

The *Intervention* led us into one of the large hangar bays built at the center of each face of the internal square, choosing the one furthest from the missing chunk and the *Munificent*. As we got closer, we could see that this particular bay was mostly empty, with several dozen crates tossed around, as well as some equipment, carts, and other miscellaneous items. There was also an ARC-170 in one corner of the hangar, but it was in rough shape and looked like it had crashed landed in the hangar even before the impact of the *Munificent*-class.

Still, there was plenty of room for the two ships, so we made our way inside, eventually landing without issue. The entire hangar was very dark, the only real light source being both of the ship's exterior lights. They cast harsh shadows around the interior, making the large space look eerie and dangerous. Once we landed, we had a quick conversation before the engineering crew, dressed in full EVA suits, slowly made their way out of the *Intervention*. The *Intervention's* complement of B2s also exited the ship with them, providing cover and watching the two entrances.

We watched from the *Chariot's* bridge viewports as the engineers made their way around the hangar, their mag boots keeping them on the ground as they scanned the walls and floor. Eventually, after a while of slowly lumbering around in zero gravity, they found what they were looking for. They removed three panels from the hangar floor, one of the square, meter-wide sheets floating away before one of the engineers grabbed them. At the same time, three labor droids carried over the largest piece of equipment the engineers had brought with them, a massive generator.

After about two hours of watching them work, the hangar lights flickered on. A few seconds later, the magcon field, the blue glowing barrier that kept the air inside an open space hangar, reactivated. All of the engineers made their way back inside the ship, now moving a lot easier with the artificial gravity back on.

"The life support systems are kicking in," Calima reported. "Already seeing... a slight temperature rise. Should be warm enough for us in... thirty or forty minutes."

"Alright, keep an eye on the energy readings," I said. "I want to know the second that generator starts acting funky."

To be safe, we ended up waiting a full hour, before we slowly made our way down to the hangar bay floor. There, we met up with everyone else from the *Intervention*. By then, the temperatures were within human tolerances, if still a bit on the cold side. Julius and Nal carried down one of the heaters we got from our first mission on Solinda, setting it up between the two ships. Soon, everyone was around it, and I made a beeline for the head engineer.

"What's the situation," I asked, gesturing to the generator that was hooked up to the hangar.

"We have about ten hours of power from that generator, but we will have to trade out fuel blocks at some point," The human male said. "It's charging the emergency batteries as well, so if it fails, we have a few minutes to get back on one of the ships before everything powers down."

"Alright, that's a good start. What are the chances we can reactivate one of the primary cores and see about getting more of this ship powered up?"

"Well... that depends if they failed, ran out of fuel, or if they were shut down," He admitted. "If they ran until they failed, chances are we won't be able to get them back up and running. If they ran out of fuel, it will depend if they have more sitting around somewhere on the station."

"And if they were shut down?"

"That is the best-case scenario, sir," He said with a shrug. "Honestly, I don't know why any of them would be shut down. The station was evacuated, right? I can't imagine they cared about turning the lights off when they left."

"Right. Okay. Racer? Come here and display the scans the *Intervention* made before we landed."

The little astromech warbled and joined us by the heater, spinning around once before activating his holoprojector. A wireframe representation lit up above us, showing us the station's current state.

"So, in case you guys didn't hear, we discovered a *Munificent*-class star frigate *attached* to the side of the station. It appears that the damaged portion of the station was removed and very crudely patched up. At least one of the Munificent's reactors is at least semi-function as well," I explained, parts of the wireframe lit up, highlighting what I was talking about. "We also detected that one of the station's backup power cores is still running."

This time, the part of the projection that lit up was a lot farther away, almost at the opposite station, not far from one of the other massive hangars.

"My plan right now is for two teams to make their way to these two power cores, investigate their status, and, if they aren't FUBAR, attempt to turn them back on," I explained, the two closest power cores lighting up in the projection. "With any luck, one of them will let us reactivate the gravity and life support for the majority of the station. If neither of them are working, then we head to the third, furthest power core with fingers crossed."

