

The following day was a day of recovery and catching up, with my only real goal being to make the rounds of the station and see how everyone was doing. My first stop was Pola, who I found in his workshop, tinkering with something that made me very excited.

"Where did you find that?" I asked, surprising the skittish engineer.

On one of his central workstations was a pair of [Clone trooper jetpacks](#). Beside them was a similar-looking [device](#), as well as a smaller metal pack I didn't recognize.

"For the clone equipment, I made a bid on a holonet site that specializes in military gear," He explained. "Technically they are both decommissioned, but I wasn't really interested in getting them to work, just how they functioned."

"How much did that set us back?" I asked curiously, examining the mandalorian-inspired design.

"Three thousand credits for both of them," He explained.

"I'm seeing a bit of a pattern. Do you want to fill me in?" I asked, gesturing to all three devices on the table, trying my best to keep my expectations reasonable.

"Well... with the beskar almost completely run out, I decided to spend my time working on improving the armor that already exists," He explained, stepping away from whatever he was working on to talk. "And after brainstorming with the team-

"The team?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh, Vaz, Pyre, and Bolt," He answered, continuing when I didn't look away. "Pyre and Bolt are the two clones who help around the shop. Should be here soon to help with maintenance."

At that, he gestured to a few crates by the wall, which I recognized as crates we used to carry our armor during downtime.

"Anyway, we talked about it and decided that if we *really* wanted to improve the armor, then adding some maneuverability would take it to the next level," He said, running his hands through his hair. "Pyre apparently had some experience with the clone trooper jetpack system, so we started with those. But they have some serious limitations."

"I imagine they are volatile?" I asked, the younger engineer nodding in agreement.

"They can be, but they are also imprecise. They are great for leaps and launches, but fine control gets a lot more iffy. Vaz claims that the type Mandalorians prefer to use can get some precise movements, but those are even more expensive and difficult to master," He explained. "They also require very specific fuel, need to be regularly maintained, and, like you said, they are volatile. We decided it wasn't worth it, not when there were other options."

He walked around the table, standing on the side opposite of me. He gestured to the pack I didn't recognize.

"T-this is a [T-8 Repulsor Pack](#). It generates a precise repulsor field strong enough to lift three hundred and fifty pounds. I-it's also significantly more stable and agile than the jetpack," He explained. "Honestly, it's better than the jetpack in almost every guard, save for speed and price. It's... kind of expensive."

"You know my opinion on spending money on things when it comes to giving our people an advantage," I said, tugging on the collar of my very nice, very expensive uniform.

"I know, Boss, which is why we ultimately decided the repulsors packs were the way to go," He assured me. "Right now, we are trying to work out a way to affix it to the backs of the heavy armor without the straps, as that would only get in the way. We also want a release switch so they can be disengaged manually or on command."

"And how's that going?"

"Pretty well, actually. Having some extra hands on the team is really helping," He admitted with a smile. "Vaz and I are really learning as we go, but Pyre and Bolt both have some real experience with engineering, repair, and armor upkeep. We are learning a lot from each other."

"That's good. We are seeing a big recruitment drive coming in soon, so let me know when you need more people to keep up with everything."

"Yes, Boss," he said with a serious nod before looking confused for a moment. "Where was I? Oh, right, we are waiting for a shipment of five packs to be picked up by the supplies team so we can start affixing them to the armor and start letting you guys try them out."

"Is getting enough for everyone going to be difficult?"

"No, but the supplies team might be annoyed for getting sent all over the place," He admitted with a wince. "I-it's hard to find more than a few of them at a time."

"Hmm... I'll reach out to them and see if they need help," I asked, frowning at the thought. "Might need to buy a new freighter and have that working as well."

We talked a bit more before Vaz and Bolt showed up to start helping with repairs and maintenance. See that I would just be in the way, I thanked all of them for their hard work before leaving the workshop behind.

After that, I spent some time checking on some of the other clones working around the station, making sure they didn't need anything and were all set. As I did, I idly inspected the Rebellion's progress on the station's repairs. To my surprise, it seemed that they had completed all of the high-priority work. With the station no longer in danger of catastrophic failure, they had

cut the number of people working on the station by at least half. I was surprised they had gotten so much done, with the remaining repairs progressing at a slower but still steady pace.

