**Aggressive Negotiations**

After having set off to Seolara to secure a government sanctioned No-Fly Zone for their new home planet, Azmodius and Aedile Abadeer Taasii, find themselves in a bit of a tricky situation. Negotiations are not going well and too many questions which, for the sake of secrecy, can’t be answered are being asked. The diplomats are all mostly older males with the exception of two, an older human in her mid 60s and a young twilek somewhere in her late 20s to early 30s. It was the two women who were quiet during the negotiations, and the two dark jedi figured the key to winning this rested with them. “Hey, I noticed the older lady was eying you while the fat count went off on a tangent. You should go see her before negotiations continue tomorrow”, Azmodius said to his partner. “Hah! Yeah right! Why don’t you go see the old hag and I’ll see to the twilek? He replied. “What? You really think she can pull any strings here? She’s awfully young. Besides, wouldn’t you want the credit for securing this deal?” “No way that’s going to work on me, Azmodius! Fine, rock paper scissors?” the Warrior offered.

“Hah! I win! You take the old lady. Aww don’t be so sour, pretty sure she’s got a thing for Togruta! This will be easy!” Azmodius exclaimed. Abadeer rolled his eyes as the two left their shared room to meet with their assignments. Fortunately, the two were together at the lounge drinking when the Plaguians approached. After a short conversation the twilek invited Azmodius back to her room to discuss matters more privately, leaving Abadeer at the mercy of the older frisky diplomat. After a somewhat longer discussion, one thing led to another and Azmodius was doing exactly what he had hoped for.

After several hours, the twilek stepped out to another room to grab something, leaving Azmodius strapped to the bed. Abadeer, having tried to make contact with the knight, took the opportunity to get into the room. “Oh, hey there! I trust your part of the plan went similarly? You were gone for quite a while.” Abadeer, shuddered and left the room. The following day negotiations continued in a much more acceptable manner. It seems their hunch was correct and the other diplomats would grow silent when the older woman spoke. The few members who remained unmoved were silenced by the twilek’s support. “Looks like you really took one for the team, buddy!” Azmodius jested as he slapped Abadeer on the back.