

The Return Home

Rivio sat silently, contemplating everything that had happened. The war was over, finally. He was headed home. The only problem was...no. Best not to think of that now. The ship landed near a small wooden shack he had built during a training exercise to strengthen himself. It was cozy and even had a nice fence around to. Real homey.

Rivio stepped off the transport and waved to Ray, the pilot as he took off. The Sith sighed as he turned and headed through the door. Once inside he placed his duffel bag down and looked over all the old and now

dusty photos he had on his shelf. It was of simpler times, before he and his family's home was attacked and they were enslaved. He looked over all the letters he wrote to his sister, Lynette, and looked at the picture of himself and her when they were still young.

The Sith found himself lightly smiling at the memory. He grabbed all the letters he wrote to her and went through his back door. In his 'yard' stood a special crafted monument he finished up a few years back before he joins the Brotherhood. It was engraved with a simple name: Lynette Rosan. Rivio walked up to it and knelt down; all the letters in hand

and the other holding a lighter. "I hope you are still watching over me sister. I've done some...well really bad things. I don't know if you or the others would approve but I know eventually, it'll lead me to our slavers."

He lit the lighter and put it in a metal bowl sitting before the monument. The flame grew within the bowl where he held the letters over. The paper started to catch the flame and burn, prompting Rivio to let go of them and close his eyes as they turned to ash.

Once he extinguished the fire he stood back up and reentered his cabin, where he put food in a pot and started cooking himself dinner. He was about to sit

down and eat when a knock came from his door. Using the Force he opened it to reveal Sierra, the vigilante/ bounty hunter from an Outer Rim planet. They had some...lovely nights to say the least.

"Hey, heard that the massive thing you had to do was over. Everything good on your end?" She asked as she stepped in to the cabin. He looked her over noting her not in the normal battle armor she wore, but in a simple dress that made her look beyond stunning in his eyes.

"Yes, it was pretty simple actually on my end at least. Care to sit down? I just made some food. I could use the company of another after

the war in a non-life threatening way." He said putting a second cup on the table and pouring a purple substance into the one in front of him. Sierra smiled and sat down with Rivio. Within the hour they had chatted and laughed together. Rivio cleaned off the dishes and they sat together in the living room where they watch holomovies. For once he had something to come home to. Was this what he was meant to find? He didn't know for sure but at the moment...he was at peace as he held the sleeping Sierra in his arms in the coach.