

It took a second for what she was saying to organize itself in my chain of thought, until suddenly it cut through, like a shard of ice chilling me to my core. I whipped my head around to a nearby stormtrooper corpse, gesturing out with Telekinesis. With a hard flick, I yanked off the blood-splattered helmet, exposing the stormtrooper's head.

The face of Jango Fett stared back at me.

Immediately, I activated my comms, as wide an area as my suit could manage.

"ALL GROUND TEAMS!" I called out, shouting to make sure I cut through the chaos. "SWITCH WEAPONS TO STUN! REPEAT, SWITCH WEAPONS TO STUN."

Immediately, confirmations flooded in, while the blaster bolts shifted, one side changing to almost entirely stun bolts, waves of the stunning energy firing across the hangar and dropping new targets. One group on the far left, the warriors of Clan Galti, stuttered for a moment, only partly shifting to stun bolts.

"Why are we switching?" the familiar voice of Vi Galto came through comms a moment later.

I cursed myself for not establishing a more concrete chain of command before we began this mission. It didn't seem like Vi's warriors were maliciously ignoring my command, but instead instinctively ignoring someone they didn't see as in command.

"The Stormtroopers are clones, of the same template as the Clone Wars," I explained impatiently. "That means there is potential mind control in effect!"

For a long moment, she was silent, and I was afraid she was going to deny the order. While it was still mostly effective, stunning stormtroopers did sometimes fail, their armor capable of absorbing enough of the energy that the blasts only momentarily weakened the target rather than knocking them out. It wouldn't be hard to argue that just killing them was safer for her people. After ten seconds had passed, she finally responded.

"Copy that, switching to stun."

I let out a long breath, before turning my attention back to the battle as a whole. Some weapons had been switched out, since not all weapons had stun options, but as a whole, we quickly established control of the hangar. After confirming everyone was okay, I started healing the downed stormtroopers, stunning any who woke up in the process. There were quite a few on the edge of death, with blaster burns under their armor from before we switched to our stun weapons.

"Racer! Take the other slicer droids and start hacking into the station's security," I said, gesturing to a small alcove along the hangar wall that seemed to be an access point. "Corvak, secure the entrance. I need to reach out to the fleet."

I quickly established a connection to one of the LAATi transports to link to the fleet as a whole, warning them that there might be clones among the officers and crew of the ships, and that rescue operations should be ramped up. I hadn't even finished coordinating with everyone before it was confirmed that the pilots of the TIE fighters were clones as well.

"That certainly explains why no one was willing to surrender," I muttered with a curse. "I want escape pods recovered and occupants stunned. We are going to start ferrying clones back on board our ships. I want them sealed in safe rooms, stripped of armor, and double-checked for weapons or hidden knives. These are people being treated as slaves, our first priority is now freeing them."

By the time I was done talking to the fleet, the ground teams had already started processing the clone troopers we had stunned. I cursed under my breath and shook my head. This operation was not significantly more complicated.

"Okay, people, our droid reinforcements are on their way, but their job is going to be gathering up and transporting the clone troopers off of the station," I explained. "I know this is not what we intended when we came here, but for the Skyforged Vanguard, this just became a rescue mission."

I scanned our group, several people nodding in agreement. The Skyforged had always had a poor opinion of slavery, and the clone army had just about been the worst case of slavery the galaxy had seen in thousands of years. The fact that clone troopers had been a significant chunk of our early population just meant that we had a vested interest in seeing the clones safe and out of Imperial clutches.

"Our time is ticking down, so we need to hurry. The quicker we can pacify this station, the quicker we can get these clones out of here and treated," I explained, turning to focus on each group. "Sabine, Ezra, take your team down to the power core, follow one of the slicer droids. Secure it and keep the clones from using it to blow up the whole station. Corvak, take another slicer and head to the control station. I want security on our side ASAP. Clan Galti, secure our prize while we start clearing up anyone trying to do anything stupid. Any questions?"

I looked around for anyone with a raised hand or a confused posture, but when none appeared, I simply nodded.

"Good. Keep your comms open. Get to it!"

