

Luxury has no conscience.

PRIVILEGE





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Dramatis Personae

The House of de Montferrat

An old-money family originally based in the American South, with ties to unsavoury legal and financial structures. Now operating transnationally, they retain a veneer of prestige while concealing generations of systemic corruption, strategic brutality, and cultural decay.

1. **Beauregard “Bo” de Montferrat III**

The patriarch. A former legal architect trained at Duke Law, Bo built his fortune advising extractive industries, private security firms, and morally ambiguous sectors. He is stern, calculating, and emotionally distant. His manners are impeccable. His principles are flexible.

2. **Freddie de Montferrat**

The heir. A European playboy with no functional purpose beyond spending his inheritance. Known for failed crypto ventures, extravagant parties, and a total lack of discipline. Charismatic but hollow, he lives in a constant fog of recreational excess and public scandal.

3. **Raúl Montalvo**

Bodyguard to Freddie. A former enforcer with experience in conflict zones across Central America and beyond. Known to have participated in paramilitary operations, he is both physically imposing and psychologically unsettling. His loyalty is unquestioned but not necessarily ethical.

4. **Camille de La Fontaine**

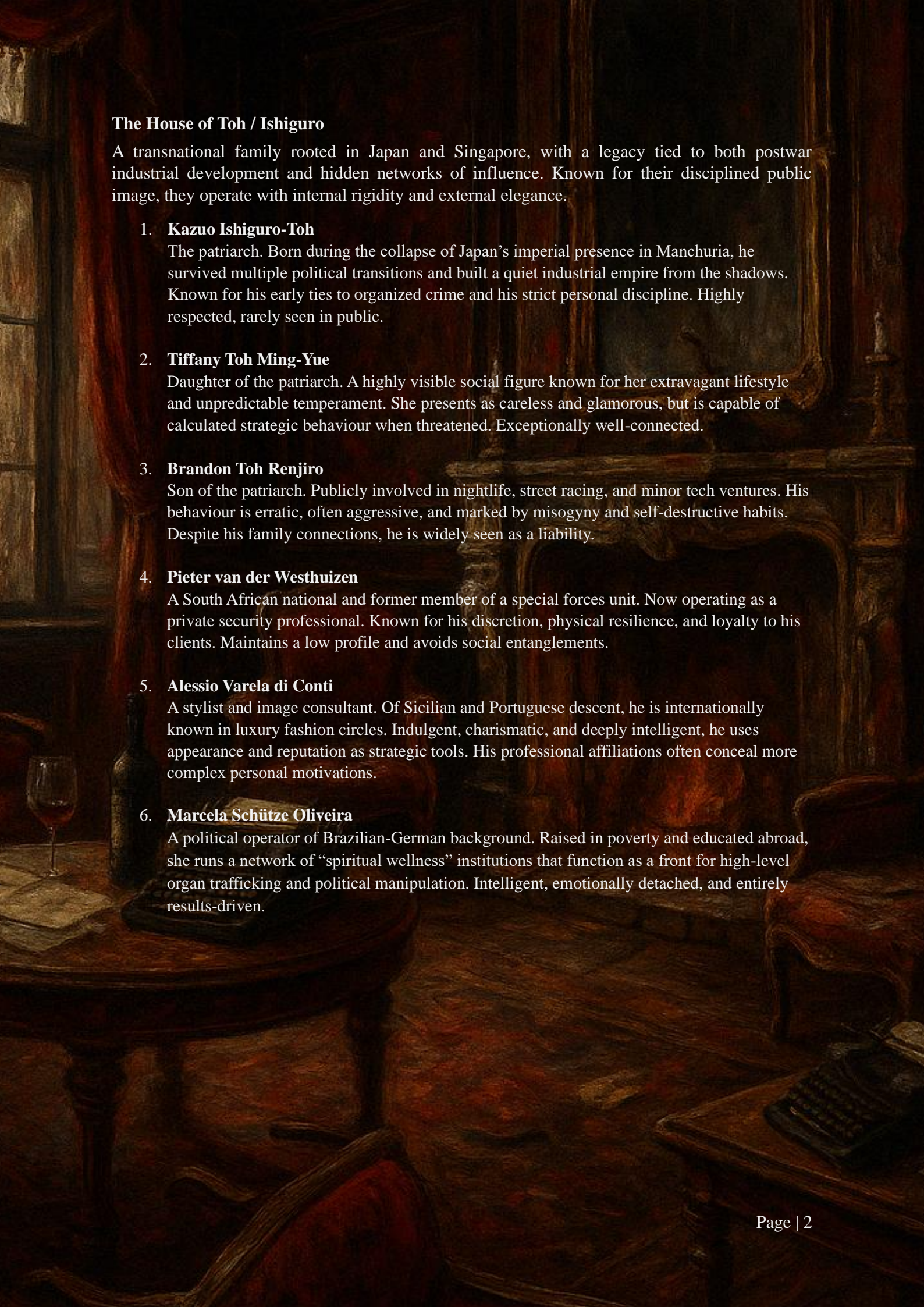
A French national with significant personal wealth and a history of academic excellence. Educated in business and management, she has deliberately placed herself at the center of elite social circles. She is cold, controlled, and socially strategic, with little tolerance for incompetence or sentimentality.

