

Time continued to pass as Ahsoka and I waited on Nirn, counting the days until the completion of Vader's new prison. Luke hung around for just under two weeks of that month before he had to return to Alpha Base. He wasn't happy about it, but the Rebellion couldn't wait forever for their hero, and he was needed for a mission of some kind. He did seem to be happy with the progress he had made talking to Vader, at least. According to him, the Sith was far from cured, but he had been making inroads toward helping him understand, or at least acknowledge, his failures.

I assured him he was welcome to come back, but that the moment Vader's prison was complete, he would be moved there. At the time he was leaving, we were waiting for another transfer of Ysalamiri and their trees before we moved him.

By the time Luke left, I was done interacting with Vader, as was Ahsoka. There was nothing left for us to gain from interacting with him, as neither of us cared if he was redeemed. My only concern was how we would continue to contain him. I was quite happy with my rather quick decision to order a separate prison for him, as on Nirn, he was only a liability, a constant risk that I was all too happy to kick off the planet.

As much as I wanted to keep him locked up forever, and as big a chunk of resources as I was willing to spend on making that happen, I was not willing to sacrifice Nirn to make that happen. I recognized the chances of his escape, no matter what we did, would always be higher than I would like, so I needed to get him far away before we were caught up in the repercussions, even if doing so slightly improved his chances of escaping.

Don't get me wrong, I wasn't about to make it easy for him. I just wasn't willing to bet Nirn on a non-zero chance.

It was just a month after he arrived that Vader's new cell was ready, and we could move him. We knocked him unconscious with the Beskar-reinforced remote drug administrator we had permanently strapped to his chest, before transferring him onto the *Quiet Ark* so we could finally get him the hell off of the planet. I was tempted to have 1st Fleet act as an escort, but the fewer people who knew about Vader's new prison, the better.

Instead, I traveled on the *Quiet Ark* with just its crew, while Ahsoka went with the rest of the team on a mission with 1st Fleet. Meanwhile, we were partially escorted by Kenobi's Vigil, one of our Marauder-Class Corvettes, this one from 3rd Fleet. They had just enough firepower to make me feel safe and were stuffed with commando droids in case we needed a bit of ground assistance.

They stopped in deep space near our target, close enough to help but not close enough to get a look at the planet. To them, the destination was just a string of random coordinates.

I wasn't completely alone for the trip, as Mara had joined me. With all the training we had been doing during my "Down Time," the young woman was quickly becoming one of our heaviest hitters after Ahsoka. At this point, she was slowly working her way through her novice spell list, with eight spells under her belt. Each spell had taken multiple days to learn, but each

was a force multiplier that put her on the same class as a good percentage of Jedi Knights. She was dedicated and desperate to prove herself, which I did my best to temper so she didn't develop a complex.

We spent the majority of the hyperspace journey working on her swordsmanship, which she was also doing well in. I was honestly proud of her progress, her minor skill with lightsabers translating very well into her lessons.

When we finally dropped out of hyperspace at Vader's new home, Mara and I were on the bridge. From space, [Dagobah](#) didn't look all that special, even though I knew its deep swamps and forests were quite dangerous.

It did seem like a bit of a gamble on paper, honestly, putting Vader on a planet with a noticeable Dark Side presence. But everyone involved would be spending most of their time in an anti-Force field, removing its influence, if it would even have any on them. I was also banking on the fact that if the planet could hide Yoda for a few decades, then it could hide Vader as well. He would be locked inside the deepest part of the anti-Force bubble of Ysalamiri, and the presence of the small creatures should be hidden by the planet.

Even without the Force shenanigans, Dagobah was already very difficult to scan due to its massive trees and deep swamps. This would add another deep layer of protection, keeping unwanted eyes from spotting the small facility we would be locking Vader in.

As the ship slowly entered the planet's atmosphere, we eventually came to a stop on top of a large swamp pond, floating above the water, right next to a massive fallen tree. The boarding ramp descended just enough to touch solid ground, a chunk of wood disguised as fallen debris from the massive tree. We carefully offloaded Vader before uncovering the hidden entrance built into the collapsed tree. Once we stepped inside, we guided Vader, who was still unconscious on a repulsor gurney, slowly down a long ramp, running back and forth directly under the massive building-sized dead tree above us. This part of the prison was what stretched out the build time, as restricting the entrances kept us from getting larger builder and labor droids inside.

Still, it was worth it, as you had to be standing just a few feet from the entrance to actually have a chance at seeing it, and the lack of electronics meant scans had to be just about as close.

About halfway down the prison entrance shaft, we crossed the overlap point between the anti-Force bubble projected by the Ysalamir on board the *Ark*, and the one being created by the small biome now built underground. This biome wasn't anything particularly beautiful, just a large duracrete dome with a dozen trees inside, looking like it had been scooped out of [Myrkr](#) [and](#) dropped here. There were sleeping quarters, a living space, a few rooms for monitoring the systems, and, of course, prison cells.

There was also a longer hallway that very specifically stretched out past the line of the massive anti-Force bubble, where Luke or any other friendly Force sensitive could stay. He would not be able to come here by himself, as I didn't want random hyperspace-capable ships

on the surface after we were done dropping Vader off. We could ferry him back and forth, using smaller ships to drop off transports to go down to the surface, where he could stay for a week or two while he talked to his dad.

The staff, who knew exactly what they were getting into when they volunteered to work here, were getting paid quite a bit extra, were regularly rotated, and knew exactly how to run the place to keep the biome stable, the Ysalamiri happy, and the prisoners locked down.

