It was an amusing discrepancy within the worldview of these outwardly xenophobic ‘Loyalists’ that their bars and brothels seemed to be so crowded with alien performers. All the bombastic talk about Human supremacy and the need to exterminate lesser races, it all fell by the wayside and was conveniently forgotten when the man (or woman) holding the blaster faced a xenos they found appealing to the eye. The conviction they held to the words their overlords spewed was only veneer thin, but Tali knew from experience that in combat that lack of true commitment was hardly relevant. They would still kill and enslave without a second thought, if only to drag the ‘Undesirables’ into places where they could be desired by everyone.

This obvious discrepancy was the loophole through which a majority of easy information could be gleaned about the Iron Throne’s war plans. It was miraculous how blind the commanders were to the exploits of their subordinates and the way they blabbered about their orders with just a few subliminal nudges from a cunning infiltrator. Loose lips indeed did sink ships, or at least turned them into stardust.

The only problem was loosening those lips enough to let them spill those important secrets without sounding too desperate. That, however, was her speciality. The Twi’lek’s slender purple form was no stranger to provoking poses, her past having given her more than enough understanding of how to appeal to every possible ‘client’ she might meet and find the buttons to push to make them squirm with excitement.

The Zabrak male sitting before her, eyes intently nailed to her swaying curves, was the fifth high-ranking official she’d handled that day and if he was as eager to impress as his colleagues, she would have more than enough information to save some more Arconan lives. It was almost too easy.

Twisting her body in ever more enticing ways, Tali let her lekku flow with the beat of the music. The smooth jizz of her favorite band flowed through her as she moved through it, the tones of the kloo horn rising to a crescendo and goading her into an even more extravagant feat of acrobatics. She twisted her body around the dancing pole like a serpent, rising ever higher and higher with the Zarbrak’s eyes nailed to her dangling lekku that she moved at will. Finally wrapping the appendages around the pole itself, Tali descended in a long, drawn-out slide in tune with the blaring kloo horn as it drew out a final, vibrant tone.

Landing on her knees, head bowed and lekku still resting against the pole, Tali took the moment to catch her breath as the next track began, the beat imposing and dominant. Slowly, she reared her head, a sultry grin on her face and amber eyes flashing with mischievous potential. Lekku releasing the metal pole and falling behind her shoulders as she rose to her feet, Tali nailed the man in place with her gaze as she began to stalk him.

The sound of his breaths grew shallow, his pulse quickening as the scantily clad Twi’lek approached his seat in pace with the growing impetus of the music. Pupils dilating, a deft tongue wetting his lips as he shifted minutely in his seat, the Zabrak twitched as he made to reach out and touch the alluring woman before him.

But Tali would not allow him that release, not yet anyway. Twisting away from the path of his clumsy arm with feline grace, the Twi’lek danced around the chair only to wrap her arms around his chest from behind and lean in to whisper softly into his ear.

“Tell me, kind sir, where does one get such… impeccable muscles?” she cooed into his ear, running her lek along his chin while her hands softly squeezed his pectorals.

“Uh, well I don’t want to brag and I really shouldn’t tell…”

“Oh, but I’m veeeery intriguedt,” Tali insisted, gently tugging on his ego with her mind and coaxing him to a more pliable state of mind.

“Oh, well I wouldn’t want to leave you dry,” the Zabrak coughed, taking another sip of his drink.

“Do not vorry, I’m anything but…” Tali teased with a soft, velvety purr. “Now, indulge me…”

The words sounded like a sordid tease, but in his mind they felt like an unbreakable command. He simply *had* to tell this woman whatever she wished to know. After all, she was showing him such a good time already, it would be rude not to give something back.

“Well, miss, you might be interested to know that these are compliments from the Special Forces Command. They’ve been busting my ass off for a coming deployment.”

“Special Forces! Oh my, that is such a turn-on…” Tali purred while her hands roamed his body, reaching further down along his abs. “That must be quite the mission.”

“Oh it’s going to be something, alright. Command wants us to hit and run on an Arconan border post. In and out, quick as that and leave the place a mess.”

“Mmmmh, that *does* soundt like an excellent idea,” the Twi’lek moaned, “although you don’t have to be *too* quick…”

“Oh, speed will be of the essence, since we’re… oh, Ooooh!” the Zabrak exclaimed as realization struck him. “Well, uh, I’ll try my best, but I’m warning you, I’m kinda on the edge.”

“Shipping away so soon?”

“We’re slated for departure tomorrow night, so we’re all out here getting a bit of, heh, stress-relief.”

“Mmmh, I understandt. If you might die tomorrow, vhy not feel alive today?” she purred and twisted around him once more, mounting his lap with a long, elegant motion and straddling his waist.

“S-something like that, yeah…”

“Andt vhat station is vorth such gallantry?”

“I, uh, probably shouldn’t tell you…”

“Please, indulge me. It’s my… secret vice,” the Twi’lek whispered into his ear, dragging her lips along his chin while her chest pressed against his.

“T-theta five. A monitoring station. Makes it easier for the rest of our invasion fleet to come through undetected.”

“Oooh, now that really makes me…” Tali moaned, grinding her hips against his before suddenly staring intently into his eyes. “Sleep.”

The Force imbued command struck the unprotected mind with full force and the man passed out in an instant. Climbing off the now unconscious body, Tali adjusted her outfit and poured the rest of the man’s drink over his shirt before peeling off his belt and undoing his clothing just enough to let him think he might have scored.

“After all, vhen you’re going to die tomorrow, vhy not feel alive today?” she mused as she left the man to sober up with only hazy memories of what had happened. She had important news for Arconan HQ.