The teams immediately split up, everyone heading in different directions. I watched as Sabine and Ezra led their people out at a sprint, pushing to gain control of the station's most dangerous asset. Corvak and his team were right after them, while Clan Galti took a moment to collect itself. We were the last team inside the hangar, waiting for Racer to direct us to the station's sleeping quarters, since there was likely a large group of people there.

Once people started to split off, I pulled Ahsoka aside.

"Hey, listen," I asked, putting my hand on her shoulder in support. "The clones, did they feel like...?"

"Like they were being controlled?" She finished, and I nodded in confirmation. "Yeah, they did. I should have realized it sooner, we could have moved in with stun weapons from the beginning."

"It's thanks to you we know at all, Ahsoka," I pointed out. "We don't make a habit of peeking under stormtrooper helmets. This could have been a tragedy. Instead, now we are helping them."

She let out a long breath and nodded, leaning against me, our helmets tapping together as we took solace in each other for a moment. After a few seconds, we pulled away, both of us determined to get back to work.

Racer led us through the station, the interior of which was like any other Imperial installation, which was to say various shades of grey, cold and impersonal, not to mention confusingly set up. As we moved, we would occasionally run into groups of resistance, but as they were in stormtrooper gear and we were covered in beskar armor, they didn't stand much of a chance.

They did, however, almost catch us in two different traps. The first was set by a group of several clones, who drew us in by retreating through a doorway set with explosives, which would have detonated had we stepped through. Thankfully, Ahsoka felt the danger first, allowing us to carefully defuse the explosives after stunning the troopers. After that, another pair of troopers managed to lead us into a part of the station near the outer walls. They then detonated an explosive to crack it open, exposing us to the void of space. Unfortunately for them, Ahsoka once again had enough time to warn us. We all just managed to engage our mag boots, locking us firmly to the deck so that we wouldn't get sucked out. Sadly, the five troopers that attempted to ambush us were lost, though Ahsoka tried valiantly to save two of them by grabbing them with the Force.

Slowly but surely, we continued to clear the station. We all cheered when Sabine reported that the station's power system had been secured, meaning we were safe. We all then nearly collapsed when Corvak reported that a self-destruct had already been running, and that they had reached the control room with only two minutes to spare.

Once we recovered from the knowledge that we had all been only a few minutes away from having a very, very, very bad day, we got back to work. Racer continued to lead us around the station, from sabotage attempts to hold out position, running around the station like chickens with our heads cut off. Eventually, we split into two teams, as did Corvak's crew, leaving one in the control room to direct us as we cleared the large station floor by floor.

After nearly an hour of fighting and hunting down tenacious and brainwashed troopers, we had finally cleared the station. Once everything was locked down, everyone worked together to carry the stunned clone troopers to the hangar bays, including the BX droids. Once at the

hangar, they were stripped, searched, bound, and sent back to the *Hope*, *Forge*, or *Anvil*, all of which had secure rooms to store them in.

I already had people working on improvised secure rooms because, judging by the number of troopers we had already found, we would need them.

While we were working, we also confirmed a few things with a quick medical scan. Not only did the troopers have the infamous brain implant, but it was very active, just as Ahsoka said. On top of that, we confirmed these were genuine Kamino clones, not some new version that Palpy was playing around with. That was strange, since they all seemed pretty young for rapid aging clone troopers.

Putting mysteries aside for the moment, I focused on streamlining the pipeline to securing the, hopefully, temporary prisoners. Once everything was set, we made our way down to the storage sections, where Clan Galti had gone and secured.

As we arrived, we stepped out of a turbo lift connected hallway to find a massive interior hangar. Along the far wall, I could see the same sealed doors I had spotted from the outside, which were most likely how things too large to transport by hand were brought in for storage.

All of that was only a background though, however, as I spotted the many ships sitting in the ample hangar space. Along one corner were [two larger ships](#), which looked like honest-to-goodness cargo jets, like squashed cargo planes with two gigantic engines. They weren't massive ships, but were certainly some sort of transport. Alongside and around them were around two dozen smaller ships, [starfighters](#) of some kind, which I also did not recognize.

