

It turns out Rabben had taken our request for a "grey area" source of valuable metal pretty seriously. He had gone out of his way to gather and compile quite a bit of useful information. Over the next hour, he showed us footage of the facility from the security feed from one of his transports and gave us three separate eyewitness reports to confirm that there was a lot of metal just waiting for us to take.

The target was on another trade world, similar to Terr'skiar, called [Gizer](#). Unlike Terr'skiar, however, this one was firmly under Imperial control. It consistently had at least one Star Destroyer in orbit, as well as several other smaller but still absolutely lethal ships, including a pair of the more modern Imperial [Gozanti-class](#) cruisers.

Not only was the world more heavily defended than any we had worked on so far, but the facility itself was defended by Imperial forces. The security footage that one of the transport ships recorded showed at least a full company of stormtroopers, as well as a perimeter wall, defensive turrets, and hardened buildings. I was pretty sure that the largest secondary building around the inside of the facility was a hangar, though I had no idea what was inside.

Once Rabben handed off everything he knew, the three of us left, promising to let him know what was going on once I discussed the option with the crew. Ten minutes later, we were all sitting in the lounge, including the *Intervention's* crew. I quickly presented the general concept before opening the floor for everyone else.

"We wouldn't be able to bring the ships," Calima immediately pointed out. "They would connect the Chariot to when we... stole the *Intervention*, and... the *Intervention* is a warship. It's not legal for civilians to own."

"It could also be connected back to Rabben since we've been seen landing here," Tatnia pointed. "We can't bring that kind of attention back here."

"That's true. Keeping Rabben and his people out of this is a primary concern," I repeated, everyone nodding in agreement. "Beyond that... does anyone have any ideas?"

"It's a tough shell to crack," Allum admitted, his arms crossed as he looked up at the holo-projected image of the facility, taken from the security footage. "Whatever we do, it needs to be fast, or we will get swamped by reinforcements. There are a lot of Imperial forces on a planet like this. Not to mention the destroyer..."

"Or keep from being found out," Nal pointed out. "The longer we go unspotted, the longer we have."

"Unless you get someone into security, you will be spotted," Pola said, shaking his head. "Imperial bases are covered in security holocameras that link to a central security hub. With what's being stored, it's going to be impossible to sneak around with doing something about that first."

"Alright, so that sounds like one of our major hurdles," I agreed with a nod. "So far, we have the SD in orbit, the fact that reinforcements are around the corner, the lack of our own backup as well as transport. Does anyone have anything to add?"

"Fighting through to the loot and then getting it out of the facility, then off-planet," Miru pointed out. "That's going to be a challenge."

We discussed potential problems for a while, coming up with a few more points, including the fact that Nal, Val, Tatnia, and myself were all known as enemies of the Empire. Vaz, Tatnia, and I had escaped from prison, while Nal and Vaz hadn't been using disguises when we stole the *Intervention*. Vakim, Dazem, and Allum were all known Rebels as well. Once we finished that list, we started trying to figure out solutions. Whether or not there were any, and if they were realistic, would decide if we went through with it.

"Calima hasn't been fully connected to us, right?" Tatnia asked. "The only connection we have with her is recruiting her at that bar on Terr'skiar."

"I believe so..." Calima admitted. "I have maintained a low profile up until this point, save my issues with the Hutts."

"Which the Imps wouldn't keep track of in a normal sense," I said with a nod, looking back to Tatnia. "Why?"

"Well... if we need a clean way to get down to the surface, we could always have Calima buy a ship," She said. "If she buys something legally, the records for the ship would be clean."

"Buy a ship?" I asked, rubbing my face. "We literally just traded a light freighter away for a fraction of what it was worth, and now you want to buy a whole one?"

"That hunk of junk was not something you wanted to keep, Boss," Miru assured me. "It was upgraded with cheap, cobbled-together parts, not anything worth improving on."

"Besides, that ship would have been linked back to us in seconds," Tatnia added. "What we need is something not connected to us at all. Something under Calima's name completely."