The facility would need semi-frequent supply runs to keep operating, since no self-sufficiency systems were involved. Thankfully, the deliveries would be small and would give the staff a chance to switch over, only taking around fifteen minutes in total.

This was the best we could do at the moment, and while it wasn't perfect, it would have to do.

Once Vader was settled in, I stood back and let our medical droid step in, tending to him and confirming he was still fine. I knew he was, save for the scar tissue and missing limbs, he was almost completely healthy, since I healed his internals weeks ago. Honestly, having now read most of the reports on his previous condition, I was confident in saying that the theory that Palpy was purposely harming his recovery was absolutely confirmed. Vader, even without the Force, could have been treated in several ways, not the least of which was better integrated implants. As he had been, the only thing keeping him from literally rotting in his own suit was the Dark Side of the Force.

Once we stopped administering his sedative, it took him about fifteen minutes to wake up. When he did, he immediately scowled at me.

"Where are we?" He demanded, studying his cell.

"Your previous cell was only a temporary housing," I explained, my arms crossed. "We needed to design something special for you. This is that design. A permanent dwelling specifically made to hold you."

"I *will* get out of here, and when I do, I will burn your planet to the ground," He raged, flailing a bit as he did. "I will enjoy breaking your people!"

At this point, I had seen him wiggle and scream from his gurney so much that it was getting more than a little pathetic.

"Sure thing, Vader," I said with a dismissive nod, gesturing for the medical droid to leave. "I'll see you around. Try not to shout yourself hoarse, I'm not flying all the way to this island to heal you if Luke stops by again and you can't talk."

Shockingly, that seems to bring him up short, and while he quickly started yelling at me again as I walked out, it didn't have the gravelly edge that could ruin your throat when you use it. When his cell doors shut, his calls were cut off, and the hall went silent.

With my mission complete, I let the commander of the facility give me a quick tour before finally heading back out to the *Ark*. The underground prison, built for one inmate, was well done, which wasn't surprising considering how much money I dropped on it.

Despite only being in the system for a little over an hour, it was time to leave. We had hired a Mon Cal specialist, and they were working on the design for our first ship, the yet-to-be-named cruiser. They had been making good progress on completing the first draft when I left, and I wanted to be there when they revealed their designs. It wasn't likely to be the final one, as we needed to go over them quite a bit before it was time to start solidifying everything so we could start buying materials and parts, but it was another step closer to that point.

The trip back to Nirn was thankfully uneventful, and once again, we spent the time training Mara's swordsmanship and her magic. At this point, she was learning the meditation method that let you cycle mana and improve your total capacity, which she spent an awful lot of time doing. It was slow going, but she was making steady progress.

When we arrived back home, I almost immediately stepped into a meeting with most of the people involved with the shipyard. This included Nuk and Li, a few handfuls of engineers, including Miru, as well as Tatnia, who had returned from leading 1st Fleet's away mission.

The designer gave a brief overview of his first iteration before sitting down and opening the floor for discussion. I had to admit, the design was well done, and from what Miru and her engineers were muttering to each other, they liked it as well... The only major difference between the [original mock-up](#) and this first full plan was that the designer [filled the gap between](#) the upper and lower sections of the ship's central core.

According to them, if we wanted the spinal ion cannon, then we couldn't have the gap. Considering that the gap had been mostly an artistic choice, I was fine with it going. I wanted that massive ion cannon much more, as I had gotten rather attached to the idea.

"I believe our best bet is to reconfigure a planetary-based Ion Cannon, as they can be purchased through... certain channels," The Mon Calamari engineer explained. "It will require their own power core, which is why the gap isn't feasible."

"Are we talking something like the [V-150](#)?" I asked, since we had a few already set up on the planet.

"Likely a bit larger, and from a different manufacturer, as Kuat tends to be more expensive," he explained. "With the right setup, the spinal cannon will be able to knock out ships considerably larger than itself. Of course, it will be useless for smaller, more maneuverable ships, as it can only aim as fast as the ship can move."

"That's what the rest of the fleet is for," I responded, happy with the explanation. "What about the rest of the armaments? I noticed there are slightly fewer point defense emplacements than we first suggested..."

The meeting continued for a while, with the designer explaining why they made certain choices, and the group discussing the decisions and deciding whether to push for a change in design or leave it as it was. One of the biggest points of contention was whether we wanted two large power cores to provide the power for the ship, or three medium ones. The former would be easier to maintain, but the latter would provide slightly more power, as well as increasing redundancy, as the ship would be able to function with only one medium core going, though it would be useless on its own in a fight.

Eventually, we decided on three medium-sized cores, as while it would make the ship more expensive and time-consuming to maintain, it offered several benefits I couldn't pass up. When we were done debating several concepts, it was finally time to discuss the price of each ship and how long it would take to build one.

"As it stands, with the design changes we have made so far..." The designer said, trailing off as they did some mental math. "I believe this ship will take two months to complete, perhaps slightly less if the shipyards meet the highest estimations."

"Two months for a six-hundred-meter ship... that's acceptable," I said with a nod. "What about costs?"

"Current estimates would be around eighteen million credits," he responded. "Taking into account that we will be producing a significant amount of the structural materials, and a small chunk of the internal parts... I believe we can expect the total cost to be fifteen to sixteen million."

"What about our plans to increase our production?"

"There are several parts that are ubiquitous throughout the ship," the designer admitted. "If we were to produce them in-house, we could save another two million."

"Thirteen million credits and two months to produce a cruiser with serious firepower," I said, leaning back in my chair with a grin. "I think that is well within what we were looking for. Well done."