

There was a breath of silence, as the two forces faced off. Under the dim lighting in a museum filled with artifacts of old, the scene was lit from above and behind. Long ghostly shadows cast across the room, sharpening the features of those present and highlighting the metal worn or carried.

Then the exhale came, monsters howled, their claws clattering as they charged across tiles, the piercing noises merely a backing track to the sudden blaster fire, clashing weapons and war cries. Screams, yells, commands and a distant high pitched squeak of "BUBBUUB!", that was then muffled out by the sound of a large explosion. They were probably linked.

The two 'Old Gods' who had caused this began to fight with the Arconans who dared approach.

Zuza winced as she steadied herself, ducking under a piece of debris flying at her face. She herself wasn't strong enough to duel even a fake god, but as she stood straight again, the young mercenary decided to keep the cultists off of the other's backs. Plentiful in number they may be, but they had nothing other than insanity or a lust for power fueling their dedication.

Zu had more reason to fight than they did. For her new found family, for the city above. And, admittedly, because she'd look like a badass while doing it.

And that's why her, and those of Arcona, would succeed.

She didn't dare to draw her blade immediately, opting instead for her blaster. The risk of catching a friend was too high. Ducking yet another piece of flying debris, Zuza realised they were seemingly directly flying toward her face. Another followed the pattern, coming close enough she could feel the breeze passing her cheek.

*Suspicious.*

Blaster raised, she dipped between and around those fighting around her, digging an elbow into the spine of a cultist engaged in combat but focussed. Zuza felt the need to solve who was assailing her with scraps of concrete and glass, not wanting to have to avoid this throughout the entire battle.

Because of this, a blade wielding cultist coming up behind her went unnoticed until the glint of the blade swung up into her vision. She sidestepped a swing, cursing beneath her breath as the Force user throwing debris finally came into view, but being forced to back away. The red flare of the blaster round lit her face as she turned to the blade wielder, and pulled the trigger. It struck the cultist in the chest and they were lost to the crowd.

Her back was to the force user. Debris finally struck her legs in the moment of distraction, sending her to the ground. Zu rolled onto her stomach, racing to raise her arm and fire up where she knew the cultist was standing. She just caught the cultist's arm, giving herself enough time to return to her feet. There was time to fire, just as she was struck telekinetically and thrown back down.

The shot had hit, but there was little time to even consider taking a moment of relief, with more cultists in sight and moving in.

She smiled, "Alright then. Let's go krackers." before running toward the group, firing confidently before stepping to engage and punch the closest in the face.

They never expect you to go for the face.