic voice begin to speak.  

"Fear," came the distinct hiss of Kylo Ren's vocoder. "It can make you stronger. You must learn to harness it."  

One of the shadows rose from the ground, forming the silhouette of a cloaked figure. The hooded man got within arms-length of Hanna and took a swing at her. The dark apprentice dove out of the way, but didn't counter the attack.  

"You must strike, Hanna. Use the Force to attack your enemies. Harness your fear and that rush of adrenaline to fight back. You will find that it gives you the strength and the speed to do what is
necessary," Kylo said.

Hanna twirled around to face her phantom attacker. She hesitated for a moment as a second shadow reached out and struck her from behind. The dark apprentice tumbled forward with a grunt and scraped her knees against the mats.

She pushed herself off the canvas and whipped around to face the shadowy figures that were outnumbering her.

"So, this is Sith training," Hanna said with a wince. It was vastly different from what she had seen growing up in the Jedi Temple. The young woman was present for many of her mother's lessons, as well as Ahsoka's. She realized it was foolish to draw upon those experiences in order to navigate the present challenges.

This was even a marked deviation from anything Owen Skywalker had taught her. Perhaps that was because she hadn't reached her full potential. Hanna realized that this was the first step into a larger universe for her. And that Kylo Ren was tossing her in the deep end.

Two shadow knights closed the gap on Hanna, reaching into their robes — or rather what appeared to look like robes made out of smoke and fire. They pulled out crimson lightsabers which roared to life. The menacing shadows held for a moment, as if awaiting permission from Kylo Ren.

"You and I are to be the only Dark Side practitioners in the galaxy. What you've learned of the Force and what you think you know will not save you here. You can't bat your eyes at these enemies and bend them to your will," Kylo bellowed down to her.

Hanna's eyes narrowed and she exhaled through her nostrils. "Bat my eyes?" She was angry now, knowing that she would have to fight her way out. Hanna's hand stretched out to summon her saber from the darkness. An ivory hilt came flying into her hand instead.

The lightsaber was not the one she was expecting; it had more weight and more size to it. Her thumb passed over the ignition and it roared to life in a strong, fiery blue flame. A second later, the crossguards flared out from the sides.

Hanna's stunned expression faded instantly and was replaced with one of determination. She rose the saber to block the first parry. Her blue blade moved swiftly and deflected the onslaught of crimson strikes.

Kylo Ren's voice entered her mind. He spoke naturally to her, without the distortion of the mask.

"That's it, Padawan. Now, show me what you fear," he said.

Hanna broke away from the first attacker and threw a Force Push at the second figure. The phantom was stopped in place, but the Push didn't disable the warrior like Hanna had anticipated. It simply wasn't strong enough.

Hanna cursed herself as a series of images flashed across her mind.

"You fear losing your sister. That she will be killed in battle because you weren't there to aid her. You fear… losing your commander. That he will sacrifice his life for yours. Or worse, that he will leave... so that you may reach your full potential," Kylo said in a low voice. "I see what makes you afraid. If you only had the power to do something about it."

Hanna let out a primal scream and thrust her hand toward the second phantom again. The shadow knight flew across the sparring room and exploded into a smoky cloud. She turned swiftly and lifted
her blade to re-engage the first attacker. Hanna locked her saber against the threatening shadow. She leaned in, getting as close as she could. The dark apprentice used the crossguards and shoved them into the phantom's shoulder.

Her foe's crimson lightsaber dropped to the ground and shut off. The shadow knight's mouth open wide and he backed away in pain, grabbing the billowing gash in his shoulder. Hanna took advantage of the opening and cut across the waist of the dark figure. The shadow erupted into a cloud of ash, burning hot from the mortal wound and spreading outward.

Hanna twirled her new lightsaber with a victorious flare. She gripped the ivory hilt tightly, realizing how much more she enjoyed the heft of the weapon. Hanna admired the crossguards and knew she would have an advantage going into battle from now on.

The dark apprentice didn't have much time to celebrate before the next batch of shadow knights were upon her.

Kylo Ren watched from above, leaning over the railing. He was very still and was careful not to make a sound, unless Hanna truly needed his advice. His daughter moved quickly and elegantly, with the grace of a dancer. She was a beautiful and deadly sight to behold. Hanna's blue crossguard sliced through the air and scattered the menacing shadows.

One after another, shadow knights came from the corners of the room and circled the dark apprentice. She navigated through them, thinning the numbers and evening the odds.

Finn dropped his wrench into his tool chest and reached for the towel hanging on a clip near his work bench. He had woken early this morning, after an uneasy night of sleep. Finn headed out to the hangar and started doing maintenance on weapons. The task was the sort of thing that he used to do as a low ranking officer in the early days of the Resistance.

Even now, as Leia's second in command, the repetitive nature of the work helped clear his mind. Finn quickly lost track of time, breaking down and cleaning rifles. He stopped every so often to cart a batch of blasters to the range near the hangar and test their accuracy.

Dabbing the towel against his sweaty forehead, Finn sighed. He felt like he had let the Jedi Order down by hiring contract workers. It was a mistake that he had expected to be reprimanded for, but Leia had said nothing... yet. Finn knew the General and imagined that conversation would be coming soon. He also felt responsible for the deaths of the rogue guards. Crew safety rested squarely on his shoulders, even if they had tried to collect a bounty on Lin Dameron.

There was a real chance that Finn could have lost his godson, had those guards played things differently. Luckily, Lin was able to escape imprisonment and fight off the guards trying to collect on the bounty. The Marauders were also spared a grizzly fate because of Lin's talents. Anyone less would have been screwed in that situation. The Force was with Lin.

That realization didn't ease Finn's conscious however. There was also the nagging issue that one of his crew had killed the rogue guards. Finn continued to replay the events over and over in his mind. He couldn't figure out who could have done that and why.

Finn looked over to the next set of workstation stalls. Zel's Marauders were working on repairing their transparent armor. They were being watched closely by Padawan Colton and another apprentice that Finn didn't know very well. He struggled to come up with the young man's name on the few occasions he bumped into him.
From the looks of things, Colton was less than pleased that Finn allowed the Marauders to fix their gear. He paced back and forth, glowering at the warriors as they worked. Colton had an expression on his face, like he couldn't stand the smell of the Marauders. Finn shook his head, making a note to talk to Kayla about the teenager's behavior.

Finn went back to work, welcoming the additional sounds of crank wrenches and welding equipment. The Marauders weren't hurting anything by being there. They worked efficiently and the men rarely spoke. When they did, it was in their native tongue. Finn listened carefully to the foreign dialect while he gulped down water from his canister.

The sound of a cart wheeling and a slight commotion from the southern entrance made Finn rip the canister from his lips.

Rey entered the hangar and pointed towards Finn's direction. A couple younger padawans were not far behind, pushing BB-8 on a cart.

"Ah, shit," Finn said, putting the canister down and jogging towards Rey.

Lin raced through the gates of the Jedi Temple, disturbing the doves that were scouring the grounds. Kayla was trying to catch him, surprised by the Gray Leader's speed.

"Wait," she called out, using the Force to accelerate and cut down the distance between them.

"This way," Lin shouted over his shoulder, heading up the grassy hill just north of the temple grounds.

"How can you be so sure?" Kayla asked, through ragged breaths, matching him stride for stride.

"I… just am," Lin said, pulling his lightsaber from his belt.

A small explosion sounded from the top of the hill. It sounded like a bomb going off, as Lin swore there were a faint series of "beeps" before the primary detonation. Lin and Kayla slowed down and activated their weapons simultaneously. A black cloud billowed from behind two large bushes.

"Hold here," Kayla said, sensing there was an additional threat nearby. She squinted at the bushes, trying to uncover the source of the feeling.

The bushes rustled and then were trampled altogether. Two red and black droidekas rolled toward the Force users, leaving their camouflaged hiding places.

"What the hell?" Lin blurted out. Kayla used a Force Push to shove Lin away from the charging droids. The Jedi Knight flipped through the air, just in time to avoid the droid barreling down on her position.

"Stay back," Kayla warned, following the trajectory of the destroyers. The relics swung around the top of the hill, crossing paths. They came to an abrupt stop and started firing. Lin had never seen anything like these droids before. He was slow to react and was fortunate that Kayla froze the first set of incoming blasts before they reached him.

"Defense!" Kayla hissed, using the Force to send the blasts back to the destroyers.

Lin's swallowed hard and scrambled to his feet. He deflected the next series of shots back at the droidekas. The destroyers shielded themselves with a blue band of energy, absorbing Lin's counter
attacks. Undeterred, their weapons continued firing through the protective force fields.

"Oh, that's bullshit," Lin said, blocking the repetitive rounds of blaster fire. Kayla didn't respond, as a shot came close enough to singe the tiny hairs along her forearm. The Jedi Knight narrowed her gaze, having enough of the stalemate.

"Cover me," Kayla ordered, taking a step back to summon the Force between her fingertips. Lin set himself in front of the Jedi Knight, deflecting twice the bombardment to protect them both.

Kayla built up an immense wave of energy around her waist, before shouting, "Move!" to Lin. The Gray Leader blocked the next two shots and barely got out of Kayla's way. She twisted her hips and lunged forward, unleashing a mighty Force Push. It was so powerful that the Push rippled through the air in a cone, swatting the incoming blaster fire off from their deadly trajectory.

Kayla's wave of energy pressed forward, lifting the Clone War relics off the ground and into the air. The destroyers flew backward and their shield generators lost power. Lin watched in stunned admiration as the droidekas appeared to fall in slow motion.

As if reading Kayla's thoughts, Lin sprang forward and pursued the falling droids. He moved like a blur, much faster than he ever had in his entire life.

Lin caught the first droid before it landed, slicing overhead and clean through it with his emerald lightsaber. He seamlessly stopped his momentum with a somersault. His lightsaber thrust forward and held firmly, as the second destroyer fell through the blade. The droideka bifurcated right down the middle and fell motionless in a smoldering heap.

"Whoa," Lin said, holding his pose. It all happened so fast that he didn't have time to think about his actions. He simply reacted and trusted his instincts. "We made a great team," he said with a smirk.

The destroyers sparked and scorched the ground beneath them. The smell of leaky power cells and molten wires filled the air. Lin eyed both piles of destroyers, making sure the deadly relics were no longer a threat.

Once Lin was satisfied, he turned back to find Kayla kneeling by the damaged communications dish. It was painted in greens and would have been difficult to see surrounded by the nearby vegetation. The dish was now scorched in black; evidence of sabotage. Someone didn't want Lin or Kayla getting close to the array.

"Damn," Kayla said, ripping her hand away from the hot, metallic data recorder. It burned her fingertips and she could have kicked herself for being so careless. The metal box was likely damaged beyond repair, but the Jedi Knight was determined to recover whatever data she could from it.

Lin hovered over Kayla, catching his breath. His eyes roamed over the busted remains of a compact thermal detonator. "What were those things?" he asked.

"You mean you don't know?" Kayla asked, sounding very annoyed. She stood and sucked her thumb, soothing the burn.

He shook his head. Lin wasn't sure what Kayla was getting at. He took a closer look at the small communications dish. "Is this… is this from an X-Wing?" he asked, looking puzzled.

"Yes," Kayla said, narrowing her eyes at the Gray Leader. "The dish was rigged to blow with a small thermal detonator. To answer your question, those things were destroyers from the Clone Wars." The Jedi pulled off her vest and used it to handle the hot data recorder.
"The Clone Wars," Lin repeated, looking back to the severed droids. It seemed so unlikely, but he knew that Kayla was intelligent and knew her history.

"Clearly someone with underground connections stumbled upon a cache of Separatist destroyers. Someone with knowledge of X-Wings. Someone familiar with the Jedi Temple and an axe to grind against the order," Kayla said, heading back for the temple gates. "The destroyers were left here in case someone happened upon the communications dish," she shouted over her shoulder.

Lin jogged so that he could catch up to Kayla. He was struggling to process the information and didn't like what she was saying.

"What are you implying, Kayla?" Lin asked, reaching for her hand to stop her. She ripped it away from him, just as his fingers grazed against her palm.

"You knew right where the communications array would be," Kayla said, clenching her jaw. She glared at him for a moment before passing into the gates of the Jedi Temple. Stunned, Lin watched her leave, wondering if this was some sort of sick joke. Realizing that couldn't be the case, he rushed to catch up with Kayla.

"The dish… the damn dish came off an X-Wing," she reiterated, shaking her head in disgust.

"Kayla, you can't possibly think I had something to do with this? You mean to say that I attacked BB-8 and sent those guards out the airlock?" Lin asked, incredulously. "It's like you don't know me at all. I… I could never do anything to hurt you."

The Jedi Knight gave a wave of her hand and summoned the approaching padawans to her side. They had heard the explosion outside the gates and came to investigate. The sounds of lightsabers and blasters near the temple walls had everyone on the alert.

"What… what's this?" Lin asked, placing his hands over his clipped hilt. He scanned the crowd of padawans that were glaring in his direction. Lin's ears were ringing and he wondered if the Force was warning him to draw his weapon and fight.

"You had me so convinced," Kayla said, cracking her index and middle fingers. The sound made Lin's eyes travel to the Jedi's hands. They were down at her sides, resting closely near her lightsaber.

Lin was alarmed and fought off the instinct to grab his weapon and ignite it.

"It makes perfect sense. There isn't a mole within our ranks. It's been you the entire time. You… Lin. You're the one who attacked BB-8. You killed those rogue guards, too. You sent a clear message to any bounty hunter: this is what happens when they try to collect on Lin Dameron." Kayla said. Her voice shook ever so slightly as the padawans behind her fanned out and ignited their lightsabers.

A large, blue padawan with a saberstaff stalked forward. His belt had a pair of Jedi restraints clipped near the sides. Lin knew full well what these restraints would neutralize. A look of fear swept over the Gray Leader.

"You can't fight your way out of this, Lin," Kayla warned. Her lightsaber jumped off her belt and landed into her hand. She didn't ignite it, trapping Lin's gaze with her darkened eyes.

*Trust me*, her voice rang out in his mind.

Lin scoffed and his jaw dropped open. He wasn't sure what the hell Kayla's problem was. "I… how can you possibly think that I am behind this?" he stuttered.
"Your weapon," Kayla demanded, clenching her jaw.

"This weapon is my livelihood. You're not taking it," Lin said, growing angry. The padawans surrounded him in a circle. He exhaled deeply, wondering what move he could make without hurting anyone. His eyes fell back onto Kayla's.

Lin could fight. He could strike them all down… except for Kayla. It wasn't worth hurting someone he cared for. The fire left his eyes and Lin sighed. He raised both hands up in front of him, throwing in the towel. As he did so, Kayla used the Force to summon Lin's lightsaber.

"Ku-Wele, escort this man back to his room," Kayla ordered. "I want padawans guarding him around the clock."

The large blue padawan shoved Lin in the back. The Gray Leader chuckled, though he didn't find it funny at all. It was all he could do not to turn around and deck the large padawan responsible.

"I don't want to use the Jedi restraints, Lin," Kayla said, as she followed from behind. Ku-Wele and four other padawans surrounded Lin and marched him to the dormitories.

Lin didn't say anything, during the walk. He could feel Kayla's presence through the Force, but he couldn't figure out how to communicate with her. Kayla was silent too, keeping her thoughts guarded. She didn't take her eyes off Lin until he was shoved back into his quarters.

Rey restarted BB-8 after successfully extracting the purple device. The subtle sounds of servos and belts inside the droid kicked in first, before BB-8's lenses reactivated. The droid came back to life and purred, recognizing his old friend.

The Grandmaster smiled at BB-8 and her sparkling eyes flicked up to meet Finn's. He breathed a sigh of relief before flashing Rey a brilliant smile. The little droid beeped and wiggled at Rey, wondering what had happened.

"BB-8, it appears as though you were attacked. True to form however, you are a tough little guy and you should be fine," Rey said, patting the top of his head. "We'll keep you in low power mode, just to be sure."

Finn's communicator cracked next to the workbench that BB-8 was resting on. Finn lifted the droid back down to the ground before answering his communicator.

"Finn here," he said, smiling and watching BB-8 circle Rey jubilantly.

Kayla's voice came from the other end. "Finn, I need you to grab the Grandmaster and meet me in the general's headquarters. Please hurry, I don't have long before Ahsoka gets here."

"Okay," Finn said suppressing a laugh. "You'll be relieved to hear that your mother fixed BB-8," Finn said, as the orange and white droid brushed against his legs.

Kayla paused and looked at her grandmother. "Ah, I am so relieved," she replied. The Jedi exhaled and grinned widely. "Please bring him along if it's safe for him to move around."

Rey nodded at Finn, who relayed the answer to Kayla. The Grandmaster turned her attention to the skies above the hangar. She noticed the faint silhouette of a transport ship in the distance.

"Well, whatever Kayla needs, we'd better hurry. Ahsoka will be here in a few minutes," Rey said. It was critical that the Jedi and Marauders reach Coruscant and collect Hanna's forces there.
The Marauders overheard Rey and they began gathering their armor. Commander Zel was with them, giving his men last minute instructions.

"Did you hear that?" Finn relayed to Kayla.

"Yes," Kayla said, looking at the data screens that her grandmother pulled up overhead. "See you soon." The Jedi Knight placed her communicator down and walked over to look at the profile of Lin Dameron that was on the screens. Surrounding his graphic were dozens of minimized profiles containing the backgrounds of Finn's crewman.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Leia said, frowning at the most recent data entry.

"It's imperative that the galaxy believes Lin Dameron was behind this all. It will buy us time to find the real culprit," Kayla said, swallowing hard. "There is a traitor within our ranks and I want them to let their guard down."

"A traitor within the Jedi Order," Leia stated, submitting the recent entry to Lin's profile. The upload went out to all the ships in the Republic.

"Yes. I want the culprit to believe that we suspect Lin — beyond a shadow of a doubt. That will give you and mom time to sort out the real perpetrator. It will also give Finn a chance to track down General Hux. He's got the First Order maps in his possession again. I trust that Hanna is right and his first move will be to collect Leviathan."

Leia nodded in agreement. "This means dragging Lin's name further through the mud. He's been making strides lately, Kayla," General Organa said, pushing away Lin's profile. "I'm the last person to be judging you, believe me. I've put Lin in danger as an operative and spy."

"Grandma," Kayla sighed.

"It's different, Kay. It's different when you are using someone you love," Leia said.

"I will think of a way to make it up to him," Kayla replied, crossing her arms. She wasn't sure how though. "And I don't love him," the young Jedi added.

Hanna dropped to her knees, resting in the center of the mats. Billowy piles of smoke were scattered throughout the space. The remnants of the shadow knights slowly burned away; becoming nothing at all.

The darkness within the sparring room was chased away by the morning sun. The light came bursting through the windows, warming the cold space. Hanna shut her eyes, allowing herself to adjust to the sudden brightness.

"Not bad," Kylo Ren's voice boomed from above.

He hopped over the railing and fell three stories. With a loud thump, he landed on the mats below. Hanna's eyes shot open at the sound.

"You could have killed me," she said, melodramatically. Her body was sore all over; Hanna struggled to lift her arms to undo her hair tie.

"The Force is with you, Hanna. You will never be in mortal danger... not with the Force as your weapon," Kylo said, walking towards his daughter.
"Dad… cut the crap," Hanna said, leaning back on her palms.

"Fine. Don't be late again," Kylo said, extending his hand toward his daughter. She reluctantly took it and allowed him to pull her upright. "We should get changed for the mission. Ahsoka is here."

"Fear," Hanna said softly, as she limped toward the exits. Her thoughts went to Kayla and Zel. The fear of losing them was too much to bear. "It can be… highly motivating," she admitted.

Kylo Ren held the door open for her, kissing Hanna's forehead as she passed.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to my lovely beta Perry Downing for being an awesome human being. So... a couple things. I really want to check in on the bad guys and I think the timing is right in the next chapter to do so. I've also been dying to get into Dark Side training. I want more of those scenes with Kylo Ren and Hanna... it will be my interpretation of it anyway.

And we're finally going to go after one or possibly two of the big bads in this story, starting with Leviathan. It looms large over everything and I think there will be some cool surprises along the way! Thank you for reading and reviewing!
Ahsoka's shuttle landed in the Jedi hangars. The cargo and passenger ramps lowered, sending smoke billowing from the exhaust vents.

The Marauders were ready, sitting in a semi circle along a grouping of crates. They grabbed the rest of their gear and began loading the transport without Zel needing to give the order.

Zel stood and stretched, glad to have his armor back on. He worked his shoulder and spaulder, getting the leather straps and metal to rest naturally in place.

His extended Z6 riot baton had finally been repaired. The Z6 staff leaned against the crate that Zel was sitting on. Once he had finished stretching both arms, the commander reached for his staff and collapsed the handle. In a swift move, he twirled the weapon behind his back. With a snap, it secured onto the brace running along his spine.

"Finally," he said with a smirk. It felt great to have his primary weapon back in his hands again.

A strange noise rattled from behind the rows of stacked supply crates. It made Zel whip around, feeling as though he was being watched. His eyes narrowed as the aroma of lavender and vanilla filled his nostrils.

"Hanna," he whispered, knowing that she was near. He slipped behind the supply crates, indulging in her little game. The narrow channels between crates was barely wide enough for Zel to navigate. It was like a small maze and he quickly realized he had made a wrong turn.

Zel felt the wind against his back and he knew it was her. Before he could turn around, a cold hilt was pressed into his lower back. The commander froze and swallowed hard. He knew it was a lightsaber.

"My life is yours to take," Zel spoke softly, "it belongs to you."

Hanna leaned forward, getting on her tippy toes. "You're so dramatic," she hissed, pressing the lightsaber hilt deeper into his back. "I can't stop thinking about last night," she continued. "Or how you woke me up this morning."

Zel's hands reached behind him. Hanna clipped her lightsaber and jumped onto his back, wrapping her legs around his waist. Zel's hands caught her thighs, supporting her weight. Without warning, Hanna sucked Zel's earlobe between her soft lips. Knowing the effect this had on him, she bit down and pulled.

"I will wake you like that every morning," he grunted, squeezing the backs of her thighs tighter.

"And I would take you right here, if we only had the time," Hanna hissed. "Holding this new, powerful lightsaber all morning keeps reminding me of your cock. I want to reach around right now and grab you with both hands. I know you're hard for me."
"Ah," Zel hissed, as Hanna bit down onto the base of his neck.

The commander's breathing quickly became erratic. He could see through a narrow space between the stacks of crates. Ahsoka was descending the passenger ramp and scanning the hangars. Kylo Ren passed her on the way down. The Sith Master was decked in his usual black. Moving up the ramp, Kylo looked like the harvester of souls; a superstition among Zel's tribe.

"Damn, woman. You will be the death of me," Zel said, trying to calm himself. The mission was where his focus should be. Hanna's hot breath ran along his neck, making it impossible to concentrate on anything else. It was all he could do to refrain from fucking her right there. "They will be looking for us," he sighed. "We would be caught."

"Fine," Hanna said, keeping her dark red lips just inches from his ear. "I want you to tell me that this giant cock of yours belongs to me... and me alone. Say it, commander."

"My cock belongs to you," he snapped, grabbing Hanna's ass and pulling her around to face him. Lady Shade gave in, sliding along Zel's waist and making it easier for him. She settled back into place and draped her arms around his neck.

Zel pulled her tightly against his chest, as he nuzzled his nose just behind her ear.

"I'm yours," he whispered, just loud enough for Hanna to hear.

"I thought you were gonna bring BB-8 along," Kayla said, breaking the uncomfortable silence in the room.

Her mother sighed heavily in response, crossing her arms. "BB-8 said he had an urgent message to deliver," Rey said.

"That was probably my message from earlier today," Kayla replied.

"Kayla, stop changing the subject. I'm incredibly disappointed with this rash behavior," Rey continued. "Honestly, what were you thinking going behind my back and orchestrating this plan? You had to know that I wouldn't approve."

The young Jedi Knight looked to her grandmother for help, but Leia chose to stay silent. She wanted her granddaughter to find her voice and stick up for her decision. Kayla sensed this and went on the defensive.

"This is the quickest way to find the mole within the Jedi Temple. Whether it's one of Finn's people or one of our own. Blaming Lin for BB-8's sabotage will likely keep the infiltrator here longer, allowing us to uncover their identity."

"Us?" Rey asked, pinching the bridge of her nose. Although Lin Dameron wasn't Rey's favorite person, he kept his promise and returned Hanna to her family. Dragging his name further into the mud, seemed like a heartless tactic.

"Yes. We use the people we trust; which means keeping it within this room. When we capture the true culprit, they will give us the information we need. They stole the First Order maps from BB-8 and sent them to General Hux and Owen Skywalker. That means the mole knows where Owen is and they will surrender his location," Kayla said confidently. "The Republic Fleet can move in and stop this uprising before it starts — before the First Order can get to Leviathan."

"Before the galaxy erupts in war," Rey stated coldly, shifting her gaze to Leia. This was the kind of
tactic the general would use; setting an asset up in such an impersonal way. To hear the idea originating from her daughter was a bit concerning. Especially since Kayla had feelings for this young man.

"What a mess," Rey said softly.

"It's a tough call, but I endorse this play," Leia stated, finally speaking up. "I know this means Lin is on the hook again for a myriad of charges. That is something I can deal with after the fact."

Rey scoffed at that. Leia's influence aside, the Gray Leader was facing charges of espionage, terrorism and multiple counts of murder.

"Using Lin like this, while keeping him in the dark — I wish you would have consulted me first," Rey said, sternly. She knew how much Kayla cared for Lin. This wasn't going to end well.

"Lin is partially to blame anyway," Kayla replied defensively. "He stole the plans from our archives. So, some hard choices needed to be made. Because of his actions, the Jedi Order is vulnerable. Drastic measures are required."

"Kayla," Rey said, with a disappointed tone.

"It will keep Lin safe," Kayla snapped, glowering at her mother. "There is a galaxy full of bounty hunters that will think twice, before coming after Lin Dameron. The risk far outweighs the reward. Who would be foolish enough to come for Lin now? Especially if he reportedly executes bounty hunters by sending them into the vacuum of space."

The Jedi Knight's cheeks flushed red, as the underlying reason for all of this spread into the open. In her own way, Kayla was trying to protect Lin.

"How is this any worse than putting dad in frozen carbonite?" Kayla added after a pause.

The conference room fell silent. The computers and data screens around the center table hummed and blipped; accounting for the only faint sounds in the space.

"I didn't… I didn't mean that mom," Kayla said, immediately regretting the low shot. "Please, forgive me."

Rey's wet, almond eyes drifted over to Finn. She was hoping he would back her up on this. Finn was standing with his arms crossed, leaning against a marble pillar. The atmosphere in the room turned pretty tense, rather quickly, and he was hoping to stay out of the conversation.

"Finn," Rey said, "Lin is your godson, don't you have an opinion on this?"

Suddenly all eyes were on him and the Republic commander could no longer sit on the sidelines. He bumped the back of his head against the column, before shoving off and clearing his throat.

"It sounds like it's already been done, right?" He asked rhetorically, joining the women in the center of the conference room. He sat against the edge of the round table. "Let's make damn sure we find the real perpetrator. At the very least, we need to uncover his or her identity," he said, keeping his tone even.

In truth, Finn wasn't sure how he felt about using Lin. It would take a massive effort to repair the relationship with his godson. But that wasn't really the issue. Finn understood that finding Leviathan and Checkpoint was paramount. It meant securing peace for the galaxy.
"As much as it pains me to say this, there is a tactical advantage by using Lin. It will make our advisories complacent. I want them to feel… safe," Finn said, furrowing his brows. "Let them feel like they've pulled one over on the Jedi. And I will be there, to wipe the smile off their faces."

Kayla got goosebumps, listening to Finn. Her pulse quickened, as she realized that everyone would back her decision now; including her mother. For a brief moment, she pressed against the connection with Lin. She wanted to make sure the Gray Leader was alright. Kayla hoped to send him some kind of message that would make him understand, but her grandmother's voice pulled her back into the discussion.

"So, we can divide our efforts then," General Organa stated, bringing up the files she had on Leviathan and General Hux.

Finn glared at the hovering graphics above the table. "I feel like I should be the one to sort out the mole," he said, sounding a bit vindictive. Before anyone could protest, he continued, "But yes, I think we're on the same page. Finding General Hux is an absolute priority and we shouldn't wait. Especially if he has sorted out Leviathan's location. I'm bringing in the Elites to help us."

The general nodded at Finn, before putting on a pair of slim spectacles. "That's an excellent idea," she replied. Leia gestured for her assistants to return to the room, now that the private discussion was coming to an end.

Kayla knew that she was making Ahsoka wait. Everyone else had already boarded the transport for Coruscant. She could feel Hanna searching the Force for her, nudging her sister to come along.

As if sensing Kayla's slight hesitation to leave, the general spoke up.

"We'll tell Lin something to make this more palatable," Leia said, without taking her eyes off the changing data screens. "Now, what was the last known location of Armitage Hux?" she asked, turning to her assistant.

Kayla swallowed hard. "What will you tell Lin?" she asked, hoarsely.

"The truth," Rey interjected, resting her hands on her hips. "I believe you have a mission, Jedi Kenobi."

Armitage Hux stood on the bridge of the Finalizer, gazing just past the horrific images in front of him. Scores of bodies lay motionless, burning on the holographic projections. Hux chose to focus on the serene nebula just outside the forward viewscreen. With the volume muted, it was easy for him to ignore the clear signs of human suffering on the surveillance footage.

"It's done then," Hux said stiffly. "Turn that off and resume our course to the next objective." Hux left his hands behind his back, stepping straight through the holographic projection. He paced the catwalks as the crew below acknowledged and carried out his next order.

Hux stopped close enough to the viewscreen to see his own reflection in the shielded glass. He admired the pristine, white uniform and its matching cape. He always wanted to wear these colors and bars. As grand admiral, he finally could.

"Grand Admiral Hux," one of his subordinates said from behind. The officer removed his hat and placed it into the crook of his arm.

Hux turned away from the viewscreen and narrowed his beady eyes on the shorter man. "What is it, Commander Mitaka?" he asked.
"It's Lord Skywalker, sir. He requests your presence," the commander replied, looking unusually pale.

Of course he does, Hux thought. The grand admiral brushed past Commander Mitaka and exited the bridge. He took long strides, knowing that Owen Skywalker hated waiting. This had become a daily routine, having to report to the restless Force user.

Lord Skywalker barely slept, now that Hanna was free of his hold. It made things rather difficult for the grand admiral, since the withering distraction was on board the Finalizer. The constant check-ups made Hux feel like a child, despite earning him the promotion he had eyed as a young man.

The Finalizer crew had only just recovered the First Order star maps. At least there was something new to report on the search for Leviathan. Hux prepared mentally, eyeing the doors at the far end of the main corridor.

Tracking the missing rogue planet was not going to be easy. The project was top secret during its day and only a handful of people knew its last location. Hux made notes of this, readying a rehearsed response just in case he needed it. It was a tactic he often used with Kylo Ren and the Supreme Leader — rehearsing answers and anticipating questions. He found that it kept the Dark Force users from entering his thoughts and catching glimpses of things he didn't want them to see.

Guards on either side of the chamber doors saluted the grand admiral, before holding the entrance open for him. Hux stepped into the darkened chamber; it was once used for communications with Supreme Leader Snoke. The large, hollowed space still had the distinct aroma of stale, un-circulated air.

It smelled of death.

Several large holographic displays caught Hux's attention first. The footage was grainy and playing on continuous loops against the far wall. Hux recognized the girl in the holos instantly. It was the alluring and illusive, Hanna Ren.

"Beautiful, isn't she?" a slithering voice hissed into the room.

Hux arched an eyebrow and came to a stop next to the decaying body of Lord Skywalker. The frail man's glassy eyes stayed fixed on the projections. The surveillance clips were short; some no longer than a second or two. Most were blurry, but Hux could tell it was Lady Shade from the porcelain skin and flash of raven hair.

Many of the clips featured Hanna in a courtyard. She would be sitting and talking, or walking across the gardens in a hurry. Hux correctly assumed that everything was taken at the Jedi Temple. It made sense, considering the undercover intelligence source that recovered the First Order maps.

Suddenly, the footage on the screens changed simultaneously, holding on a dark image of Hanna wielding a blue crossguard lightsaber. The image was grainy and shot in low light. It was clear that the girl was training to use the new weapon.

"Like her father," Owen sneered, struggling to breathe. A mechanical arm sprang up from Lord Skywalker's stretcher, planting an oxygen mask over his nose and mouth.

"Sir," Hux said, sounding concerned for his Master's safety. Before he could continue, Owen's boney fingers secured the mask in place. He did not want Hux's pity.

"The new uniform suits you, admiral," Owen growled, muffled through the oxygen mask.
"Thank you, Lord Skywalker," Hux replied, glancing up at the frozen images of Hanna one last time. "It seemed like an appropriate time to break in the new colors. Soon we'll have the fleet and crew to make our mark on the galaxy. It's important for the corrupt Republic to understand how dedicated we are to the cause. On that note, the Finalizer is running at peak efficiency, with a crew compliment of sixty-five percent."

"I want Hanna back in my possession," the exhausted man said, between labored breaths. Owen didn't care to hear about the status of the Finalizer. He couldn't be concerned with percentages or excuses. The old man was prickly and seemed to be singularly focused at the moment.

Hux cleared his throat and nodded. "I'm working on that, Lord Skywalker," he said. "We've taken the necessary steps, based on your divination. In light of today's events, Hanna should be motivated to seek... retribution."

"I am counting on that, admiral," Owen hissed. The frail man started chuckling under the oxygen mask, but his laughs quickly turned into hacking coughs.

Hux watched the ghastly man closely, narrowing his gaze. Owen looked like he might keel over at any moment. "If I may, Lord Skywalker, you have not slept much since becoming mobile again. Perhaps it's time to recover; let yourself heal and sleep."

Owen's lips curled under the oxygen mask, "Do not take me for a fool, grand admiral," he barked.

"Forgive me, sir. It's just that, there are other Force sensitives in the galaxy. Perhaps we could procure one and give you an interim conduit," Hux suggested. It was at least the second time he offered to do this for Owen.

"Why does it have to be Lin Dameron?" Hux continued, watching his Master's face twist in annoyance.

"I may have only one more chance to transfer into a conduit. The next time needs to count," Owen said, hacking violently into the oxygen mask.

"Next time?" Hux thought, perplexed by this. He wondered if Owen Skywalker simply misspoke.

"I am well aware of the other Force sensitives. I've been collecting many subjects over the years. Hanna is special to me, but she is hardly the only one," his Master stated, removing the oxygen mask so he could be understood clearly.

"You… control others?" Hux asked, his eyes growing round at the realization. He was reminded of the Knights of Ren and he needed to suppress the urge to groan. They made his life exceedingly difficult; Kylo Ren in particular.

It explained a few things that the grand admiral had wondered about. Primarily, how a spy had been successful gathering data within the Jedi Temple. There was also the matter regarding Project Checkpoint. The sentient device was already in Owen's possession, when Hux moved him off world.

"Lady Shade was under the impression that I slept for months at a time. Perhaps she passed that notion along to you, admiral? I did not sleep as much as Hanna believed. Yes, I control... others. I have assets everywhere," Owen bragged while cracking a devious smile.

Hux closed his eyes for a second, digesting the information. "The First Order maps that were recovered from the BB unit — I assume those came from a Force Sensitive individual. If that operative's cover is intact, could they not deliver Hanna and Kayla to us? Perhaps we could set a
"No. It won't work with Kylo Ren hovering closely to his new apprentice. Lady Shade will seek us out. I have foreseen it. When she does, her sister will not be far behind," Owen barked, his voice echoing into the chamber.

"Of course, Lord Skywalker. At any rate, our analysts are sifting through the data," Hux said, tightening the hold on his wrist. "We are reconstructing the First Order maps and once that's complete, we should have Leviathan's last known position and trajectory."

"And what of your remaining inspections?" Owen asked, as he suppressed a yawn. The ailing man needed to rest and was growing tired.

"All that's left is to toast marshmallows," Hux replied.

Owen chuckled again, spitting saliva as he did so. "Fire can be cleansing," he stated, returning his sunken eyes to the holos of Hanna. "For a time... the First Order represented that fire."

"Ah, yes," Hux interjected. "The forest has grown wild. Leviathan will bring order and stability to the galaxy.

Lord Skywalker breathed deeply into the mask one last time, before pushing the robotic arm away. It returned to the side of the stretcher and latched into place. Owen's body quieted and returned to its usual catatonic state.

"This time there will be no Resistance to stand in our way. No Rebellion. No weaknesses to exploit. The Jedi Order and the Republic Fleet will be dealt with swiftly," Hux boasted. "Before they realize what Leviathan really is."

Owen's thin lips curled slightly and he closed his eyes. Like a propaganda lullabye, Lord Skywalker drifted to sleep.

Hux stood over the frail man, watching him fall still; like a corpse. The sight reminded him of tracking down slain trophies on a hunting expedition. Only he never saw a buck that looked as pathetic as Owen Skywalker did; not even a wounded one.

There were no droids to protect Owen here. The guards were waiting outside and they were loyal to Hux. This miserable excuse for a life form didn't have allies on board. At least, not any that the grand admiral was aware of. The Force user needed to be put out of his misery.

*Why should this creature be worthy of laying a finger on Hanna?* he thought.

The grand admiral could feel his shiny pistol pressing against his hip. His gloved fingers flexed and stretched the leather material. The First Order would not be lead by this pathetic excuse for a life form — not for much longer.

*It would be all too easy*, Hux considered.

Clenching his jaw, Hux turned and left without firing his pistol. Until Hanna and Kayla were in his possession, the grand admiral needed Owen Skywalker. He also needed to be absolutely sure that no other Force Sensitives were hiding within his ranks. Everything was to stay above board until he had those assurances.

*The power of that young woman*, Hux thought. A vibrant image of Hanna Ren drifted through his mind. Together, they could secure peace for the entire galaxy.
Hanna waited at the top of the shuttle ramp with Ar-Twenty-One. The breeze whipping into the hangar played with her long raven locks and dark gray skirt. The orange and black droid whistled a song for his Master, happy to be by her side again. Hanna patted Twenty-One, feeling her sister's Force signature nearby. Her eyes lit up a second later, when Kayla entered the hangar and sprinted toward her.

"You fixed my droid!" Hanna said, scooping Kayla into her arms. "You are incredible, Kay."

Kayla smiled into her sister's shoulder, relieved that the droid appeared to be happy and functioning properly again. "I wanted to wait until you were here and surprise you," she said, after pulling away from Hanna.

Hanna was beaming, "Once I saw him out of the crate and all cleaned up, I couldn't resist. He woke up in battle mode though, so it's a good thing that I was the first one he saw." The girls walked inside the shuttle and Hanna kept her arm draped around her sister. They were followed closely by Ar-Twenty-One. The ramp closed and secured in place a few seconds later.

"You're very late," Ahsoka said, practically singing the words. She smiled at Kayla and Hanna as they passed her. The Jedi Master was sitting across from Kylo Ren.

The Sith Master stood as his girls entered. His dark eyes flicked down toward Kayla as she passed, but he did not say anything. He knew that the young Jedi had a disagreement with her mother. He could sense the negative vibrations radiating from Rey and Kayla. No doubt, he would hear all about it upon his return.

"I'm sorry, Master Tano and Master Solo," Kayla said, taking an open seat in the middle of the passenger hold. The Jedi Knight smiled at Zel and the Marauders, who were bunched toward the front. Kayla wished she knew their names and figured some day soon she would learn them all.

Hanna squeezed next to Kayla, fixing her sister's stray tendril of hair. She kept her back angled toward Commander Zel, knowing that it would drive him crazy if he couldn't see her face.

"Is Zel looking at me?" Hanna asked in a low voice, so only Kayla could hear.

"You know that he is," Kayla responded. Zel was checking the sharpness of his spare knife, carefully testing the edge with his thumb. His eyes kept shifting toward Hanna every few seconds.

Hanna grinned widely and Kayla forced a smile in return. The Jedi was genuinely happy for her sister, but there was something about watching Hanna and Zel together. There was something about seeing the love in Zel's eyes.

Kayla wondered if she had thrown away her chance to have the same thing.

"Okay, so, I have to tell you about Dark Side training with Kylo..." Hanna's voice trailed off, noticing the distant look on her sister's face. Kayla was doing her thousand yard stare. Although Hanna hadn't seen Kayla do this in many years, she recognized it instantly. The Jedi Knight was deeply worried about something and likely second guessing herself.

"What is it, Kay?" Hanna asked, putting her story on hold.

"I'm... I'm not sure," Kayla replied, feeling her stomach drop. "Maybe it's nothing," she lied, knowing that Hanna wouldn't buy that explanation.
"It's just… there is a disturbance in the Force. It's somewhere in the galaxy; elusive." The Jedi Knight bit her bottom lip. "I can't seem to focus in on the feeling. But I know it's there; I feel it's there. I've known for days and have kept it locked away. I'm too distracted."

"Distracted by what?" Hanna asked, squinting at her sister.

"My choices as of late," Kayla replied, not wanting to go further into it. She wished Hanna was at the point where she could communicate through the Force. There were too many people around for Kayla to say what was really on her mind. "I'm sorry," she added.

Hanna frowned at her sister, looking fairly concerned. "You don't need to apologize. If there was an issue, wouldn't Ahsoka or Kylo Ren have sensed it and said something?" she asked in a low, raspy voice. "Our mother… certainly would have. Maybe we should tell them?"

Kayla's eyes drifted over to Kylo Ren and Ahsoka. They had yet to say a word to each other. She realized how strange it was for these knights to be sharing a mission together. A Sith and Jedi probably hadn't fought on the same side for two thousand years.

"It's just me," Kayla sighed, looking back to Hanna and offering a weak smile. "I need to clear my mind. Let's change the subject, please."

"Okay, check out my new lightsaber," Hanna replied, brandishing the ivory hilt.

"My goodness," Kayla said, taking the lightsaber from her sister. "This is bad ass." The Jedi Knight inspected the hilt closely, admiring the craftsmanship. "Kylo Ren did this?" she asked. Kayla was very surprised, considering the state of their father's unstable weapon. In comparison, this one was elegant and created with care.

Hanna nodded happily in response.

Kayla turned the hilt one last time, keeping her eyes fixed on the ivory weapon. "You should know that Zel keeps stealing glances at you."

"I can feel his eyes on me," Hanna said, running her fingers through her hair and exposing her porcelain neck to Zel. "It's driving him crazy, that I won't look his way. But making googly eyes at each other in front of… you know," she continued, nodding slightly towards their father.

"Good call," Kayla smirked, feeling the shuttle pass into the planet's bumpy atmosphere.

The hushed conversations in the passenger holds came to a stop, while the shuttle passed through the noisy, outer atmosphere. Ahsoka sniffed and leaned back into her seat. Her eyes scanned the interior of the shuttle. She wanted to take this window to converse with Kylo Ren, but she needed to wait for the noise to die down.

After a minute, the shuttle cleared the atmosphere and navigated through the meteor field around the planet.

"This part is always a bit bumpy. We should be arriving on my battlecruiser shortly," Ahsoka said, breaking the ice.

Kylo stayed very still, shifting his dark eyes to hers. The Sith Master looked annoyed and didn't want to partake in pleasantries. He was shit out of luck with Ahsoka, however.

"So, Master Solo," Ahsoka started, watching him tense up. "Or would you prefer Master Ren? I wager it makes little difference in the long run. Now that you are with us, of course."
Kylo glared at her and chose not to answer.

"I thought we could take a few moments to get better acquainted," Ahsoka said openly. She reached into her robes and extracted a citrus fruit. She began to peel the outer layer, working her long thumbnails to get it going.

"You fear that I am too much like my grandfather," Kylo replied, cutting straight to the point.

Ahsoka broke the fruit in half and offered part of it to Kylo Ren. The Jedi Master was merely being polite and was surprised when he accepted the tart half. Kylo swallowed the citrus, gulping it down without chewing.

"I knew your grandfather. As a powerful Jedi Knight and as… Darth Vader," Ahsoka said, regretfully. Talking about Anakin's fall was like picking at a wound that would never fully heal. Kylo Ren could sense the strain in Ahsoka's voice as she spoke.

"You are fortunate to be alive, then," Kylo replied dryly. His eyes rested on his daughters. They were sitting next to each other, conversing. He didn't believe they were eavesdropping, as Kayla and Hanna were whispering in hushed voices. Zel and his Marauders crowded the front of the passenger hold. Those men did an excellent job of keeping to themselves. Kylo didn't give them a second glance.

"Is there a point to all of this?" Kylo snapped.

"What I mean to say is… I know the kind of man Anakin Skywalker was," Ahsoka replied.

Kylo shifted in his seat, growing irritated with the conversation. Talking to a Jedi about his family history was grating. He suppressed the urge to lash out at the Jedi Master, in front of his daughters.

"Anakin wanted power above all else; even over his loved ones. When given the opportunity to choose once and for all, he chose power," Ahsoka said, leaning closer to Kylo Ren. "I do not see that with you," she continued.

"Is that so?" Kylo Ren hissed sharply.

Who the hell was Ahsoka Tano to tell Kylo Ren about his grandfather? She was a Jedi Knight who went into hiding. She was too afraid to face the Dark Side head on. Kylo started to grind his teeth together. Hanna's sudden burst of laughter, brought him out of his downward spiral.

"Kylo Ren… Ben Solo. Whatever identity you choose; you are better than Anakin Skywalker. Look at it from my perspective. From someone who watched their teacher and friend throw everything away to conquer the galaxy. When given the same opportunity — Kylo Ren — you chose your family over the Dark Side."

Kylo sat back in his seat, considering everything that Ahsoka Tano was saying. "I suppose… you have a point," he conceded.

Ahsoka nodded and bit into her slice of fruit, savoring the citrus with small bites.

"Why are you telling me this?" Kylo asked, after staring at Kayla and Hanna for a long, uninterrupted moment. His daughters were laughing together. As if feeling his eyes on them, the twins looked over and flashed their father brilliant smiles. It made the Sith Master's heart swell, being able to go on this mission with his beautiful girls.

Master Tano finished her last slice with a quick gulp and smiled in embarrassment. Kylo watched her
closely, giving her time to recover and formulate a proper response.

"Well, my concern isn't with you. I can sense the strong Bond you have with Rey. It's with Lin Dameron," Ahsoka said. "With regards to our previous conversation and the path that young man is headed down," her voice trailed off.

"He won't burn down the Jedi Order like Darth Vader," Kylo said bluntly. "Or like I did, for that matter. His training is incomplete and as of now, he works alone."

Kylo's attitude on the subject sent a shiver down Ahsoka's spine. His response was almost clinical in nature. This didn't seem like the man that Rey had been describing lately.

"He is an entirely different person," Kylo continued, after gauging Ahsoka's reaction to his statement. "Lin may have been in a low place when he found me. He was desperate. Desperate people are capable of doing terrible things. But I always knew what was lying underneath. I knew what he really is and that's why I let him leave... twice."

"You let him leave?" Ahsoka asked.

Kylo merely nodded in response.

"I understand the comparison isn't so black and white," the Jedi Master continued. "Lin is in a precarious position. He seeks the Dark Side, to save his family. His justification sounds eerily similar to my former Master's."

"His goals have changed," Kylo said, noticing that Kayla was taking an interest in their conversation. He leaned closer so that Ahsoka would lower her voice again.

"Anakin made the same claims, at one point," Ahsoka argued. "To save Senator Padmé Amidala. He needed the power to save the one he loved — that's what he told me."

Kylo Ren clenched his jaw, "Your point is?"

"Master Ren... Checkpoint is that power for Lin."

"Perhaps," Kylo Ren replied. "Are you afraid of that young man, Master Jedi?"

"I am cautious," Ahsoka said. "As are you, I'm sure. You and I share certain interests that Checkpoint jeopardizes."

Kylo leaned in, getting uncomfortably close. His dark eyes trapped hers. "Would you like me to stab a lightsaber through Lin Dameron's heart, Ahsoka?" he asked in a low hiss, making sure only she could hear.

"It must be a burden, having compassion for all life. Especially, when you could remove a handful of souls to benefit the greater good," he growled.

Ahsoka leaned back into her seat, getting away from Kylo Ren. She let out a deep breath. "The Jedi do not condone, nor would we request such a drastic step," she replied.

"Yes, but I am not bound by that same code," Kylo Ren said, no longer concerned if his voice carried. Ahsoka became alarmed with the intense look on the Sith Master's face.

"I'm not asking for a permanent solution," Ahsoka stated firmly. "I'm merely suggesting that we explore a temporary one. You in particular would need to be on board with this course."
Kylo glanced to his right, feeling his daughters staring a hole through his forehead. "Temporary," he repeated, easing back in his seat. He knew what Ahsoka was referring to. "We'll see, when the time comes."

"What is it?" Hanna whispered, leaning closer to her sister. Kayla had tensed up again, stopping mid sentence to focus on the conversation toward the aft of the ship.

"They're talking about Lin," Kayla said, trying to concentrate on her father's voice. She couldn't quite tell what Kylo and Ahsoka were saying.

"I see," Hanna said with a slow, head nod. "Your beau seems to be on your mind a lot lately. The Bond must be strengthening," she said with a wink.

Kayla rolled her eyes and snorted. "It's not like that," she replied.

"Sure," Hanna teased with a hint of a smile. "I think we need to take you shopping for some sexy undergarments when we get back."

The Jedi Knight swatted her sister's arm and leaned back. Kayla's eyes drifted over to Commander Zel. He was standing now, resting one hand in the overhead straps to steady himself.

"You must have rocked his world last night," Kayla said, turning the focus away from her love life — or lack thereof.

Hanna finally turned her head and arched an eyebrow at Zel. The commander couldn't hide his love for her anymore. It was tough enough keeping his feelings tucked away for all those years. Zel wanted to walk over to Hanna, wrap his woman into his arms and kiss her in front of everyone. As if reading what was on his mind, she mouthed her man a kiss.

"Rock his world? Who the hell talks like that?" Hanna asked playfully. "We're not twelve anymore."

"Oh, so you didn't then... it wasn't good for him?" Kayla teased with a raised eyebrow.

"I rocking his entire galaxy last night. He's ruined for all other women. And I hope to the Maker that you will know that kind of connection. That you will experience attraction and love like this," Hanna said, folding her arms.

"Love," Kayla repeated, rubbing her hand over her forehead. "You love Commander Zel," she stated.

Hanna smiled and nodded in response.

A strange feeling washed over Kayla. "I've done something that I'm not proud of," she confessed. The Jedi Knight stared into her sister's comforting eyes and paused. She wanted to tell Hanna everything, but the Force was trying to communicate with her.

"Lin," Kayla whispered. His voice slipped into her mind but she couldn't make out what he was saying. The Jedi Knight wasn't sure, but she believed that Lin was addressing someone else. He spoke again and one word came across their Bond.

"War," Kayla barely let slip out.

Hanna grabbed her sister's hands, making sure that Kayla knew she had her support. "Stay with me, Kay. Who said anything about war?"
Lin sprang out of bed, hearing a loud knock at his door. Before he could say anything, Padawan Ku-Wele opened the door and let himself in. The large man had to hunch, as he stepped into the room. Ku-Wele kept his saberstaff at the ready, in case Lin thought about seizing the opportunity to escape.

"Don't they give you bathroom breaks? Or did they leave you some sort of bucket outside?" Lin asked with a smirk.

"Keep it up," Ku-Wele growled. He gripped his saberstaff tighter, grinding his palms into the layers of tape that ran along the staff.

"Oh, I always keep it up," Lin replied.

BB-8 popped out from behind the padawan, excited to see his Master. The droid brushed past Ku-Wele, making the large man grunt in annoyance. Lin's eyes lit up and he knelt down to give his old friend a hug.

Ku-Wele glared at BB-8 and Lin, before backing out of the room and shutting the door.

"How do you feel, buddy?" Lin asked, relieved to see his old friend. He ran his hand over BB-8's head affectionately. The droid whistled in response, letting Lin know that he was doing well.

Lin grinned openly, as BB-8 started chattering so quickly that the Gray Leader struggled to keep up.

"Okay, slow down buddy. Slow down," Lin said. BB-8 mentioned something about Grandmaster Kenobi working on him. Then he started in on delivering a couple of messages.

"What message?" Lin asked. "Is someone sending you a transmission right now?"

BB-8 rolled backwards and angled his body toward the ceiling. Every light on the little droid switched on and started blinking randomly. Lin's smile faded, as he had never seen BB-8 behave this way.

"Are you sure you're feeling okay, BB-8?" Lin asked. "Maybe we should get you back to Rey. I think she's missed something."

A purple beam emitted from BB-8, scanning across Lin's body and face. The Gray Leader was taken by surprise, realizing this was the first time he had seen the little droid produce a beam like this. The color of the emitter was all wrong. It should have looked blue. Lin wondered if it had something to do with the purple device that was jammed into the droid.

"What are you doing?" Lin asked, as the scanning ceased. BB-8 went completely still and didn't respond to his Master. It appeared as though he was offline.

"Alright, time to talk to that charming, blue idiot outside. We'll get you all fixed up." Lin stood with an exasperated sigh and walked past BB-8. He was a few feet from the door when BB-8's holo projection lens kicked in. The fluttering sound made Lin stop and turn around.

The bridge of a ship came into view first. A man in a white military uniform stepped into the narrow picture. The pale face of Armitage Hux appeared in BB-8's holo projection. The grand admiral seemed very pleased with himself. He was as arrogant as ever, gloating in his own way with a sly smile.

Lin's eyes narrowed and he walked slowly to the center of the room.
"You pasty asshole," Lin said, wanting to reach through the hologram and strangle the ginger.

"Lin Dameron," Hux sneered. "Have you made any friends at the Jedi Temple? It doesn't seem to be going well. From what I hear… you attacked the BB unit and set a batch of opportunistic bounty hunters to the worst death imaginable."

Hux smiled wickedly, finding satisfaction from Lin's expression.

"What, no clever comeback?" the grand admiral asked. "I'm disappointed."

"Master Kenobi," Lieutenant Briggs spoke up. The mousy redhead removed her headphones and continued to type away at her workstation. She repeated the call for Rey a few seconds later, raising her voice much higher than she intended.

Rey and Leia were entrenched in a disagreement over Kayla's actions, when Leia's assistant called for Rey.

"This isn't over," Rey said, pointing at General Organa.

"I should think not," Leia shot back, following Rey over to Briggs' station.

"Yes, Lieutenant," Rey replied, closing her eyes and rubbing her forehead. The Grandmaster was fairly certain that a vein was visibly bulging from her neck. Her stress levels from this morning hadn't died down much.

"You asked us to monitor BB-8 and see if he made any outgoing transmissions," Lieutenant Briggs replied. "The droid is receiving and sending transmissions as we speak. It started a few minutes ago."

Rey's eyes grew wider and she looked at Leia who was equally stunned by this news.

"So soon?" Leia asked, as she and Rey crowded Lieutenant Briggs' workstation. The Lieutenant nodded as she ran a decryption algorithm.

"It appears to be First Order in nature," Briggs stated. "I haven't seen this coding since the last war."

"Where is BB-8 now?" Leia interjected, waving at her other assistant Davene. The tall, slender woman dropped what she was doing and rushed to the general's side.

"With Lin," Rey replied, shaking her head and leaning closer to the monitor.

"Please locate Finn. He needs to be in here to see this," Leia whispered to Davene. The tall woman acknowledged and went back to her workstation to contact Finn.

Briggs hit one last command into her console and snapped her fingers in success. "And here's the transmission feeds," Briggs said, intercepting both sides of the conversation.

A flickering image of Hux appeared first, followed by an image of Lin Dameron on the right. Briggs typed away on her keypad, unscrambling the audio so they could eavesdrop. Static noise threatened to chase the images away, but as long as they had audio they were in business.

"Armitage Hux… that bastard," Leia cursed under her breath. From the looks of it, Hux seemed to be reveling in the conversation.

"Lin Dameron. Truly, you have no friends or allies in the galaxy. No one to offer you refuge,"
Hux teased. "You've come so far, only to fall pathetically short in the end."

"I have one friend and your cowardly operative attacked him," Lin said, balling both fists. What he wouldn't give to strangle the life from this man.

Grand Admiral Hux taunted him with a snide smile.

"All that hatred. Clearly, the Jedi haven't taught you very well — if at all," Hux continued.

"That's a lovely cape," Lin shot back, ignoring the dig at the Jedi Order. "The next time I see you, I will be carving out that little black heart of yours. We'll see if you can get the blood stains out of that wedding dress you're wearing."

"You arrogant little shit," Hux sneered. "I've been waiting for this; patiently I might add. The chance to deliver this message in particular — I only wish I was there to watch you crash into oblivion. Watching you be torn limb from limb would not be a hardship."

Lin scoffed, "So, that purple device not only stole data from BB-8, but it ensured that we could have this friendly chat. You must have a second array hidden somewhere."

"Oh, you are sharper than I expected. Surprising really, considering the morons that your parents were," Hux replied.

Lin grimaced, feeling the darkness boiling within his veins.

"I'm going to find your spy, Hux. I'm going to skin him alive until he gives up your location. Then I'm hunting down the entire First Order," Lin said coldly. "Everyone listening in on this conversation... should heed my warning."

"I'll bet you'd like that, but it's just a fantasy. A pathetic pipe dream of one lonely individual," Hux replied. He looked deeply satisfied. "The Jedi have the suspect they want. It's tidy — I must admit — pinning this all on a man they already distrust. A man that's been wanted for murder and is widely seen as a deserter."

"Instead of the coward within their ranks," Lin spat, feeling the sweat bead on his forehead. "How much are you paying this boy to spy on the Jedi Order?"

Hux didn't flinch or bat an eye at the comment. "Let's get down to business, shall we?" He gestured for one of his crewman to upload a video feed for Lin to see.

"Take a good look, Gray Leader," Hux said as the security feed transferred over to BB-8. The droid's projection widened to accommodate the additional data screen.

Lin's scowl faded as he saw Hanna and Kayla pop up on the security feed. "Shit," he whispered, running his fingers through his hair.

The sisters had just exited a shuttle and were now walking across the landing bay in a Jedi Battlecruiser. Someone or something on board was recording them. Lin could see the insignia on the far wall, giving the ship's designation away. He was fairly certain he caught a glimpse of Kylo Ren in the footage, too.

Lin's hand came back down and clawed at his cheeks. This was exactly what he had feared; exactly what he had warned Kayla about. The spy within the Jedi Order had alerted the Finalizer to
Ahsoka's mission. There was likely a trap for them on Coruscant.

"What is it you want from me?" Lin asked, sounding completely deflated. Hux had found Lin's breaking point and the young man would give anything to make sure no harm came to anyone on the screen.

Hux looked a little annoyed that Lin had thrown in the towel so quickly. Pretending to ignore the comment, the grand admiral continued.

"As you can see, the Jedi are headed for disaster," Hux stated. "I may not have the ground forces to capture them all; not yet anyway. But I've inspected that wretched facility on Coruscant. The entire cesspool has been rigged to blow. The three-thousand troops that are loyal to Hanna and Commander Zel are as good as gone. That part you can't do a single thing about."

"Kriffing nerf herder," Lin swore, stepping closer to the projection. He was close enough now so that his shoulder was blocking part of the image. "There are foundations for skyscrapers and innocent bystanders in that vicinity. You will kill tens of thousands."

Grand Admiral Hux snickered, "So I have your attention, then?"

Lin's arms and hands trembled in a mixture of fear and rage. "You… you wouldn't," Lin said, shakily.

Something snapped in the young man. Hux could see it in his eyes. The grand admiral opened his mouth to reply but he felt his neck constricting. Hux's ears popped from the pressure and he struggled to get the words out. His wide eyes welled up with tears from the Force that wrapped around his windpipe.

"I will... kill them," Hux sputtered. "If you don't release me," he added.

Lin's bloodshot eyes finally blinked and gave way. His tightened jaw relaxed and his hold on the insufferable Armitage Hux finally released. The grand admiral rubbed his neck, feeling it beginning to bruise.

"You won't blow that facility," Lin growled. "Not with Kayla and Hanna inside. Your master needs them."

Hux adjusted his collar, doing his best to recover quickly. His crew was watching him and the brash Lin Dameron had made him look weak in front of them.

"Lord Skywalker is... a necessary evil. He knows there are plenty of pretty girls in the galaxy," Hux said, working his jaw. "Granted, Hanna and Kayla are special, aren't they? They are certainly special to you, Mr. Dameron. I'd like to avoid shedding anymore unnecessary blood; especially theirs. That's why you are going to do exactly as I say."

"If you hurt those women," Lin gritted out. "If a single explosive goes off," he warned. Lin's face was red now; the veins in his neck and forearms bulged.

"You'll what?" Hux yelled back. "As it stands, their fate depends entirely on you," he continued. Hux's face turned a deeper shade of red and his vocals trembled. "You want to spare Hanna and her sister? Leave the Jedi Temple and surrender to my forces. Leave… right now."

"Fine," Lin barked, knowing that this conversation was far from over. Lin suspected that Hux was bluffing, but he wasn't willing to take that chance. Not with Kayla and Hanna's lives.
"I want the name of your inside man," Lin demanded.

"You are in no position to bargain," Hux sneered. The grand admiral slammed his fist on the console nearby. The violent reaction stunned the engineers, as it was not in Hux's character to lose control like this.

_Then I will beat it out of you_, Lin thought. The mole had put Hanna and Kayla in the crosshairs. Lin would surrender; then he'd tear that ship apart until he got the answers he required.

"Name the location and I will be there," Lin shot back, looking for his black shirt and fatigues. He found them folded neatly next to his jacket and quickly started changing. He didn't care that the transmission was still going.

Hux smirked triumphantly. This would be the end of Lin Dameron. The arrogant pilot just didn't know it yet.

