

The prize was almost in her sight. She just needed to get the final obstacle out of the way. Dancing her way closer to the Slaver Lord, her body swaying in the tune of the music, she caught his right-hand man starting to take notice. Flashing a coy smirk, her lekku writhing in an enticing fashion beckoning him to join her, she made her way past the Slaver and his bodyguards.

Even without her Force assisted senses she could feel the man's eyes drilling into the back of her neck, moving swiftly down her back further and further to appraise her bountiful assets. Detaching himself from the group and following the purple-hued Twi'lek, the Pau'an licked his lips, running a darting tongue over a set of razor teeth.

"Hold up, pretty lady. Don't fly away just yet." He greeted her, moving after her in swift strides, his eyes never leaving the generous curve of her behind as it moved from side to side in the beat of the music. Forcing his way past other patrons in the crowded club which the Twi'lek seemed to dance around with almost preternatural ease, the man closed in on his prey.

Cornering the woman and spreading his long arms wide to deny her an exit, he flashed a wide smarmy smile, the rows of sharpened teeth clearly visible. "What's the rush, beautiful? Night's still young and so are we. Why don't you join us? I'll bet you've never been with a man as powerful as me." He boasted, inflated ego making him eschew even basic courting courtesies.

"Oh, it's you? I was honestly hoping your handsome friendt wouldt have followedt me..." Tali admitted with a disappointed tone. She could sense the sudden flare of anger from the man and his response, as predictable as it was emotional, was easily dodged. Ducking below his open-palm swing had been aimed to strike her cheek, Tali jabbed a punch into his lower gut, causing the tall man to slightly bend over, before rising back up with a set of knuckles delivered right up into his exposed jaw.

A sickening crunch followed immediately by a muffled scream and the soft patter of falling teeth from his slack-jawed mouth caught the attention of the nearby patrons who cried out in alarm. Even while the man was still reeling, Tali finished off her attack with a flat palm into his face, driving the ball of her hand into his nose with a wet crunch that caused the man to collapse onto the floor from blinding pain.

"Oi! You there! What the hell did you do to him?!" A sharp voice cried out; a voice she would have recognized at once as a slaver's simply from the sheer malice and authority it commanded. It almost made her snap around from old habits, but she managed to stay her nerves. Now was not the time to panic.

Turning around, she saw the hulking brute of a man approaching her, the trio of bodyguards pushing aside any hapless patrons too slow to realize this was not meant for their eyes before forming a perimeter around them. The man walked up to her, calm and self-assured, oozing confidence as much as he did bad cologne. Tali felt the anger rise within her, the desire to just draw her sabers and end him now threatening to rear its head before its time, but she managed to battle it back through sheer force of will and instead assume a more meek and frightened pose.

Drawing a blaster pistol, he pushed it right into her ribs as his hulking bulk loomed over her like a brick outhouse, the slaver clearly no stranger to intimidation and getting his hands dirty. "That wasn't very nice what you did to my friend over there..." The man grunted maliciously, his eyes never moving from hers while he nodded at the motionless body lying on the floor in a slowly growing pool of blood. "I think you owe me an

apology, missie. And you'd better make it a good one too or you'll get an express ticket to join him..." He added with a meaningful jab of his blaster pistol into her ribs.

Tali assumed a meek and cooperative tone and expression as she played her part. "I-I didn't mean to. He shouldn't have grabbed! I, I'll be goodt, no needt for that. H-here, let me make it up to you..." She stuttered, lekku hanging limp by either side of her face as she began to descend, looking like she was dropping to her knees in front of him, which predictably elicited a cocky smirk from the man.

"Yeah, get down there..." He grunted, pistol held by his side as Tali suddenly swirled around and pirouetted to the side. Her lekku lashed out like a pair of whips, the jeweled sheaths at their tips raking across the man's throat like a pair of blades as a spray of blood and a choked cough stunned the room.

Before he had the wherewithal to pull the trigger, she'd already danced beyond his field of aim and with her spinning momentum delivered a sweeping kick into the back of his skull, driving the man's face into the wall with a sickening crack. Even as his profusely bleeding body slumped back and crumpled into a pile on the floor, his nose now occupying a space inside his skull, the Twi'lek was moving once more in a fluid dance.

