"Sure Benny,we have a hell of a task for you to complete. We are just going to drop you into some potentially hostile territory, you see. All you have to do is break into the comm system of the local spaceport. Pull as much data as you are able to, without getting caught," Bentre mocked his Quaeastor as he walked, "because if you run into all too much trouble, don't you worry. We will just disavow all knowledge of your little operation. You will be all alone in all this if things go poorly. Do not worry though, we believe in you."

Grumbling to himself, Bentre thumbed the datapad's screen. The trip to the spaceport had been uneventful enough. All he had to do was act as though he belonged here. He felt more than a little naked without his weapons. Still, if he kept calm and professional things would theoretically go just fine. Breaking into the comms would be child's play. *Hell, if I do this quickly enough the Dominion won't even know what happened until their underpants are around their ankles.*

The Corellian stopped, taking a moment to take in his surroundings. He found a man dressed in a blue uniform staring at him. The man bore a nametag which identified him as a member of Cobalt Security Corps. As he approached the Shadow, Bentre tried to flash him a smile.

"Is there something that I can help you with, sir?" The man nodded at the datapad.

"Oh, no no. I have been here plenty of times." Stahoes waved a hand. "I was just trying to decide where to grab a bite to eat."

"Ah," the guard nodded knowingly, "you might try Garyl's just down the concourse." As the guard pointed, the Sith made note of the Model 343 blaster the man carried. "They have a baked bantha sandwich that I get whenever I am working a late shift here. I highly recommend it."

"Sounds delightful," Stahoes chuckled. "I will certainly have to give it a try. Thank you, sir." As he walked away from the guard, Bentre let his smile drop. He pulled the datapad from his pocket, and began to punch in commands. The program he had prepared should serve to bore its way through security, and open up the logs to the Shadow. Smiling as the program started it's work, he continued down the concourse.

"Attention, CSC personnel we have an orange security alert on Concourse 4. Repeat we have a security alert on Concourse 4."
Bentre's heart sank as he glanced back at the Security officer. The man was already making his way toward the Shadow, with his weapon drawn. Feeling his body going rigid, Stahoes turned to face the man. "Is there a problem, officer?"

"We need all civilians to make their way to the lounge area right now. With the Concourse on Code Orange anyone wandering without an escort can be shot on sight. I wouldn't want you to get caught in the middle of that." Suddenly, the datapad in Bentre's pocket beeped loudly. "What is that about?" The officer suddenly became all business, reaching for Bentre's pocket.

"You don't need to check my pocket." Bentre brought up a hand, catching the officer's weapon hand with his palm. The weapon clattered to the ground as the Shadow delivered another blow, this time to the side of the man's head. Against all expectation, the Security officer dropped to the ground hard.

The Sith looked down at the man in surprise for a moment, before calling the blaster to his hand with the Force. Withdrawing the datapad, he nodded happily seeing that his worm had gotten into the comm systems. Punching in line of code, he set the program to start into the air-traffic records and copy the files held within. With a grimace, he placed the device back into its normal place, and lifted the blaster. This plan had went so far south before he had even gotten into the real work. He just hoped that he didn't have this much trouble with extraction at the end. He didn't doubt that Keira would leave him behind if he proved a burden.

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