

While we were on a bit of a tight schedule, I couldn't resist the urge to climb into one of the J-types and have a look around. These ships were known for being nearly handmade from the ground up, and you could feel it with every step and breath you took as you walked through the starship. Everything was crisp, clean, and precise, with no deviations and no margin for error. This unarmed, diplomatic vessel was easily worth half a dozen million credits or more, and no matter where you looked, you were constantly reminded of that.

The interior was a bit different from the version I saw in the movies, with the throne room, for example, being replaced by a conference room large enough to accommodate nearly two dozen people. Even more interesting, while the ship was not directly armed, there was an interior armory that held a surprising array of weapons, all of which were works of art, in keeping with Naboo traditions. They clearly believed that, just because something was a tool or weapon, it didn't mean you couldn't make it cool and luxurious beyond all belief.

Unfortunately, as much as I wanted to take a look at the other ships, we had two more floors to inspect. We quickly called the shipping team and confirmed they were all clear to start looting the second hangar space to the floor panels, before heading to our next target.

The first floor we reached was smaller, less like a massive hangar, and more like a climate-controlled bunker in space. It was also absolutely crammed full of art, a wild collection of statues, paintings, hologram designs, and just about everything in between. A good ten or fifteen percent of the art was from Naboo, but the variety was expansive and touched just about every hyperspace capable species I knew about, and quite a few that I didn't. Hell, there was even an array of [Kaleesh](#) war masks stored carefully in a cushioned crate.

Some of the most incredible works were crafted from precious metals and adorned with jewels, but even the wooden carvings and simple paintings were breathtaking.

"This is... Deacon, this is worth potentially millions and millions of credits," Ahsoka said as we walked through an aisle of stacked crates, each carefully labeled. "I can't imagine how many stolen works of art are here... since I really can't see Palpatine coming even close to paying for any of these..."

I nodded my head in agreement as we passed a solid gold statue of a [Tholothian](#) pouring a jug of water, about a meter tall, with two hulking emeralds lodged in its stomach. As I was wondering just how much it was worth, I had a rather unfortunate thought.

"Ahsoka... What are the chances that if we sell anything of this... or, really, anything we find today, and it results in the buyer being killed?" I asked, turning to look at my partner. "I mean, I can't imagine Palpatine reacting well to see this statue appear in a Tholothian museum... right?"

That drew her up short, a frown creasing her lips as she considered my question. After a few moments, she sagged and nodded, shaking her head as she pinched the bridge of her nose.

"Any of the ships, especially the Jedi ships, would likely get the buyer hunted down and killed if they ever showed them off or used them," She agreed, nodding her head. "But...as long as the buyers understand that it was all recovered from a secret Imperial facility, possibly at the behest of the Emperor, then I don't think we need to worry. The ball is in their court, as you say."

"That's... fair," I said with a frown. "We will have to be careful. Being openly stolen, potentially from the Emperor himself, will slow their sales to a crawl... but it's better to sell to someone who knows what's going on. Any of the Jedi ships that you guys don't want, we can make an exception for and sell to the Rebellion. There's no need to worry, since they would know what they are getting into and are already on the Emperor's shit list."

"What about the Naboo starships?" Ahsoka asked. "I know one of the H-types is Luke's, but what about the rest?"

"Well... why don't we just keep them for ourselves?" I suggested with a shrug. "The yachts make great luxury transports, and the starfighters make a great honor guard. I'm not super happy that the yachts aren't armed, but that has its charm as well. Maybe we could have Miru sacrifice a room or two to give them ridiculously overpowered shields."

"One thing at a time, D'bhem," Ahsoka said, patting my chest. "First, we need to get all of this back to Nirn. But I like the idea of keeping the Naboo ships, they could be useful. And they are impressive crafts."