"And if that one doesn't work?" One of Lieutenant Soran's men asked.

"Then we will start branching out to the backup generators, turning them on," I explained. "Basically, I want three primary things. Life support, artificial gravity, and sensors, in that order. Gravity and life support so that the engineers can start their work and inspection a little easier, with some support, and without constantly being at risk of a suit pop."

"And the sensors?" Ahsoka asked, looking over at the sealed door on the far side of the hangar.

"Something is going on here. The *Munificent* is crazy enough, but the backup generator still working on the far side of the station is also suspicious," I pointed out. "I want sensors on so Racer here can tap into them and let us get a better idea of what exactly is happening here."

"An internal security station might be a better bet then, Sir," Lieutenant Soran said.

"If we can find one, great," I responded. "But without a detailed map, that's not something we can count on. Racer might be able to tell us once we get the power back on, but that's just the same plan with an added step."

We talked for a few more minutes before I broke everyone into teams. Ahsoka, Nal, and Vaz, three of the engineers, and three Rebel soldiers would head off to the closest reactor, while Luke, Julius, Tatnia, and myself, along with Miru and the two remaining engineers, would head to the further one. The rest would remain at the hangar in case it needed defending, as well as a rescue team, should one of the teams get cornered, stranded, or have any other sort of emergency.

Each team would also have two B2s, three repair droids, and a labor droid with them, the latter to carry extra power packs, tools, and oxygen.

With the teams made, we started getting ready, the Rebels and engineers putting on the EVA suits, while we all climbed into the *Intervention*, splitting up into different rooms to get dressed. When we were finally ready, we met back up at the cargo bay. We were all wearing our armor, cutting an impressive look as we checked each other out. For now, everyone's armor was painted a simple white, but I saw that changing pretty soon.

"Everyone ready? Miru, your suit sealed?" I asked.

"Yup!" The young Twi'lek said with a nod, double-checking her armor. "All set."

While I had originally balked at the idea of Miru having armor, Tatnia and Nal both pointed out that, as our head engineer, she needed to be able to go into dangerous situations. Plus, if there was anyone who should be more protected, it was her. Her armor was different though, more than just being smaller. The artistic flare that Vaz and Pola had managed was much less noticeable in her armor. Her plates simplified greatly and flat. She still had full

coverage, but Pola did everything he could to make the suit look like equipment rather than armor. It honestly ended up looking like an armored EVA suit.

Her arm, the one covered by her portable scanner, was sealed well into the rest of the suit, though it was very obviously different from the rest.

Once everyone confirmed they were ready, we activated the cargo lift, riding it down to the hangar bay floor. Once it was down, we headed forward, breaking up into our two teams, Julius and Tatnia following me. I couldn't help but smirk at the wide-eyed, slack-jawed expression on almost everyone's faces as they spotted us.

"You weren't kidding about the armor," Luke said, eyes trailing over my helmet, which I was holding under my arm. "How much does each of those cost?"

"Around a hundred thousand credits each," I responded, laughing when he physically stumbled at the number. "Don't worry about it, Luke. I'll see if Pola will make something for you."

He nodded, still more than a bit stunned, before scrambling to get ready. Everyone not coming on our first trip returned to one of the ships, while the rest of us waited patiently. An engineer slowly turned off the life support, letting the vacuum back into the hangar in a controlled manner. This equalized the pressure between the hangar and what lay beyond the entrance doors. Once we were in a complete vacuum, Miru opened the doors, and the other engineer then reactivated the life support system.

With our ad hoc airlock set up, we all made our way into the corridors of the station, our boots clunking heavily on the ground as their maglocks activated, the artificial gravity fading after three or four meters from the hangar. Once everyone was inside, the door to the hangar bay was sealed back up.

*"Good luck Deacon,"* Vaz said through our connected comms.

"You too," I responded with a nod, before turning to Ahsoka. "Ready to go."