"Endor. You will come alone. Six hours, or they are dead," the grand admiral said. "I hope you have a fast ship. I don't like to be kept waiting."

"Six hours," Lin repeated, after cursing under his breath. That wasn't going to be possible unless he stole the fastest ship in the galaxy. Fortunately, the _Millennium Falcon_ was sitting in the hangar.

Hux placed his hands behind his back, savoring this moment. He watched as Lin brushed past the camera lens.

BB-8 turned in order to keep his Lens on his master. Lin came back into view and stopped a few feet from the door. He stretched his right hand outward and concentrated.

"You should have accepted my offer back on the asteroid prison. You could have been apart of something much larger than yourself. Instead you are small and alone. Just another casualty for the losing side," Hux said.

"I'm not alone," Lin replied, before unleashing the Force from his fingertips. The Force Push erupted and smashed through the door, blowing chunks of wood and sharpened debris into the hallway.

"And you don't know what you've started," Lin stated, leaving the hologram of Hux in the room.

The grand admiral watched the display of power and with a soft chuckle, terminated the transmission.

The stone hallway to the dormitories rumbled, shaking dust from the rafters. Padawan Ku-Wele and Padawan Oberon, felt a sudden disturbance in the Force. Oberon shot Ku-Wele a puzzled look. The larger padawan realized the source of the feeling and shoved Oberon out of the way. They narrowly missed the oak door, as it exploded off its hinges. The padawans fell to the stone floor and lay still for a moment, as jagged wood pieces and dust flooded the tunnel.

Ku-Wele grabbed his head, feeling his ears ringing. The tough padawan steadied himself and ignited his saberstaff. He maneuvered up to one knee, keeping the blade out and angled forward.

He saw Lin standing in the room, lowering his hand. A split second later, the prisoner was on top of Ku-Wele; much quicker than he anticipated. In a desperate attempt, the padawan thrusted forward and grunted.

Lin sidestepped the lunge. The Grey Leader grabbed both ends of the saberstaff, trying to pull it away from the larger man. Ku-Wele was stronger, slowly winning the tug of war. Lin gave one final
pull and came forward with a crushing knee. The strike snapped the saberstaff in the middle and Lin's knee connected with Ku-Wele's jaw.

Both ends of the staff fell to the ground, alongside Ku-Wele. The stout and reliable padawan hit the back of his head against the wall and collapsed in a heap.

"You'll live," Lin said, moving past the unconscious knight. He kicked debris out of his way and cleared a path. "Come on BB-8," he shouted.

Oberon watched wide eyed, as Lin stood and waited for the droid. The Gray Leader didn't give the prone padawan a second thought.

Sensing an opportunity, Oberon gestured for his errant lightsaber. The weapon was trapped under parts of the door frame, just out of reach. The hilt started to wiggle and slide toward the teenager.

"Don't even think about it," Lin snapped, turning his back to the padawan and walking away.

Oberon jerked his hand back and cradled it, as if he had burned his fingertips on some hot coals. BB-8 passed by the padawan and whistled, navigating between Ku-Wele and the bits of wood that were everywhere.

"That arrogant, ginger prick," Leia said, swiping at the papers on the table and knocking them to the floor. "Tell me we traced the origins of that transmission."

"He threatened my girls," Rey said in a low voice. The Grandmaster's bright eyes looked darker and filled with something that Leia had never seen before. "We can't even risk contacting Ahsoka," she hissed.

Rey started to pace the room.

"It's not going to come to that," Leia snapped, hovering over her lieutenant. The general knew what Rey was thinking; there could be explosives all over the battlecruiser. Even if Rey used the Force to warn Kylo Ren or Kayla, any change of course could get everyone killed.

"Yes. We have the location of the Finalizer," Lieutenant Briggs confirmed. "It's outside of Draxxion," she said.

Leia nodded, "That's why our spies haven't found them. The First Order would be desperate enough to hide their flagship in an ion cloud."

"Get Finn back here," Leia ordered. "He's been looking to kick someone's ass and we finally have a target for him."

Rey glanced at the frozen image of Lin Dameron on Lieutenant Briggs' console. She could feel the young man's power; she could feel his anger. Lin was headed toward the hangars, consumed by his emotions.

"He's not going alone," Rey said, reaching for her cloak. She whipped the dark gray cloak over her shoulders and gave Leia a stern look.

"Who?" Briggs asked, surprised by the Grandmaster's abrupt exit.

The powerful Force user pulled the hood over her head and left the room. Rey didn't need to explain herself to anyone. She didn't need to exchange words with the general, either.
Leia knew where Rey was going and agreed with her decision to leave.

Rey was headed into battle. She was going to Endor… to fight alongside Lin Dameron.

A/N: First things first. My lovely and brilliant beta, Perry Downing, is dealing with a family emergency. My thoughts are with that remarkable woman. I love her and she makes me a better writer.

That being said, I released this chapter without her usual guidance. So... dot dot dot. Hopefully everything is understandable.

Okay. It's time to put some war into Lies and Lightsabers. It is Star Wars, afterall. Lin may not like being used by Kayla, but he's about to open up a can on her behalf. Some fun stuff is coming. And maybe Lin and Kayla will finally work through this.

I have to show off this incredible drawing from the amazing Panda-capuccino on tumblr. She made this awesome drawing of Kayla and Hanna.

CHECK IT OUT HERE

Please follow panda's blog and send some love
Lin Dameron has walked the line between the Light Side and the Dark Side for too long. He faces one of his toughest challenges to date and he must choose a side — once and for all.

The Jedi Order are heading into a trap. War has returned to engulf the galaxy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Luke Skywalker sipped his hot tea, enjoying the soothing lemon flavor as it passed over his tongue. The legendary Force user sat with his legs crossed, on a comfy folded mat. Sitting across from him were the younglings. They mimicked Luke's posture, but there was a quiet restlessness about the group.

Clearing his throat, Luke hoped the sound would encourage the younglings to settle down. Their lesson was over for the morning. The younglings trained with sabers and remotes, taking advantage of the wide, oval space.

The rudimentary lesson was one of Luke's favorite things to teach. He enjoyed seeing the younglings move around in bulky pilot helmets, with the blast shields down. It reminded him fondly of his brief time with Obi-Wan Kenobi.

As with all of Master Skywalker's lessons, he concluded with breathing exercises and guided meditation. The younglings struggled with this part of the training. It was fairly common for children to refuse to sit still; even in the Jedi Order. The promise of playing in the courtyards or the rolling fields outside the temple was a distraction. Luke couldn't blame them, but this was a vital skill for the younglings to hone.

"Master Luke, I have a question," squeaked little Celisa. She opened one eye and squinted at her teacher.

"Later, my child. Set your mind at ease," Luke soothed. He kept his eyes closed and sipped his tea again.

The younglings next to Celisa fidgeted on their mats. The slight sound of the rustling fabric made Luke sigh. The Jedi Master could feel their eyes on him.


"We all have the same questions, Master," Morr replied, resting his chin under his small hands.

"Hmm," Luke responded, setting down the cup of tea. He rubbed his nose, chasing away the nagging urge to sneeze.

"Is it about the Dark Side?" Luke asked warily. The Master Jedi opened his eyes to find all nine younglings staring at him. They all had expectant looks on their faces, knowing that Master
Skywalker would be forthcoming.

The old man was good with the younglings, but at times he was quite blunt. The children enjoyed when Luke taught history or regaled them of his exploits. The Jedi Master didn't have much of a filter anymore. He believed that hiding the truth was a dangerous mistake; even if the truth was uncomfortable.

"Why are we working with the Sith, Master Skywalker?" Celisa asked. Her eyes twinkled, as she waited anxiously for the response.

Luke reached inside his robes, grabbing a hold of his pipe. He paused and looked around at the students. He knew Rey would give him hell for smoking in front of them. With a sigh, the old man left the pipe tucked away.

"For the first time in two thousand years, the Jedi and the Sith have the same goals," Luke replied. "We're allies on the same mission. We are united because we are stronger together."

A hush fell over the younglings, but Luke could tell there were more questions.

"The Sith are not to be… copied in any way. They are guests here and must abide by our rules," Luke clarified.

"Master Skywalker?" Celisa asked, playing with the beaded necklace she was wearing.

"Yes, child," Luke replied, trying to hide the strain in his voice. It was good that his students were curious and had questions. But Kylo Ren remained a sore subject and Luke would rather have him far away from the Jedi Temple. Far from these younglings.

"What happens when the mission is over?" she asked.

Luke scratched his beard and inhaled through his nostrils. "My youngling, that is a very good question." The old man cracked a smile and scanned his students. "We will have to figure that out… together."

Loud footsteps echoed in the hallway and made everyone look instinctively towards the door. Padawan Ku-Wele pushed the classroom door open a second later, causing the hinges to squeal. The large man was holding a nasty bump on the side of his head. He ducked in order to squeeze under the doorframe.

"Master Skywalker, Lin Dameron has escaped!" Ku-Wele bellowed.

Luke eyed the padawan for a moment with a raised eyebrow. Ku-Wele licked his lips, waiting anxiously for Master Skywalker to respond.

"So, go catch him!" Luke yelled, grabbing the sandal from his foot. The padawan looked stunned for a split second, watching Luke hurl the sandal at his face. Ku-Wele managed to shut the door enough to block the incoming projectile.

The frantic padawan fled the classroom in search of Lin Dameron.

"See that class? That is a lesson in taking the initiative," Luke continued, picking up his cup of tea and sipping it. "Now… someone go fetch my sandal."

Lin felt numb as he moved through the Jedi Temple. He didn't hear his own footsteps or the sounds
of padawans in the courtyards. His pounding heartbeat was the only thing that he could hear. The muffled, consistent thump rang in his ears. With every beat, one name kept repeating in his thoughts.

Kayla.

That ginger bastard had the gall to threaten her; the woman he loved. The woman he'd give his life to protect. The one person in this galaxy that could convince him to abandon the quest for Checkpoint.

Yes, he thought. She had that power over him. Lin wished he said something sooner, when they were alone. Maybe he wasn't ready to admit that to himself when the moment came. It was apparent now and Lin could kick himself for missing the opportunity. He wouldn't miss another chance.

There was nothing that would stand in Lin's way. It made no difference that he was headed for a trap on Endor. The Gray Leader would endure whatever challenges awaited. He'd survive at all costs. Even if it meant crawling through the muddy, over forested wasteland — Lin would fight his way out of there.

He'd make it back to the Falcon… and the First Order would be next. This was war.

In the blink of an eye, Lin found himself strapping his bounty hunter armor on. The young man adjusted his neck protector, realizing that he had lost track of the past few minutes. He didn't recall entering the hangar or the storage facility; he was too preoccupied. It was like flying on autopilot and staring into an endless horizon of stars. It's easy to drift and lose track of time.

The Gray Leader tightened the straps on his knee guards. He rushed to test the gauntlet attachments next. One by one, the concealed compartments opened and revealed the firepower within. Lin was relieved to find that the cartridges were near full capacity — he'd likely need every bit of the arsenal.

Exhaling deeply, Lin eyed the wrist blaster. He knew it wasn't a worthy replacement for his lightsaber. What he wouldn't give to have that weapon at his side for the assault. But he wasn't sure where the lightsaber was being kept. With an extended flick of his fingers, the wrist blaster retracted into its compartment.

Lin placed his left heel onto the wire mesh foot locker in the corner. He quickly tightened his boot laces and switched over to the right side. As he hunched over for the second time, a shimmery glint caught his eye.

A lightsaber floated gently through the air. The hilt flipped over to its side and landed on the edge of the mesh locker. It was Lin's lightsaber; the one that had been passed down from his mother.

The Gray Leader spun around and pointed his right gauntlet towards the shadow in the doorframe. The blaster sprang forward and he fired a warning shot.

Colton ducked and flinched, startled by the shot. His narrow eyes widened with fear; the padawan never had a real blaster pointed at him before. The shot narrowly missed his ear.

"Are you crazy?" Colton shouted, before feeling the Force wrap around his body.

With a flick of his chin, Lin threw the padawan against the side of the storage container. Colton's chest hit the corrugated metal first, nearly knocking the wind out of him. He sputtered and struggled to push his face and torso away from the cold metal. The Force kept the teen pinned against the uncomfortable metallic ridges.

Lin picked up his lightsaber and ignited it. The vibrant, emerald blade roared to life. The flame danced in his deep eyes and was intoxicating to watch. Having the lightsaber back in his possession
made Lin feel complete; whole again. He hadn't realized how empty his chest felt until this very moment.

Thumbing the weapon off, the Gray Leader snapped it to place along the side of his gunmetal belt.

"What the hell is this about?" Lin asked, with a growl. He moved toward Colton with his shoulders raised and jaw squared.

"What... does... it look like?" Colton gritted out. The padawan craned his neck in an attempt to look at Lin, but the Force kept him trapped. His vision crowded, as the pressure on his body cause his eyes to bulge.

Lin released the prissy teen before he passed out, but he wasn't letting him off the hook. Right as Colton's feet touched the ground, Lin grabbed him by the collar and spun him around. The teen's sour attitude had pushed him over the brink.

"What the hell did you say?" Lin barked.

"It's...your lightsaber," Colton corrected. He blinked rapidly, before blurt out, "Get your hands off me. This is imported material."

Lin shoved Colton hard against the steel siding. He took a step back and let Colton's ass hit the cold cement floor. The padawan whined and grabbed his lower back.

"Stop complaining," Lin said, pulling his lightsaber and igniting it. He put the tip of the emerald blade next to Colton's ear. "Now, tell me why. Why would you be helping me?" Lin asked, with a shaky voice.

Colton sensed that the man was on the verge of losing control. He leaned away from the heat of the blade and kept his left eye closed. The blinding lightsaber was making it difficult to keep either eye open.

"I'm not helping you," Colton sneered. "I am helping myself."

Lin's jaw clenched as he appraised the teenager. "Ah," he said, with a knowing nod.

"So, I was right. You have a thing for impossible women, too," Lin continued, rolling his eyes and deactivating the lightsaber. He clipped the weapon on his belt again, before reaching down and grabbing Colton by the collar once more.

The teenager winced, as Lin pulled him to his feet. Colton braced himself against the corrugated siding and rubbed his sore throat. The padawan watched through slitted eyes as Lin knelt and reached into his armor case.

Lin inspected the mandalorian helmet, holding it up to the fluorescent lighting. The visor had smudged fingerprints all over the duriglass. Lin made a mental note of this atrocity and he'd be having a word with Finn's crew. Assuming he made it off Endor in one piece, one of those Republic commando jackasses would be cleaning his gear.

"Don't worry, kid. I won't be coming back here," Lin said, over his shoulder. His time on Tre Lan was over. With his helmet tucked against his hip, the Gray Leader exited the storage facility.

Colton steadied his breathing. He pushed himself off the corrugated wall and followed after the Gray Leader. Colton adjusted his cloak as he walked, keeping Lin in his sights. He wanted to make damn sure that Lin was getting on a ship and leaving forever.
"The Falcon has plenty of fuel and can get you wherever you need to go," he shouted to Lin.

Colton's voice echoed across the hangar, making Lin slow to a stop.

There were a half dozen vessels parked toward the west end of the breezy hangar. The Millennium Falcon was the furthest one. The old ship was also the only vessel capable of getting to Endor in the allotted six hours.

A cold shiver raced down Lin's spine, causing his skin to prickle.

"What the hell did you just say?" Lin asked, turning his head so that he could eye Colton. There was always something strange about the smug padawan. The Force was practically spelling it out for Lin and suddenly it all made perfect sense.

"The padawan in fancy robes... chasing after BB-8," Lin muttered to himself. The dream he had couldn't have been a coincidence.

The pompous teen hadn't realized his mistake. He had his hands on his hips and was savoring the fact that Lin Dameron was leaving. Lin narrowed his eyes, reading the triumphant expression on Colton's face.

"How did you know that I needed the Falcon?" Lin yelled, turning around to challenge the padawan.

The sly smile on Colton's face remained intact. "You said so yourself," he replied coyly. Colton gently pushed his palm against the left side of his robes. The fabric swayed just enough to reveal the curved end of a black and gold hilt.

"No... I didn't," Lin said, furrowing his brow.

Silence fell over Lin and Colton. Twenty five yards of concrete separated them. There were shipping crates lined along the southern side and an open hangar to the north. It left plenty of room for a lightsaber duel and neither man was planning on backing down.

BB-8 came rolling into the hangar, spotting his master. The droid had trouble keeping up with Lin across the grassy fields in the temple. BB-8's cheerful whistles broke the tense silence. The spunky droid came to a rest next to Lin. His friendly chirping faded when he noticed Colton glaring in their direction.

There was something about the padawan that even BB-8 found disturbing. He swiped his sensors across Colton, but he failed to recognize the teenager. The little droid spent years living on the temple grounds; he should know everyone.

"I know, BB-8" Lin said, palming his helmet. "You don't recognize this pathetic sewer snake, even though you've seen him every day for the past three years. That's because he's the one that attacked you. He removed the evidence from your hard drives, but he erased too much. He was careless."

Colton cracked a sinister smile and laughed. Shaking his head, "You're not as dim as he suggests. Close to it, for sure."

Lin glowered at the smug teen, "You accompanied Rey onto Finn's ship. I forgot you were ever there, but that was the point. You like hiding in the shadows. You killed those guards and left me to take the blame. Then you attacked BB-8 — you attacked my family."

"Family? It's just a droid, you sentimental prick," Colton laughed it off. He grinned like a card player from Tatooine that had just been caught cheating.
Lifting his limp hand, Colton made a shooing gesture. "You have a schedule to keep. Take your droid and leave. Hux isn't bluffing and Kayla's life depends on it. My future with her depends on it."

Lin shoved his helmet on, forcing it down quickly over his ears. He ignored the slight ringing in his head that resulted in the careless action.

"Wait for me in the Falcon, BB-8. This won't take long," Lin said deeply. His voice was modulated by the vocoder, sounding deeper and menacing. Both wrist blasters on the Gray Leader's gauntlets sprang to life.

Colton quickly removed his curved hilt from its holster and ignited the blue blade.

"Look at you, hiding behind all those gadgets," Colton chided. "Are you not brave enough to settle this with swords, hunter?"

Lin seethed over the taunt. He knew Colton was goading him and that the padawan likely had an edge in lightsaber combat. Even so, the blaster attachments to Lin's gauntlet's retracted.

"This is better," Colton said, reveling in the moment. "More fitting... I'd say." The teen gestured grandly, as if there was a crowd to play to.

Lin walked toward the padawan, closing the distance with purposeful strides. His lightsaber flew off his belt clip and landed in his open palm. The sword ignited as soon as his fingers wrapped around the hilt.

"How does this narrative sound?" Colton yelled, swinging his blade across the ground and kicking up amber sparks. "You escaped custody after attacking Ku-Wele and Oberon. I tracked you to the hangar and ordered your immediate surrender. Being the heel, you chose to fight. I had no choice but to defend myself. Lin Dameron is a wanted killer, after all."

Lin gave an irritated nod, "Clever." He stopped within striking distance of the boasting padawan.

Colton took a few feral swings, dropping low to clip Lin's knees. Sidestepping the first parry, Lin leapt over the next strike. The Gray Leader came down with an overhead swing of his own.

The padawan anticipated this, reaching for a small pouch on his belt. Colton dodged Lin's downswing, while lobbing the bundle toward his helmet. The palm sized bag exploded into a cloud of pink and blue dust.

The particles made contact with Lin's visor, congealing into a paint-like splatter. The strange substance covered the mandalorian helmet.

Blinded, Lin swung his lightsaber wildly. "Shit," he yelled, trying to keep the padawan at bay.

Colton laughed maniacally and moved away from his handicapped adversary. He enjoyed watching the Gray Leader flail. Lin's desperate parries hit nothing but air.

"Oh, I take it all back," Colton snickered, lunging forward to strike Lin's forearm. The blade slashed across the mandalorian gauntlet, separating the sparking armor. The metal pieces fell to the ground and Lin cursed again.

Changing his stance, Lin tried to focus on Colton's heckling voice. He grimaced and pivoted, as the arrogant padawan circled him.

Colton easily avoided Lin's feral swings.
"You are as stupid as Owen Skywalker suggests," Colton laughed, feining a lunge. He knew he was enjoying himself a little too much. Toying with Lin Dameron was incredibly fun, but he knew it couldn't last forever. He needed to kill Lin, before they were interrupted.

"I will have to inform the grand admiral of the change in plans. No doubt, he'll understand when I deliver your head on a platter," Colton continued.

Lin tensed up and swung his lightsaber through the air again.

Your eyes… you don't need them, a calm voice whispered in Lin's mind. It sounded like Kayla was speaking to him, but the accent was different; it was more pronounced.

Lin stretched outward with his lightsaber and listened to the voice. The instructions were faint, but they painted a vivid picture in Lin's mind. The Force was all around him. It coursed through his veins in a new and exhilarating way. Lin couldn't explain it but he could almost see Colton now. The dark and murky silhouette was in sharp contrast to the warm, abstract imagery all around him.

Colton continued to circle Lin, as if stalking a wounded animal. Noticing a change in Lin's stance, the teenager seized the opportunity to strike.

The aggressive padawan rushed forward with a flurry of deadly saber combinations. Lin stepped back and blocked every parry with fluid movements. Colton's eyes widened in surprise, but he pressed forward with the attack.

Lin countered each strike effortlessly. Flashes of amber light erupted every time the swords touched. Colton glowered at his opponent, trying everything he could to keep his advantage. The more he pressed, the easier it became for Lin to anticipate his moves.

The Gray Leader went on the offensive, forcing the padawan to retreat. Lin stayed on his heels, narrowly missing with a lightsaber combination. Colton had no choice but to spin around and block. When he did, Lin locked their blades in a stalemate. Panic swept over Colton's face; his cavalier attitude had been his undoing. Lin seized control of his sword hand, crushing the bones along his wrist. A flood of emotions rippled through Colton—he had never been in a life or death fight-for-survival—and he was on the verge of defeat.

Lin pushed down on the padawan's lightsaber. The Gray Leader could feel Colton's emotions and he could see the fear in his eyes. "You're afraid," he gritted out. "How did you think things would end, traitor? Did you really think that Kayla wouldn't sort out the truth?"

Colton squeezed his eyes shut and put all his effort into fending off Lin's strength.

"Kayla will see right through your bullshit," Lin stated confidently. He used his leverage to overpower Colton's lightsaber, pinning it to the ground. The bewildered padawan opened his eyes again, as Lin came forward with a crushing elbow.

The loud crack sent the nineteen-year-old stumbling backward and clutching desperately at his nose. Lin could have struck him down then, but he refrained. He was going to let the padawan live, so that he could tell Kayla and the Jedi Council the truth.

But then Colton opened his mouth again.

"Not bad, for an orphaned hack," Colton stuttered in a muffled voice. Blood flowed freely down his lips and chin. The beaten padawan looked at his chest and cursed. His new tunic was ruined, but he was alive. Lin may have spared his life, but Colton was determined to seek retribution.
"If you think—"

Lin's clawed hand rose and pointed toward Colton, cutting the padawan off in mid sentence. The Force wrapped around the pretentious teen's windpipe. Stunned, Colton felt his body jerk ten feet in the air. He kicked wildly and dropped his lightsaber in an attempt to break free.

"Impossible," Colton choked, trying to pry the invisible fingers from his throat. His attempts were futile. The darkness started to crowd the corners of Colton's eyes.

"Death by hanging… or death by lightsaber," Lin said, angling his blade back. Either way sounded like justice and Lin prepared to fling the weapon into Colton's chest. With the Force on his side, he knew exactly where to aim. He could feel Colton squirming in the air. He could hear the padawan's racing heartbeat.

"Not like this," Rey said in a strong voice, slipping behind Lin.

Lin clenched his jaw, knowing that the voice behind him was that of Grandmaster Rey Kenobi. It was her voice that was whispering to him, moments earlier.

"He must pay," Lin replied, keeping his hold firm on Colton. The padawan continued to struggle from ten feet in the air. His frightened eyes fell upon Rey. He silently pleaded for help, assuming the Grandmaster would take his side.

"And he will," Rey said, gently placing her hand on Lin's forearm.

The powerful Jedi could have forced Lin to stop. If this was anyone else, she would have put an end to it already. But Rey knew this was a watershed moment for Lin Dameron. He had walked the line between the Light Side and the Dark Side for too long.

"It's time for you to choose," Rey continued as Lin's hand starting to waver. "You aren't a monster, not if you make the right choice. And you don't have to be alone anymore. You've been given a second chance to find your calling. If you choose the wrong path—right here—you will become the monster the galaxy fears. You will definitely be alone."

"You don't know what he's done," Lin countered, turning his paint splattered visor to look in Rey's direction. "He's endangered everyone here. He's given the First Order... Kayla's location."

"I know," Rey said, crinkling her nose. Her hazel eyes looked into the mandalorian visor. "There is another way to save the one you love. You just need to let it in."

Lin swallowed hard, "Another way," he repeated. "I... aspire to be more," he choked. "But this is what I know. I don't have Skywalker blood coursing through my veins. I was never that strong with the Force. The Dark Side is the only way for me to become powerful."

"I see you, Lin. I understand the struggle better than you may think. It's time to learn the Force from a Jedi Master," Rey stated.

Shutting his eyes, Lin relaxed his fingers and dropped his hand at his side. He retracted his lightsaber before falling to his knees.

Colton collapsed on the ground, resting in a motionless heap. The disgraced padawan's face was strained and purple. Rey glanced over at the troubled teen. After a few seconds, Colton gasped for air and started breathing again.

"Kylo Ren already has an apprentice," Lin said, wiping his gloved fingers across the multi colored
gunk that covered his visor. He flicked it to the ground without realizing that he came close to splashing Rey's cloak. "I told him that I wouldn't get in the way. I can't ask that of him. He's just getting his family back."

"Lin, take that damn mask off and look at me," Rey commanded.

The Gray Leader paused for a moment. He slowly reached up and removed the helmet, setting it on the ground. Rey had one hand on her hip and looked slightly annoyed with him. Lin remained kneeling. He couldn't help but notice the striking resemblance between Rey and Kayla.

"I started out alone. I lived as a scavenger. I became a Jedi Knight," Rey said, putting it simply. "After defeating the Dark Side, I became a mother and the Grandmaster of the Jedi Order."

Rey arched an eyebrow and waited for Lin to respond.

Lin rubbed the back of his head and cleared his throat, "Eh, geez. Well, I was a son and a brother. I became a pilot because I wanted to keep the galaxy safe... for my family." He fell silent after that, reflecting on everything he had done over the past three years.

"We all start off as something else in the beginning. It helps shape who we are, Lin. If you aren't proud of the path that you've chosen, then lay in a new course. Hmm, you should know this... pilot?" Rey smirked at the end, hoping to get Lin to smile too.

"As a Jedi?" Lin asked in a somber tone. "Look, I like it here. I wouldn't want to leave the Jedi Temple. There is something special about this place and the people in these walls. I can't put it into words. But would the Jedi Order want me to stay?"

"You assumed we would want you to leave," Rey replied. "You've spent years consumed by chasing one goal. Maybe you aren't that same person anymore. Have you considered that you like it here, because it reminds you of home? A traveler never realizes he is lost until he finally returns home."

As she spoke, padawans Ku-Wele and Oberon came huffing into the hangar. Lin's mind was racing and he barely acknowledged their arrival. Rey pointed to Colton's unconscious form and gave Ku-Wele clear instructions on what to do with him.

"Restrain Colton," Rey said, pointing at the wayward padawan. "Sadly, we've discovered that he's the mole; one of our most promising pupils."

Ku-Wele grabbed the Jedi restraints from the back of his belt. He looked stunned for a moment, before shaking the look off and cuffing the wayward padawan.

"Colton must be guarded at all times. I've communicated with Master Skywalker—he is on the way with General Organa," Rey said.

"Kayla," Lin whispered, closing his eyes. "I must leave at once," he stated louder, walking away from the Grandmaster. He wasn't asking for permission.

"No, wait," Rey replied, keeping her eyes on Ku-Wele and Colton. Lin continued walking, knowing that time was running against him. "Lin Dameron, you will wait for me," Rey scolded.

Lin took one extra step before walking into an invisible barrier. "Ouch," he groaned, rubbing his forehead and turning to face Rey.

"Your training is woefully incomplete," she continued, starting towards the impatient young man.
Lin looked like he wanted to argue but realized the Jedi Master had a point.

"You've been drifting by with the bare minimum," Rey continued, stopping in front of Lin. "A handful of lessons from Kylo Ren is not enough. And whatever techniques you've stolen from my daughter will not suffice, either. Not this time; not for the challenges that lay ahead."

"Stolen?" Lin asked, raising both eyebrows.

Rey gave him a cross, knowing look, "Oh, don't try to play innocent with me. You've been in my daughter's mind and you've taken enough shortcuts as it is. I know how that little game works, I invented it. From now on, you will learn the ways of the Force from a Master Jedi. You will learn... from me."

Lin watched, mouth agape as Rey strolled past him and headed for the ramp to the Millennium Falcon.

Holy shit, he thought, wondering if he had just heard the Jedi Master correctly.

"Move it, padawan. We have a schedule to keep," Rey called over her shoulder, before disappearing into the ship. He heard BB-8 beeping wildly from the top of the ramp.

The subterranean streets under Coruscant were overflowing with spectators. A low murmur swept over the crowd. They were shoulder to shoulder, angling to catch a glimpse of the cloaked visitors.

It wasn't everyday that Lady Shade and Jedi Kenobi were spotted walking side by side.

Commander Zel had hoped that the night shift would already be at work. He coordinated with Ahsoka's battle cruiser to ensure their arrival came in between work details. The planet and it's endless ocean of buildings required around the clock maintenance.

To Zel's dismay, the night shift abandoned their stations and crowded the streets. Word of Lady Shade's arrival spread quickly. That was the kind of power she held over the masses. Hanna's influence and reputation had elevated her into something of a living urban legend.

The people were in awe of her; whether she was using her abilities on them or not.

There were rumors that Lady Shade joined the Jedi Order. That she was working side by side with Kayla Kenobi—the young knight that was gaining quite a reputation on her own. With the Jedi under Hanna's control, she could conquer the Republic.

"What a load of rubbish," Kayla hissed, scowling at her sister. "Is that why this crowd is here?"

The Jedi kept her eyes on Zel and the Marauders, who were busy making a path ahead.

Hanna laughed and linked her arm around her sister's. "People need their gossip. It's the one tradition that all world's share."

Leading the way, Zel was growing increasingly uncomfortable with the swelling crowd. He and the Marauders cleared an opening through the gawkers, issuing stern warnings. They didn't need to shove anyone out of the way—not yet anyway. The Marauders had quite the reputation, too.

Progress was painfully slow, as Kayla and Hanna looked on. The sisters stayed behind the Marauders, which irritated Kayla. The Jedi Knight didn't need bodyguards and wanted to push her way through the crowds. Hanna, however, was dictating the pace. The taller sister kept pointing to
tiny shops and narrow watering holes that were shoved between building foundations.

"Don't you think we should help?" Kayla asked, biting her bottom lip. Growing tense, she wiggled free from Hanna's hold. "I'm sorry, but this is a little absurd. I am a keeper of the peace and I don't want things to turn violent."

Hanna rolled her eyes and laughed playfully in response. The dark apprentice felt at home in the humid, bustling underground. "These are my people," Hanna said, stretching her long arms and yawning. "This kinda happens every time. Granted, it's much worse because you're here, too. It won't turn violent. Zel is just... overprotective."

As Hanna spoke, a construction worker whistled from the second tier of some scaffolding. He proceeded to yell inappropriate comments at the twin sisters. Although his voice was drowned out by the noisy crowd, Kayla and Hanna got the gist of his comments.

"We don't need anyone's protection," Kayla said. "And I'm going to go and strangle that man."

"Oh, you're so feisty today," Hanna smirked. "I like it."

Commander Zel was positioned closer to the vulgar worker and heard every word he yelled quite clearly. The big guy marched for the scaffolding. With one kick, he sent the supports swaying from side to side. The construction worker tumbled off his platform and crashed into the streets below.

Zel loomed over the fallen carpenter. He had some choice words for the foul-mouthed man. Raising his large fist, Zel proceeded to punch the snout-faced heckler.

"One more... for good measure," Zel gritted, reaching back and striking again.

"That's my man," Hanna cooed, drinking in Zel's large form. "Is it so wrong that I enjoyed watching every second of that? Mmm... I will have to thank him later, in private."

Kayla looked appalled and felt it was time to intervene. She had used mind tricks on crowds before. It worked well in the marketplace where she found Lin fighting off Besalisk vendors. The Jedi Knight eyed the scaffolding and realized the tall platforms would allow her voice to carry.

"I'm putting an end to this," Kayla stated firmly.

"This won't last much longer. Not when they realize that daddy is here," Hanna said, lifting her hand and pointing over her shoulder. Kayla turned around, as it dawned on her that Ahsoka and Kylo Ren were nowhere to be seen.

A handful of gang members turned the corner, running at full steam towards Kayla. She recognized this group — they had been tailing the Jedi Order for a few blocks. The men looked terrified, as they passed her.

"Kylo... kriffing Ren," one of them shouted, jumping up and pushing his way into the mob. "He's here. Kylo Ren is kriffing here!"

The Sith Master swung around the corner, looking like a death omen. He glowered at the sight in front of him. His hood was draped over his face and his fiery crossguard lightsaber was activated. Kylo was not in the mood to deal with hordes of strangers — not without his helmet anyway. Kayla realized she hadn't seen him so pissed off before.

A hush fell over the crowd in front of the Marauders. The spectators turned their attention towards the hooded figure that was stalking in their direction.
"Put that away," Ahsoka huffed, rounding the corner and catching up to Kylo Ren. "Are you going to cut down every street gang here? We're supposed to be inconspicuous. You might as well announce our arrival with —" the Jedi Master's voice trailed off as she noticed the large crowd ahead.

"Black...hood. Red lightsaber! Kylo Ren!" A buggy eyed man shouted, pointing towards the dark figure. He ran across the street and fled into a narrow alley. Fear spread through the onlookers like wildfire. The night shift bolted for the safety of the surrounding buildings.

"Ah, there it is," Hanna said, having to yell over the sound of a stampede. "Maybe next time we send dad ahead first. He could wear his mask and cut down a couple of street lamps with his lightsaber. This might go a lot quicker."

"Is this the kind of warm reception that you always receive?" Ahsoka asked, walking alongside Kylo Ren. The corners of Kylo's mouth creased. He retracted his lightsaber and returned the hilt to his belt clip.

"What? I hate waiting in lines," he growled. "That includes crowds... and sand."

The Jedi Master rolled her eyes. She came to a stop next to Kayla and Hanna. "Alright, now that everyone knows we're here, where is this base?" she asked.

Zel threw his hands up, as the rest of the spectators fled from the streets. "Unbelievable," he mouthed to Hanna. The big guy chuckled and waved for everyone to follow him.

Commander Zel held up his fist and signaled for the Marauders to stop. He approached the dark alley alone. The narrow channel opened up to a large factory surrounded by barbed wire fencing. The twenty-story concrete structure was dwarfed by the massive skyscrapers around it. It was the ideal location to house and train three thousand soldiers; officials never came down to this sector.

Two guards exited the booths nestled on either side of the security gate. They disengaged the safeties on their weapons, but kept their blasters pointed toward the ground. Flood lights on top of the guard booths kicked on, shining into the darkened alley.

"Who goes there?" one of the guards shouted. His voice echoed against the tall buildings. It alerted a group of soldiers outside on a smoke break. The men and women grabbed their weapons and came running toward the gates for back up.

Zel stepped out of the shadows, spinning his riot staff. "Put those pea shooters down, krieffing nerf herders. You're in the presence of someone who pisses excellence!"

The anxious soldiers lowered their weapons and laughed when they heard the voice. The tension among the troops eased. It was a relief to see their commander again. Zel had a wide smile as he approached the guard booths.

"You didn't even have the decency to threaten me with weapons set to kill?" he asked. The commander held out his hand and gave the first guard a handshake. "I'm back and I brought some new friends."

The Marauders decloaked, appearing in a spread formation along the gates. Their stealthy arrival made the soldiers jump in surprise.

"Maker, are you trying to give us heart attacks? Since when do the Marauders need to sneak around in our own facility," the guard asked, clutching his chest.
"It's a long story, but I had to be sure," Zel replied. He turned and waved for the Jedi to step forward. "Hux was here on an inspection when I was away. I didn't want to be surprised by a garrison of aging stormtroopers. I'm relieved to see your ugly, familiar faces."

Zel and the Marauders laughed and joked with the soldiers. The Jedi approached the factory, as the flood lights turned off.

Kayla was quite surprised by the size of the facility. It was impressive; the factory was perfectly hidden in the middle of a skyscraper grouping. The Jedi wagered that the base never received any natural light; it was constantly in the shadows of the surrounding buildings.

"Isn't this great?" Hanna asked, giving Kayla a little smirk. "No one bothers us here. It's perfect." She gently tugged on her sister's hand, bringing her forward.

Kayla was at a loss for words. Wouldn't the authorities on Coruscant know about an armed militia of this size? How did this site go undetected for so long?

Hanna sauntered past her father and Ahsoka. "Come on, Kay. Let me introduce you to some people," she said, with a brilliant smile.

"Hanna, wait," Kayla replied, feeling a sudden disturbance in the Force. It rattled her teeth and made the Jedi Knight dig her heels into the asphalt. She grabbed her sister's wrist tightly.

Kylo Ren and Ahsoka were talking and fell quiet. They gave each other a quick glance, before reaching for their weapons.

Hanna whirled around and looked at her sister. She could feel Kayla's emotions over the Bond and could see the concerned look in her eyes. The shared sensation made her gasp in shock. A loud rumble erupted from the center of the factory. It shook the foundation and reverberated off the surrounding buildings. Sirens rang out on every level, making the Marauders race toward the front doors.

"No, wait!" Zel shouted at his men. He sprinted forward in an attempt to corral them.

"Get down," Kayla yelled, shoving Hanna to the street and pinning her in place.

The shockwave hit first, blowing out the windows and doors to the factory. The impact sent speeder bikes tumbling toward the Marauders. The sound was deafening and the last thing Kayla saw was a black cloak sweeping in front of her eyes.

Kayla yelled for her sister, but she couldn't even hear her own voice. The Jedi wondered if any sound was coming out at all. There was a loud ringing in her ears that seemed to make her vision blur. She willed herself to get up to her hands and knees.

Kylo Ren stood tall over his girls, shielding them with the Force. The concussive blasts continued to rock the factory and the surrounding buildings. With a wave of his hand, he deflected a large sign that broke away from the top of the factory. It fell in pieces, starting with a handful of giant letters. The trussing and framework toppled down next, but Kylo managed to push the pieces away from the injured soldiers scattered on the ground.

Ahsoka stood beside Kylo, another blast erupted from the building. She helped protect the Sith Master by stopping the incoming projectiles. The Jedi Master swatted everything away, allowing Kylo Ren to focus on corralling larger pieces from above.
"Zel," Hanna cried, finally waking and rolling over onto her stomach. Kayla breathed a sigh of relief as she hovered over her sister. The Jedi wrapped her arms around Hanna, helping her to sit upright.

"Easy," Kayla said, unsure if Hanna could hear her. She opened their Bond to make sure Hanna was listening.

Easy. We may have concussions, Kayla said, slipping her voice into Hanna's mind.

The next blast brought forth a blistering inferno. The explosive chain scaled the building, shooting fireballs out the windowless openings on each level.

"No," Zel shouted from his back. Covered in gray and black soot, the initial shock wave had knocked the sturdy commander out. He recovered quickly, putting the pieces together that the explosions were no accident.

The Marauders lay around Zel, tangled in a mess alongside the soldiers from the gate. Zel prayed to the Maker that his men and women were still breathing. The big guy grimaced and tried to get up. Putting his large fists on the asphalt, he rocked himself forward to gain momentum.

Zel howled in agony, clutching the pain shooting from his right thigh. "Ah, Shit," he cried out.

A mangled metal rod was wedged through Zel's leg. The commander hadn't realized how bad his injuries were until this very moment. He worked his belt off and tied it tight around his upper thigh. "Bantha piss," he swore over the roaring fire.

Hanna rushed to Zel's side, wrapping her arms around him and holding on for dear life. "No," she whispered, going cross eyed at the sight of the metal rod and pool of blood. "No," she choked again.

The raging heat and smoke from the building was suffocating. Hanna knew she needed to get Zel away from the inferno, but she was worried to move him.

Kayla followed after her sister, coming to the aid of the Marauders. She knelt in the middle of the twisted bodies, overwhelmed by the sight. The Jedi steadied her erratic breathing and reached out with the Force. She started with the nearest soldier, lifting the woman a few feet above the ground. Kayla's hands were shaky and it took all of her concentration to float the soldier toward Kylo Ren.

"Go and help the girls," Kylo shouted, keeping one hand outstretched. His focus needed to remain on the factory. The injured survivors were too close to the base and they could be crushed by falling debris at any moment. "I'll take care of the building… hurry."

Ahsoka gave a crisp nod and rushed to Kayla's side. She waved her arms elegantly, levitating the survivors one at a time and guiding them away from the deadly smoke.

"We need medics… first responders," Kayla said, trying to keep her hands from trembling any further. It was risky to move the injured—even with the Force—but it was safer than keeping them here. The factory behind her continued to moan and sway.

"I think we are the first responders," Ahsoka said, bending forward. "We don't have time for this." She concentrated on moving several soldiers at a time, dragging them along the ground while back pedaling. "Kayla, this whole place is coming down. We need to get the injured on the other side of that skyscraper. Move faster."

An angry rumble shook the far end of the factory. The levels inside caved in, starting from the top. The building listed ominously, which made Kayla switch to Ahsoka's technique. She used the Force to drag bodies across the pavement, two at a time.
Zel fought his way up to a seated position and squeezed his hands around Hanna's. She pressed her chest into his back, trying to keep him still. Hanna hoped that her heartbeat would comfort her man and keep him from going into shock.

"My soldiers," he croaked. "Let me up. I need your help to stand," Zel pleaded, staring helplessly into the blistering flames. "There are survivors inside, let me up!"

Hanna had tears streaming down her cheeks. She couldn't hear Zel, but she understood why he was fighting her hold. "No… no, baby. I will not lose you, too," she shushed.

The dark apprentice kissed the back of his head. Zel craned his neck to look at her. Hanna's saddened, almond eyes stared deeply into his pleading ones. She didn't want to use her powers on the man she loved, but this was for his own good.

With a wave of her hand, Zel shut his eyes and fell asleep. Hanna placed him gently to the ground. Lady Shade stood, wiping the tears from her puffy face. She summoned the Force and cradled her focus and energy around Zel. He floated in the air and Hanna walked him toward the safety of the dark alley.

Zel was placed between two Marauders that were already starting to wake up.

"Look after the commander," Hanna said sternly. With her ears ringing, she didn't bother waiting for an answer. The men nodded at her in response.

Lady Shade sniffled and turned her attention back to the factory. Her base was burning to the ground. Soldiers were trapped inside and she feared for their lives. She hoped to see signs of life. She expected to see her men and women crawling out of the windows and side doors — doing everything to escape. It seemed as though no one survived the initial shock wave.

Her eyes travelled up the staircase and rested on the blown-out entrance.

Three soldiers came stumbling out of the factory, falling to the platform at the top of the stairs.

"Thank the Maker… survivors," Hanna shouted. The dark apprentice broke into a sprint, gliding out of the alley and past Kylo Ren.

"Hanna!" Kylo shouted, keeping his focus on the wavy building. He let out a growl as she past his line of sight. The Sith Master tried to slow Hanna, but she disappeared behind a grouping of toppled speeders.

With a dramatic swing of her arms, Hanna pushed the quad seater out of the way. The busted speeder tumbled to the side, revealing gigantic metallic letters.

Coming to a sliding stop, Hanna looked for a way to navigate the twisted signage. The large letters and metal framework was much taller than Hanna expected. Lady Shade was boxed in and cut off from the people that needed her help.

Hanna backed up, considering scaling the sketchy trussing. The sound of another explosion made Lady Shade duck in surprise. Her legs coiled and on instinct, Hanna sprang forward. The Force catapulted the dark apprentice over the sign and through the air.

A rush of excitement pitted in Hanna's stomach as she came in for the landing. She could see the soldiers near the top of the staircase and believed that their injuries were minor. The young woman landed hard, rolling forward into a somersault.
"Stop!" Kayla shouted, reaching desperately for her sister. The Jedi stood on top of a large concrete slab. She used the Force to grab ahold of Hanna's ankles and legs. "No one is there," Kayla pleaded, crouching on the unsteady platform and pulling harder.

Hanna spun on her back and threw a Force Push in retaliation. It missed Kayla and the Jedi seized the opportunity to drag Hanna away from the steps.

"Let me go!" Hanna screamed at the top of her lungs. The heat coming from the building was singeing her arms, but the young woman wouldn't be stopped. "I saw them. I can hear them crying for help. They can be saved."

"No one is there, Hanna. Listen to me. Focus on my voice," Kayla yelled back. She gave a sharp tug and pulled Hanna within a few feet of her. "It's a trick. Look again."

Wrestling away from Kayla's Force Hold, Hanna stood and looked toward the top of the staircase. There was nothing at the landing except burning embers.

"I don't… I don't understand," Hanna choked.

Kayla knelt and extended her arm for Hanna, "Quickly," she ordered.

The front façade of the factory came crashing down. Twenty floors of brick, cement and concrete fell forward in one gigantic slab. The ominous sound of the building breaking apart made Hanna and Kayla freeze.

Kylo Ren bit down and summoned the full power of the Dark Side. It surged in his veins, surrounding and penetrating every cell in his body. The Force erupted from his fingertips, catching the falling façade as it plummeted to the ground.

"Get clear of this," Kylo ordered, using the Force to communicate with his girls. He held the face of the building, stalling its descent and containing every crushing piece with his awesome power.

Kayla and Hanna couldn't believe their eyes. The entire face of the factory was floating above them, blocking out the ambient light that trickled from the skyscrapers above. The twins had never seen a display of power like this before; not even around their mother.

"Move… okay move," Kayla encouraged, patting her sister's forearm. Hanna snapped out of it and climbed. The girls made it over the destroyed sign and were met by Ahsoka.

"Your safety is paramount," The Jedi Master said, grabbing the girls by the wrist and moving them along at breakneck speeds. Hanna and Kayla had never ran so quickly before. Ahsoka harnessed Jedi speed and reached a different gear in order to protect the future of the Order.

"What about… dad," they said in unison. Hanna barely caught one last glimpse of her father, before Ahsoka rounded the corner.

The sides of the factory finally crumbled from fatigue. The rest of the building came crashing down after that, collapsing in on itself. Toxic plumes spread into every alleyway and blanketed the area. Hazardous smoke and gases filtered into the surrounding skyscrapers.

Kylo Ren held his ground and his section of the building. A dark cloud of smoke raced towards him and all he could do was close his eyes. The Sith Master kept his concentration, until he was certain his girls were safe.
Ahsoka carefully traversed the smouldering remains of the base. A cloud of nasty black particles and haze hovered over the horrific scene. The slight breeze filtering between the buildings did little to chase away the scorched smell of death. It was quiet here, which was a terrible sign.

"There are survivors," Ahsoka said, with a wave of her hand. She focused intently on a large brick slab near the southern end of the factory. "Faint heartbeats, right here."

Medics and firefighters struggled over the four-acre debris field. They took extra caution to get to the Jedi Master's position. No one wanted to risk a cave-in and one wrong step could be fatal.

"This is all that's left," she said in a somber voice. Her clothes, arms and face were covered in ash and tiny flecks of rubble. Ahsoka didn't notice; she was exhausted and had a devastated look on her face. With a subtle gesture, she used the Force to move the slab of concrete.

She pushed the obstacle just enough to reveal an opening through the carnage. Muffled cries for help escaped the hole.

Ahsoka sighed and stepped out of the way. Running on fumes, the Jedi Master put both hands on her hips. "Had emergency services had arrived sooner, there might be more."

The fire and rescue team surrounded the cavernous hole, dropping glow sticks down the dark entrance. One of the first responders peaked into the opening with a flashlight and confirmed Ahsoka's find.

The Jedi Master exhaled and set her gaze across the razed structure. The loss of life was terrible. It left a sick feeling in her stomach. Ahsoka swore that those responsible would be brought to justice. Armitage Hux and the First Order would be captured and punished with the maximum penalties. There would be no deals; no terms this time.

Her tired eyes rested on Hanna and Kayla. The girls were on the other side of the wreckage, tending to three dozen wounded soldiers.

Kayla moved quickly from patient to patient, making sure they were prepped for emergency transport. The paramedics were thankful to have her help. Despite the urgent tasks at hand, Kayla's eyes flicked towards her father.

Kylo Ren was walking away with his hood over his head. The Sith Master barely said a word to Hanna or Kayla and he refused any medical attention.

The young Jedi shook her head. Between Kylo Ren and Zel, she and Hanna had their hands full.

Zel sat hunched forward. His leg was wrapped and treated by medics on site. He should have left in an ambulance, but he refused. Despite Hanna's protests, Zel remained by his fallen soldiers. She knew he'd need surgery and plenty of time to heal in bacta tanks. The commander came much closer to death than he realized.

Hanna kept a watchful eye on her man, as she laid the last of the blankets over some recovered remains. Lady Shade couldn't describe the cold feeling she had inside. She could use this; whatever it was — hate and anger rolled into one.

The First Order had razed Hanna's base. They had killed nearly every soldier stationed there. They almost killed the man she loved. Hanna would become stronger because this happened. She was convinced; all she needed to do was give in to these feelings.

The heartbroken look on Zel's face was motivation enough. Hanna stood and watched him with
round, damp eyes. The commander reached forward and brushed his fingertips across the ash coated ground.

Zel ran his fingers across his face, tracing tribal patterns along his features. The commander closed his eyes and applied the black soot across his eyelids. As he finished, Zel felt a pair of slender arms wrap around his neck.

Hanna brought her lips next to Zel's ear. "I will make you whole again, my love. I will ease this pain and avenge our army," Hanna spoke softly; sweetly. "I will cut down every person responsible for this travesty. That's my promise to you."

"No," Zel said opening his eyes. "I won't let you become a monster. This is my battle cry; my declaration of war. You are too valuable and too precious to me."

Hanna kissed his neck, "No, my love. This is our war. And the rest of my armies will be at your disposal."

Zel was quiet and didn't blink or move for a long time. Hanna's words repeated in his mind as she continued to kiss along his jaw. He reached back for Hanna and turned his head enough so he could see her beautiful face. She had dark smudges across her cheeks, which Zel wished he could wash away.

"Hanna, I do not know what I’d do if I ever lost you. But perhaps you are right… this is our war," he said in a whisper. "If they came after Coruscant, they probably went after your other facilities, too."

Hanna leaned in to kiss Zel and froze; the color drained from her face.

Kylo Ren leaned his hand against a support column. He squeezed his eyes shut, knowing that one of his daughters was searching for him. The powerful Force user was hoping to make it back to the shuttle before anyone noticed he was gone.

"Did you know about this?" Hanna yelled down the alley. She spotted her father and hurried toward him. "I'm talking to you, Kylo Ren!" she bellowed. Her blood was boiling with anger as she caught the man in dark robes.

"Where the hell are you going?" Hanna asked, stepping in front of her father. Her sultry voice cracked and sounded hoarse.

"Hanna… stay back," Kylo snarled, shaking his head. He turned away from her, trying his best to hide his face. She grabbed his wrist, making him flinch from the contact. She wasn't going to let him walk away.

"They… the First Order… your First Order," she yelled. "They've attacked every facility I have. I just confirmed it with Ar-Twenty-One. No one is answering my calls. The security feeds are down."

"Hanna," Kylo warned, keeping his eyes closed tightly. He breathed heavily and squeezed down on his gloved fingers.

"Look at me, Dad!" Hanna yelled.

Kylo Ren let out a growl before grabbing his daughter by the shoulders. His droopy eyelids opened wide, letting out a faint crimson glow. Hanna gasped in horror, covering her mouth. Kylo released her after she flinched.
Hanna stepped back, putting some distance between herself and Kylo Ren. She needed to stay away. Everyone needed to stay away.

"Your eyes," Hanna said in a trembling voice. "Why… why are they glowing red?"

"The Dark Side. This is what your mother feared all those years ago," he said, stepping closer to her. "I thought I could control the Dark Side once I had Rey. She was always my call to the light. But it's consumed me completely."

"What do you mean?" Hanna stumbled, feeling her heart pounding in her chest.

"Rey was right to put me in carbonite. And she was right to deny your gifts… to suppress them at an early age. We're a threat to this corrupt and ineffective government. We're a threat to the disease known as the Jedi Order."

Hanna shook her head, "That can't be true; she wouldn't." The young woman swallowed hard. Why was Kylo Ren saying these things?

"You're lying," Hanna challenged, stepping forward and getting in the Darksider's face. She didn't care if he had reddish, glowing eyes now. There was no way that her mother had suppressed her abilities.

"The Jedi fear the power of the Dark Side," Kylo said with a smirk. "Think back to your childhood and all those times you wanted to be like Kayla. You were denied that chance. You were denied what was rightfully yours. But you could feel it… the Force was still there. It was simply buried deep; masked."

Hanna was speechless. She wanted to flee from Kylo Ren, but her legs refused to cooperate. She was hurt and confused by everything that her father was saying. The weight of it was too much to bear; first, the tragic loss of life and now this. Tears formed in the corner of her eyes as the young woman finally broke down.

Kylo Ren took a step closer to his daughter and pulled her into an embrace. She squeezed her fingers into a tight fist.

"Search your feelings; you know it to be true."

Chapter End Notes

What the hell did I just do?

Whelp. There goes my entire outline… but this should get pretty damn interesting. Hope this was worth the wait!

Please let me know what you think!
Motives

Chapter Summary

What wouldn't this power family do to protect each other? What length's would they go to?

Also... there is a blowjob in there somewhere.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lin leaned back in the squeaky copilot's chair. He watched as the stars ahead stretched and gave way to the endless blue tunnels of hyperspace. This view he had seen many times before, but never had it looked so sweet and full of possibilities. Never had he seen hyperspace from the cockpit of the fastest ship in the galaxy.

"I've always wanted to fly this baby," Lin said with an anxious nod. His fingers drummed along the console of the Millennium Falcon. "I'm surprised she's not in a museum somewhere."

Rey sat quietly in the pilot's seat. Her fingers moved across the switches, checking their estimated arrival time.

"We have two hours," Rey said, keeping her eyes lowered. "When I first saw her, I thought she was garbage."

Lin turned his head slightly and arched an eyebrow. He wasn't entirely comfortable around Rey. She was something of a legend in the academy. And the stories his father used to tell made her seem like a hero from ancient myths.

But Rey wasn't a mythological figure. She was real; she was flesh and blood and had a sweet smile. The woman who saved an entire galaxy at one point, was sitting right next to him. The Grandmaster sucked in her bottom lip, feeling Lin's gaze on her.

"I could hardly believe this was the ship that made the kessel run in twelve parsecs," Rey continued.

Lin let out an appreciative whistle, scanning the overhead controls. "Impressive," he nodded. "I've never... I've never seen a navicomputer networked like this before. It's a thing of beauty."

"I can't take credit for her," Rey said with a little laugh. She leaned back into her chair and settled in. "But it's been my privilege to keep her flying. Actually, the Falcon has been under Kayla's care for the past few years now.

The mention of Kayla's name made Lin scratch his stubbly, square jaw and look away. There was quiet in the Falcon for a few seconds while both pilots stared into hyperspace.

"How did you know?" Lin asked, finally broaching the subject. He stared at all the blinking lights on the console as he spoke. Rey glanced at him sideways and didn't respond right away.

"How did you know that Colton was the traitor?" Lin asked again.
"BB-8 and I are friends, too," Rey replied, with a half smile. "We go back aways. When he was attacked I took it personally, as well as Kayla. I had one of Leia's assistants monitoring his camera feed from that point on. I was already on my way to the hangar, when Leia sent me your conversation with Colton."

Lin nodded and ran his fingers through his dark, wavy hair. After another minute in silence he reached down and unfastened his seatbelt. "Excuse me," he said while climbing out of the chair and leaving the cockpit altogether.

Rey pinched the bridge of her nose and exhaled deeply. "Okay," she sighed, before unfastening her own seatbelt and going after the young man. She found Lin pacing the galley, looking like he had a lot on his mind.

The Jedi folded her arms and leaned against the side of the *Falcon*. "You can talk to me, Lin. I won't bite. At some point we are going to need to get comfortable with each other, my padawan."

Lin continued to pace. He made a fist with one hand and cracked his knuckles with the other. "I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I... I had to move. I can't sit still right now. It helps if I keep moving."

Rey nodded, "You're always on the move. You've gone far, I'll give you that. But right now you need to slow down and rest."

The Grandmaster knew what challenges lay ahead. She needed Lin to be sharp and receptive; she needed her student to be well rested. Rey clicked her tongue after seeing Lin shake his head and continue pacing.

"You're worried about Kayla," Rey said, trying her best not to smile. Her dimples peeked through her cheeks however. "It's rather sweet of you."

Scratching his chin, Lin finally came to a stop. "How are you so calm about this? Maker, I'm a nervous wreck."

"Oh, I worry for my children like every parent. But, I have faith in my daughters," Rey replied, resting her hands over her belly. "The Force is strong with my girls. It will guide them through the challenges ahead — even if I am not able to."

Lin watched with a surprised look on his face as Rey crossed the galley and took a seat next to the Dejarik table. He chuckled, doing his best to hide his fear and frustration with their current predicament.

"I am going to strangle that ginger bastard until his eyes pop out of his sockets," Lin said, clawing his fingers on both hands.

"That is not the Jedi way, Lin. And you will do things according to our customs. I've lost one padawan today and I will not lose another," Rey replied. She rubbed her belly again, which was becoming a recurring habit.

Lin stopped and leered at Rey. He looked like a man that wanted to argue, but at the same time, this was the Grandmaster of the Jedi Order. She was also Kayla's mother. It was wise to stay on her good side.

"Talk to me," Rey implored, trying to soften her expression and tone. "You have questions and things on your mind. You have a voice here, Lin."

The Gray Leader cleared his throat, "My questions may be uncomfortable. You may not want to
answer them."

"Facing uncomfortable questions is essentially the narrative to my life. That's the best way to get to
know each other, Lin," Rey said with an arched eyebrow. She leaned back into the padded seat and
got more comfortable. "Fire away."

"How long have you known about Kayla and I?" Lin blurted out. The question was on the tip of his
tongue and it came rushing forward before he could rephrase it.

"For some time now, though she's been keeping it a secret," Rey said, narrowing her gaze. The
corners of her lips twitched but she decided to refrain from diving into that "secretive" part.

"Does Kylo Ren know?" Lin followed up right away. There was a nervous energy in how he was
holding himself.

"No, he does not. For now, I suggest we keep it that way," Rey replied.

"Are Jedi allowed to…" Lin started, but his voice trailed off.

"No, but I'm considering changing that policy," Rey answered, knowing full well where the young
man was going with the question. "It's hypocritical for Ben and I to be in a relationship when I can't
afford the same opportunities to my students. I also want my daughters to be happy."

"Are you pregnant?" Lin asked.

This question, as with the others came tumbling out like rapid fire. But this time Rey sighed and
looked down at her hands. The slight pause made Lin stop for a moment and blink. Seeing the
expression on Rey's face made him regret asking something so deeply personal.

"I'm sorry… I shouldn't have."

Rey swallowed hard and her twinkling gaze found his. "I'm not far enough along to be showing,"
she said while cracking a coy smile. "How did you know?"

"I've been piecing it together," Lin replied. "It's your hands and the way you've been carrying
yourself. It's not much of a stretch, considering your husband just returned home. You're much
younger than I thought you'd be… and attractive, too. People leave that part out. And he's well…
he's Kylo Ren. Please stop me at any time."

"I was hoping we were being discreet," Rey said with a bit of a laugh. "Well, I suppose people will
know soon enough."

"Eh, crap," Lin said, pulling his fingers through his hair. "Shit," he continued, turning pale.

"What?" Rey asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I've just run off with Kylo Ren's pregnant wife," he replied while pulling at the edges of his hair.
"And I've flown you towards a trap on Endor," Lin said, raising his voice.

Rey laughed and leaned forward to stand up, "Ben and I aren't married. We haven't gotten around to
that yet. It's complicated, but there's still time should we decide that it suits us."

"He's going to kill me for this," Lin continued, clicking his tongue in annoyance. "Assuming we
make it out of this mess."

"Please, sit down," Rey said, with a smirk. Lin was pacing again and starting to make her nervous.
"You're going to wear a path into the flooring."

"Kriff," Lin sighed, picking up the small metallic ball off the table and tossing it in the air. "What the hell is this thing, anyway?"

"Your first lesson," Rey replied, watching the sphere drop into Lin's hands again. "Since you won't sit still and rest, you may as well be productive. Lin, you struggled to fight without the use of your vision, but you did better with a little coaching. I won't always be there to offer you guidance. It's time to learn to see in the dark."

"Advanced course, eh?" Lin said, tossing the sphere in the air one more time. Rey snapped her fingers, activating the training remote. The sphere hovered in the air and spun on its horizontal axis. Without warning, it fired and hit Lin in the shoulder.

"Ah," Lin cried, grabbing his arm. The shot burned a thin path through his long sleeves and scraped along his bicep. He inspected the wound and growled in response. The Gray Leader wasn't about to be upstaged by some pissant training remote.

"Actually, this is a youngling lesson. I insist that all my eight year olds can do this," Rey said with a playful laugh. "Now close your eyes and concentrate."

Lin closed his eyes and ignited his lightsaber. Getting in a crouching stance, he could feel the Force taking control of his actions. It guided his weapon and footwork. A few seconds later, the remote twisted and fired three more shots.