I nodded, looking out at the various crates full of art. In all likelihood, something like this would slowly sell over time, making the Skyforged a consistent source of income for quite a while. That wasn't necessarily a bad thing, either, since having a steady income was just as crucial as making large deals, especially since we had the tendency to immediately assign the credits from large deals to large projects.

Once we finished inspecting the art storage, we made our way to the fourth and final floor of storage. This one was filled with crates as well, but rather than art, we found a rather eclectic collection of... stuff. It must have been some sort of general storage, because we found several crates of blasters that no one recognized, boxes of liquor which Julius attempted to convince me he needed to taste to confirm how valuable they were, as well as crates armor, melee weapons, two boxes of Kyber crystals that neither Ahsoka or myself could identify, several sets of sith trooper armor and just about everything in between.

It was as if someone had raided the galaxy's attics, restaurants, museums, tech laboratories, and ancient ruins, taking the best items for themselves and storing them away for a rainy day.

"... Now I'm starting to wonder what all this really is," I said, cracking open another case of fine wine, shaking my head, and closing it. "I don't think this floor is an emergency stash, or a personal storage spot... It's too well thought out, but not focused on survival or anything like that. Sure, Palpy might like a drink or two, but there is a ton of liquor here, not to mention preserved luxury foods and random other stuff..."

"It's almost... personal," Ahsoka said with a nod, agreeing with my sentiment. "Feels very much unlike the image you've painted of him."

"You guys are thinking too deep," Tatnia said, shaking her head. "These are bribes and gifts. The Emperor must be showered with them by dignitaries, Moff's, Admirals, and more, either trying to butter him up or deflect his wrath. It must get directed here... The real questions are... how many of these types of storage rooms does he have, since this one is clearly full, and if Palpy even knows what's in here, or if his aids just take care of it for him."

"...I really hope he does," I said with a smirk, after a moment of thinking. "Maybe we could record some footage of us enjoying some of the food and drink, then send it out."

"What? Why would you do that?" Tatnia asked, looking up from a sealed crate.

"Do I really need a reason beyond pissing off Grandpa Palpy?" I asked, getting a snort from Tatnia and an eye roll from Ahsoka. "What, I enjoy the finer things in life. Good food, good company, and encouraging homicidal rage in my enemies."

We continued to go through the fourth and final storage area, checking for traps or anything else nefarious. The more crates and boxes we opened, the more I was convinced that Tatnia was correct. The real kicker, which sealed the idea that this was one of Palpatine's private gift storage, was when we realized how high-quality some of the containers were. Some of them had clearly been transferred, but there were quite a few stasis units disguised by hand-carved wooden boxes.

Not only did a good amount of the crates match the idea of expensive gifts, but the idea also rang true to the mental construct of the bastard in my head. He was narcissistic and vain enough to believe that he deserved gifts, and therefore encouraged the behavior. At the same time, he was also so deep in his own bullshit that he would consider himself above the petty presents people gave him. He probably derived some sort of enjoyment from being gifted things, knowing that they would be shoved away, never to be opened or enjoyed. That these amazing treasures were his and his alone, locked away in dozens of storage cells across the galaxy.

Either way, there were a lot of expensive items stored in the space, so whatever it was, we were going to make a lot of money from it.

When we were finally finished scanning the last storage room for anything dangerous, my team and I started chipping in with the rest of the looting efforts, helping wherever we could. Primarily, we helped with the clone troopers, stripping them of their armor, weapons, and any other potentially hazardous items, before securing them and shipping them off to our starships. It was a long process, and I was passing out the Respite spell like candy.

Of course, we weren't the only ones working hard. Back home, the Skyforged was preparing for our return by attempting to streamline the chip removal process, converting nearly a dozen rooms near the Fury's brig into medical suites. Our medical teams and doctors on Nirn were led by Flip, a clone from the first group of troopers we saved. For obvious reasons, he was

well-versed in the surgery and had ensured that everyone under his jurisdiction was as well. He even devised a safer, more streamlined version of the surgery, specifically in case we ever found more clones that could be saved.