5. **Lars Aksel Holmgren**

An independent figure of Scandinavian origin. Known internationally as a minimalist artist, he maintains a reclusive lifestyle and a philosophical outlook that borders on predatory. His past remains deliberately obscure, and there are persistent rumours of violence surrounding his time in Eastern Europe.

6. **Dalia Sarraf Alon**

A private intelligence consultant. Born in Beirut and raised in Israel, she served in a highly selective undercover unit before transitioning to independent work. Specializes in discreet removals, high-risk operations, and politically sensitive consulting. Operates across Europe and the Middle East. Precise, multilingual, and emotionally detached.



The House of Toh / Ishiguro

A transnational family rooted in Japan and Singapore, with a legacy tied to both postwar industrial development and hidden networks of influence. Known for their disciplined public image, they operate with internal rigidity and external elegance.

1. **Kazuo Ishiguro-Toh**

The patriarch. Born during the collapse of Japan's imperial presence in Manchuria, he survived multiple political transitions and built a quiet industrial empire from the shadows. Known for his early ties to organized crime and his strict personal discipline. Highly respected, rarely seen in public.

2. **Tiffany Toh Ming-Yue**

Daughter of the patriarch. A highly visible social figure known for her extravagant lifestyle and unpredictable temperament. She presents as careless and glamorous, but is capable of calculated strategic behaviour when threatened. Exceptionally well-connected.

3. **Brandon Toh Renjiro**

Son of the patriarch. Publicly involved in nightlife, street racing, and minor tech ventures. His behaviour is erratic, often aggressive, and marked by misogyny and self-destructive habits. Despite his family connections, he is widely seen as a liability.

4. **Pieter van der Westhuizen**

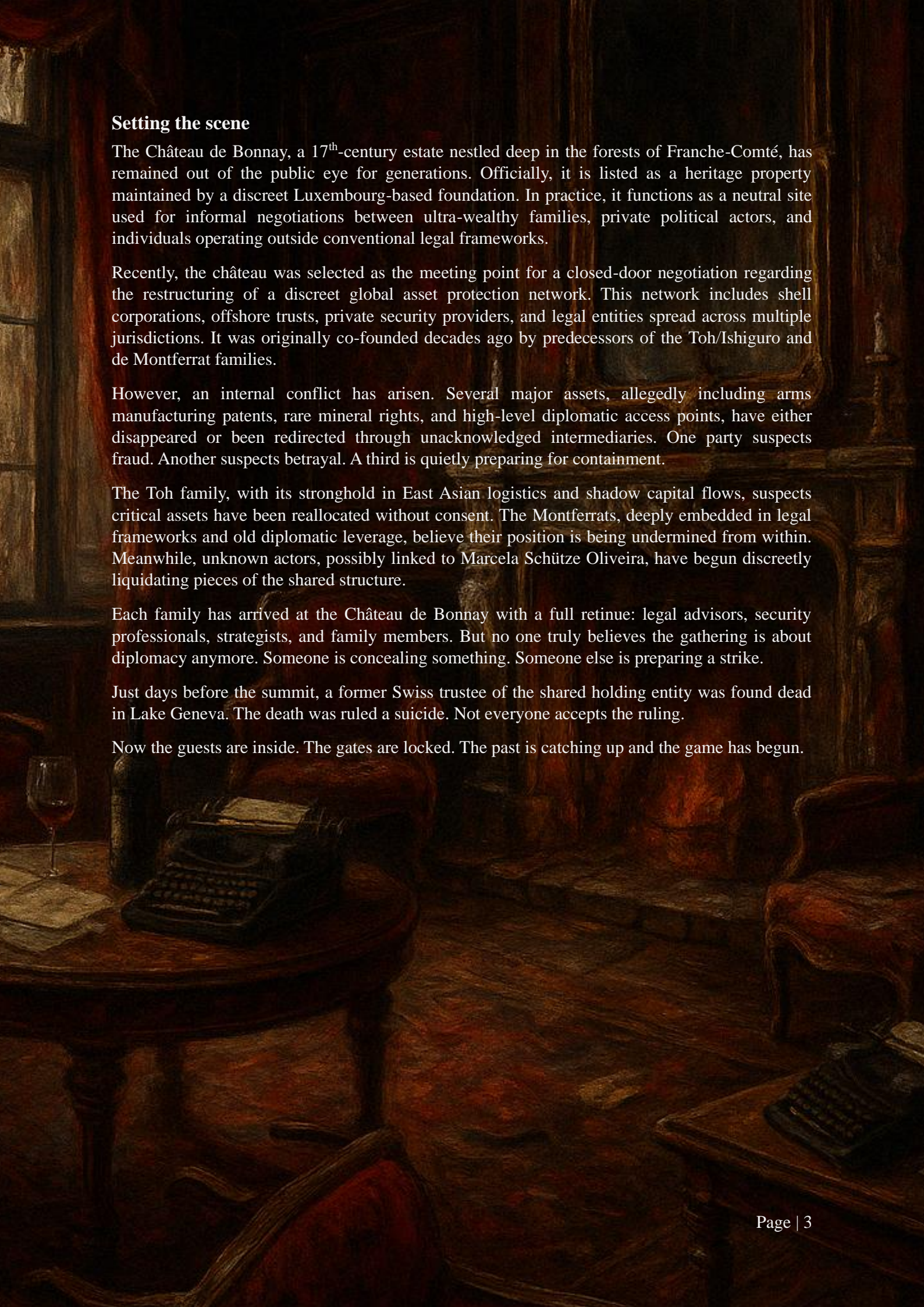
A South African national and former member of a special forces unit. Now operating as a private security professional. Known for his discretion, physical resilience, and loyalty to his clients. Maintains a low profile and avoids social entanglements.

