

“So I saidt to her, ‘keep that thing in your pants, sister. I don’t vant to know vhat happens between you andt the Quaestor,’” Tali Sroka explained to her half-Ryn friend, regaling her with a past meeting with their House Aedile.

Zujenia rolled her eyes when she figured the Twi’lek wasn’t looking, being fairly sure Tali had *not* managed such a sassy comeback to whatever situation Lucine Vasano had managed to cook up. The devilish redhead was far too capable to leave herself open for such a thing, and Tali, bless her heart, was not exactly the best with one-liners under duress.

The afternoon tea date had been pleasant, though, as it had taken their thoughts away from the troubles each faced at home. Returning back towards the space port to take a shuttle back to Selen, Zujenia found herself enjoying the local ambiance as much as she could before returning to the hot mess that was Arcona at the moment. That, and her own troubles regarding her ex.

Tali’s evocative prattling disappeared into the distance of her mind as the half-Ryn sank deeper into her own thoughts, trying her best to avoid dwelling on her problems and merely enjoy the warm rays of the alien sun and drink in the sounds and smells of yet another exotic world. She would need these memories to carry her far. There was no telling when she’d be able to have another breather.

Just then, a faint tugging ran down her spine, as if small hands had yanked at the tip of her tail. But that was impossible, as it was curled up around her thigh. The chilling sensation continued, however, growing ever stronger until she realized its true nature.

“Get down!”

Zujenia tackled the purple Twi’lek to the ground as a circular projectile sailed overhead. Tali let out a surprised yelp, not having sensed anything awry, so engrossed she’d been in her own tale.

“Vhat is vrong vith you?!” she hissed at Zuji, at first not realizing their peril, until a similar chilling ran down her own spine and she swiftly rolled to the side. Pulling the half-Ryn with her, another cluster of circular munitions splattered where they’d just been.

The pair came to a halt and effortlessly regained their footing, Zujenia drawing her bo-rifle and extending it into its full staff length, while Tali called her lightsaber into her hand and activated the yellow plasma blade with a sharp hiss that made the half-Ryn twitch. Tali cast an apologetic glance at her comrade, knowing full well her traumas with the weapon. Zuji’s pleading gaze was enough to force her hand. Reluctantly, she returned the weapon to her hip and curled her hands into fists.

“Come out, you sithspit! Think you can assault two women without consequence?” Zujenia barked into the shady streets.

“Yeah, come out and face us, if you’ve got the... bagels?” Tali stuttered, finally catching a good look at what they’d been attacked with.

A mocking laughter sounded from all around them, the dark shadows of the hab windows echoing with a maniacal cackling and the sense of foreboding grew thicker. Icy spears lanced up and down the two Jedi’s spines and urged them into motion as a veritable swarm of doughy bagels descended upon them from up high.

The pair spun around, kicking, punching and dodging. Zujenia swatted at least half a dozen of the offending food items from the sky with her bo-staff, her tail adding an extra two to that number, before she willed a barrier around herself and let the rest patter harmlessly against its translucent corona.

Tali was much the same, though left unarmed thanks to her compatriot’s non verbal request. Twisting and turning with all the grace of a practiced dancer, she weaved a path through the hail, kicking offending bagels out of her way and sending them back at the shadows.

“These ladies ain’t letting up easy! Stuff ‘em, boys!” a sharp voice called out from the distance, the pair reaffirming their ready stances and preparing for the worst.

A new rain of bagels emerged, denser and heavier than the last. Again the pair fought back with all the grace and might at their disposal, the living Force flowing through their limbs as they cut down doughy ring after doughy ring in what appeared to be the world’s most bizarre breakfast buffet.

Though they fought valiantly, the sheer weight of numbers was too much and inevitably, some of the projectiles hit home.

“Tali!” Zujenia screamed as she saw her friend fall under the weight of baked goods, her lekku stuffed to the base with bagels until she could stand no more.

Rushing over to her friend’s side, she willed the barrier into existence around them both as she felt for the Twi’lek’s pulse. “Are you alright?”

“Nnngh, lax...”

“Lax what?”

“I shouldn’t eat raw lax, when I’m pregnant...” Tali wheezed breathlessly.

“Oh you poor thing,” Zuji sighed, brushing off some of the smeared stuffing off her lekku. “Ugh, and so much cream cheese.”

“C-cream cheese?” Tali snapped, shaking off her stupor. “Cream cheese!?”

“W-what’s wrong with that? Are you lactose intolerant?”

“N-no!” the Twi’lek spat back defensively. “I just can’t put up with lactose’s stupid drama...”

Flashing a fiendish smirk at her friend, Zuji offered her hand and helped her stand. “Let’s show these karkin’ bastards what we do to bagel boys back on Selen, huh?”

“Let’s!” Tali agreed, feeling the Force reinvigorate her limbs.

Spinning around, she let her lekku go limp and sprayed the bagels all around them.

Zujenia stabbed down with her staff, jabbing it through the hole of a bagel on the ground and flipped it into the air before bringing the staff around like a bat and sending the ‘puck’ flying into the shadows.

Force flowing through her, Tali levitated entire clusters of bagels at once, letting Zuji strike them from mid-air or merely hurling them back at their assailants, soon enough turning the weight of ‘fire’ in their favor.

“Aaagh! We’ve been bageled, boys! Retreat!” the unseen voice chimed as the gang dispersed, beating a hasty retreat after their bagel barrage had been turned against them.

“Andt let that be a lesson to you!” Tali shouted after them. “At least ask our allergies in advance!”

Striding through the wasteland of the carbohydrate carnage, the pair looked at each other and smiled. “Well, that was certainly something out of the ordinary,” Zujenia mused.

“Maybe ve shouldt try this place for tea again later sometime?”

“You want to *return* here?” Zuji asked, incredulously.

“Sure, it’s the only place in the galaxy vhere bagels come free of charge!”

Zuji’s tail slapped her in the face as the half-Ryn sighed in defeat. Maybe the Twi’lek *had* managed to sass the Aedile after all.