

The rest of the trip home went by relatively quickly, with everyone mostly keeping to themselves. In normal circumstances, it wouldn't have been considered a long trip, and everyone spent a lot of time sleeping it really flew by.

When we did finally returned to Omega Station, Yalip was immediately whisked away by the Rebellion, a passenger in his own ship once again, though now slightly more willing. Upon arrival, every single medical droid we had available was immediately put to task fixing our faces and returning us to our previous looks. It had been easier to ignore when the tension was high, but in moments of quiet, especially when we were returning, the alterations to our faces weighed on us. All of the crew with me were desperate to get back to normal by the time we stepped foot on the station. We all agreed that this kind of thing was for emergencies only, as the psychological fucker was a bit too much to toss around willy-nilly.

With the differences in hyperspace capability, we arrived slightly before the rest of the crew, meaning we were just finishing up our treatment when they arrived, ready and eager for their own.

It didn't take long for all of us to regain our original faces, any normal recovery time washed away by the liberal application of healing magic. Once everyone was better, Ahsoka, Tatnia, and I went to greet some of the people who had helped us. Apparently, Ahsoka had already felt at least one of their identities but had kept it to herself. I think she just forgot to mention it.

"You guys certainly got yourself into some trouble," Luke joked as he greeted us, backed by [Wedge Antilles](#) and a few other Rogue Squadron members.

"Luke, good to see you! Thank you for your help. All of you," I said, shaking his hand, as well as Wedges, looking around and nodding at the other members of the flight team. "That last-minute cover really saved our asses."

"Happy to help," Wedge said, giving Luke a nudge and nodding back down the hall we had found them in. "We are gonna go settle in. See you around."

Luke nodded, and the remaining members of Rogue Squadron left, led by Wedge. When they were gone, the young Force-sensitive looked back at us with a smile.

"So what's the story?" I asked. "I appreciate the help, but you guys were the last people I expected to show up."

"We were next on rotation to have some rest here," He explained, referring to the station's status as a quasi-leave spot for Rebel starfighter groups. "When I heard what was going on, I got a really bad feeling about your chances of escape. I realized that I was getting some sort of warning through the Force, so I made some calls. I managed to convince some

people to pause Blue Squadron's next deployment so we could join your backup. The Captain of the *Huntress* even agreed to join the team, once a few people showed up to talk to him."

"Well, your hunch saved our lives," I assured him. "Without the *Huntress*, our ships might have been able to take down the smaller light cruisers on their own, but without you guys to fend off the TIE fighters we would have been space debris."

"Yeah, it didn't look good when we jumped in," He admitted, shaking his head before frowning and looking at his comms. "Listen, I'm going down to hangar twelve to meet Leia, Han, and Chewie. You want to come?"

"Why is Princess Leia here?" Ahsoka asked, stealing the words out of my mouth.

"She wanted to see the station and check on its progress," He explained, adding with a small smirk. "Officially, at least. Unofficially, it's been a while since the group has got together. She wants to check in."

"So Han and Chewbacca are here as well?" I asked, Luke nodding in confirmation.

"Yeah, Han and Chewie are more or less Leia's official transport team now," He explained. "The *Falcon* is the fastest ship in the Rebellion's fleet, and... well, Leia keeps Han from getting into too much trouble."

"Has he paid off Jabba yet?" I asked.

"Uh... not that I know of," He admitted, rubbing his back. "He has been putting it off to help us."

"It's probably too late by this point anyway," I said, shaking my head. "Jabba doesn't do well with being ignored or being forced to wait. He probably wants his head more than he wants the credits he owes him."

We made our way through the station, heading towards the outer portions of the Rebellion's section. Somewhere along the line, Tatnia begged off to go hang out with the rest of the team, leaving Ahsoka and I alone with Luke.

When we eventually arrived at our destination, I couldn't help but stop to admire what was perhaps the most well-known starship to ever exist, the Millennium Falcon. It was parked along one side of a decently sized hanger, one of a few dozen that ran along the edges of Omega Station. I couldn't help but think that from every single image, clip, or cutscene I had ever seen this iconic ship in, none of them really did it justice.

"It looks like crap," I said, Ahsoka laughing at my comment, nodding in agreement.

