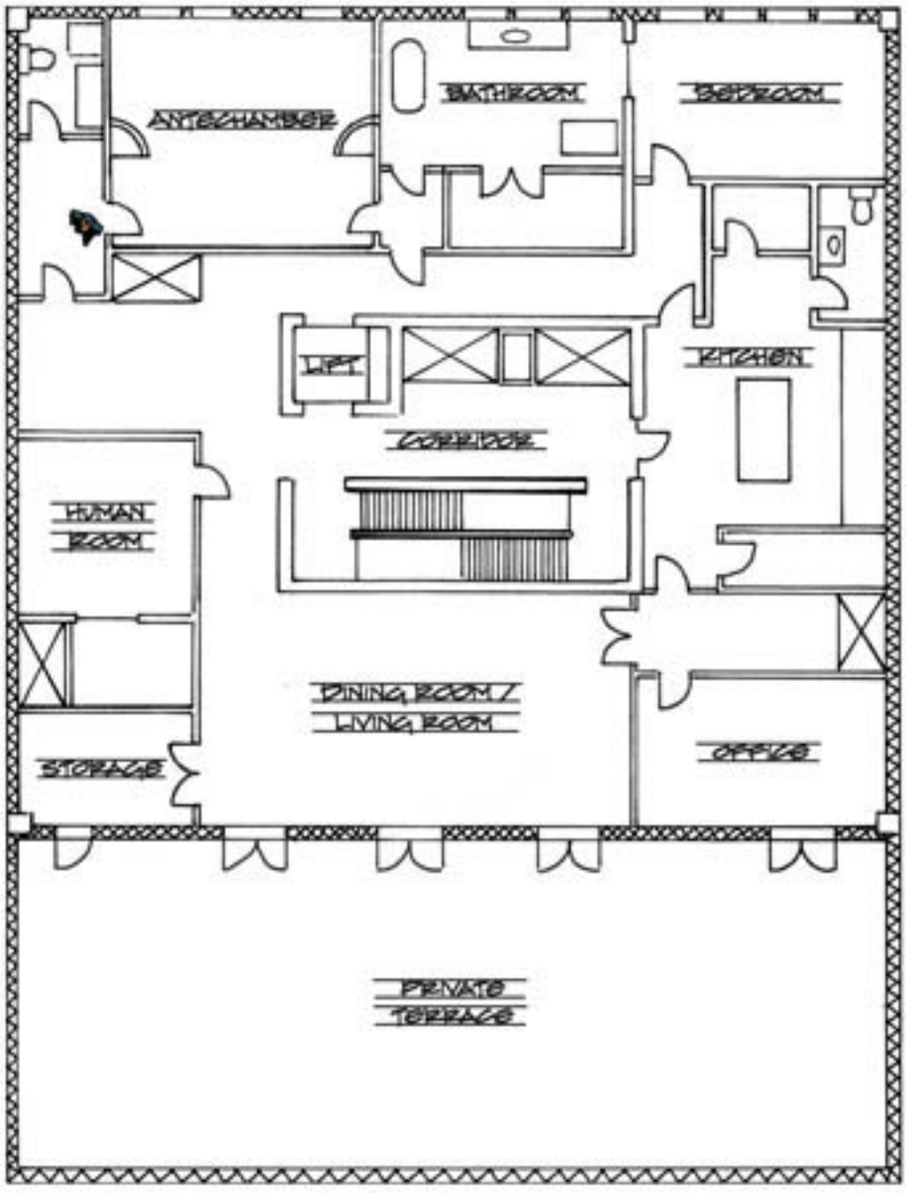
ANTECHAMBER
BATHROOM
BEDROOM
LIFT
KITCHEN
CORRIDOR
HUMAN ROOM
DINING ROOM / LIVING ROOM
STORAGE
OFFICE
PRIVATE TERRACE

Good morning, sir.
Oh, I doubt that, Red.

John Van Der Zee.
Vivek Headland.
Espresso. The beans have been aged in a manner similar to whisky, and the cup takes exactly twenty minutes to drink correctly.

Sandwiches for our guest.
Nothing with lichen in. Or my vengeance will be so nuclear in its savagery that your ruined corpse will travel back in time and explode inside your mother's womb.
Immediately, sir.

How is he this morning?
Something about blowing me up.
You know he doesn't mean it, right?

I suppose so.
It's been a long two years working for him, is all.
The way I remember it, that's two years more than you had to look forward to two years ago.

Well. If nothing else, we can all now satisfy ourselves that the Cyclopean Pigdog of Sumatra is not a myth, can't we?

And neither is the gene-editing criminal enterprise who employed you, nor the device so charmingly named *"the flesh cyclone."*
You'd think James Dyson would have trademarked that name for one of his clever electric fans.

What are you going to do now? I see the ink on your neck.
Your particular affiliation would have you murdered just for staying alive this long after the failure of your client's business.

They'll kill you. You know that.
I was dead the second you killed the hive operator. I should have put my gun in my mouth right then.
Or.

You can place yourself in my hands. Obey me implicitly. Give me your absolute loyalty for life.
And your life will likely be very long, and very rich.

Why?
I was rather impressed by your marksmanship, to be honest.
And your determination to protect your clients from me, the police, the Siberians, the DEA strike team and the ballistic flaming hogspawn of science.