

Stahoes was getting very bored at this point. He had stopped by under the pretense of a discussion with the Jedi's Blackguard. The Twi'lek had been suspicious, and he was pretty sure that she knew he was up to something. However, who could say no to a show of support. *Oh yes, it was an empty gesture, but it had the appearance of kindness. It served its purposes.*

As he stood in the hallway outside the office of Sanguinius he read the message that he had received a few days ago. He found it curious that Maelous Ascarend had come to an Obelisk of Shar Dakhan instead of choosing one of his own members to undertake this task. *It always could be a trap of some sort.* Bentre mused. *I have run into a lot less resistance than I expected.*

He placed the ear speaker connected to his datapad up to the side of his head and listened intently. The Assassin had dropped a small listening device into an urn on the Jedi's desk. Versea had assumed he was there for some nefarious purpose, but by playing up his usual bluster a bit, he seemed to distract the Sith from his true intentions.

As the Corellian listened carefully, he had some troubles making out anything intelligible. He heard some muttered words he could only assume were those of the Jedi. *So off his rocker, he talks to himself.*

"Mrs. Versea," Stahoes heard a sigh, and the noise of flimsiplast and items being shifted around the desk. The sound of a chair scraping the ground screeched out, causing the Obelisk to wince as he listened. "You may be dismissed if you wish. Your services will not be required for the rest of the evening."

Muffled protests rose over the ambient sounds in the office. He heard the familiar clank of armor as the voice grew closer to the mic. "I will be just fine tonight, Tasha. Don't worry about me. I just need to get a bit of sleep."

As the sound of footsteps began to fade away, Bentre turned down the hallway, turning his back to the office and walking down calmly. *I just have to act like I am making my way back to my own quarters,* he reasoned.

As the Twi'lek Blackguard stepped out, she gave a start. "Did you need help with something, Stahoes?" Her tone was very cold. It subconsciously caused him to draw the thick robes he had donned about himself tightly.

*Not that I can really blame her. Even if we are both Blackguards, I am sure I still elicit all sorts of mixed and confusing feelings.* The Obelisk had to smile at this.

"Hm?" he turned and gave her the coolest glance of disinterest he could muster. "Do I need help?" He let a smile crack over his features. "Are you offering to help me to my quarters? Or

maybe you have a more base reason to want to stop me?" He raised an eyebrow, and gave a wink.

There was nothing but disgust in her eyes. "You wish, sleemo."

As Tasha'vel sauntered down the hall, Bentre struggled to keep his pace a little slower than hers. As the Twi'lek turned a corner, the human Assassin doubled back and took several long strides back toward the office door. As he approached the door he slowed down and ducked down.

Bentre crept forward carefully and placed his ear against the door. Hearing nothing on the other side, he slid the door open gently and peered inside. A desk lamp was left on, but the room was otherwise dark. The door on the other side of the room was cracked open, but it was already dark inside.

He took a moment to pass his hand over his face, changing his features from that of his normally scarred face to a blonde haired, blue eyed human. *I think that might throw people off if I get discovered in the hallway.* He shook his head.

There was no audible sounds coming from the other open door. It appeared to be safe. *That is lucky for me.* Stahoes smiled to himself, and glanced at the desk. The flimsiplast was in a nice neat pile on the desk, and a few discs were scattered in a heap beside it. A datapad was sitting on top of the papers.

"Nice," he muttered, and carefully tip-toed up to the desk. Taking a cord out of his pocket, Bentre plugged it into the datapad on the desk. The other end was connected to the datapad in his pocket. An orange light flashed on both devices, showing the connection had been made. With a few pokes, he started the program he had prepared for this very purpose.

With the datapad doing its task, he began to look over the other objects on the desk top. The flimsiplast had drawings roughly scrawled on them depicting troop movements and secret bases. The Assassin was surprised about what he was looking at. He shuffled through the papers for a moment, and then let out a loud sigh. "What is this about?"

"So tell me," a voice called from behind him. Bentre whirled around to behold Sanginius, leaning in the doorway, looking at him with a cocked eyebrow. "Why do I have a kid in my office poking through my papers?"

The Assassin froze in place, looking the Jedi in the eyes for a moment before darting for the open doorway. Something clattered to the floor but there was no time to dwell on that. The door slammed closed just after Stahoes had passed through the doorway.

*I don't have much time. Damn it though I might have had something to bring back to Maelous.* He shook his head and ran with all his might down the hallway. He had to get away before the Quaestor realized what had happened. He passed a hand over his face, dropping

*Oh well, it was an awful risk.* He placed his hand in his pocket, and felt the cool datapad in the pocket. The cord had been ripped out of the port. *That must have been what I heard hitting the ground. I pulled his datapad to the ground.*

He looked the datapad over, and then began to thumb through the files that he had managed to pull from the datapad. A lot of the information had been corrupted in mid-transfer. However, there might be something good here.

Then, his eyes went wide. *Now **that** is a pretty little bit of info. Let us hope that Maelous can do something with this.* He smiled and began to stride briskly toward the rendezvous point that had been indicated in the original message.

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DJK Bentre Stahoes (Pin #14185)