

Boomshakalaka *Club*
Aeotheran, Orian System
38 ABY

The night was still young. The music was thundering in the club, and the booze had been flowing freely. He might have attempted to drink himself into unconsciousness, but the blue-skinned Twi'lek kept looking in his direction. The typical laws on alcohol were no different on Aeotheran than they had been back home, but that woman had kept an uncomfortably close eye on him. She called herself a Rollmaster, whatever that meant, and insisted that he report to her each day. Kris had studied each night, but could not shake off a sense of unease.

This whole situation was not what he had expected when he found himself in the Orian system. His search had started on his father's world of Corellia, where he had hoped for a tearful meeting with his grandparents.

Well, it would have been tearful. Would have been better if the old man hadn't tossed me out on my ass. Feeling his cheeks warm, the Zeltron scowled at his feet. His paternal grandparents were nowhere to be found. Instead, he had followed a detective who had been hunting for Bentre Stahoes in connection to a warrant.

The detective had not wanted to give up his information, but after some arguing Kris managed to hike a ride to Nar Shadda. From there, the Zeltron youth had discovered another scorned woman who knew his sire. That one had been shot, but she was angry enough that she sang like a canary. The human Stahoes had resurfaced on the Hutt moon again, and a bounty hunter had been dispatched.

A lot of talking and a lot of searching yielded little until one day when a man showed up on Nar Shadda, speaking of a secret cabal of Force Users, led by a man matching Bentre's description. It had taken several evening of drink to finally ply the location of the bastard who had made Kris a bastard.

Kris' arrival in the Orian system had been uneventful until he started asking around for Bentre Stahoes. A security officer took him into a hiding place, and told him about the missing Sadowans. It had been a lot to take in for what had essentially come to "your father isn't here right now, kid."

The return of those Sadowans had been a time of confusion and excitement for the young man, but it paled into comparison to what happened after that Twi'lek woman heard he was searching for Bentre Stahoes. Her cheeks turned silver, and her eyes darted sideways and into the distance. Kris had been thrown into a holding cell, and had spent several days just waiting before the woman finally returned.

He had been interrogated on how he had come upon the system. He had been questioned on his parentage. Every time that he told her he was searching for his father, the Twi'lek Rollmaster had doubled down. If there was one thing he wanted, it was a bit of peace. He wanted the home he had not had growing up. He wanted to meet his father. He wanted to know from where he had come.

His mother had been shockingly silent, considering her free-speaking attitude when it came to matters of intimacy, when he asked about his own father. It could have been a broken heart, or just some regret of another sort she still harbored toward Bentre. The two had met on Nar Shadda years ago, and he had been the result of a night of passion. That was all that she would say. Some boyfriends had come and gone, but it never felt the same as he had expected.

What will it take? Kris wondered to himself. How much will I need to endure before I can find my place? How much longer must I wait to meet my father? How much longer should it be before I get the chance before I can have the desire of my heart?

The first days had been filled with training for the Zeltron. Kris did not understand why he was treated with both suspicion and care. The world had been strange, and his teacher had been even stranger.

"It is a hard thing, is it not?" The high tones of the Twi'lek sounded in his ear, causing the youth to spin about in place. His eyes searched the room before he looked back to the place by the bar he had last noticed the Rollmaster woman sitting. She was glaring intently at him. "You have been waiting so long." Her lips did not move, but her voice still sounded in his ear. Or perhaps, it was the back of his head. The stories of the Jedi of old were quite familiar to Kris. He couldn't remember anything about voices in the head, but maybe that was a tale that a Jedi-friend would tell you.

"You have no idea." He spoke the words carefully. He doubted that she could hear him, but perhaps she could read lips.

He saw a smile tug at her lips. "Follow." The woman seemed to float out of the room with all the ease. Each step seemed almost without effort. Kris took a thoughtful glance at the now-liberated bar area of the *Boomshakalaka*. He was still tempted to grab a drink in the moment, but he felt that such an act would prove him unworthy, somehow.

There were greater objectives this day. Despite all the desires of his heart, there was one thing that drew Kris Stahoes in. He needed to know. His father had been a mystery for so long. He did not understand the forces which drove him, but he wanted an answer. More than that, he wanted a lead. He wanted a start. Kris Stahoes wanted to know why Bentre had not stayed with him mother. He wanted to know why this Twi'lek disliked him so.

There was something deadly in the woman's gaze. This whole world felt like a place of darkness and danger. He couldn't turn back, and he doubted his mother would take an interest if he returned. Without a path, there was only the way forward. He did not know what the intention of this Rollmaster was, but he was going to have to face the unknown with a brave face.

At least he finally had a lead.