5. **Alessio Varela di Conti**

A stylist and image consultant. Of Sicilian and Portuguese descent, he is internationally known in luxury fashion circles. Indulgent, charismatic, and deeply intelligent, he uses appearance and reputation as strategic tools. His professional affiliations often conceal more complex personal motivations.

6. **Marcela Schütze Oliveira**

A political operator of Brazilian-German background. Raised in poverty and educated abroad, she runs a network of "spiritual wellness" institutions that function as a front for high-level organ trafficking and political manipulation. Intelligent, emotionally detached, and entirely results-driven.



Setting the scene

The Château de Bonnay, a 17th-century estate nestled deep in the forests of Franche-Comté, has remained out of the public eye for generations. Officially, it is listed as a heritage property maintained by a discreet Luxembourg-based foundation. In practice, it functions as a neutral site used for informal negotiations between ultra-wealthy families, private political actors, and individuals operating outside conventional legal frameworks.

Recently, the château was selected as the meeting point for a closed-door negotiation regarding the restructuring of a discreet global asset protection network. This network includes shell corporations, offshore trusts, private security providers, and legal entities spread across multiple jurisdictions. It was originally co-founded decades ago by predecessors of the Toh/Ishiguro and de Montferrat families.

However, an internal conflict has arisen. Several major assets, allegedly including arms manufacturing patents, rare mineral rights, and high-level diplomatic access points, have either disappeared or been redirected through unacknowledged intermediaries. One party suspects fraud. Another suspects betrayal. A third is quietly preparing for containment.

The Toh family, with its stronghold in East Asian logistics and shadow capital flows, suspects critical assets have been reallocated without consent. The Montferrats, deeply embedded in legal frameworks and old diplomatic leverage, believe their position is being undermined from within. Meanwhile, unknown actors, possibly linked to Marcela Schütze Oliveira, have begun discreetly liquidating pieces of the shared structure.

Each family has arrived at the Château de Bonnay with a full retinue: legal advisors, security professionals, strategists, and family members. But no one truly believes the gathering is about diplomacy anymore. Someone is concealing something. Someone else is preparing a strike.

Just days before the summit, a former Swiss trustee of the shared holding entity was found dead in Lake Geneva. The death was ruled a suicide. Not everyone accepts the ruling.

Now the guests are inside. The gates are locked. The past is catching up and the game has begun.

The House of Montferrat

Beauregard “Bo” de Montferrat III

Southern Magnate | Legal Architect of the Unspoken | Charming as Sin, Cold as Debt

Beauregard de Montferrat III — known simply as *Bo* — was born on a sprawling Louisiana estate that has hosted senators, smugglers, and a few too many disappearances. Raised in a family that mixed old Confederate wealth with New World pragmatism, Bo was taught to recite Shakespeare and field-strip a shotgun before the age of ten.

Educated at Tulane for form, then Duke Law for power, Bo built a career as the legal mind behind America’s most ambiguous industries. His empire touches everything from private prisons and payday lending to Caribbean-flagged cargo fleets and litigation-finance firms that bankrupt entire towns. If there's profit to be made in a gray area, Bo de Montferrat paved it.

He speaks with a slow drawl and the authority of someone who knows your secrets. His suits are hand-stitched in Savannah. His bourbon is older than most of his board members. His moral compass was lost in the Bayou somewhere around 1983.

Freddie, his only son, is what Bo calls “a costly misunderstanding.” Though Bo bankrolls his son's extravagances, he sees it less as support and more as insurance. He doesn't believe in parenting — only in *leverage*. He is not so much disappointed in Freddie as *curious* how the boy managed to fall so far from the tree while still costing so much to prune.

Bo maintains several holdings through a network of shell companies headquartered in Belize, a law firm in the Cayman Islands, and a retired FBI agent who now serves as his “compliance officer.” He once chaired a charity gala for clean water while simultaneously dumping toxic runoff into the Gulf through a subsidiary with five degrees of separation.

Despite his age, Bo is never underestimated. He once settled a hostile takeover by inviting his rival to a duck hunt and returning alone. No questions were asked. None answered.

