THE PLANET TIBRIN.

(Senator, I must protest.)

You cannot miss the meeting with the Kalkedan. His voice speaks for all of our schools. If there is to be any hope of an alliance...

*Translated from Ish-Tibrin.

...then I'll come save them, too.

Imperials just stormed your capital and injured two of your guests. They took a third to interrogate, and if I don't reach him soon, there won't be anything left of him to save.

If that's not enough for your Kalkedan to understand the fate of his people under Imperial rule... then I can't help you.

<BUT...>

I'm going, and there's nothing you can say to stop me. And when the Empire's cruel grip has your people gasping for air...
REBELS. REBELS. REBELS!

Right under my nose, clearly operating in disguise...

Normally, I’d have you locked in a cell by now.

Shipped off to the eaves, where you’d never see the light of day again.

But you’re not just a normal rebel, are you?

I’m Captain Davin Bryce... and you...

...you’re my ticket to a promotion.
STORMBRINGER'S HANGER BAY.

Hey... You're new. I don't think I've seen you before.

Recent transfer from the new ship Malevolence.

Oh, yeah? That's a QA1-class ship, right? I'd like to hear what it's like on one of those.

Hey... no. TK-9548. She's fine. Let her pass.

What? Oh. Oh.