The station was running at full power, and its shields and weapons, at least the weapons that could be salvaged, were repaired and powered up. Any holes in the hull were patched and reinforced, though with the shields up and running, some spots remained unarmored. In total, the station was functioning at its fullest capacity. There was still work to be done, especially in clearing and fixing up the rooms affected by micrometeor impacts and damage from the original Clone Wars battle.

After inspecting the station, I made my way to the munificent, both to see how it was going there and to see my droid reserves. The droid repair facilities were finally up and running, and I could already see some new droids set aside in our storage rooms. I also shook hands with some of the repair teams, who promised they would get faster as they got used to the systems and the new space.

After watching them deliver a basically refurbished B1 unit into one of our storage rooms, I noted that we still had row after row of B2s and naval droids, as well as a few BX commando droids with marks on them, labeling them as intact but potentially damaged.

It took me a few minutes to find the man in charge of the repair facility, but when I did, I made him an offer. In exchange for half of the B1s that they would have normally given to us as a part of the original deal, I wanted them to go over all of our marked droids. Their main priority was to inspect each droid and confirm whether or not it was fit for work. They would do minor repairs if necessary, but if the droid had any major faults, they would put it aside for use as spare parts. The idea was to clear up space and prepare more droids for use without pulling Miru or anyone she worked with away from their projects.

The man eagerly agreed, happy to get access to more B1s. Apparently, the use of the combat droids, even the B1s, had been so useful for the Rebellion that they were already looking for ways to improve the B1s into more formidable weapons. They were even thinking about designing their own droid to produce independently. A lofty goal but not a bad idea.

He also warned me that I should expect more Separatist asset raids soon. Apparently, with the success of the CIS droids and equipment, the Rebellion was eager to find more. Their real hope was finding some sort of production facility, but any asset would be a positive gain.

With a new deal struck, I left the mostly repaired munificent behind, heading back to "our" section of the station. I was greeted by Ahsoka, who, apparently, had been looking for me.

"Luke's break rotation is almost over, so he will be leaving soon," She explained. "Would you be willing to spend some time sparring? Helping him learn?"

"Of course, I would be happy too," I confirmed with a smile. "Let me go get changed, and I'll join you... where would we meet?"

"There is a series of training rooms..." She trailed off as I looked at her, confused. "Wait, did you not know you had training rooms?"

"Ahsoka, we are lucky I know which way is up," I countered, shaking my head. "I work out the big problems and remember the important stuff. Everything else is Tatnia's problem."

She chuckled, and we split up, with me heading to my room to grab some workout-appropriate clothes. When I arrived, I was surprised to find a rather large room, a rarity in a space station. At least, save for the hangars. As I stepped in further, I realized it was a combination of a high-tech gym and training area, one angled specifically for soldiers. There was a shooting range, sealed behind a series of viewing windows along a far wall, a climbing wall, different equipment, plenty of which I didn't recognize. It also had a large space off to the side, where I spotted Luke and Ahsoka waiting/

"Good to see you, Luke," I said as I got closer, eventually sharing a handshake with him. "You ready?"

"Yeah! It's always good to have real people to spare with,"

"Oh, you managed to get your hands on a training droid then?" I asked as we made our way to the cleared area.

"Yeah, it's been great to practice with when I can, but there's just something about working with you or Ahsoka."

I nodded in understanding, and we chatted a bit more before eventually starting to spar. We started out light, working through some minor stuff to stretch and get ready before we started to fight "For real." I used a fake plastic blade, while both Luke and Ahsoka used training lightsabers that Ahsoka made.

It was obvious that Ahsoka had not been joking when she said Luke was making a ridiculous amount of progress. The young Force user had gotten considerably better at sinking himself into the Force. His swordsmanship was making leaps and bounds as well, his raw talent shining through. I did, however, notice something as we fought.

Perhaps it was a symptom of learning from Ahsoka, who fought with two blades, or perhaps it was just a natural leaning, but I could see he was shifting in a particular way.

"Luke... have you considered making a shoto saber?" I asked as we took a break, all three of us breathing heavily and sweating. "I can't help but feel you would benefit from something in your offhand."

I knew that, in some of the many Legends books, he would occasionally bring out a smaller secondary saber, at least when the situation required it.