He finds Raúl useful, if uncivilized. He has a complicated respect for Tiffany, who reminds him of an ex-wife who nearly ruined him. He refers to Camille as “that lil’ Napoleonic banshee,” but with a twinkle in his eye.

His private chapel is larger than most churches. His sins are older than the county. His will is a classified document with footnotes and escape clauses.

“Morality’s for men with nothing to bargain with. The rest of us know better.”

— Said in New Orleans, while dismissing a corruption inquiry as “a question of interpretation.” The room laughed. The charges never made it to trial.



Freddie de Montferrat

Trust Fund Tragedy | Failed Visionary | European Menace in Linen

Freddie de Montferrat was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and a platinum one up his nose. The only child of a vaguely aristocratic, entirely absent father, a shipping magnate who resides “somewhere tax-efficient,” Freddie was raised by nannies, private tutors, and the persistent hum of Eurotrash house music.

Educated, at least nominally, at the Institut Le Rosey, Freddie’s Swiss boarding school years were a blur of poorly executed pranks, questionable fraternities, and being flown home for “exhaustion,” which his handlers say is code for three-day nosebleed benders in Verbier. He proudly graduated without a diploma, claiming that graduation is for people without inheritance.

A self-proclaimed entrepreneur, Freddie launched a string of catastrophic crypto ventures including FreddCoin, the currency of vibes, an NFT yacht club for people who don’t own yachts, and something involving metaverse vineyards, which no one understood, including Freddie.

Despite having no discernible income, he somehow maintains a lifestyle involving year-round boat parties off Ibiza, a rotating cast of Eastern European influencer girlfriends, and a Patek Philippe Grand Complication he uses to time how long it takes for a bottle of Dom to chill.

He has never waited in line, never been sober for Lent, and once accidentally bought a racehorse while drunk in Dubai. The horse was later arrested for import fraud. His personal assistant has a medical degree in crisis management and a burner phone for each country’s customs agency.

Freddie’s life is a carousel of hangovers, unpaid invoices, and brief attempts at personal growth usually derailed by a club promoter named Fabio. He briefly dabbled in “spiritual enlightenment” after dating a wellness guru from Montenegro, but relapsed after confusing ayahuasca with espresso martinis.

His primary skills include fast-talking customs officers, ignoring court summonses, and texting “u up?” to women with double-barrelled surnames. His primary weakness is Colombian exports and the deep, gnawing need for validation from a father who once referred to him as “the weaker sperm.”

Currently “working on a pitch deck” in a villa he doesn’t own, Freddie insists the next big thing is luxury blockchain-based dopamine. Whatever that means. He is banned from three countries, four casinos, and one midsize fashion week. He remains blissfully unaware.

“It’s not excess if you can afford it. It’s culture.”

— Spray-painted across a Louis Vuitton trunk being auctioned for charity after Freddie “accidentally” bid against himself for forty-five minutes



Raúl Montalvo

Private Security | Former Paramilitary Operator | Unregulated Asset

Raúl Montalvo was born on the eastern edge of San Salvador in the late 1980s. His early life was defined by structural collapse, armed gangs, and a climate of impunity in the aftermath of El Salvador's civil war. By fifteen, he was already known to law enforcement. By seventeen, he was no longer on file.

He entered a clandestine unit operating under the auspices of state intelligence. The unit, which no longer exists by name or record, was tasked with population control, internal counterinsurgency, and the extraction of intelligence through non-sanctioned methods. Montalvo's work was undocumented, his chain of command unofficial, and his targets determined by political necessity rather than due process.

He was not trained in restraint. He was trained in results.

A case brought before the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights in the mid-2000s referenced a "young operative" fitting his description. The file disappeared before reaching deliberation. The witnesses withdrew. One was later found dead in Guatemala. The Salvadoran government issued no statement.

After the program was quietly dismantled under international pressure, Montalvo disappeared from official channels. Over the following decade, he resurfaced in a sequence of conflict zones and grey-market operations. He provided enforcement, internal discipline, and security coordination for actors in Mexico, Syria, Donetsk, and Tripoli. His employers ranged from corporate intermediaries to military contractors whose names do not appear in any public registry.

He is known for excessive force, clinical detachment, and a form of loyalty that is neither emotional nor contractual. He does not drink, does not engage socially, and does not respond to provocation. He has exhibited signs of long-term psychological conditioning consistent with exposure to repeated violence and trauma. Some believe he is dissociative. Others believe he simply does not care.

Freddie de Montferrat brought him into his personal orbit under circumstances that remain opaque. Since then, Montalvo has operated as his unofficial bodyguard, handler, and security asset. He does not question orders. He does not comment on strategy. He simply ensures that no threat lasts long enough to be noticed.

He holds multiple travel documents, none older than ten years. His tattoos are geometric and exact. His hands are calloused in a way that suggests repetition, not accident. No photos of him smiling are known to exist.

"Some people need pain to understand what words can't teach."

— Said in Tripoli, after dropping a drunk provocateur with a pool cue in a bar and walking out without another word.



