

## **S.P.E.C.T.O.R 245**

Chapter 245: Drotas deliberates \*

“Fucking useless bastards, all of them, can’t even predict Lorelie’s future trend.” Drotas cursed as she slouched in her expensive office chair.

Drotas sighed and rubbed her face before saying, “They aren’t exactly wrong, though. Who would have thought Lorelie would go and create an entirely new genre of music? She never even hinted at such a thing before.

Is it possible she knew about my plan to use the pirates to get rid of her? No, if she did, she never would have agreed to board the ship that took her to the Terran celebration, or at least have insisted on better protection when travelling.

Then could she have gotten the new genre from the Terrans? That doesn’t seem likely. Why would they give it to someone who isn’t of their race? Sure as a Merinmian, Lorelie’s voice is far superior to any Terran's, but the Terrans gain nothing from it. Now, if she had already signed with Royal Entertainment or another Terran entertainment company, I could understand them giving her the new genre, but she’s still a free agent.

Then what about that man who saved her from the pirate attack? No, that’s even less likely. He is apparently rumoured to be from outside the known universe, so he had most likely never heard of Lorelie before they met. Why would he give away a new genre of music to someone he had only just met and wasn’t even aboard his ship for long?

The only explanation I can think of is that Lorelie’s near-death experience gave her a surge of inspiration or something. Seriously, why couldn’t she have had that inspiration before all of this happened so that we could have avoided all this unpleasantness?”

Drotas, who still had an annoyed look, tapped her desk with her fingernail before she continued mumbling to herself.

“So what am I supposed to do about all this? The easiest and most profitable thing would be to have Lorelie re-sign with us; that way, we retain exclusivity of her new genre of music and make a shit ton of credits.

Unfortunately, after what happened, the chances of that happening are close to nil; it would take a miracle for her to resign with us, especially since rumours are starting to surface that other artists signed to us are secretly researching the best way to get out of their contracts.

Many would say that leaving her alone would be the most logical thing to do, since there is still too much attention on us. Unfortunately, I have never been one to back down when it comes to earning credits, and Lorelie's new genre is guaranteed to make a lot of credits. She will most likely become the richest and most well-paid Diva within a year.

That only leaves the option of eliminating her and putting the new genre on the open market for all to use, after she has no family for the exclusivity to transfer to. Although I hate to lose the exclusivity, in the end, some credits are better than no credits.

Now the question is, what's the best way to get rid of her without leaving a trail back to me? My company and I will become suspect number one as soon as she is assassinated, so I need to make sure there is absolutely no trace that I had any involvement."

Drotas continued to tap her desk while in deep thought before her eyes moved to a particular picture that hung on the wall and showed a very lifelike-looking dragon that appeared to be asleep.

She got up and moved over to the picture before resting a hand on the wall just below the picture.

As she did, the dragon amazingly opened one eye to glance at her before a blue light emitted from the eye and seemed to scan Drotas.

After the blue light vanished, the dragon yawned widely before asking in a bored tone, "Password."

"You know the fucking password, you lazy ass fucking AI, now open up," Drotas complained.

"Password accepted, though it's still as rude as ever." The dragon complained with a snort, making steam appear from its nostrils before it closed its eyes again.

As it did, the image of the dragon seemed to fade away, revealing an open safe filled with many different items from documents to data drives to jewels.

Drotas reached in and removed one of the many data drives before returning to her desk. As she did so, the image of the sleeping dragon returned, concealing the safe.

As she sat back down in her large comfy chair, she inserted the data drive into the console on her desk, causing a holographic screen filled with code to appear for a few moments before it turned completely black, and Drotas heard a distorted voice speak.

“Drotas, though I would like to say this is a surprise. I was waiting for your call.”

“It’s not like I wanted to contact your organisation knowing that the cost of your services will be so high.” Drotas retorted.

“And yet you did use the data drive and contact us, and so you must be willing to pay the cost.”

“I wouldn’t if there was any better choice.”

“Normally, this would be where I ask what we can do for you, but let me take a guess.

You want us to eliminate Diva Lorelie, right?”

“Just tell me how much.”

“Ten per cent.”

“Are you fucking kidding me, ten per cent of Drotas Entertainment just to kill one celebrity?” Asked in outrage.

“You’re more than free to refuse my more than generous offer.”

“How is that generous?”

“For the simple fact that I’m only asking for ten per cent, you said it yourself, we are your best option in eliminating Diva Lorelie, and because of that, I think I’m being rather generous in only asking for ten per cent.

Also, we both know how much Diva Lorelie’s new genre in music is worth to Drotas Entertainment, even if it does go public. You stand to make far more than you will lose by giving up a measly ten per cent of your company, especially if you capitalise on Pherise taking the open Diva spot once Diva Lorelie dies.”

Drotas had an ugly expression on her face as she tapped her finger on her desk again before saying in a voice filled with venom, “Fine, when will it be done?”

“I’m happy to hear you agree. As for your question, we already have someone in place who is prepared to kill Diva Lorelie; she just wants one thing in return.”

“You played me, you bastard, you were already prepared for this all along,” Drotas said angrily as she balled her fists.

“Naturally, it was more than obvious that you would want Diva Lorelie eliminated after what happened. Because it’s so obvious many other people will be expecting you to make a move against her, and so you need someone that has no connection to you to do the deed.”

“Fine. What does this person want?”

“Pherise.”

“Excuse me?”

“They want Pherise as their lover if you can believe it.”

“You can’t be serious,” Drotas asked in surprise.

“Afraid I am.”

“Is the man that desperate to get his cock wet?”

“Actually, it’s a woman.”

“...” Drotas couldn’t think of any response to that for a moment before finally saying, “Sure, whatever, as long as they get the job done, we can sort something out.”

“I’m happy to hear we have reached an agreement.”

“What happens if they fail?”

“Honestly, I’m kind of expecting them to fail.”

“What?”

“Nothing to be concerned about. We just happen to have heard that Diva Lorelie has hired herself a personal bodyguard.

We plan to use this Pherise lover as a test goat to see what capabilities the bodyguard has. After that, we will assign someone more appropriate to the job.”

“You would really toss away one of your own people like that?” Drotas asked.

“That’s rich coming from the woman who tried to dispose of a Diva. But to answer your question, I never said they were one of my people. But for ten per cent of Drotas Entertainment, yes, I would toss them away.”

“Fair enough, keep me informed,” Drotas said before ending the holocall.



The only light in a darkened bedroom came from a large holographic screen that showed a picture of a scantily clad female Sirinian, and on the bed, a naked woman could be seen masturbating while looking at the holographic image.

“Yes, Pherise right there, mmmm, faster baby, yes, you know just where to touch me baby.”

As she continued to masturbate, a smaller holographic screen appeared, notifying her that she had just received a message. She was just about to ignore the message when she saw that the sender's name was a mixture of strange characters, letters and numbers that made no sense.

Anticipating who it was, she eagerly opened the message and read the contents.

[[Drotas has agreed to you terms.]]

“FUCK YES.” The woman shouted happily before looking at the image of Pherise with a lustful gaze, after which she went back to masturbating.