"Don't let Han hear you say that," Luke said, shaking his head with a smile. "The *Falcon* is his baby, and I have to admit, she really does make up for her looks. She's got it where it counts."

"She would have to," I said. "But I won't mention it."

We didn't have to wait long before the *Huntress's* custom shuttle, the same one we rode on to take it, and the *Loyal Hound* slowly landed in the hangar. After a few moments, I could see Princess Leia, Han Solo, and Chewbacca step off.

"Leia! Han! Over here!" Luke shouted, getting their attention, before leading us to meet them halfway.

Leia greeted her sibling, not that either of them knew that, with a happy hug before Han, Luke, and Chewbacca took turns shaking hands and clapping each others backs. While they did, Leia looked past them to see Ashoka and me.

"Ahsoka, Deacon, it is good to see you both," She said with a smile. "I am glad that your mission was a success. I can't imagine what the Empire would do to those poor kids."

"Nothing good, I assure you," I said before reaching out to shake her hand. "It's good to see you again as well. Han, Chewbacca. I don't think we have ever been introduced."

"No, can't say we have," The Corellian said. "I haven't had the chance to meet many magic people."

"Not many of us around," I responded with a smirk before looking around with a frown. "I'm sure someone is going to show up and steal you guys away for a riveting tour of the station, but maybe I could steal you away first? We should have some real food on hand around here somewhere, and you could meet the kids you helped save?"

Chewbacca howled and growled, slapping Han's back, nodding a few times as he spoke. I winced and looked to Han for a translation.

"He said anything is better than the rations they've had us eating," he explained. "I gotta agree with him, especially if it gets us out of the half-credit tour."

I looked at the Princess, who seemed conflicted. The other seemed to appreciate the rescue attempt, but she was obviously hesitant to pass her duties. Before she could refuse, I quickly added on.

"You could call it important work, getting to know a new faction, one with growing ties to the Rebellion," I pointed out. "The very thing a diplomat would need to focus on..."

She gave me a studying, unimpressed look for a moment before her face eventually softened. She let out a sigh and nodded.

"Very well, I suppose I have no choice," She said with a smile. "Besides, I need to keep these two in line."

She nodded towards Luke and Han, though only Han pretended to be insulted by the insinuation. Luke just seemed to agree.

With the Princess's permission given, I led everyone through the station, back to the sections reserved for the Skyforged. Along the way, we ran into a few clones, as well as Miru, who greeted us with a smile and wave. Surprisingly, she recognized everyone, having seen their faces dozens of times on Imperial wanted posters. I invited her to dinner, but she was in the process of putting the finishing touches on the last few V-wings, so she couldn't.

Eventually, we arrived at the decent-sized space my people used as a lunch room. I wasn't really sure what it had been before we took the station over, but now it was a decent-sized space with tables, a food prep area, and some holo displays along the wall. There were maybe a dozen people there in total, with a few pairs and a couple groups spread out around the room. We took a table large enough for everyone before grabbing some food. It was far from gourmet, but compared to Rebel rations, it was fantastic.

As we ate, I couldn't help but swell in pride as they looked around, admiring the crisp, impressive uniforms everyone was wearing.

"Where did you get those uniforms?" Leia eventually asked, watching a clone soldier walk by. "It looks professionally made."

"We make them in-house," I explained. "Pola, one of my crew took a liking to being an armor smith. He makes our full combat armor as well."

"Wait till he tells you how much each one of these uniforms cost," Luke said, Leia looking back at me with a raised eyebrow.

"Thirty to Forty thousand credits each," I answered, rolling my eyes. "But it's worth every credit since they will tank several blaster shots."

Han nearly fell over at the exorbitant price while Leia looked down at my uniform, which I had changed into after my face was restored, with renewed interest.

"How in the hells can you afford that?" Han asked.

"Oh, we can't, not even close. At least not for everyone," I admitted. "That's why they are all made with stolen resources. Pulled off a heist not too long ago. Though we are probably running really low on materials at this point... I need to talk to Pola about that..."

As I trailed off, Han seemed to recover slightly before looking closely at my uniform. He reached out and grabbed my sleeve, ignoring Leia as she rolled her eyes at his behavior. He rolled the material between his fingers before frowning and sitting back in his chair.

