

It wasn't his first time being called to the room, though he had only been there briefly before. Kevin Jackson had called him to the meeting simply so he could have eyes placed on him, and simply so the Lasombra could put eyes on Kevin. It had been... perhaps a *little* interesting, truth be told. Seeing a certain new Primogen getting rather aggressive, even if passively so, at the Prince had been a spot of idle amusement for the man. He wondered how far the stooge's antics would carry him before he ended up with his flesh peeled back and tossed to the sun. *This* was the thought that had amused him the most as he'd left, not wishing to stay more than had been necessary since he'd had other affairs to attend to.

This time would be different, though. Perhaps Kevin had the proper time to look a bit more into him, to pique his interest, for he was being called not just to sit, but to possibly be placed into action. He was unsure of what the man expected of him, precisely, but he'd need to be on his best behavior to look the part of a kindred trying to fit in and keep quiet.

He'd no doubt be called again in the future if whatever was asked of him was able to be done precisely as necessary, and while these deeds seemed boring and unneeded to himself, others had... influenced him, told him it'd be wise to just ride the wind and gain favors where one could. Especially in *his* line of work. One could, he supposed, never turn down the opportunity to get some recognition. He only hoped that in doing such, he wouldn't need to deal with 'eyes where they didn't belong'. Too many secrets were held by him, so caution was *always* the intelligent move.

He'd dressed similarly to his first entry to the place: a nice black suit that fit over his frame perfectly, the tailor having been held to the highest standards with his life on the line. There was something quite... luxurious, as it were, about wearing the blood, sweat, and tears of a person who was trying their damndest to keep their life. He smoothed his hands over the crisp material, grinning callously. It would do, yes. For now.

The same fingers that smoothed up and down the front of the attire were covered in burnished metal that was curved like long claws, though these claws only covered the forefingers of his hands. They connected by chains to his wrist, while the rest of the fingers wore bands of more burnished metal with crimson stones set into the middle, tiny decorations that offset his otherwise black aesthetic. These two also held chains that ghosted over the backs of his hands, connecting to the metal around his wrists.

His hair had been slicked back formally, hands moving to gently press strands back into place as he entered the building. The wind here was always so atrocious.

While Francesca had offered Mr. Chunk a more genuine smile, his own was snide at best as he realized this man's name must have been some sick derivative from either colleagues or perhaps even his youth. An apt description of a name, to say the least.

His upper lip curled in a light snarl as he was addressed, not even bothering to so much as nod before he made his way to the upper floor. He offered no comment to the two who were outside

the meeting room, the man seemingly having been there first, catching only the end of what the woman had said. She'd likely arrived only moments prior. His cetaceous eyes swept the area briefly to take note of anyone else who may be there. Would it just be the three of them... or were perhaps more waiting within?

Only time would tell. And time was a resource of which he had endless amounts of.