

Nevue explained that the trip would take about eighteen hours, as the shipbroker was stationed in a distant corner of the galaxy, along the edge of Wild Space. Their business was located in deep space, on a repair platform that only a few people know the location of, as most of their business was done by delivery or pick up. I was excited to have such a chunk of time to learn some new magic until I remembered our extra passengers.

The two rebel soldiers, who were essentially acting as bodyguards for Nevue and as extra insurance that the Rebel Alliance would get the ship they had just bought back, had set up some space for themselves in the cargo bay. This was fine for my first task, which was learning the lower torso portion of my bound armor spell, because I could just do that in the lounge area. But I had also been hoping to have Miru help me set up a target of some sort, one that would let me learn the lightning bolt spell, which was definitely not something I could do in the lounge.

Still, I had plenty of other things I could learn, and after a few minutes of consideration ended up picking the second level of the warding spell, steadfast ward. When I set to work, learning the lower torso bound armor spell barely took four hours because of my work on the upper torso bound armor and my "talent" with conjuration.

The steadfast ward took a bit longer, though my apparent talent with restoration kept it from being ridiculous and let me finish it with enough time to get some sleep before we arrived at our destination. Miru, Tatnia, Nevue, the female soldier, and I were all in the cockpit when we dropped from lightspeed. In the distance was a singular dot, a small station far enough away that there were no discernible features besides being vaguely blocky.

As we got closer, more and more details became visible. By the time Nevue used the ship's comms to contact whoever was on the [station](#), we could see that the free-floating structure was simple and utilitarian, with a central, vaguely cuboid central structure and four massive hangar bays connected to that structure. One of the hangars led directly into a ship berth structure clearly meant for larger ships. Currently, the large berth was empty, and as we got closer, we could see that it also seemed to be nonfunctional, as all its guiding lights were off, and there was a lot of plating missing on its branches.

Despite it clearly being nonfunctional, there were a dozen or so ship frames attached to it, all of them clearly missing a lot of their parts. Some were barely even skeletons of ships, stripped down to just a basic framework.

It didn't take long for us to get permission to land in one of the hangars, the smallest one to the left of the large ship berth. As Nevue and Tatnia guided us in, Nevue explained what we were getting ourselves into.

"The station was sold to Nova's family shortly after the Clone Wars. Her family had connections in the Republic that worked just long enough in the early days of the Empire to snag it. It was heavily damaged at the time, but they repaired most of it before mothballing everything they didn't need. Basically, the hangars work, and there's enough functional living

space for a few repair teams," He explained, pausing to gently land the ship inside the smallest hangar bay.

The bay had plenty of room for us several times over, even with the other [ship](#), the type of which I didn't recognize, already landed in one corner. When we landed, Nevue flicked off a couple switches, and the ship slowly powered down to a resting state. After a short conversation, Tatnia volunteered to stay behind and watch the ship, as did the male soldier, while the rest of us exited via one of the side doorways in the cargo bay. My boots had hardly even touched the deck when a voice called out.

"Nevue! It's good to see you. It's been what, eight or nine months?" An older woman's voice called out, prompting me to search the hangar for the source. "I thought we talked about you messaging ahead when you come with a delivery?"

Along the far back end of the hangar was the main entrance, and above that was a second-story observation deck. There, leaning on the railing, was a human woman, probably fifteen or twenty years older than me, with brown and gray hair pulled up into a tight bun. Her face was starting to wrinkle, with crow's feet around her eyes and laugh lines in other places. She was dressed in a well-worn and stained pair of coveralls, with a tool-laden belt around her hips.

"Not here with a delivery, Nova, I have some friends here looking to make a purchase," He called out, leading us to stand under the platform. "They are looking for a decent-sized ship, something to run a mercenary group out of."

"Friends? Of yours or your bosses?" She asked, looking down at us with a raised eyebrow.

"Both! I was gone for so long because I managed to end up as a slave on Nar Shaddaa. It's a long story. " He explained, Nova's eyes going wide. "They personally freed me and got me back to my people. And in the process, offered to help the movement when they could, even sold them some goods we managed to obtain along the way for cheap."

