

It wasn't until the next morning that we finally arrived at the next step in our journey. Technically, we were half a light-year away from the planet the Jedi and Princess in the story started from, but since there was no reason to interact directly with the planet, and it was a Hutt-controlled world, we were happy to steer clear.

By now, using Clairvoyance to triangulate things from a long distance was old fare for me. Considering that Clairvoyance was also one of the least flashy spells for other people since only I could see the illusion of the arrow or the path, everyone was disappointed when they gathered to watch.

We did run into an issue rather quickly, though.

"Uh... Racer, one of our slicer astromechs, he usually helps with this," I sheepishly admitted. "He projects an image of an arrow, uses a manipulator to keep my hand steady, and then I direct them as he rotates the arrow, stopping them when it lines up with mine."

"And you didn't think that was important enough to mention?" Sabine asked while Ahsoka shook her head from the pilot's chair.

"It completely slipped my mind, alright?" I admitted unhappily. "This whole trip came together in less than twenty-four hours. We were bound to forget something..."

"Do you think R2 could do it?" Luke asked after a long moment. "He is pretty handy."

"He would have to be in order to live as long as he has," I said with a chuckle. "Could he create an arrow overlay?"

It took a couple of minutes of explanation from Luke and me, but eventually R2 understood, and cobbled together a projection program that would work. It was basic since the small droid didn't have the same kind of skill with programming, but it would work.

"Have you considered getting him fixed up?" I asked Luke as R2 was working on the program. "He is getting a bit old, but some cleaning, upgrades, and general repairs would probably expand his lifespan by quite a bit. The little guy has been through the wringer."

"He functions pretty well, I haven't noticed any issues," He responded with a frown, looking at the diminutive droid.

"That's because you're comparing him to a normal astromech. R2 is at least thirty-five years old," I pointed out. "The fact that he is keeping up with modern astromechs will tell you exactly how many extra upgrades R2 has in him. Have you never sent him to get looked at or anything?"

"He... never had any issues..." He said, now looking at the blue and white droid in a new light. "My- he really upgraded him that much?"

"I'm pretty sure he did, yeah," I explained before patting his shoulder reassuringly. "When we get back to Omega Station, let Miru take a look at him. She is a genius, and

hopefully, by the time we get back, she will have a bit more support working on the ships, meaning she will have more free time."

He nodded, a bit lost with the idea that R2 might be heavily upgraded by his father. It must have been a similar feeling to the difference between driving the same car your dad did and driving the car your dad built with his own two hands.

After R2 was done, we began the triangulation process. We made four jumps, which was technically overkill, measuring each one with Clairvoyance. When we were done, R2 plugged into the ship's computer and calculated a jump. The target was a system that was technically around the area where the lines converged, but with so much deviation, it was impossible to be certain.

Our first attempt failed, a quick Clairvoyance showing us that we did not have the right system. The system even lacked any hospitable planets, but considering that the story took place hundreds of years ago, it was absolutely possible that a planet could have gone through some sort of ecological disaster in the interim.

We did another triangulation, and R2 did some more calculations. Then, we jumped again, this time to a closer system, which was again uninhabited. When we arrived, we learned that there was some sort of error in the astronomical data. The galactic map had listed six planets and a debris field for a seventh, forming into an asteroid belt.

When we arrived, the ship's sensors painted a clear picture. The system had seven intact planets and one expanding debris field.

The seventh planet was remarkably Earth-like, with twelve continents and large oceans in between. The continents varied in color, with plenty of green dominating the landscape. It was beautiful and made me feel a bit homesick. I shook it off and focused, however, leaning on Ahsoka's chair as we all looked down at the blue-green marble.

"So... a habitable planet, not on publicly available records..." I said, pushing off of Ahsoka's chair to stand up straight. "That kinda sounds like we might have found what we are looking for."

"I can feel... something," Ahsoka said, looking down at the mystery planet. "Luke?"

