

Family Matters

Ric "Blade" Hunter

Ric sat alone in the pilot seat of his ship. He stared out at the stars and thought about the events of the recent past. Fighting the Children of Mortis had bored him but it had made him look at the life he was leading. There was a time when he had been in Scholae Palatinae that he had led houses, fought off galactic threats with ease, but those days were past now. After his feud with the rogue Jedi, Alec Monroe, he had felt... well less.

It was because of this that he had drifted away from Scholae and his friends and family there. He had taken up bounty hunting and side jobs with Malodin, his apprentice, had Kiera stayed behind to continue her training under Rics old friend Dante.

He had found Kiera after a battle when she was a baby. He had taken her in and raised her as his own for almost twenty five years now. She looked to him as her father and he was, in every sense of the word. He was so proud of her and what she had become. She had become a Battlemaster and proven herself in so many ways.

After his fight with the Jedi, Ric noticed his connection to the force had begun to fade. What had been so easy to do soon began to take more effort and concentration. It was around this time that he had left to go see what was going on. Ric had left Kiera with Dante and he and Malodin had gone on a search for Rics old master. That search had been in vain of course as Nyssa Taldrya, and her sister Alanna, were long gone.

In the course of the search they did come across some information that helped to figure out what was going on. Ric had found some Kaminoan information about trying to clone Force sensitives and discovered that even though they had perfected the methods there was always a diluting of the midichlorians in the clones that caused them to lose the ability to touch the Force. That had been what had started to happen to Ric. He was losing the Force.

Ric had made the decision to leave Kiera with CSP so she could continue to grow in the Force, something he could no longer teach her. He still had just enough ability to do some basic minor things but his control was no longer there and he feared that he would eventually lose those abilities as well. He was still good in a fight, and after

almost thirty years of using a lightsaber, he was just as deadly with one as he had always been.

He had finally settled in Vizsla, where it was more about credits than the Force. He knew that it would be harder, but he felt that the weakness of the loss of his powers wouldn't lead to his death there. Malodin had followed him to the new clan and together they worked to make enough credits to maybe finally retire.

Ric looked at the flashing com light, it blinked rapidly and demanded his attention. He took a deep breath and sat back in his seat, knowing that he had a message from Kiera waiting for him.

"You about done up there? Foods about ready," Malodin called from the back.

"Give me a sec..." Ric reached over and hit play on the comm unit.

"I hope this finds you well, dad..." The message started.

A few minutes later, Ric entered the small galley of his ship and took his plate. He sat across from Malodin and took a breath.

"We are going to head to Caperion, I have a long overdue talk to have with my daughter," Ric said.

"About time," Malodin replied as he took another bite.