

We arrived at the deep space security checkpoint a few days later, our new station trailing behind, ready for screening and scanning. When we first dropped out of hyperspace, I was surprised to see the *Talos Chariot* among the ships waiting. It turns out Miru wanted to inspect the new station, which made sense since it would fall under her domain, though her second-in-command, Orbor Fakkiv, would likely be in charge of it more directly.

After a short meeting on board the *Hope*, explaining what she was looking for and some worst-case scenarios, Miru was off to do her business, landing in one of the station's hangars and beginning her inspection. I asked her to keep me updated when she had news, and she agreed, though I would likely need to remind her since she was very excited and plenty distracted.

During our trip to the security checkpoint, we also heard word from Corvak, who was still away, leading his own inspection of the supply station. The secret supply station was a simple asset, with tons of internal storage and large hangars, dedicated to loading and unloading goods as efficiently as possible. The entire station was filled with automated equipment for just that process, with everything from rows of labor droids to cranes built into the hangar roofs. Corvak was far from an expert, but he guessed that the station would make a great place to run trade and transfer supplies, as that was essentially what it was designed for. It was even large enough that, with a bit of work, it could likely take over for the *Fury*, in terms of being our materials and supplies hub.

If he was right, it would drastically decrease the impact that taking the *Fury* on missions away from Nirn would have on Vercopa. That meant the ship could become another valuable asset, assuming we could keep it fueled, rather than just a defensive battleship.

While investigating the station's internals, Corvak stumbled into a secret area, sealed behind panels in one of the engineering bays. Inside were several rows of [IG-100 MagnaGuard](#) droids. Unfortunately, he couldn't find any hints as to why they were hidden, or why they were there at all. Still, I wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth, as the Magna droids were some of the rarest in the separatist army, both because they were expensive to make and because their role as bodyguards meant there was no large-scale mass production. They were, however, extremely effective, with just a few of them being more than most Jedi could handle at once. Sure, Anakin or Obi-Wan could chew through them pretty easily, but for most Jedi, hearing their electrostaffs crackle to life meant that things had just gotten dangerously complicated.

I rather quickly advised Corvak and his people to seal the room back up, lock down the door, and then seal that entire section closed. According to their slicer droid, the Magna droids were firmly deactivated, but they would cause some serious problems if they were set to turn back on because they jumped to lightspeed or some other trigger.

By the time they reached out to us, the station was already being prepared to go mobile, so they would likely arrive at the security checkpoint in just a few days.

Once we were done with our own scans, we jumped back to Nirn. When we landed, I began my usual work around the planet and other assets to check in. I was debriefed on the

missions taken on by the different fleets, all of whom had returned home. Thankfully, all of their missions were various shades of successful, ranging from a two-million-credit paycheck and three million added to the Rebellion's debt, to adding a half dozen starfighters to our sales list and clearing a decent-sized bounty.

I was glad to see everyone was home, resting before their next mission, especially because I had something I wanted to bring up. I set up a meeting, something small between just the captains and leaders of each fleet, as well as Sheora and her team. Corvak, along with the captains with him on his mission, would miss it, but I could fill them in later. Once everyone had gathered, I started the meeting without preamble.

"So. With our new organization, we have reached the point where I am comfortable with our fleets going after larger targets," I said, looking around and meeting several pairs of eyes. "Between the capital ships and the starfighters, each of our fleets is capable of taking on a Star Destroyer, though some would find it more difficult than others. That is why I'm asking Sheora to start looking for Imperial targets that don't have a chance for profit, or at least not one as large as we are used to."

That got people whispering, as it was a significant departure from our usual stance of ensuring we could make a profit on every mission.

"To be clear, these will not be the new standard for all missions. These missions will only be brought up occasionally, when Sheora and her team stumble on a particularly juicy target worth blowing up," I explained. "The majority of our missions will still be focused on instances where we can do good and still make a profit."

"Why the sudden shift?" One of the captains from 3rd Fleet asked.

"We have always been anti-Imperial," I pointed out. "But we are finally at the point where I feel confident in having missions that don't pay for themselves. I expect that around one mission a month will be focused on destruction or asset denial, rather than payment. These will likely be hit-and-run missions to destroy Imperial assets. Now, some of these might turn a profit anyway, but I ask you to be careful in biting off more than you can chew."

"And we can afford this?" Vi asked. "I was under the impression we rely on constant income to fuel our constant growth."

"Which is another reason why we have waited until now," I explained with an acknowledging nod. "With the fleet's stable and sizable, with only one or two needing any additions, we are looking at a moment where we can sell more of what we source, rather than keeping the larger ships for ourselves. We will keep an eye on our savings to make sure we aren't dipping, but I think we are at the point where we can handle it, especially now that we are actually trying to slow down our spending."

I looked around again, gauging how everyone was reacting. We had always been honest at every step of our hiring process that this group was firmly anti-Imperial, but there were some

who joined because of what we were doing in the Outer and Mid Rim, rather than any desire to take down a government.

"What good will these attacks do?"

"To the Empire?" I asked, before shrugging and answering honestly. "Basically nothing. The Imperial machine is too large, too dense, and too well reinforced for our forces to do anything but be annoyances. We may uncover some particularly juicy opportunities that make a bigger impression, maybe a particularly important delivery, or perhaps an important general in a vulnerable moment. But ultimately, these little battles will do next to nothing."