Leia and Luke stood side by side, watching Colton on a security monitor. The troubled padawan sulked in the brig on Leia's battlecruiser. He leaned his back against one of the walls and slid all the way down to a seated position.

The young man had bandages wrapped around his midsection. He appeared to be in discomfort, listing to one side and clutching his torso. But this prisoner wouldn't garner any sympathy from the Republic guards, or the Jedi Order for that matter. Leia narrowed her gaze. She suspected that Colton was trying to play his injuries up for the cameras.

"He always did have a flare for the dramatic," Leia said, pursing her lips together. She wouldn't be granting the teenager an ounce of leniency; his age didn't matter. Colton's actions directly jeopardized the safety of her family. The general was seething and Luke was hard pressed to recall the last time Leia had been so infuriated.

"What are we going to do about this individual? Such an unfortunate waste." Luke said, shaking his head. He knew that Colton would be unanimously expelled from the Jedi Order. He sensed Leia's desire to interrogate the young man, for he had valuable intelligence. But after that everything became tricky. Colton could become a serious threat to the Jedi Order, especially if he spent years in a prison cell.

"Perhaps he can be rehabilitated," Luke continued, rubbing his hand across his gray beard. He could feel Leia's fiery eyes shift over to glare at him.

"My people will get him to talk," Leia stated. Her tone had a familiar ring to it — this was final and she wasn't going to be swayed.

"You can't seriously be talking about torture," Luke said, turning to face his sister. He knew damn well that this was going to start a fight, but he needed Leia to listen. "You know first hand how terrible those methods can be. You also know that Force Sensitives won't give up information so
"Yes, I know all about the pitfalls of interrogating Force users. But there were some lines that even Darth Vader wasn't willing to cross with me," Leia replied, remaining thin-lipped and focused. "I don't have those same reservations. Neither do my people."

"Reservations?" Luke asked, with a throaty chuckle.

Leia never had a reason to speak fondly of their father. Luke didn't blame her because she only knew him as Vader. Sadly, this was the nicest thing that his sister had ever said about Darth Vader.

"You're suggesting that Vader... went easy on you?" Luke asked incredulously. The Jedi Master couldn't believe that they were having this conversation.

"What if I told you that Vader knew I was his daughter. That he had his suspicions about my identity when he was interrogating me on the Death Star," Leia said, looking quite serious.

Luke fell silent and ran his hand down his forehead and across his face.

"He let us escape because he wanted the location of our base. That part is not in question, but what if that wasn't the only reason he let me go?"

"That's impossible," Luke frowned, "He would have never let you leave."

Leia gave her brother a wary look.

"You've never once mentioned this, Leia. Why didn't it come up on the forest moon of Endor, when I first told you who our father was?" Luke pressed further.

General Organa looked back to the security screen, choosing to ignore her brother's inquiry.

"Colton may be a teenager, but he put my granddaughter's in danger. It stands to reason that he shares a close connection with Owen; he must. The same creep that wormed his way into Hanna's life, must be behind this. Colton will give me every little secret in his head," Leia said, crossly. "I don't care how influential his parents are."

"And then what will we do?" Luke asked with a heavy sigh. He had forgotten until that very moment that Colton's parents were Republic Senators.

"Once he's given me everything?" Leia said, pursing her lips together. "Once he's sung like a canary, I will put a blaster to his head and pull the trigger."

Luke raised his brow, reeling from his sister's response.

"You disapprove, Master Jedi," Leia stated, more than anything. "Well let me tell you how I see things. In my lifetime, I've seen my home, Alderaan destroyed. I've seen the Empire crush countless systems that refused to submit to their control. I watched my son turn to the Dark Side and support that mass murdering, soulless worm," Leia said, swiping the security hologram away with the flick of her wrist.

Luke watched silently as his sister circled the makeshift office she had set up in the Jedi Temple.

"I saw the entire Hosnian system get destroyed before my eyes. The following day… the very next kriffing day, my son killed his father."

"We're old. Let's not rehash this every time, alright? But you and I need to be on the same page here. We are not losing any part of this family; not ever again. I will bleed to ensure this," Leia swore. "And I will spill blood if necessary."

Luke nodded, looking gravely at his sister. His round, blue eyes had a way of getting under Leia's skin. He could usually make her to see reason, without the need to vocalize his objections.

This wasn't going to be one of those times. Leia was prepared to take drastic measures to protect her family. Luke swallowed hard. He was reluctant to give his blessing to his sister's plans. But she was right, they needed to be on the same page.

He knew this was going to get ugly.

Hanna broke away from her father's embrace. She wiped the corners of her stinging eyes and sniffled. The young woman was embarrassed to be crying and shied away from Kylo's intense gaze. She almost never broke down like this and she hated showing any signs of weakness.

Kylo Ren looked on, giving Hanna a moment to collect herself.

"You can't expect me to leave Kayla and Zel," Hanna said, her voice shaking much more than she hoped it would. Lady Shade balled up her fists and desperately wanted to punch something. Kylo raised the hood over his head again, helping to conceal his glowing red eyes. Sirens echoed in the subterranean levels nearby. The Sith Master knew they needed to move now, if they were going to leave the planet without being detected.

"The longer we wait, the further our enemies get," Kylo said in a low voice.

"I can't kriffing stand this!" Hanna cried out, not giving a damn that her voice was echoing in the alleyway. A large dumpster nearby shuttered and squeaked, before launching itself into the adjacent building. The noise from the impact was toe-curling. The mixture of scraping, twisted metal and crumbling bricks would definitely be reported to the authorities.

Kylo Ren rested his hand on his lightsaber and surveyed the damage that Hanna had caused. He wasn't concerned about cutting down the police. The privatized security agencies on Coruscant weren't foolish enough to face the Master of the Dark Side. What Kylo didn't need, was a confrontation with the Jedi Order.

The Sith would be exacting revenge for the bombings that occurred here and on the other twelve training sites. The perpetrators were going to be found and executed.

Hanna hissed through her teeth. Her breathing was still erratic and her pulse raced. She found no comfort in taking her frustrations out on the nearest inanimate object. The flippant showcase of her crushing Force abilities, displayed the considerable progress she was making.

Kylo Ren swelled with pride, admiring the gigantic crater that Hanna had left in the building.

"You have every right to be upset," Kylo hissed. He gently placed his hands on his daughter's shoulders. It steadied her trembling fists for a moment. "For everything that's happened today… for everything that's happened in your past. You can use it all, my darkness."

Shaking her head in reluctance, Hanna was at odds with herself and Kylo could feel the struggle within. He could feel her call to the Light, shackling her to Kayla and the Jedi Order.
"You will never be truly free, until you accept what you are," Kylo continued, "Who you are. Do you really think the Jedi Order will give you a chance at vengeance? Hmm, can you really trust that they have your best interests at heart? They would rather crowd you into their archaic, narrow-minded mold. You're my daughter... and you're very special."

"But Kayla," Hanna protested, scrunching her face in anguish. She had to stay with her sister — she had to.

"A step towards the Dark Side, is not a step away from Kayla. It's a step towards becoming her equal. And soon... you'll surpass her abilities altogether. The Dark Side is stronger; I've shown you it's awesome potential."

"No," Hanna said with a sniffle. "I can't leave... I've lost so much today."

"No, my child. You've gained much more than you've lost. You understand the power of the Dark Side. You've witnessed what it can do. And now you can use your powers the way they were truly intended to be administered. You can punish those who have waged war against our family."

Hanna's watery eyes blinked once more and a cold chill ran down her spine. "I can do what the Jedi Order... cannot do. What their religion will not allow them to do."

"Indeed," Kylo said, before inhaling deeply. "Hanna, you will be protecting the Jedi Order by taking the next step in your training. You must punish those who came so close to killing Kayla and Zel. Together, we can hunt down those responsible for today's tragic events."

"My armies," Hanna said, closing her eyes for a moment. The thought of avenging their deaths was calming her down; allowing her to think clearly. Lady Shade found her center and opened her eyes.

"What do we need to do first?" Hanna asked, finally daring to gaze into the glowing set of eyes in front of her.

Kylo Ren gave his daughter a devious smile. "You have an army, my dear. The First Order."

Hanna quickly shrugged her shoulders away from Kylo Ren's grip. "The First Order? The fucking First Order? You must be joking. I will gut the entire First Order for what they've done here. I don't care if only two hundred men were responsible for the bombings. They will all pay."

"Good," Kylo replied, with a definite nod. "We eliminate the upper echelon, starting with Owen and Hux. The remaining command crew would be next."

Owen. The mention of his name made Hanna's skin crawl.

"And the stormtroopers?" she snapped, shaking her head. "We're supposed to spare them? This effort took coordination. It took planning to carry out this barbaric treachery. Maker, they came so close to killing Kayla... and my boyfriend."

"I know, my darkness," Kylo said, gently brushing his fingers through her silky hair. "I will kill everyone if it helps." The Sith Master bit down hard on the inside of his cheek. He chose not to address Hanna's little slip up about Zel. For now, it served to stoke the fire.

"Mom... and Kayla. They will never allow the Dark Side to return," Hanna said, coldly. "Not like this. They could put you in carbonite again — they may even decide that's where I belong, too."

"The Dark Side has already returned, my child. That destiny is rightfully ours, as Father and Daughter. The Dark Side will bring peace to the Galaxy because you and I will be at the helm."
Owen Skywalker will not stand in our way. No one will stand in our way," Kylo hissed.

Hanna rubbed her arms, feeling torn once again. She had taken drastic measures to keep her family safe in the past. What could be more important than this — than ridding the galaxy of any threat to the Jedi Order?

"If Owen and Hux were willing to attack their own armies... then the next move they make could be against the Jedi Temple itself," Hanna concluded.

"Yes," Kylo said, with a firm nod. "Especially if they have the location to a superweapon." The Sith Master turned around suddenly. He sensed Kayla's presence nearby. It was time for Hanna to make her choice. "You know what's at stake," he continued. "We must eliminate any threat that we cannot defeat with a lightsaber alone."

"Then we'll eliminate the First Order. If the stormtroopers cannot be persuaded into joining us, then we will have no choice," Hanna nodded in agreement.

"They will," Kylo said confidently. "Your powers of influence will be too much for those weak-minded, aging stormtroopers."

"Then we go after Leviathan and Checkpoint," Hanna continued, sounding a bit distracted. She could feel her sister searching for them now. Kayla was reaching out to her.

"Checkpoint... and the one man with the power to use it," Kylo corrected.

"What?" Hanna asked, wondering if she had heard her father correctly. As she asked the question, Kayla peeked into the alleyway and spotted them. She yelled to Kylo and Hanna, waving her hands in frustration.

"The time-traveling knight," Kylo answered, keeping his voice lowered.

Hanna looked confused and parted her lips. She wasn't entirely sure why her father was referring to Lin Dameron in this way. But from the sounds of it...

"Hey," Kayla yelled again. The Jedi Knight approached her father and sister with a worried look on her face. What could be so important that they would ignore all her attempts to communicate?

_Hanna_, Kayla's voice entered her sister's mind. It didn't matter that there was less than twenty yards between them now. _Why the hell did you and Kylo Ren take off like that? Zel's being medevaced to the cruiser. He's lost a lot of blood._

"Uh," Hanna stammered, closing her eyes and having trouble forming a coherent thought. She shouldn't have left Zel's side. Sheer panic radiated from the tall woman in waves.

Kylo Ren watched his daughter carefully and growled. He kept his back to Kayla, as she closed the distance.

"Say your goodbyes," he said quietly, before brushing past his daughter. "I left my mask on board anyway."

Hanna whirled around and grabbed her father by his elbow. With an annoyed grunt, Kylo held his ground. He kept his head lowered, so that Kayla couldn't see his face.

"We do this together and you promise to teach me everything," Hanna whispered. "I need to be able to catch a falling building, too. Whatever it takes to become as strong as you. I am up to the
challenge."

Kylo looked up enough for Hanna to see his intense, sinister stare. "Of course, my darkness. If you stand with me, I'll show you how to do much more than that."

He leaned in closer.

"You continue on this path," Kylo hissed, "and I will show you how to Pull a Star Destroyer out of the sky."

We're here," Lin said, leaning over the cockpit controls. He flipped the stubborn old switch to silence the proximity alarm. A second later the *Falcon* exited hyperspace and slowed to a crawl in front of the wasteland of Endor.

The pilot looked up at the once great moon and paused. His grandmother was a rebellion pilot and his father used to tell stories about her fighting in the first Battle of Endor. Sadly, after the Empire, the remnants started harvesting the world for materials. The lush moon was left dark and desolate. The forests that remained were petrified as a result of high winds and barren lands.

*What a shame*, Lin thought, shaking his head.

Rey tossed a towel over Lin's shoulder. "Not bad, for a youngling. At the very least you should be warmed up," she said with a snicker.

"Who knew that training remotes stung so much?" Lin asked, taking his copilots seat. He had the branding on his arms and torso to prove it.

Rey furrowed her brow, feeling a headache starting to form across the back of her head. "Yeah, some models can even be set... to kill."

"Hmm. No ships in the vicinity," Lin said, arching his eyebrow. The instrument panel couldn't be correct, so he checked it again. "If the First Order is around, they're hiding on the surface."

"They're here," Rey said, with a wince. She put her hands to her temples in an attempt to relieve the discomfort. The Jedi eased into the back row of seats, fending off the sudden sharp pain that clouded her senses. "We... need to be ready," Rey choked out. Her strained voice made Lin look away from the console.

"It looks like an eclipse... wait, are you feeling okay?" Lin asked, pivoting in his chair. He sprang out of the seat and hovered over his new mentor. Rey didn't answer him, but she seemed to be in agony. The Gray Leader was hesitant to put his hand on Rey's back, until she doubled-over and fell out of her seat.

Lin's quick reflexes kicked in and he caught Rey before she fell, swooping her into his arms. "Ah, shit," he cursed, rushing Rey out of the cockpit and gently laying her on the lounger.

"What is it — Rey, what's wrong?" He asked frantically while scanning Rey's body. For some reason, he was looking for a wound or something physical to explain the source of Rey's torment.

BB-8 came racing up and bumped into Lin's foot, beeping wildly in concern.

"Kylo Ren," Rey managed after a tense few seconds. She kept her eyes closed and repeated his name. "Something has gone... horribly wrong," she said with a sob.
Lin swallowed hard. He wasn't entirely sure what to do. The young man didn't have medical training and he wasn't sure of the severity of Rey's condition. And what could this warning possibly mean? Lin worried that the Jedi Order had been attacked on their mission. He wouldn't be surprised if Hux broke his own ultimatum and ordered an assault on Coruscant.

"Rey… Rey, I need to know," Lin said, suppressing the sinking feeling that dragged his stomach into his knees. An anxious, wild look was in his eyes as he grabbed ahold of Rey's wrists. He moved them along her hands to cup them both in comfort.

"You must tell me, are they in danger? Are your daughters in danger? Should I take us to Coruscant or stay here and fight?" Lin asked, unable to hide the frantic tremble in his voice.

Rey's forehead, shoulders, and arms glistened with sweat. Her glossy eyes focused, but only briefly. The blurry sight in front of her finally became sharper. Lin Dameron was doing his best and in that moment she acknowledged his efforts.

"My girls are fine… but there is a Star Destroyer shadowing the planet," Rey said, slipping into a distant gaze. "Coruscant."

"Maker," Lin said, backing up and nearly tripping over BB-8. His hands clapped over his cheeks and pulled against his flesh until he was tugging at his bottom lip. "Right," he exhaled.

"I wonder if this means they've acquired more Destroyers," he asked, looking at his gear piled up in the corner. "BB-8, plug-in to the Falcon. I need to locate the nearest Republic ship with an infirmary."

The little droid scooted for the data terminal and quickly got to work.

Lin came back to Rey with a damp washcloth and padded it over her forehead. She was noticeably pale; even to his eyes. Although he had only seen her up close on a handful of occasions, she never looked like this before.

"You have to stay with me, Rey," Lin said, "My training is woefully incomplete… remember?" He leaned over her, kicking himself for not learning more about emergency field care. The young man completely coasted through those mandatory classes at the Republic Academy.

Rey stirred and snatched the washcloth from Lin, "Don't mock," she scolded. "Yes, you will need to fight." The Grandmaster's sudden spark gave Lin a glimpse of hope; until Rey closed her eyes and passed out altogether.

"Kriff," Lin said, standing up straight and putting his hands on top of his head. The Gray Leader had no idea what was wrong with Rey. He only knew that Rey's daughters had survived. Maker, that could mean anything. They could be injured somewhere and in serious need of medical attention.

Everything was spiraling out of control and Lin didn't know how to put it back together. He only knew how to fight.

BB-8 whistled and hooted from the data terminal. He was thrilled to announce he had discovered a Republic ship close enough to reach them.

"Tell me that's not Finn's ship," Lin said, stomping toward the Falcon's cockpit. At this point, Lin would have taken help from anyone… including his jackass of a godfather.

"What the hell is going on over there?" Finn yelled, looking across the deck of his battle cruiser. He
didn't have a video connection with the *Falcon*, and his godson's audio transmission was cutting in and out.

"Can we clean up this damn signal?" Finn asked sharply, turning to his closest engineer. The crew in his line of sight worked quickly at their consoles, boosting Lin's transmission.

"Are you fucking listening to me?" The Gray Leader asked, his hard-edged voice coming in loud and clear.

"Yes," Finn sneered back. Of course, *that* transmission made it through the interference.

Lin finished cleaning the face of his Mandalorian visor with a scarlet rag. He tossed the used rag onto the floor and set the helmet down.

"Rey is breathing," Lin continued, eyeing his new Master. "She's stable but faint. I think it has something to do with Kylo Ren," he continued.

"Kriff," Finn shot back, waving at his navigator. The commander wrapped his hand to cover his transmitter.

"How long until we can get to Endor?" Finn asked his crew.

Rolling his eyes on the other end, "It will take you too damn long," Lin said. "Stay there, I'm sending Rey to you."

"Alright," Finn said with a nod to his navigator, "We're laying in a new course. We will meet somewhere in the middle. We're sending you coordinates now."

"I've got them," Lin continued, hovering over the console. "Finn, listen to me carefully. Rey is pregnant. The doctors need to check on the baby first."

"Shit," Finn let slip out. He didn't mean to react that way, especially in front of his crew. But he always wore his heart on his sleeve, even as Leia's second in command.

"There's something else, too," Lin said. "You have to get to Kayla and Hanna on Coruscant. Hux threatened the girls and Rey had a vision to confirm that there is a destroyer near the system. The First Order may be putting their fleet back together."

"I understand," Finn replied, suddenly realizing that his godson was venturing alone into a deadly trap.

"I have to go," Lin said, resting his hands on the console. "Call in my old crew and have them hunt that Star Destroyer down. The Gray Squadron hasn't had any fun since I left."

"That can be arranged," Finn nodded, hovering over his command chair. His entire crew was watching him now, ready for his orders to enter hyperspace.

"Give them hell," Lin said, cutting the transmission.

Finn took his seat and nodded to his navigator. The helmsman turned and punched the ship into hyperspace.
"You too, kid," Finn muttered under his breath.

"BB-8, I need you to look over Rey," Lin said, checking on the Grandmaster one last time. "The Falcon will take you to Finn in a snap. His crew can help her far better than I can."

BB-8 followed Lin all the way to the Falcon's escape pod. The droid made a sad tune as they went along.

"I don't want to leave you guys either. And I'm worried about Rey, too. I'd take her myself, but Kayla and Hanna's lives were threatened. I have to make it to the forest moon and there is not enough time to do both."

BB-8 whistled again, making Lin sigh.

"Yeah, I suppose it's a good thing that Finn was nearby. I'll see you soon, little buddy."

Lin gave BB-8 a thumbs up, which the droid eagerly returned. The escape pod hatch came down, separating the old friends. On the inside, Lin closed his eyes. Concentrating on the Falcon's controls, he eased the vessel into hyperspace.

The escape pod launched and cleared the ship, just before the Millennium Falcon disappeared for hyperspace.

"Any word yet?" Kayla asked, handing her sister a cup of java. Hanna was seated just outside the med bay and had a faraway look in her eyes. It was the same look she had during the entire shuttle ride back to Ahsoka's cruiser.

The Jedi cleared her throat. She could tell that something was off about Hanna's behavior. It was as if Hanna was avoiding Kayla. Granted, the day had been tragic. But Kayla had a strange suspicion that Kylo Ren and Hanna were keeping a secret. They were far too quiet during the shuttle ride. They were noticeably closed off from the rest of the group.

The fact that Kylo wore his mask the entire time, didn't help this feeling that Kayla had. Her father was intentionally hiding his face and blocking his emotions from her.

"Hanna?" Kayla asked again, getting a little impatient.

Hanna's long raven locks were partially draped in front of her face. Understandably, she looked like a mess. The sound of Kayla's voice startled Hanna and caused her to jerk upright in the chair.

Avoiding Kayla's gaze, Hanna reached up and took the cup. "Thanks," she replied weakly.

Kayla sighed and took the seat next to her sister. She planted her hands on her thighs, trying to think of something she could say to break the ice. Kayla wanted to tell Hanna that everything would be alright, just like when they were kids.

Wrapping an arm around Hanna, the Jedi pulled her sister in close. The taller girl leaned into Kayla, resting her head and neck on her shoulder.

"You always know what to say to cheer me up," Hanna said softly. "Even when you don't say anything at all... it cheers me up."

Kayla grinned widely. Hanna could feel her sister smiling into her temple.

"You know you can always talk to me, right?" Kayla asked. Her sister fell silent again but nodded
ever so slightly. "Zel will be fine," Kayla continued, trying her best to sound reassuring. "He's extremely tough and too stubborn to die. When he was getting loaded into the medevac, he woke up and started pleading with me. He didn't want you to know he had passed out from something small like loss of blood."

"Damn, the women in our family have a type," Hanna snorted. As she spoke, Kylo Ren came around the corner. From his body language, he seemed eager to have a word with his daughter and pupil.

Kayla nodded slightly and smiled again. She could feel her father's gaze piercing into her. Kylo held his ground. He silently debated on whether or not to encroach on the moment between his daughters.

"Would you promise me something?" Hanna asked.

Kayla lifted her head up to get a better look at her sister, "Of course, anything." The Jedi stroked a strand of hair from Hanna's face.

"Don't let him get away," Hanna said with a half smile. "I think he can make you happy and you deserve to be. No, just listen to me," she continued, feeling Kayla beginning to fidget. The Jedi wanted to protest, but Hanna needed her to listen.

"The Force is trying to tell you something, Kay. I'm not sure how you managed to form a Bond outside of ours, but I know it's worth fighting for."

"The way you are talking," Kayla said while feeling a lump in the back of her throat, "You sound like someone who is getting ready to run again."

"Come on, Kay. You may be older by a few minutes, but consider what I'm saying. How many chances do you think you are going to get with Lin Dameron? You may not have a chance to say how you feel... not with the entire galaxy trying to hunt him down."

"What the hell is that suppose to mean?" Kayla replied with a furrowed brow. She caught Kylo Ren pacing out of the corner of her eye. "Why were you and dad so quiet on the shuttle ride back?"

Hanna closed herself off again, protecting her feelings and thoughts from her prying sister. It was better that she didn't know, or they would have to fight to get off the cruiser.

"Does it have something to do with dad wearing his mask again?"

Hanna swallowed hard and stood abruptly. "Zel's awake," she blurted out.

Kayla was caught off guard by her sister's sudden outburst. She stood up from her seat too, as the med bay doors opened. A short doctor came scurrying out, with a frightened look in his eyes.

"Erm, uh," he stuttered while looking at the women. "Commander Zel is asking to see you, Ms. Ren."

Hanna stormed past the doctor, making him shuffle to the side to avoid a collision.

"He's already awake?" Kayla asked in disbelief.

The doctor trembled a bit and adjusted his glasses. "The surgery went well. We weren't sure how much anesthesia to give him. I've never seen a patient that big before. He must eat seven times a day."
Kayla rolled her eyes and scoffed, "So you mean to tell me, he suffered throughout the procedure to save his leg?"

"He’ll spend a couple days in a bacta tank, but at least there appears to be no permanent nerve damage," the doctor replied.

"That's my sister's boyfriend in there," Kayla hissed. "You should have alerted me that there was an issue and I could have helped. I could have kept him asleep." The Jedi had her index finger pointed in the doctor's chest. She wasn't entirely sure why she was berating this man. Kayla had a flood of negative emotions wash over her and she wondered if it might be coming from Hanna.

Kayla stopped herself and backed away from the doctor. Kylo Ren was no longer pacing at the end of the corridor. He stood still and was watching his Jedi daughter yell at the doctor with great interest. He and Kayla exchanged looks. She could feel something different about Kylo Ren, but she couldn't describe it. He seemed evasive.

He turned away from Kayla and headed in the direction of the ship's bridge. The Jedi was determined to get some answers from her father.

"Nice chatting with you," she said, leaving the doctor cowering against the durasteel siding.

"Get out," Hanna ordered with an icy stare. Two nurses and a medical droid were hovering near Zel's bed. They immediately scuttled, leaving an annoyed Lady Shade to be alone with her boyfriend.

Zel put his hands on either side of the recovery bed and lifted himself into a more seated position. He winced, taking care to keep his right leg from moving.

"Hello, love," he said softly. The commander looked through hooded eyes at the woman he cared so deeply for. He gave her a flirty smirk.

"Don't give me that look. I asked you to get medical attention right away," Hanna hissed. She walked closer to the bed and crossed her arms. "I can't fucking lose you, baby."

Hanna glared up at the privacy curtain which was bunched over to one side. The green curtain wiggled and then raced along the track above their heads. It closed in a "U" shape, so that prying eyes wouldn't see what was about to happen.

Zel swallowed hard; he only ever witnessed Hanna using her Force abilities when she was really pissed off. There was still dark ash all over his face. By tradition, the war markings would be applied daily until Zel's people were avenged.

"You're not too upset with me, are you?" he asked in a low voice.

Hanna sauntered over to the bed and let her fingernails scrape along the edge of the mattress. She knew that Zel would be in here, healing for a few days. She sucked her bottom lip behind her front teeth. Her heated gaze couldn't help but fall on his bare chest; the same chest she had branded years earlier. She should fuck him right here… just to make sure he was alive and that the whole day hadn't been some sort of twisted nightmare.

"You could have died," she snapped, digging her nails into the mattress much harder now. Zel looked a little worried as her hand passed by his wound.

"I know we agreed to do this together," Hanna continued in her usual, sultry voice. "You're in no
condition to fight, much less argue with me. Do you hear me, commander?” Hanna inhaled and paused, as Zel reached for her hand.

Zel's large hands swallowed hers. Hanna couldn't help but crack a smile, feeling the texture of her man's palms and fingers. Zel never took his eyes off her's, as he guided Hanna's hand to his lips. The proud warrior kissed her knuckles and gently placed her palm over his heartbeat. His reach made Hanna step closer so that she was standing right beside him and leaning over the bed.

She carefully sat down, easing her ass next to Zel's hips.

"We must do this together," he cooed, massaging his thumbs into her palm. "There is nothing in this galaxy that can keep us apart."

"I agree," Hanna replied, her flirty smirk fading. "But if I had to leave." Her voice faded away.

"My love… what are you not telling me?"

"My family is in danger," she answered above a whisper. "I will do whatever it takes to defend them. I will spill blood over the galaxy if it comes to it… and it will. For my family… that includes you, Zel. You are my family."

Zel's hands reached forward and pulled Hanna into his chest. She tried to protest, worrying about his leg. But as her lips parted, Zel silenced her concerns with a crushing kiss.

Hanna's tense forehead eased as she gave into Zel's hungry mouth. Every little doubt she had melted away. She moaned loudly and deepened their kiss, knowing full well that this would make his cock throb. Zel desperately sought his love's tongue and she eagerly gave into his fervent mouth.

He was always passionate like this, even though he was the strong and silent type. From his perspective, he needed to be. Hanna was outgoing and fiery like a pulsar star. The quiet and steady commander was always determined to prove that he was worthy. Every whisper, kiss, and touch was meant to reinforce his place beside Hanna.

Zel went above and beyond to please her. Hanna recognized his relentless efforts and she knew she'd never get enough of this man. The way she moaned into his mouth said it all. The way she twisted her fingers into his scalp and the way her pale cheeks turned bright red whenever he touched her.

Fuck, she thought. Lady Shade broke the kiss and searched for air, but Zel wasn't letting her go that easily. He latched onto her bottom lip and pulled, stretching until she whimpered.

Force, she was already wet. Zel had that power over her. Hanna's eyes widened as felt his stiff member bumping into her ass.

"You," she said with an exasperated sigh. His right hand cradled the back of her head. They swallowed hard while searching each other's expressions. For a moment, neither of them spoke. They simply enjoyed being this close.

"Why do I get the feeling that you're trying to leave me here?" Zel asked gently.

Hanna leaned in close to her lover's ear, "I will never leave you… you will always be with me." She kissed the side of his neck and smelled his hair. Maker, she loved his scent. He smelled so damn masculine like a warrior should.

*Her warrior.*
She opened her mouth and greedily attached it to Zel's ear. She sucked in deeply, making her healing beau jump. He had never quite experienced this sensation before.

"Ah," he cried out, trying not to move his leg. Hanna didn't apologize; didn't let up. She continued to suck and nip his ear and neck, while her hand traveled down his chest and abdomen.

"Shit," Zel cursed, wrapping one hand around Hanna's lower back and using the other to hold her neck in place.

"Don't move," she teased. "Don't make a sound." Hanna continued to bite Zel's neck. She was determined to bruise his flesh there. It was incredible being in his lap and taking control. She loved that he couldn't grab her and assert his dominance. Her man would need to lay there and accept that she was in charge. The exciting thought struck her deep within her core.

The modest sheet that was covering Zel's lower half was tenting obscenely.

"They had to cut you out of those pants," Hanna said with a moan. "I don't like that two nurses saw so much of you."

"I... I only have eyes for you, Lady Shade," he said shakily. Her hand wrapped around his erection, trapping it under the sheet. She easily pumped her fist down his covered shaft once, making him growl deeply.

"My love," he choked.

"Everyone must know you belong to me," Hanna said, biting down into his earlobe. Zel's eyes shut tightly while she continued to pump his length.

"Fuck," was all he could manage in response. Beads of sweat were forming on his forehead and chest.

"We'll get to that," Hanna said, trailing kisses down the commander's neck. Her full lips peppered a trail down his clavicle and chest. Hanna's dominant hand left Zel's cock, but only to remove the sheet.

"I need to be inside you," Zel growled. He wasn't thinking about the searing pain in his leg anymore or how dangerous this could be for him.

"You will," Hanna said licking her bottom lip. "But first I need to hear you say it. Say you are mine, no matter what happens. No matter what I become."

"Ah, kriff," Zel hissed. "In my armor... I have the proof," he choked out. Hanna's fingers circled the base of Zel's shaft. "Where the fuck is my armor?" he called out into the room. There was a ring in there for her, but Hanna couldn't possibly know that.

"I believe you," Hanna replied with a teasing snicker. "I suppose it's written all over your chest and shoulder anyway." Pushing her long locks to the far side of her face, she wanted to make sure that Zel could clearly see her cheeks, lips and neck.

Leaning down slowly, Hanna opened her mouth and slid down onto Zel's cock. Her tongue rolled down the massive vein along the side. The vein made him such a pleasure to fuck. She didn't stop filling her mouth until the tip of his bulbous head hit the back of her throat.

She gagged, which made him jerk forward in pleasure. Zel couldn't find the words to express how amazing this was. His padded thumb and fingers gently found the top of Hanna's head.
"Please," he groaned, before shutting his eyes altogether. Lady Shade flexed her jaw and swirled her tongue again, catching as much of his cock as she could.

Maker, he was huge and throbbing just for her.

Hanna bobbed her head up, enjoying the slick sounds coming from Zel's coated shaft. Her tongue swiped just under his head, making the commander roll his hips involuntarily.

"I love having this power over you," she cooed, before tilting her head at an angle. She kept her wanton tongue out and licked along the side of his erection. Her lips glistened as her lower jaw dropped.

Hanna's long tongue extended outward as far as she could make it. She eagerly licked his cock, enjoying every hitch in his breathing.

"Shit," Zel cursed. He tried his best not to move his leg or be overheard. He'd never had a fucking blowjob like this before. "Please," he begged.

Yes, beg for me, she thought.

Hanna didn't ease up, slowly slurping up his cock again. She got to the top of his dick and wrapped her lips tightly against his circumference again.

So thick, she thought.

Zel squirmed as Hanna lowered her head back on his pulsing cock. Force, he was huge but she would take as much of it as she could. Lady Shade found a steady pace and gradually increased her plunging mouth. She teased him with her tongue every so often, changing where and how often she swirled it.

"Pull my hair when you're close," she hissed up at the top, before engulfing him again. Zel felt like his head was swimming. He tried his best not to buck up into her, but it was nearly impossible. His toes curled from the building, sparking sensation.

"Ah, baby," Zel groaned.

Hanna increased her bobbing head, going much faster now. The sounds she was making were too much. The stimulation was nearly too intense to handle. He was trapped and left teetering between ecstasy and torment. Every part of his cock was tingling from her attention.

"Fuck, I'm close baby," he said in a deep, strained voice. He filled his hands full of her dark locks.

"Pull harder," she scolded at the tip of his cock. "Or I won't let you cum in my mouth."

A deep groan rumbled from Zel and he pulled on her hair hard. Hanna smiled and increased her pace with a twisting motion of her jaw. Zel's lower abdomen tightened and he bent forward involuntarily. He added a second hand on top of Hanna's head and pulled her into him with every thrust. "Fuck," he cried out.

Lady Shade knew he was close. She needed him to explode inside her mouth. She needed that hot mess to coat her throat and lips. They both needed this.

Hanna stopped right before the head of Zel's cock. Her smooth teeth came down, just barely. The slight pressure made Zel call out her name. The commander's eyes went wide as Hanna carefully glided down his shaft. Her mouth, tongue and teeth were too much. She applied this extra pressure
slowly, all the way to his base.

"Hanna," Zel cried out again in raspy desperation. He exploded into his lover's mouth. Streams of his seed filled her mouth and throat.

"You're fucking mine," Hanna said, wiping her mouth a moment later. "Mine."

Zel nodded frantically and pulled her up into his chest again. The commander recovered from the best blowjob he ever had, while Hanna nestled into his chest and neck. They were quiet for a few minutes, enjoying this chance to cuddle.

"We can lower the bed," Zel said softly. "I want you to climb on top of my face."

Hanna's smirked deviously but kept her ear pressed against Zel's chest. "I will take you up on that offer… soon."

Zel sighed and stroked his finger's through Hanna's raven strands. "When will you return?"

"There's much to do," Hanna said, burying her face into his chest. "And I'm not sure."

"That's too long," Zel replied.

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The red-armored Guavian death gang approached the crash site of Lin's escape pod. The wreck was still smoldering from its entry into the forest moon's atmosphere. It was relatively easy to find the pod, which was a concern for the gang. They weren't the only ones trying to collect the First Order's bounty for Lin Dameron.

The Guavian assassins took flank positions and approached the smoking crater with caution. There were rumors about Lin Dameron; rumors that he killed the last group of bounty hunters that came for him. It weighed heavily on their leader, Kyper's mind. So, he came with heavy armor, guns, and thirty men.

"We should have known this sneak would have tried something like this," Kyper said, lowering his weapon and taking out his cigar. The hatch to the pod had already been blown off and was resting in the marsh.

"Spread out," he continued. "Dameron couldn't have gotten far."

His red armored team fanned out across the rocky, desolate landscape. A distant noise from the nearest hill caught one of the assassin's attention.

"He's up there," the heavy gunner called out, pointing to the base of a petrified redwood.

Making it over the rocky hillside, the death gang raised their scopes and found Lin at the base of the hill. He appeared to be standing in the remains of a quarry… and he wasn't alone.

"Son of a bitch," Kyper swore, scrambling over the rock face. "Those bastards aren't taking our kill."

"Please, join the party," Lin said, raising his hands above his head. The Gray Leader could hear the Guavians as they trampled down the side of the hill. The red-clad clowns weren't exactly known for their discretion.

Kanjiklub II had found Lin Dameron first, chasing him into the quarry. They had orders from Owen Skywalker to bring Lin Dameron in alive and now they had him surrounded. Their weapons were trained on their target, should he move or try anything. That changed once the Guavians made their
presence known.

"This should be good," Lin continued with a smirk. "I think the red guys have you outnumbered."

"Silence," Memo shouted. The leader of Kanjiklub II was standing behind Lin Dameron. In annoyance, he kicked the back of Lin's knees.

"Oh, you're gonna regret that," Lin said with a chuckle. The Gray Leader steadied himself on one knee, keeping his hands on his head.

The Guavian death gang shouted and raised their weapons at the scrappy group known as Kanjiklub II. They kicked over rocks and came stumbling down the rest of the hill to assert their claim to the bounty.

This was going better than Lin had expected. The rival gangs were in a stalemate, with fingers resting on their triggers.

"Damn I'm popular," Lin smirked. "Fifty against one… that sounds about right."

As he spoke, a loud rumble shook the petrified forest nearby. The ground beneath them hummed as trees toppled in the thin canopy. The death gangs had no choice but to break their showdown. They turned their weapons to the forest when the nearest giant redwood came falling at them.

The impact kicked up a plume of dirt.

An AT-ST, left over from the Battle of Endor, came stalking out of the shadows. The relic clunked along, splashing puddles of water and exciting swarms of insects as it approached. A second AT-ST was right behind it, rattling loudly.

"Oh shit. Didn't see this coming, did you?" Lin asked, lowering his hands. He reached for his lightsaber, which was in the mud next to his knee. "We have a couple of sharply dressed new players."

The first AT-ST lowered its forward cannons at the group. Kanjuclub II and the Guavian death gang spread out and took up defensive posts behind large boulders and abandoned mining equipment. The gangs had no time to worry about Lin or each other. They prepared to eliminate the new threat before it cleared the entire field.

"Bad ass! This will make an awesome story one day," Lin said with a laugh.

"Silence," Kyper and Memo shouted together. The respective leaders glanced at each other, before turning their attention back to the twin AT-STs.

Suddenly, the forest moon's surface started to darken. The loss of light compounded the anxious feelings radiating from both gangs. The gas giant known as Endor, started passing in front of the system's sun. The eclipse occurred once a day on the forest moon. No one had taken that into account.

"You guys aren't afraid of the dark, are you?" Lin asked, clutching his lightsaber and slipping into the shadows. "Because I can see everything."
The first AT-ST fired blindly into the group, chasing the assassins with crimson cannon fire.

Chapter End Notes

First, sorry for the extended wait between chapters. My company is swamped and it’s tough to churn out new chapters right now. I appreciate your patience. This chapter is dedicated to a loyal tumblr follower named the-resident-demon. She had a birthday a couple days ago... so yay!

Rey will be fine. In fact, she will be in the Battle of Endor. There's a reason why I wanted Rey and Lin to be together for this, so we'll see how long he can hold out.

We are getting closer to a Kaylin moment. It's in the cards.

Ah, Kylo Ren and Hanna. What are we to do with you?

Thank you for reading and reviewing :)
Chapter Summary

A vision of the future introduces Rey to her 18 year old son, Orion. In traveling there, has Rey discovered the secret to bringing Kylo back from the brink?

Lin Dameron faces increasingly difficult odds on the forest moon of Endor. He must endure and he must survive.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lin Dameron crouched from his perch atop the battlefield. Clutching the straps along his torso, the warrior adjusted his scorched chestplate. He managed to traverse the rocky cliffside to its peak, despite the pitch black conditions and vicious AT-ST barrage.

"That was a little too close," Lin muttered to himself. He was fortunate that a massive tree trunk absorbed most of the blast that nearly killed him. Thanks to a burst of Force speed, The AT-ST tandem lost sight of Lin after the tree exploded.

He seized the opening to scale the mountain and find his bearings.

Clutching his lightsaber in one hand, he felt the ground beneath him with the other. The slab of granite under Lin's feet was solid, but he knew this was a precarious position. The AT-STs continued to bombard the cliff face and mountain below. Rocks and trees were beginning to shake loose and fall.

The high vantage point wasn't entirely the safest place to be, especially if there was the possibility of a landslide.

Lin's gut feeling was telling him that it was only a matter of time.

Desperate for cover, the Kanji and Guavian assassin's climbed onto the crumbling mountain. They ignored the clear warning signs of danger. The crews split up and took positions along the sparse treeline and large boulders.

Lin shook his head as a handful of Guavians were crushed by a falling tree. Although it was too dark to witness their grisly fate, Lin could feel the widowmaker list and tumble down the mountain. Concerned with the nearest AT-ST, the men never saw or heard the tree that killed them.

The eclipse was wreaking havoc and confusion among the troops. The only illumination seemed to come from explosions and muzzle fire. Streaks of crimson and blue were fired blindly across the rocky forest and terrain. Lin couldn't see all the soldiers, but he could feel them. He had a good idea where each one was positioned and where each one was firing.

Widespread panic swept over the battlefield… and there was something else, too.

"Shit," Lin said while removing his hand from the granite. The mountain was truly devastated; between the deforestation, mining and now this firefight — the cliffside would collapse at second.
The Force whispered to Lin that it was time to leave.

Looking over his shoulder, the climb down the southern peak would be tricky, but manageable. It certainly would be safer than the trek back into the war zone.

A loud explosion ripped Lin's attention back to the firefight beneath him. A Kanji soldier pulled back to throw a thermal detonator and was shot in the stomach by a Guavian sniper. The detonator dropped to the ground and exploded. Three Kanji warriors went flying in different directions.

"They will die here," he said with a slight groan. "Every last one."

The gangs below would be buried by this landslide if they didn't kill themselves first. Any other day he would have been fine with this. A couple months ago he would have left them and never looked back. These men were here to capture him or do far worse.

*Why should I fucking care?* he thought, coming to a standing position. But even as he thought it, Lin already knew the answer.

In fact, there was one very good reason to care. An amazing reason to fight and survive. And she was the reason he came strolling into this trap in the first place. Lin needed to stay and win. He needed to know that Kayla and Hanna were alright.

If only Rey was here to help. Lin couldn't help but wonder if she was in Finn's care by now.

The AT-STs continued to fire into the mountain. They didn't appear to be targeting the death gangs anymore. Instead, the operators were concentrating on different locations across the unstable terrain. They were intentionally bringing down every rock, tree, and yard of soil that they could.

Something told Lin that these AT-ST controllers had received military training. They weren't bounty hunters that happened to find some working war relics. These were ranked officers within the First Order. Hux had sent them as insurance. He sent them to make sure that Lin Dameron didn't leave the forest moon alive.

"You morons were sent with a mission from the Finalizer," Lin said. His gaze narrowed on the nearest AT-ST Scout. "If you were stationed on board, then you know where to find it." They could lead him to the creeps in charge.

The Gray Leader executed a one-handed flip over the granite slab and started sliding down the smooth cliff face. This was by far one of the dumbest stunts he had ever attempted; taking down twin AT-STs with nothing more than a jetpack and a lightsaber.

The Scout barrage ceased as Lin came down the mountain. Locating their target at last, the cannons took aim and unleashed an onslaught of crimson. The armored vehicles fired in a serpentine pattern, trying to cut down the evasive Force Sensitive.

Lin was too fast; too illusive. Every leap he made was timed perfectly. Each flip avoided the deadly cannon fire. Trusting his instincts, Lin moved effortlessly down the mountain. The infrared targeting systems weren't enough to track the Gray Leader.

Moving lower in elevation, Lin spotted the Guavian sniper. He was camped and looking to place a round into the thin visor of the first AT-ST. Lin ignited his lightsaber and kept it low to the ground. He needed the First Order officers alive, if he was to interrogate them.

The emerald blade hummed to life, but only for a split second. Lin sliced through the rifle and followed with a knee to the sniper's chest.
"Get your men off the mountain before they're buried alive," Lin snapped.

The bewildered sniper clutched his ribcage and rolled onto his back in writhing pain.

The Gray Leader resumed his course, keeping the lightsaber deactivated. The AT-STs had lost track of him again and Lin knew that running around with his favorite weapon ignited, was like painting a giant bullseye down range.

The Scouts started to overheat and smoke. Their operators continued to clear the forest until the cannons red lined and shut down. A brief window to counterstrike presented itself while the weapons cooled. Soldiers from both gangs left their cover and engaged the armored transports. Shouting erupted among the survivors, followed by an emboldened, relentless attack against the Imperial relics.

The eclipse started to move away as Lin approached. A dim patch of sunlight crept over the landscape, providing some hazy visibility to the battlefield. Lin knew that his stealth tactics were going to be neutralized once the day sky returned.

In the faint glimmer of sunlight, Lin caught movement in the skies. He came to a sliding stop once he recognized the distinct vertical profiles.

"Take cover!" he yelled just before diving behind a mighty redwood.

Lin's warning was drowned out by a menacing, high pitched roar. The piercing sound was chased by an eruption of green laser cannons. The lasers struck the base of the mountain with teeth-rattling force.

"Shit," Lin swore, "TIE fighters."

The TIEs banked along the contours of the mountain and continued to fire into the ridges above. The tight formation regrouped above the treeline and appeared to swing back for another pass.

A terrible series of tremors shook the mountain. The deep rumble grew louder and started to sound like a massive earthquake. The TIE bombardment was too much for the battered mountain and everything came down.

Lin fired his jetpack and propelled himself toward the sky. He busted through several layers of branches, before igniting his lightsaber. The Gray Leader slashed across the remaining obstacles and made it near the top.

The landslides' deafening roar could likely be heard from many miles away. The collapsing mountain swallowed everything in its path. Lin clung to the ancient redwood as it began to list and fall forward.

He held onto the tree until the very last moment. On the way down, Lin ignited his jetpack and rocketed away from the doomed tree. He landed on the closest tree but this one was listing dangerously too. The Gray Leader leaped from one redwood to another, as the landslide pushed him closer to the quarry.

Finn rushed aboard the Falcon with a medical team right on his heels. He rounded the bend of the ship, heading straight for the lounger.
"She's here," he shouted over his shoulder. The worried friend came to an abrupt stop and knelt by Rey's hand.

Rey was on her back with her eyes closed. Her head was tilted to the side, giving Finn a good look at her face. The Jedi's expression was peaceful and almost angelic. Her skin was coated with a sheen of sweat however which made Finn worry. He never recalled seeing Rey like this. In fact, he was hard pressed to remember a time when Rey had a cold or ailment.

"Rey?" he asked quickly. Finn grabbed her hand and squeezed it. He was expecting the Grandmaster to snap out of her trance, right then and there. She remained still, which made his heartbeat pound in his eardrums.

"We'll take it from here, Sir," Medic Jan-Le said.

Anxiously, Finn backed away to let his team work. They were the best; which is why he picked this staff in the first place. Confidence in this team aside, Finn's hands immediately went to the back of his head.

The commander muttered something into the ceiling of the Falcon, but whatever Finn said was between he and the maker.

"Her pulse is strong," the second medic stated while double-checking her vitals. "Keep talking to her, Sir. We need a familiar, friendly voice."

Dropping his hands, Finn spun around. He hovered between two paramedics, getting as close as he could to the lounger. His hand grabbed the toe of Rey's boot, giving her a comforting squeeze. Whatever was happening to her, may fall into the realm of the Force. Finn realized this and he needed Rey to know that family was beside her.

"Rey, can you hear me?" he shouted from over their shoulders. "Rey, listen to my voice. You need to stay with us."

The paramedic leaning over Rey opened her eye and shined a flashlight into her retinas. "She's responding to the light," he said. "That's a good sign."

Finn's voice called out again, "Rey…"

The Grandmaster stirred in her sleep, furrowing her brow and shifting ever so slightly. A faint whisper kept calling for Rey to reach out; to come back. She knew she needed to stay here longer — there was something the Force was trying to show her.

Darkness crowded Rey's vision but it wasn't scary in the least. She was comforted by a quiet, albeit distant embrace. Her shoulders relaxed and she had that "waking up after a restful night of sleep," feeling.

Rey opened her eyelids lazily and smiled. Her vision was blurry at first and blinded by the morning sun. Putting a hand up to shield her eyes, a familiar fragrance drifted through the air. Rey realized she must be walking through the Jedi Temple gardens. The distinct, signature aroma was likely the flower beds she planted with her girls when they were very young.

"Hmm?" Rey asked sleepily, hearing a voice calling to her. Turning her back to the sun, the Jedi let her eyes adjust to her surroundings. Rey was happy to find herself standing in the gardens. It was
such a lovely morning and she appeared to be alone.

The faint voice called to her again. Rey scanned the vicinity but didn't see anyone. Maybe it was just the breeze.

"Big day today," Kylo said, sneaking behind her and grabbing her by the waist. She'd recognize that voice and those hands anywhere.

The Grandmaster squealed, as his fingertips dug in. Rey spun around and came face to face with Kylo's crooked grin.

Suddenly everything came rushing back. Kylo Ren — the love of her life — had crossed the line. Rey's worst fears were confirmed when he embraced the Dark Side. Rey felt the loss of their connection and it sent her into a tailspin. Complicating things further, Kylo convinced Hanna to stand at his side and leave with him. The Sith had returned to the galaxy. Under Rey's watchful eye, the Sith had *kriffing* returned.

The betrayal had Rey seething. Kylo Ren had some gall showing up at the temple again. Rey reached back and came forward with a right cross. Kylo sidestepped the punch and caught it. A bewildered look was on his face, as he refused to let her fist go.

"My Love?" He asked with an arched eyebrow. When Rey glowered and tried to break his hold, he grunted loudly in frustration. "What the hell, Rey?"

"You… you turned Hanna against me! You ran off with our daughter to conquer the galaxy," Rey hissed, feeling a swell of saliva building in her mouth. She had to wipe her lips, she was so pissed at him.

Kylo furrowed his brow and chuckled. In doing so, Rey realized there was something very different about the man holding her wrist. He looked older… he was older. Kylo's hard, angular face softened while he laughed. There was something in his eyes; he had faint lines in the corners of them. And his hair had some distinguished wisps starting to form around the ears.

"My Love," he said gently. "That was... some time ago."

Rey furrowed her brow and continued to search Kylo's face. He gave her a slight smirk while rubbing her hand affectionately. Kylo didn't mind that Rey had just taken a swing at him. It was almost as if this was a regular occurrence.

"You're… older," Rey said with a slight hesitation. The Jedi wished she had phrased it differently, but the harm was already done.

"Well, thanks," he grimaced. Looking hurt, Kylo released her hand.

"I'm sorry," Rey offered weakly, still wondering if this was a dream or something more. She reached for him but Kylo walked away before she could touch his forearm. He took long strides across the gardens, disturbing the resting butterflies.

Rey watched him storm off until Kylo passed underneath the breezeway. She felt compelled to chase after him and did just that.

"No, it's fine. Really it's fine," Kylo snapped, not turning to look back at her. Rey was right behind him and close enough to reach for his hand. For some reason, she was starting to suspect this wasn't a dream. Everything was too detailed and it felt like Rey was actually standing in the temple.
This was a vision — she was sure of it now.

"Will you stop and talk to me?" Rey asked, chasing him around the corner. "Ben, please."

Kylo came to a stop and stiffened. They were right outside the double doors to the temple sparring room. Rey could hear the crack of lightsabers inside, dueling. Rey didn't have time to dwell on the sounds, however. The man she loved whirled around and leaned close to her face.

"You know, I didn't hear you complaining last night. You can't hide your orgasms from me, I know your body too well. And I believe you scratched every inch of my back," he said sharply. "At least once."

"Kylo," Rey whispered. "It's just... don't pay me any attention, alright?" There was something in the Grandmaster's tone that made Kylo give her a flirty smirk. It was usually his job to screw up and say the wrong thing. He was enjoying this.

"Any?" he teased.

"It's not real," Rey continued, glancing away from his intense stare. He had a way of looking directly into her soul and sometimes it was too much to take. "Please, forget I said anything."

"It's very real," Kylo snapped. Despite his tone, he gently reached for Rey's chin. Her eyes became round and wet. Rey couldn't help but ride the emotional wave that rolled down her chest and made it tighten. The Jedi didn't want to look at his face. She didn't want Kylo Ren to see her like this. This vision was confusing and overwhelming.

Rey couldn't explain it but she was influencing a vision of the future. She wasn't just a casual observer anymore. Being a bystander was one thing, but this was potentially a serious problem.

"Are you feeling alright?" Kylo asked, narrowing his gaze. He had that same smouldering look he usually had while looking at her. It was fierce and meant to strip away her mental barriers.

"I'm fine," Rey replied, feeling the Force calling her attention away from Kylo Ren. There was a strong pull radiating from the doors behind the Sith Master — a powerful presence was inside. Rey couldn't help but lean to her right, in order to look past Kylo.

"You're lying," Kylo hissed, stepping to the side and blocking her line of sight.

Rey looked up at him and it became abundantly clear to them both. Kylo could tell there was something different about her. He knew this wasn't his wife. And Rey saw his expression change.

"Ah, kriff," Rey sighed.

"You're not my wife," he said with a snicker. "At least... not yet. You're still pregnant." Kylo's eyes roamed over Rey's body. He should have noticed this right away and a devilish smirk crept over his lips.

Rey didn't appreciate his wandering gaze; at least not right now.

"I have to leave," Rey protested. "Don't say another word to me... this vision has been tainted by our own perspectives. It can no longer be trusted."

"You're not leaving, Rey," Kylo snapped, pulling her closer to the training room doors. The Grandmaster couldn't help herself. With his hands on her shoulders, Rey relented and found herself
being guided to the front. His touch was like a pleasant caress and it made her sigh.

Inhaling deeply Kylo said, "You feel that Force signature, don't you? There's a young man on the other side of these doors… and he is quite the handful."

Rey gasped, "No, don't tell me anymore. Not a single word."

"That same Force signature… Rey, that same Force signature is the one growing inside you."

"Our son," Rey gasped. Kylo placed his hand over hers and guided Rey's palm to the wooden doors. He held it against the smooth grain, making Rey spread her fingers nice and wide.

"You feel him in there... training with Kayla and Hanna. It will take them both, you see. Welcome to the future, my love."

"Maker," Rey choked. Kylo's lips were close to her ear and the Grandmaster was trembling in anticipation. "I can't go in… I shouldn't go in."

Kylo leaned in closer and kissed the base of her neck, "This is what you're here for. You came all this way. You need to see him."

Rey's breathing quickened as she felt the warmth of Kylo's hand; the rough, pleasant texture of his calloused palm stopped her from protesting. He pushed her hand into the doors, making them creak and split down the middle.

"You need to meet him, Rey. You need to meet our son, Orion."

A blinding light burst through the opening.

Finn and his medical staff rushed Rey along the narrow corridor connecting the Millennium Falcon to his battle cruiser. The sides of the pressurized hallway were lined with wide, trapezoidal windows.

The color in Rey's cheeks started to return, as the stretcher passed underneath rows of harsh fluorescent lighting.

Suddenly, Rey gasped and sat upright in the stretcher. The unexpected movement of their patient startled the medical staff and the stretcher came to an immediate halt.

"What the hell am I doing here?" Rey asked, looking from side to side and seeing nothing but stars out the windows. The Jedi realized she was in one of the docking tunnels on Finn's cruiser. She should be on the Millennium Falcon; rather on the forest moon of Endor right now. Her senses returned quickly and the Jedi could feel she was nowhere near the system.

"Whoa, easy," Finn said, putting his hand on Rey's shoulder. "You're on my ship for medical attention. Rey, you passed out and were unresponsive. For at least a half an hour you were catatonic."

Rey looked at the stunned faces around her. Over Finn's head, she could see the Falcon docked just outside the port windows.

"Ah, kriff," she swore, swinging her legs over the side of the stretcher. "I'm fine, Finn." The Jedi hopped off the bed, peeling off the medical nodes placed on her temples and wrists.
"Take it easy, Rey," Finn warned while backing up enough to give his old friend room. "We must give you a full medical workup and make sure there's nothing wrong."

Rey closed her eyes and brushed her hands across her abdomen. She needed to return to the Falcon, but Finn's concerned tone was suddenly making a lot more sense.

"You know about the baby?"

"Yes, Lin had to tell us," Finn replied, anxiously taking a step toward his friend. "Now please, will you let my team clear you for active duty."

Rey turned and gave Finn a warm smile. "He's gonna be just fine," she said sweetly. "My son is incredibly strong… even now." There was something about her smile and sparkling eyes that were reassuring. It made Finn's shoulders ease.

"You were suppose to be hunting down the Finalizer, remember?" Rey asked. "We had our separate missions to accomplish. You were going to bring out the big guns."

"Uh, yeah," Finn sighed. He turned to his medical staff and excused them with a cutting gesture under his throat. The paramedics seemed confused with Rey's miraculous recovery. They numly acknowledged their commanding officer and pushed the empty stretcher back into the cruiser.

Rey shook her head and started walking toward her ship. "Why did I have to push open the doors?" she muttered in admonishment.

"What was that?" Finn asked, jogging alongside her and backpedaling.

"Ah… Finn," Rey answered with a hint of annoyance. Moving closer to the Falcon, something seemed out of place. Searching with her feelings it became abundantly clear that her copilot was not onboard.

Raising an eyebrow, the Grandmaster stopped her friend. "Finn… where the hell is my padawan?"

"No one could have survived the landslide," Commander Falk spoke into the long range communication hologram. Grand Admiral Hux folded his arms and looked rather annoyed. "Most of the mountain went along for the ride."

"I don't care how long it's been, commander. I want visual confirmation that the target has been destroyed," Hux replied.

"Yes, sir," Falk replied.

The holo projection of Hux scowled and turned away. The transmission flickered and terminated a second later.

Falk rubbed his forehead and adjusted his cap. Glancing at his operator, the commander had a sudden spark of inspiration. "Radio the second AT-ST," he said with a little chuckle. "We're going to get clear and let the TIEs do one final sweep. That should char any remains we recover. Who's to say that the next body we find isn't Lin Dameron. Who would know?"

"Roger, that," Operator Rendo replied. He switched the communications array to speak with their second AT-ST. Looking out the thin visor ahead, he was about to speak when something caught his
eye.

Off in the distance, a green blade ignited. The man wielding it carved a path through the mud and debris. He was moving impossibly fast and wore bounty hunter armor. In the blink of an eye, he was behind their partnering AT-ST.

"Sir!" Rendo called out.

The AT-ST never saw Lin coming.

Soaring through the air, Lin came over his shoulder with a swing. The lightsaber cut clean through the armored leg joints on both sides. Lin landed gracefully in a standing position and took a few steps toward Falk and Rendo.

Crashing into the mud, the Imperial relic shook the ground. The Gray Leader stood tall, as dirt and debris blanketed the area around him. One down and one to go.

"Maker!" Falk cried out. "He… he is one of them."

Lin Dameron glared at Falk’s armored transport. He twirled his emerald lightsaber, as if to challenge the remaining AT-ST. The deadly foe lowered its cannons and Lin sprang into action.

Smashing the controls to his jetpack, Lin barreled along the marsh with his lightsaber angled forward. The Gray Leader rocketed along in an evasive pattern. He kicked up a cone of muddy water and left a nasty trail of smoke in his wake. The jetpack was on it's last legs, but there was enough in the tanks for this.

The AT-ST fired in succession, moving the earth and narrowly missing Lin with each pull of the trigger.

With the saber angled to one side, Lin closed the gap between them. Mud splashed up and completely covered his visor, but that didn't matter. The Gray Leader made a last ditch course correction, just as the jetpack failed.

Lin's emerald lightsaber sliced straight through the armored shin. A cascade of amber sparks burst in all directions and the AT-ST came crashing down onto its side.

For a few heartbeats, there was quiet across the battlefield.

Lin lay in the mud next to the downed AT-ST. Starting to laugh, he picked himself up and rested on his knees. The jetpack was trashed, but it served admirably. The eclipse was nearly over and devastation to the forest was woefully apparent.

Pulling his busted helmet off, Lin chucked it into the mud. There was movement in the downed Scout next to him. Both men had survived the crash.

Good, he thought. Time for some answers.

As he adjusted his elbow guards, a familiar roaring screech came from over the tree lines. It grew louder as the TIE formation came in and surveyed the fallen AT-STs.

"Alright," Lin said, spinning his lightsaber in his dominate hand. His gaze narrowed and his jaw clenched. The Force was with him. Maybe that was enough...

The TIEs banked off in the distance and circled back towards the chaotic scene. There was nowhere
Lin came here to fight for Kayla. The odds stacked against him didn't matter. The TIEs closed the distance and fired on the Gray Leader. Lin raised his lightsaber in front of his chest and dashed forward. The first barrage of green lasers passed just over his head.

"Wait Rey," Finn said. He followed her on board and into the cockpit of the Falcon.

"What did you mean? You must have had a vision… that's the only explanation. What was behind the doors?" he asked.

"There's no time," Rey replied over her shoulder while starting the preflight sequences. "Lin was right to send me in your direction, but he is vastly outnumbered. I need to get back there and even the odds."

"Okay, you're right. I'm going to get the girls on Coruscant," Finn stated. His people had just confirmed that there was a Star Destroyer in the area. The Finalizer may have been his main objective, but everything was sideways now. The presence of a second war ship — so close to the women he loved — made the commander extremely motivated to kick some ass.

"It's just Kayla and Ahsoka, I'm afraid. Kylo and Hanna are getting ready to leave. In fact… he might be taking them to that Star Destroyer," Rey stated.

Finn nodded and took one last glance at Rey. He knew this woman very well. She was strong, sweet and incredibly brave. But he could tell when something was much worse than she was letting on. Rey was in mother mode and compartmentalizing her feelings. He should have guessed that this had something to do with Kylo Ren.

"Can we save them?" he asked with a heavy sigh.

