

You'd never believe me if I told you that I was gay, but it's true and I can prove it.

Yeah, I get how you're staring at me. The great, intoxicated Amazon of Plagueis - Epicanthix and descendant of conquerers - totally smitten with the lady types. Well, I've got news for you, kiddo. There's a reason why the men in the Brotherhood are intimidated by me, and it ain't just how well I wield a saberstaff.

...Okay, yes, I understand the innuendo in that word. Moving on.

No, no, don't act like you believe me or that it was obvious. I know you're just trying to play it cool. But I gotta *prove* to you so you really understand it, all right? But I need your help. So listen up, 'cause here's what you gotta do.

First, get me a refill of this whiskey. It's not Whyren's, but it burns beautifully.

Why, yes, I am drunk. I'm always drunk. Are you surprised?

Okay, thank you. Ah, that goes now nicely. Mama's medicine at its best.

So what you gotta do is find me a woman. All right? A good one, too. Not too flabby, but not a stick, either. Just all the right curves in aaallllll the right places. I like women I can hold and *feel* something from, you know? I need soft places to put my hands. But I also want to sense their power. I'm not gonna lie - big thighs paired with a tough sixpack of abs is just the perfect combo.

See if she can fight, too. But not better than I can. I need to be able to teach her. Train her. Show her a few tricks, if you catch my meaning. She's gotta be willing to be subjected to a few obstacle courses. And I don't just mean that sexually, either! I don't want a wuss in my bed tonight. I want a bona fide potential *warrior*.

Now, I know what you might be thinking - Ronovi, is it really healthy to prove you're a flaming homo by having your way with a random woman with vague parameters of how she should look and act? ...You're not thinking that? Pffft, don't be silly. This is just how the great Tavisaeen rolls. I like my women, but I don't *love* my women. Love's a sign of weakness. You get too attached, and suddenly, all your priorities are shuffled like a bunch of Pazaak cards, and your hand is dealt badly every time. So find me a dame I won't get too hung up on. She's good for some fun once in a while, a couple of nights during the week, and then I'm back to my usual duties.

Yeah, I'm the bodyguard of the Dread Lord. Why do you ask?

...Yep. She's definitely a looker. But why...

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Okay, just get me another refill and shut up, random Plagueis Journeyman who's just trying to enjoy the fighting in the Pit. Or I'll challenge you to a Sandy Sith drink-off.

I'll prove to you I'm fabulous! Or may the powers of the dark side render me a flaming husk of skin and bone!

...Hey, you. Yeah, you, the Bothan sitting over there. You'd never believe me if I told you that I was gay, but...