***Look Who’s Coming to Dinner***

**Furios Morega**

The night was still all around the Drexan household. The expansive grounds surrounding the estate were untouched by the tribulations of the surrounding city as the wife and son of Marius Drexan sat down to dinner. The CEO of Drextech Intergalactic was working late once again and his family ate in relative silence, refusing to voice their disapproval with his absence. The chronometer on the wall silently counted away the seconds.

Estra Drexan was a moderately beautiful woman with high features. Although not the typical trophy wife, her brown hair and slender figure were prominent features of the rich woman. Her son, Darien was all of fourteen and more obviously took after his father. Thin, pale, and topped with sleek, black hair, was often compared to Marius at social gatherings. If everything went as planned, he’d one day replace his father as CEO of Drextech.

Precisely on the hour, a sudden knock at the door broke the silence. The woman and her son looked to the door with a mild wariness, a deep fear at the unknown visitor at this hour. The uneasiness distracted the pair so that neither of them realized that the visitor had bypassed their gate security. The woman silently stood and despite her innate anxiousness, walked to the foyer to answer the door. As the ornate door opened to the night, Estra Drexan was greeted by an imposing figure. The tall frame of Furios Morega filled the height of the doorway, looking down at the woman with an emotionless stare. Estra’s heart skipped a beat at the unexpected size of the late evening visitor. He was dressed in a no doubt custom tailored formal bodyguard’s raiment. The Epicanthix stepped aside revealing a well-dressed Jai’de Serpens behind him. In the driveway behind the Plagueians was parked a shimmering, new, white XJ-6 Airspeeder.

“Good evening Lady Drexan,” the Zeltron crooned in a practiced melodic voice. The wife stood silent and confused, unsure of what was going on.

“I apologize for my associate’s intimidating demeanor. Kol’s really quite harmless.” Furios nodded slightly, still wordlessly examining the hostess and the surroundings.

“Good evening?” Estra stated politely yet timidly, questioning the arrival of these guests.

“Oh we’re here at the request of your husband,” the Plagueian Rollmaster continued. “He asked us to meet him for some business negotiations.”

“Marius never told me of such a meeting,” the wife stated, quickly recomposing herself.

“Well we are a bit early,” the disguised Warrior admitted. “May we come in?”

Estra hesitated. “I’m sorry but I don’t even know who I’d be letting inside,” she said cautiously. Marius had met with associates and representatives at home in the past but they'd never arrived before her husband until now.

“Ah, where are my manners?’ Jai’de asked rhetorically. “I am Amira Bright, executive of Starlight Enterprises. You’ve already met my assistant, business partner, and bodyguard Koldran Oxun.”

“Oh, well do come in,” said Estra Drexan, unsure of what to make of this new information. “We were just sitting down to dinner. Would you care to join us?”

“That’s kind of you, but we will have to pass. We’ve already eaten,” replied the Zeltron as she and Furios entered the foyer.

“How about some coffee instead?” The two Plagueians glanced to each other, silently agreeing with each other to the offer.

“That would be lovely,” Jai’de said with her falsely enthusiastic tone.

Each individual sat down at the table. Estra returned to her meal as a small serving droid hovered out of the kitchen, carrying out a tray laden with coffee mugs and a pot of the steaming beverage. The Sith sipped their drinks slowly, chatting with Estra and her son, lulling them into a sense of security. Jai’de deflected every question about her and “Koldran” with well-trained efficiency as the minutes wore on, keeping the conversation revolving around the Drexan family instead. When the meal had been finished, the Rollmaster offered her subordinate’s assistance at clearing the table. He followed the woman into the kitchen, allowing her and him to set the dishware on the counter.

When their hands were free, Furios swept up behind the hostess and grabbed her, clutching one hand over her mouth as he injected a tranquilizer into her neck. The woman struggled for a few moments before sinking into unconsciousness. The Battlemaster lifted the CEO’s wife before noticing a faint beeping sound. He looked at his prey and found the source. A charm bracelet on her wrist had apparently had a charm activated as a distress beacon of some sort, pulsating with a red glow. She must have activated it during the struggling. He hefted the woman onto his shoulder and returned to the dining room. Jai’de was standing behind an unconsciously seated Darien, flexing pain out of her hand.

“The little monster bit me,” she said sourly.

“We might have a little bit of trouble. We need to leave now,” Furios replied, apathetic to his fellow Plagueian’s pain. He lifted up the limp wrist of Estra Drexan, showing “Amira” the pulsating charm.

“We need to continue to phase three,” Serpens stated. Jai’de lifted the young teenager over her shoulder and the pair headed for the foyer. Furios just placed his hand on the door panel when a voice interrupted the kidnappers’ departure.

“What have we here?” a man’s voice asked rhetorically.

The Plagueians turned to face the source of the interruption. At the top of the nearby staircase stood an older man, dressed in a butler’s uniform. It was a surprise to the abductors; no mention of a manservant had been listed anywhere in their intelligence reports. The man descending the stairs before them was older, perhaps in his late forties or early fifties, with a clean military crew cut and clean shaven. He was tall and muscular at just under two meters tall and a near match to the towering Furios, obviously former military stuffed into a butler’s uniform. On his lapel was a small pin, also slowly pulsing with red light. The Epicanthix hefted the limp Estra off his shoulder and onto the ground. The two men approached each other.

“I suppose you think you’re going to stop me,” the Battlemaster said, doubting the abilities of the confronting man.

“I will stop you,” the butler stated flatly. “And if you’re lucky and still alive, I’ll turn you into the authorities afterward.”

“I don’t think you can handle a piece of me,” Furios said, grinning with sadistic glee. His gloved fist launched out with expert speed, striking the older man in the face as the Sith stepped into an Echani fighting stance. His opponent fell back to the floor, hitting the tile with a painful thud. He turned over, getting onto his hands and knees before spitting blood onto the polished floor. He rose to his feet with his own smile.

“A piece of you?” he asked rhetorically. “I want the whole damn thing.”

Furios went to punch him again but this time the butler was fast to block. With sudden strikes to the throat and stomach, Furios was down on his hands and knees. The older man kicked hard at the Epicanthix’ ribs, sending him skidding across the floor. Jai’de was already gone, bolted out the door with the young Drexan in tow.

Morega got to his feet, roaring with pain and anger. His hands clenched tightly and sparks of lightning started dancing around his fists and forearms. The older man frowned at the supernatural development and got into his own fighting stance. The enraged Plagueian charged, lashing out with lightning fast punches, augmented by the electrical power of the dark side. The butler blocked and dodged the blows with unnatural speed and efficiency, wincing and forcing his way through the electrifying pain.

“You’re quite the adversary,” the older man said condescendingly. “But it’s time to end this.”

With intense speed the butler batted away both of Furios’ fists and struck hard at the shoulders. Two painfully audible cracks sounded as his hands broke their way through both of the Sith’s collar bones. The lightning dissipated almost instantly as he lost control of his arms. Another fast blow dazed him as the older man struck. He grabbed the Battlemaster with both hands and raised him over his head, ready to slam him against the floor.

“Nobody beats the Colonel!” he proclaimed, ready to perform the finishing blow.

Suddenly, a bright light distracted the victorious man as the XJ-6 crashed through the front door, into the foyer. Jai’de slammed the front of the airspeeder into the powerful former military, causing the nearly unconscious Furios to awkwardly flop into the passenger seat. The butler flew across the room, landing hard against the stairs. His torn uniform revealed a peak of his significant cybernetic implants. The Zeltron shifted into reverse and departed into the night. Police sirens echoed in the distance as the pair sped off into the night, Darien Drexan tranquilized in the trunk.