

“Ugh, do we *really* have to meet here?” The Chiss woman hissed with an annoyed grunt, downing the shot of alcohol in an attempt to mellow the droning music blaring in the background and the vacant-minded giggles of the swarming waitresses. Her displeasure towards their chosen meeting point in Estle City had been brought up several times before and sidelined just as often.

“Just shut up and enjoy the view, toots. Would do ya some good to let loose once in a while. What’ve ya got up ya arse, the whole broom closet?” The Zabrak male, one of her compatriots, grunted dismissively as his eyes traced the swaying hips of a passing Togruta.

The Chiss’ expression, held barely from a feral snarl, tightened even further as the desire to gut the insufferable man who by some cruel fate had been slated as her team-mate threatened to become overwhelming. “One more word from your mouth, Zak, and I will ram my saber up yours.” She spat venomously. “And then turn it on...”

“Would you two pipe down already or just fuck and get it over with? I came here to relax, not listen to your bickering. I get enough of it when I read your reports...” The dark-skinned Human groaned dismissively, swirling a glass of overpriced whiskey in one hand while his eyes lazily shifted from one scantily clad waitress to the other. The show was soon about to begin.

From a far corner of the seedy strip club, a pair of keen yellow eyes kept shifting towards the trio of black-clad figures even while her outwardly presence seemed to be on the patrons she was serving. Clad in little more than a bra and a loincloth, the purple-skinned Twi’lek had not been overjoyed by this assignment, but could understand why it had been given to her. After all, who better to infiltrate a place like this and keep tabs on the trio of Inquisitors?

As the lights dimmed and the rowdy club seemed to quiet down ever so slightly, Tali moved away from the table she was serving towards the center where the trio sat near the dance pole. The spotlights suddenly flaring into life and illuminating a lone girl standing before the curtains, even the female of the group seemed to shift her focus towards the coming show while Tali slipped ever closer.

Sliding a tiny tracking device from a fold in her clothing into her palm, the Twi’lek approached the trio while the music started up once more and the woman on the catwalk sauntered towards the dancing pole, every pair of eyes in the bar on her scantily clad body. Using the distraction for full effect, the Twi’lek leaned beside the Chiss and Zabrak to pick away the empty glasses while casually brushing her hand along the female’s robes. The miniature surveillance droid attached itself to the cloth and clung tight as Tali’s heart raced ever faster. To be caught now would be a death sentence.

“Hey, you! What do you think you’re doing!?”

The words snapped from an angry female’s mouth, but their source was not the Chiss, but another waitress. “That’s MY table, you bitch!” She spat angrily. “Get your head-tails back to your side of the room before I kick your ass.”

The sudden challenge left her woefully unprepared and in that moment of hesitation her reflexive responses took over. “You and vhat army, you skank! Not my problem if you can’t handle your own tables. These fine folk vere vaiting for refills for ten minutes while you’re vhorng yourself to that Aqualish for half a credit...”

The other waitress' response was almost as calmly calculated as hers had been as she let out an incoherent scream and tried to claw the Twi'lek with her free hand across the face. Before she could do so, however, two pairs of meaty hands interjected and pushed the two women apart. The besalisk owner did not look pleased with either of them, casting a murderous glance at them both in turn before nodding to the girl on stage to proceed.

Hauling the two bickering women to the side, the club seemed to return to a sense of normality once more as the patrons' focus was moved back to the dancing woman grinding herself against the pole in center stage. "Now, what's all dis den?" The owner grunted, all four arms balled into fists and resting against his bulky hips.

"This fraking bitch tried to steal my tips, smooching up my patrons..." The other woman began her tirade but was shut up swiftly by the Besalisk merely shoving one of his hands into her face.

"I was only trying to make sure your patrons weren't dying of thirst while you were busy chatting up that Aquali..." A faceful of meaty hand ended her words as abruptly as those of her colleague.

"Roight, we both did things we ain't proud of, but we feel real bad about that, yeah? Now kiss and make up, or you both hit the curb so hard you'll be lucky for those fat arses of yours..." He growled with a tone that left little room for argument.

Turning to look at her colleague, the venomous fire still burning in her eyes as passionately as before, the woman had clearly weighed her position as she leaned in closer. Tali cast an alarmed glance at the owner who had by now crossed his arms and merely looked at them both with a smarmy smile, causing the Twi'lek to sigh in resignation as she leaned in closer as well.

To the empath, the sheer magnitude of the woman's hatred was easy to perceive and kissing her felt all the more revolting for it, but she had to maintain her cover. Their lips touching, lightly at first, the Twi'lek had almost hoped to be done with this pointless exercise when the other woman pressed harder against her. Surprised, she let out a muffled whimper as the angered waitress hungrily kissed her before biting her lower lip and finally releasing her.