"A clean ship would make avoiding attention easier," Nal said, seemingly catching on to Tatnia's idea. "But what about Imperial customs?"

"Oh, that's easy! We make it a smuggler's ship!" Miru said confidently. "I could set up plenty of room for you guys and the platinum. You ride down in the smugglers' compartments, then steal the stuff, run back to the ship, climb back into the compartments, and we ride out."

"And you're confident you can beat whatever sensors they have?" I asked.

"Well... that just depends on how much money you're willing to spend," She responded with a shrug. "With enough credits, they could walk around the ship with whatever sensors they want, and they will have no idea."

"Calima, would you be willing to do this?" I asked, looking at the Tholothian. "If it goes sideways there's a good chance it falls apart rather heavily."

"I... believe I am willing," She said with a nod. "Would I be alone once you went on your mission?"

"No, at minimum I want some commando droids watching over you," I assured her. "But-"

"I would be willing to go," Allum said, seemingly catching Vakim off guard. "I would have to hide during customs and stay inside the ship afterward, but I have combat training, and I can assist with flying."

"Are you sure?" I asked, getting a nod in confirmation. "Good, alright. Does that help Calima?"

"Yes, it does... Thank you Allum."

"We would still need a reason for Calima to be there," Vaz pointed out. "And for her to stick around while we wait for the right opportunity to strike."

"Ship upgrades," Nal said, continuing when everyone looked at him. "She purchased a new ship and is now having work done on it to improve and personalize it."

"And that would be enough to last a week?" I asked, looking from Nal to Miru, who had perked up at the idea. "Potentially more?"

"Depending on what she was doing, sure!" She said with a nod. "Especially if we went project by project. Depending on the ship, Leddy and a few other repair droids can handle any simple upgrades."

"Alright. It sounds like we have a solid idea beginning to form here," I said with a smile. "Let's start going over the footage and coming up with a step-by-step plan and see just how possible this is."

We planned, schemed and spitballed ideas for a few hours, stopping once to take a lunch break before continuing until the sun set on Solinda. By the end of it, we had all agreed that our plan was good enough that it stood a solid chance of working. With a decision reached, the crew broke up and headed off to bed, and I sent a message to Rabben with the news. Once

he had responded, I spent an hour and a half doing my Recovery meditation before climbing into bed.

When I woke up the next morning, I headed to the lounge for some breakfast. Today, we would start by setting some of the groundwork for the mission, primarily finding a ship. As I sat down with a basic meal, Miru sat down next to me, her excitement palpable.

"So, after the meeting broke, I did a little research," She said, handing me her customized datapad. "I think I found the perfect ship for the mission."

I looked at her in surprise, slowly putting down my fork and taking the proffered tablet from Miru. I turned it over and looked at the screen, only to find an image of a ship I didn't recognize completely. It looked like a decent ship, at least, seemingly in good condition as well.

"What is it?"

"It's a [YV-260](#)," She responded with a smile. "Made by CEC, they are extremely customizable, even more than usual. Apparently, the YV-100 was a step back in that regard, and it didn't sell so well. So, to try and recoup their loss, they doubled down on it for the next ship in the series."

"Is that it?" I asked. "It's a bit more modular than usual?"

"Well, this is a cargo model, you can tell by the extra section here, under the aft of the ship. It's for sale for a hundred thousand credits," She explained, holding up her hand when I opened my mouth to complain. "The metrics they are listing are *impressive*, Boss. Shields nearly two and a half times stronger than stock, fitted with better engines, sensors, armor plating and some serious aftermarket stealth gear. All legal under imperial law, but only just. I'm pretty sure the guy selling it managed to find a VIP model and then just kept upgrading it. It's about twenty-two years old now, but it's a potent ship."

"Alright, so it's a good find. That's great," I said with a nod before gesturing for her to continue. "But why is it good for us? I would rather save more money for fixing up the station."

