

Primordial azurite eyes. High cheekbones, olive skin, full lips. Lots of shiny, flashy jewelry admonished with fancy gemstones. Curvaceous...curves accentuated by skin-hugging white robes, and a way too perfect rear to be real? A booty for a divine beauty? A butt worthy of its own smut...

Zig slapped the side of her helmet and shook her head in an attempt to focus.

Yep. Definitely a goddess. Allegedly. Her figure did not hold a candle to Alaisy's, of course, and thinking about the tall Sith made the Zygerrian smile and realize something else about this "goddess."

Zig was going to punch her.

"Alla'su, huh?" Zig drawled. "She's the one that's been behind all of this. The one that almost took Alaisy from us, made us fight..."

There was a bunch of other chaos going on in the museum. Her sensors were all over the place. But the beskar clad Zygerrian knew there was one thing she had to do, and maybe she could do it with Alla'su distracted by the more obvious threats prevalent in the Arconan Force Wielders.

Zig charged up her shock boxing gauntlets, electric current crackling through her balled fists. She clanked forward, visor HUD focusing, and stepped right up into the guard of a summoned shadow creature no bigger than a Vornskr. It hissed at her, but Zig baited it with both arms gesturing a crude taunt.

"Come get some," she hissed through her helmet modulator.

The creature took the bait, bearing shadowy fangs dripping with venomous ink and lashing out for the Zygerrian. Zig grinned as she let the creature try to take a bite out of her shoulder pauldron. The shadow beast reared back as its fangs rebounded fruitlessly from the armored beskar plating.

"Yeah, becha' didn't like that," Zig chuckled as she stepped up and snapped off a roundhouse kick at the creature's head. The shadow beast managed to duck the kick, but Zig followed up with a tight uppercut that caught it in the jaw. Electric discharge surged from the shockboxing gloves and sent the shadow beast tumbling away before dissolving into mist.

Chaos still erupted. Alla'su seemed distracted. This was Zigs chance. She toggled her jetpack for a boost and closed the distance, hoping that the goddess would turn her head just at the right time to notice her.

Alla'su did notice her, but she did not in fact bother to turn. Instead, she made a sweeping motion that flowed like water from a divine fountain. Zig continued forward through the air, her chambered punch *swooshing* and hitting nothing.

"Uh oh..."

Alla'su didn't let her pass without retaliation. The goddess grabbed a hold of Zig's arm and slammed her into the ground with an animalistic strength that betrayed her lithe figure. Zig's beskar took the brunt of the damage against the hard marbleized floor, but when she bounced back up to her feet her entire body felt like it had run into a duracrete wall.

"Ow..." Zig grumbled as she reoriented herself. "Too good to even look at me, huh?"

The Zygerrian ripped off her helmet and tossed it to the side. "Look at me, schutta," Zig growled, fangs showing against her amber-hued skin. Her midnight blue hair was matted from sweat inside her helmet, but her fair face was resolved, brow set in a permanent furrow.

Zig charged in again, no jetpack. Once again, the goddess seemed to dismiss her, her limbs moving in a pattern that the brawler now recognized as Teras Kasi. Well, it was a tilly now, wasn't it?

Alla'su sidestepped gracefully, hands weaving like the neck of a crane to parry Zigs flurry of tight punches. The goddess slapped away a set of high-knees like a jungle monkey, and then lashed out with a bear-like lunge so that her fist collided with Zig's jaw.

But Zig took the hit, literally on the chin. Her head rocked back, but she dug her feet into the ground. The Corellian Kickboxer who had spend most of her adult life scrapping, and fighting and working with her hands reached out to grab the goddess' arm.

Alla'su seemed to freeze in place when she felt the Zygerrian touch. Her eyes narrowed dangerously, as if to say "how dare you touch me, peasant." Well, Zig was definitely a peasant, but she tightened her grip and then slammed her head forward, letting the hard part of her skull connect flatly with the goddess' nose.

Perfect, porcelain skin and a curved nose splintered, white-colored ichor spewing out. Zig followed it up with a quick elbow, that was blocked, but then finished her combination with an uppercut that sent the goddess staggering backwards.

"Yes, even a goddess can bleed," Zig grinned as she accepted the retaliating blow with a feral grin.

Alla'su made a few moments with her hands that were too quick for Zig to follow. A moment later, Zig felt pain blossom across her entire face as she was hurled across the room to land in a jumbled heap of limbs and armor plate.

As her vision faded, Zig laughed to herself. Hopefully her distraction had at least bought the others time. She could hope.

*Nailed it*, she thought as her eyes closed.