OE Callus Bo'Amar, 4195

Callus Bo'Amar generally preferred to drink alone but he had been doing his best to fit in a bit better with his new unit and subordinates. He found himself tonight in a crowded cantina on a brotherhood controlled space station orbiting Antei. He, Kz'set, and Zednich had been on Antei to collect some resources and receive awards from the dark council. They were ahead of schedule so while they refueled their freighter it had been decided, against Callus' better judgment, to have a few drinks and "bond". The three sat at a small table in the shadows towards the back of the bar.

Callus as per usual nursed a Whyren's Reserve while Kz'set drained another tall glass of a sizzling green-orange beverage that seemed to change color with every sip. The green skinned Verpine roughly returned the glass to the table and slapped the button to summon the service droid to bring another drink. Zednich took a long pull on his Flameout and shuddered as the liquid both burned and froze down his throat. Despite his usual druthers on being alone when imbibing Callus had to admit he was enjoying himself during this impromptu social gathering.

Of course all good things must come to an end.

"Well if it isn't Clan Plagueis, crawling up from the muck to join civilization." A voice dripping with venom seethed from behind Zednich. "If you'd do us all a favor and get your bug out of here, we try and keep a refined clientele here."

"So why'd they let slime like you in Dayne?" Callus grumbled finishing his drink.

"I heard that you were stinking up the place again Bo'Amar, you haven't humiliated yourself enough?" A group of other Arconan trash had gathered around Dayne and laughed at his 'joke'. "Why don't you skitter away before we squish you all like the bugs you are." Dayne said laying a hand on Callus' shoulder.

"I guess we should go then guys," Callus said mockingly to his two companions. "The Arconae don't like our style." Callus began to stand and in an instant grabbed Dayne's arm and smashed his had against the edge of the table as he crumpled to the ground. There was an instant as one of the glasses clattered off of the table and onto the floor, then it was all a conflagration.

The Arconans leapt at the group from Plagueis. Two launched at Callus, he caught one by the throat and slammed him hard against the wall and delivered a swift knee to the stomach, the second man smashed a chair over Callus' back. The Exarch folded to the ground as two beings piled on him and began delivering elbows and knees to Callus' fleshy bits. It didn't last long as there was a furious buzzing and clicking followed by a green blur AMD the two were on the ground being savagely beaten by the Quaestor.

Zednich was caught in a headlock and was taking hard body blows from another attacker. Callus circled around the group and picking up a bottle from a nearby table and brought it down on the man with the headlock dropping him to the ground with a sickening crunch. Zednich, now free from the stranglehold bloodied his former attackers nose with a devastating headbutt. Then with a heave he grabbed the Arconan by the collar and tossed him headfirst into the corner of a table.

Dayne caught Callus in the jaw with a sucker punch that staggered him back a step and his attacker was keen to take the advantage. He gave a heavy booted kick to the shin of the Obelisk followed by an elbow to the top of his head. Callus fell to his knee and his enemy was anxious to end the encounter with a kick to the teeth, but it was not to be. Callus put his hand up and grabbed Dayne's ankle rolling with the momentum taking the man off his feet.

Like a pit fighter Callus quickly mounted his opponent and began delivering devastating blows to Dayne's face and upper body. Eventually Callus got to his feet when he realized that some of the blood on his hands was his own not just coming from the bloody pulp of Dayne.

He looked around the room and saw that his comrades had handled their own attackers and were straightening themselves out. Callus grinned and headed toward the exit he tossed a credit chit to the bartender, "Sorry about the mess." The three laughed and headed out of the cantina.