"Because, Boss, over the last twenty years, all of our tech has gotten a lot smaller," She responded with a smirk. "Even if one of the customs agents knew this model's floor plan, all of the upgraded equipment would have left us plenty of room to hide dozens of compartments. This is *exactly* the kind of ship we need."

I gave the young Twi'lek a look, and after a moment, I nodded.

"Alright, it sounds like that is what we are looking for," I admitted. "Go show that to Nal and Tatnia, to get a feel for their opinions. If they agree, we can reach out to the seller."

She cheered, gave me a hug, and quickly jumped up from the table. She went to run out of the room, only for Tatnia to step into before she could leave. Miru called out for her, but Tatnia gave her a serious look.

"No. You can wait until I've had my breakfast and Caf," She said, her voice brokering no nonsense. "Not all of us are as peppy in the morning as you Miru."

"Oh... umm, Then I'll go find Nal!" Miru said, her eagerness barely stuttering from Tatnia's grumpiness.

Miru quickly left to find the Duros, leaving Tatnia and me alone in the lounge. After she found her breakfast and sat down at the table long enough to drink her Caf, she looked at me.

"What was that about?"

"She found a ship to use," I said. "It looked good to me, but I wanted a second and third opinion because the price tag is much higher than we talked about."

She nodded and continued to eat. Before long, we had both finished eating, and Tatnia went on her way to find Miru. By noon, the crew reconvened in the lounge, this time to discuss the ship. We quickly decided that it fit the bill, getting a cheer out of Miru. Once we agreed on that, we discussed what the next few days would look like.

"Alright, so this is going to be a week-long prep phase for this mission, maybe more. Once we buy this ship, Miru, your job is to turn it into the perfect smuggling ship. That means your budget is pretty high."

The young engineer nodded seriously, though her excitement at the challenge still wormed its way through.

"Once we are settled, I'm going to focus mostly on enchanting. I want everyone going on this mission to have at least one, maybe even two, pieces of enchanted equipment, most likely a ring or amulet. That includes you Calima. I'm curious how a dexterity increase affects your flying abilities." I admitted, getting an interested look in response. "Once Miru is done, then the ground team, plus Calima and Allum, will leave. Dazem, do you think you could pilot the *Chariot*?"

"I can, especially with the naval droid crew," He responded simply and confidently.

"Good. I'm going to have you guys head somewhere safe and out of the way. I'll have to reach out to Nevue, but it might be Thila Command, or maybe Alpha Base. If that's out of the question, or something happens, and you're forced to leave, head to the first Separatist base we cleared. Racer should have the coordinates for that."

The astromech whistled in confirmation, its dome spinning around once to focus on Vakim, wobbling slightly like it was nodding.

"Does that mean I can't go?" Miru asked, looking over at me.

"No, Miru, you're connected to us from our time on Nar Shaddaa," I reminded her. "You'd have to spend your time in one of the smuggling compartments, and I'm worried about not having enough room already."

"Alright, I'll stay behind," She said, letting out a sigh of disappointment but still nodding in agreement.

"You know, you're going to be ordering a lot on whatever planet we buy this ship from, so add a few things on, and you can work on a personal project," I suggested. "If it's something useful for the crew, I'll lend you some credits to help."

She smiled at the idea and nodded in agreement, already looking down at her datapad, no doubt looking through her list of projects.

"Right. Well, once we go our separate ways, we will be waiting for Rabben to confirm that their latest delivery was made, and that there is enough materials to make the whole mission worth it," I explained, having talked to Rabben about this the previous night. "Once that happens, we can commence the mission. If he reports the mission wouldn't be worth it, we can head out somewhere to wait for the next delivery, maybe even do some bounty jobs while we wait. Any issues?"

When nobody responded, I nodded.

"Alright. Then, let's get going. Miru, share our destination with Calima and Vakim so they can plot a course. Everyone else, basic maintenance and downtime," I said with a nod. "I'll be in the enchanting room working on everyone's rings. I'll be around to see what everyone wants, so think about it."

Nal asked what I could do with my enchanting, so I spent about fifteen minutes going over just what was possible before the crew meeting dissolved.