

"*Kyber crystal?*" Tatnia asked in a whispering hiss, as if she was worried someone might overhear. "You mean one of the most heavily restricted materials in the entire Empire? The stuff that gets entire planets locked down and surrounded by huge fleets?"

"Uh... yeah, probably," I said with a shrug. "No one knows there is any on Dantooine, and to be honest, I don't know if it is just this cave or anywhere else."

"Boss... this is a big deal," Tatnia explained, looking over the closest glowing crystal, which was orange and only a head shorter than her. "Kyber Crystal is something that most criminals refuse to deal in because the Empire comes down on it so hard. There are rumors that a town was slagged the last time someone got caught."

"Well, we won't be selling it," I explained. "I'm going to be using it."

"How?" Nal asked simply, bending over to pick up another chunk of yellow crystal from the ground. He tossed it to me after turning it over in his hands.

"Well.... Alright, so I turn these crystals into something called a soul gem," I explained, catching the crystal and quickly turning it into a slightly yellowish soul gem. "Then, with another spell, we can kill things, small creatures, big creatures, whatever, and the gem will catch the life energy from that thing. When the crystal is charged, I can use it to enchant stuff. I don't know the specifics because I haven't really dove into it yet. I needed soul gems to progress."

"... That... sounds crazy," Tatnia said, leaning against the storage crate we had brought down with us. "But then again, you're a space wizard, so why did I think it wouldn't?"

"That's the spirit," I said, tossing her the newest soul gem. "We can gather some of these crystals, and let me work on them. Then, later, we might take a few jobs that involve killing animals. It doesn't have to be killed in a fair fight. I just need to cast a spell on it first and be close enough for the stones to absorb their energy."

"What will you be able to make?" Nal asked. "Weapons?"

"I could enchant basic things like swords and bows easily. I have no idea how it would work on things like blasters, but it really doesn't matter," I admitted but quickly waved it away. "We have access to all sorts of weapons already, adding a couple exotic options isn't why I'm excited. Imagine a ring that reduces how much fire hurts you, or imagine a helmet that protects you from electricity. Maybe an amulet that lets you breathe underwater or boots that silence your steps. I don't know a lot of the specifics because, again, I needed some of these filled to advance, but I know it's going to be useful, and I can share it with you guys. You don't need magic to use it."

That seemed to get their attention finally, Tatnia looking down at the gem I had just thrown to her. After a moment, I clapped my hands.

"Alright, let's get started."

The group nodded, and we spread out, slowly going over every inch of the cavern, picking up any chunk of crystal we could find that wasn't embedded in rock or attached to a cluster. Unlike the Kotor games, which limited what you picked up because of game logic, we quickly realized there were a lot of crystal pieces just lying on the ground.

As we worked, I tested a dozen more crystals, turning them into soul gems and sticking them into my pocket. It was then that I realized that there was a minimum accepted size, meaning if a crystal was too small, the spell wouldn't work. I considered telling everyone not to bother with the smaller shards, but instead, I suggested a different idea.

"So the ones as big as or smaller than my thumb, they don't work," I explained, catching everyone's attention. "How do you guys feel about putting those in a separate box, handing them to General Syndulla, and telling her we want fifty percent?"

"...that would save us the risk of finding a buyer ourselves..." Julius admitted.

"She could keep our names out of it, too," Tatnia pointed out, chewing her lip.

"Acceptable, I believe," Nal said, the other two nodding in agreement.

We set aside a shoebox-sized container, which was almost full of smaller Kyber shards by the end of the day. On top of that, we also filled two slightly larger boxes with usable-sized crystals, or at least the proper size or bigger. We estimated just over a hundred crystals in total.

"Is it enough?" Tatnia asked as she slid all three sealed boxes into the cargo crate.

"For dabbling, maybe. But I'm hoping to make some pretty serious stuff eventually, which is most likely going to take some experimenting," I explained with a shrug. "Unfortunately, I'm not sure where else I could easily find more Kyber crystals... Not without fighting past Imperial forces, at least."

"So... Would it be better to pick one cluster and take it entirely or take a bit off each cluster?" Julius asked, everyone immediately pausing to consider his words.