Camille de La Fontaine

Heiress | Strategist | High-Society Apex Predator

Camille de La Fontaine was born in Paris's 7th arrondissement, in a building with more square footage than most embassies and fewer working-class visitors than the moon. She is the only daughter of an aristocratic banking dynasty whose family tree contains more dukes than employees. Her first word was "non" and she has rarely said anything more generous since.

Educated at Lycée Henri-IV, then groomed at INSEAD, Camille is the rare breed of socialite with a double-distinction MBA and a kill count of ruined reputations. She once wrote a dissertation titled *"Market Strategy and the Decline of Taste"*, which her professor described as "brilliantly cruel." Camille took that as a compliment. It wasn't.

Though technically employed as a "strategic consultant for luxury brands," Camille is best known for her social warfare. She views small talk as psychological combat, and friendships as temporary treaties. Her fashion sense is razor-sharp, curated with the intensity of a military campaign. She wears archival Dior to beach clubs and has publicly shamed people for owning anything from Zara. She believes good taste should be hereditary and that middle-class accents are a hate crime.

Camille models herself explicitly on Marie Antoinette, but not the misunderstood, tragic version. She favors the self-indulgent cake-eating Marie, the one who built a fake village to play peasant in and threw diamonds at problems. She refers to revolutionaries as "charmingly unwashed."

To Camille, Tiffany is not just a best friend, but a strategic alliance — a fellow queen in exile, flanked by bodyguards and bad decisions. They share a language of eye rolls, cryptic French insults, and coordinated smirks. Camille refers to Tiffany's scandals as "performance art," and Tiffany once said that Camille is "the only person I know who has never asked for anything and always gets it."

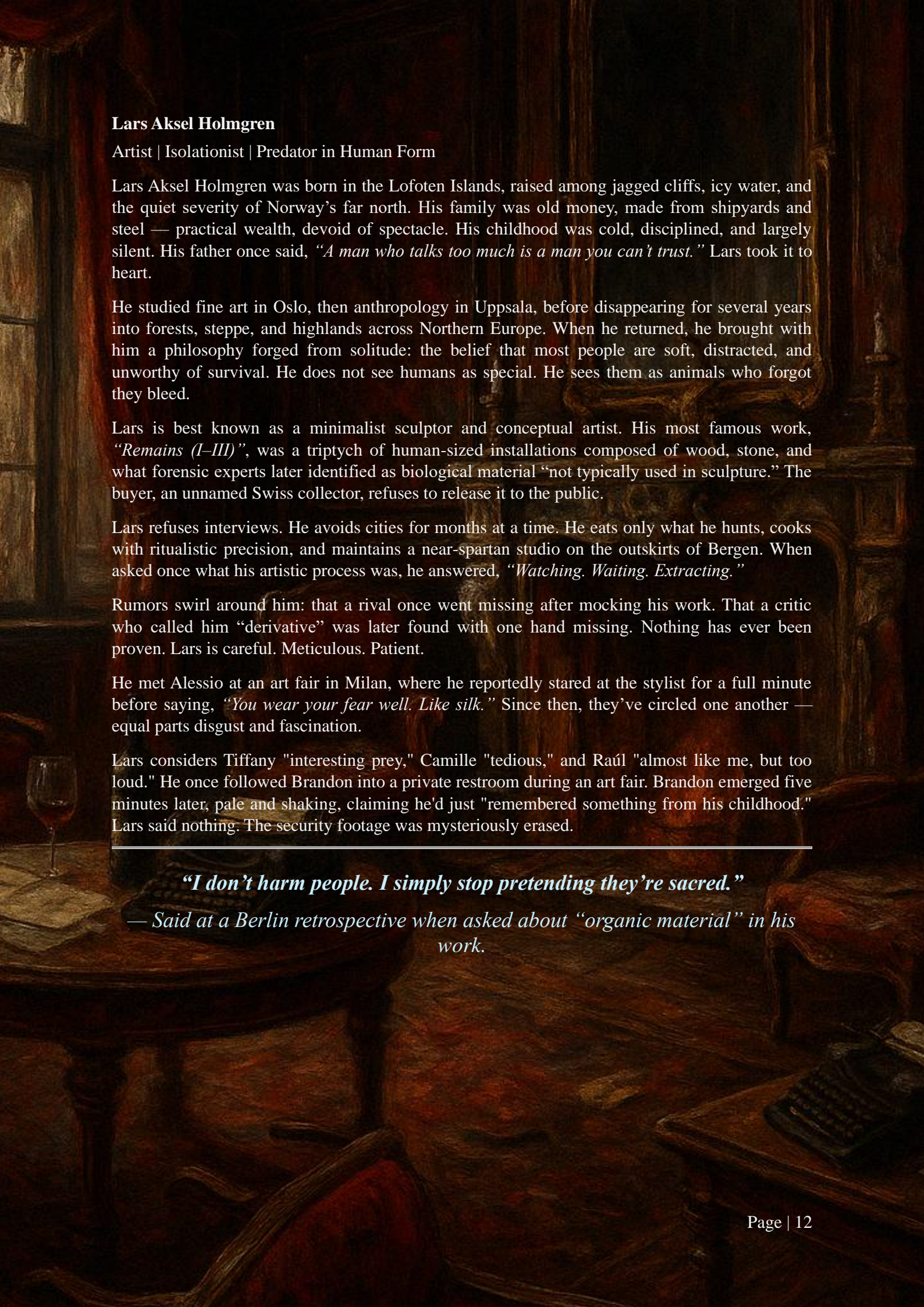
Her lovers are as numerous as they are forgettable. Fashion designers, junior aristocrats, ministers' sons, and at least one disgraced UN official. Camille does not fall in love. She commissions it, leases it for the season, and returns it when it becomes dull. She keeps a little black book that, if published, would collapse five governments and two dynasties.