Rey's hand paused on the handle for hyperspace. "They're family. What choice do I have? What choice do we have?"

Finn nodded in agreement. "That's my godson down on the forest moon. I need to make things right with him."

"And my daughters on Coruscant," Rey replied while biting her bottom lip. "I need to make it right with them, too."

Rey and Finn were on the same page. They were depending on each other, just like they had so many times in the past. The stakes were high but that was always the case. Rey wouldn't let anything happen to Lin. And Finn would stop at nothing to protect Kayla and Hanna.

Finn watched as The Falcon made the jump to hyperspace. Rey barely released the ship from the docking arm, before punching the lever. Once the Jedi was completely gone from view, Finn gave new orders for Coruscant.

As Rey settled into her seat, she closed her eyes. The glowing blue tunnel before her granted the Jedi a brief window to reflect and meditate.
She opened the doors in her vision. It was an incredibly dangerous thing to do, but she did it anyway.

This was the second time that Rey could recall, where her presence in a vision affected the outcome of actual events.

Many years earlier, when she first touched Luke's lightsaber, Rey was thrown into a vision of the Jedi massacre. She shouldn't have been there, watching the Knights of Ren slaughter Luke's padawans. But something incredible happened…

Kylo Ren saw a nineteen-year-old girl appear on the battlefield. One of his men immediately sprang forward and tried to kill Rey. But Kylo stopped him; he stabbed his own warrior and saved her life.

Rey was never sure what to make of this and she and Kylo never really talked about that night. They didn't need to expose that wound, on top of everything else. The Dark Warrior was still capable of compassion, even if it meant taking a life.

"Kylo," Rey whispered across the Bond. "Please enter my mind. My walls are down, my love. There is something you need to see."

The Grandmaster allowed herself to enter the vision again, hoping Kylo would seize the opportunity to peek into her thoughts.

Back at the Jedi Temple, Rey felt her pulse begin to race. Kylo's hand pushed into hers and the double doors finally gave way. The harsh morning light made Rey squint. She ducked into the entryway where there was shade and allowed her eyes to adjust to the scene inside.

The square, training floor was well lit from above. The beige flooring looked almost white in these conditions and it helped to illuminate the space further.

In the center of the mats, a young man sat on his knees and heels. He was hunched forward in a meditative posture. Rey couldn't see his face, as it was angled downward. His breathing was steady, even though the young warrior had been sparring for some time.

Four lightsaber hilts were arranged neatly in front of him. They lay in a row and each saber had a distinct design. Rey had an eye for lightsabers and as she got closer, something became very clear. Someone had gone through a lot of effort to replicate these particular lightsaber hilts.

Rey had only ever seen these designs in the holocrons she spent a decade recovering. Each hilt was fabricated to mirror a sword belonging to a famous Jedi Master. The one on the end was a dead ringer for Luke Skywalker's lightsaber. Rey swallowed hard, hoping that the weapon wasn't actually Luke's blade. She knew what that likely meant.

Shaking off the thought, the next hilts belonged to Mace Windu, Obi-Wan Kenobi and Yoda. Yoda's hilt had been scaled in size, but Rey easily recognized the design.

She turned her attention back to the young man before her. This would have taken considerable talent, dedication and an obsessive nature to accomplish. Rey knew where her son received that last trait from. On queue, the Sith Master wrapped his arms around her and placed his lips near her ear.

"What do you see?" he asked in a whisper.
"Orion," Rey choked.

His hair was jet black and had a sheen to it in this light. It was tied in the back with a long ponytail and the sides and back came down to his shoulders. The style was similar to the way Kylo wore his during sparring, but there was an individuality that Rey couldn't describe.

The young man had broad, muscular shoulders that were exposed through his vest. The vest itself was made out of a contoured composite material. The gray and black vest was striking and the color scheme matched Orion's forearm guards as well. Underneath his forearm guards were shiny black arm bindings. The wraps came to the tops of his biceps and stopped. The look accentuated her son's powerful frame.

It reminded Rey of the arm wraps she wore on Jakku; only these were neater and sleeker.

"Again," Hanna shouted from off to the left side of the room. She was circling the young man, giving him a wide berth. The tall raven haired warrior wasn't taking her eyes off her little brother. She couldn't, in fact. He was much too dangerous.

"No, he's had enough," Kayla protested from the other side. The Jedi Master was in no mood to argue about this.

The twins exchanged fiery glances. Hanna ignited her blue crossguard saber and Kayla quickly followed suit with a pair of lightsabers in either hand. The sisters were sweaty and in their usual attire. They looked as though they may start brawling over this disagreement.

"It's never going to be enough for me," Orion stated, after exhaling through his nose. He finally opened his eyes and sprang to his feet.

Rey gasped when she saw her son's face.

He gave Rey a little smile, allowing her a chance to get a closer look. Orion had Kylo's chin and lips, but his face was fuller. In fact, he looked a lot like Rey from certain angles. His eyes were set similarly to Kylo's, but they were hazel. Orion had his mother's eyes and shared her dimples, too.

The young man's glistening forehead was large like Rey's, but it suited him. Orion's dark locks and slightly pronounced nose framed his face perfectly. A few stray tendrils of hair were stuck to the sides of his cheeks.

Rey couldn't believe her eyes. Orion was the most handsome young man she had ever seen. His smile turned into more of an arrogant smirk, before he stretched his neck to one side.

The four lightsabers on the ground wiggled and flew into the air. With little effort, the first two hilts strapped themselves onto the belt clips on either side of Orion's waist. The Remaining two hilts hovered for a second, before flipping end over end.

Orion turned around and took a couple steps away from his parents. The last two hilts followed the young man and snapped themselves into holsters underneath his shoulder blades.

"That's better," Orion said with a hint of arrogance. "Alright, ladies first."

Kayla and Hanna continued to circle their little brother. When Orion waved them forward, his sisters stopped moving and held a defensive stance. The women hated when their brother pulled these tactics. It was aimed to get under their skin and although they knew that, it had a funny way of working.
“Ori, I’m going to wipe that smirk off your face,” Hanna glared, twirling her crossguard and extending an arm out in front of her.

“Please do,” Kayla replied, taking her signature defensive form.

Orion kept his back to Rey and Kylo. His arms did a little shake as though he needed to get limber; in truth, he was ready to go.

“Show off,” Kylo whispered into Rey’s ear. “I wonder where he gets that from?”

Suddenly, the lightsabers on Orion’s back came flying off their clips. They ignited and circled the young man in a defensive pattern. The purple and orange blades moved as though Orion was physically handling them. The third hilt jumped from the young man’s left hip.

Yoda’s replica lightsaber ignited in a fierce green and orbited Orion along with the other swords.

Kayla and Hanna gritted their teeth and slowly crept forward. Their younger brother turned around to face Rey. He had his eyes closed again and grabbed the Obi-Wan lightsaber from his right hip.

The cool blue blade roared to life in his hand. Orion gripped the hilt firmly and crouched into a classic Ataru form. The lightsabers continued to circle, but now they were starting to feign parries.

“He fights with four,” Rey gasped in shock.

Orion waved his empty hand at Hanna again. She was too smart to play his games and instead she dug her heels in.

“Fine,” he growled.

The lightsabers spinning around Orion picked up their pace and became a flurry of color. Without warning, the sabers sprang forward. They flew across the training mats, putting Kayla and Hanna on the defensive.

“Maker,” Rey gasped. Her hand lifted to cover her mouth.

Orion’s smirk faded and was replaced with a look of determination.

With Hanna preoccupied and fending off two lightsabers, Orion turned his attention to Kayla. He closed the gap with his oldest sister first, since she decided to bring an extra sword with her today.

Kayla was furiously blocking parries from the Yoda lightsaber and now she had to worry about facing her brother one-on-one. He stalked towards her with his shoulders slumped forward and his favorite saber at his side. Lunging forward he came down with a vicious strike.

“Remotes,” Kayla yelled, as her left sword connected with Orion’s. He growled and pushed Kayla back, locking their blades. The Jedi Master was glad she brought two sabers. She continued to defend the spiraling Yoda lightsaber with the sword in her right hand.

Orion was quickly flustered that Kayla was having so much success defending his attacks.

A dozen training remotes flew into the air and began firing on Orion. He hissed and disengaged from Kayla. The young man had no choice but to summon the Yoda and Windu lightsabers into a defensive pattern above him.

Hanna let out a sigh of relief, finding it much easier to fight off one lightsaber instead of two. She gained the upper hand and Orion was forced to recall the emerald saber to his left hand.
With a sword in each hand, Orion started blocking the onslaught from his sisters. Kayla and Hanna twirled and flipped over their little brother, trying any combination to disarm him. Above, the training remotes fired at all three Jedi. Orion managed to duel his sisters while deflecting the shots from above. The training remotes weren't sure who they needed to target, so they were shooting at anything with a lightsaber.

The Windu and Yoda lightsabers kept them safe — Orion saw to that. The scene was awesome and horrifying at the same time. The acrobatic twins did everything to disarm their brother, but he was up to the challenge. The training floor was a flurry of spinning lightsabers and deflections.

"Oh, this is crazy! I must put a stop to this," Rey snapped, worried for her children's safety.

"No," Kylo replied, "You need to see the rest, Rey. You need to see our son pass the trials."

Rey turned and looked up at Kylo with round, questioning eyes.

"You need to see this… so that you know what the future holds. You need to show this vision to me, Rey. Hanna and I are worth fighting for. Show me this vision and bring me back to the light... just like you did many years ago."

On the Millennium Falcon, Rey gasped and opened her eyes again. The ship emerged above the Endor system, panning around the gas giant. The Grandmaster could feel Lin's presence. The young man was a fighter and he needed to hold on for just a little while longer.

The Jedi wiped her forehead and steadied her breathing. Rey took a moment to collect herself and her thoughts as she maneuvered the ship towards the forest moon.

"Kylo Ren," Rey stated clearly across the Bond. "I must show you something. Kylo Ren, you will answer me when I reach for you."

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Oh, so excited to show you a glimpse of Orion when he's grown up. I've been thinking about what his adventure will be and it should be a lot of fun. The orange lightsaber is actually Luke's and there is a bit of a story behind that but it will probably need to wait for Orion Solo's - solo adventure. Lin Dameron has held his own in a very tough scenario but now I think its time for him to get some help, don't you? He was smart about his initial approach and used stealth to get out of danger... But now he's in trouble. Panda has an awesome drawing of Orion and when she posts it, I will reblog the hell out of it. This update is small, but has some crucial elements.

How can project checkpoint be real?? Well, that got me thinking about the Force vision that Rey had of Kylo Ren. The two are connected, but what if Rey appeared just as she was? Kylo would have seen this young woman in the rain, about to get stabbed. He
saved her life and she vanished. That ghost would have haunted him... probably drove him to track down Luke for answers. Just a thought.

Maybe Rey has already influenced the timeline... altering it.
Chapter Summary

Mama Rey is going to show off her abilities.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kylo Ren’s heart pounded. With a frustrated hiss, he contemplated removing the mask to take a breath of fresh air. The black tribute to his grandfather never caused a reaction like this. Balling his gloved fists, Kylo suppressed the urge to take his temper out on Ahsoka’s battle cruiser.

Deep down, the Sith Master knew that the mask was functioning perfectly. Taking his frustration out on the ship itself was a reckless endeavor. It would most certainly guarantee that the crew would come looking for the source of the disturbance. That was the last thing he wanted.

The root of Kylo’s discomfort came from the Bond he shared with his beloved. Rey was doing everything in her power to communicate and wear down his defenses. To her credit, the effort was making it difficult for Kylo Ren to concentrate on anything else.

Flashes of multicolored lightsabers drifted into his mind. As tantalizing as it seemed to dive in, Kylo couldn't focus on the imagery; not now anyway. Several times he leaned against a wall or bulkhead, fighting off the urge to explore the shared vision. With a final shake of his head, Kylo turned down the med bay corridor. He approached with long, purposeful strides.

Kylo could feel every soul on board the cruiser. There was one person on his tail that he needed to lose. Despite his efforts to be evasive, Kayla kept gaining ground. She was hell-bent on a confrontation.

The blast doors protecting the medical wing opened. Kylo Ren spotted the sleek silhouette of his daughter near the bed at the end. Her shadow hovered over the patient for a few seconds before emerging from the other side of the privacy screen. Her long, raven hair had a messiness to which didn't go unnoticed. The dark apprentice wasn't interested in keeping her relationship with Zel a secret anymore. She certainly didn't need permission to date.

Everything that had just transpired at Zel's bedside was not her father's concern. Hanna's expression made that quite clear.

Bearing his teeth, Kylo looked like he had plenty to say to his daughter and apprentice. His mask purred and clicked as though he was waiting for an explanation.

"Don't give me that look," Hanna said dryly. "If you'd prefer, we could wait for Kayla right here and hash this out like adults."

Kayla jogged to a stop, staring down the long main corridor on Ahsoka’s battle cruiser. She faced the entrance to the bridge with a frustrated look on her face. Her father, Kylo Ren, had managed to elude her again.
This was the second time that Kayla thought she had Kylo Ren cornered. The Jedi felt like she had searched the entire ship, barely catching glimpses of him down the corridors. Kayla knew the Sith Master and her sister were up to something. They were acting too strange; too evasive and closed off.

Kayla couldn't ignore the sinking feeling in her stomach. It was worth having a confrontation with her father to get some answers.

"Shit," Kayla hissed while whirling around to see if he could have gone down a different path. Each connecting corridor was deserted.

"Where the hell are you headed, if not for the command deck?"

The Jedi paused and thought she heard the distinct, clunky boots of Kylo Ren echoing in the next junction over. Just as she zeroed in on the sound, it disappeared.

Closing her eyes, Kayla did what she often did in these situations; she turned to the Force for guidance.

Her father was actively avoiding her; that part was blatantly obvious. She brushed that notion aside and concentrated on the ship and people within it. As pictures of each deck began to shift in and out of focus, the tiny hairs on the back of her neck stood. The pebbling sensation continued down her spine, making Kayla shiver.

The Sith Master was on board but the Force was having a difficult time pinning him down. It was like a veil covered his movements. And that wasn't the only upsetting revelation.

Stretching with the Force, Kayla called for another sweep of the ship. She could feel every soul on board and there was another distinct signature missing.

Hanna.

Opening her eyes, the Jedi shouted, "Maker," into the empty corridor. Her voice echoed in the alcoves. She grabbed her communicator and broke into a sprint for the med bay — the last place she left Hanna.

"Command deck, this is Kayla," she panted into the thumb sized comm.

On the bridge, Ahsoka leaned over the nearest action station. Her lieutenant had just handed her a clean towel and the Jedi Master was grateful to finally have a moment to clean up. She scrubbed the soot out of her front lekku, delaying her answer a few seconds.

"Ahsoka here, go ahead Kayla," she said in a tired and deep voice. The bombings on Coruscant had taken more out of her than she realized.

Kayla increased her speed, causing the white and gray alcoves to pass by in a blur.

"I need eyes on Kylo Ren and Hanna. They must be on board — I'm sure they are — but I can't sense them anymore."

Ahsoka nodded to her nearest controllers, silently gesturing for them to check the security feeds. The young command crew was eager to prove themselves and jumped all over the order. They split the assignment and searched every deck and camera for the wayward Force users.

The Jedi Master put her hands on her hips and helped with the search effort. Ahsoka's brow furrowed.
"Damn," she let slip out. "Just as I suspected; I can't feel them either. Kayla, they are practicing an old Sith trick — hiding their Force signatures from detection."

Kayla came to a sliding stop at the med bay, frightening the doctor she had threatened from fifteen minutes earlier. He was just returning with a cup of java.

"They must be trying to leave the ship," she concluded. "That cannot happen. I'm going for the hangar."

"Raise shields around the flight deck," Master Tano hastily ordered. The security feeds to the hangar were displayed overhead, showing a panoramic view of the tarmac. A pair of dark figures came into the corner of the displays. The security feeds cut out a second later, capturing nothing but static.

Ahsoka hopped down from her observation perch and hurried across the bridge. "You're right, Kayla. That's where they are."

Kayla nodded but didn't respond. Kriff. What was Hanna thinking?

"I'll be in the hangar," the Jedi Master called out to her command crew. She had no idea what kind of game Kylo Ren was playing. This day definitely seemed to be dragging from one disaster to the next.

"Hang on, shields are unresponsive in that area," shouted her first lieutenant. "I've got engineering working on the issue right now but the problem appears to be coming from the deck itself."

"Keep them back, it's too dangerous," Ahsoka warned.

This situation called for the Jedi Order. Engineers wouldn't fare too well once lightsabers came out.

"If a shuttle or fighter takes off, target their engines and disable their hyperdrive."

Kayla had the hangar in her sights. The open blast doors gave her a clear view of the shallow flight deck. Two dark figures were already storming up the ramp to Ahsoka's personal command shuttle.

Hanna paused at the top and looked over her shoulder. She could feel Kayla's eyes on her back.

The Jedi slowed down and stopped just outside the blast doors. Something drew her attention to the entryway. It looked as though the doors were being held open by the Force. This made Kayla swallow hard and look hesitantly at her sister.

Would Kylo Ren drop the double-layered doors, if she tried to cross?

Squinting her eyes, Kayla tried to read the expression on her sister's face. Hanna had redness around her eyes and cheeks. Her lips were pressed together and her expression was difficult to read; almost poker faced. But there was something about the way Hanna was standing.

Her tall frame was silhouetted against the harsh white light of the shuttle's interior. Hanna's shoulders were slumped forward and her arms dangled at her sides. Her long skirt swayed as the shuttle's engines roared to life.

Hanna didn't want to leave, she had to.

The Jedi frantically scanned the blast doors again. She was ready to throw caution to the wind and bolt underneath the menacing trap.
"Don't stop me," Hanna whispered. "Let me go; this is something I must do."

Kayla read her sister's lips and got the gist of the message. She took a couple steps forward but stopped in her tracks when Hanna held up her hand.

"No," Kayla replied with a shake of her head. "Hanna stop!" she shouted across the deck at the top of her lungs.

Hanna flicked her heavy-lidded eyes over to the side. With a dismissive nod, she used the Force to nudge the blast door control panel. An electric current shot out from the keypad, followed by a flurry of embers. The loud noise and sparks made Kayla freeze in her tracks. Her hesitation was the opening Kylo Ren needed. From inside the cockpit, he released his hold on the blast doors. The heavy metal barriers came crashing down and rattled the entire level on impact.

"Shit," Kayla swore, quickly extending her right hand. The lightsaber flew off her belt and ignited in her palm. The Jedi crouched and plunged the cool blue blade into the center of the blast doors. Humming louder than normal, the kyber crystal surged with maximum output. Kayla would catch them. She had to.

Progress was slow, as the blast doors were solid and meant to withstand devastating bombardments. Kayla gritted her teeth and pulled the saber with all of her strength. Molten metal slowly pooled in the sword's wake and the flurry of sparks burned into her vest.

The blade wasn't moving any faster this way, but Kayla refused to give in. Her forehead and arms glistened. Deep down the Jedi knew that the shuttle would escape before she finished.

Hanna took one last look at the blast doors. The tip of a lightsaber edged its way through the sturdy obstacle. Kayla was trying anything to prevent her from leaving. The dark apprentice loved her sister, but with a heavy sigh, Hanna closed the ramp to the shuttle.

Kayla continued to slice through the metallic double-layers, as a voice entered her mind.

Trust me.

Hearing Hanna's voice through the Force was enough to stall her progress. It was the first time Hanna managed to communicate in this manner. Kayla had to convince herself that it was in fact, her sister speaking. The Jedi's blade remained buried in the door, warping and melting away at the metal.

Ahsoka appeared by Kayla's side. Her signature white lightsabers were already out and activated. She plunged both swords into the barrier as well. With a sharp tug, Ahsoka pulled along the opposite crease to help Kayla.

The sounds of additional lightsabers made Kayla jump into gear and continue cutting. The Jedi worked together and completed the improvised entrance. Kayla and Ahsoka killed the beams to their weapons at the same time. Twirling in unison, the warriors gained momentum from the Force and delivered a Push into the obstruction.

The crudely carved and smoldering entryway was thrown back twenty feet. It landed with a brutal echo that bounced off the cavernous fight deck. The Jedi darted through the opening in time to see the command shuttle lift.

Kayla ran forward and reached out with her hand. She was desperate to hold onto the vessel.

The command shuttle wasn't affected at first. Slowly, it strained and listed gently from side to side. A high pitch squeal came out of the pre-flight engines next. Kayla's eyes widened, feeling the Force
taking control of the shuttle.

Using her hands and entire body, Kayla dug in and pulled backward. She imagined that the Force was a lasso and began twisting and contorting her body to corral the shuttle. The vessel lurched backward towards Kayla's impressive display of power. For a few heartbeats, it looked like the shuttle may be trapped.

The Jedi wasn't planning on letting go of it anytime soon.

"I need those shields restored," Ahsoka ordered into her comlink, mouth agape. It was widely believed that the daughters of Ben Solo and Rey Kenobi would grow up to become powerful, but this display was astounding.

The shuttle protested in a low hiss. Kylo Ren struggled to keep the vessel under his control.

"Your sister," he growled. The Sith Master would be lying if he said he wasn't impressed with Kayla's abilities. His mask covered the slight curling of his lips.

Hanna took her seat next to her father and chose not to comment. The shuttle continued to sway as the young Jedi pulled in reverse.

Losing his patience, Kylo flipped several switches next to the center console.

"Your mother and sister aren't the only gifted pilots in the family," he purred. The sound of the auxiliary engines kicked in and made him chuckle.

Kayla crouched lower and dug in with her heels. She began to slide on the shiny flight deck, inching towards the shuttle. The vein in her forehead throbbed, but she was determined to stop them. She pulled back as hard as she could, but it wasn't enough.

The command shuttle jumped into hyperspace, disappearing from sight. It's abrupt departure caused Kayla to fall backward. She rolled a couple times before ending up on her knees.

"Hanna," she hissed. In all the running and madness, her hair came undone in large loops and stray tendrils. Most of the ties that held her style in place, broke off in the back. Kayla's locks draped over her forehead and eyes, making it difficult to see.

Kayla smacked her open palm into the flight deck and let out a feral scream. Ahsoka gave the young woman a minute before extending a hand to help her up.

Seething, the Jedi Knight stayed on her knees and didn't acknowledge the friendly gesture. Kayla wasn't trying to be disrespectful. Understandably, she was a jumbled knot of emotions right now.

The worst was the growing emptiness in her chest. Kayla felt as though a part of her had been ripped away. Watching Hanna leave like that — without an explanation — was heartbreaking.

"Breathe," Ahsoka said softly, giving a sympathetic smile.

Inhaling and exhaling through her nostrils, Kayla listened to the Jedi Master. These exercises were identical to the one's Ahsoka always taught her, even as a small child. It was so simple and yet extremely effective. After repeating them a few times, Kayla's scrunched face was replaced with a hardened look of determination. She firmly grasped the hand out in front of her, accepting help and standing once again.
The dust settled over the battered forest moon landscape. Rays of sunlight cast through the haze, making the devastation all the more apparent. In the chaotic mess of rock, soil and bark staggered a single survivor.

Lin Dameron leaned into the side of a mossy tree trunk, needing support. Clutching his side and grimacing, he kept his sights trained on the bright skies above.

The Gray Leader didn't have the advantage of stealth anymore. Endor's eclipse had worked in his favor but once it passed, Lin became vulnerable. As if facing two death squads and twin AT-STs wasn't enough, he was now on the ground and fighting for his life against a TIE squadron.

With a grunt, Lin pushed himself off the tree. What he wouldn't give to have an X-Wing right now.

"Shit," he muttered, shaking his head and letting go of the cauterized wound on his side. His lightsaber was still burning hot at his side. Lin was turning pale and fortunate to be conscious. It was as if something was willing him to press forward and fight — to hang on for a little while longer.

The familiar screech of the TIE fighters roared in the distance and it was only a matter of time before they found him again.

Scanning the horizon, Lin steadied his breathing. He raised his lightsaber out in front of him. The blade wasn't stout enough to deflect something like a TIE laser cannon; he had to figure that out the hard way and was fortunate to still have a pulse.

A pair of TIEs came low over the terrain, searching for him in the debris field.

Through the pain, Lin managed to crack a smile. Maybe he had an advantage after all; he was a muddy and dirt covered mess. The TIEs would never come this low unless they had no idea where their target was hiding.

Crouching and angling the lightsaber behind him, Lin knew that he would get one shot at this golden opportunity. He needed to exert whatever energy he had left to escape; even if his blade found its mark.

The TIEs roared closer to his position, staying about thirty feet from the surface.

"Come on," he whispered, crouching even lower.

Suddenly, everything slowed down for Lin. The targets looked big and inviting. He could sense the pilots and gunners inside their cockpits. Feeling the gentle breeze flowing against his hair and skin, Lin fell into a meditative state.

A tiny moth crossed his line of sight and Lin swore the insect's wings were barely moving. He wasn't sure what this sensation was, or if this was a new ability revealing itself. Whatever the case, it dulled the searing pain and allowed him to concentrate intently on the TIEs.

Lin sprang forward, hoping against the side of the fallen tree and vaulting high in the air. In a seamless motion, the lightsaber came hurling out of his hand. The humming weapon traveled in a sweeping emerald arc. As it moved, Lin's saber sliced through stray branches and continued unimpeded.

With a burst of sparks, the sword connected with the lead pilot. It clipped the corner of the portside wing. The dangling piece snapped and whipped into the cockpit window. Shaken, the TIE pilot swerved right and collided with his wingman. The tangled fighters spun wildly, narrowly missing Lin as he fell to the ground.
Landing in a three-point stance, Lin tracked the trail of smoke as it passed. The TIE fighters clipped fallen tree branches before slamming into an upended Redwood. A massive fireball erupted, which was so hot that Lin felt it on his face.

"Whoa," Lin said, leaning forward. He stayed on one knee with a hand behind his back. His lightsaber rested on the forest floor, still engaged. Instinctively, Lin felt the weapon with the Force and recalled it to his waiting grasp. The silver hilt powered down and spun end over end until it found its master's hand.

Lin stayed very still for a minute and breathed through his nose. The forest was quiet save for the crackling fire near the wreckage. Lin's senses slowly climbed down from their elevated state. Unfortunately, the dull pain along his side had flared once more.

"Maker," Lin grunted, struggling to stand. The sharp pain became dizzying. It wasn't a good sign. Heavily favoring his side, Lin managed to upright himself. The warrior wished he could channel the meditative state again.

That skill seemed beyond his grasp right now and it left a bitter taste in his mouth. Hobbling forward, it was time for the injured warrior to move on. The menacing sounds that signaled the return of the TIE squadron, made him hobble faster.

"Eh, shit," Lin muttered.

His suspicion had been confirmed. Attacking the first pair of TIEs had given away his position. As much as he hated the idea, Lin needed to retreat. This was survival mode and he had a very good reason for living to see tomorrow.

Each step became more painful than the next. Lin kept his forearm and hand pressed tightly against the wound on his oblique. He didn't need to look at his dripping red palm to know that he was in serious trouble. Even so, the Gray Leader forced his way through the slushy marsh.

On the horizon, four TIE fighters circled the forest and spotted the source of the explosion. They came in high for the first pass, surveying the wreckage. The pilots realized the mistake of their fallen comrades and weren't inclined to be brought down so easily.

With an earsplitting roar, the fighters passed overhead. Lin stayed low and still, going as far as to hold his breath.

The TIEs quickly swung around and from the way they held formation, one of the pilots had spotted him.

Now they all knew.

"Alright, let's do this then," Lin gritted out and postured. It was probably the blood loss talking but Lin was ready to stand his ground. Taking down those last TIE fighters opened the wound; the result of which was compromising his decision making. In truth, all Lin wanted in the galaxy was to see Kayla again. Perhaps that was too much to ask for.

"Maybe I haven't fucking earned it," he swore into the sky, igniting his lightsaber and swinging into the marsh.

If the TIE fighters didn't kill him then the stupid injury probably would. After everything he had gone through to get here, it all seemed like a waste. Lin raised his lightsaber, exhaling deeply as the squadron approached.
He would face this head on if this was indeed the end.

The incoming fighters lined up for their second sweep and began blanketing the ground with a laser barrage. Dozens of neon green bursts exploded into the soil and rock, kicking up plumes of debris. Each round came closer and closer to the Gray Leader.

*Get down, you reckless idiot.*

Lin furrowed his brow, "What the…"

A blast of crimson came from the skies behind Lin. The laser hit the lead TIE fighter, followed quickly by a second, third and fourth shot. Stunned by the unexpected arrival of *the Millennium Falcon*, the TIE squadron broke their pursuit in order to regroup.

Lin couldn't believe his eyes and wondered if this was a hallucination. *The Falcon* flew over his head with Rey Kenobi at the helm. She gave him a curt nod and lowered the ramp for him to come aboard.

The Gray Leader let go of his bleeding side and gave a slanted smile. He had never seen anything so beautiful before. The old bucket of bolts backed up and hovered directly over him. If he could leap just one more time — if he could find the strength to make it onto *the Falcon* — he might see Kayla again.

Letting out a feral growl, Lin soared upward and managed to catch hold of a pneumatic arm. Using his weight for momentum, he swung forward and fell onto the top of the ramp. BB-8 was waiting on the ledge and the little droid beeped wildly. He shot his master a grappling line and pulled with all of his might. The Gray Leader kicked forward and finally made it on board.

Exhausted, Lin rolled onto his back and closed his eyes, "Thanks, buddy." He chuckled as the droid chattered away.

From the cockpit, Rey sighed heavily. "Hang in there, padawan," she said under her breath. The Grandmaster could sense Lin's fading Force signature. It was imperative that she get back there and heal the battered warrior, but they weren't out of the woods yet.

The remaining trio of TIE fighters regrouped into an attack formation and bore down on *the Falcon*.

Rey glowered and angled the ship to face them. This had been a trying day for the Grandmaster, to say the least. Her children were nearly killed in an explosion. The man she loved had resumed his Dark Side agenda. Now, her padawan was in the back of the ship bleeding to death. Rey was irate. The incoming enemy fighters were going to take the worst of it.

Extending a hand toward the cockpit window, Rey felt each TIE fighter. The Force tethered the enemy vessels to her nimble fingertips. A single bead of sweat trickled down her forehead and passed over her temple.

"Enough," Rey gritted out. It was a statement more than anything; a personal narrative describing her feelings. Everything in her life seemed to be spiraling out of control. The Grandmaster wouldn't allow this bullshit to go any further, starting with the TIE fighters in front of her.

The Force surged through Rey. It made the lights onboard *the Falcon* flicker and caused the engines to stall briefly.

Coming into firing range, the TIEs opened a barrage on the Jedi. Rey gritted her teeth and swatted the lasers into the ground with ease. Before the confused gunners could fire again, Rey closed her
fingers and made a tight fist. The Force hummed and obeyed her commands.

A low rumble shook the enemy squadron. The wings of the TIE fighters twisted left and right, along their chassis. This resulted in a twisting and grinding metallic sound. The unnatural motion made the enemy fighters wobble and lose lift.

Within seconds the TIEs dropped from the air like lead anchors.

Rey never blinked; she merely kept her focus trained on the enemy fighters. The wings continued to bend and twist until the composite material along the arm joints failed.

The First Order pilots watched in horror as they lost control of their aircraft. The wings broke off and flew away like sails in the wind. Plumes of sparks rained from the severed joints. Rudderless, the cockpits transformed into falling coffins.

Rey released her hold on the fighters and gasped for air. Gravity took over and sent the TIEs far beneath the Falcon and out of sight altogether. The Grandmaster finally blinked and unfastened her seatbelt. She scrambled for the back of the ship in order to save her padawan.

Off in the distance, a faint series of explosions signaled the end of the First Order's threat.

"Get down, you reckless idiot," Kayla yelled across the flight deck. "Kriff," she continued, looking like she was ready to rant. Instead, she bit down on her lower lip and flicked her wrist at a nearby crate. It flew across the hangar and busted open against the wall.

Ahsoka froze, surprised by the young woman's outburst. She was sitting on the crate beside Kayla, discussing their next course of action. The Jedi Master was grateful that Kayla didn't hurl the crate she was resting on.

"Did that make you feel better?"

"No," Kayla hissed, adjusting her belt and vest. "And... I know. I know, that doesn't solve or help anything. I just can't believe... she left me again."

"Hmm," Ahsoka replied. The Jedi Master had a hard time believing this particular outburst had to do with Hanna. She chose to let the comment slide and Kayla looked somewhat relieved when the subject was dropped.

"Well, they couldn't have gone far," Ahsoka continued, reaching for her communicator. "That shuttle has a short range hyperdrive and requires a battlecruiser to travel beyond distances greater than two star systems."

Kayla calmed her breathing while dabbing across her glistening forehead. She considered Ahsoka's words.

"A battlecruiser or perhaps... a Star Destroyer," Kayla stated regretfully.

Ahsoka's eyes widened and the Jedi exchanged knowing glances.

"Bridge to Ahsoka," she called into her comm. The Jedi Master rose to her feet and was already following Kayla through the opening in the blast doors.

"Bridge here," replied Lieutenant Tomes.

"Do a sensor sweep of the surrounding star system and send out the drones while you're at it."
"What are we looking for?" Tomes asked, snapping his fingers for the controller's attention.

"A Resurgent Class Star Destroyer," Ahsoka replied. "Once the drones are launched raise shields and ready the ion cannons."

Silence fell across the command deck as the young crew internalized what was said.

"Right away," Tomes replied. There was a nervous energy in his voice which was likely shared by the untested but competent crew. They worked diligently to get Master Tano all the information she needed.

Kayla shook her head and walked stride for stride with Ahsoka. There was still an annoying 'ring' in her ears from the explosions that morning.

"I have a bad feeling about this."

Lin was slow to open his eyes. He felt a shadow pass over him as he let out a groan. Everything hurt. The small-framed figure blocked out the harsh interior lighting aboard the Falcon. A brilliant smile and dimpled cheeks greeted him first.

"Welcome back," Rey said, softly.

Lin blinked, "Kayla?"

"No," Rey snapped, slapping Lin's forehead. "Now get up."

The Gray Leader sat upright and ran his hand down his forehead and face. He could have sworn it was Kayla, but it was either a dream or wishful thinking.

"What was that for?" Lin asked sheepishly. He was certain his cheeks were burning red from embarrassment.

Rey couldn't help but giggle as she extended her hand to help the padawan.

"I didn't want you to try and kiss me. You're cute and all, but my daughter would be pretty pissed off if that ever happened."

Lin grunted as Rey pulled him into a standing position. He clutched his side, expecting to feel a stabbing pain. Instead, a bewildered look crossed his face. His wound was healed.

"Maker," he said with a chuckle.

Lin could hardly believe what his eyes and fingers were telling him. There was an uneven scar along his side that looked like a starburst. It went from low to high on his oblique, wrapping around his torso — it stopped along the front side of his abdomen and fell just below his waist. Besides the scar and the stained rip in his undershirt, no one would have suspected how close Lin came to dying.

"I wasn't going to kiss you," he said, still dumbfounded by his miraculous recovery.

"I know," Rey teased.

"Has that happened before — the last time you saved someone's life? They tried to kiss you?"

Rey pursed her lips together and thought about the question. "Well, the last time it happened things became very complicated. It turned into an affair and technically we were mortal enemies. I can't say
it was all bad; much of it was incredible. And I was blessed with twins. It worked out pretty well.”

Lin swallowed hard and looked away. Internally, he was struggling with a lot of the choices he made on the forest moon. Although he didn't die, it was a close call.

"This power you have… it's incredible," he said in quiet awe.

"I know," Rey replied, tilting her head and examining her padawan. She could tell that Lin was beating himself up so she refrained from digging at him further.

"This power could help a lot of people. It could be very useful in battle, too," Lin continued.

Rey shook her head, "Well, that ability is quite useful but it can only be harnessed sparingly. If you want to learn that power, you will need to finish your Jedi training. I also advise picking your fights more carefully, Lin Dameron. You need to survive long enough to make it to that part of the training. That's the end of my lecture for today."

"Of course," Lin replied stiffly.

"Come on, I need my copilot," Rey gestured toward the front of the ship.

Lin smiled, feeling the tension draining from his cheeks. He followed the Jedi Master but paused before entering the cockpit.

"Wait, Rey. There's something I think we need to do before leaving this system."

Lin and Rey made their way across the debris field. Dropping down to the saturated ground, their boots splashed with every step. The downed AT-ST looked harmless on its side, but Lin wasn't taking any chances with the disabled transport. His hand rested on his lightsaber hilt the entire time.

"Let's get some answers," Rey said, coming to a stop in the knee-high marsh. "No doubt the Finalizer has moved on from Draxxion. Maybe these knuckleheads know how to find her again."

Hearing voices outside the transport, the First Order officers inside started banging and shouting for help. Rey snorted and shook her head; they were in for quite the surprise.

The Gray Leader pulled out his lightsaber and ignited the emerald blade, "That sounds good to me."

The pounding and cries for help stopped when the blade entered. Lin quickly sliced and peeled through the lightly armored transport. He could sense the occupants inside, as he quickly moved the blade to create a square door. The trapped men were terrified and frantically searching the jumbled interior for their pistols.

"Do you feel that?" Rey asked curiously.

"They won't get a shot on me," Lin replied, finishing the final corner. "On either of us," he corrected.

Rey lifted her hand and pulled the square panel off the carriage. It landed with a heavy thud off to the side. Two very surprised First Order officers were immediately yanked from the downed AT-ST.

Lin threw them against the severed leg of the transport. Keeping his lightsaber disengaged but still in his hand, Lin rolled up the sleeves to his undershirt.

"I'm going to talk first and then you answer my questions, got it?" he barked.
Falk and Rendo were still reeling from their rough landing. They kept their backs pinned to the mechanical leg and didn't appear to be listening to him. Lin kicked them both in the heel, earning their undivided attention.

"Hmph," Rey said, chewing on the inside of her mouth.

Lin paused and glanced at the grandmaster, figuring she was going to scold him for kicking the men. Admittedly, it wasn't Jedi-like in the least.

"I was going to say that the Force has a powerful influence over the weak minded," she said. Rey pursed her lips, moving them a little off to one side as she thought about it. This could have been a teaching moment but…

"Nevermind," Rey continued. "It's probably the hormones talking but let's try it your way first."

"Listen up," Lin said, kicking the closest officer once more. "You guys can either talk to me or you can sing like canaries when the greatest Force User in the galaxy questions you. She just happens to be standing right next to me."

The First Order officers were frightened, though their training did a decent job of masking that fear. Rey and Lin knew the truth, however; for once intimidation was going to work in their favor.

"The last I checked, your boss wanted me alive. So why the hell is everyone trying to kill me now?"

Falk ripped his stare away from Rey and set his beady eyes on Lin.

"Orders were issued to kill you on sight; that came from the upper brass. We were merely given the objective to observe on the forest moon — should things not go according to plan, we had an alternate objective."

"To kill me," Lin snarled. He suddenly understood why Kylo Ren killed so many First Order operatives during his time aboard the Finalizer.

Rey clicked her tongue, "How can there be a standing order to kill Lin Dameron? Has Owen Skywalker found another conduit?"

Lin shot Rey a quick glance, waiting for one of the officers to respond.

"We don't work for Owen Skywalker," Rendo chirped. His commanding officer glared at him for speaking out of turn. "Don't look at me — you got us into this mess and it doesn't matter now. Rey Kenobi is here. We must cooperate or she may let the Hunter kill us."

Running his fingers over his stubbly jaw, Lin found it odd that the officers were referring to him in this manner. The First Order must have their own spy network. Wouldn't they know him as the Gray Leader, over everything else?

"Kanjiclub II was trying to capture me alive," Lin stated, for Rey's benefit more than anything. "Did they not get the change of plans?"

Before Falk or Rendo could answer, Rey started piecing everything together. "No," she said with a pause. It suddenly became very clear for the Grandmaster.

"Owen Skywalker must be asleep and there is dissension among the First Order ranks," Rey stated. Lin chuckled a little at the notion. "Grand Admiral Spitwad wants the whole thing for himself," he
commented. "But that can't be the whole story, right? Owen must have sent Kanjiclub to capture me."

Throwing a wrench in the First Order's plans, Kanjiclub II made it to Lin Dameron first. They were cautious to approach the target and took their time. As Lin recounted the events of the standoff, he remembered that the Kanjis had ordered him to drop all weapons — including his wrist gauntlets.

He only had time to go for the lightsaber. With a twist of his mouth and jaw, Lin couldn't believe that his gauntlets had been crushed.

"Well you could always ask them, but those little bastards are buried underneath a mountain," Falk snorted. "Frankly, it's a shame that you weren't with them. The galaxy would be a more stable place without your lot running around."

Lin narrowed his gaze at the crass officer. He gripped his lightsaber tighter, coming incredibly close to igniting it.

"Stay in control," Rey soothed, placing her hand on Lin's forearm.

"Yes, that's right Dameron. Listen to Mama Jedi. You have no problem with sending people out of an airlock like a coward, but we're not in space, are we? The Jedi are not —"

Rey flicked her hand and sent Commander Falk flying through the sky. Watching his airborne comrade in horror, Rendo sat straight up. He couldn't believe the display of power.

"I don't think she's going to catch him," Lin said dryly. Rendo turned white as a sheet, looking from Lin to Rey and then back to Lin again.

"The Jedi Order does not execute people," Rey stated. A second later, there was a loud thud in the background which signaled the end of Falk's journey across the plains. "He will likely survive."

"Sort of," Lin added, keeping a straight face.

"I will tell you whatever you want to know," Rendo practically shouted, leaning forward.

"The Finalizer... where it is?" Rey said calmly. "You must have a shuttle nearby with a set of codes or some way to track your flagship."

"There's a beacon on the shuttle," Rendo said. "I can show you how to activate it. Once our mission is completed, we are to activate the beacon. Within two to six hours we would receive the confirmation from the First Order with rendezvous coordinates."

"We can take the beacon on the Falcon," Lin said, shifting his gaze to Rey. "Scramble whatever forces the general has at her disposal and surround the Finalizer."

"It won't work that way," Rendo interjected. His candid cooperation came as a surprise to Rey and Lin but they didn't show it in their expressions.

"Why is that?" Rey asked.

"The rendezvous coordinates is for a visual confirmation. It's almost always to a drone, you see. There would be video recognition of myself and Falk before the final location is given. Hux doesn't trust anyone; not after Starkiller."

"Well..." Rey said, putting her hands on her hips.
"It's a good thing we didn't kill that other officer," Lin smirked. "I can tie up these two and take the shuttle out of here. It must be close by and I'm sure our new buddy will tell me right where it is."

The thought of traveling alone with Lin Dameron nearly made Rendo soil himself. Wild accusations concerning the Gray Leader were widespread; the whole galaxy knew of the charges against him. After seeing the warrior in action, Rendo couldn't doubt the claims made by the New Republic.

Fear radiated from the First Order officer in waves. Lin narrowed his gaze and gave Rendo the once over. The man was so fearful that it bordered on the irrational.

"Yes, that's… good," Rey said, furrowing her brow. She licked her lips and fell lost in thought. A prickling sensation ran up and down her arms, which usually meant that the Force was trying to tell her something.

Lin trained his sights on the clouds that Rey appeared to be scrutinizing.

"What is it?" he asked, getting a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach.

Finn's Elite Class battle cruiser exited hyperspace just above Coruscant. The X-Wing fleet was ready to launch on his orders. Ahsoka's smaller cruiser was in orbit on the horizon. Dozens of TIE fighters were swarming the Jedi's ship.

"Report," Finn called out, as his cruiser followed the curvature of the planet to intercept the incoming vessels.

"Fifty drones within long range sensors. Four dozen TIE fighters are within striking distance of Master Tano's cruiser," called out the second in command.

"And a star destroyer," Finn surmised while standing from his seat. His battlecruiser was more equipped to handle this sort of engagement and they would need all hands on deck.

Clearing the planet below, brought the faint outline of a star destroyer into their panoramic viewports.

"The Harbinger," Finn muttered.

Though engineered from the same template as the Finalizer, the ship had a darker paint job which made it difficult to see without solar illumination. It also made it fairly harder for TIE fighters to use as a carrier. That aside, the Harbinger had survived the Resistance War and appeared to be carrying a full complement of TIEs again.

The enemy vessel opened up with a barrage of turbolasers. Elongated beams of energy streaked across the stars and connected with Ahsoka's cruiser. The shots were placed perfectly, avoiding the attacking patterns of the TIE squadron.

"Launch X-Wings and get us between that destroyer and Tano's ship," he ordered.

The command deck complied and maneuvered the Elite into the fray. Finn and his crew braced for impact as they crossed into the line of fire. Bursts of green barreled down on their position.

Small shockwaves impacted in a line across the side of the heavy Republic cruiser. The shields held in place, as the Elite crew charged their weapons for the counterattack.

Finn clenched his jaw, watching the next enemy barrage come towards the viewport. It had been years since he fought an engagement like this. As terrible as it seemed, a part of him missed the
action. He was a warrior; this was what he knew and did so very well.

Red warning lights displayed on the data screens around him. The nostalgia was over; Finn found his steady voice and spoke over the hectic activity on deck.

"Return fire. Target their primary weapons and unleash hell," Finn ordered.

"Uncle Finn get's the trophy for best timing ever," Kayla grunted, quickly popping open a computer panel and checking the wiring. Relays blew throughout the bridge consoles and the Jedi was working quickly to get them back online.

From her platform above, Ahsoka Tano kept her eyes trained on the viewports.

"Why aren't the TIE fighter's attacking?" she called out to the command deck.

The TIEs were behaving strangely. Their attack ceased once Finn's ship arrived. With the Elite and X-Wings in their sights, half of the enemy fighters broke formation to engage the new targets.

Master Tano was wary. Could something far worse be on the way? TIEs were usually well coordinated and worked closely in pairs. Many of the fighters were currently deviating from that predictable behavior and acting erratic.

Ahsoka's command crew returned functionality to all systems and fired back on the Harbinger. The shaken youngsters had survived their first round with a star destroyer and now they needed to help Finn take the beast down.

"I don't know," Kayla glowered. She hated sitting on the sidelines while everyone else fought the war for her. "I'll go ask them." With that she reattached the panel and snapped it shut.

Ahsoka kept her eyes glued to the intensifying battle. Streaks of green, red and blue crossed the viewports. Scores of X-Wing and TIE fighters were exchanging fire above Coruscant.

"It's not easy sitting here," she called down to Kayla.

The Jedi Knight looked over her shoulder as if expecting to hear Master Tano order her to stay on board.

"My starfighter is tucked in the corner of the flight deck. Please bring her back without any scratches."

Kayla smiled coyly in response.

A second later the cruiser was rocked by a big blast from the Star Destroyer. Bodies flew in every direction. Kayla and Ahsoka remained on their feet, using the Force to catch as much of the crew as they could.

"Kriff," Kayla said, checking on the group of engineers by her feet.

Several more blasts shook the outer hull. Even with Finn's arrival, victory was in question. Kayla doubted that the shields would hold up for much longer. They needed to knock out the Harbinger's turbolasers.

Suddenly, the firing from the heavily armed star destroyer stopped altogether. The TIE squadron turned tail and retreated for the Harbinger.
"I know... I shouldn't ask this," Ahsoka said warily, helping several of her crewmen to their feet.

Off in the distance, the Harbinger looked like a slumbering giant. The destroyer's running lights kicked on, which illuminated the vessel more clearly. It was enough light for the TIEs to be able to land. There didn't appear to be critical damage to the hull or primary systems.

The Jedi exchanged glances as a familiar voice echoed over their speaker relays.

"That wasn't us," Finn stated evenly. "What the hell is the First Order doing?"

Finn's best starfighter, Captain Teagues, shadowed the last of the TIEs. He let out a controlled burst of fire, disabling two enemy fighters. He and his wingman were prepared for evasive maneuvers should the destroyer or TIEs reengage.

Moving closer to the sleeping star destroyer, no counterstrike ever came. Emboldened, Teagues did a quick pass along the bottom of the enemy vessel. The turbolasers and ion cannons remained still.

"What do you have for me, Teagues?" Finn called out.

"I'm not sure, Sir. I don't see an energy flux on the Harbinger; if they have an ace up their sleeve, it's not showing on my scanners."

Teagues' report could be heard throughout the fleet. The crews exchanged uneasy glances while waiting for a decision. The destroyer's behavior was highly suspect. There weren't timeouts in war. If the enemy had a new weapons system it seemed plausible that the Republic scanners couldn't detect it until it was too late.

Finn wasn't inclined to guess wrong here.

"I recommend we pull everyone back and prep for hyperspace," Finn said, erring on the side of caution. This opportunity seemed a little too good to pass up. The First Order was exposed and on their heels, or so it would seem.

"No," Kayla stated firmly, listening to the strange feeling that washed over her. The Jedi put her faith into the Force and it granted her with a glimpse of the truth.

Finn heard Kayla over the transmission and delayed the order to retreat.

"The destroyer is no longer a threat to us. Target their engines and hyperdrive," Kayla shouted. "We cannot let them leave this system."

The Jedi Knight broke into a sprint and headed for Ahsoka's starfighter.

"Let who leave, Kayla... the Harbinger?" Finn queried. He closed his eyes as the answer dawned on him. In the fog of battle, Finn had forgotten what Rey told him about Kylo Ren. The commander signaled for the controllers to go ahead with Kayla's orders.

Teagues and the X-Wing squadron received new objectives. Breaking into groups of three, the squadron shadowed the Star Destroyer's movements. They stayed close to the outer hull, avoiding any countermeasures.

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Kylo Ren stood on the bridge of the Harbinger. Lifting his hand higher, Kylo wrapped his fingers tightly around General Izar's neck. The Sith Master did so with ease as if he was holding nothing at all.
"We meet again, general," Kylo purred.

It wasn't much of a surprise that Nareral Izar came out of hiding to support Hux. In their youth, Izar and Hux grew up together. They joined the First Order for similar reasons and quickly rose through the ranks. Nareral may have hitched his wagon to Armitage Hux but they were evenly matched in skill and ruthlessness.

Hanna circled her father, keeping her dark eyes on General Izar. All around her, the First Order officers bowed emphatically from their knees. Many of them had their sidearms drawn but Hanna quickly squashed any plans to defend the bridge or ship for that matter.

The bridge itself should have turned into a war zone. Only a few shots had been fired before Hanna's influence set in.

"My...men," Izar choked.

"Your men?" Kylo snapped. "These aren't your men anymore," he continued with a swell of pride. "They belong to my daughter, Hanna Ren… and so does this destroyer."

Hanna stopped pacing and stood silently next to her father. Though she was listening to every word, her focus remained on the officers and crewman below her. The dark apprentice had her lightsaber activated and the tip was burning into the deck.

"You," she said, pointing her sword at a portly, thirtysomething controller. He flinched, feeling her harsh gaze upon him.

"Go over to that command console and call a retreat to all TIE squadrons," Hanna commanded.

The controller paused a second before crawling to the nearest console. He was a nervous wreck and awkwardly reached for the control panel from his knees.

Kylo Ren chuckled, which distorted into an ominous hiss as it left his mask.

Izar gripped the Sith Master's hand with both of his. He kicked and struggled to relieve the pressure against his neck. His efforts were in vain. The general's vision started to crowd.

"No," Hanna snapped, whirling around and glaring at her father. "He has knowledge that I must extract first."

Kylo liked the sound of that; Hanna practicing her extraction techniques. Without a word, he released his grip on the general. Izar fell nearly seven feet to the command deck. With a loud thump, his body landed in a heap.

Hanna knelt by the quivering general and immediately placed her hand over his clammy forehead.

"I want the names of every single person responsible for the bombings on Coruscant and throughout my bases," Hanna said bitterly. "All twelve sites — You will give me every stormtrooper, engineer, pilot and tactical officer that had a hand in this; no matter how small or insignificant."

"Wha...why?" Izar cried out, feeling a sharp pain bore into his mind.

"Because," Hanna glowered, "You nearly killed my sister with that little stunt of yours! My sister."

Her voice was shaking now. She was close enough to snap his neck with the Force or plunge a lightsaber through his chest. And she would have, under different circumstances. Hanna was here for
a reason and that was the only thing keeping this miserable toad alive.

"You almost killed the man I love," she added. "The man I plan on marrying one day, nearly bled out from injuries sustained in your act of sabotage."

Nareral Izar may have been strong-willed but he was having a terrible time resisting Hanna's abilities. She felt him soften. It wouldn't be long before he spilled every secret he promised to protect.

"We... we didn't know you would be there," he offered weakly. "The bombs were rigged with timers. Please... Hux gave specific orders that you were not to be harmed. Our intel said you would be in the Jedi Temple."

Kylo Ren's lightsaber ignited, casting a harsh red light into the dimly lit flight deck. The sound of the crossguard was easily recognizable to the cowering officers and crew. Collectively, they trembled in fear; it was as if the men and women were experiencing a recurring nightmare from twenty years ago.

"What does Armitage Hux want with my daughter?" Kylo hissed.

Izar looked terrified as Kylo Ren's lightsaber inched closer to his face. Sirens on the bridge sounded the arrival of the Elite X-Wings.

"It's time to go," Hanna said, placing her hand on Kylo's forearm.

Chapter End Notes

I had to refrain from making Lin say: "Listen up, a TEN is talking." LOL - that would be such a Lin thing to say, too. But not that original on my part.

There are a lot of parallels in this chapter. What one character is experiencing is very similar to what another character is experiencing. This is the same way with the relationships in the story. How they react is what defines them.

A lot of themes are coming back into play now that the story has progressed. I don't expect readers to catch everything, as the story has been going on for months. I'm just grateful that you are along for the ride.

The journey was always going to follow Lin. He's an ass at the beginning of the story and he struggles the entire time to find his way. What he wanted at the start of the story isn't where he's landed now.

I'm not convinced that Checkpoint is out the equation yet... how can it be? Lin has a lot going for him in the current timeline... We should have some fun with Checkpoint because the damn thing could really be its own story. Leviathan is the same way.

And sex. We need some sex in this story. Okay, that's it from me.
A Family Divided - Part One

Chapter Summary

The Reylo family has fractured down the middle. Kylo Ren and Hanna seek to conquer the remnants of the First Order. Can Rey and Kayla get to them in time?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kylo Ren stormed toward the viewport banks aboard the *Harbinger*. With each step his boots echoed throughout the bridge and connecting catwalks. The ominous sound instilled fear in the hearts of everyone in his path. Even after all these years, the First Order crewman flinched at the sound.

Stopping near the center window, Kylo watched as four dozen X-Wing Elites beared down on his position. He let out an annoyed grunt. In his mind, the attack was a foolish endeavor. *The Harbinger* would have destroyed both Republic battle cruisers, had the Sith Master not intervened.

This was merely a desperate attack orchestrated by an inferior Resistance strategist; a subpar stormtrooper and traitor turned Resistance errand boy. Someone still looking to prove himself.

"So be it," Kylo hissed, making the decision to resume battle operations.

Hanna Ren remained in the middle of the bridge. Every First Order officer bowed before her feet. That included General Izar, who rolled on his back and struggled to breathe. Purple marks branded his neck, evidence of Kylo Ren's fingertips. He was fortunate to have survived the initial round of inquiries.

Izar reached out and silently pleaded for the stormtroopers to come to his aide. The heavily armed guards stood with their weapons trained on the officers. On Hanna's orders, they would shoot the next ranked official that moved.

"Don't look to your soldiers for help. It's already been explained to you, but I will repeat it again… and this time I'll go slowly so you can understand," Hanna said in her usual sultry voice. The young woman was *deadly* serious.

Furrowing her brow, Hanna grabbed her ivory crossguard saber from her waist. With a double crack ignition, the icy blades illuminated the general's frightened features.

"The names," she demanded.

General Izar froze in fear, unable to concentrate on anything but the burning heat of the lightsaber.

"I've had enough of this," Hanna hissed. Her dark eyes and full lashes shifted to the stormtroopers. "Cleanse *the Harbinger* of all ranked officers," she commanded.

Kylo craned his neck to the side, "Delay that order," he bellowed. His mask emitted a deep purr, terrifying the officers laying on the deck beneath him.
The stormtroopers held on Kylo Ren's word but kept their weapons trained on the subservient men and women on the floor.

Hanna glowered at her father with lips parted. This ship and every crewman on it was under her control; her influence. Kylo Ren even boasted as much while threatening General Izar. How had he managed to overrule her direct orders?

The Sith Master turned back to survey the approaching threat. He was more annoyed than concerned with the X-Wing squadron. He kept his hands behind his back and finally walked away from the viewports.

"All hands to action stations," Kylo barked with a mechanical drawl.

Hanna Ren whipped around as the First Order officers rose from the deck and scrambled.

"No," she protested loudly, risking her father's ire. With a slash, she pierced her lightsaber across the deck. A flurry of sparks kicked all over the officers as they ran toward their posts.

"We've taken the Harbinger, now let's finish what we started," she said darkly.

Kylo Ren stopped ten feet from his daughter and paused before responding.

"How long until the hyperdrives are ready?" he asked coldly, speaking to the controller at the station nearest to them. Kylo Ren never took his eyes off Hanna as he waited for the reply. Her cheeks flushed; the dark apprentice knew she stepped out of line by openly questioning her father. Even so, Hanna never shied away from the Sith Master's gaze.

"Ten minutes," cried the mousey controller. He was working feverishly on the holo displays before him. Two officers joined to his right to lend a hand. "Five minutes," he corrected.

Hanna looked into her father's intimidating, void-like visor.

"I'm not letting any of these rodents off the hook, not a single one. No one leaves this bridge until I have the complete list of names," she ranted. When this was over—when the Harbinger was in the clear—Hanna would have what she desired.

She swallowed hard, feeling like everyone's eyes were on her; maybe that was the case.

Lady Shade would have her revenge… at least that's what she kept telling herself. Hanna's furrowed brow faltered. That little voice inside her head started whispering. The dark apprentice had been able to suppress her conscious but now...

Hanna turned away from her father and looked for something else to keep her mind preoccupied. Her large brown eyes pooled while she scanned the command deck. Many of these men and women working before her played a critical role in the Coruscant bombings. Fueled with a nervous energy, the dark apprentice started to pace. She didn't like waiting, it gave her too much time to second guess her choices.

This was necessary she reminded herself. Just then, she felt a presence reach for her; it felt very much like a warm embrace.

"Hanna," came a familiar voice in the back of her mind.

"Kay," she choked.
Kayla was trying to break through to her again. The dark apprentice shouldn't have been surprised by this; in her position, she would be doing the same thing. Hanna closed her eyes and could vividly picture the Jedi Knight climbing into a starfighter.

The imagery made her pulse race that much faster.

*Shit,* she cursed inwardly.

Swallowing the lump in her throat, Hanna fought to regain her composure. The current derailment to her plans worked its way under her skin. She had many reasons for leaving with Kylo Ren, but the choice had admittedly been a costly one. Storming *the Harbinger* had provided a distraction but now that she had to wait; the decision was eating into her soul.

The choice to leave meant abandoning her sister again. Hanna seethed over this; being placed in this position. She demanded vengeance—vengeance for all the precious things that the First Order tried to take from her. The lives lost on this day needed to be avenged. It didn't matter that the crew was following the orders of Grand Admiral Hux and General Izar. Their actions were indefensible.

"Hanna," Kylo said, pulling her focus back to the situation at hand.

On instinct she went to brush her cheeks, as if embarrassed by her tears. She stopped herself though and scowled. Turning to face the man, Hanna didn't care if her eyes were wet; she wanted Kylo Ren to know what this day had cost.

Kylo Ren clenched his jaw, silently reading his apprentice. An icy chill crept through the bridge as father and daughter exchanged heated glares. The tension had a humid weight to it and even though the crew worked diligently, the suffocating feeling touched them all.

Warning sirens blared across the command deck, breaking the standoff. The First Order officers hurried to bring the weapons systems back online.

With a tilt of his mask, Kylo refrained from speaking. The situation called for leadership, but the Sith Master was being uncharacteristically silent when it counted the most.

The annoying alarms continued to sound on the bridge and still Kylo Ren said nothing.

Hanna clicked her tongue in frustration, shifting her gaze away from her father. What the hell was *he* waiting for? Why wasn't someone stepping up and taking charge?

"Turn our TIEs around," Hanna ordered. She killed the blade to her weapon, realizing it was still activated. The dark apprentice clipped the saber to her belt, flexing her fingers after she did so. "I don't want to see a single turbo laser or ventral cannon fired at the Jedi Cruisers. Concentrate all firepower on the squadron; wipe them out."

With that command, Hanna offered her concession in a way. Father and daughter needed to work together if they planned to escape. She relinquished control to Kylo Ren's considerable expertise.

"Impressive," he said quietly, so only she could hear. Perhaps this was just a test for her. The Sith Master turned and stalked around the busy command deck to supervise. He beamed inwardly, proud of his daughter's initiative.

From the way he carried himself, Hanna became convinced that it was indeed a test.

The TIE squadrons which had been given orders to retreat, circled *the Harbinger* and re-engaged. An onslaught of crimson and emerald flashed across the panoramic view screens.
The sight before Hanna was both stunning and horrific at the same time. She had never seen a dogfight up close like this; in fact the galaxy hadn't seen this kind of battle in nearly two decades. The streaking colors and explosions reminded her of growing up in the Jedi Temple. As little girls, she and Kayla would watch the local fireworks displays every weekend—usually from the branch of the tallest tree.

She shook that memory away, hearing Kylo Ren's voice bellow out a new set of instructions.

"Several squadrons are breaking off to target our engines and hyperdrives. Send in all available TIE Interceptors to pursue and concentrate your turbolasers on that group," he shouted, sensing the nature of the attack.

Hanna started to pace once more, stepping over the whimpering general on the floor. She needed something to do, as her talents were being wasted as a spectator.

