

Kamjin wiped the perspiration from his brow. Despite the chill in the air coming down from the snow capped mountains swirling with the combating breeze from the lake; he had worked up quite a sweat. It had never been part of his plans, not after what happened the last time, but he was finally laying down roots again.

The area was a buzz with construction noise. Droids ranging from the smallest mouse to multi-story mammoths were busy at the task of building the new Lap'lamiz estate. An impressive, sprawling, mini-city was quickly coming together. Kamjin had ensured they set up the dock and pavilions first so he could come here and relax on the water, away from the bustling metropolis that is Caelestis City. Now their attention was focused on the impressive spiraling residences.

Kamjin beckoned over Tal, the elderly Alderaanian he had tracked down to be the lead architect. Slowly, but deliberately and with confidence, Tal made his way over. "Your grace," he started, addressing Kamjin with the reverence reserved for Alderaanian royalty.

"Tal, is the arch on those towers correct?" Kamjin said, gesturing to the plastisteel framework that was being installed on one of the nearby spires.

"Yes, your grace. That is consistent with the architectural style utilized in the late reign of..." Tal began with what Kamjin had come to call his 'lecture' voice. Kamjin did not have time for it this afternoon. Especially not after being out in the sun all day.

"Is it consistent with the curve we had in Juranno?" Kamjin cut in. Tal stopped talking, a mixture of disappointment that he couldn't finish his explanation and deep thought about the query posed to him. He hummed to himself and then started coughing from the effort. Kamjin patted him gently on the back as Tal motioned with one hand that he was fine while covering his mouth with the other. After he had recovered himself he answered.

"No, it is not. The Juranno style of architecture had a more rounded approach nearing thirty..." Tal was again cut off by Kamjin holding up his hand.

"Please, make the correction to be consistent with the Jurannoan style."

"Your grace, that'll require at least several days to rebend the..."

"Time is not a concern nor are credits. I want it to be perfect. After all..." this time it was Kamjin who trailed off. "After all, I want your work to be a perfect representation of Alderaan at the height of its power before those Rebel terrorists caused its destruction." Tal looked for a moment as if he was going to argue the point but in an uncharacteristic moment of insight kept his mouth shut. "Will that be a problem, Tal?" Kamjin asked?

"No, your grace. It will be done," Tal replied, pulling out a comlink and starting to issue orders to halt the construction on the arches. Kamjin watched the elderly man go about his work. He was lucky he had found Tal. Nearly ninety years old, Kamjin didn't know how much longer Tal would have been able to undertake a massive project like this and Kamjin needed this estate to match his vision.

Leaving the elderly architect to his work Kamjin sought a respite from the construction in one of the temporary shelters. Stretching out on one of the cots, he felt every muscle in his body start to relax and unknot. Slowly he was regaining his fitter physique from when he was younger. If only he didn't hurt so much getting it back. Reaching under the cot he removed a small datapad. Glancing quickly around the room he confirmed no one was present and then turned it on.

A letter, already partially drafted, appeared on the screen. Kamjin sighed, then began writing again.

*Where did I leave off, Kya? It was after I had seen the boys but perhaps before the attack with the crystal infused warriors? It's hard to keep track as the days are blurring together again. It's good to be busy with work yet it feels hollow without you and the family.*

*I don't know if you've heard but Komilia and I reconciled our differences. I can only imagine the anger you feel from her running away from you but I want you to know she's safe. She's grown into such a strong woman and is quite capable in a fight. Now don't get worried, I am not putting her in harm's way, but she does have a habit of getting into fights. I'm sure if you knew now how she'd be you wouldn't have agreed to those Teräs Käsi classes when she was four.*

*In other news, I've started building an estate! After all those years of living with the fleet, moving from sector to sector, or having that condo where...well, I'm sure you remember. I finally decided it was time to set down roots. Komilla, despite the hardship of her life, is definitely a Duchess at heart and should have a proper home to reflect her status. It's going to be wonderful, a spacepoint, several residences, plenty of gardening space for you and the kids to explore. The dock is already complete and I have several watercraft being delivered in the next week.*

Kamjin continued to sigh, reflecting on the vision in his head of his family being reunited. Komilia, while she was no longer trying to kill him, definitely wasn't the adoring daughter he remembered. When he thought of the boys all he could see was Rohan defeated, laying on the ground unconscious after their duel. Kai screaming at him and his shame at not recognizing his own son. Hikaru, barely an infant when Kya had left, was now a decade old. So much time lost. So much time stolen.

He exhaled, his hands shaking for a moment as he flashed back to Kya on that boarding ramp as the shuttle flew away and the roof of their condo exploded around him. He tried to center himself to continue the letter.

*Kya, you would love it here. I've changed. The Brotherhood has changed. We could be a family again. I still love you. I never stopped loving you. Please, reach back out to me and let's talk again. Like we did all those years ago when we first met on Aurora Prime.*

*Eternally yours,  
Kam*

*That's funny,* Kamjin thought to himself. There must be a hole in this unit that's letting water from the lake leak in. He wiped the water from the datapad, casually rubbing his eyes in the same motion. He stared at the letter. Slowly shadows began to creep through the windows of the unit. Looking up he noticed the stars had started to come out around Ragnath. He pressed the send button and tucked the datapad back under his cot and settled in for the night.

\* \* \*

“Ma’am, we received this transmission for you,” a burly trandoshan said, handing a tablet to Kya.

“Transmission? From whom?” Kya replied, shaking her hair out of her face before placing her goggles on her hand to act as a hairband.

“Unknown, it’s encrypted for you. It was picked up in background chatter from one of the old drops we haven’t used in a while. Clearly whomever sent it knew how to get in touch with you but hasn’t attempted it in a decade.”

Kya took the tablet from the offered hand. “Thank you,” she managed to say as she walked out of the command room. Finding a secluded spot she examined the message. It was definitely sent in the appropriate manner with the correct encryption code and security prompts. Maybe a message from one of her old Rebel handlers needing her now that the galaxy was yet again in an uproar.

Taking a moment to recall all the responses she carefully decrypted the message, not wanting to enter an error and cause the message to be erased. With a pause to check the last string of codes she finally keyed in the message to be unlocked. As the text started to rearrange itself into readable words her eyes went wide. Before the message was fully decrypted she dropped the tablet to the floor, gasping.

*How could he have found me*, she thought. A whirlwind of emotions began to battle inside her. She had never spent a day not thinking about him. How could she, three of her children, look exactly like him. He had never reached out before. Why now? What changed? No, it didn’t matter, she concluded. She left for a reason and she had made up her mind. She stared at the tablet and turned to leave.

She made it to the door before she stopped. Her heart beating in her chest, she turned and went back for the tablet.