

## Isekai What You Did There

Acolyte Sulxiros, PIN 16045

Tropes: Magical Girl, Oppai, 'Power of Friendship, unimaginable power scaling in the face of defeat'

As Sulxiros walked slowly into the dimly lit, musty smelling holo-comics shop, he took a quick look around. He had never been into something like this before, believing that reading should be kept for advancement purposes only. Why would anyone want to waste their time reading something that isn't going to gain them knowledge or power? While that concept was a little beyond him, he decided to keep an open mind. He had seen multiple members of the Shadow Academy reading these things in his downtime, and thought maybe that was just what people did. The Nautolan's upbringing didn't allow him time for anything frivolous or entertaining.

"Let me know if you need anything." The human behind the counter said, as he glanced up from the holocomic he was reading. Sulxiros removed his hood and nodded in acknowledgment to the rather plain looking man. As the Acolyte walked around, he saw so many things that just didn't seem to make sense. Holo-comics, little figures of creatures he had never heard before, very scantily clad young women for apparently no reason, crazy proportioned women, even giant robots that you get in to fight. Who even comes up with this stuff?

Sulxiros grabbed one that had two men on the cover. 'This one must be about gaining power!' He flipped through a few pages, watching an unrealistic pairing of men start to grow 'close' to each other. He quickly put it down. That definitely wasn't about what he thought. He cleared his throat and walked around a little more. He picked up one with a group of girls and a rather dark looking priest on it. As he flipped through the pages, he saw a lot of the same things. He sighed. Maybe this wasn't for him, after all. As he was putting the holo-comic down, he felt a sudden surge of energy, as a weird gravitational pull caused him to lurch backwards suddenly into pitch black. As a Nautolan, this type of darkness was unfamiliar to him as he could see easily in most dim-light places. He couldn't sense any pheromones via his tentacles either. It felt as though he was floating in no gravity, being pulled along. Quickly, flashes of light started appearing in the darkness, similar to that of when you go into hyperdrive.

He was thrown from the weird darkness onto a rather hard surface, hitting his back, and his head on the ground. His Force Healing activated, quickly taking care of the minor injuries, as he stood up to have a look around. He seemed to be in a city, near an academy of some sort. He started moving around, looking at how well lit everything was, and how brightly colored everyone's hair and clothing were. Then he noticed it. There were only humans around! No other species, or even much of the technology that is found rampant anywhere in his galaxy. He reached down, doing a quick check of his weaponry and technology, to make sure he still had everything he should. He did, thankfully. He pulled his communicator out, attempting to reach anyone in Clan Naga Sadow. No signal. This was weird.

“Stop villain! What do you think you are doing here! In the name of love, truth, and freindship, we are going to stop your evil!” He heard a female's voice from behind him. Curious as to who she was talking to, he turned around. He was face to face with a group of three young woman, all looking straight out of the holo-comic he had been glancing through. They wore matching button up shirts and well as matching skirts. Must be some sort of uniform, maybe for the academy he was near. As he glanced around, he noticed a lot more people dressed the exact same, staring at them. Was he the villain they spoke of?

“What? Are you addressing me?” The force user asked quizzically. He didn't understand why they would call him a villian. He didn't even know where he was, and hadn't done anything but stand there.

“Of course we are talking to you! No human looks like that, so you MUST be a demon. And no demon is ever good!” The one in the middle, a taller, slender woman with long blue hair, rather busty, and a high, nasally voice, is who responded. Maybe she was the leader?

“What the hell is a demon!?” Sulxiros yelled. He was more confused now than ever. He was a Nautolan, not a demon. He shook his head quickly, searching the reaches of his mind for what this race could be that he is accused of being.

“Don't play dumb with us! We've defeated many of your kind before. With our magical powers of love, truth, and friendship!” The one on the right said. She was much shorter, with short orange hair cut into a bob, but just as busty, if not moreso than the first girl who spoke. These proportions made no sense in real life. She should be falling over or hunched at the very least from the weight of them on such a petite frame.

“Yeah! Your big black eyes, tentacles on your head, part robot. Blue, leathery skin. What else could you be? We are going to defeat you, in the name of love, truth, and friendship.” The third girl stepped forth. Unlike the other two, this girl was very flat-chested. She had long red hair with a bow in it.

All of them were standing in really weird poses. Why did they keep repeated the same ‘love, truth, and friendship’ shit over and over? He decided not to look too deep into it, and draw his weapon. They kept talking about defeating him, so he assumed they wanted a fight. He reached down, and loosened his Electro-chain whip. With a quick flick of the wrist, he cracked it, with a resounding thwip as the electricity crackled the air around them.