She nodded and picked up her copy of our limited map before stepping forward and leading her group into the dark hallways. As her group left for their target, I pulled up my map, double-checking the direction before leading my own team away. Within a dozen or so steps, the only light source we had was coming from our suits, which luckily had some lights connected to the helmet. I also cast a Magelight on both of the engineers, dumping all my magic into both of them, guaranteeing they would stick around for a while. They tried to jump in surprise, but the mag boots kept them firmly attached to the ground.

Slowly but surely, we made our way through the station. It was not a quiet journey, as our mag boots consistently made heavy clunking noises as we walked, locking and unlocking themselves to the floor with each step. As we walked, we got a first-hand look at the state of the

station, including how much damage the crash had done. Almost every hall we walked down, and the rooms we peeked into had some sort of junk thrown from the impact. Trash bins, boxes, datapads, crates, and everything in between were strewn everywhere.

Still, with all the destruction and mess, as far as I could tell, it was almost all completely cosmetic. There was a hallway wrecked by what looked like a failing turbolift, and a few fires that the engineers explained must have happened before the air leaked out of the station. Other than that, my team didn't run into anything visible. Of course, I had no doubt that a close-up inspection from the engineers would turn up all sorts of issues. Impacts tended to rattle everything loose, so there was no doubt in my mind that we would be finding loose, broken, bent, and twisted things for a long time.

When we were about fifteen minutes from our destination, my comms, integrated into my helmet, connected to Ahsoka.

"We've reached the power core," She reported. "The engineers have started their inspection. They say it looks promising, but they won't know for sure for a while. Their best guess is that it ran out of fuel, so we are looking around."

"Alright, keep me updated."

Over the next fifteen minutes, as we got closer and closer to our target, Ahsoka kept me updated. Her engineers had cleared out some minor issues, and were in the process of loading up solid fuel when we finally arrived at our own power core.

Now, as we had made our way through the station, our major obstacle was consistently sealed and powerless doors. At each one, we would need to crack the seal and then pry them open, which took a few minutes every time.

However, when we arrived at our destination, we were presented with something we hadn't seen yet. An already pried-open door, specifically the one that led into the power core room.

"What are the chances that stayed open normally?" I asked Miru. "Like it stayed open from the impact or got locked open during evacuation?"

"Uh... not very good... I can't see a reason for this door to stay open while every other door is shut," She responded. "Unless there were survivors? But-"

"Boss, look," Julius said, pointing down the hall in the opposite direction we had entered in from. "That door down there is open as well."

I followed his finger, and sure enough, far down the hall, I could see another pried-open door.

"Dammit... Alright, everyone, stay on your toes," I said. "Engineers, buddy up with an escort, Miru, you're with me. I don't-

The two of us entered first, and even I could tell what was wrong. The room was almost completely stripped bare, save some walkways and a few platforms. Just as stunned as me, Miru walked past and slowly turned around in the room, looking at it from every angle.

"It's... been stripped for parts," Miru said, walking further in, holding up her hand to scan, tapping away at her arm computer. "And not very carefully either. Some of these marks look like they were done by a *prybar*."

"What the in the hells going on here?" One of the engineers said, probably not intending for everyone to hear.

"I don't know," I respond before linking up to Ahsokas comms. "Hey, does your core show any signs of being harvested for parts? Or being repaired with parts from a different core?"

"...No, not that the engineer can see. Why?" She eventually responded after a long silence.

"Our core has been almost completely torn down," I answered, keeping a close eye on Miru as she ran more scans. "I'm talking to the rafters."

"Someone harvested it for parts?"

"That's what Miru thinks," I responded. "So either we aren't the first people to find this station, there were survivors that tried to do something..."

"Or the droids were trying to fix their ship..." She finished, the line going silent for a moment before she returned. "They want to start up the power core now. Should I give them the go-ahead?"

"Yes. If there are droids running around, I want you guys out of your EVA suits," I said. "Get that generator going and then double time it back to the ship. I get the feeling whoever has been stripping down our power cores is going to notice one of them being turned on."