

Finding Comfort Amidst the Flames

Tyranus Citadel

Aliso

39 ABY

With his social obligations completed, Battlelord Khryso Mallus had retired to his private quarters. The Chiss Sith didn't have much spirit for holidays in his heart, but he enjoyed the opportunities for socialization and celebration that they brought about. This Life Day had been no different, with Khryso having attended half a dozen parties over the recent weeks. Now, with the faint scent of alcohol on his breath and a slight chill in the air, another holiday season had passed by. He was alone with nothing but his thoughts and memories that always seemed to stir in these moments.

The life of a Sith was no simple affair; it was not the sort of existence that granted one the opportunity to settle down and start a family. Nonetheless, so many of his contemporaries had found the time. It was something he had given much thought to in the past and something he intended for himself to some degree in the future. Once he figured out exactly what that meant. His own family had been something of an irregularity. The strongest figures in his life that guided him, Tim Falger and Luthus Tadrin, had not been related to him in the slightest. Nonetheless, they had helped to form the family unit that made him into who he was today. Any type of family Khryso were to form would likely be much different than what he had experienced.

Losing his father hadn't left much of an impact on the Sith when he was young. He was still a toddler and, to this day, carried no living memories of his father. Tim, a friend of his deceased father's, had helped to raise the Chiss. Describing Tim as a father wouldn't be entirely accurate, he was more like a sponsor. Offering little in the way of a relationship, Tim had ensured Khryso's family was taken care of and was more interested in making Khryso a proper Imperial than a son. That being said, Khryso had managed to learn a lot from the human.

When Tim and Khryso's mother eventually died, however, he found himself leaning on the Tadrin family. Even with Luthus' life falling apart thanks to the First Order's takeover of the planet, the former Moff had taken the Chiss into his house. Thinking back these nearly fifteen years, Khryso wasn't sure what he would have done if Luthus hadn't brought him in. It was true, the Chiss had nearly been an adult by then, but he would have been alone on a First Order controlled world. He may have been brainwashed into the First Order like Luthus' children or even enslaved.

After all that Luthus had done for him, though, things had still ended badly. Recalling Tattooine, where Khryso had been forced to kill Lora Tadrin, still brought a sour taste to Khryso's mouth. He didn't regret it, he likely would make most of the same decisions were he put there again. However, he wasn't fond of the idea that Luthus died without any proper repayment for his part in supporting Khryso. On the contrary, he was left with one less child in the galaxy.

As Khryso sat sifting through his memories, the warm yellow glow of his hololights illuminating the luxurious living space, he came to a decision. Luthus and Lora may be dead, and the Tadrins may want nothing to do with him, but the Chiss wanted to check up on the other Tadrin children. With the First Order in its current state, who was to say what kind of situations they had ended up in. Perhaps, then, his conscience would at last be clear and he could move past these unfortunate sentiments.