

MAGNUM OPUS

The reels snapped to a stop: "777." The white light of the simulated avatar drained as its energy was pulled into the server behind the ice, powering a swarm of widgets and lights and flashes. What had appeared to be a well-prepared intruder floated helplessly in the space it had previously stood ready while the server shone brightly before it.

Chloe's eyes widened as she leaned in for a closer look. "...you have my attention, Mx. Horig."

"I told you, Miss Bertram, this is my finest work. My magnum opus."

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