

## Welcome Home

Daleem

Kiast System

42 ABY

Tisto sighed as he opened his eyes. He could feel a dull throb behind his eyes, and looking around at a bunch of durasteel walls with a bright light somewhere in this frakking room did nothing to help with that. *Where am I?* He thought as he struggled to sit up. *How long have I been out?*

He couldn't hear any sign that he was on a ship. He had been fleeing his temporary stay with the Plaguians last he recalled. The former gang leader looked at his wrists and ankles, not seeing anything to restrain him. His hands were bloody. That had to be old, it didn't feel warm or wet. Unless he really was out of it. *Did I get caught?* He felt the room start to spin as he pushed himself up from sitting. He reached out to the Force to center himself as he felt that. He closed his eyes, breathing slowly, feeling the Force responding slowly. After a few seconds he opened his eyes, everything feeling more normal. It would slip the second he let go of the Force, but whatever was going with him needed to be pushed aside while the Kiffar figured out what to do.

Once the headache cleared, his heart rate picked up. Tisto was never a fan of not knowing where he was, and from the looks of this room he was in some sort of cell. That could be good if he was on a planet. The Kiffar might lack for favors to call in but he could always call Diy and see if she would help him out of a jam. He didn't like owing the touch happy woman but she at least didn't mess with his stuff. Her respect for his rules was something he could appreciate. *Wait. My stuff!*

Tisto began to panic as he looked at what he was wearing. It was some sort of medical gown, but it was not his. He immediately started to rip it off. Some of the crusted blood on his hands came off with the gown as he stripped in a panic. There was no time to think things through. Calling Diy was even more risky now. Owing that woman for bringing him clothing was not an

idea he liked. *What happened to my armor?* The former gang leader thought. *I had been wearing my old Aedile armor from when I was leading Sunrider. And where is my jacket?*

He tossed the clothing that was not his angrily in a corner. Tisto would have to break out and steal his stuff back without even the clothing on his back. He was sure he had been in worse situations, all those “Great Jedi Wars” and battles against various groups. Still, this was new and uncomfortable. What kind of jailors didn’t atleast leave you in your own clothing?

The door behind Tisto opened, and he could hear several people's footsteps enter the room. *Perfect timing. Sounds like... two? Three? I might be able to use the shock of being naked to get a moment to take out one guard and...*

“Oh great he is naked,” One of the entrants said in a familiar voice. “I warned you this would happen.”

Tisto turned to see Gui Sol standing next to two people he didn’t recognize. A wave of calm washed over the former gang leader as he saw one of the people he used to lead back when he ran the Knights of Allusis. He didn’t realize how much he missed The Kid of the group. *I must have made it to the Kiast system, he realized. But how did I end up here?*

“Gui,” Tisto commanded. “I don’t know what has happened but I need my clothes back. Nothing better have happened to my jacket. I would prefer the rest of my equipment back aswell but I can understand if that needs to wait until I get to wherever I landed my ship. I don’t want anyone touching my bike or my droid mind you and...”

The Kid offered some facial expression Tisto had a hard time reading. Amusement?

Disappointment? “That is High Councilor Gui to you. Someone left me of all people incharge.”

The second of the three looked Tisto up and down. This one was wearing some sort of old armor. The old gang leader had been too busy being relieved to see his old comrade to notice this old Mandalorian in the trio. *There goes fighting my way through if things go poorly.*

“You aren’t in a position to make demands after crashing a ship near one of Daleems cities” the older man said.

“Impossible,” Tisto argued. “Daleem shouldn’t have...”

*It's been five years. Of course they have rebuilt.*

The third one, someone in Consular robes, shook their head. "You did. It seems you were the only survivor. Some basic forensics shows that one of the others on the ship died from the impact. The other two seem to have died from prior blunt force trauma. In fact it seems those two had been dead for hours before the crash. Their blood is quite literally on your hands."

The former gang leader started to chuckle at that. Here he was, still not having been given his clothing and being accused of murder. He looked at Gui, or High Councilor Gui. "I am sure," Tisto started, "there is a perfectly reasonable explanation for all of this once you give me *my pants*."

The Kid and the Mandalorian looked at each other before Gui spoke up. "We had reasonable intelligence you had defected to Plagueis."

The Mandalorian nodded then took over. "It is very suspect that a traitor would crash a ship into one of the planets Odan-Urr protects, having killed two people onboard the ship."

The Kiffar didn't think he could find any fault in that logic. "Sure, it is suspicious but, and hear me out on this," he leaned towards the Mandalorian, "I would be far more willing to talk if you gave me my pants."

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Tisto sat alone again. The Kid said they would be back with his clothing almost five minutes ago. Unless Tisto was counting wrong, and he didn't put that past himself. The Kiffar was quickly beginning to realize he couldn't just break out. He certainly wasn't going to be given his armor. *Would they even believe I was trying to leave Plagueis?* He thought. *I almost wish I had been captured by them instead. Then I wouldn't feel bad about breaking out and calling Diy for help.*

The door opened again, with just Gui this time. The Kid threw a pair of pants in Tisto's direction that the Kiffar studied for a minute before putting on. These were his. He recognized the grease stains. Once they were on he looked at Gui and the former gang leader sighed. "I'm sorry Kid."

Gui remained relaxed, something Tisto found more unnerving than if the Kid had been mad.

"Wulfram doesn't think we should be giving you this chance to explain yourself."

Tisto shook his head. "Which one is that? Was that the old man or the Consular? I don't suppose it matters. Am I getting a trial?"

The High Councilor looked somewhat amused at that. "Did I just hear Knight Commander Tisto ask if he was getting a trial? I didn't think you were the type to stick around for those."

Tisto couldn't look his former comrade in the eyes. The former gang leader knew his old acquaintance was right. He just wanted Gui out of the way for his break out.

"But you aren't Knight Commander anymore," Gui continued. "We have a new one of those. Sunrider is also gone, that task force got dissolved, though we still have the ship. Why did you kill those two?"

Tisto focused on the floor. "Does it matter? I don't remember much outside of trying to get away from Plagueis. Those guys were crazy."

The High Councilor nodded. "Your armor and weapons are outside."

Tisto blinked. "What?"

"You and I both know you are going to escape anyway. I'd rather not have people get hurt. Your bike didn't do well in the crash unfortunately. I'm sure you are going to want to rebuild it. No evidence of any droid though."

The former gang leader studied the High Councilor. "Why?"

Gui shrugged. "I'd rather have you back. We can work out a proper punishment later. I am sure Wulfram will have something. He is quite good at that."

*I guess I am not calling Diy after all.*

"Can I be back on the Sunrider?" Tisto probed.

"Lets get that punishment sorted before we put you on your old flagship. If that ever happens," Gui laughed. "Welcome home."