"Better?" She asked from the Besalisk who seemed none the wiser while Tali rubbed her sore lip.

"Yeah, now get the frak back to work. I dun pay ya for standin' around..." He grunted before grabbing the Twi'lek by the shoulder. "And you, get back stage. I wanna see ya wrap them lekku around that pole."

Tali turned to voice her objection, but the grim face that leered back offered little hope of success.

With a submissive nod, one she'd hoped to have left far behind in her past, she accepted her lot and headed back stage to prepare.

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The jovial murmurs of approval at the previous act slowly died down as the music faded and the stripped collected the few garments she'd discarded. Stuffing the credit slips wherever she could, the girl retreated behind the curtains where the Twi'lek stood waiting her turn, dreading what was to come. Not that she hadn't done this sort of thing before. Unsavory memories of her slavehood threatened to resurface and overwhelm her, but she managed to stay calm. It was just part of the act, a gig. Nothing more. Just doing this for Arcona...

Letting out a sigh as the gruff man nodded to her, she parted the curtains and stepped onto the catwalk.

Her lithe purple skinned body was clad only in the flimsiest of reflective black, an almost nonexistent thong and bra half a cup-size too small that merely amplified her bosom, she sauntered forward with balanced, almost feline steps. Her lekku, wrapped with straps of the same reflective black fabric,

swayed with every step, Tali making a conscious effort to gently wiggle their tips at the patrons she passed just to goad them even further.

The first catcalls sounded before she had crossed even halfway towards the pole, the music growing louder as the rhythmic beating of the base drove the patrons towards the next peak of excitement. Pushing the lewd shouts to the side, she swirled her body about face, now facing the way she'd come before arching her back towards the pole with her hands above her head. Leaning back as she sprung off the catwalk, she flipped over her hands in an intentionally slowed motion before wrapping her legs around the pole as they swung over her head.

Letting go of the floor, she coiled her body up, twisting it like a snake with only her legs wrapped around the chromed steel pole to keep her in place while she reached up for the ceiling. Applauds and whistles sounded across the club as patrons seemed taken by the feat of athletic display, though in equal amounts approving of the way the Twi'lek's body was showing off every hard-working muscle on it as she slowly eased her grip to slide down the pole.

The trio of Inquisitors, two of them already focused solely on the show, seemed to have forgotten about their surroundings entirely as the Twi'lek woman proceeded to grind her body against the pole in exceedingly lewd poses and gestures, her lekku emulating each pose she struck.

"Hmph, a shame Pravus wants to root out all the scum. Some of them seem almost worth keeping around..." The Zabrak chuckled loud enough for Tali to hear, licking his sharpened teeth. "Well, enjoy them while they last." The Human mused in return as he pulled out a credit slip and held it out for the stripper between his middle and index fingers, tantalizingly out of reach.

A mild shiver of loathing and fear ran down her spine as she saw whom she guessed was the leader holding out some money, but Tali did her best to suppress it from view. Bracing one foot at the base of the pole and the foot of the other behind it, she twisted around backwards, her lekku hanging beneath her and almost knocking down the drinks on their table as she reached towards the slip with a sultry smile.

The Human pulled the slip back just an inch, keeping it just beyond her grasp even as she was strained to the very edge of her reach, her breasts prominently on display like a fine meal on a plate for his companions to enjoy. Though physically focused on getting the slip and ending the straining maneuver before her strength failed her, Tali could not help but sense a sudden wave of arousal from the Chiss woman who tried to avert her eyes from the toned purple skin and ample breasts almost slipping out from their cups.

Filing the observation away for later use, she reached out with her lekku to caress the Human's forearm and gently goad it closer, which he allowed, until she could reach the slip and could finally retreat back to the pole.

After five more minutes of back-breaking dancing, Tali ended her show with her back arched against the pole, hands wrapped high above her head with her lekku mimicking the gesture. A round of applause and whistling followed, Tali picking up the credit slips thrown on the catwalk as she retreated back towards the safety of the curtains, having survived the ordeal without having to actually take off either of her garments. Yet, just before slipping behind the velvet wall, she cast one final glance at the Chiss who seemed to have followed her departure with a mixed expression, the blue-skinned woman quickly averting her gaze when her golden yellow eyes met her ruby reds, the faintest of blushes caressing the Inquisitor's cheeks.

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The trio of dark robed figures left the strip club in a mild state of intoxication. The two males, clearly more giddy after the show they'd received, seemed to be in a good mood while the Chiss woman was only slightly less dour than two hours ago. As they headed down a mostly vacated street, a single purple-hued form slipped out of the club's side door and sat out after them.