"The only material you could use like that is Beskar, but the Empire has most of that locked down," He said. "Unless you stole it from the Mandalorians, but I can't imagine you're that stupid or suicidal."

"If Mandalorians were as tough as everyone thought they were, they would be fighting Star Destroyers with their bare hands," I said, rolling my eyes. "Don't get me wrong, they aren't bad, but that's what happens when you basically train someone from birth to be a fighter."

"Wait, you actually stole from the Mandalorians!" Han asked, his eyes wide.

"No, no, no, I was just making a point. We stole from Kuat Drives, which at this point is basically just stealing from the Empire," I explained, waving his concerns away. "How we ended up with Beskar... well, that's a secret I plan on keeping for a while. That said, if the Rebellion were to help us secure a large amount of precious metals in the future, I'm sure the Skyforged Vanguard would be happy to supply you with either the Beskar or even some finished armor."

"You should consider that offer," Ahsoka said, Luke nodding eagerly in agreement. "Even if it's not exactly what his people wear, we watched them tank dozens of shots from CIS units, including super battle droids."

"Oh, that's nothing," I assured them with a smirk. "While taking over the *Huntress*, Julus tanks a burst from an [E-WEB](#). No repairs needed."

That got everyone's attention, as the Imperial deployable heavy weapon was known to take down light speeders with scary consistency. Having a commando squad in armor capable of tanking that sort of firepower would be an impressive addition to the Rebellion.

"The problem is that, even if you didn't steal it from them, plenty of Mandalorians are gonna assume you did," Han pointed out. "Some of the groups out there won't care, but plenty of the more... devout aren't going to like you guys having so much."

"I'm aware," I admitted with a frown. "It's a problem I am working on solving."

"Either way, I will bring up your request," Princess Leia said with a diplomatic smile. "General Dodanna and General Syndulla were both impressed by you. They may have something in mind."

I nodded, and for a moment, we sat in silence, enjoying a moment of quiet, separated from the rest of the rush going around the space station. Eventually, once we finished, I guided the group to another section of the station, a semi-private block of sleeping quarters. It was nearby where the majority of the Skyforged lived but separate enough to have some privacy. We had designated that block for the guest rooms since the rooms already in place were of better quality than most of the stations.

We entered the lounge area connected to the block to find Sheora, Claron, and Felia already settled in. Felia and Claron were sitting next to each other, playing on a datapad, while Sheora sat nearby, watching an Imperial news feed of our escape from Foless. According to the report, we had been apprehended before we could escape, and it was our fault the Star Destroyer opened fire and bombarded the planet.

Thankfully, the report was silent and had subtitles up, meaning the kids didn't have to listen to what the Empire had done trying to catch us.

When the two kids noticed us, Claron was off like a shot. He crashed into me first, talking so quickly I could barely catch two out of five words. From the way he looked up at me, it was clear he was suffering from more than a bit of hero worship. Felia, on the other hand, approached much more calmly.

"Thank you," She said, her voice soft, looking down at the floor. "Thank you for rescuing us..."

"It was out pleasure, Felia. Besides, we were overdue for a good deed," I assured her, the young girl looking up at me. "It's important to do Pro Bono work when you can."

Ahsoka punched me in the shoulder before kneeling in front of the girl, somehow managing to seem comforting and kind despite having just hit me.

"We were happy to help," She said with a smile. "I'm glad everything worked out."  
For a few seconds, Felia gave Ahsoka just the smallest of smiles. Then it fell, turning into a much deeper frown.

"What do we do now?" She asked, looking more than a bit worried.

"Well... if you would like, I could help you better understand your connection to the Force," She offered. "I'm already helping Luke here."

"While she does, you are both welcome to stay here," I said with a smile. "It's not the most interesting of places, but for now, it's safe. You can stay as long as you'd like."

Falia looked over at Sheora, who had long since stopped watching the news, and turned to us, watching over the interaction.

"I need to return to give my debriefing," She admitted. "But from what I've seen, there are worse places to stay for a while. When we get back, we can talk more about what happens next."

Falia nodded before looking back to me, her slight smile having returned.