"Yeah, I feel it too," Luke responded, just as fascinated by the blue, green, and brown planet.

"Like we are about to be ambushed 'something' or...?"

"No... it's good. Well, not good... more like alive," She explained. "The planet is alive with the Force."

"... Ahsoka, I need you to think very carefully before answering this," I said, my eyes wide as I looked down at the planet. "Does the planet feel alive, like it's vibrant and full of energy, or alive like it's somehow sentient?"

"What? Like it's vibrant and full of- Wait, what do you mean a sentient planet!?" She asked, her eyes wide, turning to look at me. "Deacon, what do you mean by a sentient planet!?"

"Story for another time, Ahsoka," I said, calming down a bit. I knew about Zonama Sekot, but I couldn't remember where it was for my life. "Really, not for now. I already said too much."

Ahsoka gave me a hard look before shaking her head and tapping a few controls on her console, the line of questioning seemingly dropped. I was honestly kind of touched by the display of trust. The idea of a living planet was a mind-boggling one, after all, so to just take my word that we should move on? That meant something.

I'm sure I would eventually hear quite a few questions about it later, but still.

"Sensors aren't picking up anything, but for a planet this dense, that's not really a surprise," She said, looking back over at me. "If you would?"

I nodded and cast Clairvoyance, the arrow pointing down to the planet. I couldn't help but smile and nod.

"Looks like he is down there," I revealed, Luke pumping his fist from the copilot's station. "Head down for that continent there, somewhere along the coast, it looks like."

Ahsoka nodded, and the ship began to descend, going slowly and keeping sensors active. This was an unknown world, wiped off the map and hidden. There were plenty of reasons to be wary and very few to rush. Huyang had been waiting for a while, after all. He could wait a bit longer.

As Ahsoka was flying, I stepped back into the ship to announce we had found him, and that we were slowly making planetfall. That got a cheer from everyone, the kids jumping out of their seats and jumping around a bit. I couldn't help but smile at the childish antics. It seemed like Sheora was really good for them, as they had both come out of their shells and were acting like actual children.

After making the announcement and celebrating with everyone else, I returned to the cockpit. Ahsoka had pushed the ship into the outer layers of the atmosphere above the continent I had directed her to, and now she needed my magic to guide us down further. Slowly, as we descended, it became clear that our target was not part of the main continent but on an island a considerable distance off the coast. We flew over the ocean, the waves rolling under us, water spraying around from our thrusters and repulsors. As we got closer, Ahsoka once again slowed down, this time to a crawl.

As we approached, we could see that the island was made up of a massive mountain along one side, made from white and gray stone. A considerable portion of that stone was choked with bright, vibrant greenery, obscuring a significant portion of the island. As we approached, the mountain was facing us, blocking our view of everything else. As Ahsoka guided us around the obstruction, the rest of the island came into view.

"Holy hell..." I muttered.

The low, flat area of the island was littered with ruins, seemingly carved from the very same stone that made up the mountains. The white-grey stone stood out significantly between the trees and vines that grew around and even through them, visibly cracking great chunks of stone masonry. Several structures seemed to still be intact, while many others were in complete shambles.

"Look, along the cliff face!" Luke shouted, pointing through the viewport.

Sure enough, following his finger, we could make out several landing pads built along the side of the cliff, each with a hangar bay cut into the mountain. Vines and other greener clung to the structures, hanging down and probably seriously damaging the integrity. There were several platforms up high, some in the middle, and then, along the bottom of the cliff, where the flatter terrain met the cliff face, six of them were built along the ground. One of them had a vine strangled ship stationed on it, while another was completely cleared, with a much newer, larger, and [undamaged ship](#) on it.

"That's it," Ahsoka said, a smile on her face. "The *Crucible*."

"My dad made his lightsaber in that?" Luke asked, peering out of the viewport.

"Well.. technically, no," Ahsoka responded with a wince. "I don't actually know if Anakin followed tradition, but even if he did, that's not the original *Crucible*. The original crashed during a pirate attack. This is just the replacement."