There were also stacks of crates, two pallets of metal ingots I could easily identify as beskar, as well as a row of [speeder bikes](#) and a collection of armed repulsor speeders. It was an impressive arsenal, especially since I could see some of the warriors pulling out things like blasters and rifles from the crates.

"Congratulations, it looks like you found what you were looking for," I said, making my way to Vi, who was standing beside one of the starfighters.

"It is far beyond what we expected," She admitted with a nod, turning to address me before turning back to the filled hangar. "The AIAT will likely need upgrades, but they are serviceable transport and gunships. The Fangs are potent starfighters, and there is more beskar here than I have ever seen before in one place. With this, we will draw a lot of attention from other coverts. They will want access to the beskar."

"A bridge to cross later," I said, the older woman nodding in agreement. "For now... let's check to see if that door has a mag shield, or we will have to vent this place slowly. I can't imagine these ships have fuel, but luckily, we saw that far ahead and have enough to get the transports out of here. The rest will have to be ferried to the *Hope* or *Fury*."

She nodded, and by the way she started barking orders, spurring her people from their inspecting of loot to the preparing of it, I knew she had the situation in hand. After one more look

around, I headed back into the corridor to ride the turbo lift to the next level. According to Racer, there were four floors of storage, with only two having direct access to space. Seeing as exterior access was handy to store starfighters, I decided we would check the floor above the Mandalorian-focused hangar.

A quick turbolift ride later, and we stepped into the second hangar storage. As we entered the equally large space, we all froze, eyes wide at what was contained within. Along one wall were three [T-6 shuttles](#), the same model that Ahsoka used to fly around. Alongside them were a group of [Eta-2 Actic-class light interceptors](#). Set off from there were nearly a dozen and a half [Delta-7 Aethersprite](#), or at least some version of it.

"Oh, Palpy is going to be *pissed* when he hears we hit this station," I commented, looking over the Jedi ships, before turning slightly and staring at the extensive collection of classic *Naboo starships*. "Vader won't be so happy either."

There, gleaming in the harsh Imperial light, were two [J-Type 327 Nubian royal starships](#), two squadrons worth of [N-1 starfighters](#), and three [H-Type Nubian yachts](#). They were all immaculate, perfectly intact, and shining as if they had just lifted off the factory floor. My crew spread out, poking and prodding the ships, as well as the various crates that lay stacked around the midline of the hangar.

"Huh... well, we have a gift or two for Luke," I said with a chuckle, before adding in a much quieter voice that only Ahsoka could hear. "Maybe one for someone else as well."

Out of curiosity, I raised my hand and cast clairvoyance, focusing on the images I had seen of the H-type from various Star Wars media. I knew it was in the prequels, and I knew it showed up in other places, but I also knew that Padme had bad luck with her ships surviving...

It took a moment as I cycled through my memories, before finally, one of them hit, and the Clairvoyance arrow swung around, pointing directly at the closest of the "small" luxury yachts.

"That one is Luke's," I said with a smile, taking Ahsoka's hand. "Unless I'm mistaken, it was her personal ship. Or one of them, at least. With how often she lost them, they might all be hers, but I know for sure that she used that one. Better yet, it's not the star skiff she and Obi-Wan were flying around when Anakin went off the deep end, so it shouldn't be stained by any harsh emotions."

"What about the J-Type?" she asked, looking at the two larger ships. "Didn't she own one of those as well?"

"Yeah, in fact, one of those is what brought Padme and Anakin together," I explained with a bittersweet smile. "But Vader has the original. If I had to guess, it's on Mustafar, and I'm willing to bet it's so steeped in the dark side at this point that it's semi-sentient and carnivorous."

"And the Jedi craft?" She asked, both of us walking closer to them, examining the arrowhead-shaped starfighters. "What are we going to do with them?"

"Well... they are on the older side. Our MA-wings could fly circles around them," I pointed out. "Maybe we should let Miru take a look at them, see if she can't learn anything from them. Otherwise, we can keep a few and sell the rest. Same with the N-1s"

She nodded in agreement, before making her way to check out the T-6s. Meanwhile, I got on the comms and started organizing more people to prepare. We had a lot of stuff to move, and our window was slowly closing.

And we still hadn't gone over the remaining two floors of storage.