Thankfully, we had no shortage of medical professionals working under Flip, unlike the Rebellion, which struggled to keep doctors on staff. Being able to pay them better and provide a world in which they felt safe and protected made people significantly more trusting when it came to working for us.

With the number of clones we were bringing home, it would likely take weeks to treat everyone, even with the streamlined version of the surgery that Flip developed. Still, I was happy to assist in any way I could. The clones caught enough shit as it was, they needed someone truly in their corner, and I was more than happy to be that person.

There was, however, a silver lining to their position. It seemed that these particular troopers were intended to remain at the facility for an extended period, and whoever was in charge of the facility had decided they wanted the clones and no one else to run the defense. So, to prevent the clones from growing old and dying, these troopers had already received the rapid aging cure.

Not only did that mean they were still in their prime, but it also meant their life spans were considerably more normal, as opposed to the troopers who were treated years after the Clone Wars, who were already physically in their fifties or sixties and would still most likely age faster until passing. The troopers we saved at Omega Station would also benefit the most from the rapid aging cure, since they were physically still young when we administered it.

Eventually, our time was up, and we needed to leave. Our holds were full of loot, clone troopers, and anything we thought was worth taking. The station had several armories we cleaned out, as well as enough supplies to last for months without aid. Most of that would be sold to the Rebellion, but we would likely keep some of it for ourselves. Explosives were hard to come by, after all.

Of course, stripping down the interior of the station was not all we had managed to do. During the fifteen hours we had been working, my people had managed to get the *Deceptor's* emergency power up and running. It was enough for one long jump, where we would strand the ship and continue to strip it down for anything useful that we wanted and disable any tracking system inside it. We would leave most of the supplies and equipment on the Victory-class behind, since the Rebels were buying it for ten million credits, on top of two million for the supplies.

Not bad for a mission where we were technically only there to help an ally start their revenge campaign.

Speaking of our allies, Clan Syr was more than happy with what they had found. With more native beskar than they knew what to do with, two squadrons of potent starfighters and two large gunships. Not to mention more Mandalorian weapons and artifacts that had been stolen from them. Apparently, they even found a few containers of [PILARO-87s](#), a rare rifle that

was just becoming popular before the Empire made its move. It was apparently modular enough to be both a sniper and infantry rifle, and quite powerful.

After spending several days in the void, going through and scanning everything we had taken for tracking beacons and any sort of suspicious programming, we finally left to drop Clan Galti off at their temporary home. They had more planning to do, but Vi assured me that this was just the beginning.

"We know that we cannot tear down the Empire in a day," Vi admitted, the last of their gear lifting off out of the *Hope*, heading down to the planet's surface. "But we can tear down those who directed the dark trooper program to our doors. We will steal back the beskar they have stolen, and make them pay for targeting us."

"Denying the Empire an asset like that would absolutely be something the Skyforged would be interested in," I assured her. "When you have your targets, contact us again and we will gladly aid you."

The older Mandalorian woman nodded, and after shaking my hand, she climbed on board one of the recently acquired Fangs. A few moments later, she lifted off the deck and flew up and out of the *Hope's* hangar bay.

Once they were clear of our fleet, we jumped back to lightspeed, heading back home. It had been a rather long mission time, though it had been more than worth it. A lot of what we found would be slow to move, but all of it was valuable, so it was worth the time to sell it.

When the fleet dropped out of hyperspace, I immediately got a message from Amescoll, warning me that Luke and Leia were both planetside, and had been for a few days. Apparently, Leia had asked to keep her presence on the planet a secret, and since Luke had vouched for her, she had been staying with the Jedi.

Curious as to what she could possibly want, I passed through my orders to my team before Ahsoka and I flew down to the surface in Luke's new ship. I messaged the young Rebel to meet us at one of the landing pads, instructing him to look for the shiny starship. We could have the meeting in the conference room in the living space of the yacht.