“Look, I don’t want to fight for the hell of it, but all this talk about defeating me is really starting to piss me off. So run along little girls, unless you really think you can take me on.” He was confident. Of course he was. These three little girls has no Force that he could sense, nor did they seemed armed. They also seemed rather frail, with no muscular build.

“Fine then, evil one. We will vanquish you.” The blue-haired girl said.

“In the name of love, truth, and friendship!” They all yelled at once. Sulxiros let out a big sigh. This was getting to be rather tiresome. He’d end this quick.

Just as he drew his arm back in order to attack with his whip, three beams of light shown down from the sky, enveloping the three young girls. For some reason, their entire being turned to light, as their clothes ripped off, to be replaced by skintight suits that matched their hair colors. They all had a big bow on their chest, and matching tiaras on their heads.

“What. The. Fuck. Just. Happened.” Sulxiros said, as he felt a weird, almost Force-like energy coming from them all of a sudden. In addition to that, they all brandished some sort of short stick. Maybe a wand, with hearts at the end of them.

“Prepare to die! In the name of..” The girls started in unison.

“Yeah yeah, I know. Love, truth and friendship, right?” He mocked back at them. He had had enough now. This was getting ridiculous, not to mention drawing a huge crowd. Sulxiros reached out as he felt the Force leap from his hand, all three of the girls tumbled backwards. This will be easier than I thought. He cracked the whip against the blue-haired girls leg. The whip wrapped around easily and send a shock straight through her. As she cried out, her partners slowly got up.

“No! This demon brandishes magic too! I’ve never heard of such a thing!” The orange-haired female yelled. “He must be one of the demon generals!” For some reason, just by talking, her large breasts jiggled in an unnatural way. What kind of logic existed in this weird world, Sulxiros thought. He purged the thoughts from his mind as a quick flick brought the whip right back to him. He sent it out again, with the goal of knocking the ‘weapon’ from the opponent’s hands. As it made its mark with the redhead’s wand, she cried out in pain. Suddenly, Sulxiros’ gut told him to duck, as a flash of blue arced right over him. These little girls can use the Force? Was that Force Lightning? While it looked the same, it didn’t carry the signature energy that the Dark Side did.

He turned to see the three had him surrounded. He reattached his whip, realizing that if they all attacked at once, his Teras Kasi would be better suited for this situation. He analyzed them. Then, with a rush to his leg muscles via the Force, stepped towards the leader, sending a hard open palm straight into her chest. She flew back, but before she hit the ground, he sent the other two flying back in the same way. He lunged toward the closest one. The redhead had no time to react, as he plunged his vitro-blade through her stomach.

He reached his arm out, pulling with the Force this time, toward the short one. As she lurched forward, she found herself on the receiving end of a swift kick to the side of the head. She lay, unconscious, on the concrete, blood starting to pool under her from the impact. Sulxiros then turned to face the leader. The blue-haired girl stood up, looking at her teammates. As tears streamed down her face, she turned to Sulxiros.

“Demon. We will not let you defeat us!”

“Look around, little girl. Your partners are incapacitated. I’ll give you one chance to get them and leave, or I kill all three of you.” Sulxiros said very matter-of-factly.

She stood up straight, and did some weird hand and finger gestures. Suddenly, both of her friends stood up, and they all launched energy straight toward Sulxiros. As it hit him straight on, it felt like electric flowing through him. How did the other two even get up? This made no sense at all.

“This is the power of love, truth, and friendship!” The leader yelled, as they kept a constant surge of the energy flowing into him. He was starting to lose

consciousness, and going short of breath. As they stopped, he lay on the concrete, barely hanging in there.

“As long as we remain friends, nothing can beat us. The demon has been vanquished, and we can go back to our lives as normal high school girls.” The three talked and giggled as though they just shared a meal.

Sulxiros snapped awake, laying on the floor of the holo-comic shop again. The dingy lighting and the musty smells flooded back into him. What just happened.

“You okay, dude? You just kinda fell over for a minute.” The unassuming guy from behind the counter stood above him.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” Sulxiros said, getting up, and dusting himself off. He looked where he was laying to see the holo-comic he had been glancing through. He picked it back up and thumbed to the last page. The last image was of three girls, walking away from a figure on the ground. The text above them read ‘As long as we remain friends, nothing can beat us.’ As they walked into a lowering sunset, hand in hand.

That was it. This is definitely not for Sulxiros. None of that made sense, and it was going to take quite a bit of meditation to get it out of his head. He put the comic down, lifted his hood up, and exited the shop. He headed back toward his ship. He needed to go back and take a long nap.