



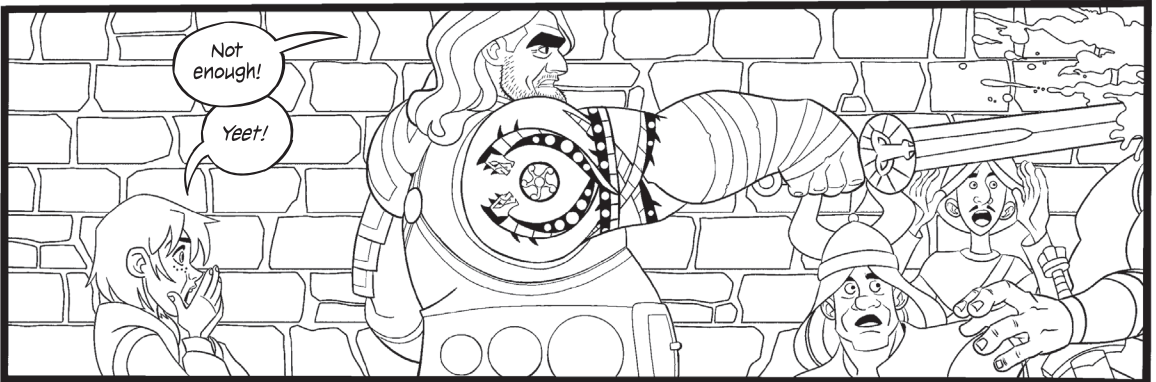
Nice bit of bladecraft you did though, so I'm of a mind to include you in for a share.

A small share.



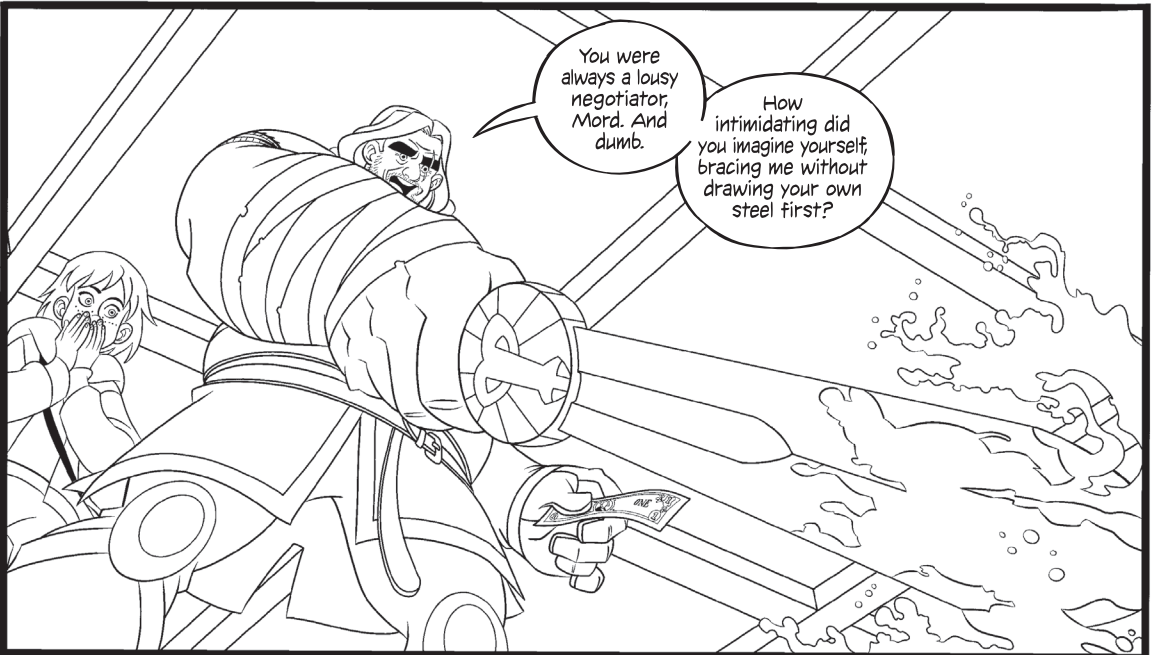
I don't think so, Mordul. I'm not inclined to draw steel for minor shares of a payment I already have in my hand.

Fine. Equal shares then.



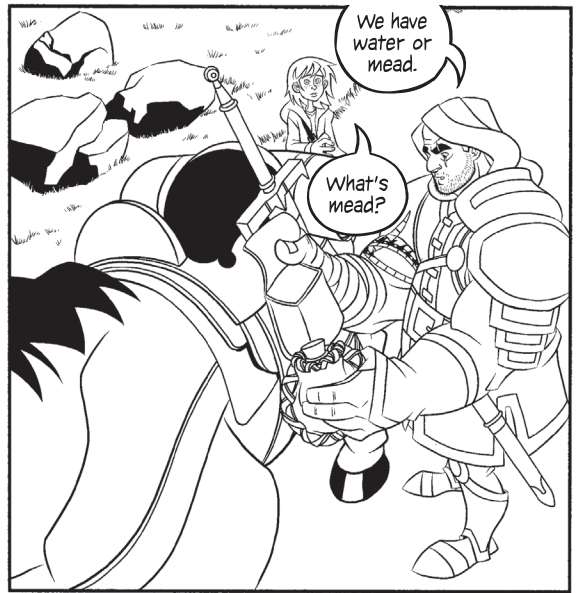
Not enough!

Yeet!



You were always a lousy negotiator, Mord. And dumb.

How intimidating did you imagine yourself, bracing me without drawing your own steel first?





Ah, here you are!