"And they named it the same thing, with no numerals?" Luke said, his eyes wide. "Most spacers would refuse to get on that, you know. Terrible luck just copying the name without that."

"Jedi don't care much for luck," She responded with a shrug. "There is only the Force."

Slowly but surely, Ahsoka guided the *Starcaller* down to one of the ground level landing pads, carefully touching down. Once we had landed, she began shutting down the ship, but I shook my head.

"Keep it running," I said. "We have plenty of fuel, and I'm not getting stuck here because the ship isn't ready to launch when we need it."

She looked at me like I was being paranoid but nodded anyway, restarting the ship and leaving it in low-power mode. Together, we went back to the lounge of the ship, where everyone was getting ready to head out.

"Alright, so we are pretty sure this is the right place. Ashoka confirmed that a ship not too far from here is, in fact, the ship that Professor Huyang was in charge of," I explained. "That is our first target. I want to clear that, inspect it for travel, and confirm if it's functional or not before we start investigating the ruins. From there... we... can..."

I trailed off, looking at everyone's faces, staring back at me as I went over the beginnings of a plan. Ahsoka looked amused, as did Luke, but Ezra and Sabine looked confused. It was Claron and Felia, standing straight and looking eager that really hammered it in.

"Right, sorry," I said, rubbing the back of my head. "When I started leading the Skyforged, had to rewrite my whole way of thinking to be in charge. Guess that's hard to let go of. This is a Jedi thing, I'm just here to help, so..."

"No, it was good," Ezra said. "Decisive and well thought out."

I looked over at Ahsoka, who shrugged and tapped her chest, where the symbol for the Skyforged Vanguard lay over her heart. I let out a long breath before nodding.

"Well, in that case, we can set up the commando droids to protect the *Starcaller*, but Felia and Claron, you are staying here," I said. "Does anyone volunteer to stay behind and watch them?"

"I will," Ezra said, raising his hand. "We can practice our meditation. Besides... I'm not sure I'm in the right headspace for fighting, on the off chance something happens."

I instinctively reach out and knock on the wood paneling that decorated part of the lounge before nodding in appreciation. Neither Felia or Claron looked happy, but I wasn't particularly interested in that. What I was interested in was them trying to sneak out and do something cliché. I knelt down in front of them, looking them both in the eyes.

"Once we are certain the place is safe, we will call you out so you can explore with us," I explained. "If you try to sneak out, I will literally lock you in your rooms until we leave the planet. Understood?"

Felia, seeming to understand my seriousness, nodded solemnly, while Claron just looked more petulant.

"Alright, if that's it, everyone load up. We move in ten."

Everyone nodded and split up to get ready. Ahsoka and I started unpacking the five BX droids that were stored in some of the *Starcaller's* smuggling compartments. I wanted to bring more, but taking more than five would mean losing some of the larger people-safe compartments. Once the droids were activated, I sent them down and out of the ship to do a perimeter check, set up some lights, and start a patrol. I instructed them that I wanted three droids around the ship at all times, but keep a patrol of two walking around. I also warned them that this was not necessarily hostile territory, which activated some of Miru's more gentle programming.

The last thing I wanted was them to accidentally shoot someone innocent.

Once the droids were all set up, I quickly put on my armor, adjusting it and letting it settle on like a second skin. Pola and Vaz really did do an amazing job, especially judging from the jealousy I still felt radiating off of Sabine. When everyone leaving the ship was gathered by the back boarding ramp, I turned and looked around.

"Marching order is me in the front as the tank, Luke and Ahsoka as flank guards, and Sabine as ranged support between them," I explained. "This guy will be joining us. He can heal anyone that's injured, so call out if you're hurt."

I gesture my hand out and cast Conjure Mage, the construct appearing in a showering wave of Conjunction energy. When everyone stopped staring at it, I nodded.

"Alright, no time like the present," I said, turning around and walking down the ramp. "Follow me."