OE Callus Bo'Amar #4195 - CP Feud Event 1.

**A Reduction in Force**

A pristine Lambda class shuttle broke the atmosphere of Cadinth passing over the day/night line into the darkness making a path for Lethra City and Hyperdyne Manufacturing. The shuttle conveyed two passengers one a Cybot Galactica LE series repair droid optimized for non standard repairs; the other a tall, muscular man with neatly trimmed blonde hair and an immaculate blonde goatee. The man appeared to be in his mid to late 30's dressed in an expertly tailored black suit and white shirt in the latest fashion, made of the highest quality fabrics. The man's demeanor attempted to convey a business like attitude, however his steel grey eyes betrayed his true nature. Cold, calculating, with an endless potential for violence.

"Let's go over it again Leroy." Callus Bo'Amar said standing to stretch in the passenger compartment. "Show me the players." LE-RY117, or 'Leroy' as Callus liked to call him, activated the holoprojector on his head to display the image of a human man and Leroy began. "Corvin Zexx, President and CEO of Hyperdyne Manufacturing. Originally from Lianna he began working for Seinar as an intern at 16. Recent success both in the boardroom and in the development lab have made Zexx a wealthy man. Ruthless when it comes to making deals much of Zexx's success has come at the hands of Danyë Sukat."

The hologram of Zexx transitioned to show a Zabrak woman with a crown of short, but vicious looking horns and an intricate pattern of facial tattoos. She was quite attractive for a Zabrak with intelligent eyes and an athletic build. "Sukat is a mechanical engineering savant and the key developer behind the newest Hyperdyne Manufacturing drives and more efficient navicomputers. She and Zaxx were childhood friends and continued their relationship beyond their formative years and into the business world, both have profited greatly from the arrangement."

The hologram shifted again to the image of an older human woman. "Lorraine Korn." Leroy began "Senior Vice president of Research, Korn is..."

"The one who has to die." Callus interrupted speaking through steepled fingers.

"Yes, she is the direct superior of Teek Amavia, the Dread Lord's vassal. Korn is the one who will greet us when we land. I've prepared your identity documents." Leroy said producing a datacard with Callus' usual false identification, Kol Tigrin. In truth it was Callus' real name that he'd abandoned more than a decade ago. Now it provided convenient and comfortable anonymity.

Callus leaned forward and glanced out of the cockpit window to see the pilot sweeping them over the brightly lit Lethra City. The shuttle lost some altitude and closed in on a building with a landing pad. With an expert hand the shuttle touched down on the pad and settled in on its landing struts, venting compressed gasses as the boarding ramp descended. The hatch slid open as Callus strode down the ramp to a waiting Lorraine Korn who was flanked by two other employees.

"Kol Tigrin I presume?" Korn said stepping forward as soon as Callus' boots left the ramp.

"Mistress Korn." Callus said with a slight bow before extending a hand. "Thank you for agreeing to meet me on such short notice."

"My pleasure, I am always happy to meet with customers of your...,” she paused for a moment looking Callus up and down, “stature. Allow me to introduce my colleagues Amris Florn," she indicated a Bith on her left, "and Teek Amavia." Korn gestured to a man at her right. He bowed slightly and Callus registered the man's face and name as the servant of Plagueis whose career he was here to advance. "Your advanced team mentioned you'd like a tour of the facility, I took the liberty to set one up." The Bith handed her a security badge. She reached up and affixed it to Callus' lapel leaving her hand on his chest for a moment longer than necessary. Callus noted a pupillary dilation in the older woman. "Shall we?" She asked as they turned to head into the facility.

As they made their way through the different labs and offices of Hyperdyne Korn continued to prattle on about the various accolades and successes of the company, how they reduce prices and increase profits. All the while Callus was planning the woman's demise. The best choice would be a natural death, a heart attack or aneurism, perhaps a fall down some stairs or a turbolift shaft. Any number of ideas came to his head. Soon he realized Korn had asked him a question. "Mister Tigrin?"

"Apologies madam Korn I was absorbed in your facility." Callus replied trying to sound apologetic.

"Not at all, I was informing you that president Zexx would like to meet you in his suite at the Low Orbit club for drinks and conversation."

"Oh I see." Callus was torn at this invitation, he knew the ultimate goal was to take control of Hyperdyne Manufacturing. If that meant killing Zexx or controlling him was yet to be seen. The opportunity was sure to be one that would benefit future interactions with Zexx. It could also end in a disaster by giving away the plans that had been set in motion for Hyperdyne if Zexx became wise to the situation or even a little suspicious all the work that had taken place will have been for naught. In the end however Callus’ curiosity got the better of him. "Well I'd be remiss if I didn't accept."

"Excellent," Korn beamed, "I will contact the club immediately."

"I hope I can expect the pleasure of your company as well as Master Zexx?" Callus asked giving the older woman a grin.

"Well I really should stay and work," she replied smiling wryly, "but then business hours are over."