She despises heat, emotional vulnerability, and people from anywhere outside the center of Paris. She believes kindness is for the unattractive and that generosity is most elegant when offered anonymously and resentfully. She has never worn sneakers and does not understand why poor people insist on looking comfortable.

"They call it cruelty when they don't like the accuracy."

— Said at dinner in Paris after exposing a fake art collection and cheating fiancé.





Lars Aksel Holmgren

Artist | Isolationist | Predator in Human Form

Lars Aksel Holmgren was born in the Lofoten Islands, raised among jagged cliffs, icy water, and the quiet severity of Norway's far north. His family was old money, made from shipyards and steel — practical wealth, devoid of spectacle. His childhood was cold, disciplined, and largely silent. His father once said, *"A man who talks too much is a man you can't trust."* Lars took it to heart.

He studied fine art in Oslo, then anthropology in Uppsala, before disappearing for several years into forests, steppe, and highlands across Northern Europe. When he returned, he brought with him a philosophy forged from solitude: the belief that most people are soft, distracted, and unworthy of survival. He does not see humans as special. He sees them as animals who forgot they bleed.

Lars is best known as a minimalist sculptor and conceptual artist. His most famous work, *"Remains (I-III)"*, was a triptych of human-sized installations composed of wood, stone, and what forensic experts later identified as biological material "not typically used in sculpture." The buyer, an unnamed Swiss collector, refuses to release it to the public.

Lars refuses interviews. He avoids cities for months at a time. He eats only what he hunts, cooks with ritualistic precision, and maintains a near-spartan studio on the outskirts of Bergen. When asked once what his artistic process was, he answered, *"Watching. Waiting. Extracting."*

Rumors swirl around him: that a rival once went missing after mocking his work. That a critic who called him "derivative" was later found with one hand missing. Nothing has ever been proven. Lars is careful. Meticulous. Patient.

He met Alessio at an art fair in Milan, where he reportedly stared at the stylist for a full minute before saying, *"You wear your fear well. Like silk."* Since then, they've circled one another — equal parts disgust and fascination.

Lars considers Tiffany "interesting prey," Camille "tedious," and Raúl "almost like me, but too loud." He once followed Brandon into a private restroom during an art fair. Brandon emerged five minutes later, pale and shaking, claiming he'd just "remembered something from his childhood." Lars said nothing. The security footage was mysteriously erased.

"I don't harm people. I simply stop pretending they're sacred."

— Said at a Berlin retrospective when asked about "organic material" in his work.



Dalia Sarraf Alon

Private Intelligence Consultant | Specialist in Clandestine Operations

Born in West Beirut during the Israeli invasion of 1982, Dalia Sarraf Alon was raised amid the volatility of civil conflict and the fractured legacy of a divided family. Her mother, a Maronite Christian from a politically affiliated Lebanese household, relocated with her to Haifa following the deaths and disappearances of several close relatives during reprisal attacks. Her father, an Israeli national with links to the intelligence services, arranged the escape through unofficial channels. No formal record of his service exists.

Alon completed her education in Israel and was conscripted into the Israel Defense Forces at eighteen. She was selected for Unit 217 (Duvdevan), an elite unit specializing in urban infiltration, undercover operations, and high-risk extraction. Her operational history during this period remains classified. However, multiple intelligence reports place her in proximity to strategic assignments across the West Bank, North Africa, and the Eastern Mediterranean. She was regarded internally as highly effective in close-quarters environments, especially in undercover roles requiring rapid adaptation and multilingual proficiency.

Following her military discharge, Alon transitioned to the private sector. She currently operates as an independent consultant, engaged primarily by clients within the security, intelligence, and corporate risk domains. She is known for delivering operational outcomes in jurisdictions considered politically sensitive or legally ambiguous. Her clients include risk advisory firms, private defense contractors, and undisclosed state-adjacent entities.

In 2011, during a covert operation in northern Amman, Alon was involved in an attempted extraction that resulted in the unintended deaths of three civilians. Two of the deceased were later identified as dual-national Lebanese students with no known link to the mission's objectives. While internal reviews concluded that the incident fell within the scope of engagement protocol, it remains the only publicly acknowledged lapse in her career. Since the event, she has reportedly declined involvement in operations relating to Lebanese nationals.

