

**Spaceport District**  
**Coronet City, Corellia**  
**Present Day**

“Aren’t you afraid this is a trap master?” Corazon inquired as he tried to match his master’s movement through the evening crowd. The pair wore dingey spacer clothing under worn cloaks to blend into the throngs of dock workers and pilots who frequented the area. The young Pantoran’s bright smile and facial markings caused him to stick out like a sore thumb in the drab colors of the street.

Turel smirked as his eyes darted around the block searching for anything out of the ordinary. “Oh it’s a trap alright, only we’re the ones setting it. Someone has been a little too curious asking around about one of my older cover identities and I intend to find out who they are working for.”

“You think it could be Inquisition?” the Padawan queried with a genuine look of concern.

Turel replied with a “be quiet” gesture. “Possibly but we need to keep quiet, there are eyes and ears everywhere. Once we’re inside you need to focus on maintaining your cover.” The older Jedi stroked his salt and pepper colored beard, “what name did you choose?”

“Alexander, credless exile from Pantora who turned to smuggling to make ends meet but secretly dreams of getting enough credits to start his own legitimate shipping business.”

The Human cocked an eyebrow at his apprentice’s enthusiasm. “You read that in a holonovel somewhere?”

“Nope,” Cora replied with a hint of pride, “it’s all me.”

“It’ll work, just be mindful of the present and keep your eyes open.” Turel cautioned as he approached the entrance to the “Pumping Station” cantina. “Remember the plan?”

“Go in separately, sit where I can see you and signal if I see anything amiss.”

The Padawan nodded in confirmation of his master’s instructions. The pair split up with Turel entering the establishment first and Cora following a few minutes later. The cantina, colloquially known as ‘the pump’ to the blue collar workers who frequented the area, was your typical hole-in-the-wall spaceport watering hole. There was nothing significant about it or its clientele, which made it a perfect meeting place for those who wished to avoid attention. Turel took a deep breath as he opened the door and plunged his awareness into the currents of the Force. The entire establishment reeked of quiet desperation and an intentional numbness, perfectly normal.

The Jedi approached one of the serving droids, "I have a table reserved for Adrian Summers."

The dull and scratched protocol droid motioned for Turel to follow. "Right this way, your table is in the back room."

The back room was a red flag for the trained Sentinel agent, but it wasn't out of the ordinary for a clandestine meeting, a bit cliché but textbook tradecraft. He reached out to his apprentice through the Force:

*Watch the door, I'll be back.*

Turel followed the droid across the bar floor and past the sad souls who sat drinking their problems away. He entered a dimly lit back room that appeared to be for private parties and illegal gambling. A female figure sat at a table in the center of the room taking a drag on a cigarra. The droid closed the door behind the Human as he entered the room. He didn't feel any immediate danger or ill intent from the woman before him, but she was on edge which was to be expected.

The female stood up revealing a Devaronian with sienna skin and the tell-tale black markings of her species on her forehead. She appeared middle-aged, slightly older than Turel himself. "Put your weapons on the table."

The Sentinel cocked an eyebrow, "you first."

The Devaronian produced a blaster and pointed it at him, "I insist."

Turel pondered his options for a moment, he could attempt to mind trick the woman into forgetting about his weapons, but there were likely others watching or listening in another room. Such a brazen use of his powers would draw attention and blow his cover. Whomever this was, they weren't a Force user. He'd assume the risk of going unarmed if it got him some answers. He made a point of pulling his blaster out of his holster and placing it on the table near the door, knowing Corazon had his lightsaber in the next room and would come running if there was trouble.

Turel slowly walked to the table and sat down. "You gonna drop the gun? Business is built on trust you know."

The female glared and set the blaster on the table in front of her. "That's all you're getting."

"Fair enough. Now let's get to it, I hear you are looking to employ my services. What can Adrian Summers do for you?" Bravado was something that came as naturally to Turel as breathing.

"Not me, my employer. You aren't an easy man to find," the Devaronian replied matter-of-factly.

“So, am I dealing with you or is your employer around?” Turel inquired with a cocky smile.

“She’ll be along shortly, I just had to confirm your identity.” The woman grabbed her blaster and quickly holstered it before heading toward a door in the far side of the room. She opened the door and a hooded figure stood with the light of the hallway to their back, obscuring their face.

Turel tensed up and called the Force to him in preparation to make a move toward the opposite door if he needed to.

“You can relax,” the hood figure stated in a husky female voice that seemed oddly familiar to Turel. “I’m just here to talk. It’s been a very long time.”

*It can’t be, this is some kind of trick.*

The Jedi fought to maintain control as confusion and panic began to creep in. He could sense Corazon approach the door leading to the bar. Before he knew what he was doing, his body had risen out of the chair and gripped the table ready to flip it over.

