Happy Landings. Jax had never liked the place, too much security, too little bar brawls. The Clawdite stood leaning against the second floor railing, casually flipping past pages on his datapad, a Bespin Breeze balanced precariously on top of the railing. As he took a sip, the generally happy cantina tunes transitioned into something more jazzy.

Not a good mix, Jax thought quietly.

Down below on the first floor patrons moved between the various gambling Sabacc and Cheng tables, with onlookers cheering on winners and booing the losers. The tournament was progressing slowly, not in the least because the losers kept trying to make a scene there. One Rodian had tried to attack her opponent, but a quick blast of blueish energy from the B2 bouncer droids had immediately put an end to what had could have been a very interesting round of drunken fighting.

The cantina's electronic DJ segued smoothly into a tune that Jax vaguely recognized as a techno remix of a song called Binary Sunset. *Not bad*, he mused as he downed his drink. It was almost time for him to get to work. An unknown source had contacted him to retrieve something of great personal value.

Of course, it's always an unknown source, and it's always of 'great personal value'. If he hadn't been holding holding the datapad, he'd have made air quotes.

That said, Jax had already traced the holonet call back to its source. It hadn't even been hard, the guy obviously had no idea how to spoof a call. He just routed it through his neighbors terminal. People don't know a thing about their own privacy these days. Holo displays could track your movement through an entire shopping city via your eye movements. It was insane, and most people didn't even know it. *Oh well, makes my job easier*, he grinned.

His datapad beeped. *Finally.* He tapped a few commands on his datapad and slid its data card into his sleeve and pocketed the datapad. The electronic DJ abruptly terminated the song and started a techno remix of Mad About Me. Jax smiled, *this is real music*. Below a few of the staff started to look around surprised.

He quickly made his way over to the back wall where a Shistavanen was eyeing the patrons on the second level warily. It growled as he approached, and focused his attention on the shapeshifter in front of, well, it. Jax had no idea if Shistavanen even had females.

"Hey maann", Jax slurred slightly. "There was thiss guyy, that one, down therre, messing with the uhh, shtereo thing." He pointed a vague finger in a vague direction on the first floor.

The Shistavanen growled, and set off across the balcony. Jax smirked as he waited for the feline guard to descend the stairs, and dropped his drunk act. Turning around, he began to look for something where the Shistavanen had been standing. After a few seconds his fingers found

what he was looking for. A small opening, a slit no more than 2 centimeters wide. He quickly removed the data card he had stashed in his sleeve earlier from its hiding place and slid it into the opening. This was it, if he'd screwed up, or worse, if his partner had screwed up they'd be in real trouble. Feygor, the proprietor, was no joke when it came to thieves, even if the man was almost a thief himself.

Four painful seconds later, a small panel quietly slid open revealing an ocular scanner. "Bingo", Jax grinned to himself. Grabbing his datapad, he pulled up a high resolution photo of Feygor's mug and studied it quickly. He closed his eyes and focused, as quickly a familiar painful tingling sensation began behind his eyes. He grimaced.

When he opened his eyes a few seconds later, he had the exact same eyes as Feygor had in the picture. He quickly placed his face in front of the scanner, and after some buzzing, the scanner turned green and the wall silently slid open. Jax slipped in, and made sure the wall-door closed again. Now inside, he keyed his commlink.

"Bin, stage two."

An affirming beep came through the commlink. That single command had instructed his personal probe droid, BIN-4-RY, to enact a complete camera blackout, making it look like a systems glitch. It could only last a few minutes before arousing suspicion, but it would be enough.

A short corridor stretched into a large armored door. Obviously the vault. Halfway across the corridor a small recess gave space to a dedicated computer terminal. Within seconds, Jax was at the controls.

"Lets see. Ah, login prompt. Elevate that, interrupt this, skip that we don't need that. And here we are."

His fingers flew over the controls, and in minutes he had accessed the database's vault contents.

"Row five, vault five-oh-six. I think we can handle tha- oh and what have we here," he grinned broadly. "Hello tournament prize. Are you here all by your lonesome? What's that, you wanna come with papa Jax, oh we can arrange that."

He keyed his commlink again. "Bin, incoming transfer." A series of arrogant beeps followed. "Yes I'm sure I want to this, grab the outgoing stream." More beeps. "Because I said so." One beep. "Good. Going to stage three."

The funds were transferred and Bin made sure the final destination became untraceable. Time for the vault. Three keys were all that was needed to open the vault door. It obviously relied on its secrecy as part of the security measures. *Idiots.*

The doors to the vault slid open and Jax stepped deftly inside. Row after row of small and large security boxes were stacked up as high as the ceiling. Each box neatly numbered according to row, height and position. Quickly locating row five, he found the box he was looking for. A quick tap opened it.

What is with these people and their non-security.

Inside the box was a small pink ragged teddy bear. The Force only knows why on earth this ragged looking thing was a collectors item, least of all why it was in Feygor's posession. He pocketed the teddy, and tapped his commlink again as he made for the exit.

"Bin, stage three complete. Prepare final stage." Again a series of beeps.

"Yes. I. Am. Sure." More beeps.

"What? Of course I'll pick you up after thi-". This time the beeps interrupted Jax.

"Will you be quie-". More beeps, incessant this time.

Jax let out a long frustrated sigh as he pressed the control to open the hidden wall-door back into the club. "I don't care Bin. I just wanna get ho- oh."

The reason let out that surprised oh was because there was now a gun shoved in his face. A gun held by a very angry Shistivanen. "H-hello there."

"You," the feline guard growled, "you lied to me. Made me chase nothing. Then you stole."

"What? No I didn't", Jax tried to sound sincere. "I mean, snap, it was an accident."

Nothing happened. "Snap," Jax said again. Still nothing happened. "SNAP!"

The guard merely looked confused but get the gun pointed at Jax's face. Meanwhile Jax was working himself up as he kept saying 'snap'.

"Snap. Dammit Bin, I said snap!"

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, an affirmative beep came through the link. A second later, everything electronic went dark and the bar was doused in darkness.

A few hours later, back on board his private shuttle, Jax was berating a little spherical droid that was hovering a few feet above the ground.

"You could've gotten me killed, Bin. That was not funny." Bin answered with a series of beeps that sounded incredibly like a chuckle.