

We spent another hour listening to Doralik talk about the resupply station, examining maps, and talking about what sort of damage we could be looking at and what sort of state some of the more sensitive systems might be in. When she was finished presenting everything she had learned, the woman promptly left.

"She..." I started, only to trail off when I didn't know how to ask my question politely.

"I don't know her very well, so I can't really say," Ahsoka admitted, picking up on what I wanted to say. "I believe she may be annoyed that she won't be getting very much credit for claiming the station now that she is handing the mission off to us, and you are the primary beneficiary of the deal."

"Ah... Well, not much I can do about that. What sort of schedule are we looking at for this?" I asked, blatantly changing the subject. "Lieutenant Soran, is your team ready?"

"My soldiers are ready, as are the engineers. We can leave at any time," The Rebel soldier responded, eyes flicking between Ahsoka and myself, clearly trying to figure out who was in charge.

"Lieutenant, Deacon is going to be leading this mission. You can follow orders from him as long as they are ethical," Ahsoka explained, having picked up on the soldiers' distress.

"If you are certain, Commander," He accepted with a nod before focusing on me.

"Lieutenant, go ahead and see to your men. You can meet us at our landing pad in a few hours. Make sure your men have appropriate equipment for exploring an abandoned space station, particularly gear rated for vacuum and without gravity. Can your team handle that?"

The soldier's face pinched when I mentioned what sort of environment we could be going into, suddenly realizing this was most likely not going to be a fun experience. Still, he nodded cleanly before standing and leaving the room. When the door resealed behind him, I looked back at Ahsoka and Luke.

"Is there anything else?" I asked, looking between the two. "I need to get back to my crew to discuss the details and go over what a fuckhead Nevue turned out to be."

"No, I believe we are ready," Ahsoka said with a nod. "We will make our way to your ship with Lieutenant Soran and the engineers."

After a short follow-up conversation, we went our separate ways, two soldiers guiding us back down and out of the mountain, dropping us off at our landing pads in the same support vehicle as before. Before long, I had the crew gathered, going over what we had learned and the general plan that we had come up with. I also broke the news of what Nevue had been up to.

"What? How could he?" Miru asked, her eyes wide with betrayal. "I mean... I know he wasn't really part of the crew, but..."

"I don't know, but looking back, I can see he was never really working with us," I said, shaking my head. "Almost every deal we've worked with him, we've received less than we deserve what we should have really gotten. I mean, look back at our dealings with Nova. He was alone with her for like half an hour, and he was feeding the shipbroker information on what kind of resources we had."

"I had forgotten about that," Nal admitted, shaking his head. "At that point, it just seemed like bad judgment, not malicious."

"Could you really curse him?" Tatnia asked. "Cause if you can, I have a few names I'd like to add to that list."

"No, that was just a bit of showmanship..." I admitted. "I mean, who knows what I might learn, but I don't have anything that could do that right now."

We chatted a bit more before Vaz encouraged Pola to stand up, the younger Ex-Imperial looking nervous, wringing his hands.

"So... I should be able to finish the final touches on everyone's armor within a day, so by the time we get to the station, everyone will have some," He explained, nervousness leaking out more when everyone seemed excited. "But... well, the first suit I made, the one I used to make sure all of the pieces fit before I started making multiple copies. That one is done."

As he talked, Vaz stood and made her way out of the lounge area, quickly returning with a large polymer crate, something professional-looking. She placed it down next to the table before Pola knelt down beside it and cracked open the latches. He reached in and pulled out what I assumed was the undersuit, though it looked baggy and loose. It was also just the upper torso and arm parts. He reached back in and pulled out a similarly made pair of pants, just as loose as the torso. When I just stared at him, he seemed to shrink a bit.

"D-do do you not want to try it on?" He asked. "I mean-"

"Just wondering how undressed I'm going to have to get to put it on," I asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh, um... down to your underwear," He admitted with a slight blush.