“Are you sure it’s him?” The Devaronian inquired of her mysterious employer.

The figure stepped into the light and lowered her hood revealing a human female in her mid-fifties with graying raven hair. “I’d know my own son anywhere.”

“I’m not sure who you are, but my mother died years ago.” Turel was rarely at a loss for words, but coming face to face with a ghost was one of those times.

Rosalin put both her hands in the air in a calming gesture. “Turel, you can relax, it’s really me.”

*Whoever they are, they know my name. Gotta keep my guard up.*

“My mother is buried on the other side of town, I don’t know what this is but I’m not buying it.” The Sentinel was trying to convince himself as much as he was the two women standing in front of him. He *wanted* what his eyes were telling him to be true. He reached through the flows of the Force to the Human woman looking at him. He sensed a maternal concern and affection, along with a twinge of pain in her.

The woman slowly approached the Jedi and placed her hand on his cheek as tears began to well in her eyes. “It’s me son, I’ve searched for you for so long. Just have a seat and I’ll convince you.”

Physical contact caused a flood of emotions through the Force. Turel couldn’t explain it, but he *knew* the woman before him was telling the truth. “Mom...” He swept Rosalin up in a tight hug with tears rolling down both their faces. “I thought I had lost you.”

"I'm so sorry son, I'll explain everything."

The tender reunion was interrupted by Cora barging in the door from the bar area. "Is everything alright?"

Turel turned around before the Devaronian female could draw her blaster. "Yes, come inside, I have someone for you to meet."

### ***The Majestic Goddess***

**Docking Bay 48-A**

**Coronet City, Corellia**

**An hour later...**

"This is quite a ship you have here son." Rosalin commented as she ascended the ramp into the YT-2000's passenger area followed by Turel, Cora and the Devaronian from earlier who's name turned out to be Kya.

"Well, I've been busy these past few years." He paused as the ramp closed. "Wash, go secure."

A disembodied droid voice came over the cabin's loudspeakers. "EM countermeasures active sir."

"Finally, we can talk without fear of extra ears, can't be too careful." Turel patted one of chairs surrounding a briefing table. "Cora, can you keep Kya company while I talk to Rosalin? We have a lot of personal business to catch up on."

The Pantoran lit up with the opportunity to make a new friend and practice his diplomacy skills. "Sure thing master." The Devaronian sat uncomfortably at a briefing table in the passenger cabin as Turel and Rosalin went to a private cabin.

As soon as they were alone Turel patted the bed for the Human female to have a seat while he pulled up a chair from the cabin's desk. "Mom, tell me everything. Who's in the grave? Why didn't you tell us? Morgan and I thought you were dead, we visit your grave every year."

Rosalin paused for a moment with a look of relief, "Morgan is okay?"

Turel didn't know how to respond to that inquiry, "More or less but it's complicated."

"Right, well the grave you've been visiting has an empty coffin in it. Your father's men were ruthless in hunting me so I had to fake my death even after coming here. It was the only way to protect our family here." She took her son's hands in her own. "I've regretted leaving you and your sister behind every single day since. I'd give anything to do it all over again but I was scared and didn't know what to do. I meant to come back after you helped me escape but we

lost contact and I was on the run. I never stopped searching for signs of either of you. Thank Ashla and Bogan you're both alive at least."

"Well, we're survivors," Turel remarked with half a smirk, attempting to make light of some very dark years.

Rosalin looked directly into her son's eyes. "I heard Ian was killed not long after I left."

A sharp pain cut through the Jedi like a blazing lightsaber. "Can we not talk about him?"

"It was you wasn't it? There were rumors that he was stabbed by his son but I wasn't sure--"

Turel pulled away from his mother as memories long buried flooded to the surface.  
"Mom...please."

Rosalin motioned for her son to sit next to her and embraced him when he complied. "I'm so sorry, I should have shot the bastard when I had the chance but I was young and stupid. You and your sister should have never had to live through that. I'd go back and give up my life in an instant if I could spare you two from all that pain."

Turel knew exactly how his mother felt, he would have given anything to spare his sister from the hell she had endured at his father's hands. Slitting the old man's throat provided little solace for him or justice for her. That act of patricide had been his final descent into becoming a killer. He'd make the same choice in a heartbeat. The Jedi would willingly damn himself to a lifetime of darkness without a moment's hesitation if he could save his sister from the horror she endured.

"...Morgan" was all Turel could utter in response as the tears came in full force. Even in this moment, as his mother was desperate to get his forgiveness, he couldn't see himself as a victim. He failed to protect his sister. The High Councilor of Odan-Urr, champion of the Lotus, the man who had faced down armies, assassins and dark elders without balking was a little boy again in his mother's arms as he violently wept as long buried feelings poured out of him.