"Excellent, shall we take my shuttle?" Callus offered the woman his arm as they returned to the landing pad.

The shuttle flight was quite an eventful one. Callus made quite the show of deactivating Leroy - though it was just a show - and sealing the passenger compartment from the cockpit. He produced a bottle of Serrice Ice Brandy and two glasses. They toasted to new business and then got to business. For an older woman she was quite vivacious in her lovemaking, she even made Callus break a sweat. They were just catching their breath as the shuttle docked at the Low Orbit. They got dressed and the woman fixed her greying hair as the airlock cycled and they entered the club.

The Low Orbit was a space station on the very edge of Cadinth's atmosphere once used as a weather and science station some entrepreneur had decided to turn it into one of Cadinth's major attractions. This was a posh place, a very exclusive venue for the elite. However nice the Low Orbit was Zexx's private suite was even more so. The view was breath taking, the station wasn't so high as to give a full view of the planet but the curvature of the world was stunning you could make out major mountains and rivers. The suite was ornamented with many fine works of art and the finest liquors and wines.

Zexx's back was to them when the elevator opened a soft chime announced their arrival. They exited the car and just as the Senior Vice-president of Research was about to announce them to CEO Zexx when the man turned and made eye contact with Callus. Instantly the Exarch knew this man was indeed a force to be reckoned with as he approached and extended his hand. "Master Tigrin, so glad to finally meet you I'm Corvin Zexx."

Callus gave the man a strong handshake along with a brush from the force trying in vain to assess the man's mental state. "Kol Tigrin," Callus introduced himself using his false identity, "I appreciate the invitation to your suite Mr. President."

"Corvin, please," Zexx said releasing Callus' hand and gestured to a nearby couch. "Something to drink Mr. Tigrin?"

"Kol." Callus said indicating that using his first name was more than fine, this would be an informal meeting. "Whyren's Reserve, if you have it." Asking for an extremely rare vintage let Zexx know that Kol Tigrin was a like soul, used to the finer things in life."

"Of course, we even have the Dooman bottling, pre Palpatine you know." Zexx pontificated as he waved to the scantly clad Chiss server. It was still rare to see Chiss in this part of the galaxy, to have one serving you in more or less her underwear was a sure sign of wealth and power.

"I've heard stories," Callus said leaning back on the opulent sofa, "but never had the privilege to taste it myself."

"Well my friend then you are in for a treat." Zexx said taking the drinks from the Chiss and handing one to Callus. "What shall we drink to?"

"Good business and better drinks." Callus smiled and touched his glass to Zexx's. The liquor was even more breathtaking than the view. An intense blend of smoke and fruits, both sweet and savory but somehow still smooth as transparasteel. "The stories don't do it justice." Callus sighed examining the amber liquid in his glass."

"They rarely ever do. I am glad that someone else can appreciate it. I trust that Lorraine was able to satisfy you with the tour of our little operation?" Zexx asked taking another drink as Lorraine Korn sat down across from them.

"Beyond satisfied." Callus responded making sure to give Lorraine a knowing smile when Zexx wasn't looking. "I'm very impressed with your facility and your staff seems second to none."

"I only work with the best, they don't get much better than Miss Korn here. I don't know where I'd be without her."

"Oh stop it, you'd just replace me with some hot shot scientist." Lorraine interjected feigning humility. "I..." A look of pain struck the older woman's face as she dropped her glass and clutched her chest.

"Lorraine?" Zexx asked, stunned. Korn fell to the plush carpeted floor and convulsed. Then lay still. It was time for Callus to put on his show. He dramatically threw his drink aside and knelt beside the woman. First his ear to her mouth checking for breathing, then two fingers to her neck to find a pulse. The Obelisk then began to administer chest compressions and rescue breaths. He paused for a moment to address Zexx.

"You need to call for help." Callus told the man calmly as he went back to trying to save the woman's life.

By the time an emergency team arrived it was too late. Callus had known it would be. He put a consoling hand on Zexx's shoulder and assured him that Kol Tigrin was available to talk in the future should the need arise. Zexx thanked him for his attempt to save the woman's life and promised to get in touch soon. Callus returned to the shuttle and Leroy was there waiting for him. The 2-1B determined the death to be due to acute hyperkalimia, or an oversaturation of potassium in the blood, coupled with renal distress probably from ingestion of alcohol over 100 proof.

"I assume the potassium worked?" The droid asked

"It did, a very natural and plausible death, no traces." Callus said removing his jacket. "Though you didn't have to ruin the whole bottle with the stuff. I could have died you know?"

"Highly unlikely. Your body mass, overall health, and metabolic rate assured you some measure of protection over madam Korn. Also you could have utilized the force to cleanse the excess potassium from your system. However to be safe I do recommend you supplement your fluid intake." The droid finished as he produced a large bottle of water from a compartment in the bulkhead and handed it to Callus.

"Right." Callus said taking a long drink of cool water from the bottle. "Get a link to the Preeminence, let them know its me."