"Fine," Kylo snarled suddenly, becoming increasingly distracted by his daughter's movements. He extended his arm toward General Izar. The Force wrapped around the feeble man, who cried out in surprise. In a flash, he was Pulled through the air and into Kylo Ren's waiting grasp.

"The names," The Sith Master growled; this wasn't a question.

An excruciating pain stabbed through the general's temples. He shook from head to toe, eyes rolling back and eyelids fluttering. His resistance to Jedi mind tricks had already been tested and weakened by Hanna. Izar crumbled quickly, unable to keep Kylo Ren out.

"It's done," the Sith Master said a few seconds later. He released his tight hold on the dying man, letting the general slam into the deck below. Izar had internal hemorrhaging and convulsed from head to toe. Two stormtroopers rushed forward, climbing up the steps to the observation deck. They grabbed Izar and dragged him away without needing to be prompted.

Hanna looked at her father with large, doughy eyes. She was caught off guard by the display and fought to hold in a gasp. Kylo Ren removed the glove from his right hand and ushered his daughter to come closer. She hesitantly took one step forward before finding her nerve and holding her chin up.

"I wanted you to break through his resistance," Kylo said softly, angling his mask down to look her over. "Call it... a teaching moment," he continued while raising his fingers to her forehead. "There are other ways to learn."

Shutting her eyes, Hanna felt a rush of information flood her mind. It sounded like one voice at first; then many voices followed. She witnessed conversations and meetings in an instant—as though she had been present. Her pulse raced while Kylo Ren implanted the remaining memories of a dying man into her consciousness.

"Kriff," Hanna sputtered, falling into her father's arms. It must have seemed odd to witness Kylo Ren holding on to his daughter, like a doting father. The officers around the bridge didn't have time to notice, but the stormtroopers guarding the entrance did.

"I'm fine," she said after a minute, pulling back and giving the Sith Master a confident nod.

"Of course you are," Kylo chuckled.

With that, Hanna turned around and marched towards the blockade of stormtroopers. This particular squadron had gold armbands on their right biceps. She wasn't sure what the designation meant, but took it as a good sign; the group was special and she'd put them to good use.
The dark apprentice finally had something to take her mind off Kayla.

She started on the far end, walking slowly down the line and reading the thoughts of each soldier. Near the center of the pack, stood a female stormtrooper that was almost at her eye level.

*The Force was strong with this one.*

"What's your name?" Hanna asked, staring into the generic, mass-produced mask.

"VL-3191," the stormtrooper replied, trying to make her voice sound deeper than it actually was.

"Alright," Hanna said with an arched eyebrow, "We'll work on that name later. I assume you know everyone on board, correct? And where to find them?"

A loud series of explosions rocked the star destroyer, shaking the entire bridge and delaying the answer. It sounded like an X-Wing or TIE had collided with *the Harbinger.* The stormtroopers on either side of VL-3191 buckled their knees in order to stay upright, but she didn't need to.

"Yes, ma'am," VL-3191 replied quickly. "Everyone."

"Perfect. You've just been promoted to squad leader. I want you to take the rest of these *Gold Bands* and capture every single traitor on board, regardless of rank," Hanna hissed. She raised her hand and let it hover over the stormtrooper's helmet.

"By traitors, you mean those operatives responsible for the attacks on Coruscant," VL-3191 said. The stormtrooper was undaunted by the hand in front of her face and was clearly not afraid to speak her mind. "The manifest was redacted and it will take time to sort out. My crew will be up to the task."

Hanna shut her eyes and cleared her throat. She summoned the Force and started to block out the sounds of war around her. "These men and women aren't operatives, not anymore. They aren't crewman either; they are *traitors.* One hundred and forty nine to be exact," she corrected. "Hold very still and I will give you their names. This will feel... a little weird."

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The air grew heavy on the forest moon of Endor. A stormfront was moving in, slowly building momentum over the unstable terrain.

Lin Dameron looked out the window of the Lambda-class shuttle. He'd never been in one before, but had seen the old Imperial shuttles on display in a museum once or twice. A loud clap of thunder was followed by a single drop of rain.

"We better get ahead of this," he said, turning back to look at Rey.

"Agreed," she replied, hovering over the two prisoners at her feet. "Let's add another binder around these men; we can't be *too* careful."

Lin crouched and tightened a second binder around the prisoner's wrists.

The First Order operatives—Commander Dennon Falk and AT-ST Operator Wesp Rendo—sat back to back and were restrained at the wrists. The men looked worse for wear, but at least they were still breathing.

The prisoners were in the first AT-ST, which fell to Lin's lightsaber. The impact from the crash alone could have killed them, but the operatives were lucky. In fact, both men would have walked away
from the wreckage. It wasn't until Falk opened his mouth, that he sustained serious injuries.

The brash commander was unconscious and bloody. He was put in his place by Grandmaster Rey Kenobi. She threw Dennon Falk halfway across the forest. Admittedly, Rey overreacted.

"It's not the hormones," Rey said, getting Lin to look up at her. "Well, maybe it is," she continued biting her bottom lip. Rey crinkled her nose and felt like she needed to defend her actions. Was she suppose to feel sorry for Dennon's state? He did try to kill her apprentice. And he was a belligerent ass on top of that.

Lin cracked a smile, "You never have to apologize around me, Rey. Certainly not when you do something so badass. And you made it look effortless, too; just a regal flick of your wrist. The imagery keeps replaying in my head and it was freaking incredible."

Rey's cheeks flushed and she gave her apprentice a sheepish grin. She had gone through the ringer as of late but talking with Lin seemed strangely therapeutic.

The younger prisoner, Rendo, flinched at the sound of Lin's voice and laughter. The startled AT-ST operator had tape over his mouth and avoided making eye contact with either captor.

Lin raised his brows and looked at both men with a mixture of curiosity and disdain. This couldn't be the best operatives the First Order had. And it seemed as though Rendo didn't have the stomach for taking lives; certainly not when the intended target had turned the tables and gained the upper hand.

And there was something else about these men, too. Lin sensed a great amount of fear.

"I guess they don't make them like they used to," he commented, making sure the bindings would hold. The prisoners weren't going anywhere and they'd soon spill every last secret.

Rey stood behind her apprentice, silently watching. With a wave of her hand, she pulled an access panel from the shuttle's side. The section opened and revealed a line of sturdy, metal framework.

"Here," she called to Lin, pointing to the frames. "Secure them against this support."

Lin stood and smiled at Rey, "Yes, ma'am."

He quickly grabbed the prisoners by their shoulders and dragged them over to the pipe. Rendo whimpered and struggled against Lin's grasp, but his efforts were useless. The Gray leader shoved the men against the exposed panel. Working quickly, two looped restraints went around the pipe and through the handcuffs, securing Rendo and Falk to the framework.

"Watch your back with these two, Lin," Rey said, shifting her eyes to the conscious one. "They're our ticket to finding Hux and the Finalizer, but be prepared to defend yourself should they try anything. And don't ever call me ma'am again."

Rey seemed quite serious about that last part, until she cracked a little smile. She couldn't keep a straight face for anything. The younger man had a playful charm that seemed to rub off on everyone.

"Fair enough," Lin beamed. He placed his hand on Falk's head and used it as leverage to stand.

A spark hit Lin's fingertips as he released the prisoner's bloody crown. The Gray Leader paused and did a double take, looking suspiciously at both men. He couldn't explain the feeling washing over him—it was strange to say the least. For a moment he could have sworn Falk had whispered something to him, but the broken prisoner wouldn't be waking for some time.
With parted lips, Lin looked like he was about to speak but lost his train of thought. Images rushed into his mind, crowding his temples and feeling like a brewing headache. Rey reached for his shoulder, but the touch of her fingertips faded. The shuttle disappeared from around him, as if the galaxy had swallowed it whole. Lin stumbled on his feet as the scene around him changed. The Gray Leader ended up falling to his hands and knees. When he got up, he found himself on the deck of a star destroyer.

A familiar figure came into focus next. Grand Admiral Hux strolled past Lin and didn't seem to notice the spy in his midst.

Grand Admiral Hux stepped to the side, keeping a vigilant watch on his command crew. Many of the men and women in his service had been with him since the beginning, when the First Order rose to power decades earlier. Even so, he was careful around the crewman. Saying the wrong thing on a star destroyer could get you killed, especially with a Force Sensitive on board.

Trusting too many people, was a foolish mistake. Hux knew this all too well but with Owen Skywalker on the **Finalizer**, trust in a few was necessary. The ginger strategist had to be careful; like he was during the reign of The Supreme Leader.

He motioned for two of his best operatives, Falk and Rendo, to speak with him in private. The men were gifted armored transport operators—the best AT-AT and AT-ST controllers in the First Order.

Dennon Falk had fought alongside Hux for many years; an expert in ground assaults. Rendo was a fairly recent recruit but Falk wouldn't have brought him to the meeting if he couldn't be trusted.

"It goes without saying but the following conversation never happened," Hux said in a low voice.

"Our favorite kind," Falk replied with an arrogant smirk. Rendo nodded in agreement but didn't want to speak out of turn.

"How can we help?" Falk continued, glancing at his protégé.

"Lin Dameron is a problem that needs to be addressed," Hux replied coldly.

Falk and Rendo exchanged quick glances. Two things were widely known about the infamous Gray Leader: The first, was that Owen Skywalker needed him **alive**. To go against that mandate would be signing off on one's death warrant. The second was a troubling rumor which added to Lin Dameron's murky reputation. Reports spread through the galaxy that Lin had snapped and murdered the last bounty hunters that came after him—by sending them out of an airlock.

Dying in the vacuum of space was widely considered to be the worst way to go. It was a fate that you would not wish upon your worst enemy—blood boiling and cooking from the inside out like a fried egg.

There were consequences for going toe-to-toe with Lin Dameron. The entire galaxy knew that; the Republic had issued the statement themselves. Opportunistic bounty hunters weren't going to be working alone; not to capture Lin **alive**, anyway. Paramilitary precision and firepower would be needed to take him down.

"Beg your pardon," Rendo started before getting stopped by Falk. The younger man's tough exterior did nothing to mask the apprehensive tone in his voice.

The battled-hardened operative shook his head at his partner. "We're listening, grand admiral," Falk insisted.
Hux glowered at the younger man for questioning his orders. The admiral clenched his jaw, "Follow me," he sneered.

Falk pursed his lips and looked as though he wanted to strike Rendo in the back of the head. Both men followed behind Hux, who took purposeful strides. The admiral stepped into a dark conference room that had a stormtrooper stationed on either side of the entrance.

The doors shut quickly and the overhead ring of lights flickered on.

"We can speak more candidly in here," Hux stated, removing his side arm and clicking off the safety. "But first, we need to clear the air. Did I make an egregious mistake by selecting the two of you? If so, my lapse in judgment can be rectified at once." The shiny pistol glinted brightly in the lights and caught Rendo's eye.

Falk and Rendo stood at attention, worried they might be killed over a simple misunderstanding.

"They can be trusted, sir," Captain Phasma stated, stepping out of the dark corner. Both men jumped, unaware that there was someone else in the room.

Falk let out a nervous chuckle; he hadn't seen Phasma in years. No one had.

"Forgive me, grand admiral. It was not my intention to question or speak out of turn," Rendo apologized. "Of course your orders will be executed to the letter."

"See to it," Phasma interjected, "If you fail, every single officer with the First Order will be tortured to death by Owen Skywalker."

Hux nodded in agreement, taking his customary place at the head of the table. He set the pistol down on the onyx marble in front of him.

"This room is unique," Hux said, glancing at it's shape. "The materials are designed to strip away the mental acuities of Force Sensitives. I'd meet in here more often, but it's usually suspicious to do so. It certainly put Kylo Ren on the defensive, when meetings were held in here. There was thoughtful planning with its construction. Rare materials were selected. It is however, the equivalent of putting on a ski mask before entering a bank. Anyone that see's you outside is going to know full well what you're doing."

"We're your men, Admiral Hux," Rendo said quickly.

Hux finally blinked and gave Phasma a subtle nod. She escorted Rendo out of the room, grabbing his elbow.

After the doors closed again, Falk stifled a laugh, "I know this is serious, but cut the kid some slack; he probably just wet himself."

The grand admiral did not seem amused.

"Wesp Rendo will get the job done, sir," Falk assured, clearing his throat. "He is by far the best recruit I've seen; a natural at the controls. This is just the kind of mission the kid needs—and we only have so many qualified operators as it stands."

The decorated commander had a point there. The First Order was thin across all ranks and designations. They had the minimum crewman for two destroyers. This was an urgent problem that desperately needed attention.
"You will see to it personally, commander," Hux replied. "Failure is not an option."

Falk's smile faded but he understood what was at stake.

"I've never failed you, sir. We will not fail."

There was quiet for a beat until Hux finally nodded.

"The First Order is on the rise," Hux stated, picking up his pistol and sliding it back into the holster. "We can recruit the same way the empire did, after the clones passed on. I've taken steps to engineer a new generation of stormtroopers but that will require time and patience. Phasma has returned and her faith in our cause has never wavered. Her involvement here will go a long way to restoring our former glory. And I'm sure you've already heard that General Izar and the Harbinger have rejoined the fleet. He's on a crucial assignment."

"That's incredible news," Falk said, easing his posture a little. He felt he could be candid with Hux right now, given their history.

"Everything the First Order has worked for will be lost if Lin Dameron gets captured alive," Hux continued. He paused and let that statement sink in.

Falk worked under Snoke's regime for many years. He knew all too well the series of events that led to the regime's end. The First Order ultimately lost its focus and crumbled as a result. The majority of the officers, crewmen, and stormtroopers suffered greatly in the aftermath.

"Don't worry about Skywalker," Hux continued. "I've dealt with his type before; we both have. He's blinded by obsession and relies on others to do his bidding. Dameron is his ticket out of those bed ridden confines; his chance to grasp control of the galaxy."

Hux gestured towards the table, signaling at the datapad placed on the end. Falk picked it up and began scrolling through the mission details.

"There's a trap in place on the forest moon of Endor. Mr. Dameron will be there. He's been given the proper incentive, rather the Harbinger has given him incentive to show. Dameron will put up one hell of a fight and likely perish on the surface. But if he doesn't…" Hux said, his voice trailing off.

The admiral's cold eyes focused in on the commander.

Falk scratched his clean shaven chin, "I believe… there is a cache of refurbished AT-STs on the surface. We stripped the moon of its resources some time ago, but those beauty's never left the warehouses. Anyone could stumble across them, including a member of the Guavian death gangs."

"We're on the same page. Death gangs are notoriously reckless and irresponsible. There's no telling what could happen when they try to capture a dangerous fugitive," Hux said coldly.

The decorated commander continued to scroll through the datapad and let out a surprised whistle.

"That's a lot of firepower for one man… even a Jedi," Rendo commented. "Air support, if needed. There's no way this punk survives the first round. Even so, I can bring a second pair of controllers. The men don't need to know the particulars; just that there is a target to destroy."

"He is no Jedi, but do not underestimate Lin Dameron," Hux corrected. "He was trained by Kylo Ren, albeit briefly. He fights dirty and has the ability to harness the Force. Dameron has also been under the watchful eye of the Jedi Order for some time. The man is resilient; more importantly he has a reason to fight his way out of there," Hux stated.
The admiral stood from his seat and walked around the table to get closer to Falk.

"The First Order rose from the ashes of the Empire," Hux continued, "It will rise once more and this time we won't be bogged down by the ambitions of a petty, decrepit dark sider. See this through, Commander Falk. Help me secure our future."

He put his hand on Falk's shoulder and gripped tightly. The physical display was rare for Hux, but it delivered the message and lit a fire underneath the grizzled veteran.

"We will not fail," Falk replied confidently. "Dameron will be dead by sunrise. As for the hell that's to come in the wake… well, there's an answer for that, too."

Falk was already contemplating moving against Owen Skywalker next, probably in the interest of self preservation. There was no telling how many crewman Owen had managed to accost. The Force Sensitive could have plenty of stormtroopers under his influence by now. The next play they made was critical.

The sentiment wasn't lost on Grand Admiral Hux.

"Don't worry about the fallout; not from the crew and certainly not from Skywalker. We'll give him someone to blame," Hux said shrewdly. "The right Force Sensitive can be an asset. We need to choose our assets more carefully, wouldn't you agree?"

Falk tucked the datapad under his arm, "You sound like there is already someone in mind. Someone who's not afraid of going toe-to-toe with that withering creep."

"We don't need to find a Force Sensitive that isn't afraid. Fear can be highly motivating," Hux replied. "The Supreme Leader used to speak about this with me, long ago. It was his way of controlling a powerful Knight—an asset—perhaps the strongest the galaxy has ever seen. I found it interesting, however, to watch how one Force User manipulates another."

"Is that so?" Falk asked curiously.

"Indeed. The Supreme Leader referred to Kylo Ren in a certain way; he was too arrogant to notice the slight tremor in his own voice. Snoke feared what Kylo Ren would become; an asset too powerful to control, with the skills to take his throne. The path to claiming the First Order always started with turning those two against each other," Hux stopped and gave a tight lipped smile.

"Owen Skywalker... talks about Lin Dameron in a similar fashion. He fears what the so called "Gray Leader," might become."

Falk raised an eyebrow and twisted his face in concern. If they killed Lin Dameron, who would become their pawn? Who would Hux use to challenge Skywalker? Hux could tell from Falk's expression what he was thinking.

"The death of Lin Dameron will be avenged," Hux continued. "The Jedi have taken a liking to him and even if it goes against their beliefs, they will carve a pound of flesh over this. Powerful women with lightsabers and an axe to grind… all I have to do is point them in the right direction," chuckled Grand Admiral Hux.

This...this could work—Falk believed it could work.

"Well, that's the reason we follow you, grand admiral. You're always thinking one step ahead. You can trust Rendo and I. He sees the galaxy the same way we do. He knows what we're fighting for."
"Good," Hux replied, looking to conclude their meeting. "Happy hunting, commander."

With the abrupt ending, Commander Falk straightened and saluted, leaving the octagonal conference room. The doors opened long enough to reveal Captain Phasma and Rendo waiting outside. Phasma and her ominous armor must have made an impact on Wesp Rendo; the young operative looked ready to prove himself.

The captain came strolling back in and stopped in front of the grand admiral. Hux waited a minute before speaking.

"I gather the beacon is in place?" he asked coyly, breaking the silence.

"Yes, sir," Phasma replied. "We're in the clear, success or failure. If this goes sideways Falk and Rendo will take the fall. Two greedy operatives looking for a payday or a chance to prove themselves; easily believable. What of Skywalker and the other Force Sensitives he claims to have under his thumb?"

Hux gave a slight, arrogant smirk, "The Jedi Order can be manipulated, just like they were during Palpatine's ascension. We'll put them to use. As for Owen, how do you slay a monster with arcane abilities? You bring in a bigger monster and have them destroy each other. With Lin Dameron gone… Owen will be looking for the next viable candidate; a young conduit who is compatible. There are these twins, as lovely as they are powerful. Skywalker is already quite fond of one of them."

"Hanna Ren and Kayla Kenobi," Phasma stated. Even in her absence, the captain was well informed.

"Yes. Once word gets out that he wants Kayla—in place of Lin—Owen's fate is sealed. The father will show up to defend both of his daughters. We will be free of anyone who can lay claim to the First Order. I should have done this with Snoke when the opportunity presented itself—but we cannot change the past. We can only move forward."

Grand Admiral Hux sat back in his chair and looked rather pleased for a change.

_The Finalizer_ disappeared and Lin found himself standing on the shuttle again, as if he had never left. His eyes blinked rapidly and felt as though they hadn't closed for several hours.

"What the hell?" Lin mumbled, turning around and scanning the shuttle interior. Falk and Rendo were still there—one unconscious and the other one terrified. Rey was on board, with her hands on her hips. She had a worried look on her face, but her features relaxed after hearing his voice.

"What the hell?" he repeated much louder.

"Welcome back, my padawan," Rey said calmly.

Lin inhaled sharply, still trying to process what had happened. His head had a dull ache toward the back and it made him cradle his neck.

"Why… why would Owen Skywalker be afraid of me?" Lin said, piecing together parts of the conversation. This was strange. He had visions a couple times before, but they were always related to past experiences. The Force had never given him clairvoyance over something of this magnitude; it felt like he was spying on the First Order.

The Gray Leader grabbed Rendo by the hair, getting a fistful. He yanked hard, forcing the operator
"How'd that plan to kill me pan out for you thugs?" he snarled. "Everyone has a plan until they get fucking hit."

Lin was boiling with rage but it wasn't just because of a kill order. Many people had tried to eliminate him in the past; it became almost laughable. There was something else about the vision; something more troubling and it currently eluded him. The feeling was maddening.

"Lin," Rey said, stepping forward and putting a hand on his back. "Breathe."

The Gray Leader exhaled shakily and struggled to find his calm. He shoved Rendo away from him, without giving it a second thought. The prisoner nearly banged his head against the exposed framework; the jerky movement transferred over to Falk, making him slump toward the ground.

"Great," Rey said with an eyeroll.

"Why the hell did Leia turn me into enemy number one, anyway?" Lin fumed. "I've made all these strides, right? Progress?"

This was beyond frustrating for Lin. Rey understood where he was coming from. It must feel like taking one step forward, only to be sent back two paces.

"You have made strides and right now I need you to listen," Rey said, carefully. "You've shown incredible growth and developed meaningful relationships. There are people who care about you and you have a home again. Don't throw that hard work away; not over these two morons."

Lin sighed heavily. Rey's words were getting through but his pulse still raced. Something was eating at his insides, only the Gray Leader couldn't pinpoint the cause.

"There's more," Lin said, trying to reach into the depths of his mind. "More to the vision," he continued. A detail—a vital one, slipped away like trying to recall a forgotten dream. For a split second, Lin swore he saw a glimpse of Hux and Captain Phasma. They were alone in a room and discussing a strategy.

"Fuck, it keeps slipping away," he said running his fingers through his hair.

"When you find Hux again, you can ask him," Rey put simply. "At the point of a lightsaber," she added. "From what I gather, he sang the last time." The Grandmaster wanted to press; she needed to know exactly what Lin saw but it would have to wait.

There was another crisis to manage.

Lin chuckled and felt better as he walked over to the shuttle controls. Leaning over the console he ran his fingers across several switches, testing their functions. He had never piloted a command shuttle before, not that it mattered.

"You're sure you can fly this thing?" Rey teased.

"I can fly anything," he replied.

Rey pushed a strand of hair behind her cheek and looked down at BB-8. She sweetly gave the little droid instructions to fly with Lin, instead of accompanying her on the Falcon. The shuttle engines powered up as she spoke.
"We'd better get a move on," Rey said, turning to leave. The Grandmaster worried over the vision she had before coming to the forest moon. She suspected—quite accurately—that Kylo Ren was currently in command of a star destroyer. More troubling was the fact that Hanna decided to go with him. She was certain that a battle between the First Order and the Republic was taking place over Coruscant.

Rey appeared calm on the outside but it was a facade. Internally she was boiling over and barely keeping her emotions in check. Her daughters were wrapped up in this war now—fighting on opposite sides. The notion alone made her stomach upset.

"I know the girls are in trouble," Lin stated, making his mentor pause. "But why do I get the feeling that you're going to fly the Falcon into battle, without picking me up first?"

Lin Dameron's instincts were always good. It was the fighter pilot in him. And now that he was beginning to understand his powers, it seemed as though those instincts were sharpening further.

"You're going to make a fine Knight one day," Rey conceded, keeping her back to her new apprentice.

Lin scoffed, "A Jedi?"

It was difficult for him to believe. Training to be a Jedi would take years and usually started at the age of five. Although he picked things up quickly, Lin never saw himself traveling down that path. Even as Rey's student, he wondered if it was really possible. The Jedi Temple was starting to feel like home and he'd do anything to stay there permanently.

"I'm sorry," Lin continued. "This isn't the right time. Let's go help Kayla and Ahsoka."

"Maybe not a Jedi Knight," Rey answered softly, glossing over Lin's apology. She felt this was something he needed to hear. "You've always been unique and followed your own course. The Force is with you, my padawan. Between the darkness and the light, is a path too treacherous for most to navigate."

Lin swallowed hard and furrowed his brow. He wasn't entirely sure what Rey was referring to.

*Something in between*, he thought.

Rey walked down the ramp and was almost out of sight.

"Promise you'll pick me up on Finn's battle cruiser," he shouted down to her.

"Alright, Lin," Rey replied. "Drop these morons off with Finn and we'll wade into the fray together. I could use my copilot, anyway."

Lin cracked a smile, taking one last look at Rey as she walked across the marsh toward the Millennium Falcon. Now that he was getting to know the Grandmaster, she seemed pretty damn cool. Rey wasn't stuffy, elitist, or some unapproachable legend. She was warm, open and funny in her own way. It reminded him of meeting General Organa for the first time.

The Gray Leader settled into the pilot's chair and strapped in. He turned back to glance at BB-8. The little droid kept a watchful lens on the subdued prisoners.

"If either of those nerf herders make a peep, you have my permission to electrocute their nuts," he called out to his buddy.
BB-8 chirped happily in response.

"Okay Kayla, hang in there," Lin said under his breath. With that he pulled back and engaged the forward thrusters.

The forest floor shook from the engines of two transports. The Millennium Falcon lifted off the ground, retracting its landing gear. Wasting no time, Rey raced towards the upper atmosphere. Lin Dameron followed closely behind, piloting the First Order shuttle. Within a few minutes, the transports disappeared for hyperspace.

Everything was quiet on the forest moon of Endor. The cloudy haze that settled over the landslide thinned out. Evidence that a battle ever took place here, would likely be washed away by the approaching storm.

Lin Dameron would never forget what happened here. Neither would the lone, injured Guavian sniper that just made his way over the mountain ridge. He raised the scope to his busted rifle, trying to find the source of the engine noises. All he could see through the cracked lensing was a pair of faint vapor trails...

Captain Teagues bit down on his chin strap, maneuvering his X-Wing through the many turbolaser banks along the Harbinger's bottom. The star destroyer seem dead in space when he started the attack run. Now, the pilots under his command were in the thick of it.

"Shit," he yelled out, looking for his wingman in Blue Four. A fiery explosion a second later confirmed his worst fears.

Teague's shook his head and cut under the crossfire once again. Dozens of neon green lasers streaked across the fighter's nose, narrowly missing Junior Teagues.

"Blue Five and Blue Six, I've lost my wingman. What's your status?" he spoke loudly into the headset, barely over the rattling inside his own cockpit.

"We are outnumbered, Blue Leader," Rack Dertim in Blue Five responded. "Gee, it would be nice if we had cover from those cruisers," he said flippantly.

Ahsoka and Finn's battle cruisers had been disabled by the Harbinger. Teagues knew that the engineers and mechanics were working feverishly to get the weapon systems back online. He hadn't heard from Finn in a while, which was unusual. None of the flight controllers had contacted him either.

Teagues sighed heavily. Clearly, the Elite was having problems transmitting messages. It was a troubling development; Finn had managed to give the orders to attack but now there wasn't a single open channel.

For now the scrappy squadron of X-Wings were on their own.

Blue Five and Blue Six had used every stunt maneuver imaginable to isolate a few TIEs away from the pack. A similar narrative was playing throughout the rest of the squadron. The X-Wings were spread out thin across the area of engagement; most of the original groups of three were down to pairs.

Every time a TIE fighter was destroyed it seemed to be replaced by two more. The First Order’s resources were baffling. How did they get so many capable pilots? Where the hell did all the TIE fighters come from? They should have been destroyed after the fall of the First Order.
The Blue Leader would need to figure that out later.

"We're not getting to those engines, unless we take out the turbolasers," Teagues stated. He eyed the heavily protected trench one last time. With a grimace he gripped the stick tighter and banked away from the destroyer. The Blue Leader needed to free up Blue Five and Six.

"Sending one your way, Blue Leader," Dertim said, corralling a stray TIE. Blue Five intentionally missed with his next crimson barrage, making the bogey bank hard in the wrong direction. Dertim was pleased and broke off pursuit in order to help Blue Six.

Junior Teagues pressed his thumb down on the trigger. On cue, the lone TIE came into his crosshairs. The fighter lit up his blinking HUD. A burst of crimson sprang from his s-foils and overwhelmed the unsuspecting enemy.

"Nice job, Blue Five," Teagues said, flying straight through the resulting fireball.

Dertim was too preoccupied to respond. Another wave of TIEs swarmed Blue Five and Six, chasing them further away from Junior Teagues. The First Order had altered their tactics, deviating from their predictable nature. Each pair of TIE fighters worked in tandem with another pair.

The momentum swung in favor of the First Order. Four TIE fighters hounded Blue Five and Six; the enemy closed the gap and angled their pursuit to eliminate possible escape routes.

"Shit," Teagues cursed, finally catching a glimpse of the chase off his starboard. "Dertim, I'm on your six with missiles," he warned. The Blue Leader opened up full throttle, boosting towards the enemy.

"Negative, sir. Save that payload for the engines," Blue Six shot back, "We've used ours. The squadron is low on missiles as it stands."

Blue Six was correct. Most of the X-Wings exhausted their heatsinks in order to extend the campaign. Teagues had a bad feeling about this. His men and women were incredible pilots and this was the best squadron in the Republic. All that aside, the Elites were vastly outnumbered. The size of the enemy force was much larger than Leia or Finn had anticipated.

"Finn, we need cover fire immediately," Teagues called into his comlink.

"I've got plenty of missiles," came a confident voice over the Republic frequencies.

Compact bursts of crimson rapid fire lit up the TIE fighters chasing Blue Five and Six. The sound of the lasers over the radio had a higher pitch to them. Parts of enemy wings broke off in tiny sections. Suddenly, two TIEs exploded and caused the others to break pursuit.

Kayla pushed the Jedi starfighter hard, keeping the remaining TIEs in her line of sight. She pressed down on the trigger again. Furious red streaks came forward and clipped the wings of two more enemies. The TIEs listed and rolled, losing complete control. A few seconds later, Junior Teagues delivered the final blow.

"Woohoo," Kayla screamed, caught up in the moment. The TIEs exploded like fireworks and the starfighter flew right between the colorful spectacles.

"Well, look what we have here," Teagues said, as the Jedi starfighter pulled along his portside. "The cavalry."

"I thought you could use a hand," Kayla said. She couldn't help but smile, getting a chance to speak
with an old friend.

"Elites, listen up. We have a Jedi Knight on the board. Repeat we have a Jedi Knight on the board. No more cursing."

Dertim shook his head at that last transmission. The Blue Leader had been the only one cursing into open communications.

"You're gonna need help with those turbolasers," Kayla stated, returning Teague's smile. She was close enough to see his friendly face.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"I can help you there. Let's clear a path to those engines," Kayla continued, shadowing the Blue Leader's movements. The pair flew closer to the star destroyer, remaining in a blind spot and avoiding any cannons.

"Alright, is there anything I can get for you? Perhaps a diamond ring?" he said with a playful wink.

Kayla blushed at that, "No, nothing shiny for me. But... I will need to land on that star destroyer."

The Jedi Knight knew full well what this would mean; this request meant going after the shields, too. More fighters were going to be lost as the result.

"You heard the Jedi," Teagues replied without skipping a beat. The Blue Leader sank down further and hugged the contours of the destroyer. "Five and Six, cover us. Once the turbolasers are down, I will need you to attack the aft shields."

Blue Five and Six executed a barrel roll and shadowed Junior Teagues. They maneuvered incredibly close to the destroyer as well—dangerously close for Kayla's comfort.

"What are you guys doing?" she asked, keeping her current vector. Kayla stayed next to Teagues but she believed that the X-Wings were being reckless. The group of four raced along the hard edges of the Harbinger. Following Teagues, they twisted over the side and open fired on a bank of turbolasers.

Junior Teagues chuckled as his mini squadron flew straight through the explosions.

"There's a method to our madness, Kayla," Teagues reassured, leading the group along the side and back underneath the Harbinger. "This is an old trick we learned... from the greatest pilot in the galaxy."

Kayla's breath hitched at the mention of Lin Dameron. She pulled in tight and followed Teague's lead. The X-Wings and Jedi starfighter pressed forward and slipped into the shadow of the destroyer. They completely disappeared from view.

The TIE fighters in pursuit of Kayla and the X-Wings lost their visuals. The Harbinger itself couldn't track the Republic fighters, either. Teagues had them flying too close to the destroyer to be spotted on sensors.

Kayla would remember this little trick, filing it away for another time.

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The corridors of the Finalizer rumbled from the battle waging outside. A mixture of stormtroopers and crewman scurried through the hallways. There didn't appear to be any direction on this deck. Confusion and worry were widespread.
Amidst the chaos in the connecting corridors, an ominous presence arrived which made everyone slow down and move off to the sides. Hanna Ren took long strides down the center, forcing the frightened crew to part. The Gold Band stormtroopers marched behind her, looking just as imposing.

"Where the hell are all the officers—the commander assigned to this deck?" Hanna yelled, coming to a stop.

The fact that leadership was missing in action, made her very suspicious.

A powerful blast rocked *the Finalizer*; the impact activated flood lights across the deck and down every corridor. It appeared as though one of the Republic cruisers had their weapons systems back online.

"This way, Lady Shade," VL-3191 said, motioning towards a flight of stairs in the corner. Hanna's eyes travelled to the sub deck above. Had the stormtrooper not pointed it out, she may have missed it altogether.

"An officer's lounge… tucked away on a maintenance level," she murmured.

The Gold Band stormtroopers ran up the stairs, sounding like a stampede. The stairwell opened up to a modern space that was clearly designed for the upper brass. Shouting flooded the lounge followed by the sounds of tables and chairs being flipped over.

VL-3191 led the charge and appeared to be enjoying the assignment. For years she had to bitterly swallow the class structure and chain of command on star destroyers—the stormtroopers were always at the bottom. She had no problem kicking in doors and pointing her blaster at those who had looked down on her.

Hanna stayed back and watched in amusement. Several shots rang out, but no one was hit. Two officers were hiding behind turned over tables, attempting to create cover fire. VL-3191 delivered a blow to the back of their heads, before ordering that they be dragged off to the brig.

"That door, Lady Shade," VL-3191 said, pointing at a set of thick, double doors near the end. They were locked and the access panel to the right had been blown apart; likely by a delayed explosive.

"Yes," the dark apprentice said while giving it a once over. Hanna moved past her team and inspected the metallic door. Her palm and fingers moved over the surface and stopped. With a playful roll of her fingertips, she smiled and backed away.

"There are twenty armed men in this room and it's heavily barricaded from the inside."

Another loud explosion rocked the ship, shaking the officer's lounge. The lights above flickered and shut off. The stormtroopers activated the flashlights on their weapons in order to see.

Hanna glowered at the dark ceiling, "Where the hell are those hyperdrive engines? Five minutes was up fifteen minutes ago."

"This explains why these men weren't at their stations," VL-3191 stated bitterly. "Many of the decks are missing their captains because they are hiding in here like cowards. No matter, the commissary won't be barricaded for long," she added.

News of Kylo Ren's arrival had clearly made it to these decorated officers. They were hiding and expected that General Izar would deal with the threat. He couldn't, of course. And it wouldn't turn out well for these men, either.
Hanna shook her head and turned away from the barricaded entrance. She took long strides and fell back to the rear again. Two soldiers rushed forward, extracting charges from their belts. They reached up and placed three charges into the seams; starting at the top and working their way down.

A loud explosion ripped through the lounge a moment later, leaving a cloudy haze in its wake.

The Gold Bands moved in slowly towards the doors, having taken cover. Hanna unplugged her fingertips from her ears and looked on. As the smoke thinned, it became apparent that the door remained intact. The explosions managed to scorch the edges of the reinforced materials, but that was about it.

"Very well," Hanna said stepping forward. She snapped her hair to one side, getting it out of the way. Her right hand extended out toward the door as the stormtroopers silently watched. With a flash of rage, the Force exploded from her fingertips.

Shock wave after shock wave roared from her dominate hand. The metallic doors squealed and dented in fist-sized welts. After a few seconds the metal buckled from her consistent bombardment. With a terrible, ear-splitting screech, the doors failed at their weakest point—a long the edges. Hanna furrowed her brow and angled her chin downward. She reached back and came forward again; this time with much larger Force Pushes.

The door caved in all together. With another Push it flew backward and knocked over the furniture stacked against it.

Blaster fire erupted from the commissary. Hanna calmly stepped to the side, unconcerned with the bolts as they passed.

VL-3191 took charge again. She gave a hand gesture to the demolitions stormtroopers, calling them forward once more. The pair flanked either side of the entrance and extracted concussive charges.

"This is kinda fun," Hanna said, casually leaning back against the far wall. She smiled and craned her neck to look at the Gold Band Leader.

"Hell yes! It's very fun, ma'am," VL-3191 nodded.

Tossing the concussion charges in, the stormtroopers waited for the detonation. A low pitched boom rattled the commissary. Inside, glass shattered and several officers were definitely reeling from the explosion.

The demolition stormtroopers wasted no time; they followed with a set of Flash bang grenades. VL-3191 yelled and rushed forward with the rest of her squadron. Their weapons were fortunately set on stun.

Hanna chuckled, seeing the last stormtrooper slip into the commissary. Her laughter quickly died and was followed by a sharp, prickly sensation. It coursed down her neck, spine and extremities. The dark apprentice whirled around to see if anyone was behind her… and there wasn’t.

Deep down she knew the sensation could only come from one person in particular.

"Kayla," Hanna said, narrowing her eyes. Her sister was close—actively looking for a way to land the starfighter on the Harbinger.

"Eh, Kriff," Lady Shade cursed under her breath.
From the bridge, Kylo Ren could sense the momentum swinging in favor of the Republic. *The Harbinger* was actively trading ordinance with Ahsoka's battle cruiser, despite Hanna's wishes. The point was moot anyway; Kayla was no longer on board that vessel.

The Sith Master sighed heavily, feeling a cluster headache beginning to form. His Jedi daughter was out there right now, piloting a starfighter and attacking his forces like a bat out of hell.

Kylo closed his fists tighter, losing his cool as he so often did. Maker, he did not want to see anything happen to Kayla, but this was a warzone. From the command deck, there was little he could do in order to ensure the Jedi's safety. The situation left him powerless. This feeling... Kylo Ren hated this feeling.

"Dad," Hanna said desperately, using her comm unit to speak directly into Kylo Ren's mask.

"It would seem that the Jedi Order has arrived to take you back, Hanna," he replied with a harsh edge. Another shockwave ripped into the Harbinger's hull.

"Sir, engines are ready," yelled Controller Humby. Dozens of alerts flashed on his screen. "Two minutes to hyperdrives."

"That's too long," Hanna yelled, overhearing the conversation. She knew her sister was out there and closing in.

Kylo Ren growled in response and bit down on the inside of his cheek. He was infuriated with the crew's response as everything was taking too long. The rust on these men and women—possibly the ship too—needed to be scraped off.

"Hanna, leave the stormtroopers to their assignment and take over for me on the bridge," Kylo Ren ordered.

"Kayla is out there," Hanna worried. There was the very real possibility that her sister could get shot down trying to land on the flightdeck. "Do you hear what I'm saying?"

"I'm handling it," Kylo Ren snapped. "Get to the bridge."

The Sith Master turned around and glared across the deck. As he did so, he summoned the Force to track his daughter's location. Her starfighter kept hugging the contours of the destroyer, moving in a figure eight near the flight deck. She was essentially in an elaborate holding pattern and waiting for her friends to knock out the aft shields.

*So be it*, he snarled inwardly.

"Lower the shields to the flight deck; let the Jedi on board," Kylo Ren's voice boomed over all the chatter on the bridge.

"Sir?" Replied the nearest controller, puzzled by the order.

Kylo grabbed his lightsaber and ignited it. His draw was quick and the appearance of the crimson sword made his point perfectly clear; the crew was to follow his orders without question. The shields to the flight deck were lowered, without him needing to say another word. The Sith Master held his intimidating pose and searched for Kayla again.

The Jedi knew that the shields were down—he was sure of it now. Her starfighter deviated from its current course and was coming back around to land.
"I'll be on the flight deck, securing some precious cargo," Kylo Ren said, deactivating his saber. "When I have the Jedi, raise the shields and get us out of here."

This was not part of the plan but that was the nature of war. The Sith Master stormed out of the bridge to collect his daughter.

Hanna moved quickly towards the bridge, knowing that she was needed in her father's absence. She couldn't ignore the nagging feeling that she should be on the flight deck to receive her sister. Perhaps there was some way to explain this all to Kayla? A way to reason with the Jedi Knight and maybe in persuade her to join the cause.

With a frown, Hanna couldn't convince herself of that last part.

Kayla was a Jedi Knight. She was stubborn and relentless but then again, so was Kylo Ren. Really, it was a family trait.

The comparison made Lady Shade stop and stare out the long bank of portside windows. She sucked her bottom lip between her teeth.

It was either the bridge or the flight deck. She needed to make up her mind and couldn't be in two places at once.

Kayla would understand; she had to.

Kylo Ren would capture her, but Hanna would make her sister understand. It was settled; Lady Shade was needed on the bridge. The hyperdrives would be ready by the time she got there. *The Harbinger* would be in the wind, so to speak.

She'd have all the time she needed to convince Kayla.

Hanna took one last look at her reflection in the windows. As she did, *the Millennium Falcon* flew past her line of sight, shaking the duraglass.

"Maker," she breathed, taking a step back in surprise. Her heart was pounding in her chest now and suddenly everything became more complicated by a factor of a thousand.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was a beast! Sorry it's been so long since I've updated. I hope it's worth it. We're coming up to the end of "Episode One" for Lies and Lightsabers. There is one more chapter… and essentially it's 'roll credits,' so to speak.

After the next chapter I will be taking a break for a few weeks, but that is only to outline the exciting conclusion. So, chapter 29 will be the end of Episode One. Chapter 30 will be some author notes. And the chapters that follow will be the rest of the story; Leviathan and Checkpoint, specifically.

Hope you all hang in there for the exciting conclusion.
A Family Divided - Part Two

Chapter Summary

Kylo Ren is trying to escape with his daughter, Hanna. But it will not be easy as, Rey and Kayla have showed up to prevent the powerful Darksider from succeeding.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Warning lights and sirens sounded throughout every level of the mighty Harbinger. The blinking corridors signaled to everyone on board that the shields were failing. Maintenance crews were overloaded with issues piling up on every deck, but their main focus was restarting the hyperdrive engines—which they had.

"Finally," Hanna gritted out, taking long strides towards the bridge. She could feel the slight vibration from the hyperdrive engines with every step. The jump to hyperspace shouldn't be long now.

"Watch those relays," Hanna warned as she passed by a pair of engineers on her right. They were working diligently to keep the forward deflectors online. She didn't need more than a quick glance to notice that the switches were faulty. The situation was quite dangerous and in their haste the engineers weren't even wearing protective gloves.

A few seconds later, the exposed section of cylindrical power cells lit up like neon. The tubes didn't stand a chance and exploded from the overload of electricity. The engineers fell to the ground but were lucky to be alive. If Lady Shade hadn't walked by, those men would have fried because of their grave lapse in judgement.

"Shit," Hanna sighed, looking over her shoulders to make sure the engineers were okay. With a wiggle of her long arms and wrists, the young woman tried to stem the nervous energy coursing through her body. Could she of handled things differently when they first arrived on the destroyer?

The dark apprentice was responsible for the current state of the Harbinger. Her expertise as an engineer allowed her to shut down all major systems, sparing the Jedi battle cruisers. Perhaps she had gone one step too far. Hanna crippled the hyperdrive engines and created the scenario that put her sister—and now her mother—in harm's way.

Whatever grievances she had with Rey or the Jedi Order would need to wait. Hanna's sworn duty had always been to protect her family. That's why she stayed away for so long.

The choice to completely cripple the Harbinger had been an easy one for her to make. Kayla and Ahsoka would have perished if she hadn't. And although it was a necessary decision, it afforded the Republic cruisers the opportunity to make repairs and resume fighting.

Another tremendous blast rocked The Harbinger. From the nature of the attacks, at least one of the battle cruisers had regained their weapon systems again. Crewman throughout the star destroyer struggled to find their balance and grabbed on to whatever they could.
Unfazed, Hanna continued to stride toward the bridge. She always had remarkable balance, even as a tall lanky girl. With the slightest hint of a smirk, she passed by a long row of stormtroopers stationed outside the entrance to the bridge. The troops were lined on either side, standing at attention like guards outside a fancy palace.

"Find somewhere else to be," she said with a dismissing wave of her hand. Clearly there were other tasks the soldiers could be helping with.

"Can we fire back?" asked Captain Adillic who had assumed control of the bridge in Kylo Ren's absence. The man frantically circlled his tactical table, before walking toward Lady Shade. He appeared to have been clawing at his neatly combed hair.

"No," Hanna snapped. "Move us to the other side of Coruscant and take away their firing solution."

"This is madness!" Adillic shouted. The frustrated captain was hot under the collar and given a different set of circumstances, Hanna could empathize with the man.

Lady Shade's expression hardened as she flicked her gaze across the command deck. She could feel everyone watching them out of the corners of their eyes.

The young woman was filled with so many competing emotions at the moment, that the last thing she needed was a subordinate openly questioning her. Kayla was seconds away from landing and her mother had just been spotted circling the Harbinger. A mother who had lied to her throughout her entire life. A woman who had suppressed her abilities.

With a swift move, she used the Force to lift Captain Adillic high into the air. The slender man turned pale and struggled to breathe, hovering five feet above Hanna's outstretched hand. She held him there for a few tense seconds before speaking.

"Perhaps it's the red protective sleeves and white vest that makes you stare at my tits instead of taking me seriously?" she questioned. "Maybe it's the long charcoal skirt. Is that why all of you seem to treat me differently from Kylo Ren? This attire compliments my fighting style. As you can plainly see, I don't need to wear black in order to prove a point. I don't need daddy's permission to break any of you in half. I am the daughter of Rey Kenobi and the granddaughter of Leia Organa; the woman who destroyed the fucking Empire."

"L—Lady Shade," he sputtered.

"I'm only going to say this once: the Jedi are not our enemy," Hanna seethed. She wasn't looking for an excuse or an apology right now. "They are not to be harmed," she snarled, "Is that understood?"

"Yes, ma'am," he barely choked out in response. By now, everyone's attention was definitely on Hanna. She wouldn't tolerate anyone second guessing her; not openly anyway. The young woman may have felt like she needed to prove something and perhaps she did. The entire crew now understood that Hanna Ren was no pushover.

With that, Hanna cast her hooded eyes across the deck. She released Adillic and let him fall to the ground in a heap. The terrible sound of the captain smacking into the polished floor was enough to make everyone look away and continue working again. Lady Shade had made her point perfectly clear.

"What are your orders?" Hanna asked, like she was speaking to a misbehaving child. She dropped to a crouched position to make eye contact with the petrified captain.

"Get… get us to the other side of Coruscant," he replied, swallowing hard. "Take away their firing
solution and jump *the Harbinger* into hyperspace."

"Hmm," Lady Shade murmured in response. She remained tight lipped and poker-faced while looking at the pale officer. For Adillic, the scrutiny probably felt ten times longer than it actually was. Slapping her palms on her slender knees, Lady Shade stood and cast a shadow over the frightened man.

"Captain Adillic, set your navicomputers on a course for the Warrshu system—be ready to send us into hyperspace on *my mark,*" she ordered. "And tell the *kriffing* TIE squadron to steer *the Millennium Falcon* away from our flight deck. Use warning shots and target engines if that doesn't work. I don't want *the Falcon* destroyed either."

The captain nodded and grabbed his sore throat. He barely managed a feeble, "Yes ma'am," while trying to relieve the discomfort along his throbbing windpipe.

"You're in command now, Captain Adillic. Don't fail me," she enunciated so that everyone would hear her.

Ar-Twenty-One finally made it to the bridge, rolling up and stopping before his master. With a series of whistles, he announced his presence to Hanna. She let her dark eyes roam over the command crew once more, before settling them on Twenty-One. Despite the show of power, Lady Shade couldn't trust the crewman.

"Were you able to rearm yourself?" Hanna asked in a low voice, heading towards the flight deck. With a chromatic scale, the loyal droid confirmed that he had weapon systems back online.

"Stay here, Twenty-One and remain vigilant," Hanna continued quietly. "Should they disobey my direct orders or do anything to harm our *family*… you know what to do."

The droid chirped in response and she affectionately brushed her hand over his dome.

Lady Shade left the bridge, with a slight bounce in her step. Captain Adillic stood stiffly and watched the powerful Knight disappear down the main corridor. He kept his eyes trained in that direction for a long time, until he was certain she was gone and her loud footsteps had faded entirely.

"Sir, are you alright?" whispered the engineer next to him.

"I'm fine," Adillic replied tightly. He adjusted his uniform with a series of sharp tugs, getting himself back into order. "But there is no way I'm ending up like General Izar. One Kylo Ren is bad enough… now there are two of them."

The captain raised an eyebrow and scoffed at the droid standing guard at the entrance. It appeared to be nothing more than a larger R2 unit. Turning his back to Twenty-One, he leaned over the nearest command module and addressed the row of officers stationed there.

"Bring up the reconditioning protocols for the RK and VL troops," he said in a hushed voice.

Finn ran his hand down his face, distorting his stressed features. His *Elite* battle cruiser was running on emergency power. At this point, all he could do was watch the fight from the observation windows. His insides churned as each tense second felt like an eternity.

*The Harbinger* was being swarmed from all directions by *the Elite's* X-Wing fighters. The squadron was flying in close to the destroyer—practically scraping paint off the sides. The reckless maneuvers were keeping his fighters out of harm's way; at least the turbolasers couldn't target them, anyway. If
Finn had a functioning communications array, he'd probably give Junior Teagues hell for the tactic—although it appeared to be working.

Ahsoka's battle cruiser had their weapons systems restored, so at the very least the squadron had some cover fire. Maker, this was entirely gut wrenching to watch from the sidelines.

Suddenly, everything on the bridge powered back on. The displays across every command console restarted, one after another. The engineers had done their job and the result sent the crew into a quick burst of applause.

"Fuck yeah," Finn shouted after hopping down from the observation deck. "What systems do we have online?"

"Weapons systems are up, sir. Turbolasers ready at your command," Tactical Officer Besnell called out. "Communications and propulsion are functioning, too."

"Alright," Finn said with a triumphant grunt. "Coordinate with Ahsoka's cruiser and target the Harbinger's shields and engines. Slow that destroyer to a crawl; Kylo Ren and Hanna are NOT to leave this system."

"Yes, sir," Besnell replied, carrying out the command and contacting the Jedi battle cruiser.

"Unauthorized breach on the flight deck, sir," another controller called out, standing from her station.

"Show me," Finn replied, clearing away the blank holo screens over the tactical table. A large image of the flight deck appeared. Coming in for a landing was an ominous looking Lambda-class shuttle.

"How the hell did a First Order transport get passed our shields and land?" Finn asked in utter bewilderment. The shields had been the only thing to hold up on emergency power. His command crew didn't have an answer for that but perhaps the marines at his disposal would.

"Kriffing one thing after another," Finn gritted out, grabbing his trusty blaster. The weapon had a worn out leather strap and spent most of its time slung casually over the back of Finn's chair. With a flick of his thumb the safety disengaged and the weapon became active. "Send in the marines and tell them I'm on the way. You have the bridge Besnell—get us back in the fight and get my squadron some blasted coverfire."

"With pleasure, sir," replied his second in command.

Junior Teagues and Kayla Kenobi flew side by side, breezing past a gauntlet of ventral cannons that could not touch them.

Streaks of blue passed over their heads, looking almost surreal. Kayla could see the missiles in detail; which looked almost harmless from this close. That wasn't the case of course, but it made her consider all of the X-Wing fighters these missiles were headed for. The Jedi Knight had knowingly put them in harm's way, but no longer—with this last attempt, she'd tell the squadron to fall back.

She should have never let Hanna out of her sight. Her sister was a grown woman but kriff, did she make some questionable choices. After today, Kayla would never leave Hanna's side. It would be like when they were five or six again and were completely inseparable.

The Jedi had been lost in thought for several moments before realizing that Junior Teagues was trying to communicate with her.
"Sorry, come again?" Kayla called out with a shake of her head.

"Check your scanners," Teagues repeated, "Are you seeing what I'm seeing?"

"Yes," Kayla replied excitedly. "The Harbinger's flight deck has lost their shields. Blue Four and Six came through."

"I'm not sure that's the case," Teagues frowned, checking a different panel. "The shields on that section haven't taken enough damage—ah, we've got to watch for blasted TIE fighters."

A squadron of TIEs strafed overhead. The enemy fighters towards the back of the group had likely spotted them. Kayla and Junior needed cover, especially this close to the unprotected flight deck. The Jedi maneuvered her starfighter away from the safety of the trench and opened up on the throttle.

"Now or never," Kayla stated.

Following her lead, Teagues abandoned the trench as well.

"Kayla, what the hell are you doing?"

"I'm going to swoop around for a landing," Kayla breathed, accelerating towards the edge of the destroyer. "I'm going in full throttle; that should keep those TIEs off our backs."

"You'll be going in too kriffing hot," Junior protested, catching up and getting out in front of the starfighter. It was clear that his newer X-Wing model had an acceleration advantage. "That's a blackout maneuver, K-bear. I know you're a Jedi Knight, but..."

A crippled TIE came seemingly out of nowhere, spiraling toward the Blue Leader's blind spot. Kayla felt a chill run down her spine, making her check over her left shoulder. She barely had time to let out a screeching warning.

"Pull back!" she called out at the last minute.

Thankfully, Teagues heard the warning in time and reacted. The TIE fighter came tumbling past, narrowly missing the nose of his X-Wing. On reflex, Kayla raised her hand and gave the enemy fighter a shove with the Force. Much to her surprise, the deflection worked perfectly and the Push bounced the enemy straight into the Harbinger.

From the ensuing explosion, there was a hull breech aboard the star destroyer.

"Thanks," Teagues gritted out. "That was too close."

Kayla bit her bottom lip and quickly looked over her right shoulder; she caught a brief glance of the massive explosion that resulted from her Force Push. The Jedi Knight silently prayed to the Maker that no additional lives were lost because of that action—that no one she cared about was on that side of the ship. This may be a war zone, but she felt completely to blame for everything spiraling out of control.

Junior Teagues tapped on his scanner again, making sure that the on board sensor array was giving him the correct readout.

"Maybe it's a misread," Teagues wondered aloud. "The battle cruisers are targeting the engines and Four and Six have their hands full. They haven't started their attack run on the aft shields yet."

"If it wasn't us then why..." Kayla started and paused. "It's Hanna," she stated definitively. "She
wants me out of the fight. She'll let me on board… she'll let me land simply to ensure that I leave the war zone."

_This was Hanna to the letter_, Kayla thought. Even growing up she had always been a fiercely overprotective little sister. Many people assumed that Hanna was the older one; maybe it was because she was an introvert and always so tall for her age.

"Damn it, Hanna," Kayla grumbled under her breath.

"Your sister?" he asked with a pause. "Kayla... this smells like a trap," Teagues warned. The turbolasers and ventral cannons didn't appear to be targeting them anymore. He and Kayla were exposed and made inviting targets, even if they were hauling ass. The Blue Leader quickly checked his windows for TIEs and didn't see any.

He had a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"They're going to be waiting for you on the flight deck," he continued. "If it was me, I would order every single stormtrooper under my thumb to capture you."

"It's my family," Kayla sighed heavily, speeding along the destroyer. She scrunched her freckled nose and furrowed her brow. It didn't matter if she was flying into a trap. This was her best chance to recover Hanna before the _Harbinger_ jumped into hyperspace.

"What choice do I have?" her voice cracked a bit.

"Alright," Teagues said with a reassuring nod. The decorated fighter had worked around Kayla enough to know that when her mind was made up, nothing in the galaxy could stop her. Taking the lead, he soared past the Jedi Starfighter.

"I'll give you cover on the approach," he said just before easing his trigger finger on the S-Foils. "Tear that star destroyer apart until you find your sister, _K-bear_."

Kayla couldn't help but grin and gently blink away the tears forming in her eyes. She wanted to tell her friend how much his support had meant to her. The lump in her throat was making it difficult to find all the right words.

"Take care," she said softly, holding in a sniffle.

"I always do."

Captain Junior Teagues opened up with a crimson barrage and blanketed the area out in front of Kayla's trajectory. He'd make damn sure that no TIE fighter ventured into the Jedi's flightpath.

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Kylo Ren stormed towards the flight deck with a single thought in mind; his daughter Kayla. Subduing her would not be easy. Talking things out was likely out of the question. His daughter was a proud warrior and epitomized everything that the Jedi Order stood for. She was also quick to draw her lightsaber; something she inherited from both her parents.

Although this was entirely a family matter, Kayla was the rising star within the Jedi Order. That left her in a delicate position. She couldn't stand idle and watch the Dark Side return.

Deep down, Kylo Ren understood that Kayla was completely justified in taking action to challenge him. However, Hanna belonged at his side. Her powers and predilection to the Dark Side was something that Kayla couldn't comprehend.
The Jedi Knight had every intention of prying Hanna from his grasp and the thought left a bitter taste in his mouth.

Could Kayla really turn a blind eye to the litany of failures within the Jedi Order? Her own sister had been alive for years and no one on the Council had the cunning to sense her energy.

The First Order returned with two destroyers and enough crew to challenge the Republic—all of which occurred underneath the watchful eye of the Jedi Order. The sudden reappearance of the Finalizer and Harbinger merely proved his point. Leia and Rey had not done enough to adequately wipe the First Order from existence. The galaxy was no safer in their hands than it was before the last war.

If the controversial regime was destined to return, it would return with Kylo Ren and Hanna at the helm. The Sith would control the First Order with the rule of two in play.

In his eyes, Sith Rule was the only true system that appeared to work for any length of time. It worked for a thousand years during one stretch.

There would be no tolerance for power hungry cowards like Snoke or Owen Skywalker. Nor would he permit something as unstable as the Knights of Ren to exist. This was for the benefit of the Jedi Order and the entire galaxy. Peace at last; for generations.

Peace… for his children, he thought. All three of them.

The Sith Master cast a menacing shadow across every corridor he walked down. Between the flashing lights and sparsely lit hallways, he looked even more intimidating than usual. Frantic stormtroopers and crewman were better off avoiding his determined strides.

"Ben," a voice rang out and echoed in his thoughts.

The moniker resonated and shook Kylo Ren to his core. He exhaled shakily, feeling like he had been dunked in a cold tank of bacta water. The powerful Sith Master came to an abrupt stop, with the flight deck a few corridors away. Absentmindedly, he reached for his hair and forgot he was wearing a mask. His fingers grazed over the latches but he didn't remove it.

Rey must be close—too close to keep out of his mental defenses.

"N—No," Kylo growled.

His Rey… his pregnant beloved was flying in this kriffing mess. Kylo Ren turned to face the panoramic viewports on his right.

"Rey," he let slip out of his mouth. Even through the vocoder, her name sounded like honey as it tumbled from his lips.

For years, Rey had been the one constant thing pulling Kylo Ren towards the Light. Her power and strength had shined so brightly that it enveloped them both. His affection for her was more than enough to make him consider living life again as Ben Solo—enough to make him abandon the path to Darth Vader.

"No," he shouted with clenched fists. He spotted the Millennium Falcon off in the distance, being pursued by TIEs. He was so focused on tracking Rey, that he didn't notice the duraglass starting to vibrate along the viewports.

Then like a knife being drilled into his ribs, a disturbance in the Force made him leap away.
Kylo barely managed to grab ahold of the nearest pylon before the shields and glass failed simultaneously. A heartbeat later, an injured TIE fighter came crashing through one of the viewports. It exploded in a fiery wreck against the opposite wall.

A chain of catastrophic, explosive decompressions ripped through the corridor and continued across a tenth of the ship. Viewports for twenty bulkheads shattered and opened up to the desolation of outer space. Every piece of equipment not bolted down was swallowed through the openings. Unsuspecting stormtroopers were pulled through multiple breaches in handfuls.

"R—Rey," Kylo Ren hissed. The Sith Master gripped the pylon like a vice. His entire body lifted parallel to the floor and stretched towards the deadly vacuum. Kylo used every bit of his considerable strength to hang on for survival.

The hurricane-like forces pulling against his torso and extremities made his glowing, red eyes bulge. The sound was deafening and louder than any bomb. Even with his abilities, Kylo Ren wasn't sure how long he could hold on.

"Rey," he chuckled while beginning to feel lightheaded. "Our daughter… I think Kayla just Force Pushed a *fucking* TIE fighter." There was a swelling of pride in his voice, even if it had put him inconsiderable danger.

"Ben, listen to me," Rey replied a few seconds later. She kept her tone as steady as possible. Rey knew that her lover was in mortal peril and suddenly Kylo Ren's actions of late weren't her biggest concern.

"Gain strength from our Bond, *my love* and don't let go. I am close but I cannot get there for a few minutes; damn these TIE fighters…"

"Strength," he repeated while shaking his head to stay awake. Talking with Rey through the Bond was helping. Maybe it was the lack of oxygen but Kylo Ren couldn't figure out why he had been avoiding the woman he loved for the past twenty four hours.

Rey continued to talk to him, while struggling to maneuver the *Falcon* closer to his location.

"Remember our time on Mar-Veve?" she asked, trying to keep him from passing out. It was nothing short of a miracle that he hadn't already, given the terrible forces pummeling his body. Anyone else would have passed out or let go by now.

"Yes… of course," he replied. "You spared my life."

"No… you saved mine," Rey choked.

Kylo Ren swallowed hard, feeling his mouth and throat drying out. He concentrated on Rey's voice and thought back to that fateful morning on Mar-Veve. The memory was from many years ago; during the war between the First Order and the Resistance.

Rey continued to speak to him but her encouraging words were drowned out by the lack of oxygen in his bloodstream.