A scanner in one hand, she followed the trio from a distance she judged safe enough not to be sensed, clouding her presence in the Force as best she could while keeping track of their movements with the tracker she'd placed. Even intoxicated, the trio of Inquisitors were taking a long and winding route to their hideout, clearly managing to stick to their routine out of habit.

The shadowing took the better part of half an hour until it finally looked like they were closing in on their final destination. Once she had their hideout pinpointed, keeping tabs on their activities would be much easier and any threat they would pose to Arcona and the Lotus would be greatly diminished. The thought of a night's work well done, even if distasteful at times, made the Twi'lek smile to herself as she sat off from behind a dumpster where she'd waited for the trio to gain some distance once more.

She quickly glanced at the scanner, out of habit than interest, spotting the beacon right next to her but in the heat of the moment paying it no mind as she rounded the corner. The hellish red eyes of the Chiss woman filled her vision as she bumped into the other female with a soft grunt. Before she could even realize what had happened, the Inquisitor had pinned her against the wall with a blade pressed against her throat.

"Well, well, well..." She hissed, the reek of alcohol heavy on her breath. "Looks like I got some entertainment as well tonight." She chuckled softly to herself, the dark malicious tone sending chills down the Twi'lek's spine. She'd messed up big-time.

"Oh how HQ's going to be pleased when I deliver them a Lotus spy." She smirked, running her tongue over her teeth with barely contained glee as she eyed the suddenly very pale Twi'lek.

"Erm, v-what are you on ab...?" Tali began, but was cut off by a sharp jab into her flank as the Chiss growled at her.

"Don't try that bantha-crap on me, Lotus scum." Her infernal eyes narrowed to murderous slits. "I know exactly who and what you are. As soon as my friends get their lazy asses over here, we're going to haul you straight to our little playroom and find out the rest." She smirked. "Wonder if you'll squirm and writhe as well as you did against that pole, hmm?"

At that moment Tali realized the Chiss was indeed alone. Had she fallen behind to ambush her? Most likely. If so, she wouldn't have many more moments to escape. Alone against three, she would not survive. The situation desperate, the Chiss holding all the cards with a blade pressed against her throat, Tali did the one thing she might not expect.

"P-please, I'm sorry." She muttered meekly, her expression melting into one of utter submissiveness even as her lekku drooped low.

The woman merely scoffed, surprised, but far from stunned. "Really? You expect me to show you mer... Mmmph!" Her words were cut short as the Twi'lek pressed her lips against hers, the blade pressing against her throat, but not cutting deeper than the skin. For a moment, Tali thought the Chiss would cut her throat right then and there, but then she felt the woman's body relax, an almost inaudible moan dying between their locked lips.

Breaking the impromptu kiss, Tali pulled her head back to clear her neck from the blade while the Chiss looked at her with a glassy-eyed stare of utter perplexion. "W-what was...?" She never got to finish the sentence before Tali whipped her head around, lekku slapping against her face like a pair of leathery bats.

The Chiss yelled and covered her eyes, an instinctive reaction more so than one of actual necessity, but enough to let the Twi'lek slip from her grasp. The world slightly spinning from the sudden motion of her head, Tali crashed into a dumpster, but managed to hobble onward with the gently throbbing pain in her lekku making keeping a straight path rather difficult.

Flooding her muscles with the Force to imbue herself with even greater speed, she ran back to the main street before proceeding to bolt down it back the way she came. Behind her, she could hear the gruff grunts of the two male Inquisitors, the Chiss woman's sharp reply making her suspect she was being accused of letting the prey go. Yet all of it was inconsequential as the next moment she sensed danger and threw herself wildly to the side, a crimson blaster bolt zipping past where her body had been but a second ago.

In a flurry of motion, she spun around, calling the lightsaber hilt from her belt into her hand and finger pressing the ignition stud a moment before a second bolt would have struck her, the emerging plasma blade barely deflecting the lethal strike. The yellow light of her weapon bathed the dark street in its glow, the trio of Inquisitors running towards her with the Chiss firing a blaster pistol unerringly at her. In singular and at such range, she found no trouble deflecting the shots, but doing so made her much slower to retreat than the Inquisitors to advance. This was a losing strategy.

Acting out of desperation and a blind fear for her life, the Twi'lek deflected yet another shot back towards her foes, causing the Zabrak to throw himself to the side to dodge it, before spreading her palms wide, hands splayed to the side. Reaching out with the Force, she grabbed a hold of every loose object she could find and pulling them together in a clatter of garbage cans, plant pots and loose debris.

