Training with Nero and Diy had been a great start to the day. Zuza had felt her skill using her vibrosword improve. She was still deferring to her more underhanded techniques, knowing and being able utilize better techniques was important. If you knew how people taught this would fight, then you could underhand and defeat those techniques. And in all honesty, sparring like this was a fun endeavor, they’d been at it for some time. Swinging back and forth, clashing blades and perfecting stances.

What she hadn’t expected from today, was for Marick, a man she didn’t know personally but was aware of, to be kidnapped. Diy had received the video message of the kidnapping, their face souring quickly, but little was able to be asked before a droid attack upon the city was announced.

At the same time.

Apparently Marick was the paranoid type, providing weaponry to help protect the city even in his absence. After the trio had made their way into the citadel, it was soon announced that a weapon locker was available to borrow from, for the sake of defense. It was hardly the first time she’d used a sword that wasn’t hers, though she could count on one hand how many times it was a legal ‘borrowing’.

The young human quickly decided that this “Diamond sword” was something she wanted to bag for herself one day. The sword shone peculiarly, made of a metal that Zuza didn’t recognize but resonated that this was well made. Whatever it was.

 Herself, Nero and a new acquaintance named Morgan soon found themselves headed out of the citadel itself and toward the residential quarter, dispatching of some spider droids and helping a fellow Arconan along the way. Another group had gone to the market quarter, while others headed for the main gate where many of the bots seemed to be coalescing. Diy was no where to be seen, but they’d be okay.

The decision to go to the Residences was right, Zuza felt. Especially with so few volunteering initially.

Mechanical marching was still audible from around them, as the trio entered the quarter, new grinding stomps of metal on the concrete; joining the chorus of those who live here fleeing or doing their best to remain locked within their homes.

The first contact, a family, hiding just in an alleyway as droids approached. They’d be spotted as soon as the droids passed the slim passage between the two buildings.

“Shit” She muttered under her breath, realizing she’d lost sight of Nero but hearing the nearby sound of him fighting. He’d be okay. This family wouldn’t if she didn’t act fast.

Zuza slid from behind the wall, already running toward the nearest and using the element of surprise to get a hit in, crashing through the metal arm and backing off to put space between and the blaster. In dodging the one that just attacked her, she almost missed the firing of the second, hissing as she felt the burn of it catch her arm before impacting the wall. With a swift swing, she brought the sword through the arm joint of the one she was closest to, not quite detaching it but deactivating the arm holding the blaster. She disregarded the damaged droid, ducking under another blast and beheading the second droid.

Letting out a deep breath, she grunted quickly after the disabled droid punched her in the back of the head with its working arm, quickly getting a blade through its torso piece. It crumpled to the ground, and Zuza lowered her weapon while rubbing the sore spot, pouting for a moment before looking to the family, still cowering in the alley, and waving at them. Morgan was still handling the rest, but seemed to be doing fine so she focused on the family.

“Come on! It’s safe now, there’s still an open route toward the main citadel, just head pretty much straight that-a-way.” With a gesture to where she had come from, Zuza smiled, waiting for them to have crossed the street and be out of sight toward the safer part of the city.

With them clear, she slipped into a more defensive posture, moving up the street looking for those seeking safety and dispatching of droids as they came.

Most were uneventful, the worst leaving nasty burns but thankfully she was mostly unscathed. A few burns were easily ignored after all in the face of a city-wide siege. Coming across Nero at points but otherwise managing to stick with Morgan, the pair keeping the other alive as they made their way through the droid infested streets, leaving crumpled metal carcasses behind.

*Who’s gonna do clean up…*

It was a brief thought, which she didn’t focus on as, yet another group rounded a corner.

One neat trick that she had discovered along the way through a badly aimed blaster shot, was that her sword reflected the blasts. Whatever the metal that the blade was composed of *was*, it allowed her to protect herself in a similar way that those with connection to the Force would defend themselves with their lightsabers.

Admittedly, this led to her getting shot in the shoulder in the initial testing but proved useful when used *with* dodging rather than just replacing it. Afterall, Zuza did not have the same in-tune connection to the world that Force-users did.

Ushering yet another group, three young males of varying species, toward the cleared path behind, it was finally starting to feel like progress had been made. The sound of droids entering the area had somewhat lessened, even as another large group of droids made their way down the next street. There were two larger ones, and a handful of the weaker, easier to deal with blaster boys.

They probably had a real name but Zuza didn’t know such things off the top of her head, she just hefted her sword and headed into the next round of fighting, a smile on her face; Confident that this was going to go okay.

She wasn’t wrong.