"I think... I think you're probably right, Julius," I admitted. "Let's pick one of the more common colors and break it down completely. Maybe a second one as well."

We surveyed the room for about ten minutes before settling on a pale orange cluster and a blue cluster, both of them about two and a half feet tall and at least three wide. Slowly we had the labor droids snap the cluster apart, breaking them both down into another hundred, maybe

hundred and fifty crystal pieces. When it was done, we quickly packed up and started the trek back to the surface, the labor droids pushing the now-laden cargo crate up through the tunnel.

Once we stepped into the light of the day, which blinded us for a long few seconds even though the sun was starting to get low, we quickly attached the crate to the back of the Arrow and partially collapsed the labor droids so they could fit in the back seat.

"Alright, see you back at *Chariot*," Tatnia said, but I shook my head.

"We still have one more stop," I said.

As we climbed into the Arrow and started our journey, I explained that this next stop was much more of a long shot than the cave had been. With the Crystal Cave, the second Clairvoyance had locked on, I knew we would most likely find some Kyber crystals at the bottom. With our second target, just because Clairvoyance had latched on to something didn't mean the target would have what I was looking for. Still, I was hopeful.

We landed after about fifteen minutes of flight, and I jumped out of the Arrow. We quickly unloaded the labor droids, armed them with shovels, and before Tatnia could ask me for the thirtieth time what we were looking for, I led them the last few feet to where my spell was leading us. We had landed in a small clearing, with tall mounds of earth and stone partially secluding the area. I could see some weathered boulders along the back corner, mostly covered by more dirt and plant life.

"You dig here, and you here," I said, pointing at two spots where my Clairvoyance led me. "A two-foot wide hole until you find something, then stop."

"What are you trying to dig up?" Tatnia asked, having followed me. "And how the hell do you know what is buried here?"

"I thought you had moved past asking me how I know things?" I shot back with a smirk. "Can't you just trust me?"

"I do trust you, but that doesn't mean I'm not curious," She shot back. "And stop avoiding the question. What are you looking for?"

"It's a shot in the dark. I kinda don't want to say in case it turns out I was wrong," I admitted, getting a sigh of annoyance from her. "You can go back to the *Chariot* if you want."

"No, I want to see."

I shrugged and found a rock to sit on, watching the labor droids dig into the ground, slowly getting deeper and deeper. Part of me was worried someone would stop by and ask why

the hell we were digging on their land, given that my knowledge was around four thousand years old, but as the sun dipped lower and lower, my fears proved baseless.

Eventually, after two hours of digging, one of the labor droids stopped and let out a loud beep, the sound of a completed task. I slowly stopped my Recovery meditation, casting Respite and Fast Healing on myself to take the edge of the resulting fatigue. Everyone else slowly got up as well, stretching from their naps or, in Nal's case, a reading break. As I got closer to the hole, peeking over the edge, I couldn't help but cheer.

"Yes! Fuck yeah!" I shouted, jumping up and pumping my fist into the air. "Thank you, Revan!"

"Boss... is that a corpse?" Tatnia asked, peeking over the side as well. "... I don't recognize the uniform."

"That's because they don't look like that anymore," I said with an excited smile, dropping down and sliding a few feet into the hole. "This, my friends, is an ancient Mandalorian, from a time when even the name made people nervous. These guys were terrorizing the people living here about that time when a very famous Force-sensitive stopped by and put that to an end."

I reached down and grabbed the rotted, broken-down blue armor, the material tearing to pieces as I touched it. With a smirk, I kept pulling and tearing, finally managing to find what I was looking for. A plate of metal, about as big as my splayed hand, completely untarnished with just the faintest hint of blue plate. I kept rooting around, pulling out a dozen plates or so, tossing them up out of the hole. When I was sure I got them all, I climbed back out.

"It's Beskar, correct?" Asked Nal, crouching down to examine a piece of the metal. "Incredible... how pure is it?"

"I don't know. But with some luck, it's pure enough to transmute," I explained before grabbing one of the plates.