Kylo grunted loudly, pulling himself closer to the pylon. He hooked his elbows around the support—first with his right and then his left—securing himself in place but expending a great deal of energy in the process.

His vision crowded with black seconds later and his head nodded backwards. Kylo drifted in and out of consciousness. The memory of Mar-Veve returned and consumed him completely. It was so
powerful and convincing that he forgot he was on the Harbinger. He forgot that he was hanging on by a thread.

The Sith Master found himself falling into the memory, like it had happened yesterday.

He reached for Rey again, but this time the Jedi Knight was standing right in front of him. She had her lightsaber activated and was backpedaling across the canyon terrain.

Rey was injured and glowering in his direction. She desperately swung her blade at his knees, trying to keep him away.

Snow trickled down and covered the desert canyons of Mar-Veve. The stark contrast of fluffy white over the natural red and amber rock formations was breathtaking. Distant sounds of war—between the Resistance and the First Order—were the only thing disturbing what would be a peaceful morning.

Far from the battle, two Knights stumbled across a narrow, arching land bridge. The treacherous natural landmark offered little room to maneuver. Although these warriors had become accustomed to dueling in such perilous conditions, one false step could prove fatal.

"Get away from me," Rey shouted. She backed up on the land bridge and nearly lost her footing in doing so. The Jedi Knight cursed inwardly and fought to keep her balance. She was already nursing injuries from the duel and it was a long way down.

"I can't," Kylo Ren called out. He worked his bruised shoulder and ribs, using the pain for find strength. His mask was long gone and his cloak was reduced to tatters. With a frustrated swing he clipped his lightsaber into the unstable land bridge.

Ancient pieces of rock—which had survived tens of thousands of years—fell into the gorge below. Rey gritted her teeth and hissed in response. Her adversary had always been needlessly reckless.

"How many more times are we going to do this?" he yelled with a sense of desperation. "My entire life I've been torn; hollow and alone. I wanted to be free of this pain," he continued, stepping onto the arch to come closer.

"Then I met you, Rey, and it… it hurts no more."

The troubled Darksider fell to his knees right there, sinking into the soft snow. He did so willingly and to prove a point. The demonstration was merely a small glimpse into the inner workings of his soul. Rey would have known the esteemed place she held there, had she dared to venture into his side of the connection. The Jedi Knight was all he ever thought about.

Rey was strong with the Force, but that strength was nothing compared to Kylo Ren's feelings for her. At times, it was maddening for them both. The Knights would go weeks or months without stepping foot on the same planet. It had to be tearing her apart too… it had to.

Kylo Ren lowered his eyes. If he wanted, he could have killed Rey on Starkiller and he could have killed her right now. One flick of his wrist and she would have fallen over the side and into the canyon. The girl was no match for him; not yet anyway.

Snoke had given him the task of killing Rey. The penalty for failure this time could result in his execution. And yet here Kylo Ren was, surrendering on his knees. It wasn't in his nature to surrender to anyone; not even to the Supreme Leader. He hated the idea of bowing and appearing weak and
vulnerable—but this was Rey.

Kylo expectantly gazed at an enemy he had compassion for—a young woman he loved.

"Tell me… you feel it too," he said with a clenched jaw and heavy heart.

Rey swallowed hard, showing a chink in her steely edge. She knew his words could be a trap. This was how the Dark Side operated—telling lies in order to deceive and lure. Part of Rey genuinely wished that this was some sort of trick. It would make things easier for her and maybe in the end, for them both. The Jedi stepped forward and took a defensive Form.

"You know nothing of pain or loneliness. Nothing. Now stand and face me, Kylo Ren," Rey said, finding strength in her quavering voice.

Kylo narrowed his eyes and slowly shook his head, "If you don't share my feelings, Rey, then kill me. Strike me down. Please… release me from this cruel fate."

"Cruel?" Rey snapped, her voice echoing in the canyon. The wind picked up in that moment, whipping past Kylo's long mane and gusting through her stray tendrils as well.

"Of a lifetime without you," he clarified.

His voice was strained and Rey could sense Kylo's sincerity. She felt it across their Bond and had the proof before her eyes, as if it was carved in stone. The truth was that Rey couldn't ignore this connection anymore either.

It was all so terrifying.

The young Jedi Knight let out a primal scream and dashed towards her nemesis. Her lightsaber was angled back as she traversed the canyon arch. The wind pushed against her athletic frame, but that wasn't enough to deter the warrior.

Kylo's expression wouldn't sway her either; at least that's what she thought.

With a remarkable leap, Rey soared through the air and cut against the breeze. Her lightsaber raised over her head and twirled until it was angled downward. The Jedi was prepared to plunge her weapon into Kylo Ren's head. This is what she spent nearly two years training for; from sunrise to sunset.

The war… the war would drastically swing in favor of the Resistance with her strike.

Kylo remembered this moment for the rest of his life, as would Rey. The galaxy slowed to the pace of a single heartbeat. They saw each other clearly for the first time. Rey didn't see an enemy kneeling before her.

No, no this is Kylo Ren, she reminded herself. It didn't matter that he had been trying to reason with her the entire fight. It made no difference that he reached for her every evening. He abused their Bond. This was a game to him; it had to be.

"No," Rey gasped before shutting her eyes and looking away.

Rey couldn't take his longing stare. His pooling eyes did something to her. She couldn't take how his face lit up simply because she was closing the distance. She couldn't deny the butterflies in her stomach—present right now as they had been during their previous encounters.
"Rey," he said one last time while speaking through their Bond.

The Jedi Knight came down with her saber. Kylo Ren watched her the entire time, fully expecting the end. Rey buried her sword inches from his knees—barely missing her nemesis. The impact created ominous cracks on either side of the rock.

Rey gasped in shock. She had missed Kylo Ren; she had missed him on purpose. This was the man that killed Han Solo, that nearly killed Finn and hunted her relentlessly for two years.

"Oh, Maker," Rey choked back a sob and started shaking. The snow covered surroundings suddenly felt very cold.

What had she done?

The Jedi released her hold on the lightsaber and let it continue to burn into the crumbling land bridge. The flickering blue flame was all she could stare at and her eyes remained there, even as Kylo deactivated the lightsaber and clipped it to his own belt.

Before Rey realized what was happening, Kylo Ren had swooped her up in his strong arms.

An instant feeling of warmth spread from his chest to her body. The Jedi hadn't noticed how freezing it was in the canyon—she had blocked it out during their fight.

Rey had been shivering; her bottom lip trembled and teeth chattered. But she was safe now; wrapped in his warmth. Despite her confusion over what had transpired, Rey's mind was clear for the first time in ages. It was the comfort of their Bond.

The First Knight hurried them both off the land arch before the geological structure gave way. Large sections of rock separated from the splintering cracks and fell into the ravine below. The landmark of the canyon had been forever wiped off the map—simply by one well placed lightsaber strike.

Kylo Ren and Rey were safe. The Darksider gently fell to his knees on solid ground, wiping away all the hair in front of his beloved's face. Her tightly balled fist opened and Rey rested her palm on his chest.

"I know," he said in a low voice that was much softer than Rey thought he was capable of. "I feel it too."

For a long time the Knights stayed in their seated embrace. Kylo Ren wrapped Rey up into his outer tunic. Her brilliant, hesitant hazel eyes found his affectionate darker one's. Neither Knight was sure what to do next. Their heartbeats fell into a familiar rhythm as the Force Bond hummed comfortably. They were warriors who found peace—for as long as it could last.

One thing had become abundantly clear; things could never be the same between them.

Kylo Ren could never kill this young woman. He wouldn't harm the woman he loved. He was terrified to lose her… and that fear was already putting things into motion.

Back aboard the Harbinger, Kylo Ren snapped his head forward. The abrupt nod was enough to make him open his eyes again. A rush of Dark energy coursed through his veins, allowing the Sith Master to regain his faculties.

Kylo clung to the pylon, feeling the relentless pull of outer space. With an annoyed grunt he eyed the nearest bulkhead. At some point, the blast doors to this corridor had dropped in place on either side.
It sealed off the section, but for some reason emergency force fields hadn't resurrected to close the viewports.

He remained one wrong move away from certain death.

Emergency shields should have activated by now and placed a force field over the blown out openings.

Kylo Ren glowered underneath his mask. He was getting the sense that this wasn't a failure with the destroyer's safety systems.

Tilting his head, he glared at the domed security camera which was placed above the blast doors. Someone must be watching him struggle. The Sith Master felt an unusual amount of fear coming from the bridge.

A growing fear, he realized.

That fear radiated predominantly from Captain Adillic. His beady eyes were fixed on the security monitors, just as Kylo Ren had suspected. The captain had brazenly given the order to deactivate the force fields, in an attempt to flush the Sith Master into the vacuum of outer space. Adillic was desperately clinging to what little life he had remaining—the captain knew he would be rounded up and executed for his participation in the Coruscant bombings.

Adillic tightened the hold on the brim of his cap. His very survival depended on his ability to eliminate Kylo and Hanna Ren. This appeared to be the perfect opportunity, only Kylo Ren wasn't letting go. With each passing second, Adillic felt the noose tightening around his own neck.

Kylo boiled over with anger, keeping his lifeless visor pointed at the security camera. He should have let Hanna execute the officers when she suggested they do so. Why the hell did he refuse her request? It seemed feasible that most of the decorated officials were behind the Coruscant bombings. And if the officers on the bridge weren't on that shit list before, they certainly were now.

"All of you will die," Kylo Ren yelled at the camera. It didn't matter if they could hear him or not, the message had been delivered loud and clear.

Hanging onto the pylon with one curled arm, Kylo extended his dominate hand toward the blast doors. He focused intently on forcing them open and propelling himself to the next section of bulkheads.

Once he made it onto solid footing again, nothing would stand in his way.

The Force erupted from his outstretched fingers and began pulling at the trapezoidal blast doors. The heavy barricades moaned from the additional stress but didn't budge. Undeterred, Kylo continued to pull along the contours—even as his grip loosened around the sturdy lifeline.

Kylo Ren stretched his hand further, feeling the blast doors beginning to lift and separate along their diagonal seams.

"Fuck," he grunted as his left forearm finally slipped. He barely caught the pylon with both hands, losing all the progress he had gained. Kylo's heart pounded in his chest like a jackhammer.

Suddenly the shields activated and held in place over the viewports. In an instant, gravity was restored and Kylo Ren fell onto the floor. He remained there for a moment, taking in a deep breath of fresh air and relishing the feeling of his own body weight.
The Sith Master let out a devious chuckle as he climbed to his hands and knees. He had been inexplicably saved. Any normal person would have been relieved and grateful to be alive. They might have wondered who had saved their life, as well—but not Kylo Ren.

Kylo stood and postured threateningly. He looked directly into the security camera and paused to make sure that everyone on the bridge was watching him. Only one thing was on his mind: revenge. With a twitch of his eye, the camera shattered into pieces. His lightsaber came flying off his belt and ignited the second it reached his hand.

Heads were going to roll for this.

Had Kylo Ren perished, his daughters and son would have been left without a father. His one true love, Rey, would have lost her lover and it would be like that touching moment on Mar-Veve never happened. That beautiful memory—when everything finally started to change for he and Rey—was beginning to take on a whole new meaning for the Sith Master.

Not to mention, Kylo wasn't sure what would happen to Rey if he perished. Would their Bond merely sever, leaving the Grandmaster physically unharmed? Could the consequences be more serious and cause a miscarriage or possibly even kill Rey?

Kylo Ren seethed with an anger in his core that hadn't been present for some time. With a quick wave of his hand, the blast doors were forced opened.

"Yes," he hissed while twirling his lightsaber, "Heads will roll."

Ar-Twenty-One removed his data arm from the computer terminal, right before the engineers on the bridge locked him out of their systems. The dangerous droid whistled an ominous note as he slowly pulled away from the wall.

"Someone hacked our systems," cried one of the officers in the far corner.

"What the hell?" shouted Captain Adillic from the nearest security holo. He caught a brief glimpse of Kylo Ren storming towards the bridge again.

"Close every set of blast doors between his location and the bridge," the captain ordered. "Get all reconditioned stormtroopers on a course to intercept."

"Intercept?" whined the nearest operator. "Intercept Kylo kriffing Ren?"

The mood on the command deck had soured. Adillic failed to eliminate Kylo Ren and now they were all likely to be killed.

"Yes, damn it! Buy us some time to recondition the RK reinforcements," snapped Adillic. The normally competent captain's throat ran dry. He was running the scenarios over and over in his mind. Should they risk contacting the Finalizer—exposing the Grand Admiral's position—in the hopes that Hux had an answer for Kylo Ren?

"We should abandon ship before he gets here; take our chances on Coruscant."

Adillic turned deathly pale and suppressed the urge to dry heave. The Sith Master was en route and someone on the bridge was to blame for this turning sideways. Someone had allowed those shields to raise.

"Oh, we had him. A few more seconds… and Kylo Ren would have been gone forever," the captain
said desperately. He removed his sidearm as he spoke, looking quite unhinged. "Which one… which one of you laser brains activated the shields?"

The bridge fell as silent as a graveyard, which was apropos. Captain Adillic narrowed his gaze and searched for the culprit.

"Step forward," he bellowed on the verge of a complete breakdown. "Which one of you condemned us all?"

Ar-Twenty-One let out the same ominous whistle, much louder this time. He rolled to a stop in the center and was quite pleased with himself. His main sensor lens changed colors; switching from a bluish hue, over to a glowing amber one.

"That droid," Adillic said hoarsely while raising his sidearm. He couldn't believe what he was about to say. "He's responsible. Fry that kriffing droid."

Shots rang out across the command deck, making some operators duck for cover. The incoming laser bolts ricocheted off Twenty One's dome and caused virtually no damage. The well built battle droid stood his ground while more officers took up arms to engage him.

Twenty One was engineered by Hanna to be tough. And the officers firing at him were about to find out just how tough he was.

"Oh, Ben," Rey breathed. The Grandmaster weaved the Millennium Falcon between groups of incoming TIEs. She had been harassed like this from the moment she entered the war zone. The enemy squadrons were relentless in their pursuit, wearing down her deflectors and making it difficult to get close to the Harbinger.

At least Kylo Ren had survived his harrowing ordeal. The comforting relief had been short lived however. All she felt from his side of the Bond was darkness. The shared memory, on Mar-Veve, had affected her lover in a way that she hadn't anticipated. Instead of swaying him to the Light, it reminded Kylo Ren of all the things he could lose.

Letting out a frustrated growl, Rey threw her hand at the next TIE to cross her path. Her clawed fingers tightened into a closed fist. The Force wrapped around the enemy fighter and pulled its wings clean off. The TIE barreled harmlessly underneath the Falcon, disappearing from view.

Rey felt sweat beginning to pool along her brow and temples. Destroying a single enemy didn't ease the tension in her shoulders; not that she expected it too. The Grandmaster knew she needed to remain level-headed and in control of her feelings. That was easier said than done, however.

She couldn't let her family be separated like this. They were not going to be torn apart, fighting on the opposite sides of the war—the only war that mattered; between the Light and the Dark.

Rey tried to bank towards the Harbinger again, but a dozen TIEs were anticipating her move. The organized fighters were hell-bent on preventing her from landing on the star destroyer. At the last second, Rey altered course and sent the Falcon into a sharp dive. She evaded the incoming swarm, gaining a few seconds to consider a different strategy.

"This isn't working," she muttered under her breath. The Grandmaster couldn't do this on her own and Finn's X-Wings appeared to have their hands full as it was. Something needed to change if she was going to land on that destroyer and collect her daughters.

Rey banked the Falcon hard and caught a glimpse of the Elite.
If the First Order insisted on swarming her with half of their TIE squadron, then perhaps it was time to level the playing field. The Grandmaster executed another evasive maneuver, shaking the enemy fighters and bolting straight for the Elite.

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On the Elite's flight deck, the Lambda-class shuttle powered down its engines. Scores of Republic marines rushed across the tarmac and surrounded the First Order vessel. Understandably, everyone was on edge and the tense atmosphere was palpable. In the back of these soldiers' minds, they thought of Kylo Ren. Perhaps this was the Sith Master himself, coming over to cripple the cruiser with his own hands.

Finn got out in front of his marines, just as the shuttle ramp started to lower. Smoke billowed from the exhausts and masked the bright interior.

"Hold," Finn shouted, squinting his eyes and raising his blaster.

Two bodies came rolling down the ramp first, bound by their wrists. They came to an ungraceful stop just in front of Finn's feet.

"What the hell?" Finn asked, raising his brow and hovering over the restrained officers. Both men appeared to be breathing, but were unconscious. One looked like he had fallen out of a two hundred foot redwood, while the other appeared to have been electrocuted a half dozen times. Two marines rushed forward to secure the enemy officers. The men didn't appear to be a threat at the moment, but it was better to err on the side of caution.

"Lower your weapons… and assume the position," a loud voice bellowed from inside the shuttle.

"Wait… what?" Finn asked. Something about the voice was so familiar that it made the hair on his neck and arms stand. For a second he could have sworn it was the voice of Poe Dameron.

"On your knees… or face my bloodthirsty droid," the man continued. A series of happy beeps followed and BB-8 came rolling out of the fog and down the ramp next.

"Oh, Maker," Finn scoffed while lowering his weapon. He shook his head and grumbled, looking for something around him to kick. "You… you mooof milking—are you kidding me right now?"

Only one person in the galaxy would have the stones big enough to pull this sort of practical joke during a battle. The realization dawned on the marines as well, who lowered their weapons. A few of them even started to chuckle.

Lin Dameron came strolling down the ramp, emerging from the dissipating smoke like a rockstar.

"Go ahead and admit it," he snickered, "You guys are a little happy to see me—how's the campaign going?"

Finn cracked a bit of a smile. With a war raging around them, having the Gray Leader on their side was a welcome sight indeed. "Our men and women could use all the help they can kriffing get. Do you remember how to fly an X-Wing?"

Lin stared blankly at his godfather. "That's really funny, but I already have a ride." Looking around the flight deck, Lin furrowed his brow. He didn't see any sign of Rey or the Millennium Falcon.

"Eh, crap," he muttered while scratching his stubbly chin. "Have you guys seen Rey?"
With *the Falcon's* speed, the Grandmaster should have landed already. Lin wondered if she had been forced to land on Ahsoka's battle cruiser instead.

"I thought she was with you," Finn replied quickly. He frowned while taking a closer look at the unkempt state of his godson. Lin Dameron had survived plenty of close calls as an X-Wing fighter, but something told Finn that he was lucky to leave the forest moon in one piece.

"Contact the fleet and see if they've spotted *the Falcon,*" Finn ordered, shifting his eyes to the sergeant next to him.

The sergeant dismissed the marines and stepped away to make the inquiry; it afforded Finn an opportunity to have a word with Lin in private.

"What the hell happened to your torso?" Finn asked, grabbing at the tattered undershirt and lifting up. His eyes widened at the sight of the starburst scar. From the looks of it, the scar had all the signs of Force healing.

"You're suppose to be wearing mandalorian armor," he continued.

"Ah, well... I had a run in with some AT-STs on the forest moon. And after that, some TIE fighters dropped in to see if I could take a hit," Lin chuckled. "I'd sure like to return the favor."

"I'll bet you would," Finn said while eyeing his godson carefully.

The sergeant next to Finn placed a hand over his earpiece and cleared his throat.

"Sir, I'm sorry to interrupt. *The Millennium Falcon* was spotted circling *the Harbinger.* And we have conflicting reports that Jedi Kenobi's starfighter has already landed on the destroyer."

"So much for waiting," Lin gritted out, giving Finn an uneasy look. "On second thought, I think BB-8 and I are going to borrow that last X-Wing of yours."

"Hang on," Finn said, quickly removing his bomber jacket. It was the same one that Poe Dameron gave him many years ago. It wasn't like Finn to be overly sentimental or attached to personal items, but this was the one rare exception. He could never bear to retire it; the jacket was a part of him.

"Take my jacket at least," Finn said handing it off to Lin. "It belonged to your father. If Kayla see's that you got yourself this badly injured, she's absolutely going to kick your ass."

"You're not wrong there—and thanks," Lin said with a sincere smile. He put the jacket on and was surprised at how well it seemed to fit. Lin extended his hand to shake his godfather's but Finn pulled him in for an awkward hug instead.

"Is it weird that my nipples are hard right now?" Lin joked.

"That's enough," Finn snapped, ending the hug.

They couldn't help but burst into a fit of laughter. After years apart and years of resentment, both men were finally moving in the right direction.

*The Millennium Falcon* came bursting into *the Elite*’s flight deck seconds later, mercifully breaking up the love fest. Finn let out a heavy sigh of relief; it was always a welcome sight to see Rey behind the controls of *the Falcon.*

Rey was visibly racked with worry but managed to return his smile. She felt a little better after
catching a glimpse of her oldest friend. The Grandmaster gave a slight nod to her apprentice, indicating that he should hurry on board.


"Alright," Kayla said, feeling a nervous energy coursing through her veins and building in her stomach. She sent her fighter into a steep dive and felt the g forces pounding into her body.

Junior Teagues wasn't kidding when he called this a "blackout" maneuver. Kayla fell back on her flight training, using breathing and grunting exercises in order to stay awake. The Jedi Starfighter came barreling toward the Harbinger's flight deck and straightened out.

Immediately, a cascade of blue and crimson turret rounds came rushing at Kayla's fighter.

With the shields down, the stormtroopers had been anticipating a boarding party of some kind. They were ready with countermeasures and with little room to maneuver, the Jedi Starfighter presented an easy target.

Kayla gritted her teeth and stayed on the approach. She fired lasers into the unprotected deck, trying to eliminate as many of the turrets as possible. Her starfighter's shields started to fail, as the turrets countered relentlessly with their bombardment.

Finally entering the flight deck, one of Kayla's engines burst into fire. Black smoke trailed her starfighter as it zipped across the shortening runway.

The young Jedi let the Force flow through her fingertips. She released her grasp on the stick and made the starfighter steady itself. It remained on course to crash straight into the control tower; the loss would be devastating for the TIE fighters engaging alongside the Harbinger.

"I've always wanted to do this," Kayla said with a slight squeal. She tugged on the red ejection handle. Rockets underneath her seat propelled the Jedi out of the cockpit and into the vast flight deck.

Continuing forward, the pilotless fighter listed slightly and scraped its portside wing. Crewman and engineers dove for cover. Sparks kicked up across the deck while the stormtroopers continued their assault.

A split second later, Kayla's starfighter collided with the flight tower and exploded in a massive fireball. The impact was so violent that it could be felt across the entire ship. Stormtroopers were thrown in all directions and the turret gunners scattered from their positions to take cover.

The explosion had done its job and temporarily thinned out the stormtrooper resistance.

Kayla soared backwards, traversing in a majestic arc near the high ceiling. The Jedi Knight flowed with the Force, allowing the mystical energy to penetrate every cell in her body. The entire galaxy seemed to slow down just for her. Kayla could sense every stormtrooper on the deck below. She knew which soldiers would get to their feet the quickest.

The young Knight knew which stormtroopers to engage first; plotting the steps she'd take in order to clear the remaining enemies.

Landing with an effortless somersault, Kayla sprang to her feet. In a continuous and fluid motion, she charged the nearest group of soldiers. There was an elegance to the way she moved; a deadly
elegance that bordered on bewitching. She leapt and dashed from one stormtrooper to the next, leaving severed limbs and incapacitated soldiers in her acrobatic wake.

The way she moved made the stormtroopers hesitate or miss, which was equally costly for them.

Reinforcements started to trickle into the wounded flight deck. They ignored the fireball burning up the control tower. The veteran group didn't seem to care if the tower came tumbling down or not.

Blaster fire rang out from all directions, as the soldiers spread throughout the deck. The veteran stormtroopers took every defensive position that they could. Toppled workstations and supply crates became their cover.

Kayla used her entire arsenal of gifts in order to press the advantage, but soon their numbers became overwhelming. She moved her lightsaber in a flurry, deflecting everything she could on her right side. Her left hand remained outstretched, catching deadly lasers in mid-air and sending them back with the Force.

"No!" Hanna shouted, racing towards the guard railing near the burning control tower. The intense heat from the fire distorted her vision, making her eyes water. Lady Shade could barely make out her sister on the flight deck below.

Kayla looked like a mirage, being slowly surrounded by a circle of white specters. Hanna knew of course that these were stormtroopers and she had given explicit instructions that the Jedi were not to be harmed.

Hanna yelled into her earpiece, trying to contact the stormtroopers below or even VL-3191. She received nothing but static in response. The explosion knocked out her ability to communicate with the entire crew.

Frantic to help her sister, Hanna leaned over the guard railing again. She screamed at the stormtroopers directly underneath her; screamed for them to stand down—but they weren't following her orders anymore.

One of the veterans heard Lady Shade and looked up. He raised his blaster and fired, making Hanna duck for cover.

"Kriff," Hanna cried out, feeling her alabaster cheeks turn scarlet. She picked herself up and reached for her crossguard lightsaber.

Before she could leap over the railing and rip that stormtrooper a new one, several officers came stumbling out of the control tower. They coughed and choked on the fumes, trying to get the smoke out of their lungs. The highest ranking officer, Commander Polson, covered his nose and mouth with a clean white handkerchief. He took one glance at Hanna and tensed up.

Hanna pounced forward and grabbed ahold of the commander by his collar.

"Give me your communicator," she ordered.

Polson stiffened and swallowed hard, "No," he said defiantly.

Lady Shade tossed him to the ground with ease and ignited her lightsaber. Was she going to have to do this again—right kriffing now? Had word of her last interaction with Adillic not spread through the ship like wildfire?
"It's over," Polson said anxiously. "Those RK stormtroopers down there... have reconditioning music playing in their helmets. They won't listen to your commands. You're not a First Order officer. You're not in charge of anyone anymore."

Hanna narrowed her eyes at Polson. She didn't believe him—couldn't believe him. Lady Shade drew her lightsaber back to strike down the insubordinate commander. As she did, the control tower erupted in a second massive explosion.

Thrown backward from the shock wave, Hanna landed in the stairwell along the opposite wall. She tumbled down the first flight of stairs and came to a rest on the first landing. Lady Shade lay unconscious, but the stairwell had saved her life. The resulting fireball on the second deck swallowed Polson and the officers choking next to him.

"Shit," Kayla hissed, throwing a Force Push behind her and shoving the flanking troops out of her blindspot.

Stormtroopers continued to pile into the flight deck and outnumber the talented Jedi Knight. This wasn't exactly what Kayla had been expecting; not that this should have been a surprise. She really anticipated facing Kylo Ren or possibly even her sister.

She expected that they would be trying to capture her. But that clearly wasn't the case with these stormtroopers.

"Hanna," she whispered across their Bond. Where the hell was she? Suddenly a terrible feeling spread to her chest and made her throat tighten. Something was wrong with Hanna. Her sister was injured... alive but definitely injured.

Distracted by the unsettling feeling, a shot made it past her lightsaber and grazed her right shoulder. A second one hit the inside of her calf. The Jedi cried out and fell to the ground in a 360 degree spin.

Kayla managed to duck underneath the next rounds and roll along the floor. Her evasive, acrobatic maneuvers saved her life.

_The Millennium Falcon_ came bursting into the flight deck at that very moment. _The Falcons_ quad cannons peppered the tarmac with cover fire. Lin did a quick, efficient sweep with the cannons and mowed down handfuls of stormtroopers. The only enemy soldiers lucky enough to survive his attack, were sent scrambling behind the makeshift barricades and debris from the control tower.

Rey sat in the pilot's seat and lowered the landing gear. She had an infuriated look on her face and scanned the messy flight deck. With a wave of her hand, she sent dozens of stormtroopers flying through the air and slamming into the columns of TIE fighters that were awaiting redeployment.

Kayla let out a relieved chuckle and made it gingerly to her feet.

_The Falcon_ flew overhead and spun around to land. Lin Dameron emerged from the rooftop latch and came running down the old rust bucket, not giving it a chance to touch down. The Gray Leader ignited his emerald lightsaber and leapt off _the Falcon's_ mandibles.

Landing by Kayla's side, he deflected two blaster shots back toward the shooter. The stormtrooper fell motionless to the ground.

Lin didn't wait to see if their were any more threats. He reached for the side of Kayla's neck, using a gentle touch. The palm of his hand ghosted over her skin and continued upward until he cradled the back of her head.
Instinctively, Kayla stepped closer to his chest. She was instantly comforted by the warmth of their blossoming Force Bond. The Jedi felt her heart skip a beat, as Lin lowered his forehead against hers. It was good to simply stay in the unique embrace for a moment.

The Knights held each other and didn't need to speak a word. Their lightsabers remained activated; Lin kept his lowered at his side, letting his free hand massage the back of Kayla's head and neck.

Kayla's lightsaber was angled backward and up. Her free hand rested comfortably on his muscular chest—feeling his steady heartbeat.

"Are you okay?" he asked softly.

"I'm fine, really," Kayla replied, swallowing the lump in her throat. "It was just a momentary—" she sighed and let her voice fade away. The explanation wasn't important and he wasn't judging her. He was being rather… sweet.

"I need your help… to get my sister back," Kayla said, finally pulling back enough to look into his round eyes. "She's somewhere in this labyrinth and it will likely take all three of us to accomplish the task."

"No problem," Lin said, brushing his thumb across her stray tendril and wrapping it around her ear.

Hanna opened her heavy eyelids and scrunched her face. She felt groggy, as if waking from a restless sleep. The first thing she noticed was that her head was pounding. After shutting and closing her eyes again, the next thing she could make out was the polished floor and the sound of boots echoing in the corridor.

It took her a few moments before she realized that she was being dragged from under the arms.

Her long legs and skirt slid across the floor. Suddenly, Hanna felt a chill run down her spine that made her forget all about her splitting headache.

_Fear._

She felt fear; her safety and very life was in danger. Every cell in her body was screaming into her cloudy mind, helping to clear away the fog. It was enough to make her senses come rushing back with the boost of adrenaline.

The stormtroopers holding Hanna didn't realize that she was waking up. Lady Shade stayed limp and didn't give them any indication. The soldiers out in front of her didn't notice and neither did the half dozen marching behind her.

Her lightsaber was clipped onto one of her captor's belt packs, angled straight for his right arm and shoulder blade.

"Mistake," she mumbled but they couldn't hear her with those helmets on.

These men should have been loyala and under her control. She was able to mind trick the whole lot during the siege, simply by speaking over their comm systems.

"Inform Captain Adillic that we have his bargaining piece," one of the stormtroopers behind her radioed in.

Hanna seethed, feeling her strength return with a burst of energy.
Her ivory crossguard lightsaber ignited, stabbing straight through the stormtrooper who had it. He screamed loudly and fell forward. Hanna caught the hilt on the way down and threw her hand behind her.

With a surge of the Force, Lady Shade propelled herself forward and slid along the corridor.

The stormtroopers behind her were thrown backward from the Push. Taken by surprise, the men landed awkwardly—but didn't have serious injuries. The soldier in charge radioed in for backup while the others scrambled to their feet.

Hanna was up and standing tall, glowering at the men who had the gall to drag her like some sort of trophy.

The powerful young woman quickly found her favorite lightsaber Form—with her sword angled up and over her head and one outstretched hand towards her opponents. A form mastered by her legendary great grandfather; Obi-Wan Kenobi.

Her full lips twitched as the stormtroopers took up arms to challenge her.

"I am... no one's pawn!" Hanna declared loudly.

She waved her hand at the stormtroopers and dared them to fire the first shot.

Chapter End Notes

So there will be one more chapter after all. Maybe its for the best, because ending on chapter 29 was pissing me off, LOL. Chapter 30 will be really emotional and rewarding. It has a couple big twists the lead directly into the sequel.

Lies and Lightsabers 2 will kick off pretty much where this story leaves off. I just need a little time to prepare it and make it feel like a supercharged Star Wars. The sequel will tackle some really awesome things like Leviathan and Checkpoint!
The engines to *the Millennium Falcon* powered down and the ramp automatically lowered. BB-8 whistled excitedly, looking up at his longtime friend with enthusiasm.

"Hang on," Rey chuckled, standing up too quickly. Feeling nauseous, she had to steady herself against the co-pilot's chair.

The Grandmaster was starting to regret the decision to let Lin Dameron fly *the Falcon*—although she couldn't have made it aboard *the Harbinger* without him. There was no doubt that he was the best pilot in the galaxy. Rey sat in the seat next to him and had a good view.

On the plus side, Master and apprentice seemed to work well in tandem. Lin evaded the overwhelming amount of TIEs while Rey pulled apart the ones that tried to engage. But between the barrel rolls and wingover maneuvers, Rey's stomach had yet to recover. With her lightsaber clutched tightly in hand, this was perhaps the most inopportune time for her to be experiencing morning sickness.

BB-8 whistled in concern, causing Rey to give him a small smile.

"No, there's nothing you can do, my friend," she sighed. Rey's body was trying to tell her to slow down and she finally listened; at least for a few moments.

"If anything, it's time for *the Force* to lend us a hand," Rey said flatly, staring out the cockpit window. BB-8 wasn't entirely sure what Rey meant by the comment and she didn't feel like elaborating.

The Jedi Master stayed quiet for a few moments, gaining control over her upset stomach. Her eyes warily scanned the chaotic scene before her.

*The Harbinger's* flight deck was a littered, smokey and mangled mess of debris. Crewman who had been scattered across the deck by her daughter's entrance, were now scrambling to put out fires and clear the tarmac. Rey noted that their efforts were partly in vain; without the control tower, the TIE fighters in orbit couldn't return to the destroyer. Perhaps that was for the best; Rey didn't want First Order reinforcements landing on the vessel until after she had collected her entire family.

In the middle of the chaotic scene, Lin Dameron and Kayla Kenobi stood very close. Only a few inches separated them.

Looking on, Rey couldn't help but smile and shake her head. They looked rather sweet together and deep down, Rey had always secretly rooted for them. Lin had come an awfully long way, transforming into a powerful ally and student.

The imagery of the young Knights embracing—on the flight deck of a smoldering star destroyer—was eerily familiar. Rey was certain that she and Kylo had shared a similar moment in their past.

Rey's heart went out to the young couple. She prayed to the Maker that Kayla and Lin wouldn't face the same challenges or make the same mistakes. Rey worked very hard and made sacrifices to shape the galaxy into a safer place for her children. Kayla and Lin deserved a chance to succeed and it appeared as though the Force brought them together for the same reason—*to give them a chance.*
Overcome by a heavy feeling in her heart, Rey whispered aloud, "Ben."

There wasn't a response, but Kylo must know she was close. He must feel her presence on board, like she felt his.

Rey sighed. She wasn't entirely convinced that there was a way back from a fall of this magnitude.

All the trust Kylo had earned while at the Jedi Temple—every decent display and caring word—had been thrown away.

Kylo Ren had always been a Knight trapped between two worlds; for a long time he was a Dark Warrior that couldn't identify with the Jedi or the Sith. Rey had been able to coax him back to the Light on a couple occasions, but this time felt different. It was complicated and more personal than a war over ideologies.

Drastic measures needed to be taken in order to save Kayla and Hanna's lives on Coruscant. As a result, Kylo embraced the Dark Side. Considering the alternatives, it was a choice that Rey couldn't fault him for making. Kylo did what needed to be done; what any parent would do when facing such impossible odds. At the same time, Rey couldn't give carte blanche for history to repeat itself.

Anakin Skywalker feared losing the love of his life and ultimately, his family. He embraced the Dark Side, believing he could harness the power to cheat death. Kylo Ren now shared that same fear. He had never been closer to walking down Darth Vader's path.

The war between the Light and Dark had been costly on both sides. Rey had already seen enough of it; enough for a lifetime. She was not going to let her family become a casualty in the war.

She certainly wouldn't lose Hanna; not again. Rey would move the stars in order to protect her darling daughter. That same daughter who always felt eclipsed by her own sister; who always felt like the second favorite. Rey understood that those feelings represented a failure on her part as a parent, but she was determined to heal their relationship. Hanna belonged by her side; she always did.

And If there was a way to save Ben, Rey needed to get him alone. She needed to grab ahold of him and open their Bond. Showing him a vision of the future—of their son, Orion Solo—was the only way.

With that she turned and headed for the back of the Harbinger. As Rey reached the top of the ramp, she felt a tremor in the Force. The vibration was enough to make her pause, as a familiar voice entered her mind.

"Rey," Kylo said deeply, opening their Bond at last. The timbre of his voice shook Rey to the core.

Kayla and Lin stood very close, enjoying the warmth of their Bond. The sensation was difficult to describe and perhaps words couldn't do it justice. Standing like this made them feel complete. But the moment couldn't last forever. They both understood what was on the line.

The Harbinger lurched forward slightly, indicating that she had finally made the jump to hyperspace.

"Damn," Lin and Kayla said in unison.

The pair had tried to stretch every single heartbeat into an eternity. For a few cherished seconds, it had worked—the only thing that mattered in the entire galaxy was the feeling between them. But they knew it couldn't last. And with The Harbinger leaving the system, an even greater sense of
urgency was heaped on top of their current predicament.

"Perfect, there goes our backup," Lin said, glancing back over his shoulder. The bluish glow of hyperspace was clearly visible outside the flight deck. Finn and Ahsoka's battle cruisers had been left in the dust. Kayla, Lin and Rey were on their own.

"You can bet that this kriffing star destroyer is headed straight for a First Order stronghold or probably, the Finalizer itself."

"I know," Kayla replied. She reached for her waist and ran her thumb along her belt. Lin looked down; he couldn't help but follow Kayla's hands. The Jedi placed her thumb and index finger between the interconnected loops that held her belt in place. She snapped the rings together, removing the gaps in between. A small, blue LED light activated in the middle.

Lin knew that the design of the belt buckle was symbolic for twins; honestly, it was a hard detail to miss. The rings were made of chrome and always seemed to catch his eye. He never asked her about the design specifically, believing they were for decoration more than anything.

"It's a tracker, too," Kayla said, blushing deeply. "I had it specially made after… well, anyway, Finn can track it. As soon as the Harbinger leaves hyperspace."

"Kriffing cool," Lin said, keeping his eyes locked on her waist. "I... want one."

Licking his lips he trapped her gaze once more. With an arched eyebrow he asked, "What would I have to do in order to get one?"

"Well, you'd have to… wrestle this one away from me," Kayla said, feeling her cheeks burning up. Why the hell did she just suggest that? Probably because they'd both enjoy it. What Kayla meant to say, was that the rings were a tribute to her late sister. And even though Hanna was alive, she couldn't have an exact duplicate made for him. It wouldn't be right.

"Deal," Lin said without skipping a beat.

"Ah, yes," Kayla said, trying her best to recover. "Take my hands," she choked. The Jedi was caught off guard by the sound of her own squeaky voice. Kayla's bottom lip trembled, despite her best efforts to control it. Standing this close to Lin Dameron was having a definite effect on her—he made her pulse race and left her stomach in knots.

Lin reached for Kayla's hands before she had the chance to change her mind. As Lin's larger hands wrapped around Kayla's, a spark ignited across their connection. The sensation was enough to make the young Jedi flinch and giggle nervously. Undeterred, Lin's smoldering expression held true. Growing bolder, he began to stroke Kayla's wrists with his thumbs.

Kayla gave him a small but flirty smile—she enjoyed the physical contact as much as he did. Lin's chocolate, hooded eyes trapped her gaze. Force, there were times that Lin Dameron had the intensity of an exploding star. Kayla couldn't look away from him, even if she wanted to.

"Lin," she said shyly. "I would like to try something… with your permission, of course."

"Please do," Lin husked. Admittedly, he had one thing on his mind. His piercing gaze wandered to Kayla's lips. She looked so damn beautiful, bathed in the soft glow of a burning star destroyer.

"I want to utilize the strength of our Bond to locate my sister. With a little luck and some help from the Force, we should be able to retrace her movements. Perhaps she'll even speak with us, but honestly… honestly I don't know anymore."
Kayla closed her eyes, finally admitting that last part aloud. The sisters had become so close again that it seemed like old times; like they never missed a beat. She wasn't sure why Hanna had taken off and the separation left her feeling deflated; powerless.

Lin's eyes widened for a moment before he mouthed a silent, "Oh." That wasn't what he had hoped for, but he was determined to give Kayla the support she needed. "Of course."

"This… this will work," Lin added, trying his best to sound optimistic. Truthfully, he had no idea if it would be successful. Kayla had a better understanding of the Force and presumably, of Force Bonds.

"We'll know soon enough," Kayla replied, closing her eyes.

The Gray Leader pretended to shut his eyes as well, keeping them barely open. He wanted to study Kayla's features for as long as possible. Maker, she smelled so good. Her lips were so close, too—he could swear he felt her soft breath on his neck.

The Force Bond between Lin and Kayla ignited a few seconds later. Like the start of a dream, the image of Kayla and the flight deck drifted away. In her place, emerged a dreary corridor—a corridor aboard the Harbinger itself.

"Trippy," Lin commented. He wasn't sure if Kayla could hear him or not; this was her vision after all.

Stormtroopers came into view next, looking beaten and disorganized. They scrambled to drag their wounded out of harm's way. The vision pushed forward, traversing the maze of connecting tunnels. Additional stormtroopers came around the next major corridor, marching in a tight formation.

They were looking to capture Hanna Ren, although that task was easier said than done.

Lady Shade towered over a pile of fallen stormtroopers. Seething, she began to pace from side to side—her tall and shapely frame cast a shadow over the injured and unconscious bodies. Muffled, pathetic moans came from the men.

_They're lucky to be breathing at all_, Hanna thought while gripping the hilt of her burning lightsaber tighter.

These men had the audacity to drag her halfway across the ship. They would have delivered her to Captain Adillic, splayed out like some sort of prized trophy. But Hanna put a quick end to those plans and they deserved what was coming their way.

Hanna glowered at the nearest soldier; the one wearing an orange pauldron. Reconditioning or not, he was in charge of this vile group. The dark apprentice ran her glowing blade right next to his jugular and held it there for a moment.

The heat from her lightsaber scorched the commander's black undershirt and began melting part of his helmet and chest protector. Hanna gritted her teeth and closed her eyes, trying to will herself into doing what needed to be done; cutting his throat.

This should be easy. She should take his life… and all of their lives. Wasn't she justified in her actions? Wouldn't striking them down make her feel better? It should… it always worked for her father, Kylo Ren. At least that's what she thought.

But she wasn't like her father.
Hanna felt her determination beginning to waiver. The rage she had been carrying around was replaced by something cold and hollow. The feeling was upsetting—to say the least—and struck her deep down.

"Come on," she hissed through gritted teeth. Refusing to budge even a little, her wrist and arm wouldn't cooperate. The deadly end of her lightsaber stayed in place. All Hanna could do was let out a frustrated groan.

At odds with herself, Lady Shade cursed loudly into the corridor. A part of Hanna desperately sought to exact revenge. But the other part—the part that was winning—wouldn't allow another black mark on her soul. Hanna's throat tightened; a suffocating wave of emotion came rolling up and drowned the dark apprentice.

Her smoky eyes began to well up. Feeling embarrassed, she used her free hand to wipe away the tears.

*Kriff.*

Where the hell was this coming from? She was stronger than this... she had to be. Hanna was prepared to kill every single person responsible for the Coruscant bombings. Her people deserved a voice; they deserved to be avenged. For years, Hanna lived without a voice. She had been at the mercy of a slithering monster, but no longer. She was a powerful warrior with the ability to wield the Force.

Here was a chance to prove her strength. A chance to take vengeance on behalf of her people—a thousand voices that had been silenced by the First Order. There must be severe consequences for this betrayal. Hanna should respond to their crimes in kind.

Glaring down at the stormtroopers by her feet, Hanna wanted them to pay as well. More than likely, the soldiers would have made her kneel before Captain Adillic.

*No.* There was no way in hell that Hanna was going to bow down before any man again. Not for Armitage Hux or Adillic. Not for Owen Skywalker. And not even for her father.

"Never," she sniffled.

From over her shoulder came a desperate moan. Lady Shade whirled around, caught off guard by the whimper. To her surprise, it was RK-2119. Miraculously, the stormtrooper had survived the terrible gash along his back. Hanna thought he was dead, believing that her sword had struck a mortal blow—but against all odds the veteran had survived.

RK-2119 crawled on his knees and elbows. At some point during the fight, his helmet had come off and the reconditioning music was no longer affecting his choices. The stormtrooper grunted and winced with every movement. He feebly stretched out and reached for something lying along the grated decking, but it wasn't a weapon.

Hanna stalked from behind, watching his every movement. The stormtrooper didn't seem to realize that she was still there. Lady Shade spun her lightsaber arrogantly, intentionally causing the weapon to hum loudly and announce her presence. The ominous "buzz" made the wounded stormtrooper freeze.

"Turn around," she snarled.

"P-please," RL-2119 begged. The stormtrooper rolled onto his back and held up a folded piece of paper, as if it was a shield.
"Please?" Hanna hissed. Like a deadly viper poised to strike, she coiled back with her lightsaber. "I planned to execute every crewman responsible for the treachery on Coruscant. Why would I show you any mercy?"

"I... I have a family," he sobbed, barely managing to unfold the slip of paper with his trembling fingers. It was a tiny family portrait. The simple but sentimental keepsake reminded her of the photo that Lin Dameron carried around.

Hanna's scowl softened a bit and she lowered her lightsaber, but only slightly. "You have girls," she said, sounding surprised. "You must be one of the veterans—one of the original stormtroopers."

"Y-yes," he replied weakly. RK-2119 was indeed telling the truth. He had survived the downfall of the First Order and managed to eke out a life for himself. It must have been a difficult decision to make, reenlisting with the First Order after all those years.

Or maybe he didn't have a choice. The thought had crossed Hanna's mind as well.

Hanna extended her arm and hand towards the soldier's weathered face. He looked frightened as she began to gently probe his thoughts. She could sense the man's pain, and not just the physical aspect of it. RK-2119 was terrified that he'd never see his family again. He had promised his girls that he would come home soon and it had already been far too long.

The ache in this man's heart was so... relatable. It was easy to forget that so many of these stormtroopers, like VL-3191, were really people underneath the armor. This man was doing what he needed to provide for his loved ones. But what excuse did he have for dragging her across the ship?

"I have a family, too," Hanna snapped, lowering her hand and abandoning his thoughts. This didn't excuse RL-2119's actions; far from it. "I'm someone's daughter. Someone's sister. I'm—"

Suddenly, a chill ran down Hanna's spine. The sensation was strong enough to stop her mid sentence. Hanna looked away from RL-2119, shutting her eyes and concentrating on the feeling. It was the Force whispering to her in a manner that she had never experienced before. Someone was trying to communicate—but this wasn't Kayla, her mother, or her father.

Who or what could this be?

"Hanna," called an unknown but distinguished, masculine voice.

Hanna gasped and spun around—checking the corridors behind her. No one was there. She sprinted past several bulkheads in an attempt to find the voice. The corridors were empty of another physical being, but Hanna knew she wasn't alone.

A positive entity was close; practically close enough to embrace her. Hanna felt as though she should know the man's voice. It sounded so familiar; like something from a dream. It couldn't be a coincidence.

This had to be the voice that came to her mother, years earlier on Takodana. This had to be the same voice that instructed her Uncle Luke to go to Dagobah.

The truth was, this man had been speaking to Hanna for years. But his granddaughter had always been on the move. She turned away from the Light, believing that only the Dark Side could offer her protection. It seemed to be a hereditary flaw.

Yes, Obi-Wan Kenobi had been talking to Hanna for a long time. She just needed to stop for a moment and listen. She needed to let the Light in.
"Grandfather… Kenobi?" Hanna asked, feeling the skin on her arms pebble. Her chest filled with an indescribable warmth that set the young woman at ease.

The sensation gave her a feeling of hope.

Although the voice didn't answer, his presence was calming. The Force pulled Hanna toward the southern corridor, coaxing her to face that direction.

What could this all mean—what was he trying to tell her?

"Grandfather?" she asked again. For a few seconds there was no response, until...

"Run," he warned.

The sound of boots poured from the turbolifts, carrying across level twenty. Flooding the tunnels with dozens of reinforcements, the stormtroopers chased away the voice of Obi Wan Kenobi. It wouldn't take long for them to find her.

"Damn!" Hanna shouted. She couldn't believe her luck. For the first time she had felt the positive pull from the Living Force—and it vanished just as quickly as it arrived. Lady Shade felt cheated.

"Get to a medic and find a different career," Hanna ordered, walking past RK-2119. She sincerely hoped that their paths would never cross again.

"Wait," RK-2119 said, rolling onto his stomach and reaching for the ends of Hanna's charcoal skirt. He managed to get a finger on the ankle length fabric.

"Engineering Level, Four Beta," he winced, "that's where they keep the reconditioning servers."

Hanna arched an eyebrow and paused for a moment, realizing what the stormtrooper was trying to convey.

"Thank you," she said, glancing at the soldier one last time. An instant later, Hanna had disappeared down the main corridor. She raced for the back of the level, heading for the freight lifts which were primarily used for equipment transportation.

"Blasted," Kayla cursed.

She was able to get a glimpse of Hanna, standing over a pile of stormtroopers; but nothing more. The young Jedi eased the tension in her forehead and crinkled nose. Slowly opening her eyes, Kayla found that Lin was already staring at her lips.

Force, he looked so handsome. As if reading her thoughts, his longing gaze returned to meet hers.

"At least… she appears to be alright," Kayla conceded. She swallowed hard, waiting anxiously for Lin to respond.

But he didn't answer; too enchanted by the woman in front of him.

"What?" Kayla finally asked, knowing full well that her face and chest were turning scarlet.

"You look so beautiful," Lin professed. He was dying to kiss the Jedi Knight. Embracing the Bond like this, was making him forget why they were standing there in the first place.

Lin had never seen anyone so… breathtaking. He'd fallen completely for Kayla. And he was
positive that she felt the same way. Could this really be happening? Could someone so strong, intelligent, and sweet really be interested in him?

He may of had his fair share of girlfriends, but Kayla was in a league of her own. Never had a woman captured his heart before; not like this… not even close.

Kayla owned his heart—and had ever since the day they met. That was a fragile and scary thing to realize while standing on the deck of a burning star destroyer. Lin let his right hand wander down Kayla's forearm until he had a gentle hold on her elbow.

Instinctively, Kayla inched closer to his chest.

"Did you… see something in my thoughts?" Kayla whispered. She was embarrassed by the thought, but at the same time, Lin needed to know. Kayla wanted him to know how she felt.

"I didn't see much… but I know that I felt something," Lin admitted. "Something incredible. An optimistic feeling; a positivity that I didn't know existed in the galaxy anymore. It felt like… hope."

As he spoke, his other hand reached up and cradled the back of her neck—allowing his thumb to glide across her jawline.

Kayla inhaled shakily. She'd never been held by a man like this before and the feeling was blissfully overwhelming. Kayla realized that so many things that her grandmother said about love—things that made her scoff—were quite understated now that she was touching Lin Dameron like this.

Her grandmother used to tell her that, "When a man is in love with you, you can see it in their eyes." Lin's eyes were intense and warm—and loving, all at the same time. Kayla's heart pounded loudly in her chest; she was sure he could hear it.

"Lin," she whispered. Kayla was pleading for mercy, but from what, she couldn't be sure.

The smouldering look from Lin was something she hadn't seen on him before. It made the Jedi forget what she was going to say next. She didn't need the Force or their Bond to know what was in his head and heart. Lin wanted to devour her lips and she was desperate to let him—to know the feeling and make that connection at last. She wished that nothing else mattered right now—that there wasn't a mission. But so much was at stake.

"Kayla," Lin replied.

"I…I wonder what's keeping my mother?" Kayla blurted sheepishly, placing an invisible barrier between them.

Sighing heavily, Lin's face fell. His disappointment was evident in the way his shoulder slumped. Reluctantly, he let his hands gently drop from Kayla's face and elbow. The loss of contact made them both groan inwardly.

Maybe he had pushed her too far, too quickly? The Gray Leader glanced at the Millennium Falcon, wondering if he should apologize.

"I'm not sure…" he started.

Kayla reached for his chin, turning him to face her. She boldly pressed her body into his and angled her lips towards his ear.

"Be patient with me," she whispered. "Please, Lin. I will be worth the wait."
"Kayla, if I had to wait a hundred years..." Lin said solemnly.

And then they were kissing. With eyes tightly closed, they were kissing. It was unclear who leaned in first; it didn't matter. Everything else that Lin planned on saying, was spoken directly into Kayla's soul. The Knights wrapped their arms around each other. Kayla found the collar of Lin's jacket, holding on for dear life. Her other hand became pinned against his chest. She could feel Lin's heart racing like an engine.

Lin scooped Kayla up with both arms, feeling as much of her as he could.

For a perfect, shining moment, all the troubles in the galaxy faded into nothingness. There was just Kayla and Lin; soft lips followed by soft moans.

Lin let Kayla take a quick breath before pulling her tongue into his mouth. His mouth worked diligently, causing the woman of his dreams to moan much louder. The sound was music to his ears.

Kayla's mind went blank and she completely surrendered to the moment. The Jedi couldn't recall wanting anything so badly before. And now that she had a taste, she'd never let him go. The kiss was perfection. It satisfied a hunger that had been growing painful over the past couple months. It was everything Lin and Kayla could have asked for and more.

It was… about to be interrupted by the sound of blaster fire.

Kayla ripped her lips away from Lin's. With a glossy-eyed look on her face, she hissed, "No." The Jedi whipped around, stretching her hand and catching several incoming lasers with the Force. "Damn it, no!"

"Wow," Lin gasped, taking a step back and catching his breath. He wasn't referring to the display of Force, although that was incredible.

"Kriffing..." Kayla swore, stepping forward and hurling the lasers back towards the stormtroopers that had fired upon them. How dare they interrupt such a beautiful moment? How dare they fire on her man?

Lin chuckled, still reeling from the kiss. He ignited his lightsaber and leapt by Kayla's side. She furrowed her brow and ignited her weapon as well. Stormtroopers were beginning to filter in, one or two at a time. The main entrance to the flight deck remained partially blocked by smoldering debris.

"What's so funny?" Kayla asked. Her brows snapped together in annoyance. She continued to deflect the incoming blaster fire, keeping Lin in her peripherals.

"I've been imagining what that kiss would feel like for so long," he admitted.

"And?" Kayla snapped, sounding a bit defensive. She had never kissed anyone before and suddenly she felt less than confident about her skills in that department.

"It was so much better than I thought it could be," he chuckled. Lin threw a Force Push at what looked like a piece of her Jedi Starfighter. The smoking wreckage skidded backwards and crushed several stormtroopers.

"Oh," Kayla blushed deeply, staining her freckled cheeks. "I suppose it was incredible," she said matter of factly. "We should do it again soon; without the lightsabers and threats against our physical well being."

Lin laughed at that. He was tickled and felt practically weightless; as if he could skip through the
clouds on Bespin. "Oh come on, Kayla. Doesn't bringing lightsabers to our next date sound like fun?"

"Maybe," Kayla smirked, finally softening her sharp tone. "Let's get everyone off this destroyer first and we'll talk."

Rey groaned, reeling from the overwhelming weight of Kylo Ren's presence. She was certain that if she turned around, he'd be projecting himself through the Bond. The Grandmaster couldn't bring herself to look at him, however. Doing so would simply serve to indulge this kind of behavior.

The sound of blaster fire across the flight deck made Rey take a step closer to the ramp—and farther from whatever seductive angles Kylo was sure to try on her.

"Don't start with me," she warned. "Kayla and Lin need backup… and if you're not going to come down here and help…"

"Come towards the bridge, my love," Kylo soothed. "I will wait for you, before I go any further. We should do this next step... together."

While he spoke, the Sith Master wrapped his fingers around the throat of a stormtrooper. He squeezed and lifted the disobedient soldier high in the air. The armored man kicked furiously and to no effect.

"Ben," Rey said warily. "I want you to return with me. Put down the stormtrooper and abandon this hollow quest. You chose to be with me, remember?"

"Hollow?" Kylo laughed incredulously. "You're blind to everything happening here. And return where, exactly—to the Jedi Temple?" he continued in a condescending tone.

Exasperated, Rey threw up her hands and started to walk down the ramp.

"Hiding in a Temple isn't going to make the problems of the galaxy go away. That didn't work so well for the last Jedi Council either. If you recall, the Jedi were slaughtered by Order 66—largely for making the same mistake."

"The biggest threat to the Galaxy is YOU," Rey hissed. She whipped around and headed back up the ramp. Admittedly, she needed to indulge at this point. Kylo Ren always knew how to get underneath her skin. He enjoyed doing so; it added so much heat to their lovemaking.

"Allow me to pick an issue at random," Kylo smirked as Rey finally looked at his projection. "There are two missing super weapons, a pair of rogue star destroyers and a time traveling Knight, all of whom are wandering about; unchecked. Not to mention, the fact that our daughters were nearly killed by this traitorous crew. Well, sweetheart… at least one of those threats will be dealt with tonight."

With that, Kylo Ren squeezed the life out of the lowly stormtrooper. A loud 'snap' signaled the end in a chilling way. The Sith Master smirked, but his intimidating mask covered the expression.

Despite the efforts of Captain Adillic and the rest of his mutinous crew, Kylo Ren showed no signs of slowing down. He carved a path through nearly every barrier and set of blast doors that stood in his way. The stormtrooper reinforcements were clearly not enough. At least two squadrons lay dead at the Sith Master's feet and those only represented the most recent casualties.

"Damn you," Rey spat out, before covering her mouth with her hand. The sound of the soldier's
"Morning sickness," Kylo growled while giving his love a few minutes. He tossed the lifeless
stormtrooper effortlessly onto the heap of bodies and waited to hear from Rey.

Finally she returned, with her hands balled tightly into fists. "You can come with me peacefully, or
we can make some other arrangement," Rey said coldly.

"Like… frozen carbonite?" he chuckled. "I don't think our daughters would approve of that, do you?
At least one of them won't."

Kylo Ren felt a disturbance in the Force which hit him squarely in the chest. The sensation was
powerful enough that it nearly knocked the wind out of him. It was his love, Rey. He had gone too
far and the emotionally expectant mother lost control of her abilities. The entire flight deck started to
shake. If he didn't calm Rey down, the effects of her powers could shut down the whole ship—or
worse.

"We can do this together," Kylo continued quickly. He felt the Bond wavering and was concerned
for Rey's safety. The Sith Master wasn't sure if he could take Rey one-on-one and he really couldn't
allow things to escalate to that point. She was the love of his life and was carrying his baby.

No. No, they shouldn't be fighting like this.

"Rey," he offered in a much softer tone. He had often taken this approach to calm her down,
especially many years earlier; when they were on opposite sides and their relationship was a closely
guarded secret.

Rey stomped down the ramp, seething. Her ears and cheeks turned bright red.

"Rey, they tried to kill our daughters," he implored. "You should be incensed over this. In the
beginning, Hanna and I were merciful; we were only going to punish the ones responsible."

Still she didn't answer, remaining tight lipped. Seeing Kayla and Lin fighting off stormtroopers left
and right, gave her a welcome distraction. With a wave of her dominate hand, the Grandmaster
cleared away the stormtrooper squadron that was trying to flank her daughter and padawan.

"Good," Kylo hissed. "Use your anger and frustration. Take it out on those that would hurt our
children. And as you dole out justice with the Force in one hand and your sword in the other, take a
look at where you're standing. Rey… look at what the mighty Harbinger represents."

"Kylo Ren," Rey snapped. She had heard enough of his bullshit.

"The Republic. The Jedi. Both were too weak to wipe out the First Order—when given the chance.
You are standing on the very ship that highlights your many failures. Show your enemies an ounce
of mercy and they will live to serve your demise. That will not happen again. Hanna and I will see to
it."

"I showed you mercy once or twice, if you recall!" Rey shot back. "You do not get to decide what's
best for our family—or our daughters."

Kylo ignited his lightsaber and twirled it arrogantly. Striking like lightning, he plunged the sword
into the heart of the next set of blast doors. He immediately began heating the center and weakening
the reinforced alloys.

"Tell me, Rey, were you making the best decision for Hanna… when you suppressed her abilities?
She certainly doesn't agree with those drastic measures."

Rey gasped, "You bastard." She started shaking from head to toe and sealed her end of the Bond. The Grandmaster let out a feral cry and fell to her knees. The sudden outburst made Lin and Kayla jump.

"Mom?" Kayla asked with concern, checking over her shoulder. The young Jedi left Lin's side to help Rey.

"What's going on back there?" Lin asked, stepping in front of both women and deflecting the remaining barrage on his own. The growing squadron concentrated their fire entirely on Lin Dameron, but he was not going to let a single shot get past his blade.

With a glossy look in her eyes, Rey lost control again. She caused the entire flight deck to shake once more. The tremors were more violent this time, making the light fixtures above to sway dangerously. The unsteady tarmac caused the stormtroopers to fall down. Lin Dameron barely managed to keep his footing, relying on his incredible balance to do so.

"Mom!" Kayla shouted frantically. She grabbed Rey by the shoulders and pulled her in for a tight embrace. Kayla's light had an instant, calming effect.

Snapping out of her trance, Rey gasped and released her hold on the Harbinger.

"Thank you, Kayla," she said shakily. "I'm... I'm fine now."

With a determined gaze, Rey set her sights on the central corridor. She rubbed Kayla's back, letting her daughter know that it would be alright. "Help Lin," she insisted.

Kayla wanted to protest, taking a hard look at her mother. Rey was most certainly not alright. The young Jedi knew that something was different about her mom, but she couldn't put her finger on it.

"We need to get to your sister," Rey stated, wanting to put the episode behind her. "Really, Kayla I'm fine."

Lin checked over his shoulder again, while the stormtroopers scurried to their feet. The Jedi were on their knees in a heartfelt embrace. Panic swept across the Gray Leader's face. He knew that Rey was pregnant and he piloted her right into the middle of a war zone. If anything happened to her, it would be entirely his fault.