I shook my head and pulled off my shirt, then my pants, not exactly happy to be getting down to my boxers but also desperate to try on the armor. I spotted Calima putting her hand over Miru's eyes as I pulled the undersuit pants up, pushing my feet into the attached socks, the

naturally pink-skinned Twi'lek giving her a "really?" look as she did. I quickly pulled on the loose top as well, holding my pants up with one hand. I could feel a small weight on my back, like there was something built into the undersuit.

"So the undersuits are self-sealing, just tug here and here, and they will shrink or expand to make putting them on easier," He explained, reaching out and tugging on the chest area of my shirt and the waistband of my pants.

Instantly, the suit constricted around me, warming up slightly in the process. I could feel it pulling tight and sealing itself onto my body, becoming skin-tight in seconds. I looked down to see that my pants had attached firmly and seamlessly to my shirt. I could even feel my neckline pulling up until my whole neck, all the way up to the back of my head and around to my cheek on either side, was covered. In just about two or three seconds, I was wearing a [skin-tight undersuit](#). It kind of reminded me of the cloth Spiderman suit from the MCU, but with sturdier-looking materials. Once it was done shrinking to me, I shifted and moved, testing my range of motion. I would need time to make sure, but I couldn't feel any appreciable loss of motion.

"Not bad, Pola. Where did you find this?" I asked, looking down at my arms.

"I bought them through the Holonet," He answered, handing me a pair of gloves. "They were just over two thousand credits each, but I think they are worth it."

"Is everyone getting these?" I asked, pulling on the gloves. Pola pulled on the palm, and they immediately sealed to the rest of my suit.

"No, we are only making full armor for people who would be going out on missions," He answered. "Don't worry, we have something for everyone else. There's just no reason for full armor."

He reached into the crate and pulled out a jacket and pants, which he handed to Calima, who was the closest crewmember to him. For a moment, the pilot seemed to contemplate refusing, but after looking down at the clothes for a few seconds, she nodded. She turned and stepped through the bridge door, tapping the controls, the door quickly sealing shut.

While we waited, I continued to stretch and get a feel for the undersuit. It was incredible just how little it affected my movement, the surprisingly soft material flexing and giving as I moved. After a few minutes, the bridge door opened, and Calima stepped out wearing an incredibly [well-designed suit](#).

"Pola, Vaz... hot damn. How did you-"

"Before you compliment us, this is based on several designs that aren't ours," He said, holding up his hands. "I just copied and pasted a bunch of plans together and then used a beskar alloy woven fabric instead of the thick polymer weave the plans called for."

"That has beskar in it?" I asked as Calima turned around to show off what was *definitely* the new uniform for the Skyforged Vanguard.

"Just over two bars, mixed heavily with a few other metals to make it more flexible," He explained. "It's not nearly as strong as the armor, obviously, but it is stabproof and could tank two or three blaster bolts. Just keep in mind you're still going to get burned from heat transference. They just won't be a penetrating burn."

"I want everyone to have at least one of these on hand," I said. "These are our uniforms from now on. We don't need to wear them constantly but...."

"I already have enough of these for everyone to get one," He explained sheepishly. "I used them as a way to practice. If everyone wants them..."

"I won't complain about a uniform when it's woven with beskar," Julius said, shaking his head. "What idiot would?"

Everyone confirmed a similar thought, making Pola and Vaz smile. They both answered a few more questions about the uniform, promising to make even more before Nal brought our attention back to the armor. Pola seemed embarrassed that he got distracted, quickly reaching inside the box and pulling out what was clearly chest and back armor. He handed it to me and motioned for me to pull it over my head, sliding my head in the neck space between the two armored parts. Immediately, the armor sealed against my undersuit, attaching firmly together.

"So I designed the armor to attach in pieces so that you can put the basics on and forget the rest if you are in a rush," The young armorsmith explained, setting out two boots on the floor. I stepped into the boots, my feet sliding easily inside before I could feel them lock into place.

Next, he passed me armored gloves and greaves, both of which slid on just as well as the boots did. Next went the shoulder plates, then the thigh plates, and finally, a few other bits of protective plating. When he was done handing me parts, I stood up straight and flexed, unable to stop a laugh of excitement.