"Sithspit, you managed to get yourself in some trouble, huh? Well, not gonna turn away a friend of yours, especially not after pulling your ass out of the fire," She said with a smile. "Come on in. I think we've got some options for what you're looking for."

Nevue once again led the way, this time going through the main entrance, a closed door that opened smoothly as we got closer. We made our way through a long corridor with doors on either side, most of them marked with signs that denoted them not to be opened. At an intersection, Nova joined us, stepping out of a turbolift. She immediately gave Nevue a hug before sharing handshakes all around. I introduced Nal and Miru before introducing myself.

"And I'm Deacon. Leader of sorts of our group. There are only four of us at the moment, but we are hoping to find something to grow into," I explained, the older woman nodding in understanding.

"I have a few things that can fit that bill, depending on just how big you're looking to get," She responded, gesturing with a nod down one of the hallways. "Let's start with hangar bay one. It's our largest bay and where we keep most of the finished ships."

She led us down the corridor and then through another doorway, climbing up a set of stairs before exiting out onto another walkway, this one overlooking a massive hangar that dwarfed the one we had just been in. Inside were dozens of ships, some of which I recognized and many that I did not. There were quite a few ships that looked like they belonged to the YT family, and there was even a [LAAT Gunship](#) tucked into a far corner.

Several of the ships had people and droids climbing on them, working diligently to repair obvious damage or replace worn parts. I spotted more than a few of what I was pretty sure were [Vergine](#) workers, welding and working on various ships.

"Alright, so how much firepower are you looking for?" She asked, gesturing to the large space. "We have a little bit of everything, from assault boats to craft more focused on transportation and freight. We also have a few ships that *look* like they are more focused on freight but have been heavily modified."

I stepped over to the railing that ran along the edge of the observation platform, leaning on it as I studied the ships. Some of the ships, mostly the ones I recognized, caught my eye, but if there was one thing I knew about buying something as big and expensive as a ship, it was that you should get a look at as many options as possible before making your choice.

"Firepower is good, but not the primary concern. I'm looking for space for my team to grow, and I want room to modify and add our own additions," I explained. "I plan on spending a solid chunk of change to make this ship a tough nut to crack. Do you have a list of ships and prices, maybe with some specifications?"

"I do," She answered, reaching down into her tool belt to pull out a palm projector pad and passing it to me with a smile. "Tell you what, I'll assign a droid to you, they will be able to show you around. If you're interested in one, just let them know, and they can contact me. Listen to the droid and any workers, and you'll be fine. While you're looking around..."

She turned to Nevua and pointed at him, a hand on her hip.

"You and I are going to go to my office. I want to hear more about what happened to you," She said, shaking her head. "I was worried sick, especially when your friends refused to tell me what happened!"

Despite her apparent annoyance, it was clear that she had actually been genuinely worried about the Zabrak. Nevue seemed to realize this and made no attempts at arguing with her as she led him away. Once they were gone, the door sliding shut after them, the female soldier, Ayme, let out a sigh.

"Guess I'll go back to the ship," She said, shaking her head.

"You sure?" I asked, taking pity on the obviously bored soldier. "I wouldn't mind an extra opinion."

"Really?"

"Yeah, you might see or think of something we missed," I responded with a shrug. "It's better than sitting in the B-7, just staring at the ceiling."

She shrugged, and together the four of us started looking through the options on the projector pad. We ended up sitting on a nearby couch, the pad on a table as we examined each projection. At some point, a heavily cobbled-together protocol droid, a combination of at least four different types, stepped through the doorway and greeted us.

"Hello, my name is B-3A7, but you may call me Beat. I understand you are looking to purchase a ship?" The male sounding droid asked, bowing slightly when we answered yes. "Very good. Have any of the op-op-options stood out to you?"

"Yeah, let's start off with Anvil Carrack." I asked, standing up and grabbing the pad off the table. "That caught our eye."

"Ah yes, the Carrack is a good choice!" The droid with a full body nod. "It is just down there, but I'm sure you are more interested in the interior. I shall lead the way!"