"Enough," Lin stated. Shutting his eyes, he let the Force guide his lightsaber. In that moment, everything seemed to slow down. Lin concentrated on a single positive feeling, Kayla's lips. That wonderful kiss had filled him with so much energy, and now he drew strength from that feeling.

With his lightsaber in hand, Lin threw a punch with the Force. A mighty Push unleashed from his tightly closed fist, so strong in fact, that it made his kyber crystal surge. The Force bombarded the nearest stormtroopers and sent them flying across the tarmac.

"Look," Rey said, gesturing toward her student.

With unyielding determination, the Gray Leader shoved every stormtrooper out of the way. Advancing forward he started on the obstructions next, using the Force to push large sections of debris away from the central corridor.

"Surprising... isn't he?" Rey smiled, feeling her own strength returning.
"Yes… yes he is," Kayla said softly.

"It gives me hope; really it does," Rey continued. "Compassion toward all life is essential, but love can bring someone back from the brink."

Kayla arched an eyebrow at the statement, letting the words sink in. If it could work on Lin Dameron—someone who was once so lost, that he had become the most wanted man in the galaxy—then it could work for her sister. It could work for her father, too.

"The main corridor… that will be the quickest route to Hanna," Rey continued, getting up to her feet. She was able to do so without any assistance from her daughter.

Lin shoved the last cement slab out of the way, tipping it just enough to let gravity take care of the rest. Chuckling a bit, he took several deep breaths and ran his forearm across his sweaty brow. Lin had been so focused on clearing away the obstacles and stormtroopers, that he hadn't realized how much power he was harnessing.

"I've been trying to reach Hanna," Kayla said bitterly. She kept her eyes fixed on Lin Dameron as she spoke. "Someone or something wouldn't let me through. But I sensed a presence… that I can't fully explain."

Rey nodded. "Then we'll try to reach her together. We will keep trying until we break through." She absentmindedly ran her hand down her stomach as she spoke. "We should move before more reinforcements arrive. The sooner we leave this ship, the better."

Hanna stared at her own reflection in the muddled, freight lift doors. Her head was swimming with so many questions. The biggest was centered around her grandfather's sudden appearance. Why had Obi-Wan Kenobi come to her? The encounter had left a lasting impression on the dark apprentice, even if it was brief.

The freight doors opened to the engineering levels and Hanna exited the lift. Lost in thought, she passed right by two sentries that were posted outside the main corridor.

They must have believed that the lift was carrying additional reinforcements, because they didn't bother turning around to check.

The stormtroopers were slow to react and raised their weapons in surprise. Hanna closed her fist before they could fire. The sentries were tossed against the bulkheads, falling ungracefully into an unconscious heap.

"Yes, this must be the place," Hanna smirked, pulling her lightsaber out again and igniting it. She could sense a heavy deposit of stormtroopers spread across the level. They must be guarding something; which she considered to be downright perverted. Stormtroopers were being ordered to protect the very instruments that kept them on a leash.

Moving forward, it wasn't long before Kayla heard shouting from across the corridor.

"Lady Shade is at the southern end," a stormtrooper called into his communicator. He peaked around a bulkhead and began firing wildly in her direction.

Annoyed, Hanna swatted the incoming rounds away. Perhaps it was unavoidable at this point; she could continue sneaking around but eventually she'd be facing every walking piñata on this level.

Lady Shade shut her eyes tightly and tried to hold onto the positive feeling from earlier. With each
block, her thoughts drifted back to the interaction with her grandfather. Growing up, Obi-Wan Kenobi seemed to be an impossible myth—a legendary Jedi Master from a long lost age.

Hanna had read so much about her grandfather as a little girl. She studied everything about him—anything she could get her hands on, including details on his lightsaber forms.

While Kayla trained to use the Force with their uncle, Hanna studied near Ahsoka. Even though she didn't have abilities back then—at least abilities that weren't apparent—the lanky girl couldn't get enough of the Jedi culture.

Looking back on her life thus far, had she somehow become a disappointment to her legendary Grandfather? Was that why he chose to visit her? Obi-Wan must have known that Hanna's abilities had been suppressed. If only she could ask him; speak with him for just a little bit.

Reinforcements rushed in behind the lone stormtrooper and formed a defensive line. They fired at Lady Shade, missing her with every shot. Hanna was too fast for them and dodged the rounds with a series of acrobatic parries. Moving quickly, she raced along the sides of the corridors; defying gravity.

"Maker," shouted a stormtrooper, terrified by what he was witnessing. The soldier had never faced a trained Knight before; none of these stormtroopers had.

Soaring through the air, Hanna flipped forward and brought her crossguard down. With a loud crack, she deflected two rounds at once—sending them back toward the stormtroopers who fired upon her. Lady Shade immediately followed with a Push, knocking out the rest of the soldiers and clearing the access point.

Using the Force for defense, seemed to echo the sentiments of Obi-Wan Kenobi. That passage from his holo journal resonated in Hanna's thoughts. She had memorized most of what he wrote. But was this something she still believed in?

The question was interrupted by additional blaster fire, which erupted from a connecting chamber. Another squadron managed to flank Hanna's position, catching her from behind. The heat from their rounds buzzed close to her ears, putting her on the alert once more.

Lady Shade sprinted forward, using the Force to navigate. The stormtrooper squadrons were definitely tightening the perimeter. Like a humid day, their presence was uncomfortably heavy.

She needed to complete her objective quickly and reclaim The Harbinger. Eliminating the reconditioning servers was crucial—and it would save stormtrooper lives too. Hanna was a bit surprised to find herself considering this aspect of the plan. Her father had been very quick to strike down anyone who stood in his way. He wouldn't have cared about saving stormtroopers. But again, Hanna wasn't her father. For some strange reason, she kept needing to remind herself of that fact.

Crossing the next junction, dozens of shots erupted.

"Kriff," Lady Shade swore, throwing the Force to freeze the bolts as she passed. Her reflexes kept her one step ahead of everyone else.

"She's headed toward the server junctions," shouted RK-9974. The young stormtrooper raced after Hanna, leading his eager squadron around the corner in pursuit.

RK-9974 fired stun pulses after the speedy Knight, but she evaded each one.

Without looking, Hanna threw another Force Push behind her back. It trapped the stun waves and
held them in place. RK-9974 was unaware of this fact and ran straight into an electrified net of his own doing.

Lady Shade slipped into the server junction and quickly closed the door behind her. Breathing raggedly, she used the Force to destroy the control box—sealing the entrance. It wouldn't hold them forever, but maybe just long enough to complete her objective.

Taking a brief moment to collect her thoughts, Hanna wondered where the hell her father was. She could use some assistance right now. No doubt, Kylo Ren had his hands full with Kayla.

As if on cue, her sister's voice entered her mind.

"Hanna," Kayla stated clearly, "Please tell us where you are. We'll come and help you."

Hanna's lips parted while she scanned the server tunnels in disbelief.

"What the hell?" she asked herself, ignoring the fact that Kayla had managed to breach her mental defenses for the moment.

There had to be hundreds of units lining the walls and even more that disappeared into narrow hallways. She may have been a skilled engineer, but the layout was one she hadn't seen before. This was going to take some time to sort out; which was a luxury that Hanna didn't have.

She wasn't alone in here, either. But maybe that was a good thing. Stormtroopers were in this section and perhaps they were hovering around the very units that she needed to get to. Pushing ahead, the Force guided her through the maze of servers.

"Hanna," Kayla said again, getting annoyed.

"I don't need your help, Kay," Hanna shot back. "And I told you to trust me; I've told you twice already."

Hanna kept her lightsaber out in front, prepared to defend herself from any threats lying in wait. She wondered if the stormtroopers would be foolish enough to fire their weapons in here. Considering the equipment in this area, it could be catastrophic for the ship. There were so many massive servers; it appeared to be an extensive overhaul.

"Hanna don't do this… don't shut me out," Kayla pleaded.

"Shut you out? You're the one invading my mind," Hanna scoffed. "And how did you get past my defenses anyway—is your boy toy also here, helping you out? Maybe you should take him by the hand and find a dark corner behind a bulkhead. Just make sure you're outta my mind before you go to town on each other."

Kayla gasped. Of course her sister would choose this moment to embarrass her through the Bond. Fortunately Lin couldn't overhear the conversation, but their mother could.

"Hanna," Rey scolded. She had fully intended to remain quiet, but Hanna's comment forced her to speak up.

"Mom," Hanna said coolly, coming to a stop near a bank of resting exhaust fans. "What are you… eh, nevermind. This conversation is over!"

"No," Kayla protested. "You have to talk to us."
Hanna didn't answer, as loud footsteps approached from the larger tunnel. Lady Shade put her back against the nearest fan and waited. Shutting her eyes, Hanna could detect a dozen stormtroopers jogging in her direction. They must have overheard her speaking and come down to investigate. As if realizing their noisy mistake, the soldiers stopped running and approached the junction with caution.

"That's not a safe place to defend," Kayla snapped, furrowing her brow.

"Quiet," Hanna hissed. "Both of you."

Kayla's assessment was correct, however, Hanna knew exactly what she was doing. The server rooms only had one main way in and out. She had no intention of holding up in such a precarious position.

"Unless you're here to help Dad and I take back the Harbinger—" Hanna started. She reached back with the Force, cradling the energy of the cosmos between her fingers. "I don't want to hear it!"

Striking quickly, Lady Shade whirled around and unleashed her power into the corridor. A hurricane-like Force Push erupted from her fingertips—so strong in fact, that the recoil sent Hanna skidding in the opposite direction. The stormtrooper squadron flew backwards in a cyclonic motion. Disappearing from view, the soldiers crashed into the antechamber at the back of the tunnel.

Hanna's eyes grew wide, stunned by her own display of strength. Her power was frightening and awesome, all at the same time. Looking down at her trembling fingertips, Hanna willed her hand into a tight fist. Was this the Dark Side truly beginning to cement itself—or was it something else?

"Hanna?" Kayla asked, sounding more worried than ever. A strange vibration was coursing through their Bond—in a way that neither sister was accustomed to.

"I'm… I'm nearly in the clear anyway," Hanna boasted. Acting like everything was perfectly okay, she flipped her raven locks into place again.

"Please, you're my sister," Kayla said sadly.

"You're my daughter," Rey added. "We just got you back in our lives, I can't give up on you. I never will. We will never stop, Hanna. You belong by my side."

Placing a hand on her chest, Hanna let out a shaky breath and stopped walking. This was already hard enough with Kayla playing the sister card. She didn't need her mother adding onto the guilt she already felt.

The last thing Hanna wanted to do was leave with Kylo Ren, but she had her reasons for doing so.

"I'll come to you," Kayla offered. "Just tell me where you are."

"Damn it, Kay… it's not that simple. Do you know what our mother did to me? She suppressed my abilities as a child! How can I trust the Jedi again?"

The connection between the women spiked just then, and Rey was ejected from the conversation.

Kayla wasn't sure how to respond and remained silent for a beat too long. "I had a suspicion when you came back to us, but not until you shared your story. I was so relieved to have you in my life again… that I didn't pursue the truth like I should have."

The Force radiated unstably from Lady Shade. She fought the overwhelming urge to bury her
lightsaber into the servers standing nearby. Force, she wanted to break something; everything.

"Hanna… I'm so sorry," she added ruefully.

"Take our mother and find somewhere to hide, Kay," her sister sneered. "At this point, I don't need any of you interfering or getting caught; I can do this by myself."

Lady Shade closed the connection tightly, rubbing the temples of her forehead afterward. Of course this would be easier with her sister's help, but could she really trust her? Having to doubt Kayla's loyalty, left a gaping hole in her chest. Whatever warmth Hanna had been feeling from earlier, had finally cooled down.

Captain Adillic cursed loudly, running his hand over the strategic table. The holographic displays continued to cut in and out, failing to produce a complete diagram of the ship. Adillic needed to know exactly where his stormtroopers were deployed.

The transmissions between the RK and VL squadrons were coming in like a garbled mess. From what he could tell, the campaign aboard the Harbinger had turned into a total disaster. There were reports that RK and VL stormtroopers were fighting each other on every level; which was baffling and made no sense.

The reconditioning protocols had been put in place. Clear orders had been given.

"Damn that droid," Adillic said, glaring at Ar-Twenty-One.

Twenty-One had done significant damage to the bridge. He destroyed most of the internal communications array, making it impossible to communicate with the stormtroopers further. Several officers had been slain in the crossfire and at least a half dozen action stations had been shot to pieces.

The surviving crewman were grateful to have the fierce droid contained within an emergency force field. That particular system was in place to protect the crew in the event that a TIE fighter or X-Wing came barreling through the observation windows. Right now it was the only thing keeping Twenty-One from tearing apart the remaining officers.

"Unacceptable," Adillic shouted, turning around to face what was left of his command crew. "This whole day has been kriiffing unacceptable."

"What do you mean by unacceptable?" challenged Commander Tro-Clu. "You're the one who staged this poorly constructed coup. We would have been fine under the leadership of Kylo Ren," he grunted. "Look what hell you've brought down upon us."

The tall commander gestured towards the security feeds on the station behind him. The flickering displays cycled between different images of Hanna, Kylo Ren, Lin, and Kayla.

"Those screens don't include the Jedi Grandmaster herself, who was spotted leaving the Millennium Falcon. The ship is lost. We should call off the rest of the stormtroopers and beg Kylo Ren for forgiveness. If we do, perhaps the Jedi will stop him from executing every single officer aboard this vessel."

"No, we should use the escape pods. They're right outside the blast doors," insisted Commander Angne. "They were placed there for a reason. We need to leave before it's too late."

A heated argument erupted between the members of the command crew. Clearly, they were divided
on the next course of action. Whatever choice they made would likely determine whether they lived or died.

Captain Adillic shouted over the top of everyone, "We're not backing down now!" He grabbed his pistol and unclicked the weapon's safety. "The Harbinger was close… we were this kriffing close to having a successful integration," he said desperately.

Each commander took a step back, but not because they were afraid of being shot.

"There won't be an integration," said Angne. "You're sounding like a fanatic; open your damn eyes. Leviathan doesn't matter right now. The only thing that matters is our own survival. No one is coming to save us."

The captain raised his pistol toward the ceiling and fired twice.

"We're going to rendezvous with the Finalizer," Adillic sneered. "With the Grand Admiral's help, we can eliminate Kylo Ren. You… you're all going to go back to your stations. Give me some valuable intel; we need to deploy the remainder of our squadrons to capture Lady Shade. It's the only leverage we have at the moment."

"It's already too late for that shit," snapped Tro-Clu. He flicked his chin, making Adillic whip around.

The center of the blast doors were heated in a fiery orange. Globs of molten alloy pooled and came racing down the warped area. Kylo Ren's crimson lightsaber worked straight through next, cutting past the weakened locks.

Adillic turned white as a sheet. "Take us out of hyperspace and call Hux for immediate backup."

"Hux isn't answering, remember?" Tro-Clu said, slipping behind the captain. "You've lead us to ruin," he continued. Adillic turned around as Tro-Clu stabbed him in the gut with a knife-size vibroblade.

The remaining officers did nothing to stop Tro-Clu. Most of them simply winced and looked away.

"We should have told Kylo Ren the truth from the beginning; maybe he would have spared General Izar," Tro-Clu continued. "Lord Ren deserves to know why his daughters were almost blown to tiny pieces. That entire attack... was your brainchild. And that's what we'll tell him."

"N..no," Adillic cried out, falling to his knees.

"Take us out of hyperspace and open the fucking blast doors," Tro-Clu ordered. "This foolhardy insurrection has gone on long enough."

The ship's helmsman complied and dropped the Harbinger from hyperspace. A small, Republic controlled system popped up in their viewports. The blast doors opened next, revealing the imposing dark figure of Kylo Ren.

"If it wasn't blatantly obvious, Lord Ren is in charge of the First Order," Tro-Clu announced to the entire bridge. "Not Armitage Hux. Not Owen Skywalker. Kylo Ren."

Kylo walked slowly into the bridge, keeping his fiery lightsaber engaged. He silently scanned the remaining officers, taking note that Captain Adillic's body was bleeding on the floor. A deathly silence fell over the room. All eyes were on the lifeless visor of Kylo Ren.
The Sith Master raised his hand, making everyone flinch simultaneously.

Summoning the Force, Kylo Ren disabled the barrier that held back Ar-Twenty-One. Hanna's droid sang in response and bolted away from the corner.

"Sir?" asked Commander Tro-Clu. Everyone's eyes were now on the killer droid.

Kylo Ren let out a menacing hiss through his vocoder, eyeing Ar-Twenty-One as well. He knew that Hanna's loyal droid had saved his life.

*Loyalty*. There was no substitute for it.

Twenty-One maneuvered next to Kylo Ren and came to a stop. He swiveled his head and scanned the remaining officers on the bridge.

"Finish what you started, droid," Kylo ordered sharply. "I must go retrieve my family." The Sith Master turned abruptly and left, flaring his tattered cloak as he walked away.

Eager to comply, Twenty-One unleashed the rest of his arsenal on the crew. The officers scattered and cried for help, but Kylo Ren had already turned his back. In his eyes, the traitorous command crew was getting exactly what they deserved.

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**Chapter End Notes**

There will be two more chapters! I'm SO sorry this update has taken so long. It was approaching 20K words and for my own sanity (and yours) I decided to split it up. This ending had been really tricky to figure out, because everything that happens will lead directly into the sequel.

The good news is that there are some nice twists and turns still to come and I think the sequel will be very fun to work on. So, check back in a couple days for the conclusion. It should be ready toward Friday/Saturday. Unless Rogue One gets in the way! Thanks much!
A Glimmer of Hope - Part Two

Chapter Summary

Nearing the End of Lies and Lightsabers, Kylo Ren seeks to reclaim his family on his own terms. Kayla and Lin have a fight, while Hanna finds help from a friend.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hanna crept slowly along the main engineering corridor. With each step, she kept her ignited lightsaber pointed down low—illuminating the path ahead. Her careful footsteps made only the faintest sounds against the cold stretch of grated flooring.

Hostile stormtroopers were close; Hanna could sense the squadrons that searched for her. Lady Shade needed to be prepared—both physically and mentally—should the rest of the garrison come barging in to surround her.

The dark apprentice was ready to face any physical challenge; that wasn't the problem. Hanna's mind wrestled with thoughts of her sister and mother. Every harsh word she had directed toward them, replayed on a continuous loop. Had she been too rash; too quick to shut them out?

For some inexplicable reason, she felt guilty. All things considered, why should she feel that way?

Hanna shut her eyes for a brief moment, stopping and trailing her fingers down her lightly bruised neck. The tender flesh was marked by Commander Zel. Even though he was confined to a medical bed, the proud warrior had kissed Hanna in a lasting way—as though each nip and kiss needed to count; like he wouldn't be able to touch her again for some time.

And Zel's suspicions were confirmed upon noticing the tears in her eyes. Hanna couldn't stem the tide before leaving his bedside. Sadly, it would be awhile before they had their chance again.

Too long, she surmised. A suffocating feeling swept over the dark apprentice, as she circled back to thoughts of her loved one's. Hanna's words came back to haunt her—and now she understood why.

"Because they're my family," Hanna whispered with a heavy heart. A meddling family that would move the stars to win her back. Kayla, her mother, and Zel—nothing would stand in their way.

Swallowing hard, Hanna continued down the long path. There was light ahead, indicating the presence of a much larger room. The layout of this level had been extensively altered—which took time and resources. It was troubling that The First Order found the manpower and means to accomplish these changes. Hiding the Finalizer and Harbinger alone, must have been a difficult task.

Furrowing her brow, Hanna angled her lightsaber behind her back. Inching slowly to the edge of the opening, the dark apprentice was stunned at the sight before her.

A large cylindrical chamber sat at the end of the corridor. The cavernous opening appeared to extend five levels above her position and twenty levels straight down—all the way to the bottom of the destroyer. Hanna could see the dark of space through the clear forcefield below. The view from her
position was almost nauseating.

Needing to focus on anything other than the long way down, Hanna's eyes followed the narrow bridge at her feet. The walkway extended from the main chamber and connected to a thirty foot platform in the center of the expanse. The platform itself was anchored in place by four, very thin support beams—which were angled out underneath and bolted to the sides of the cylinder. The minimalist design didn't exactly instill confidence for the crewman assigned to this post. Perhaps that was why no one was stationed there.

Why did First Order engineers do this kind of shit? No guardrails on anything and the bare minimum of materials. One nasty hit from an ion cannon looked like it might rip the platform from the supports.

Hanna shook her head in disbelief, as her gaze travelled upward. Situated on the platform were two waist-high control stations. Resting ominously above the stations was a gigantic machine. Hanna had never seen anything like it before. It was constructed in dark gray alloys and vaguely resembled an upside down wedding cake. The floodlights from the top of the chamber, made it difficult to get a good look at the device. Even so, Hanna was certain that this monstrosity had nothing to do with stormtrooper reconditioning.

The Force had sent her this way for a reason. Whatever this device was, it had to be a massive weapon. A secret weapon hidden within the bowels of a star destroyer. Could it be the core for some new kind of turbo lasers?

Hanna had to know. She put a single foot on the narrow bridge, making sure that it would take her weight. Satisfied it would, she moved quickly across the expanse.

Getting directly underneath the large device, Hanna could barely make out the lettering stamped into the material. Standing on her tippy toes, she reached up and ran her fingers across the tiny letters. L-E-V-I-A-T-H-A-N was stamped into the carbon material. Stunned, Hanna gasped and dropped down to her heels. This couldn't be right.

"What... what the hell?" she asked aloud.

"Surprising, is it not?" came a voice from behind.

Startled, Hanna spun around and raised her lightsaber in a defensive form. How the hell did someone manage to sneak up behind her? The dark apprentice leered toward the main corridor, waiting for the figure to emerge.

Across the chamber, four doors opened. Hanna hadn't noticed the seamless doors before; they blended in so well with the interior texture. At the same time, an additional platform extended out from the sides of the chamber—creating a narrow ring along the walls. Dozens of stormtroopers piled out in single file, moving carefully along the treacherous walkway.

Within thirty seconds, Hanna was completely surrounded by black armored stormtroopers. She glowered at the death squadron, turning around in a circle and sizing up the opposition. They were too far away to engage with a lightsaber—especially with the void separating her platform from theirs.

"Kriff," Hanna gritted out, scanning the enemy with her peripherals. "I should have gotten Kayla's butt down here when I had the chance."

A laugh bellowed from the corridor, drawing Hanna's attention to the voice once more. A cloaked red figure finally stepped into the light—stopping at the base of the bridge. He was escorted by two
death troopers, one on either side.

"Not bad, Lady Shade," the man in red said with a shrill drawl.

Hanna arched an eyebrow and remained in a defensive stance. She didn't recall seeing anyone dressed as an Imperial guard when she first conquered *the Harbinger*. In fact, the garb wasn't standard issue within the First Order's ranks. So, who the hell was this?

"I'll admit that *you* and Kylo Ren had me worried there for a minute. When you first took control of the ship, my squadron and I had no choice but to hide and wait. I always new General Izar was weak... nothing more than a relic surviving on the teet of much stronger men. Thank you for proving my point."

The man in red slowly circled behind the outer ring of his stormtroopers. He moved carefully, staying as far from Hanna as he could. In his hand was a long scepter; a regal looking Force Pike. Hanna had only seen them in museums and impounded Imperial holocrons.

"What do you want?" Hanna asked coldly. The man hadn't ordered his soldiers to fire yet, so clearly he needed something from her.


Hanna scoffed at the flippant answer.

"Fine. We'll get right down to business instead. If it wasn't already obvious, I'm not with Captain Adillic or General Izar. We were assigned to *the Harbinger* by a different master—someone wise and powerful. We serve his will and see to his every request. That includes certain secret pet projects... and *pets*."

The man in red spoke with an eerily familiar tone. His voice may have been different, but Hanna would recognize his inflection anywhere. This man had spent ample time under the thumb of true evil.

"You're with *him*," Hanna spat, raising her lightsaber and pointing it threateningly. The mere thought of Owen Skywalker made her blood boil.

"Master Skywalker has operatives everywhere," boasted the man in red. "Have you forgotten? Perhaps... you need a reminder of his awesome influence and power. But I wouldn't want to harm a hair on that pretty head of yours. The Master's favorite pet and all... he'd fry the inside of our skulls."

A small smirk formed in the corners of Hanna's mouth. Their current scenario was a stalemate at best.

"You're too valuable, Lady Shade. Let's not hash this out here; *this*... unfortunate failure of a room. We'd all fall to our deaths."

Hanna quickly scanned the stormtroopers on either side of her. There were thirty or so, spread across the precarious ledge. "What is this room, anyway? Why does it say *Leviathan* on that device?"

"It was a foolhardy attempt to reconstruct the missing prototypes—a waste of time and resources. *And you're stalling,*" the man in red accused, sounding irritated. He finally circled back to his side of the bridge. "We know full well that your sister and mother are on board. My men will electrocute the very platform you stand on, before they let you get away."
"Is that so?" Hanna asked sharply. "Do you think you're safe from me, with all these stormtroopers here to protect you?" Hanna growled. "You're nothing but a rodent; a spy."

The man in red laughed, echoing loudly in the cylindrical expanse. "A spy with the ability to mask himself from Force Sensitives. Maybe I was a rodent, Lady Shade—but my stock has never been higher. I've been a devoted servant to our Master. Skywalker will likely give me the Harbinger for your safe return."

Arrogantly extending his hand across the bridge, the man in red waited patiently for Hanna to go to him. He genuinely believed that Lady Shade would surrender without a fight.

"That's the catch isn't it? My safe return," Hanna hissed. She gripped the hilt of her crossguard tighter, squeezing into the calluses that were beginning to form on her pads.

Spinning his force pike, the man in red activated the electrified end. The death troopers on either side of him raised their weapons. "Come now, Lady Shade—there's no need to be difficult. You're the future Empress of the galaxy. It's in your blood... and I'd hate to spill any precious drop of it. Look around, you're all alone."

"No," Hanna said with a pause. A sly smile crept across her lips. "That's where you're wrong. The Force is with me... and I'm never alone."

The sound of a blaster rang from above. Two rapid bursts of blue found their mark, taking everyone by surprise—including the man in red. He took a step back, before falling back on his heels. A small hole was burned through his visor, striking him right between the eyes.

VL-3191 leapt from the upper platform, falling more than two levels. With a blaster in each hand, she unleashed rounds on the way down. The entrenched death troopers were frozen; dumbfounded by what was happening. VL-3191 managed to drop several more soldiers before landing on one knee and firing again.

"Sorry I'm late," she grunted loudly in pain.

"Just in time, actually," Hanna huffed, already harnessing the Force with an outstretched hand. The death trooper in front of Hanna cried out and lifted in the air, kicking his legs wildly. Twisting her hips and following through with a right hook, Hanna used the stormtrooper as a battering ram. He choked and collided with his comrades, sending them down and over the edge like dominos.

The rest of the death squad open fired, blanketing the platform with a crimson barrage. Hanna blocked the shots without looking and continued using the death trooper as a bulldozer.

VL-3191 took cover behind the control stations and returned fire. The loyal stormtrooper looked like she had been through the ringer already. Her armor had been scorched all over and beaten, evidence of the skirmishes between the RK and VL squadrons. At some point along the way, VL-3191 strapped a riot shield to her back. By the time she finally located Lady Shade, the shield had been turned into a riddled mess.

Stormtroopers cried out as they tumbled over the side of the precarious ledge. Some had been hit by VL-3191, but others simply lost their balance.

"Damn," VL-3191 cursed between shots. She hated turning her weapons against her own. The Gold Band leader had never seen this squadron before, but that didn't mean they were strangers. It was highly likely that the black armor had been tucked away in storage and that these were men and women that she knew.
Hanna twirled through the air, deflecting several more shots with her lightsaber. Within the blink of an eye, she reached out with the Force again. Lady Shade pulled the blasters away from the remaining death troopers. The weapons fell harmlessly toward the force field at the bottom. A pair of soldiers fell while trying to hang on to theirs. Unarmed, the surviving stormtroopers retreated.

"Kriff," VL-3191 said, struggling to stand on her bad ankle. "That is one handy trick, but the survivors will be back. They may not have a choice… even with their leader gone."

"You're right," Hanna agreed. Looking over her shoulder, she checked to make sure the man in red was down for the count. A small puff of smoke rose from his visor. It was an impressive shot, to say the least. "We need to find the reconditioning servers before more reinforcements arrive," she continued. "That's what I came here to find… before the Force sent me stumbling into a blasted trap."

"Ah," VL-3191 grunted. "Don't be too hard on yourself. In my haste, I forgot about my rappelling hook. I've only had it tucked away in a belt compartment for over two decades."

The proud stormtrooper tried to ignore the pain in her ankle, but it was evident in her voice. Using the command console for support, VL-3191 doubted she could make it over the narrow bridge. "You'll have to go on ahead… and I will catch up. I can give you directions to the correct server from here."

Hanna surveyed her injured friend. No, they wouldn't be splitting up. Without warning, Lady Shade ducked under VL-3191's arm—using her shoulder to help the stormtrooper walk.

"I can manage on my own. You needn't worry about me."

"Nonsense. You saved my ass," Hanna said with a click of her tongue. She wouldn't be talked out of it at this point. "We're getting out of here together… just as soon as you show me which servers to destroy."

"Of course, Lady Shade," VL-3191 winced.

"Call me, Hanna," she insisted. "Just… Hanna."

"Very well… Hanna. Call me, Ve-Elle," the stormtrooper said shakily. Ever since Hanna mentioned giving her a proper name, VL-3191 had been thinking about choosing one for herself. Although it wasn't the most creative, Ve-Elle liked how it sounded. And, it made her think fondly of her squadron.

Sadly, that was a delicate subject at the moment.

"Ve-Elle? I like it," Hanna replied truthfully. Taking great care, she navigated them safely across the narrow bridge.

Although Hanna couldn't address 'Leviathan' at that very moment, she made a mental note for later. A device with the same name—placed aboard a star destroyer—couldn't be a coincidence. Once they had control of the Harbinger again, she'd find answers for all the questions rattling around in her head.

"Eh, damn," Lin muttered from the hallway up ahead. He and BB-8 had taken the lead in order to scout the next few corridors. It gave Rey and Kayla a moment to talk, which Lin felt they desperately needed.
Rey in particular, was under the weather and wasn't moving as quickly as she normally would. Kayla had definitely noticed that something was different about her mother, though she hadn't worked it out yet. Lin felt caught in the middle and didn't like keeping secrets from Kayla.

"BB-8, can you find a terminal and plug-in? Let's see if we can narrow down Hanna's location… and I want to know if there's an alternate route," Lin said, crouching at the edge of the hallway.

BB-8 gave a somber response and turned away from the horrific scene in front of him.

"What's the problem?" Kayla called from down the hallway.

"Oh, we're just trying to find a different route," Lin shouted over his shoulder. "This one's not going to work."

The corridor was littered with stormtrooper bodies. The smell of burnt armor and flesh was overpowering. The whole scene was sickening—it would be upsetting to even the most grizzled war veteran. There was no way that Lin would take a pregnant Rey Kenobi down this corridor. He didn't want to bring Kayla down here either, although chances were that Kayla smelled the scent of death by now.

It looked like a bomb had been detonated in the hallway. In fact, at least one thermal detonator had gone off in the chaotic battle. Panels were ripped from the walls and ceiling. Lights flickered, struggling to stay on. The ground was a tangled mess of limbs and carnage.

Erring on the side of caution, Lin kept his guard up. He carefully moved past several bodies, leaving his lightsaber activated.

"Kriff," he said, scanning the hallway again. The Force was telling him that there was nothing here except... *death*.

Down the previous corridor, Kayla was happy to pull her mother back. She made Rey sit on a flat piece of bulkhead. Although it wasn't designed to be a bench, it suited the Grandmaster just fine.

"Shout if you need us," Rey said, lowering her gaze away from her daughter's scrutinizing stare. Lin grunted in acknowledgment.

"Alright, spill," Kayla said, leaning in closer to Rey. "What's different about you—just what exactly is going on?"

Rey sighed deeply and gave her daughter a resigned look. She really didn't want to tell Kayla here. If anything, she wanted to tell her daughters the happy news at the same time. That's what she had planned on doing from the get go.

"You're being very… evasive. Would you tell me what's wrong, please? And don't tell me that you have everything under control, either. I saw that little tantrum you threw in the flight deck. That kinda bullshit is something I'd expect from Kylo Ren but not... *you*.

Remaining silent, Rey leaned forward and smiled. There was something special about the way her eyes sparkled in the harsh fluorescent lights.

Kayla squinted and gave her mother the once over again. Slowly, she began putting the pieces together. There was a different aura around Rey—a luminous quality in addition to her usual Force signature. Not to mention, the Jedi Master hadn't been acting like herself at all. She also sensed a hint of Kylo Ren, *or something masculine*. Which wouldn't make sense unless...
"No!" Kayla gasped with round eyes.

"Ah, yes," Rey said with a nervous but relieved grin. The Grandmaster blushed deeply and waited for her daughter to speak.

Kayla looked stunned, mouth agape. She knelt and gently rested her hand on her mother's forearm. For a few moments, she was silent.

"You're going to have a boy," she said softly. "I'm going... to have a brother. We're going to have a brother!" Kayla shouted near the end, overjoyed by the news.

"Yes," Rey laughed. "We're having a boy."

Kayla quickly wrapped her arms around Rey, pulling her in for a tight embrace.

"Wonderful news," the young Jedi gushed. She squeezed her mother even tighter, making them both grin from ear to ear.

With a long face, Lin returned to the edge of the corridor and met BB-8. He noticed Kayla and Rey hugging to his right. The touching site was a welcome relief—considering the scene he had just walked through.

"Tell me we can find another way past this," Lin pleaded with his droid. The Gray Leader had yet to reveal the worst part of the carnage. The stormtroopers had been fighting each other; turning their weapons against their own. On top of that, someone had come along with a lightsaber and indiscriminately hacked their way past the crowd—taking out their own men in the process.

This could only be the work of Kylo Ren.

BB-8 chattered quickly in response. There were maintenance turbolifts to the south, around the opposite corridor and just past the lavatories. But those lifts required an access code, which the little droid couldn't crack with the destroyer in 'lockdown' mode.

"Blasted," Lin said, glancing at Rey and Kayla. Naturally, he felt overprotective of the Jedi. Lin knew these were powerful women who could handle anything, but they were also women he cared very deeply for. No one else should have to wade through the hallway—not if there was another way.

"I'll break into the control panel," Lin said, turning back to face BB-8. "I'm rusty, but I'm sure I can swing it. We'll use the other set of lifts and double back for Hanna."

"Is there a fresher around here?" Kayla asked, startling the Gray Leader. "Mom needs..." she started but then stopped. The young Jedi got a good look at the hallway Lin was trying to avoid. "What the hell happened in here?"

Lin cleared his throat, "We're finding a different route. I didn't want Rey walking down here, in her condition." Closing his eyes, Lin slowly realized his mistake.

"You knew," Kayla said flatly. "You knew my mother was pregnant and you didn't say something? And you brought her aboard a star destroyer of all places!"

"I'm not going to tell your mother what to do. And just how exactly is that conversation suppose to go?" he asked defensively. "I'm sorry Rey Kenobi, but you need to sit on the sidelines while the Dark Side threatens to rip your family apart."
Kayla balked at her boyfriend's excuse.

"Kayla, I missed you—we haven't had much time alone together," Lin reasoned. "And I've been trying to help locate your sister from the moment we landed."

BB-8 interjected with a few excited whistles. Apparently, he had been keeping the secret for over a week. The little droid was overjoyed that things were out in the open.

"You all knew?" Kayla hissed.

Rey closed her eyes and leaned against the wall beside Lin. "We need to go down that corridor. The turbolifts in that section will lead us directly over Hanna's position. I'm sure it will. So, how bad does it look?"

It seemed the Grandmaster already knew what horrors lay ahead; a drawback of having such a strong Force Bond.

"Very," Lin sighed. "I'm afraid that Kylo Ren—"

"I know," Rey interrupted. "He's trying to get under my skin." She was more than a little pissed that his tactics were working. "Ugh, where are those freshers?"

Kayla shot Lin a nasty look, before wrapping her arms around her mother and leading her toward the co-op fresher.

"I can manage," Rey said weakly, but Kayla shushed her response.

"I'm going to kill you," the young Jedi mouthed, so only Lin could see.

Suddenly, a disturbance in the Force ripped Lin's attention away from Kayla's icy stare. Two dozen stormtroopers came rushing down the opposite end of the main corridor. They looked stunned by the carnage as well, coming to an ungraceful stop before the bodies.

For a brief moment, Lin and the enemy stormtroopers stared blankly at each other.

"Freeze," one of them finally shouted from across the hallway. He raised his blaster, which caused the rest of his squadron to do the same.

"Would you take care of that, babe," Kayla snapped. Choosing to help her mother instead, Kayla turned her back on the incoming rounds. "Come along, BB-8."

"Babe?" Lin said with a slight shake of his head. He darted in front of Kayla and Rey, shielding them from the stormtrooper's onslaught.

Lin didn't mind the pet name one bit, but Kayla's tone made him concerned. She wasn't being playful. In fact, Lin had called her 'babe' once before. He hadn't earned the right and Kayla hadn't forgotten. Something told him that the Jedi Knight would be reading him the riot act when she returned.

"Force, I've never been so happy to see bad guys before," Lin chuckled.

The stormtroopers tiptoed past their fallen comrade, trying to advance into the cramped corridor. With an arrogant smirk, Lin threw a Force Push into the approaching squadron.

Ve-Elle braced herself against a power conduit, grunting as she tried to set her injured foot down.
This was the worst time for her to have an injury. From a few feet away, Hanna removed her crossguard and ignited it.

"Who was he?" Ve-Elle asked, staring into the fiery blue flame. She was of course referring to the man in red. "An ex-boyfriend?"

"I don't know who he was persay... and in this case, his identity doesn't matter a whole lot. I'd say it's what he represents; that's the troubling thing. He's a reminder that my work is far from done—that I cannot rest until the galaxy is free from Owen Skywalker. Until the Dark Side is neutralized; brought into balance with the light."

Ve-Elle looked down slightly and fell very quiet. Although Hanna couldn't see her face, she could tell that the stormtrooper had more questions. It was natural for a Force Sensitive like Ve-Elle to want to understand her abilities. She had lived her entire life with a connection to something mystical—something greater; a power that had never been indulged or allowed to blossom.

"You're sure this is the one?" Hanna asked with an arched eyebrow, shifting her intense gaze to the servers. There were so many towering machines and they all looked similar. Striking down the wrong set could be disastrous for the ship.

"Affirmative," Ve-Elle answered, fiddling with her damaged helmet. She badly needed a new one, as the lenses were cracked. "They separated the RK and VL reconditioning units to prevent this sort of sabotage. But every time my squadron was assigned to a new planet or destroyer, I tracked down our set of the reconditioning servers. It's the one rule I always break... and I have a nose for finding these units."

Hanna smiled at that; her stormtrooper friend was certainly resourceful.

Bringing her lightsaber up and down, Hanna carved into the server array. White hot sparks kicked wildly with each calculated strike. The RK servers peeled open in large sections, shutting down from the fatal blows.

Ve-Elle grinned underneath her broken mask. It felt great to free the remaining stormtroopers at last—like a weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

Hanna could sense her friend's relief, but the feeling didn't last. Ve-Elle dropped her head and sighed heavily.

"Where is the rest of your squadron?" Hanna asked after a silent beat. She was mindful of her tone, asking the question as gently as possible.

"I haven't been in contact with the Gold Bands for some time. I dispatched half of our group to find and assist your father. The others came with me... and I was the only one."

Her voice died toward the end. It became apparent that VL-3191 and her comrades had gone through an awful ordeal to find and protect Hanna Ren. There was a real possibility that Ve-Elle was the only Gold Band left.

"Please remove your helmet," Hanna said, extinguishing her lightsaber and clipping it onto her belt. "You're more than a stormtrooper, now. You have a name. And I know it must be difficult to see with the broken lenses."

"Lady Shade," Ve-Elle protested.

"Call me, Hanna," she reminded her, tucking a stubborn raven lock behind her ear. "Let me get a
look at your ankle."

Hanna wasn't taking 'no' for an answer. She knelt in front of the stormtrooper, while Ve-Elle fumbled with her scuffed up helmet. The stormtrooper winced loudly, as Hanna's fingers wrapped around her injured ankle. Feeling a jolt of pain, Ve-Elle accidentally dropped her helmet onto the grated deck.

"Sorry. It's just… I've only ever seen Jedi do this," Hanna said, shutting her eyes to prepare. "I'm not sure healing is in my wheelhouse."

Concentrating on one of Kayla's lessons from years earlier, Hanna could almost hear her Uncle's voice. She recalled how Luke described healing through the Force. There was a mantra he used for teaching the techniques.

"I must reach out with my mind… to reach inside… fight through the pain… and touch the Force," Hanna said, echoing Luke Skywalker's words. "The power to knit bones and mend flesh anew."

Digging deep, Hanna recalled a memory from the past; when she watched Kayla use Force Healing for the first time.

The two girls were twelve and had been practicing sparring with lightsabers—an activity which was off limits for Hanna. As if mimicking their mother's concerns, Hanna accidentally caught her sister in the shoulder. In shock, both girls froze. Blood started to drop down Kayla's arm and before the pain even registered in the padawan's mind, Hanna burst into tears. The lanky girl worried she had maimed her older sister. Hanna had never been so scared.

But Kayla grabbed her hand and said it would be alright—that with Hanna's help, the young padawan could heal the wound. And amazingly, Kayla did just that. She healed herself.

Ve-Elle let out a loud cry, filling the corridor with her strained vocals. A mystical blue light shined brightly from Hanna's palm, penetrating the stormtrooper's injury.

The dark apprentice focused on the feeling of relief, followed by overwhelming joy. She was proud that Kayla had accomplished something so advanced—years ahead of schedule.

"How… how can this be?" Ve-Elle sobbed, trying to pull her ankle away from Hanna's grip. The younger woman didn't let go. After a few more seconds, the swelling and pain went away completely.

"Hanna!"

The sound of Ve-Elle's hoarse voice was enough to shake the dark apprentice from her trance-like state. Blinking rapidly, Hanna released her patient and stood abruptly.

"I'm so kriiffing sorry," Hanna said, looking down at her palm and closing her fingers into a tight fist. "I don't know what I was thinking. I should have stuck with what I know and wrapped your ankle."

Ve-Elle laughed in disbelief, setting her full weight on her foot again. "You did it ma'am," she said with a brilliant smile. "This is amazing. How… how do you have this kind of power?"

"I… I shouldn't," Hanna stammered. Her smoky eyes widened in surprise, watching the stormtrooper test her mobility. Ve-Elle's range of motion had been completely restored. "This is a Jedi ability… which I am not," she continued in awe.

"Incredible," Ve-Elle replied, grabbing her busted helmet in one hand and her blaster in the other.
There was a slight bounce in her step and perhaps the healing power of the Force extended beyond Ve-Elle's physical injury.

Grinning widely, the stormtrooper moved closer and stood directly underneath the nearest overhead light. It allowed Hanna to get a good look at her face for the first time.

"Is it possible to learn this power?" Ve-Elle asked, with sparkling eyes. "I'm sure it must take ages."

"Y-yes," Hanna replied, searching the stormtroopers features for the first time. She furrowed her brow in confusion, taking in Ve-Elle's eyes and cheekbones.

"What is it?" Ve-Elle asked, suddenly feeling exposed without her mask. She regretted taking it off now. It had been years since anyone other than a stormtrooper had seen her true face.

"Ve-Elle… how old are you?" Hanna asked, taking in the very faint lines around her hazel eyes. "I know this is a sensitive subject, but do you know which year you were born?"

Ve-Elle scrunched her freckled nose and averted her gaze. "I am Thirty-eight. After the First Order fell, I spent time searching for answers—regarding my true identity. My birth year was kept in archival records. Why is that information pertinent—why do you need to know?"

Understandably, Ve-Elle's demeanor changed; she quickly became closed off and defensive. Personal details we're rarely divulged within the command structure.

"I'm sorry for staring and making you uncomfortable... it's just that you remind me of someone," Hanna prodded. "A lot of someone, actually. Have you ever heard of a small planet called Khafree? It's remote and near the Anoat system."

"Khafree," Ve-Elle repeated curtly. "Yes. It's one of the rumored locations of the new Jedi Temple."

Hanna offered a friendly smile, but didn't respond right away. Ve-Elle unclenched her jaw, realizing that she may have overreacted. This was a friend afterall and someone who treated her like a real person.

"General Izar and Grand Admiral Hux could only speculate as to the precise location. Khafree is difficult to get to, surrounded by asteroids. Most of the rumored worlds are protected by unique circumstances. For a time, there were whispers that the First Order had turned someone within the temple, a *padawan*. But I don't see how that could happen."

"Oh, it's... possible," Hanna said, sorely. Recently, a double agent had been uncovered within the temple grounds. But before the dark apprentice could go any further, there was a disturbance in the Force.

"The death squadron is back," Hanna hurried, extracting her lightsaber. "I doubt they're here to congratulate us. Let's find the rest of your stormtrooper friends, shall we? The RK's should be much more agreeable and we could use the backup."

"Follow me," Ve-Elle said without skipping a beat. She raised her blaster once more and lead the way. The women disappeared down the main corridor, putting distance between themselves and the death troopers.

Kylo Ren parried his crimson blade in a flurry, swatting down lasers from left to right. Handfuls of stormtroopers cried out and fell; struck down by the deflections. The remaining squadron retreated for cover behind bulkheads and shallow alcoves. Most knew that they were staring death in the face.
but they continued to fight on anyway.

Their persistence was admirable, but Kylo Ren's patience wore thin. He needed to find *his Rey* and these stormtroopers were standing in his way.

*The fools*, he thought.

They would pay dearly for their stupidity—*all of them*. Closing his hand into a fist, Kylo Ren grabbed the squad leader with the Force.

Crying out, the commander was yanked from his cover position. He tried desperately to cling onto the bulkheads, but those flailing attempts were futile. In the blink of an eye, Kylo Ren was using the commander as a human shield. He chuckled to himself, sensing confusion spread across the squadron.

The remaining stormtroopers scrambled for a better position, trying to find a clean shot on Kylo Ren. Unfortunately, there wasn't another way around it. The stormtroopers would need to sacrifice their commander, if they wanted a chance at defeating Kylo Ren.

In utter desperation, the stormtroopers trained their weapons straight ahead. The Sith Master responded by grabbing the wounded as well, using a handful of bodies as shields.

"Hold your fire!" shouted the commander. But that's not what his soldiers heard….

Blaster rounds erupted once more. Undeterred, Kylo Ren advanced down the corridor. He ignored the screams and billowing smoke—both of which spilled into the connecting hallways.

"Traitors," Kylo hissed. If it came right down to it, the Sith Master would eliminate every last buckethead on the destroyer. That tedious chore would be worth the effort, if it lead to his reunion with Rey. Even if it took all day, which it would.

Stormtrooper tenacity made them an invaluable asset to the Empire and subsequently, the First Order. The armored men and women would fight to the very end, no matter the odds or inevitable outcome. But this time their dedication and sacrifice seemed fruitless. What cause were they dying for? For Captain Adillic? To fulfill the last orders of a dead mutineer?

Suddenly, the blasters stopped firing and the corridor fell completely silent. Slowly, the smoke began to dissipate. After a few heartbeats, the hunkered down stormtroopers abandoned their posts. Moving like obedient drones, they numbly lowered their weapons.

Kylo Ren hissed through his vocoder, shifting his narrow gaze across the hallway. He watched the squadron closely as they lined up along the sides. Kylo had seen this behavior more times than he could count; it was as though the stormtroopers were waiting for inspection and new orders.

There could be only one explanation.

"Hanna," he growled. The harsh modulation of his vocoder made her name sound more menacing than intended. Kylo was bursting with pride, realizing what his daughter and apprentice had accomplished. Hanna had regained control over the stormtrooper units.

*As if there were any doubt*, he mused. Moving down the aisle with the hint of swagger, Kylo surveyed every docile warrior with his peripherals.

"Who do you serve?" The Sith Master barked rhetorically.
The stormtroopers stiffened but kept their gazes straight ahead. "We serve Lady Ren," shouted the nearest one.

"Indeed," Kylo snapped. Realizing he still had ahold of the human shields, the Sith Master let the bodies drop to the floor.

"Leave them," Kylo ordered. "Switch those weapons to stun and follow me."

With purposeful, long strides, the Sith Master advanced without incident. The remaining stormtroopers marched right behind Kylo Ren. It was as though a horrifying and one-sided battle hadn't taken place at all.

As quickly as it had started, the battle came to an abrupt stop. Getting a bad feeling, Lin lowered his lightsaber and scanned the connecting corridors. Despite having strong numbers, the stormtrooper reinforcements had retreated. It was out of character for the soldiers to give up so quickly—practically unheard of, in fact.


Hurrying toward the southern turbolifts, Lin could only conceive of two possible explanations. Something much worse was headed their way, or the stormtroopers were trying to flank his position. Perhaps they knew that Kayla and Rey were alone and in the lavatories.

"Shit," Lin breathed in a panic. He was too worried to notice the pun.

Rounding the next long corridor, he caught a glimpse of the Jedi as they exited the facilities. Rey looked pale and worse for wear. The Grandmaster headed for the maintenance lifts, with BB-8 right beside her.

"Hanna is switching levels," Rey murmured to the little droid. "See if you can pull up a ship schematic. The layout of this destroyer is different from the one's I used to scavenge."

"Hold up," Lin shouted. If they were going that route, he needed to overwrite the turbolift controls.

"Stop right there," Hanna commanded, stepping in front of the Gray Leader. He skidded to a stop and smiled at the Jedi Knight.

"It sounds awfully quiet all of the sudden. Does that mean you managed to incapacitate the whole squadron by yourself?" Hanna glowered at her boyfriend, waiting for his response. She was hoping to take her frustration out on some stormtroopers—*Jedi principles be damned*. It had been one of those days.

Relieved that the Jedi were alright, Lin smiled and leaned in closer to Kayla. "They've fallen back, but we should probably find Hanna and get the hell outta here."

"He's right," Rey hollered, hitting the button for the turbolifts. The panel flashed red and made a buzzing sound. "Blasted... lockdown mode."

The Gray Leader smiled and leaned in for a quick kiss.

"Not so fast," Kayla snapped, putting her finger against Lin's jaw and bottom lip. "You can't flash that charming smile at me and expect to instantly smooth things over."

Pulling back, Lin playfully raised his eyebrow. "Charming, *eh*?"
"You're lucky you're cute," Kayla warned. "But Lin, you knowingly brought my pregnant mother into a warzone. What the hell were you thinking?"

"Rey is the most powerful Force User that the galaxy has ever known. There was no way in hell she was sitting this one out—not when it came to her girls," Lin rebutted, sliding by Kayla and hoping to move past the conversation in doing so.

The young Jedi crossed her arms and scowled in Lin's direction. He had a point, but still. Truthfully, Kayla blamed herself for their current predicament. She should have noticed her mother's pregnancy much sooner. Looking back on Rey's behavior of late, all the clues were there. And it should have been obvious once Rey allowed Kylo Ren to replace her on the last mission.

"Are you feeling okay?" Lin asked, looking at his Master with concern. He could feel Kayla's glare burning a hole in the back of his head.

"Not really, but I will manage. Healing your injuries and ripping apart TIE fighters should be no sweat," Rey replied softly. The Grandmaster tried to sound reassuring, but she knew that her considerable powers were starting to wane. She needed substantial rest.

"Let's find a place where you can relax. There must be officer quarters somewhere nearby. Kayla and I can handle this; we'll find Hanna and come right back. And if we get into trouble, BB-8 will protect us," Lin smirked, flicking his gaze to the worried droid.

"I will not rest until both girls are in my arms. And I'm the teacher here, remember? You're not suppose to worry about me."

"I'm allowed to worry when it comes to those closest to me," Lin stated.

Rey gave him a warm smile, placing her hand on Lin's forearm. The padawan's words were deeply touching. She wanted to tell him as much, but something else drew her attention.

"Stormtroopers," Rey snapped, feeling the tiny hairs on her forearms standing up. There was a great disturbance in the Force, which seemed to cast a shadow around the Jedi from all sides.

Feeling the danger too, Kayla spun around and ignited her lightsaber. With her back to the others, she guarded the hallway in order to give Lin some time to work on the turbolifts.

"Move that ass, Gray Leader," Kayla shouted over her shoulder. The first of the stormtroopers peeked around the corner and made some hand signals.

Caught in the middle, Lin reached for his weapon. He started toward Kayla, worried that she would be facing the threat alone. It was instinct and he couldn't help himself—but as he moved away from Rey, the turbolift doors opened on their own. From inside, a tall and dark figure stepped forward. Extending his hand just outside the lift, Kylo Ren grabbed Rey with the Force.

"Finally," Kylo said darkly, pulling Rey tightly against his muscular chest.

"Rey!" Lin shouted in horror, spinning around and igniting his weapon. He raced toward the Sith Master, drawing his lightsaber back.

"No," Rey hissed in disbelief. Everything had happened so fast and her defenses were slow to react. Kylo quickly wrapped his left arm around Rey's back, embracing the Grandmaster while keeping her pinned with the Force.

"Bastard," Lin shouted, taking a desperate lunge.

The turbolift doors closed before Lin hit the ground; BB-8 barely managed to sneak inside, following after Rey and Kylo Ren.

"Kriff," Lin coughed, landing on his back with an ungraceful 'thud'. The electricity continued to send currents throughout his body, making his nervous system seize. The slight wave of his naturally parted hair had transformed into a static puff.

"Damn it," Kayla hissed. She glanced back just in time to see the doors close. The stormtroopers continued to fire and the Jedi Knight had finally seen enough; enough of the lies and deceptions. Enough of the ruddy star destroyer. Stretching back with her feelings, Kayla came forward with a mighty Force Push. The shock wave engulfed everything and everyone. Lasers, stun grenades and stormtroopers were swept away as though they had been caught in a rip tide. One soldier was struck so hard, that a smoke grenade on his belt was detonated.

The young Jedi backpedaled, taking full advantage of the billowy smokescreen. With a quick flick of her wrist, the doors to the turbolift were forced open.

"That kriffing… asshole. He's got her… he's got Rey," Lin struggled to sit up.

"We'll get her back," Kayla grunted. She used her strength to lift her boyfriend into a fireman's carry. "Hold on to me if you can."

"Uh, Kayla… there's no lift in here." The empty shaft was illuminated with small puck lights, which extended all the way down until there was nothing to see other than a darkened pit.

Blasters erupted again, firing through the smokescreen. Bursts of red and blue narrowly missed the Knights—who weren't in a position where they could defend themselves. The stormtroopers aimed blindly, doing their best to blanket the area ahead.

"I know," Kayla breathed, turning Lin in time to avoid a blaster. "You trust me, right?"

"Of course," Lin replied, his eyes widening over the steep drop.

"Hold on tight." Without further warning, the Jedi leapt forward and sent them both into the empty turbolift.

"Maker," Lin shouted, feeling his stomach shooting into his throat. The downward momentum ripped through Kayla's hair, sending it into his face.

"Hang on tighter," Kayla yelled. She stretched out with both arms, using the Force to grab the walls and slow their descent. The pair landed at the bottom, making a loud and echoing thump. Dust from years of accumulation spilled into the turboshift, making the knights gag and cough.

"Ugh," Lin spat, sprawling out on the freezing cement bottom. He stared up at the endless expanse, squinting to see past the dust particles. The turbolift was nowhere in sight, which wasn't a surprise. It had to be approaching the very top—headdled toward the command level.

"If we make it off this destroyer in one piece, I suggest we never try that again," Lin chuckled in a mixture of pain and relief—he grabbed at his funny bone, rubbing along the scraped up area.

"Agreed," Kayla giggled, laying on her back and resting for a moment. "At least we're okay…
"right?" the Jedi asked after a beat. She rolled onto her elbows and got a better look at her boyfriend. Kayla asked the question with the slightest hint of vulnerability.

"We're always going to be okay," Lin replied sweetly, struggling to sit up and look at the Jedi Knight. No argument could separate them; he needed Kayla to know that.

"No distance would be too far, Kayla. I'd move the stars if it meant being with you."

Kayla blushed deeply, feeling her chest and cheeks changing color.

From one level above, the turbolift doors creaked open. At first, Kayla and Lin didn't notice; they were too preoccupied.

Rendered speechless, the Jedi started to crawl on her hands and knees. This was the last thing Lin expected to see. The blood rushed from his face, heading immediately south. Kayla offered a seductive smile, knowing what this would do to him. She needed to feel his lips on hers; confirmation that they were going to be alright.

A split second later and the doors were thrown open wide, startling the Knights.

"Kriff," Kayla said, pulling away and fumbling for her lightsaber.

An attractive brunette in stormtrooper armor peered down the shaft. She was puzzled to find Kayla and Lin laying there—just as puzzled as they were to see a stormtrooper without her helmet on.

"I don't know, Ve-Elle..." came a sultry voice. Hanna emerged in the entryway next, glancing down at her sister with a teasing smile. "Maybe we should try a different turbolift? This one looks occupied by a couple of love birds."

"Ugh," Kayla replied with an exasperated huff. Although she was relieved to see her sister, she hated being teased in front of others. The Jedi stood abruptly, offering her hand to Lin.
same color armor. Also, they all have names like RK-7941 and VL-3191. At some point
the action starts sounding like you're reading 1990 surround sound stereo instructions.

That's originally why Ve-Elle and her unit had Gold Bands (around their arms). At the
time, I knew that it would be a nightmare to narrate a battle where everyone looked the
same. So, the battle was written and re-written... until it eventually was cut out
altogether. I promise that Ve-Elle's ordeal will be addressed in the sequel, as she plays
an important part going forward.

The final, Final chapter will be here soon.
The doors to the turbolift started closing before Rey could fully process what was happening. Between the sounds of blasters, shouting and the sudden appearance of Kylo Ren, the scene became a chaotic blur. The last thing Rey saw was her padawan, Lin Dameron, being struck down by Force Lightning. To her horror, the young man seemed to hit the ground in slow motion. As the durasteel doors slammed together, Rey finally blinked—drawing her focus to the present moment.

Pressed firmly against Kylo Ren's chest, Rey could feel his powerful heart pounding against her eardrum. The Grandmaster's round, wet eyes narrowed fiercely. Showing her teeth, Rey's breathing became ragged and unhinged.

Kylo Ren wisely released the woman he loved, taking care with his movements in doing so. The Sith Master could feel her ire rising like the very turbolift that they were traveling in.

Rey immediately jerked her body away from his, putting distance between them; as much distance as the space would allow, anyway. Not surprisingly, Kylo was still wearing his mask. For a few tense seconds, the only sound inside the lift came from the flickering lights above. Rey and Kylo Ren were entrenched in a silent staring match. The Grandmaster wanted to rip that horrible mask from his head. She wanted to slap the smirk from his face, too—certain that one was spreading across his lips.

BB-8 looked anxiously to Rey and then over to Kylo Ren. The little droid extended his retractable arm, preparing a small jolt of electricity. Ready to strike, BB-8 rolled an inch toward Kylo Ren; before the Sith Master's booming voice gave him a reason to pause.

"Do you want to keep that arm, little droid?" Kylo hissed.

Heeding the Sith Master's warning, BB-8 slowly backed away, working himself behind Rey's stoic stance.

Rey growled through gritted teeth, the sound of which took the Darksider by surprise. She was already fuming over his treatment of Lin Dameron. The threat against BB-8 was completely unnecessary.

"I am not afraid of you, Kylo Ren," she said pointedly. "We both have our swords. Perhaps you'd like to hash this out—right here?"

Kylo tilted his head to the side, appraising Rey with his 'soulless' visor. "Why should you fear me? After all this time, you know I'd never harm you."

The Sith Master slowly lifted his hands, being deliberate with his movements. His palms and fingers extended, signaling a truce. Satisfied that Rey wouldn't strike him down, Kylo reached for the latches on his mask.
"Stop the lift," Rey demanded, narrowing her gaze.

The Sith Master removed his mask and took a deep breath of air. Keeping his eyes closed, he nonchalantly dropped the mask at his side. The turbolift came to a screeching halt, causing Rey to bend her knees and steady her balance. It took a minute before she finally realized that Kylo Ren was using his powers to hold the lift.

"Look at me," Rey said, her voice barely above a whisper.

Kylo didn't answer and instead he turned away from Rey. He was concerned about showing his eyes — even with them closed.

The poor interior lighting cast on unflattering shadow on Kylo Ren's face. It made the scar across his cheek and forehead look jarring and painful. Rey wondered if that old wound would ever truly heal. A constant reminder of the death of Han Solo and their fight in the snow.

Rey inched closer, trying to get a better look at Kylo Ren's eyes. Her arm reached for his wrist, but Kylo seemed to sense this and moved away. The Sith Master set his back shoulder against the side of the turbolift. It was his turn to seek some distance, but the Grandmaster wasn't backing down.

She already suspected what Kylo was hiding. Rey squinted and finally noticed the glowing warm light from his irises; it bled through the thin skin of his eyelids. The Jedi gasped, unable to stop the sound from escaping her lips.

"Much of my life has been spent hiding behind a mask," Kylo said stiffly, keeping his eyelids closed. "It's made certain things easier. But I never... wanted to hide from you. Rey, I never wanted you to see me like this."

"You've never wanted me to see what I've always feared?" Rey corrected, with a heated desperation in her voice. "Show me your eyes."

Kylo swallowed hard, lowering his head. The Sith Master leaned over Rey. He wasn't trying to pick a fight when he quietly replied, "No."

