

Museum of History
Celeste City
Ancient Artifacts Exhibit

"You would be wise to kneel...and return to me *my crown*," hissed the self-styled 'ancient' goddess, glaring at the women before her.

"This world belongs to me— and my people, of course, darling," responded the lightsaber-wielding redhead standing before her. To either side of the Shadow Lady stood a purple Lekwarrior and a Shiny Sith, the Twi'lek looking askance at her superior at the brief slip of the tongue. Alaisy on the other hand simply looked...amused, as far as anyone reading her body language might be able to tell. The crown adorning her head might have had something to do with that, allowing the Sith to feed off the frustrations and anger from the woman before her.

Arconan troops and Shadesworn had push through the area, leaving the trio to face the being known as Alla'su alone, having drawn off her monsters and cultists. All three women could tell this creature was immensely powerful, and the tension in the exhibition room was growing thicker.

"I walked this world, I subjugated these people, long before any of you were even a thought in your ancestor's primitive hindbrain. Submit, and perhaps I can find suitable uses for you...", Alla'Su's eyes cut to the tallest of the three, "except for you. You who brazenly wears my stolen sigil, you will die screaming as my dear children use your body to replenish their numbers."

She slid her gaze to the purple Twi'lek, narrowing in on her, "And you..."

Tali grimaced, feeling tendrils slithering across her mind.

Alla'Su smiled, "You could be a mother again. To so many children. Just put your silly light sword through her. And, ah," she tilted her head to the side slightly and her lips spread in a lazy smile, "I believe my compatriot returns. Kneel before he does, and you may yet live long and happy...productive, lives."

"I vill not submit to the likes of yo—" the Quaestor started to say, before all four women were shaken from their stand-off at the sounds of crashing glass. "Vhat...oh, oh here ve go," sighed Tali, rolling her golden eyes as she heard Lucine chuckle.

"Oh indeed."

Alla'Su let her mask of smugness slip for a brief flash as she glanced at the source of the sound, "Eulauti?"

“HOOOOOOOOO!” came a bellowing cry as a yellow-skinned Nautolan was carried into the room by a tackling Chiss. **“You are quite the villain, good sir! But your technique is nothing compared to that which has been passed down the Garmis line FOR GENERATIONS!”**

A muffled chuckle could be heard through Alaisy’s mask as she watched, turning slightly in a calculated move to show her disregard for Alla’Su as a threat.

“Wha—” the ‘goddess’ started to ask before the Sith raised a finger at her.

“Shush, I want to watch your fellow would-be God fight for his life.”

“Insolent little schutta,” growled the ancient one, her hands going to the daggers on her hip.

“Oh, do be quiet, darling, the show has begun.”

“You all are mad!”

“Not mad, my dear, just bored with your posturing. There is something so much more entertaining to observe at the moment, we can get back to putting you in your place afterward,” chided Lucine, as if speaking to an entitled child.

“Are...are we seriously calling a time-out for this!?” asked Tali, looking between her companions, who didn’t deign to answer.

“You’re quite stubborn and as thick in the head as you are in the arms it seems,” shouted Eulauti, shoving Strong back with the Force, drawing a grunt of annoyance from the larger man. “Perhaps you will make a good slave if you were to properly grovel for your li—”

The Nautolan found his posturing cut off by a fist to the jaw, more annoyed than injured, as the Chiss came right back at him.

“He always talks too much,” sighed Alla’Su, now watched the proceedings as well with a shake of her head. “The larger one would make an excellent breeder, though, so much virility...”

“You have *no* idea, darling,” remarked the Consul with a knowing smile. “Isn’t that right, dear?” she asked glancing over at her subordinate.

Tali’s lekku curled back, her cheeks darkening, “V...vhat!?”

“I do not believe she’s been exposed to his...hammer...yet, Consul.”

“Oh?” asked Lucine, looking surprised at the Twi’lek, before her visage turned thoughtful. “He must be going slowly, how delightfully new. I didn’t know he was capable of restraint. Though,”

she tilted her head slightly, staring off into space with a small smile, "I suppose I never wanted him to show restraint."

Alla'Su looked over at the Arconans in bewilderment, shaking her head and turning to the sound of more crashing. When had the big blue one removed his shirt? Why was Eulauti down to his scaled kilt? Why was there even a display near *their* artifacts about the Selenian oil industry and how had the two managed to barrel through it in their brawling. She raised her eyebrows as she took in the sight of the two oil-slathered, muscle-bound men wrestling on the floor of the museum.

Perhaps one should enjoy the little...diversions...while ruling

The goddess felt her hackles rise, sensing a channeling of the Force from one of the women nearby and lifting her daggers in response. She spun to face them, only to see the shiny one wearing her crown gesturing towards a nearby kiosk, drawing a couple of strange, foil bags to her with colorful markings. One floated over to the redhaired, self-styled ruler of Alla'Su's world, the other the latex woman opened herself. A small opening in the ring on the front of the Sith's mask iris'd open, and with a delicateness that impressed even the ancient one, plucked some kind of snack out of the bag with her long claws.

She looked over as Lucine opened her own, the woman taking a small handful of the treats out before raising an eyebrow at Alla'Su and holding the bag out to her. She took it hesitantly, feeling no ill intent. The food was salty and bereft of any real nutritional value, she suspected, but...

What have I missed out on slumbering all these years?

"Vile dog! You are no god!" the shouting drew their attention back to the show, Strong's verbal assault a response to Eulauti trying to pin the broad-shouldered man to the ground.

"What does it take to kill you!?"

"More than you are capable of!" replied the Chiss, managing to roll them over so he was above the Nautolan, trying to punch the tendril'd man in the face.

Tali shuffled closer to Lucine, reaching into her snack bag and watching the battle with fidgeting lekku.

"You two really have not...enjoyed, your relationship, yet? I only want what's best for you, you know that darling," asked the Consul in a conspiratorial whisper.

"Ve...are...ah, I do not know that ve are in that kindt of...umm," stammered the Twi'lek, shoving snacks into her mouth to shut herself up. Her cheeks burned as she felt the Shadow Lady lightly swing her hips into her own from the side, a cheeky smile on the redhead's lips.

“ALRIGHT SPREAD OUT AND SECURE THE what the frack is going on in here!?” came a voice from behind the quartet of onlookers, prompting them to all slowly turn. Qyreia was in mid-motion of waving the troops following her around. “What are you schuttas even doing!? Are you taking a break? With the enemy!?”

“Ah, ve, uh...”

Alaisy simply chuckled through her mask and stepped to her left, allowing the Zeltron a clear line of sight as the sounds of flesh slapping flesh and the grunts of the men wrestling grew louder.

“At least he kept his pants on this time,” sighed the merc, rubbing her face.

“Shame,” remarked Alla’Su and Lucine at the same time, causing the two women to glare at one another.

“Give me back my crown and kneel at my feet, vermin!” screeched the goddess, realizing she had grown complacent. So infuriated she hardly noticed, or cared, about the two dozen or more Arconan troops leveling weapons at her.

Down below, on the floor, Strong was laughing through broken lips as he and the Nautolan battled.

This was fun!