"Guys, this is incredibly..." I said. "... I'm at a loss... You guys went above and beyond here. [This is incredible.](#)"

I shifted and moved, testing my range of motion like I did for the undersuit. I even conjured a sword to run through a few katas. There was a slight loss of maneuverability, but honestly, it was nothing compared to the amount of coverage and protection the armor gave.

"Oh! And the helmet!" Pola said, reaching into the crate and pulling out an intense-looking helmet. "This was actually the easiest part. All we did was find a helmet that worked with the undersuit and then replace all the paneling with our beskar alloy. Plus a bit of flare to make it match the style..."

I took the helmet from him and pulled it on, the armored headpiece sealing itself to my undersuit and around my head. After a split second of darkness, the interior lit up, revealing that rather than offer a weakness to look out of, they used a pair of incredibly powerful cameras, like a seamless VR headset, but in real-time. As far as I could tell, there was no latency, and the image was crystal clear. It didn't even feel like I was looking through a screen. The only reason I could tell was because of a subtle UI and that the screen had started on off.

"What happens if I get hit by an EMP?" I asked, looking around the lounge, getting a feel for the impressive technology. My voice was projected out with a slight mechanical hint to it.

"The forward face plate can be manually ejected," Vaz explained. "I was concerned about that as well."

"I'm also working on a replacement face plate that you can swap in and out," Pola explained. "Should be done soon."

For the next hour, Pola and Vaz explained all of the features of our new armor, which amounted to an impressive list. With the helmet and undersuit, the system was airtight and heated, allowing you to survive in a vacuum for up to an hour, though you would be very cold by the end. It was also cooled for comfort should we ever visit a desert planet. The armor portion of the suit was mostly simple plating, the beskar armor attached to inner plating to stop any energy transference. Between that and the undersuit, we could tank an impressive amount of fire.

"How does it feel weight-wise?" Tatnia asked after I had been inside the armor for a while. "Do you think there will be any problems wearing it long term?"

"I can definitely feel it," I admitted, shrugging slightly. "But I don't think it's enough to be a problem. In fact... who has a strength ring?"

I took off my armored gauntlet and unsealed my right glove, trading out one of my fortified magicka rings, catching a ring from Vaz. I slipped it on and put my glove and gauntlet back on, starting another series of katas.

"Yeah, with that, it's even easier," I said confidently. "I could wear this for a while and not have to worry about it. I'm guessing that with a little practice time, it will get even easier. This is incredible, guys. Well done."

Pola blushed and nodded, no longer wringing his hands. Vaz looked happy as well, her usual cool look cracking slightly with a smile. We spent a bit longer going over the armor before I took it off under Pola's guidance. Once the armor was back in its box, I brought it back to my room while Pola, Nal, Vaz, and Tatnia went to the *Intervention* to grab some of the new uniforms. I changed into mine when they got back, spending a few minutes admiring the look. When I left my room again, Tatnia was just stepping out of her room, also in uniform.

"Now that we have a name and a uniform, we are going to need a symbol," She said, inspecting her new outfit.

"Can't imagine it would be hard to add a patch somewhere," I said, looking down at my chest, then my shoulder.

Together, we made our way down to the first deck of the *Chariot*, where Nal and Julius, also in uniform, were waiting.

"Well, uh, yeah, I gotta admit... I think I understand what you said about our look being important." Julius said, looking at me for a moment, then a longer look at Tatnia. "We look badass."

"All about looking the part. People see stuff like this, and it sticks in their minds," I explained with a shrug. "Still need to pay Jabba back for taking my old jacket."

"Nothing to do after we claim the station," Nal pointed out. "Repairs will take time."

"...not a bad idea," I admitted. "I'll think about it. For now, let's wait outside for our guests. I want to be there when they arrive."

"You just wanna see their faces when they see our uniforms," Tatnia said, calling me out.

"Damn right I do! Pola and Vaz did good work, I'm gonna show it off."

Julius chuckled as Tatnia shook her head, though I could see a smile on her face. I nodded to the boarding ramp, and together, we headed down and out to the landing pad to wait for our Rebel allies.