I reached into my pocket and pulled out a small chunk of platinum about a quarter the size of my thumb, which I had bought from the Rebels before we had left. Holding the sample of the mostly pure metal in my hand, I cast Transmute.

Transmute was an interesting spell, as it required two hands to cast and had no dual cast form. One hand was the sampling spell, and the other was the much more complex creation spell, which converted the metal you were holding onto the metal you were sampling. It had a few major restrictions, beyond having to have a sample. The most significant limitation was that both the metal you were sampling and the metal you were converting had to be relatively pure. Despite the spell working on ore in the game, this version would only work on refined metals.

So, when the Transmute spell failed, the most likely explanation was that the sample of beskar wasn't pure enough for the spell to work. Assuming it was beskar.

"Dammit!" I cursed, shoving the chunk of platinum back into my pocket. "Not pure enough."

"What does that mean," Julius asked, leaning down to pick up one of the plates.

"It means my Transmute spell won't work on it," I explained with a frown.

"Well, we could still probably sell the Beskar for a good chunk of cash," Tatnia pointed out.

"We still have five more holes to dig," I responded, shaking my head. "One of them might have been important enough to work with a higher grade alloy of Beskar, and even if they aren't, we can still use these plates. For now, let's finish this spot. If the second hole is a bust, we can return to the *Chariot* and continue tomorrow."

We didn't have to wait long for the second labor droid to find anything, it was only about ten minutes before it let out an identical beep noise. I jumped inside the hole and started pulling apart the armor, very glad that any organic matter had long since decayed into dirt. I tore as many of the plates of metal as I could before once again climbing out of the hole and testing it, only to curse as the spell failed again.

"Alright, refill the holes," I said, directing the two labor droids as I gathered up plates. "Let's get these stored. We have five more chances tomorrow."

When we returned to the *Chariot*, we didn't waste much time, quickly loading the Arrow inside and offloading the several boxes of Kyber crystals and shards, storing them in the spare room next to mine. After that, we ate a quick meal with Calima, who was shocked by the pictures Tatnia showed her of the crystal caves.

The following morning, Nal and I got up early and headed back out, both of us hoping that we could finish this before the natives woke up. Nal smoothly landed the Arrow next to the second location, and I set up the droids.

They had been digging for about twenty minutes before an old beat-up land speeder landed about twenty meters from us. Two people jumped out, one an older gentleman and the other a teenager. They were both armed with older civilian blaster rifles. They approached us aggressively, weapons drawn but not pointed at us. Yet.

"What do you think you're doing!" The older one called out, pointing his blaster at us, the boy right behind him with a much less steady grip. "This is my land!"

"It is? I asked, seemingly confused, looking over at Nal, who shrugged. "We didn't realize."

"Well, that's all fine and good, but I'm gonna need you to pack up your fancy equipment and head out of here," He said, his tone clearly being there was only one other option, and we wouldn't like it.

"Well, here is the thing-" I started to say, stepping forward, only for the older man to adjust his aim and put his finger on the trigger. "Alright, alright, let's not do anything hasty now. We are archeologists of sorts, tracking down a... historical group that was in the area quite some time ago. Now that we know this is your land, surely a payment would smooth this misunderstanding over?"

He chewed on my offer for a moment before finally lowering the blaster rifle slightly.

"How much?" He asked, the younger boy lowering his weapon even more.

"How about... two thousand?"

"For two thousand, I'll help you dig!" The man said with a smile, suddenly very friendly.

"I appreciate the offer, but we have droids for that."

I quickly paid the man from my own credit chip, smiling as the older man and his son returned to their speeder and flew away, seemingly happy to leave us to our devices. I watched them leave before transferring two thousand credits from the crew fund to myself to cover the cost.

"You overpaid him, Boss," Nal said, shaking his head.

"Yeah, I got that impression as well..."

We turned back to the holes, watching the two labor droids as they dug deeper and deeper. About an hour and a half later, I slid down into one of them, searching for beskar plates and throwing them back up and out of the hole. When I finally climbed back out of the hole, Nal handed me one of the plates, apparently just as eager as I was to see what we had gotten. I couldn't help but cheer as the platinum disappeared, changing into a small chunk of beskar.