"He does seem to be leaning that way, but maybe just as something to defend with," Ahsoka suggested.

"Defensive... what about a shield?" I suggested. "Something to block with while you attack with your lightsaber?"

"A shield?"

Rather than try to explain, I quickly cast Conjure Fighter, who appeared wielding the standard sword and board combo.

"Like this guy," I explained. "It's a classic combo from where I'm from. It's actually kind of surprising that I've never heard of a Jedi using one..."

"Probably the same reason we didn't usually wear armor," Ahsoka guessed with a shrug. "The Jedi believed they didn't need it, not when the Force was protecting them."

"If that was true, then no Jedi would ever die," I pointed out. "The Force can't stop everything."

"I... kind of like the idea," Luke admitted, running a hand through his short hair. "I'll think about it."

"Maybe have someone fabricate something for you so you could see how it feels. If you like it while sparing, come back here, and I'll have one made for you that uses the same stuff our armor does," I offered. "I'd offer to do it now, but we just ran out."

"You realize with the new, incoming recruits you're hoping to find, you're going to need a lot more, right?" Ahsoka pointed out.

"I know, trust me," I said, shaking my head. "I have an idea, but I want to give the Rebellion a chance to come up with something first. My idea is a bit of a big step."

"What's your idea?"

"Kill Jabba the Hutt and steal everything not nailed down in his palace," I said with a shrug.

Both Luke and Ahsoka's eyes went wide at my casual declaration before immediately questioning my sanity. It was easy to understand Luke's issue. He had grown under the rule of Jabba's crime syndicate, and he definitely had an overinflated fear connected to the crime lord. He would obviously get over that eventually, but for now, the Hutt was this big, daunting, unkillable evil. Ahsoka, on the other hand, had grown up learning that the Hutt's were untouchable because of the chaos that taking them on would bring.

"Do either of you like Jabba the Hutt?" I asked during a lull, waiting for both of them to respond negatively. "Neither of you disagree that he is a monstrous criminal who needs to be put down?"

Now, they attempted to counter me, but I waved them off.

"Jabba the Hutt is not some sort of unholy lynchpin, and he isn't unkillable," I said, shaking my head. "I'm not delusional to think that killing him would suddenly make everything cool days and rainbows on Tatooine. But killing him and robbing him blind would crack his power base into pieces, shifting the balance of power. With any luck, the region would calm down when the fires burn out."

"And what if the people who replace him are worse?" Ahsoka asked, her eyebrow raised as if she had just won the argument.

"Then we kill them too. Ahsoka, I can literally hear the old, detached Jedi masters speaking through you right now," I said, rubbing my face. "He is an evil fucker who is profiting from the pain and suffering of literal millions. Now, there's a lot of bad shit in this galaxy, and I can't stop it all. But what I can do is make the most of every opportunity I have to make it a little bit of a better place. And killing Jabba the Hutt would be one hell of a good thing."

"And what of the chaos that follows when you kill him?" Ahsoka asked.

"And what of the suffering that *will* continue if we don't?" I retorted. "Don't get me wrong, I'm not some paragon of goodness here. We would be taking him on for pretty selfish reasons, after all. But don't let yourself think that killing him wouldn't be a good thing."

For a long moment, we sat there in silence, sipping from bottles of water, continuing to recover from our most recent bout of sparring. Eventually, after nearly a minute, I spoke again.

"I don't blame you for disagreeing with me, Ahsoka. The debate about the greater good versus the immediate good is one as old as time," I admitted with a shrug. "And like I said, I don't get to act like I have some sort of moral high ground. All I can say is that as far as acceptable targets go, a slaving, drug peddling, smuggling, murdering, raping sack of shit is pretty high up there."

Again, we were quiet for a while, the intensity of my words making the silence much heavier. After a long moment I sighed and shook my head.

"C'mon. Let's cool off for a while. Between the workout and the discussion, I think we've earned a break." I said as I stood up, turning to hold out my hand to her, looking into her eyes.

"Sounds good," Luke said from beside us, startling both Ahsoka and me, which he seemed to notice and acknowledge with a smirk. "What, I assume that invite was for me, too, right?"

Ahsoka snorted and took my hand, letting me help her to her feet.

"Fine, let's go get something to eat," She said with a smile. "I'm starving."