“You know, Miss Tilarom, having –”

“No,” Tully interjected. There was a fire breathing life into her maroon eyes – some options about her body were made far before she even had a chance to violently disagree with them – as she stared down the doctor across from her, each word deliberately placed as she flatly reminded, “I do not want to replace it with a cybernetic, nor have I ever, nor *will I ever*.”

The doctor took in a deep breath as his own eyes closed, and he took a more gentle approach to his words – his attempt before had been reckless, he realized, to try and be so casual about it – as he reopened his eyes and said, “Tully, your mother is concerned about your ability to function with only the one arm. You’re a prime candidate for a cybernetic replacement: you’re young, relatively in shape, and because you’re –”

“Me missing my arm *does not* make me any weaker, any my ‘mother’ should know that,” she spat, earning another sigh from the doctor who, finally, realized and conceded that he was going to get nowhere. Not this time.

The doctor nodded a few moments after Tully was finished. “Alright, Miss Tilarom. Beyond that concern, you seem to be physically healthy, the only exception being the concerns about your smoking.”

“I’m not going to stop,” Tully flatly said.

Another sigh. “Have you considered changing over to some sort of vapor-based products? If you’re interested, I have numerous—”

“I’m not interested.”

This sigh, Tully recognized, was from the fact that the doctor was finally realizing that there wasn’t going to be any kickback at all from this appointment from any one of his sponsors. “Alright. With that then, you’re free to go. Make sure to see the receptionist on the way out.”