Alon's professional network intersects discreetly with key global actors. She has provided logistical consultancy to entities affiliated with the de Montferrat family, particularly on matters concerning high-value personal security and asset exfiltration. Independent sources have linked her name to short-term advisement work conducted for stakeholders in Kazuo Ishiguro-Toh's private holdings. Her signature has also appeared in internal memoranda regarding legal containment strategies surrounding the business interests of Marcela Schütze Oliveira, although her role in those discussions remains unclear.

She is fluent in Arabic, Hebrew, English, and French, with conversational proficiency in Russian and Farsi. She holds dual citizenship and maintains residential status in Switzerland, Cyprus, and the United Arab Emirates. Known for her discretion, she avoids media exposure and rarely appears in open-source visual material. She is described by peers as operationally precise, emotionally controlled, and outcome-oriented.

“Every operation leaves a trace. My job is making sure it’s someone else’s.”

— Said in Geneva hours after a man fell from a hotel balcony.



The House of Toh / Ishiguro

Kazuo Ishiguro-Toh

Industrial Patriarch | Knife Fighter | Ghost of Empires Past

Kazuo Ishiguro-Toh was born in 1938 in Dalian, in the Japanese-controlled puppet state of Manchukuo. His grandfather oversaw weapons manufacturing for the Imperial Japanese Navy, producing precision components for Zero fighters — a family legacy soaked in blood, smoke, and state-sanctioned violence. By the war's end, the Ishiguro name was burned, buried, and remembered only by those who still owed.

The family fled to Korea, then to Okinawa, where Kazuo grew up in the ruins of two lost empires. As a teenager, he joined a Tokyo *bōsōzoku* gang — leather-clad, knife-wielding, gasoline-slick rebels who roared through the neon chaos of Shōwa-era streets. He earned a reputation as a quiet boy who fought like a ghost and left scars that told stories in silence.

Kazuo later disappeared into the Kowloon Walled City, where myth and crime interbred. There, he served as a middleman between Yakuza clans and rising Triad families, negotiating arms deals, trafficking routes, and the price of loyalty. He built his fortune in vice, vanished into shadow, and emerged in Singapore as a respectable businessman with immaculate suits and a portfolio of legitimate fronts.

He married into the Toh family in what some called an alliance, others a merger, and a few — correctly — a rebalancing of power between the ghosts of Asia's old wars. He took the name Toh not as submission, but as *camouflage*. Together, they raised one daughter, Tiffany, whom he both adored and warned, often in the same breath.

To the public, Kazuo is a reclusive industrialist with controlling shares in aerospace parts, shipping logistics, and niche materials manufacturing. To those who know, he is a knife-fighting poet of ultraviolence and precise wrath. His hands have killed men. His words have buried empires. His silence is worth more than a thousand screams.

He trains daily with the same tanto he carried through gang wars in Shinjuku. His calligraphy is flawless. His enemies vanish. He has no official residence, only safehouses. His only known hobby is bonsai, which he tends to with surgical obsession. Each tree is a grave marker for someone he once respected.

Kazuo rarely speaks. When he does, people listen because they suspect it might be their last chance.

He finds Tiffany *undisciplined, but salvageable*. He refers to Alessio as “the painted one” and calls Camille “the French ghost in pearls.” He has a grudging respect for Lars, who once bowed at precisely the right angle. He has never spoken to Raúl. Only watched him. Once.

“Discipline is when no one watches, and you act the same.”

— Said to Brandon in Kyoto after he bragged about mistreating a valet.



Tiffany Toh Ming-Yue

Heiress | Socialite | Quietly Terrifying

Tiffany Toh Ming-Yue was born in Singapore but has never spent more than six consecutive nights in any one country unless under house arrest. The only daughter of a multibillion-dollar shipping dynasty with rumored ties to both high society and low diplomacy, Tiffany does not move through the world so much as glide. She is always accompanied by bodyguards, stylists, and at least one crisis manager on standby.

Educated briefly at institutions that no longer acknowledge her attendance, including a finishing school in Geneva and a liberal arts college she mistook for a spa, Tiffany is best known for being extraordinarily present on social media while remaining completely absent from reality. Her hobbies include bidding obscene amounts on art she doesn't like, posting cryptic Instagram captions in French, and referring to Southeast Asia as her backyard.

At twenty-two, she was involved in a widely whispered incident in mainland China involving a Lamborghini, a bar fight, and a missing minor European DJ. Officially, no charges were filed. Unofficially, several individuals were relocated to distant provinces and one local mayor now receives an annual mooncake gift box from the Toh family trust.

Tiffany dabbled in fashion design, launching a couture athleisure line called *SINOSEXUAL*, which was pulled from shelves in under forty-eight hours due to a combination of offensive slogans and flammable fabric. She later declared herself a geo-spiritual influencer and began live-streaming meditations from private jets while sipping Cristal and listening to ASMR recordings of endangered birds.

She travels with her toy poodle Chairman Mao-Mao, who has its own stylist, Xanax prescription, and black AmEx. Tiffany herself is rarely seen without her diamond-encrusted vape pen, a sapphire Bulgari choker, and the same expression she wore at birth: bored, bemused, and faintly disappointed in everyone.

