

Arijana flopped onto her hotel bedroom. To call this a long day would have been an understatement and then some. Apparently the world was a whole lot bigger than Cuba, in more ways than one. She almost regretted her decision to dive into the deep end of all this “Stand” nonsense. Not like it ever should have been her problem in the first place.

On the bright side, she did get her expenses covered for the nicest hotel in Paris. So maybe that evened out the deal.

There was a knock at the door. Was she really going to move...? Could she even do it? She didn't think she had it in her to make it to the door.

*“Mademoiselle? Your dinner is ready.”*

Before she knew it her feet were sliding across velvety soft carpet, the door had opened just a crack.

*“Merci, monsieur.”*

She hadn't realized how hungry she really was, but given how many bullets she had to put into skulls, both human and... not... apparently her appetite wasn't completely buried.

That said... something was off. She ordered the only thing on the menu that looked familiar, but it wasn't really the same at all. She was prepared for bold flavor, and instead she was greeted by more of a smooth creaminess.

Well, there's nothing quite like your mother's home cooking.

Back when her mother was still fit to cook, anyway, she was a monster in a kitchen. A true von Frankenstein, throwing things into pots and making miracles happen. Some of the stuff might've really been alive, even! But on the rare occasion she decided not to bother experimenting...

Arijana brought herself back to reality. She found with a start that she was still hungry. If murder worked up this kind of appetite, she might wind up killing her figure, too. That'd be a disaster.

But... well, she'd be killing most of the witnesses anyway...

She turned to the body of a large, monstrous animal. “What do you think, O Mighty Beast? You'd be the expert on eating, wouldn't you?”

The corpse, naturally, did not respond.

Oh, well. Another plate couldn't hurt. Something with more tomato, this time. And maybe a glass of wine, while she was at it.