"SHOW ME," Rey yelled, getting on her tippy toes and grabbing her lover by the collar.

Growling, Kylo scrunched his features. As much as he liked having Rey's hands on his body, she was playing with fire. With a mixture of regret and anger, he finally opened his eyelids.

Rey flinched; she knew what to expect but was still caught off guard by the sight. Replacing Kylo's warm eyes were glowing orange irises, with rings and flecks of yellows around his pupils. The glowing eyes of a true Darksider stared back at her.

"What… what have you done?" Rey choked.

"You know," Kylo responded in a low, rumbling voice. He looked down, as Rey released his collar and stumbled backward.

"Everything I've done… I've done to protect our family."

The Jedi reeled from his answer, pacing in the tight confines. She looked lost, as if trying to find the right words for a comeback—but her mind raced and she couldn't put a coherent thought together. She should strangle Kylo Ren.

"What have you done?" Rey repeated, much louder this time. She grabbed him by the tunic, shaking
him and digging her fingers into the heavy material around his chest.

Kylo Ren didn't answer. For a few tense seconds, the only sounds in the turbolift were of both lovers—breathing heavily. The Bond between them boiled like a cauldron. BB-8 stayed far away, wisely hiding in the corner.

In a flash, Rey let go of Kylo Ren. She backed off, reaching for her lightsaber. Kylo lunged for Rey at the same time, anticipating the drastic measure. The lightsaber tumbled from Rey's fingertips, dropping to the turbolift floor.

Kylo was quicker. He had the Jedi in his arms again, spinning Rey around and pinning her against the durasteel siding with a loud "thump."

"Ah," Rey gasped.

Kylo's gloved hands grabbed a firm hold on her ass. He lifted the Jedi higher, bringing Rey to his eye level. His chest pressed into hers, holding the Grandmaster in place. On instinct, Rey's legs wrapped tightly around Kylo's torso.

"Yes," Kylo breathed triumphantly against her exposed neck. Rey shuttered in response, grabbing the back of his dark mane. Her fingers easily lost themselves in those thick locks.

"Force," Rey shaked. Kylo Ren buried his lips into her neck, sucking the flesh into his tongue and teeth. Ravenously, he bit down—marking his territory and making the Jedi cry out.

"I've missed you," he breathed, before offering her neck a soothing kiss. "You're too weak to resist. Stop fighting our Bond."

"You've been the one keeping me out," Rey insisted.

It was usually the other way around, which Kylo knew all too well. He merely grunted in response, moving his full lips underneath her jawline. He peppered and nibbled along her sensitive skin, enjoying the heavy moans each kiss elicited. Rey found herself grinding her hips against his leather belt.

But she couldn't fall in, not completely. The Jedi had to remind herself; which each kiss she reminded herself. Kylo's hands and lips felt incredible. She ached for him—it had been so long.

Kylo growled, "Rey," before pulling on her vest and undershirt. His teeth came down, pressing into her shoulder.

Rey squeezed her eyes tightly together. Slowly she reached for his temples, hoping that Kylo Ren would be distracted. This was her moment. All she had to do was show him the vision. Her fingers and palms extended out, just an inch from his face. She was so close to invading his thoughts...

"I don't think so," Kylo snapped.

He grabbed her wrists and pinned them against the side of the lift. Rey cried out, wrapping her legs even tighter around his waist. "Whatever you want to show me… it will have to wait."

"For what?" the Jedi countered sharply.

She could feel his stiff, powerful member digging into her thigh. Her mind drew a temporary blank. It would be so easy to give in, right there. She could close her eyes and let the moment consume them both. It was awfully tempting. But then again, the Dark Side was always seductive. The man
holding her was the physical embodiment of that temptation.

"I must rid the galaxy of those who seek to destroy us," Kylo stated, clenching his jaw. He wanted to take Rey that very moment, but it wasn't the right time. He would have to be patient, as frustrating as it was to restrain himself. She would need to be patient, too.

"You will lose more than your humanity, Ben Solo," Rey growled, "if you continue down this path, you will lose your family as well."

The Jedi started to fight against his control, pushing back with the Force. The entire turbolift buckled for a few seconds, before continuing its ascent. Kylo Ren pushed back, countering Rey's powers

"I've come too far to let this life be taken… from either of us," Kylo grunted.

Kayla and Hanna walked side by side; matching strides and appearing to move in silence. The frosty tension between the girls was palpable and hadn't gone unnoticed by the rest of their party.

As a result, Ve-Elle and Lin Dameron were giving the sisters some much needed privacy. They stayed well out in front of the twins, leading the group toward the main set of turbolifts.

"This way," Ve-Elle called, after checking to make sure that the next waypoint was clear. Understandably, she was on edge. The death squadron could be laying in wait at one of the upcoming junctions. Although she and Hanna disabled the last reconditioning unit, the death squad was loyal to the man in red.

Lin cleared his throat in response, keeping his lightsaber activated and out in front of him. The Gray Leader didn't sense danger ahead, but then again these abilities were still new. He certainly didn't sense Kylo Ren's arrival—not until it was too late, anyway. The young warrior tried to hide the fact that he was in pain; every other step made him wince.

Learning about Force Lightning via demonstration was a lesson that he would never forget.

"Kriff," he muttered under his breath.

Lin discreetly rubbed his chest, while glancing over his shoulder. The young women were looking down and didn't appear to be happy about their reunion. He suspected that Kayla and Hanna were having some sort of telepathic argument.

And he was right.

"It's not my fault that mom got captured. Why did you guys even come here?" Hanna asked, using their Bond to communicate. "I had everything under control."

"Oh yes, everything looks under control," Kayla snapped. As she spoke, the lights above flickered and shut off altogether. Every corridor they had entered was experiencing power fluctuations and looked like a damn war zone.

Hanna scoffed, extracting her lightsaber. Kayla did the same, following her younger sister's lead. The girls weren't looking to fight, rather they were being cautious. Hanna had just informed Kayla about the man in red and the death squadron. There could be more Force Sensitives hiding on board. Darksiders had the ability to mask their presence. Hanna experienced this with the man in red and Kayla with Colton.

At this point, Kayla was only concerned with one Darksider; her father.
"If the death squadron is smart, they will stay far away from us," Kayla said sharply.

"I know you're pissed, but you're going to have to trust me on this," Hanna said aloud, dropping all pretenses. She ignited her crossguard lightsaber, growing wary of the quiet corridors. It was unnatural for the hallways to be so empty and Hanna got the feeling they were being watched

"Our mother won't be harmed," the dark apprentice added confidently.

Kayla sighed heavily, shaking her head.

"You really believe that?" the Jedi asked, igniting her weapon as well. "That he wouldn't hurt her?"

Bathed in blue, Hanna finally turned to face her sister. "I know he won't."

Her tone may have been reassuring, but Kayla wanted more than a biased opinion. She needed to get to the bridge, which hopefully could happen without further interruption.

Up ahead, the turbolifts finally came into view. It was a welcome sight for the group, until they spotted all the bodies lying on the deck. More than a dozen or so stormtroopers had been incapacitated. Some of them had Gold Bands on their arms; the sight of which made Ve-Elle break into a sprint.

"No, wait," Lin called out, failing to grab the stormtrooper. Something about the scene didn't add up—it looked staged. He pursued Ve-Elle, getting a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"Kriff," Hanna blurted out.

She and Kayla followed suit, bolting after the pair ahead.

"Maker," Ve-Elle cried, sliding to her kneepads and skidding in front of the nearest soldier. It was her second in command, VL-3299. He was sitting up, with his head and back resting on the bulkhead.

"Ninety-nine," Ve-Elle gasped, carefully grabbing the stormtrooper by his shoulders. She hoped for signs of a pulse, but there was none. He could have been unconscious or resting, the way he was propped up.

"I...I should have been here."

Ve-Elle lifted her comrade forward, bringing him against her chestplate. The act of moving him, pulled on a thin string. The distraught stormtrooper didn't see the boobytrap, but she heard the familiar 'click' of a thermal detonator.

There was less than three seconds to react.

"Everybody down!" Lin bellowed, throwing a desperate Force Push at the device. The taped detonator ripped away from Ninety-nine's back and took off like a skipping stone—bouncing toward the turbolifts. Kayla yanked Hanna into the nearest alcove. With such little time, there wasn't anything to do other than take cover.

Lin barely managed to pull Ve-Elle and Ninety-Nine behind the bulkhead. An explosion rocked the corridor a split second later, setting off a chain reaction. Every rigged stormtrooper exploded, creating a teeth-rattling shockwave and a massive fireball to follow.

When the dust finally settled, Kayla and Hanna were relieved to find that Lin and Ve-Elle were
alive. Tucked between two charred bulkheads, the Gray Leader held Ve-Elle in his arms. He gave
Kayla a somber smile, glad to see that the girls were alright. Breaking down, the veteran
stormtrooper sobbed quietly into Lin's chest; she couldn't help it. In her lap rested Ninety-Nine's
helmet, which had slipped off when they took cover.

For Ve-Elle, it was the only time she had cried in her adult life. She was embarrassed for doing so,
but the soldier was among friends—and they wouldn't judge her.

"It's going to be alright," Hanna said, kneeling down and rubbing the stormtroopers back. It occurred
to the dark apprentice, that this was probably the first time that Ve-Elle had ever been consoled. The
thought made her neck tighten in sympathy.

The corridor fell quiet, save for Ve-Elle's sobbing. For awhile, no one spoke.

"It's time we got on the same page," Lin said, quietly. His hooded eyes stayed on Kayla's. "We can't
be fighting each other anymore. Someone will get hurt. We have to do this as a

Kayla nodded silently and Hanna closed her eyes. They didn't need to use their Bond to know what
the other one was thinking; Lin Dameron was right.

"Come in, Finalizer," Captain Mitaka whispered into the humming transmitter. He tried again,
frantically checking a different set of frequencies. Sweating and growing more anxious with each
passing moment, the captain had been at this for a least two hours.

The terrified First Order officer went into hiding the moment he heard that Kylo Ren was aboard the
Harbinger. Cramped within the inner workings of the destroyer, he was fortunate that no one had
figured out that he was on board yet. Even so, the balding captain wasn't sure how much longer he
could hide here. Eventually, his transmissions would be discovered.

"Why did I agree to this last minute transfer?" he whined. There wasn't even a promotion involved.
Mitaka regretted leaving Hux's side. What a kriffing mistake.

To make matters worse, the boobytraps he ordered had failed miserably. None of the Force
Sensitives had been injured while trying to access the turbolifts. And where the hell were the death
troopers? What good was having an elite squadron at your disposal, if they couldn't handle three
Jedi?

"Come in Finalizer. Is anyone listening? This is Captain Mitaka," he stammered into the humming
transmitter. The captain cursed his rusty communication skills; it had been decades since his cadet
training. As a teenager, he could have done this 'hack' job in his silk pajamas.

The open channel crackled and buzzed. After a long beat of radio silence, someone finally answered
Mitaka's desperate calls.

"Dopheld Mitaka," hissed a sinister voice on the other end.

"Maker," Mitaka stuttered, relieved to hear someone's voice on the channel. "I am trying to locate
Grand Admiral Hux. It's imperative that I get an extraction. Kylo Ren has taken control of the
Harbinger; the ship is lost. Lin Dameron is on board as well; he survived the trap we set for him on
Endor and—"

The captain's voice cut out before he could finish. Mitaka grabbed his throat, feeling his airways
closing.
"Dopheld Mitaka... as clumsy as always," growled Owen Skywalker on the other end. Somehow the captain had managed to contact the Darksider's personal quarters directly, waking the withering monster.

"I'm sorry… my lord," he choked and sputtered. Mitaka sank down, wedging himself further between two metallic access panels.

"Silence," Owen scolded. "This news is most troubling. The Dameron boy was crucial to our plans. I shall have a word with... the General."

Mitaka gasped for air, slamming his forehead against the metal housing in front of him. Darkness crowded the corners of his eyes. Suddenly, Owen released his hold over the Captain—sparing his miserable life for the time being.

Owen wheezed into the open channel, "Tell me… where is the Harbinger now?"

The captain fell to his knees, taking a big breath of fresh air. He was lucky to be alive and didn't realize the full consequences of his actions.

Aboard the Finalizer, Owen Skywalker grunted and rolled out of bed. Setting his cracked feet onto the cold flooring, he inhaled as deeply as he could. His wheezy lungs sounded like they could give out at any moment.

He would need a conduit soon; a much younger and healthier body to claim. He couldn't afford to wait for Lin Dameron to be captured. Nor could he afford to be sleeping for days on end.

The First Order must have a strong hand at the helm again.

Hanna mumbled a curse under her breath, wiping quickly across her glistening forehead. With a flashlight in her mouth, no one could tell what she was saying.

"What was that?" Kayla asked, looking over her sister's shoulder.

The dark apprentice was too focused to answer. Standing at the open control panel for the turbolifts, she was getting frustrated. Bringing the lifts online again should be a snap, even if the shockwaves caused circuits to trip. After checking everything twice, she furrowed her brow and removed the flashlight from her lips.

"It's useless," she said, turning to face her sister. "Hold out your hand."

Kayla blinked, as Hanna shoved the slobbery flashlight into her open palm.

"Ew, come on."

Hanna cracked a teasing smile, "Well, I don't believe the blast knocked out the turbolifts; they were designed to operate during battles. There's maybe one more thing I can try at the auxiliary access panel, but I believe that the bridge has overwritten the controls."

"How do we proceed?" Kayla asked, wiping the flashlight along her skirting. If anyone could bypass the bridge commands, it would be Hanna.

"Maybe if BB-8 or Twenty-One were with us," Hanna replied, shaking her head. "I know you want to get to the bridge quickly, but there may not be another way around it. I believe we are going to
have to climb a few ladders to get there."

"That's… just great," Kayla sighed, glancing back at Lin and Ve-Elle. Standing fifteen feet away, the pair were having a quiet conversation.

Ve-Elle had calmed down quickly, which Kayla chalked up to her stormtrooper training. There probably wasn't much time to grieve within the First Order. In some ways it reminded her of life as a Jedi. Grieving was a natural part of sentient life, especially for loved ones. But for so long, the Jedi weren't allowed to have those intimate connections.

It was true that Jedi had compassion for all life, but certain traditions needed to change. Ideals that worked a thousand years ago, didn't make sense in the current political climate. The Jedi had been hunted to near extinction on two separate occasions. Creating legacies seemed to be the best way to recover.

But were legacies and powerful bloodlines dangerous? Kayla wasn't sure that she could answer that just yet. She was however, certain of her feelings for Lin Dameron. Watching the Gray Leader talk and smile, made her reflect and worry about how close she came to losing him. He had nearly died three times in the past twenty-four hours. And right now he seemed so calm and mature.

Lin spoke softly to Ve-Elle, trying to keep the mood light. He even got the veteran stormtrooper to smile and laugh a few times.

"Yes, this was the man that Kayla loved. Imagining a life without him now, made her heart ache.

Hanna closed the access panel, taking note of the expression on her sister's face. She recognized that look, knowing it all too well. She had seen it on Zel's face, when he looked upon her. She had even seen it in Kylo Ren, when he talked about Rey. It was such a powerful and fragile thing—all at the same time.

"Kay," Hanna said, clearing her throat. "Can we talk?"

As if sensing Kayla's stare, Lin set his gaze on the Jedi. He chuckled and gave her a flirty smile, wondering what the sisters were talking about.

"This was the work of the man in red," Hanna said quietly, gesturing to the carnage around them. As upsetting as the trap was, the dark apprentice wanted to clear the air about a couple of things.

"Or it could have been someone else," Kayla replied, scanning the scene as well.

"It wasn't our father… no way," Hanna cut in. "Let's get that straight."

Kayla clicked her tongue, "I agree. I wasn't suggesting that." The Jedi leaned her back and left heel against the durasteel wall. She sensed that her sister was avoiding what she really wanted to talk about.

"Look, I've been thinking about what Lin said—about us being on the same page. Your boyfriend shouldn't come with us to the bridge," Hanna said quietly, flicking her smoky gaze to the Gray Leader. "It's not safe for him to be on the Harbinger at all," she added.

"Excuse me?" Kayla snapped, scrunching her nose in disagreement. "You want him to leave? We need all the help we can get right now."

"That's true," Hanna soothed. "It's just that… from a certain perspective, Lin represents a threat. At
the moment, so many issues are unresolved. You must understand that we don't have control of
Checkpoint."

"Is this Kylo Ren talking, or you?" Kayla scoffed. "Lin would never use Checkpoint. He's not on
that path anymore; he will never be on that path again."

"Let me finish, Kay. The Millennium Falcon is in the hangar, right?" Hanna continued. "The
destroyer is in disarray. No one is manning the cannons or sensors. He should take the Falcon and
return to the Republic Fleet. He will be safer if he's with Finn and our grandmother."

"Where the hell is all this coming from? Do you have any idea what that man went through, just to
make it on board? He came here to help me rescue you."

"Kay," Hanna sighed. "I walked away from the man I love because I knew how dangerous it was
going to be aboard the Harbinger. My commander would have insisted on coming, even if it meant
crawling through the chaos; Zel would have dragged his bleeding leg all over the destroyer if it
meant he could be by my side. Fortunately, he was confined to a bed and I forced that man to stay
put."

"But why leave his side at all?"

"Because I want my future to be with Zel. And I don't need a dark cloud casting a shadow over that
life," Hanna answered sincerely. "There is an evil hiding inside Owen Skywalker that I've never told
anyone about. A darkness that almost feels like it's too big to be one person. Like a second entity is
hiding within. I know it sounds crazy... but I know what it will take to defeat that monster. We'll
need our father."

"A monster to fight another monster?" Kayla asked, shaking her head. Why the hell was her sister
waiting until now to bring this up?

"He killed Snoke, just before we were born. And to protect us now, Kylo Ren was going to slip
away on Coruscant," Hanna continued. "I couldn't let him leave alone. I know what that would do to
our family. I didn't want to leave either, but I got a chance to say goodbye to Zel at least. It's allowed
me to make it this far. I'm free and now I can do what needs to be done."

"Lin won't leave my side and I won't send him away," Kayla said bitterly. She watched as her sister
pulled apart the auxiliary panel.

"If you love him, you will make him leave," Hanna urged. "We cannot protect him from Kylo Ren
forever... not until Checkpoint is eliminated."

"What the hell has gotten into you?" Kayla snapped. "We're stronger together and that includes
having Lin on our side. I can't just... turn my back on him." The Jedi had tears forming in the corner
of her eyes, which made Hanna swallow hard. She hated to see Kayla cry, as it always made her cry
when they were children.

"That's not fair, Kayla. Believe me when I say that I'm putting our family first... and that includes
Lin Dameron," Hanna said, genuinely. The dark apprentice had tears in her eyes as well.

Kayla spoke softer, just above a whisper, "You know what he means to me. You know the
connection we have. I need him by my side. We... we need him."

"We?" Hanna sniffled, getting to work on the panel.

"Mom is pregnant," Kayla finally admitted, shutting her eyes. "I've only just discovered within the
last hour; right before Kylo Ren took her, in fact. So, believe me when I say that we will need all hands on deck. That's if… that's if you're on our side."

"I'm always on your side, Kay," Hanna declared, wrapping her hand around her sister's wrist. "You should know that by now."

A brief silence fell over the girls. They shared blurry-eyed smiles, which helped to regain their composure.

"Ugh, Kriff," Hanna said, dabbing at the sides of her eyes. "I was worried about this. And it's the primary reason why I went with Kylo Ren."

"What!?" Kayla choked, caught off guard by the omission.

"Oh, You can't be this naive, Kay. What did you think that Kylo Ren and Rey were doing, each time they disappeared at the temple?"

"Don't call them that… Maker; don't give me the imagery either," Kayla winced.

"Disappearing in the hidden gardens; taking up in empty meditation rooms. Daddy and mum shagging every spare moment they get," Hanna teased.

"You're an ass," Kayla snickered, covering her reddening face.

"Alright, but I'm being serious now," Hanna said, biting her lip to stop from laughing. "You and I, we've never been damsels in distress. Growing up we had each other's backs. On my own, I may have used my powers to influence men, sure. But, I've never needed to be saved. You've never needed to be saved, either—at least that's what I thought."

Kayla frowned, "I'm not sure I completely follow."

"You've seen the way that Zel looks at me. And I've seen the way that Lin looks at you. Maybe we were wrong, all those years ago. As girls, we wanted to be the greatest Knights of all time. I for one, believed that if we worked side-by-side, we could ensure the Jedi's survival for generations. For you, that was an obtainable goal and I was always jealous… watching from the sidelines. I felt like I had nothing to contribute."

"Hanna," Kayla sighed.

The dark apprentice extended her hand, wanting to finish her thought. "Look at us now, Kayla. We're the most powerful family that the Force has ever produced."

"And it's going to be a lot stronger once our brother arrives," Kayla added with a wary smile.

"All that power in one family and your boyfriend still needed to show up and save the day. And not because he was being arrogant or chauvinistic. He fought to get here for you—for all of us. It's commendable, really it is; and very sweet, too. Sometimes we need our loved ones to step in and save us. And sometimes… sometimes we need to save them, whether they like it or not," Hanna finished.

Kayla turned to look at Lin, considering her sister's words.

"I was wrong to leave with Kylo Ren. The task was too big to handle alone. We should have tackled this together. But if I was right and our mother was pregnant… I couldn't leave her at the Temple all
"You want Lin off the destroyer because our father wants to… what exactly? Kill—" Kayla started, her voice cracking. She couldn't bear to finish the sentence.

"I would never let that happen," Hanna promised. "We won't let that happen. But you will need to trust me from this point forward. Trust that everything I do or say is for the best; for everyone we care about."

"Okay," Kayla said hesitantly.

Just then, the bank of turbolifts roared to life. One-by-one, power had been restored. The overhead lights flickered on as well. A chime from the center turbolift drew everyone's attention, including Lin and Ve-Elle.

"Was that you?" Kayla asked, stepping back and pointing to the opening doors.

"No, it wasn't me," Hanna sighed, slamming the auxiliary panel shut. She sounded deflated in doing so. "It's our father. He would like a word."

Lin and Ve-Elle came forward, wary of the open turbolift.

"Another trap?" Lin wondered, threading his fingers into Kayla's. He was so casual about taking her hand, that most people would have missed the loving gesture. Hanna didn't miss it however, catching the couple holding hands out of the corner of her eye.

"It's not too late," Hanna said cryptically. "The Falcon is in the hangar and there aren't any stormtroopers guarding her."

"What's she talking about?" Lin asked with an arched eyebrow. Of course the Falcon was in the hangar; it was their getaway plan.

"We're a team," Kayla stated, making herself perfectly clear. "All of us; we're a team now. We go in together and we leave together; it's that simple."

"Okay," Hanna said, shifting her hooded gaze to the turbolift doors.

"If Kylo Ren wants to have a word, then fine. He can have his word," Kayla continued with a clenched jaw. The young Jedi had her lightsaber hilt in one hand, and Lin's hand in the other.

"Shall we?"

Ve-Elle anxiously faced the elevator doors, watching the level indicator change. She had her finger resting on the trigger of her blaster—just in case there was a welcoming party at the bridge. "We have sixty-five seconds before these doors open to the command deck," she stated.

Standing in the very back of the lift, Hanna smirked. She loved how precise the stormtrooper was and wagered that Ve-Elle would be correct—down to the very second.

"We're not going to be alone when those doors open," Hanna added dryly. "But hold your fire until Kayla and I get a read on the situation." At this point Lady Shade had her lightsaber in hand, although she hoped it wouldn't come to that.

Seizing the brief opening, Lin pulled Kayla into his chest. Leaning forward, his lips lightly brushed the curve of her neck and lingered. For a moment, he forgot they weren't alone in the lift.
"Lin," Kayla breathed. Her cheeks turned bright red.

"Hey," he whispered, pulling back enough to look at the Jedi.

"Hey," Kayla teased with a cute chuckle.

"Look, there's something you should know… in case I don't get a chance to say it," Lin started ruefully.

"In case?" Kayla said, searching his eyes. She didn't like where this conversation was headed.

"There's so much I've wanted to say," he continued very softly.

"Stop," Kayla ordered. "There's no in case. Do you understand?"

"I do," Lin answered, before kissing Kayla's temple. The Gray Leader took full advantage of their last few seconds together. He brought Kayla in closer, smiling against her cheek. It was the kind of embrace that could have lasted all day; the sort of closeness that would make single people across the galaxy envious.

Hanna cleared her throat, feeling the turbolift starting to slow down at the very top. She had been watching the couple out of the corner of her eye. They were frustratingly adorable together and so well matched. She hated to be the one to spoil the moment.

"Elle," Hanna, turning to face the stormtrooper. "You may want to shoulder that weapon."

"Why would I do that?" Ve-Elle said, watching the doors closely.

"Because we're surrounded," Hanna replied dryly.

"Lin, babe… you must let me go," Kayla whispered, sensing the same disturbance as her sister.

Lin shook his head, needing a few more seconds. "You... saved me," Lin said, cupping Kayla's face and giving her a quick kiss. "Kayla, you saved me," he repeated against her lips. The Gray Leader wanted his girlfriend to understand what he was saying. Maker, he wished he could be more eloquent—he felt that the Jedi deserved something poetic.

But it was perfect.

"No," Kayla gasped, swallowing hard. "You saved yourself, Lin Dameron." The Jedi pressed her palm into his chest, right over his steady heartbeat. "You chose this path; you came back to the Light. Don't forget that."

"Guys," Hanna warned, flicking her chin as the doors opened.

The group was stunned by the sight that greeted them. Every single remaining stormtrooper on the destroyer was lined along the corridors, as if awaiting inspection from a superior. The command deck was a sea of white armor, stretching all the way to the bridge itself. No wonder why the foursome hadn't encountered additional reinforcements.

"Look at that, Elle. All your friends are here," Hanna smirked, putting her hand on the top of Ve-Elle's blaster. Reluctantly, the stormtrooper lowered her weapon—cursing under her breath while doing so.

From down the hallway, a command-level stormtrooper approached with guards on either side. In a hurry, the stormtrooper stopped just long enough to welcome the new arrivals.
"Follow us!" he barked. "Lord Ren has been expecting you."

Hanna and Ve-Elle scowled at the blunt stormtrooper. Who the hell was he to address them in such a dismissive fashion?

No one moved, or even blinked. The tense atmosphere on the command deck seemed to grow with each passing second. Ve-Elle clenched her jaw and looked to Hanna. She was prepared to fight, should Lady Shade give the word.

"Maybe if we just tip one over, the rest will fall down like dominos?" Lin whispered in Kayla's ear. Looking at the never-ending line of stormtroopers, the Jedi couldn't help but snort.

"But we don't have BB-8 here to record it," Kayla frowned, snapping her fingers.

"I don't recognize this commander," Ve-Elle cautioned, glaring at the others. This hardly seemed like the time to be making jokes.

"Battlefield promotion," the commander interrupted with a snide tone. "Stormtrooper, where is your helmet?"

"Ah," Ve-Elle answered, finally figuring out the soldier's identity. Between the abrasive attitude and raspy voice, this had to be RK-0103. Ve-Elle eased her guarded stance a bit. A battlefield promotion in this case would make perfect sense.

Looking annoyed, Hanna licked her bottom lip. "Careful with your tone, commander. You are addressing the newest officer within the First Order… Colonel Ve-Elle. And every single buckethead on the destroyer now answers to her."

RK-0103 stiffened immediately, "My sincerest apology, Lady Shade and... Colonel Ve-Elle."

Lin and Kayla shot each other quick glances. After watching the exchange, they appeared to be wondering the same thing—at the same time. Who did the battalion answer to? Kayla had assumed that Kylo Ren had seized control, but now she wasn't entirely convinced that was the case.

"You may escort us to the bridge, commander," Hanna continued, scanning the rest of the hallway. It was where they needed to be anyway. "All this ceremony and tension has been a waste of time. After all, it's your duty to protect your superiors at all times."

"Yes, ma'am," replied RK-0103.

"Right," Kayla said, squinting suspiciously at the guards. The Jedi disliked being surrounded by this many trigger happy drones, even if they were under orders to stand down. It felt like the group was being led straight into the lion's den.

Which was probably the case, she reasoned.

"This way, please," waved the commander. Turning on his heel, the escorts marched for the bridge. Hanna and Ve-Elle were right behind them, taking long strides. Lin and Kayla trailed several paces behind the group.

"I don't like this," Lin grumbled under his breath.

"Neither do I," Kayla replied in a soft voice. Rescuing her mother from Kylo Ren was a daunting task on it's own; now it appeared like they would need to fight past hundreds of stormtroopers on their way to the Falcon.
"That little device on your belt—," Lin started and stopped, noticing that Hanna was looking over her shoulder at them.

"Let's hope it's transmitting," Kayla answered, putting her thoughts inside Lin's mind. The Gray Leader nodded in response, looking straight ahead. Help could already be on the way, assuming Finn or Ahsoka were tracking an active signal. With everything that had transpired in the past hour, the young Jedi couldn't ensure that the locator was functioning correctly. She'd need to find BB-8 to be sure.

The corridor took a slight bend, opening to the spacious bridge. Rows of escape pods flanked either side of the entrance. Of course, evacuating senior staff was a priority within the First Order. The pod doors were opened and Kayla noted that they were set to abandon ship. Judging from the condition of the dismantled blast doors, none of the officers had managed to get to their pods before Kylo Ren arrived. The blast doors themselves had been forcibly removed and set against the sides of the trapezoidal entryway. They would need to be repaired at some point in the near future.

RK-0103 and his guards held near the entrance, moving off to the side.

Ve-Elle stopped by the escorts, getting an idea. "RK-0103, would you explain to me why every single stormtrooper is on this deck? Who is patrolling the other levels? I want the death troopers rounded up and detained!"

"Thank you, Elle," Hanna sang over her shoulder. With a little luck, Ve-Elle might be able to get most of the stormtroopers to leave the command level.

"Not bad," Kayla mumbled, making her way towards the front. She led Hanna and Lin across the dimly lit bridge. Like the rest of the ship, the command area looked like a damn warzone. Stormtroopers were scattered about, trying to make repairs to the battered action stations. Holographic displays were flickering or refusing to put out any signal at all. The lights weren't working either.

The only illumination in the room came from the planet that the Harbinger was orbiting. Outside the viewports was a prominent blue world. The calm backdrop would have been beautiful on its own, if a familiar silhouette wasn't stalking the catwalks. The dark, imposing physique of Kylo Ren was unmistakable and drew everyone's eye.

"At last," the Sith Master growled. Turning slowly, Kylo Ren watched the Knights approach.

Kayla, Hanna and Lin fanned out, putting ample space between them; enough space to wield a lightsaber. Hanna drifted far to the left, placing her hands on her hips. She watched her father carefully, as if trying to peer into his thoughts. Kayla took a defensive stance in the middle, wondering for a second what her sister might be doing. Lin stayed closer to Kayla, letting his thumb hover over the ignition of his lightsaber.

"I'm grateful that everyone made it in one piece," boomed Kylo Ren. "I like to see my daughter's getting along… fighting for each other; instead of against."

"Where is our mother?" Kayla interrupted.

"Resting comfortably in my new quarters—not far from here. She is perfectly safe, but exhausted. You can see her after we've attended to some business. May I continue?" he growled at the young Jedi.

Kayla and Hanna exchanged quick glances. From the expression on her face, Kayla didn't trust
anything that Kylo Ren had to say. But it made sense to listen; stalling to give Ve-Elle time to dismiss the stormtroopers outside.

"The planet we are orbiting is called, Scariff. It's a tropical paradise. And it's fitting that we are here, given the historical significance of this place," Kylo Ren continued. "I would even say… that the Force ensured that our star destroyer came out of hyperspace on this very spot."

Hanna raised an eyebrow at her father, not sure where he was headed with this. It was a strange claim to make.

"Decades ago, the Empire used the Death Star to destroy its own base on Scariff. The controversial measure was meant to prevent the Death Star plans from reaching the Rebel Alliance. Obviously, the drastic act was in vain. The Rebels received the plans and destroyed the Death Star anyway."

"We already know this part," Kayla said, becoming annoyed. Growing up, the girls had been told many stories of the Rebellion.

"My point is this: Jedha City, Scariff, Alderaan, and the Hosnian System all share something in common. They were destroyed by a super weapon. A super weapon that not even the Force itself could protect those people against."

"You supported the First Order when they destroyed the Hosnian System," Kayla snapped.

"I never supported the construction of Starkiller Base. I was vocal with my opposition, but not insistent enough. That was a mistake… on my part. I won't be so careless, not when I have something precious at stake," Kylo said, pausing to look at his girls. "Which brings me to Leviathan and Checkpoint; two super weapons that can threaten the life I want; with those that I love. It's time to neutralize one of those threats… right now."

As Kylo Ren spoke, stormtroopers started filtering into the entryway. The only exit to the bridge was quickly cut off by two dozen soldiers. In the corridor outside, Ve-Elle had been giving out new orders and had lost track of a squadron in the flurry of activity.

"Uh, guys," Lin said, turning around. His eyes widened in surprise. The stormtroopers set their blasters down on the ground, which seemed a little odd at first. However, Lin could tell that the soldiers were fixated on him specifically. They looked like a gang of thugs, getting ready to jump someone in the subterranean alleys of Coruscant. Riot batons were being passed from trooper to trooper, until each man had one in hand.

The Gray Leader ignited his lightsaber, angling the weapon at the restless mob.

Kayla furrowed her brow and parted her lips in frustration. Perhaps Lin was right and they had come walking straight into a trap.

"Kriff," Hanna said, closing her eyes and rubbing her forehead. Somehow, she could sense where all of this was headed. The escape pods… the uninhabited planet below. The next words out of Kylo Ren's mouth were going to start a war—Hanna knew it in her core.

"Lin Dameron is a threat to this timeline and to our family. He's the only one that can use Checkpoint to alter the past. Without him, the device is useless to Owen. Kayla… I won't kill your boyfriend; you'd never forgive me if I did. So, the compromise is this: Lin Dameron will leave in an escape pod and immediately go into exile on Scariff. There he will remain until Checkpoint and Owen Skywalker are hunted down and eliminated. However long it takes."

Kayla ignited her lightsaber, letting the sound of her sword speak for her. The Jedi glowered at Kylo
Ren, putting herself between the Sith Master and the man she loved. There was no way that he would be taking Lin Dameron from her. *None.*

Kylo Ren leapt down from the catwalks, igniting his crossguard lightsaber. Walking slowly towards Kayla he sneered, "Don't be foolish. Exile is the only solution that protects Lin from me."

"Hanna," Kayla said, drawing her lightsaber back in a defensive form, "We could use some help here."

Lady Shade didn't reply. She swallowed the lump forming in the back of her throat. Slowly her eyes opened to look out at Scariff again. Kayla and Lin were now standing back to back, facing enemies on both fronts.

"Hanna!?"

"He's right, Kay," Hanna snapped, finally turning to answer her sister. "I don't like the solution. In fact, *I kriffing hate it.* But at least Lin will be safe."

Kayla looked like she had been slapped in the face, or rather stabbed in the back. How could Hanna possibly think that this was a good idea? The Jedi glared at her sister for a beat, before setting her piercing gaze on their father. With a flourish of her lightsaber, Kayla marched toward Kylo Ren.

"Don't do this, Kay," Hanna pleaded, hoping to delay the inevitable. "We'll go after Checkpoint first," she promised, "That will be the priority." The taller girl backpedaled a bit, trying to insert herself between her sister and father. As messed up as the solution was, it was better than an execution.

Kayla tried to shoulder her way past Hanna, but the dark apprentice wrapped the Jedi into a hug.

"Please," Hanna huffed, reaching down for Kayla's lightsaber. A struggle ensued, with both women grappling for control of the weapon.

Growing impatient, Kylo Ren shouted over the sounds of his daughters fighting. "Now!" he ordered.

The stormtroopers rushed forward in a mob, swarming Lin Dameron. The Gray Leader cursed loudly, cutting down soldiers left and right. Limbs went flying off in different directions. Bucketheads screamed out in agony, falling back and dropping their batons. Lin moved his emerald blade in a flurry, backing up and doing everything to stay on his feet.

Kayla broke away from Hanna, sending her sister to the ground. The Jedi charged her father, soaring through the air and bringing her lightsaber down. With a crack and a flash, father and daughter exchanged blistering parries.

Hanna froze for a moment, lying prone on the deck. She exhaled shakily, collecting her thoughts. Slamming an open palm on the floor, Hanna got to one knee and ignited her lightsaber. In an instant, Lady Shade had inserted herself into the duel. Three sabers crashed and flickered, trading parries.

"Stop!" she yelled, bringing her crossguard in the middle and locking up the other blades. Kayla and Kylo Ren growled at each other, struggling to free their weapons.

"Don't do this," Hanna cried. "We can't fight each other."

"You were suppose to have my back," Kayla gritted out. With a feral scream, the Jedi delivered a kick to Kylo Ren's knee. In a heartbeat, Kayla broke from the stalemate—spinning away and landing a glancing blow along her father's shoulder.
The move disarmed Hanna and sent the Sith Master stumbling back. Kylo grabbed his shoulder, experiencing a bit of déjà vu. Rey had used that move against him on Starkiller Base. He let out a small laugh. She must have passed that technique down from mother to daughter.

Hanna sprang forward and grabbed Kayla again; this time she tackled the Jedi by the waist and tried to wrestle her to the ground. She couldn’t let this go any further. If Kayla killed Kylo Ren, she’d never forgive herself—and Kayla would never be the same.

"Kay, please," Hanna begged. "Think about what this means."

"You agreed… we were suppose to be a team," Kayla bellowed, with tears forming in the corners of her eyes. "How can you do this to me? How can you side with him?" The Jedi breathed heavily, bearing her teeth and trying to kick her way out of Hanna's hold.

Kylo Ren cursed, working the kink from his injured shoulder. Reaching out, he summoned his lightsaber with the Force. He had underestimated Kayla, which was a mistake. The young Jedi was powerful indeed and going easy on her was not an option.

Kayla grunted loudly. With her free hand, she delivered a Force Push to Hanna. The dark apprentice tried to block the attack with her hand, while tugging on her belt with the other—but Kayla intensified the Push. Hanna lost her footing and went flying backwards. She tumbled off to the side, skidding across the deck with a piece of Kayla's belt buckle in her fist.

Kylo Ren came down with his lightsaber a split second later, delivering a series of punishing strikes. Kayla struggled to defend his blows and for the first time, she could see her father's considerable skill in this area. This wasn't like the time they had sparred with wooden staffs. Stopping his parries took every bit of her concentration and skill. Kayla couldn't even hear Lin shouting for help.

The Gray Leader was on his back, throwing a desperate Force Push to stop the next batch of batons from coming down. He struggled to get onto his elbows and knees, as the numbers became overwhelming. Swinging his lightsaber wildly, Lin barely managed to gain some breathing room.

Father and daughter continued to duel, their fight taking them into the tight confines of the action stations.

"Haven't you wondered," Kylo teased, swinging over the top of Kayla's head, "why you and Lin Dameron have this connection? A Force Bond?"

Kayla didn't answer, dodging the next attack by flipping backward.

"Do you really think it's a special Bond? Or is there a perfectly logical explanation for it?" Kylo goaded. Bringing his crossguard down again, he intentionally locked blades with his eldest daughter.

Kayla grunted in response as Kylo Ren pushed her back, skidding along the deck.

"It's impossible to have Force Bonds with two people. You already had one with your sister. Search your feelings. Did you really think that the connection with Lin Dameron was meant to be?" Kylo Ren hissed.

"What you believe doesn't matter," Kayla growled. "It doesn't change how I feel about him. He's not like you; he's not a monster."

"No?" Kylo said with an arrogant laugh. He pressed down harder, sending his crossguards near Kayla's shoulder. "Lin has already changed the past once! I saw that little shit, years ago on Jakku. It took me some time to figure out the truth. I am certain he uses the machine in the near future. He's
more dangerous than you can possibly imagine."

"You're lying," Kayla hissed, pushing back on Kylo's blade with all of her strength.

"I've never lied to you. Why should I? When telling the truth is far more effective."

In that very moment, Ve-Elle came sprinting into the bridge. She couldn't believe the sight before her. Lin Dameron fighting off a horde of stormtroopers. Kylo Ren trying to overpower Kayla. Hanna lying on the deck.

"I swear… I leave for a few minutes," Ve-Elle cursed. Raising her blaster, the sharpshooting stormtrooper fired twice at Kylo Ren.

"Shit," Kylo yelled.

The Sith Master shoved Kayla out of the way, but couldn't block the rapid shots in time. His right shoulder absorbed the first bolt, sending him falling out of the way of the second.

Ve-Elle, spun on her heel, dropping low and firing repeatedly into the crowd of stormtroopers. One by one, the advancing stormtroopers collapsed at Lin's feet. Ve-Elle continued to fire until her blaster overheated.

"Just in time," Lin chuckled, grabbing his ribcage. Taking a breather, he managed to get up to his elbows and survey the incapacitated stormtroopers around him.

Relieved, Ve-Elle smiled at Lin. She didn't fully understand everything that had transpired, but she was happy to return the favor of saving his life. The stormtrooper checked her blaster, adjusting a couple settings. Suddenly Lin's eyes widened. Hanna was up and behind Ve-Elle before she had a chance to turn around. With a wave of her hand, Ve-Elle fell unconscious and into Hanna's awaiting arms.

"Ah, shit," Lin yelled, getting up to one knee. As if on cue, stormtrooper reinforcements had arrived.

"There's only one way out of this," Hanna said, putting her sleeping friend onto the ground.

"What the hell are you doing?" Lin winced, struggling to get to his feet. Standing on his one good ankle, the Gray Leader pointed his sword at Hanna.

"What needs to be done," Hanna said coldly. Striking quickly, she delivered a Force Push into Lin Dameron's ribs. Losing his voice, Lin was thrown into the crowd of injured stormtroopers. His lightsaber slipped through his fingers and was lost in the shuffle.

"Clear a path," Hanna commanded. The reinforcements scrambled out of Lady Shade's way, turning into spectators.

Kayla shook her head, getting her vision back into focus. The Jedi had bumped her head against an action station and was slow to recover. In horror, she watched while Hanna grabbed Lin by the ankle. The dark apprentice grunted and started pulling him toward the escape pods.

"No, no," she shouted. The Jedi got to her feet and sprinted forward. With just ten feet separating her from Hanna, Kayla was caught mid stride. The Force wrapped around her waist, pulling her backward.

"Lin!" Kayla shouted at the top of her lungs. The Jedi glanced over her shoulder. Across the bridge, Kylo Ren was on his knees—favoring his sides and barely holding onto Kayla with the Force.
"Ha-Hanna," Lin choked, unable to fight back or defend himself. Lady Shade refused to look at him; she merely continued dragging him closer to the pods.

Breathing heavily, Hanna tossed Lin into the closest escape pod with one final shove of the Force. The Gray Leader landed in the seat upside down and doubled-over in pain.

"Maker," Hanna mumbled, catching her breath. The dark apprentice pushed several stray strands of hair out of her face, taking a brief moment to look at Lin.

Kayla shouted again, twisting and spinning in mid-air—trying everything to break her father's hold.

"Bring me the BB unit," Hanna commanded. "This man should have company in exile, even if it's a droid that will rust in the humidity."

Several stormtroopers who had been watching the struggle acknowledged, coming forth with BB-8. The droid beeped loudly, calling for Rey or Kayla—for anyone's help.

Bloody and bruised, Lin coughed and struggled to right himself in the seat. He spit a tooth into the bottom of the pod, before finally glaring up at Hanna. Lady Shade looked down at him with an indifferent expression on her face. At least six stormtroopers were watching Hanna's back, not that Lin was in a position to attack anyway.

Sinking into the chair, Lin hit the back of his head against the headrest. It was then that he realized he had lost his lightsaber—his mother's sword. The Gray Leader shut his eyes in disbelief.

"Was this your plan all along?" he winced. "Did you and Kylo Ren work this out before we arrived?"

Hanna didn't answer as BB-8 came rolling past her skirt. The frightened droid ran toward his master's feet.

"I know," Lin wheezed, reaching down and comforting the droid.

"It would be a shame to break up such an effective team," Hanna said, narrowing her gaze at Lin Dameron.

"Team," Lin said ruefully. That word was coming back to haunt him now. How could he ever think that all three of them would ever be a team?

Hanna leaned forward, and waited for Lin to look her in the eyes.

"Team," she repeated. With a flick of her wrist, Hanna tossed something small at BB-8. With a faint 'ping,' it magnetically attached itself to the orange and white droid.

Lin's scowl changed into something else… a look of confusion. He turned BB-8 slightly, realizing what Hanna had given him.

"Good luck on Scariff," Hanna said loudly, making sure that everyone could hear. Lady Shade gave Lin a quick wink. Without saying another word, she stepped back and pulled the release for the pod. The door shut immediately, trapping Lin and BB-8 inside.

"If you wanted to say goodbye," Hanna said coldly, "this would be the time."

Kylo Ren fell to one hand and his power over Kayla faded. With wide eyes, the Jedi sprang forward. Kayla moved like lightning. She shoved injured stormtroopers out of the way, getting in front of the
pod’s window just in time.

Lin pulled himself up to the glass, fighting the pain from bruised and broken ribs in doing so. His efforts were rewarded with one last look at the woman he loved. He wasn’t sure when he would see her again, but seeing Kayla’s face made him smile.

"Nothing can keep me from you," he swore. Lin's voice barely travelled to the other side.

"I… I know," Kayla said, frantically looking for a way to shut down the pod. Deep down, the Jedi knew it was an exercise in futility.

"Kayla, look at me," he pleaded.

"Lin," she choked desperately. Her hand reached for the glass partition.

"There is no distance; no star or rock... do you hear me?" he said, leaning his forehead into the cold glass on the other side. "Wherever he takes you. I will never stop looking."

"I know," Kayla choked.

Turning away from the pods, Hanna couldn't watch any longer. Feeling flush, she walked back to the bridge. A stormtrooper handed Lady Shade Lin's lightsaber. She gazed down at the weapon, hearing the rockets fire. A second later, the escape pod launched.

Kayla gasped and took a step back. In shock, the Jedi sank to her knees. He was gone.

"You made the right choice," Kylo Ren said, watching his apprentice closely. He waved off the medics that had just arrived. He winced and tried to reach for Hanna with his right arm, however the hole in his shoulder wasn't allowing him to move that arm at all. He would be needing much more than bacta to repair that injury.

"Yes, I have," Hanna replied, staying out of his reach. She glanced back at her sister. Kayla was heartbroken and quietly sobbing at the foot of Lin's escape pod. "I chose… my family," she added.

"Close off the flight deck and lock down the Millennium Falcon," Kylo Ren ordered, turning his attention back to the sorry state of the bridge. The Sith Master leaned against the command chair, using it to steady his balance.

"I want you to chart a new course," Hanna said after watching her sister for a brief period. Kylo Ren looked up at his daughter and apprentice, but didn't say anything.

"Yes, ma'am. Where to?" asked the stormtrooper sitting at the helm.

"They're in here," Hanna said, her voice travelling into the detention level. A burst of light entered the tight corridor—which led to a dozen interrogation cells.

Sharing the same unit, Ve-Elle and Kayla shot each other wary glances. They stood quickly, recognizing the voice right away.

Kayla crossed her arms and clenched her jaw. It had been at least a full day since Hanna's stormtroopers marched her into the holding area. Since then, the warriors hadn't had a single visitor; except the lone guard that brought them dinner. She was wondering when her sister would summon the courage to swing by for a chat.

Hanna came down the tunnel first and stepped into the light. "I like these force field prisons much
"better," she said, admiring the confines of the cell. "It's tougher for prisoners to hide contraband. They have to get very creative."

Kayla and Ve-Elle weren't amused, so Hanna continued.

"And... they're so damn easy to open with just the flick of a wrist." Lady Shade ran her hand over the cell controls, disabling the forcefield.

Ve-Elle and Kayla were stunned. What game was the dark apprentice trying to play? They were about to rush Hanna and make an escape when they heard someone clear their throat. A shorter, hooded figure stepped into the light.

With a warm smile, Grandmaster Rey Kenobi removed the hood covering her face. She was beyond relieved to see her eldest daughter.

"Mom!" Kayla squeaked, rushing forward and wrapping Rey into an embrace. She could hardly believe her eyes. Her mom was here and appeared to be well-rested.

After a few seconds, Kayla opened her eyes and stepped back carefully. She shifted her gaze over to Hanna.

"Mom... I don't know what Hanna has told you, but she cannot be trusted," Kayla warned.

Hanna rolled her eyes and shook her head. She refrained from answering her sister's accusation. It would have started an nasty argument, anyway. Clearly, their relationship was going to take some work to rebuild. But Lady Shade was up for the challenge.

"Your sister and I... have worked through a couple of issues," Rey replied. "As soon as it was safe for me to move—rather, as soon as your father got called away—Hanna got me down here to see you."

Kayla frowned at that, but she was so happy to see her mother that her concerns could wait.

Exhaling deeply, Hanna gestured over to Ve-Elle. "Mom, this is Ve-Elle, or maybe just Elle for short. She's the one I told you about," Hanna continued.

Rey's eyes widened and she covered her mouth with the palm of her hand. The Grandmaster felt the skin on her arms pebble and at the same time, Ve-Elle experienced the sensation as well.

"It's not... it's not possible," Rey choked. Her hand fell over her chest.

Ve-Elle bit on her bottom lip, too afraid to move or look away from Rey. What was this feeling that gripped a hold over her? There was something about the Grandmaster; it was so familiar. That was when Ve-Elle finally blinked and could breathe again. Studying the woman's face, she started to notice certain things. Although Ve-Elle was taller, they had the same hazel eyes. Their noses and jawlines were similar, as were their freckles. The stormtrooper was speechless.

Rey took a few hesitant steps towards Ve-Elle, slowly reaching out. She didn't believe what her eyes and heart were telling her. The texture along Elle's forearm guard was proof that the stormtrooper was real.

"Mom," Kayla worried, looking from Rey to Ve-Elle. "Just what exactly is going on?"

"A reunion," Hanna said with a smirk. "And maybe... possibly, a coup."
The last comment made Kayla raise her brows and look at Hanna in surprise.

Rey slowly pulled her long lost sister into her arms. Ve-Elle gasped in shock, allowing herself to be embraced. A powerful feeling swept over the reunited sisters; rekindling a connection that had been lost a long time ago. Although Ve-Elle couldn't describe the sensation, Rey could. It was like coming home.

Hanna dabbed at the corner of her eyes. The scene was heartwarming—sisters reunited at last.

"We finally have a cool aunt," Hanna chuckled. "I always wanted a cool aunt."

Reaching for her belt, the dark apprentice unclipped two lightsabers that she had been carrying around. It felt good to remove them; like a weight had been lifted from her shoulders. Kayla flicked her gaze to Hanna, watching silently as she approached and extended her hand.

Kayla breathed deeply. She wasn't ready to make amends yet.

"Here," Hanna said, reaching for her twin. The Jedi stared blankly at her sister's palm. It took her a few seconds, as it finally registered what Hanna was trying to give her. Kayla's lightsaber and Lin's was in her hand.

Kayla flicked her hazel eyes up to meet Hanna's darker ones. "This peace offering doesn't change anything. You still left my boyfriend on an deserted tropical planet. He's alone with no hope of escape."

"Ah, yes," Hanna said, pursing her lips. "There's always hope."

Finn and Ahsoka's battle cruisers entered their second day in orbit above Scariff. Search and rescue squadrons were scouring the planet day and night, trying to find Kayla's transmitter.

General Leia Organa leaned over the strategy table, pouring over the search grids. *Kriff*, finding Luke and Han in the middle of a blizzard on Hoth had been easier. Scariff didn't even have mountain ranges. Everyone was tired and the search effort had been draining for all hands.

Not far from Leia was Finn. He was just as fanatical about recovering the young Jedi, if she in fact was here. He'd turn over every grain of sand to find his niece just to be sure. That wasn't the problem. The pilots were exhausted and starting to lose faith—to get sloppy. Mistakes were being made which could lead to disaster. Two of his rescue pilots had just reported a near collision above the Scariff dunes.

Rubbing his chin, Finn looked over the holo projection of the terrain. "What I don't understand is… why would Kayla be on Scariff? They had the *Falcon* and we watched Rey land on *the Harbinger*, right?"

Leia sighed heavily. Finn definitely had a point there. She didn't believe that the girls would separate for anything. Tracking Kayla's locator to Scariff was puzzling.

"Bring all squadrons in," Leia ordered, rubbing her strained eyes. "We're not giving up, but I do want to reset and have a word with our pilots."

Finn pulled off his headset and turned to face the general. "I gave the order fifteen minutes ago. I figured it was time for a little pep talk, but one of our boys won't come in."

Leia grumbled, already knowing that it was one pilot in particular—an X-Wing pilot—that had
refused to return and rest when his patrol was due back the first time.

"It's Junior Teagues," Leia stated, taking the headset from Finn.

Clearing her throat, the general spoke clearly into the communicator, "Come in, Captain Teagues."

"I'm sorry General," Junior replied, after a brief silence. Currently, he was flying his X-Wing low over the southern beaches. The area had already been checked, but he had enough fuel for a few more passes. "I can't bring it in yet."

"Junior," Leia warned, sounding more like a parent than a strategist at the moment.

"Kayla Kenobi would never give up on any of us," Junior continued, anticipating this fight. He wanted anyone else listening in to hear what he had to say. "We cannot give up on her. I'm not giving up."

"No one is giving up, soldier," the General said, "but you've been at this non-stop for four consecutive patrols. We need to regroup, rest and change strategies. You're no good to us if you crash into a palm tree."

Junior Teagues didn't respond. He had been in the cockpit for far too long. Although his loyalty to Kayla was commendable, the length of his patrol was causing irrational behavior. The captain would normally never disobey a direct order.

"Alright," Leia said, rolling up her sleeves. "Someone contact Junior's father, Mack Teagues on Soolis Two. He's the lead mechanic at the Republic Shipyard. I want him patched in to this station immediately."

"Yes, ma'am," shouted one of the controllers.

"Ah, calling his dad," Finn laughed. "You fight dirty… that should get our boy to come back in."

Leia cracked a wry smile. It was the first thing she had been able to smile about since the search effort first discovered Kayla's location.

A few minutes later, Mack Teagues was being called on the large viewscreen. His grainy holo appeared over the strategy table.

"Alright," Leia said, stepping back to look at her old friend. "Can you hear me, Mack?"

"Yes, I can General," he said with a smile. "It's good to see you and hear your voice. It's been so long. How can I help?"

"Well, Mack, we're in a little bit of a bind on Scariff—" Leia started.

"Ah, yes," Mack interrupted. "This is about the pilot I rescued a couple of days ago."

"Ex… excuse me?" Leia asked, turning to look at Finn with a bewildered look on her face. Finn set down his cup of caffa and came to stand next to the General.

"You rescued a pilot from Scariff?" Finn asked, believing he heard Mack incorrectly.

"Well, yeah," Mack said while rubbing the back of his neck. "I filed a report with the Republic Command about him taking the fighter. I figured it wouldn't be a big deal. It belongs in the family, anyway."
Finn and Leia looked at each other for a minute, trying to process everything.

"What do you mean… him?" Leia asked in disbelief.

Mack couldn't help but smile, "Poe Dameron's boy… the kid who saved my son and all those cadets from years ago. He said you guys would eventually come looking for him."

Leia sat down in her command seat, clutching at her chest, "So, it wasn't Kayla," she breathed.

"Then… where are our girls?" Finn asked, looking down at the general. "Did Lin say anything else to you?"

"Ah, yes," Mack said, his transmission was beginning to cut out.

"He said to say that he's keeping the jacket… and that he has some ass to kick," Mack continued, before the transmission faded altogether. A rare sandstorm swept across the Republic Base on Soolis, knocking out the large transmission towers there.

"Get him back," Leia snapped, turning to her communications engineer.

"What do we do now?" Finn said, rubbing his chin.

"I have a suggestion," boomed a very loud voice from across the room.

Leia and Finn looked up to see Commander Zel approaching with his Marauders. Zel himself, was wearing a full complement of stealth armor; something he rarely did. Forty-eight hours ago the warrior nearly lost his leg and yet, here he was, walking without a limp.

"You should be in bed," Finn stated, getting in Zel's face. He didn't want the Marauders coming any closer to the general—it was an old habit. "There's no way the medical staff cleared you to be moving around."

"I am a Marauder," Zel snapped. "I don't listen to doctors."

"What can we do for you, Commander?" Leia said, easing up and out of the chair. She gave Zel a flirty smirk. The general could see why Hanna was so taken with this mountain of a man.

"My men… the Marauders here, will be the ones to find our brother, Lin Dameron," he answered.

"Is that so?" Leia continued, scanning the other warriors. Zel had a very large and impressive team standing behind him. They certainly looked ready for the task at hand. She wondered what system these bulky warriors came from.

"We've tracked his movements before. I located him when no bounty hunter in the galaxy could. Lin is the key to finding Hanna and Kayla. There is a connection between them—something that goes deeper and beyond our physical world. It's spiritual and crosses the stars," Zel said, sounding quite confident. He didn't need to understand the Force to know that the Bond was real.

"Hmm," Leia said, tapping her chin. "You really think you can find Lin?"

"Of course," Zel said, adjusting the straps on his gloves. "I've sat on the sidelines long enough. We won't fail."

"Those are my granddaughters out there," Leia said, crossing her arms. "And I have a pregnant daughter-in-law as well. I want them found and returned to the Jedi Temple at once. Give me a list of any resource you need. Locate Lin Dameron and then find my girls—is that perfectly clear?"
"Yes, General," Zel bowed. He opened his large fist, so that only Leia could see what he was holding. Tucked in the center of his palm was a shiny ring.

"I have my reasons for making this a priority. She is the only thing that matters to me in this galaxy," Zel confessed. "I only need to know one thing before we roll out."

"What's that?" Leia asked, using her both hands to close Zel's palm. It was her way of giving the warrior her blessing.

"What ship did Lin Dameron borrow this time?" Zel asked, cracking a half smile.

Soaring through the clouds above Soolis Two, appeared a black X-Wing with a distinct orange command stripe. Doing a series of barrel rolls, the agile ship entered the upper atmosphere.

Lin Dameron laughed loudly, straightening out the legendary fighter. It was a blast to put the X-Wing through some stunt maneuvers. Drawing closer to outer space, the blue sky turned purple. Faint stars began to pop up everywhere along the horizon.

BB-8 chirped happily from his familiar seat toward the back of the X-Wing.

"I know, buddy," Lin shouted, easing back on the throttle. "Black One is too good to be sitting in some museum, that's for sure. She needs to be defending the stars and skies."

BB-8 agreed, practically singing in response.

Lin punched in coordinates to the navicomputer and waited for a moment.

His gaze drifted from the hyperspace screen, up to the family portrait he had pinned to the dashboard. Right next to the portrait, sat a shiny metallic symbol. It was Kayla's Jedi locator, hanging by a chain that Mack Teagues had given him. The battery wasn't working anymore; so it was no longer transmitting. The rings themselves had returned to their original position—resembling the symbol for twins.

"Hanna knew what she was doing," Lin said quietly, running his fingers over the symbol. He had to give her that. The Gray Leader couldn't wait to track down the Harbinger again.

After all, Kayla would want her belt buckle back, right?

BB-8 whistled loudly, wondering if something was wrong.

"Nothing's wrong, buddy. I was just thinking about Kayla and the others. What would you say… if we went and tracked them down?" Lin smiled.

BB-8 cheered in response.

"Alright, BB-8," Lin said, securing the chin strap to his helmet. "Let's play some music and get back to work."

Punching the hyperspace control arm, Black One stretched and disappeared into the stars.

Chapter End Notes
annnd ROLL CREDITS!

Breaking from tradition, I always pictured BB-8 playing "Kiss This" from the Struts, right before they took off into hyperspace. But if it helps, you can imagine them listening to the Star Wars fanfare at the end. :D

Kayla Kenobi, Hanna Ren, Lin Dameron and Commander Zel will return for "The Knights of Ahch-To."

Yes, Orion Solo will return for his own adventure. :D

I have to give a tremendous thank you to Panda Capuccino. Her artwork is an inspiration and she became a champion for this fic. She helped to bring these characters to life. I cannot possibly thank her enough. Please check out her tumblr. She does wonderful commissions.

I would like to thank everyone who stuck with me all the way. I love you all for doing so. This story was really special to me. It became very personal because of the original characters; it also made it quite challenging. That's part of the reason why the first part of the story ends here.

I always wanted to end with Lin Dameron and BB-8 flying off in Black One. I hope it shows the growth of this character and completes that arc. He's racing off to save his new family, but that's just the beginning of a much larger sequel.

The final chapter took months to write, although I knew how this story needed to end. Writing the ending was really tough and it had so many rewrites. There were a lot of breadcrumbs that I had to squeeze in (to link up to the sequel). And when we lost Carrie Fisher, I took a long break from writing. That's how long I've been working on this ending. Throughout January, I was incredibly sick and none of my stories were updated.

I hope to come back stronger and start writing on a regular basis again.

The Knights of Ahch-To will take some time to outline, but I already have some fun ideas in place. There will be an awesome new relationship—which will be a blast to write and read. The kids will be stepping up in a huge way. It's their time to save the Galaxy. The Force is calling on our heroes to become something more. I'm really excited to dive in here.

Thank you for reading Lies and Lightsabers. Come and say hello on tumblr, my new username is: terapid

Love,

Ian
Feedback welcome. New multi-chapter story. So Reylo and Kaylin - how does that sound? A new pairing for me to obsess over. Smut and dark stuff ahead. If you've read Unspoken Forces, welcome! In this universe Kylo becomes a Sith Master. I'll explain why later. This should be a fun one. A not so subtle clue about Lin's lineage at the end. Shout out to Game of Thrones.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!