The bodyguards finally reacting to the scene, a cry of alarm rang out as they drew their weapons, the quickest among their number managing to squeeze off a few ill-aimed snapshots. Continuing her motion without pause, the woman dodged a trio of shots that blasted into the wall behind her, hands moving out to call into them the pair of saber hilts and igniting the blades to intercept a fourth bolt between the crossed beams of yellow plasma.

Halting the rotation for but an instant, feet finding solid purchase on the soft rug, Tali shot herself at the bodyguards in a flurry of motion. Both blades raised and moving as she intercepted a dozen shots on the way in, she charged a horrified guard with a barely restrained snarl on her face. The man tried to backpedal away from the savage assailant, but the moment he realized he could not escape her swift stride he drew out a combat knife and tried to slice at her with a wide backhand swing.

Fluent like water Tali melted down, dropping below the knife's swipe with less than an inch to spare between its sharp edge and her prominent lekku. Before the man even knew what had happened, her foot had hooked around his ankle and swiped the limb from beneath him, the Twi'lek raking the hilt of her saber into his forehead to drive him down into the floor with a heavy thud. Though the carpeting absorbed some of the impact, he was knocked out cold as his head slammed into the harsh concrete beneath.

Spinning around like a prized dancer, blades whirring in a mesmerizing display of color and motion, Tali struck down a further volley of blaster bolts from the two bodyguards at point blank range before a moment of hesitation on their part allowed her to swipe a blade over their weapons, cutting them asunder. The men stared at their smoldering weapons in dumbfounded shock as Tali pulled back her arms and extended her fingers, holding on to her sabers by the outermost two digits of each hand, before shunting them both into the wall with ephemeral push of Force energy.

The bar fell suddenly eerily quiet as the only audible sound was the buzzing of the containment fields of her twin sabers and the collectively held gasp of shock by the patrons. The stillness was broken by a tired groan from the Slaver Lord who'd slowly come to and was by now assaulted by the horrific discovery of his nose having been shoved into his skull.

Screaming in pain, his shaking hands clutching his ruined face, the man weakly searched for a weapon to defend himself with. The blaster pistol lay close by and he reached out with his bloodstained hand to grab the weapon, only for it to suddenly shoot off into the air and sail over his head before landing firmly in Tali's grasp.

"J-Jedi!?" He spat in shock and amazement, eyes staring wildly at her like a pair of burning coals. "Y-you can't kill me! It's against your code!" He tried, voice faltering as he clutched at straws he probably had merely heard might work against her kind.

The slender Twi'lek paced towards him with slow, perfectly balanced, feline steps as she drank in the moment of victory. Her jaw flexing for a moment before her expression melted into a soft smile, Tali closed the distance between the two as she threw away the blaster like it was but a worthless piece of trash.

"That might have vorkedt on some of my friends, but they are more forgiving than I am. I don't enjoy killing, but you have made the lives of untoldt thousands a living hell and I cannot allow that to continue. It will endt, *Now.*" She emphasized the last word with a clear drop of tone as her soft voice suddenly grew dark and malicious even as a faint flicker of power surged in her brilliant amber eyes.

Before the man could respond, she'd reignited one of her sabers, the man's eyes by now transfixed to the gleaming yellow plasma blade that hovered mere feet from his prone form. "I-I'm sorry! I, I've been in the wrong. I'll change my ways, I'll set them all free, I'll pay them off! Please, just don't kill me! I-I can be of use to you. I'll help you! I know things, many things, of other slavers of others who are even worse than me. Much worse! I always said to them, 'You can't treat people like this!' but no, they wouldn't listen! I always, HURK!"

His tirade of excuses was cut short by Tali's saber tip lashing out and stabbing him through the chest, pinning him to the floor through his heart and ending his life in an instant. A faint tremor of emotion ran through her body as tensed muscles shook and somewhere in the back of her mind she could hear the voice of an older woman voice its approval at the murder.

Simply shutting the blade off, she returned the hilt to her belt and turned around to find a dozen patrons staring at her with a mixture of awe and dread, some skittish while others were almost mesmerized by what they'd seen. Yet no-one seemed able to move either from fear or reverence.

"Erm... Carry on?" Tali tried to mutter, reality returning to her in a crashing sense of gravity as somewhere in the distance she could hear police sirens wailing. It was time for another hasty exit...