

You fly back into the office, past glowing green typing drones that do not even look up. Nelson is still flexing his muscles and his jaw drops once he sees you. You plow into him, grabbing hold as the two of you smash through the office's wall into the hallway.

You roll on the ground holding Nelson close, hitting him again and again in the face. The blows leave large angry welts. His teeth fly through the air as you pummel him. You reach forward with both hands and grab the sides of his head. Your fingers break through bone and cartilage and you rip his head apart. You raise the hunks of dripping flesh, bone, and brain in the air, roaring with victory.

You realize that you are not yelling alone. All the other employees have come out and are cheering for you. Finally the cruel oppressor has been overtaken.

They all get to their knees and bow to you and your strength.

You stand up and stagger back from the corpse, dropping the hunks of what used to be Nelson's head. The employees are still on their knees, looking to you for guidance and direction.

Your gaze meets their eager eyes and you are not sure what to say.

You point back at their desks, "Get back to work. Those TPS Reports are not going to file themselves."

They scurry back to their workstations and you smile, pleased by their prompt response.

You walk back into the office and out of habit go over to your desk. You sit at it but it does not feel right.

You bested Nelson. His office should be yours, a spoil of war. You head back to his office but pause to tear the head off of Sanderson. His typing rate has been way lower than it should be.

You go into Nelson's office and sit in his plushy chair. You lean back with your hands behind your head and put your feet up on his desk.