Having sweated heavily from the suspense of going away from base without her trusty towel, Tali had decided upon taking a shower to refresh herself prior to the infiltration mission. This had been a bad decision in hindsight for rather obvious reasons and her clever disguise had been somewhat compromised by the water puddles she dripped all over the club. Despite the reverberating beat of the music and the tightly packed bodies grinding against each other on the dance floor, few patrons were even close to ‘sweating’ as much as the Twi’lek appeared to be.

“Great fraking work, Tali…” the Twi’lek muttered to herself as she crossed the floor towards her target, an Ithorian diplomat that had a known soft spot for places like this. Gently feeling out with her Force enhanced senses, she tried to latch onto the diplomat’s aura and make out which strings to pull to make him fall for her when her wet boots slipped on the polished dance floor and she was sent falling down on her ass.

“Careful, sweet cheeks. Never seen a girl this wet before…” A smug Bothan quipped at the embarrassed Twi’lek who gave him a growl of disgust before getting back to her feet in time to see the Ithorian looking at her and laughing, the sound so loud as to carry over even the bass beats. She did not need to consult her abilities to know she’d blown her chance and sourly, she retreated back to her ship through the jeering crowd.

Mind still filled with expletives directed at the smug Bothan, Tali boarded her ship and departed. This mission was a bust. Had to try again later, she decreed. As the ship climbed through the atmosphere and then accelerated into light speed, Tali found herself drawn to the shower to relax.

She turned on the water and let the warm liquid splash over her to wash away the stress and embarrassment when she suddenly remembered how she’d gotten into this mess. “FRAAAAAAK!” Mercifully, in hyperspace no-one can hear you scream.