

Business

"... What?"

"I-I'm sorry sir. Brian is already working on your spee-"

"Leave me.", he interrupted.

The aide turned around and left the room, closing the door behind her.

He dropped the pencil he was using on his mahogany desk, swiveling his chair in direction of the magnificent San Francisco horizon. His piercing blue eyes were reflected in the glass separating him and the breath of fresh air he sorely needed. This was bad for the investors. The company would probably tank, after the blow on the stock market that would definitely follow - not only from the rumors, but also from their confirmation. He adjusted himself on the seat and turned around once again to face his desk. Damage had to be contained.

"Sally, get back in here."

"Yes sir."

He shut off the intercom with a touch of his finger. Sally walked in not a moment later, papers in hand.

"Details. Now."

"Instead of Paris, the... pioneer... disappeared. After about one minute he came back with claw marks on his corpse. No clothes, unkempt hair, looked at least 50."

"Do we have any data off the device itself?"

"Everything has been copied to your personal folder. I've also sent a copy to Simon."

"Thank you, Sally. Chinese this time.", he said as she left the room once again. She had certainly already canceled all his appointments for the day. Pulling up his screen with a motion of his hand and summoning the virtual keyboard with a flick of his wrist, he opened the raw data and began to analyze it, looking for a way out of this pitfall. He couldn't afford to lose backing, not at this point.