The heavily modified droid led us down to the main floor of the hangar. It then began a short and somewhat overly detailed tour of the ship. Most of the technical babble went over my head, but Miru seemed to be easily keeping up, while Nal seemed to catch most of it. It was Ayme that pointed out why this ship wouldn't work, proving my instincts about inviting her to be correct.

"It's a full package ship," She explained, peeking into a storage compartment. "Keyword being *full*. It's got everything you need but no room for modification. You'd have to sacrifice the cargo bay or do some pretty intense remodeling."

I looked to Miru, who nodded in agreement after some thought.

"She isn't wrong. It would be a pain to modify. Plus, Anvil Industries has a reputation for higher-end ships, I kind of doubt this is in our price range."

A quick check with Beat confirmed that it was out of our price range, if only barely, prompting us to leave for the next ship we had picked, a Barloz medium freighter. This one was on the other side of the primary hangar and was almost exactly what we were looking for. I had been hoping for a slightly bigger ship, but it was still well within an acceptable range. After a short tour, I was almost certain this was the ship we would be leaving with. Still, I wanted to see all of the options, so we had Beat lead us to the second-largest hangar, where a few more ships were being kept.

"I should warn you," The droid said as we made our way down a corridor. "The secondary hangar contains mostly ships that are under construction. Be vigilant that you do not interrupt the workers or-or-or venture into dangerous areas."

We stepped into the hangar through the central entrance, stepping into a much more active space. A few ships were going through complete overhauls, while a few others were being stripped for parts. As Beat guided us through, I noticed a [large ship](#) to one side, with dozens of droids and a few workers crawling all over it. It was long, with a curved, drawn-out face and two stubby wings. It also had five massive engines that I could work out. It was clearly damaged, with laser carbonization and slag marking the side facing us. Its top engine was also completely trashed and was in the process of being disassembled. The ship was big, bigger than anything else they had in the hangar by a not insignificant degree.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing at the ship.

"Hmm? Oh-oh-oh, the C-ROC Gozanti?" They asked, stopping to face the ship, which easily crested over the smaller ships around it. "It does stand ou-ou-out rather well, doesn't it? It was sold to us by a now-retired supplier on-on-only a few days ago."

"How much?"

"How- It is not currently for sale, it is still heavily damaged. Mistress Nova has not set a price for it."

I looked to Miru, who was squinting at the ship, clearly thinking about it.

"It's a lot of ship boss... but it would have plenty of room. I'm more familiar with the standard Gozanti, but from what I know of this class... it would work. Not gonna be cheap, though."

I looked at Nal, who shrugged in response.

"Ayme, any words of wisdom?" I asked, smiling at the rebel soldier.

"It would be better off in our hands," She said, pausing for a moment before continuing. "But it would probably work pretty well as a mobile base for a mercenary company."

"Umm, excuse me, but the C-ROC Gozanti-Class is not yet for sale," Beat repeated, finally getting a word in. "If you will follow me to-"

"Is there any way we could see inside of the C-ROC?" I asked, cutting the droid off.

"I... I would have to ask Mistress Nova," The droid eventually said. "On-on-one moment."

The droid stepped away, and after a few minutes, Nova and Nevue joined us, the former with a light frown on her face.

"Now, what's this about you wanting to take a look at the C-ROC?" She asked. "That ship won't be for sale for two weeks at least, and from what Nevue was telling me, it will be out of your price range by then."

I gave Nevue a harsh look, not happy that he had revealed what kind of money we had to throw around. He had the good sense to at least act like he was sorry, sheepishly picking at one of his horns.

"I get that it's a bit more than what we described, but I think we both know there's always a way to make a deal work," I vaguely pointed out. "Let us take a look inside, and if it's something we might want, then we can work something out."

Nova studied me for a moment before looking at Nevue. He shrugged in a "what can you do?" way, prompting the older shipbroker to let out a sigh.

"Alright, fine, I need to inspect the repair team's progress anyway," She admitted before stepping away to lead us to the ship.