"Then... what the hell is the point?" Julius asked, looking genuinely confused. Tatnia rolled her eyes and shook her head, barely restraining her elbow. Not because she disagreed, she had been mostly against this change as well, but because interrupting like that was counterproductive.

"The point is that the Empire in its current form is a stain on this galaxy. The point is that the Emperor is an abomination that we must stand against," I explained, looking around, noting that many people were nodding in agreement. "The point is that we have the power to stand up, and even if it ultimately amounts to nothing, we have an obligation to those who can't to plant our feet and stand up for what's right."

"It's also not just about what we can do, or how what we do affects the Empire," Ahsoka added. "By standing up, we set an example for others who agree with our beliefs. Today it may just be us standing against them, but tomorrow others may join us."

"We have a saying, from my world," I continued, nodding to Ahsoka for her contribution. "Well, actually, we have quite a few, but the one that applies here is 'All that is necessary for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing.' When we sit back and watch the Empire hurt our neighbors, we are allowing evil to triumph. It means that by doing nothing, we become complicit in the act."

"Will we be working with the Rebellion?"

"We are going to try," I said with a wince. "I plan on meeting with them soon to discuss joint missions in which we wouldn't expect pay, but how they react to that will define how often that actually happens. If they start playing games, using us to secure and gain assets that we would normally make money off of... I don't know. I will be reaching out to General Syndulla, someone I trust not to try to take advantage of us. Long story short... hopefully, but don't hold your breath."

The questions continued for a while, but eventually everyone was mostly on the same page. We would slowly introduce Empire-specific missions into our rotation, where profit is not a high priority. We would monitor the results and the effect on our bottom line before making a decision to continue. This would happen over the span of a few months, just so we don't spike our income into the ground by underestimating the effect.

When the meeting was over, I took the rest of the day to unwind, though honestly, I spent most of the time thinking about how I would handle the passing of magic. The more I thought about it, the more I liked Tatnia's idea of grabbing a whole group of people, introducing them to magic, helping them grow a bit, then introducing them to our people.

However, a large part of me wanted to take it even further. Create one class, a group of ten or fifteen people, from all walks of life, though with a leaning towards the Skyforged. I would spend some time helping them along, teaching them things like enchantment and more, before leaving them to their devices for a while. Then, several months later, I would create a second class, another group of ten or fifteen people. They could learn from the previous class, as well as from me.

If I continued that for a few iterations, I would have a group of magic users that could keep up with our fellow Jedi, which... honestly felt important. The idea of a magic user and a Jedi pairing, working together, kind of like partners in the pursuit of justice, like how police are often paired together.

It honestly resonated with me in a way I didn't expect. After all, even most of the older Jedi admitted that whatever happened after the Empire was gone would be different from what came before. What could be more different than pairing up your knights and masters with a mage?

I filed the idea away for when I started to select people, more specifically, for when I had to tell the Jedi about how it worked. I needed them in the know because I needed their help finding people with a weaker connection to the Force, so I didn't accidentally hurt someone with a powerful connection.

Eventually, despite the many things weighing on my mind, I did ultimately spend some time relaxing. The day after our meeting, Julius, Nal, and myself ended up taking an airspeeder trip to the newly forming fishing town, which at this point was still unnamed. This was partly a chance for me to look around and see how everything was shaping up, but also an excuse to go fishing, something I hadn't done in many years, even before I died and was sent here.

The village or town was basic, mostly built from [stacked temporary shelters](#), which were more than up to the task while the construction teams planned on how they would build the actual permanent infrastructure. Even the dock was temporary, just a half-dozen of the larger trees from deep in the forest, cut in half and anchored out into the water, with boards attached perpendicular to them. It looked a bit wonky, but it was large enough and sturdy enough to anchor several large fishing boats, and several more smaller ones.

It was one of those smaller ones that we would be riding out on.

It was honestly a bit strange seeing an actual boat, just... floating there. For some reason, with so many ways of getting around, from swoops to speeders and starships, the idea of boats in this universe seemed oddly out of place, like a bicycle at a motorcycle parade.

As we climbed on board and prepared for our trip, I was thrilled to see that most of the equipment remained mostly the same, at least for the kind of fishing we were doing. I not only recognized the fishing rods on sight, but I also figured out how they worked in short order. It looked a bit different, visually a mix between a [spincast](#) and a [spinning wheel](#). They came with a few different sensors and a small readout attached to the shell, but I mostly ignored them.

Once we rode our boat out to one of the several hot spots our fishermen had found, the three of us, plus the captain of the boat, spent a few hours fishing off the side, hooking several different fish, most of them being a white-fleshed fish, at least in taste.

Unfortunately, my own holy grail had yet to be found. I was eagerly hoping someone would find a fish with a flavor profile similar to salmon. That would require a fish that had similar eating habits, however, and since I didn't know much about them, beyond the fact that they were delicious, it was basically just a game of chance.

Still, I wanted one enough that I had put a bounty on it, a few thousand credits to the person who found one, if it even existed.

Eventually, after catching as many fish as we were allowed for the day, we headed back home, where we did a bit of a fish bake for the crew. It was a pleasant way to end the break, as tomorrow I had plans to head to Alpha Base to meet with the Rebellion. I would have use a holonet to call ahead, mostly because I didn't want to get shot down as we arrived, as it had been quite a while since our last visit to the Rebel base.

I was also hoping to see Luke. It had been a while since he had been around, and I wanted to make sure he knew he was welcome on Nirn even with Yoda gone. He deserved a place to relax, be among his people, and feel at least just a bit normal for a while.