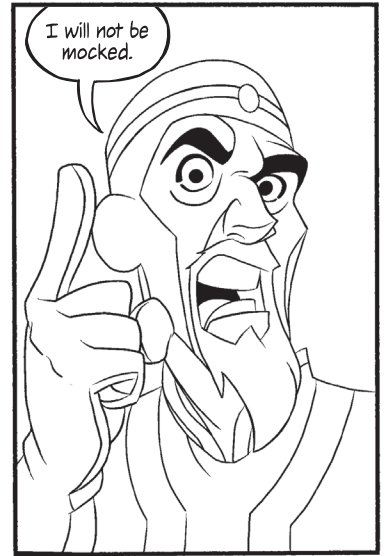
Let me be the first to welcome you to Mercy--

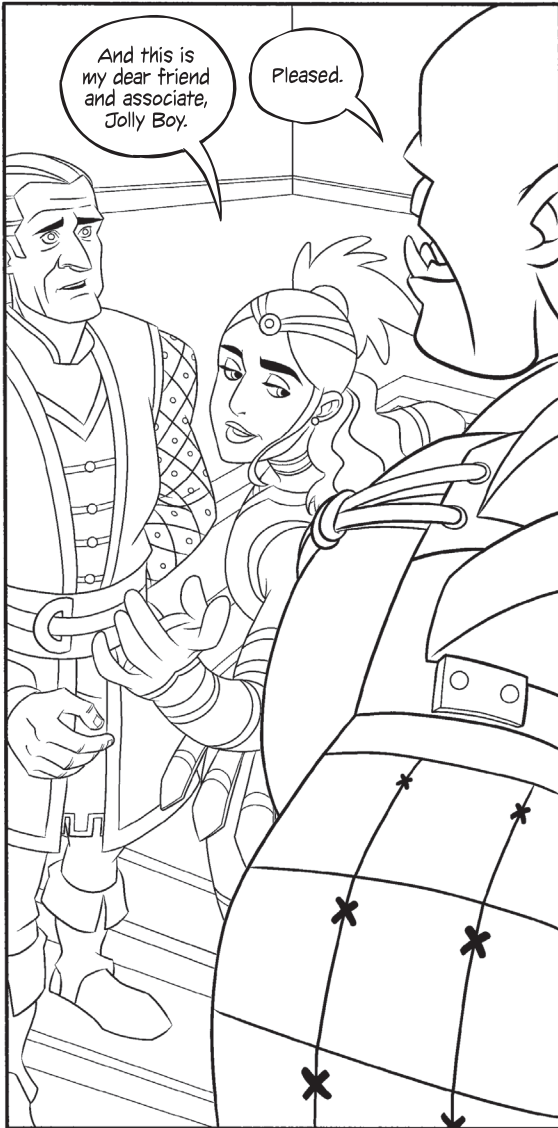
Demons of Dung!

There are two of you?

**TWO!**







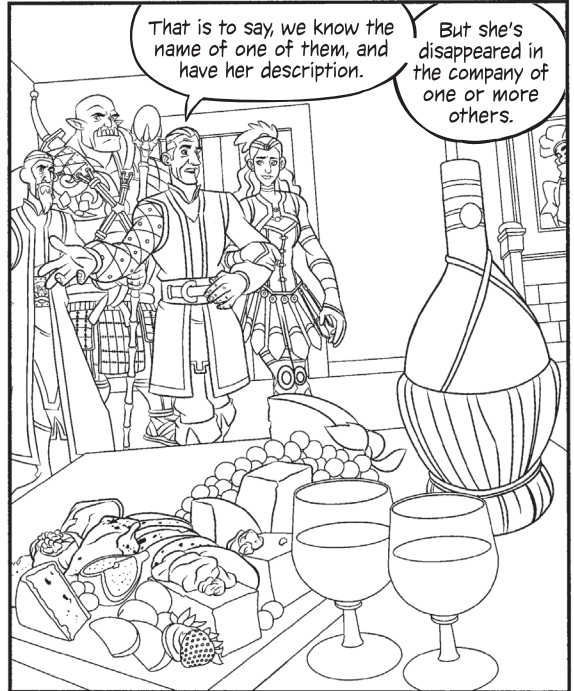
And this is my dear friend and associate, Jolly Boy.

Pleased.



Now, Governor, since your agent was a tad circumspect about the actual job, I assume you enlisted me to kill someone?

Ah... yes. Exactly. But we're not sure who.



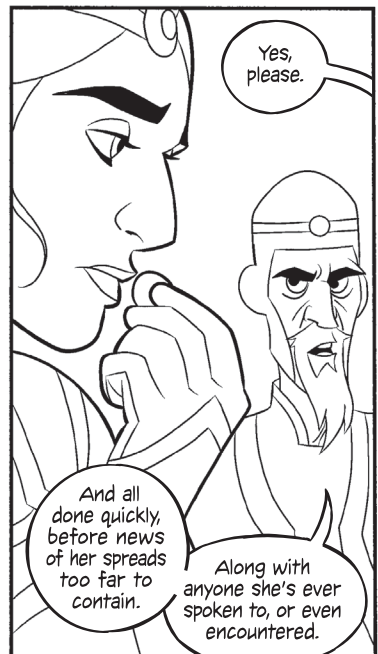
That is to say, we know the name of one of them, and have her description.

But she's disappeared in the company of one or more others.



Don't worry. If she's alive anywhere in the world, I'll find her.

And you want her companions, if any, dead along with her?



Yes, please.

And all done quickly, before news of her spreads too far to contain.

Along with anyone she's ever spoken to, or even encountered.