Not even bothering to wait to see what impact her obstruction had, she turned tail and ran, bolting for the spaceport as fast as her weary legs could carry her. The blaster fire momentarily abated by the interfering debris that denied the Chiss a clear shot, the Twi'lek could run away in relative safety. Yet, the situation would not last as only a few seconds later the combined might of the two male Inquisitors cleared the debris aside in a shower of flying garbage.

"You couldn't keep her down for more than five seconds?!" The Zabrak roared angrily at the Chiss as they ran past the scattered refuse, the two males drawing their sabers.

"Shut it! You two wouldn't even have noticed her. Frak, you didn't notice she was lotus even with her tits right in your faces!" The Chiss snapped back with equal venom.

"Grrrh! I don't give a flying frak about that, I just want her and I want her alive!" The Human grunted, hot on the tail of the fleeing lek-head. They were cutting it close, the spaceport was just beyond and if she got away, they might never catch her. Or find out whatever information she might have gotten. It might be enough of a setback to force them to abandon their mission...

Tali skidded around the corner at full pelt, heart pounding in her chest as she tried to stay on her feet. The world had finally stopped spinning and the ache in her lek subsided, but she was out of breath and the exertions to use the Force while on the run had taken their toll on her. They were tiring her out, but the spaceport was just in sight. She just needed one more distraction.

Her ship stood idling by on the landing pad, the astromech having prepared it for launch after she'd sent a distress signal the moment she'd bolted, but even so the ship would take too long to get off the ground. Even at this hour, though, the spaceport was not entirely deserted as a few other ships stood ready for departure.

Formulating a plan in a split second, she tapped her communicator and told the astromech to take off without her. Slipping behind a pile of storage crates, she closed her eyes and focused, trying her best to stay calm and draw upon the Force.

The Inquisitors appeared not ten seconds later, exhausted as well, but still in better shape than her despite their intoxication. However, the alcohol in their blood did cloud their vision ever so slightly and made them that much more susceptible to a sensory suggestion that she projected upon them.

"Wait, did you see that?" The Zabrak grunted, pointing at the small ship about to depart. His colleagues turned to look in the direction he was pointing and squinted, not quite sure if they'd seen a purple-skinned form just slipping up the entry ramp or not. Yet, they had no time to debate the issue as they ran after the ship before it departed.

Tali felt drained, but hauled herself up to her feet and slowly limped over to the civilian liner about to depart, buying a ticket back to Ol'Val with the flight attendant accepting the suspicious pile of credit slips without further questions. Taking her seat, she watched from the viewport as the trio of Inquisitors intercepted her ship, the two males using their combined strength in the Force to pull back on the ship while the Chiss disabled the engines with an ion grenade.

Sighing with relief, the Twi'lek tapped a button on her communicator, frying the astromech's memory to prevent any intelligence from being lost while the furious Inquisitors boarded the ship, not bothering to even extend the landing ramp but cutting through the hull with their sabers. Still, they would find nothing of worth inside.

Leaning back to relax in the relative safety of the civilian ship, Tali dozed off for a minute or two from her exhaustion before snapping back into wakefulness by the sound of a familiar female voice. "A Twi'lek, purple skin, yellow eyes. Has she boarded this flight?!" The Chiss stood by the entryway into the transport, the flight attendant barring her entry.

Turning to glance at the surprisingly densely packed passenger cabin, the flight attendant noticed the Twi'lek in question and turned to answer the Chiss. Tali closed her eyes and reached out towards the woman's mind, letting the words flow through her mouth.

"No, ma'am. Haven't seen anyone like her today. Please, unless you wish to buy a ticket, you have to leave. We're about to depart." The flight attendant lied to the Chiss' face without blinking an eye, the peeved Inquisitor glaring at her before admitting her defeat and walking away. As Tali slumped back in her seat, worn to the bone from the day's activities, the flight attendant was left standing with a perplexed expression on her face, wondering why she'd told such a blatant lie on a whim, but questioning it no further.

The doors finally closing as the boarding was completed, the flight attendant wished them all a pleasant flight as the transport took off and

"Hey, don't I know you?" A gruff voice sounded from the seat behind hers. Turning to look at who'd spoken, Tali's heart sank as he recognized the Aqualish the other waitress in the club had been smooth-talking.

“Yeah, you’re the girl from the bar. The one who almost got her eyes gouged out by Miranda.” He chuckled. “Oh this’ll be grand! Wait ‘till she sees you once she comes back from the bathroom...” The lecherous male laughed while rubbing his hands with glee.

“*Oh great...*” Tali muttered to herself. It promised to be a *long* flight back to Ol’Val...