

Tali stumbled out of the burning building, coughing acrid smoke and pressing through the gawking locals as sirens of response speeders filled the air. Making her way to a darkened alleyway, she pressed her back against the wall before sliding down and burying her face in her hands.

It had been a set-up. Most likely the Toydarian. Should have known.

Tracing her hands to her belt she suddenly realized her lightsaber was missing. "Frak!" The Twi'lek spat angrily, chastising herself for not realizing it earlier. It must have been lost when the blast wave hit her.

She soon realized that the saber wasn't everything she was missing. She was stranded creditless on a planet far away from friends and thanks to the nature of her mission, it would take weeks or months for them to track her down.

"Fraaak..." She repeated herself. For the longest time, she simply sat there, immobile and face pressed into her hands until she heard shuffling footsteps approaching.

Looking up to see an unkempt man dressed in rag-tag clothing inching closer to her, Tali was suddenly keenly aware of how little she was wearing, as well the obvious tear lines on her cheeks. Swiftly wiping away the latter she stood up as the man closed the distance and gave a toothless smile.

"H-hello there, dearie. Couldn't help but notice ya seemed distraught. Need someone to comfort ya?" The man suggested with an almost-friendly tone which nonetheless rubbed her in all the wrong ways. Even without reading the man's intentions, it was very clear he had his eyes on the prize between her thighs. Even the thought of degrading herself to such an act after climbing away from slavery made her physically sick.

Before she knew she'd done it, she had slammed an elbow into the man's chest, her Force enhanced strength sending the man flying into a pile of trash. Immediately realizing her mistake, the Twi'lek bolted, running down the alleyway and disappearing from sight. She ran ever deeper into the city's underbelly until she had to drop the cloak out of sheer exhaustion; not used to such extended uses of her abilities.

The street ahead was lined with bright hololights, most of them in poor state of repair like the street itself and the people living there. All manner of vices seemed to be on offer, distractions for the average citizen on the short path from cradle to grave, yet none to which she fancied partaking as a provider.

Asking around for the better part of three hours, she realized jobs were hard to come by and as a bonus, she'd picked up a few tails as well, though for now they seemed content to observe her from afar.

Returning to a club she'd already passed thrice, she glanced at the "dancers wanted" sign and stepped inside. Having precious few talents to offer beyond her looks, it would have to do. Making her way up to one of the waitresses, she forced herself to inquire about the sign.

The girl pointed her upstairs and before she knew it, she was standing in front of a burly Besalisk who sat behind a massive desk dressed in an oversized suit alongside a pair of his bodyguards.

"You here for the job, luv?" The man began with a smarmy tone.

It took her a considerable effort of will to nod, even minutely.

"Not much for talking, huh? I like it. Girl knows her place..." He continued, eliciting some chuckles from his guards and a growl from Tali. "So, let me get this straight, Jedi. You wanna come work for me. Or are you gonna start throwing patrons around?"

She was frozen stiff of shock, but before she could voice the question the man continued.

“Shoulda been more careful. Ol’ Jopps broke two ribs...” He stated without empathy.

Her hands balling into fists, Tali finally spoke up. “Perhaps I’ll go looking elsewhere. I don’t want slimeballs like him getting grabby.” She spat and turned to leave.

“Listen, hun. Ain’t nobody on this street who’s gonna hire ya if I let ‘em know what you are. And I know a dozen hunters downstairs who’d love to tag and collar ya. So I urge you to reconsider.” The slimy male replied with a wide leering grin.

Biting back an insult, Tali glanced at the bodyguards and knew she would stand no chance unarmed. “Fine...” She muttered. “But only temporary. And Only dancing...” She spat venomously.

“Sure thing, hun. *Only dancing...*”