28 ABY

Jal Ka’toor Settlement

Tatooine

Karran Val’teo and a number of other children from the settlement crested a dune and quickly dropped down to their stomachs. The scene ahead of them was spectacular. Blue and green laser swords flashing around and cutting bit by bit into the thick hide of the great lizard. The mighty beast roared and thrashed as his assailants buzzed around him like flies on a bantha, faster than he could move with his great size. Until finally, the dragon succumbed and collapsed with a final, defeated bellow.

For some time, the settlement government had been sending out pleas for help with the Krayt dragon that lived nearby, but finally someone had answered their call. A group of people wearing robes carrying those laser swords had come. When the magistrate had broached the subject of payment, these heroes had refused all payment.

A few days after the beast was slain, Kar and Batii Val’teo were sitting with their son in the dining room of their small home, a modest dinner in front of. A soft, polite knock came at the door. The patriarch of the family stood up, quickly put himself together, tucking in his shirt and lifting his suspenders back over his shoulders, and went to the door.

The young Zabrak and his mother could not hear much, just his father’s low, polite voice, and two others. After a few back and forth exchanges, Kar leads the two figures in. They were a Twi’lek Male and a younger Human female, maybe a little older than Karran, both in the same robes as the the strangers that had come to town with laser swords at their sides.

“Hello, I am Master Shi Katto. I’m a Jedi Knight, and this is my padawan, Shianna Pelor.” The pair smiled and bowed to the family before the human made eye contact and smiled at the young Zabrak. “We would like to talk to you about your son.”

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38 ABY

Malachor

The Sith Temple

Karran Val’teo and Shianna Pelor dropped from the gunship onto the ashy ground. Blaster bolts and artillery fire were streaking through the air. In the distance red lightsabers clashed with green and blue along the platforms of the temple. To their side a Mirialan and a Pantoran landed together. Karran sensed something dark rolling off of the Mirialan, but not evil. The Pantoran he recognized from their time training together. The Mirialan must be his “bad boy Sith husband” as Shianna had referred to him. The two Jedi looked at each other and nodded before beginning their charge for the temple. Their matching blue sabers danced around themselves, working in perfect clockwork congruency to protect each other. They each channeled the Force to bolster each other as they carved through the Sith cultists that had swarmed to intercept their approach on the temple. As a pair, they were nearly unmatched. None of their enemies could hope to breach their defenses.

The two Jedi made their way to the pyramid and began fighting their way up toward the top. They fought back to back and side by side. Once, a cultist nearly got the chance to stab the Zabrak in the back, only to have his hands removed and find himself shoved from the platform and hurtling toward the ground. Karran looked to where the cultist had been, then to his companion. A smile broke across his face and Shianna simply winked at him before they continued.

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41 ABY

Jal Ka’toor Settlement

Tatooine

Karran and Shianna stepped off of the freighter into the bright light of the planet’s twin suns. The Human’s belly swollen under her pure white robes. The Jedi clasped held hands and proceeded toward the town square. Karran found the door that he had left behind thirteen years before and softly knocked on it. The man that opened the door could have been a mirror image of Karran, if maybe a good bit older. For a few seconds, the older Zabrak looked confused, then as he inspected the tattooed face, he recognized the ink that he had laid into skin with his own hands so many years ago.

“Karran? *\*Kelloh?\** Is that really you?” The sun-weathered face of the Zabrak broke into a grin.

“It is me,*sezȃh*. Where is *setȃr*?”

“She is well. She is at the cantina, working. She will be overjoyed to see you and...who is this?” Kar opened the door and gestured for them to enter and take a seat.

“This is Shianna, my wife. She was with Master Katto when the Jedi came and slew the beast.” The two Jedi did as they were bid and stepped into the cool interior.

“And she...is she?”

“Pregnant. Yes, I am.” Shianna piped in with a smile. “A little \**biha*\* for you and Batii.”

The older Zabrak clapped his hands together and looked to the sky, smiling with tears in his eyes. He quickly embraced the Human and gave her a kiss on either cheek. “Thank the Ancestors. Bless you. Blessings on you both.”

A few hours passed, filled with stories, doting, and laughter, before Batii Val’teo came through the door.

*\*”I am sorry I am late, Kar. That greasy manager made me stay late.”\** The Zabraki woman walked in and dropped the bag she was carrying. “Karran! My son? You have returned! And you have brought a girl home? With child? I certainly hope you have done the honorable-”

“Of course, *setȃr*, this is my wife.” Karran laughed as he embraced his mother. She still smelled the same after all the years he had been gone. “It is a boy, and we have decided to name him *\*Krayto\**, because if not for the dragon, Shianna and I would have never met.”