After several minutes of both of them wordlessly expressing their grief the moment passed. "We can't change the past but we're together now and that's all that matters," Turel remarked as his composure returned.

"I'm so glad I finally found you, what have you been doing? Where have you been?" Rosalin inquired.

Turel's mood seemed to improve at that particular question. "Well, I worked in the Cartel for a few years but I got out." Rosalin knew exactly what "getting out" entailed and had a worried look on her face. He continued, "I was lost for a time and wandered around doing odd jobs

undercover identities like the one you used to track me down. Then I stumbled across some Jedi and ended up joining them.”

The middle-aged woman had a look of complete bewilderment on her face, “I’m sorry did you say Jedi?”

“I did,” the High Councilor replied with a look of pride.

“But the Jedi are just a myth, they were wiped out before you were born.”

“Not all of them were. Mom, I’m one of them, I’m a Jedi.” Turel punctuated his sentence by making the datacron on his desk float in the air for several seconds before making it land in his mother’s lap. Rosalin was speechless. “I have a lightsaber and everything.” He reached for the saber on his belt and ignited it for a moment before returning it. “Cora is my padawan.”

“Wow, that’s just a lot to take in. There were always family legends about Jedi ancestors but I never thought...”

Turel picked up his holopad and began to fiddle with it. “I have more exciting news than that,” He handed Rosalin the holopad which had been set to a picture of Turel, Vorsa and Nayru. “I have a family, this is my wife and daughter.”

“I’m...a grandma?”

“Yes. Well, Nayru is adopted but Vorsa and I love her like--”

“I’m a grandma!” Rosalin hugged Turel so tight he had trouble breathing. “Oh you don’t know how happy it makes me to hear you’re a father. I want to hear all about your family.”

### **High Councilor’s Residence**

#### **Royal District, Kiast City**

#### **Kiast**

#### **Two Days Later**

“You live *here*?” Rosalin asked with breathless astonishment as she approached the front door. Living in a city on the clouds was impressive enough, but a *mansion* in a city on the clouds, that was something else entirely.

Turel seemed slightly embarrassed by his opulent residence, even if it wasn’t actually *his*. “Yeah, well, it’s a perk of the job I guess. We don’t own the place it’s just given to the Clan by the Empress. I suppose when I retire we’ll have to rent a place somewhere.” He opened the door to find Vorsa waiting on the other side.

The Neti stood in the vestibule wearing the relaxed Korahaii robes she often wore when she was home for any length of time. Turel greeted her with a kiss before gesturing toward the middle-aged Human female behind him.

"I have someone I'd like you to meet, this is my mother Rosalin." He gestured toward his wife, "Mom, this is Vorsa."

Turel had told Vorsa they were coming so she wasn't completely blindsided by the sudden appearance of the mother he had thought long dead. While most humanoids would have been slightly intimidated by meeting their mother-in-law for the first time, Vorsa had no such compulsions about meeting a woman several centuries her junior. Rosalin was simply another person who was significant to Turel and she would endeavor to honor that.

"I will leave you ladies for a moment while I go get Nay. I'll be right back." Turel scurried off to collect his daughter.

"It is an honor to meet you Rosalin," the Jedi general stated confidently with a slight bow of respect.

"The pleasure is all mine, I've heard so much about you on the way here." Before Vorsa could reply Rosalin had closed the distance between them and given the larger woman a tight hug. "Thank you," she whispered into the Neti's ear, "you've made him so happy."

Vorsa was unsure how to respond to the outburst of emotion, but was not entirely surprised Turel's mother was as physically expressive as he was. She had learned over time to accept and reciprocate such gestures as they were important in many sentient cultures. Vorsa primarily connected with Turel and those close to her on a spiritual level, through the Force. While in such close proximity to Rosalin she could sense the Force was strong with her, she could see where Turel and Morgan inherited their abilities from.

Vorsa waited until the two women separated from their embrace. "Turel has brought me just as much joy as I have brought him, he is an ideal life mate and an exemplary father."

Rosalin looked as if she were about to cry tears of joy at Vorsa's words. "I was so worried about him, you have no idea how relieved I am to hear he's doing so well. This is all better than I could have imagined for him."

"Our lives are not without struggle or conflict, as I am sure he has told you."

"Oh, of course, I didn't mean to imply things were perfect by any means but it's every mother's wish that her children start families of their own and you've given him that."

Before Vorsä could reply Turel burst into the room holding Nayru in his arms. "Mom, I have someone else for you to meet. This is your granddaughter, Nayru."

Rosalin took the infant Togruta from her son and cradled her. Nay immediately grabbed a lock of her grandmother's hair and started to play with it as she stared intently and coo'd at the new stranger. "What a beautiful name for such a beautiful girl. Hi there Nayru, I'm your grandma."