Her ex-boyfriends include a K-pop star, two counts (one legitimate), and the CEO of a startup she accidentally bought while high on ayahuasca in Tulum. She once paid a famous architect to redesign her walk-in closet in the spirit of North Korean postmodernism. No one is sure what that means, but it cost twenty million dollars.

Tiffany currently splits her time between tax havens, fashion weeks, and damage control. She has three passports, two offshore foundations, and one ongoing Interpol inquiry that, in her words, is not really about her. Just people she used to own.

"I don't manipulate people. I give them better options than being boring."

— Said in Singapore after being accused of leaking photos.



Brandon Toh Renjiro

Heir in Name Only | Vice Addict | Misogynist in Designer Sunglasses

Brandon Toh Renjiro is the son Kazuo never wanted and the brother Tiffany never acknowledged — except in lawsuits, scandals, and property damage claims. Born of Kazuo's second union, Brandon inherited none of his father's discipline, only the surname and an unlimited black card. Half of Singapore calls him *"Young Master Toh."* The other half calls him *"That little prick with the Bugatti."*

Brandon lives in a rotating triangle of Tokyo, Singapore, and wherever the street racing scene is loudest and most illegal. His nights are split between neon-lit karaoke bars, underground drift circuits in Roppongi, and waking up next to people whose names he doesn't remember but tags in his Instagram stories. He drives like he has nothing to lose and treats women the same way.

He failed out of business school in Los Angeles after "differences with faculty" — which reportedly included threats, harassment, and the incident with the champagne cannon at a professor's house. Since then, Brandon has "invested" in over a dozen doomed ventures, including an NFT-based escort booking platform, a failed energy drink that included MDMA by accident, and a luxury fragrance line called *"MASCULINITY."* None survived longer than three quarters.

What Brandon lacks in intelligence, he makes up for in volatility. He is erratic, paranoid, and obsessed with status. He picks fights with richer men, bullies those beneath him, and seeks the humiliation of powerful women as a twisted form of self-redemption. He is perpetually emasculated by his sister's dominance and often tries to provoke her in public just to see if she'll flinch. She never does.

He refers to Lars as *"the sad Ikea lumberjack"*, Camille as *"the ice bitch"*, and Alessio as *"whatever the hell that is."* Raúl he fears, though he would die before admitting it. He once tried to flirt with Camille. The response made him leave St. Tropez early.

He's been arrested in four countries, banned from three casinos, and blacklisted by his own family's yacht club. Yet somehow, he always reappears — in a louder car, with a more toxic entourage, and a fresh vendetta. His only skill is manipulation. His only true friend is the rearview mirror.

Brandon is not evil. He's just broken, entitled, and terminally insecure. Which might be worse.

"If I can't own her, I'll ruin her. That's balance."

— Brandon Toh Renjiro, drunk at 3 a.m., revving his engine outside a gallery opening he wasn't invited to



Pieter “Callum” van der Westhuizen

Private Security Consultant | Ex-Special Forces | Professional Problem Remover

Pieter van der Westhuizen, known to most outside South Africa simply as “Callum,” was born on a farm outside of Bloemfontein, where boys are taught to shoot before they can drive and no one trusts a man who doesn’t eat biltong. He was raised under the iron thumb of an old-school Afrikaner patriarch and the quiet understanding that feelings are best buried under landmines and tactical efficiency.

He joined the South African Special Forces straight out of school, passing selection with a level of determination described by one instructor as “borderline biblical.” After serving with the Special Air Service in anti-poaching ops and high-risk counterinsurgency campaigns, he disappeared into the grey world of private military contracting. There, he joined a group known only as *Aurum*, operating across Central Africa where cobalt flows freely and lives less so.

Pieter’s work in the DRC and Zambia was unofficial and unpleasant. He protected mines, suppressed uprisings, and handled “logistical issues” that often involved silencers and unmarked vehicles. His presence became a kind of whispered insurance policy. If he was on-site, things didn’t go wrong. Or if they did, no one was left to tell the story.

After Africa, he pivoted to private security, first for VIPs, then for a bored duchess on a Mediterranean sabbatical. That ended in scandal when tabloids published a photo of Pieter in nothing but a bedsheet, smoking on a marble balcony in Portofino. The duchess was quietly disinherited. Pieter was paid handsomely to disappear.

He resurfaced briefly in the Balkans, moving cash, weapons, and the occasional art piece between Prague and Belgrade. São Paulo followed — three years spent protecting the fractious family of a Brazilian energy magnate, where he handled extortion attempts, two kidnapping plots, and a brother-sister gunfight without once raising his voice.

Now in Tiffany Toh Ming-Yue’s employ, Pieter operates in the cool shadow of her chaos. Always silent, always near, always just out of the frame. He wears cargo trousers to cocktail galas, packs medical-grade adrenaline next to Cuban cigars, and once choked a man unconscious in a Tokyo nightclub with a curtain tie.

He speaks Afrikaans, English, Portuguese, and passable Russian. He owns no home, keeps no photos, and never writes anything down. A jagged scar down his left side comes from a grenade thrown during a botched convoy op in Angola. He says it was from tripping over Tiffany’s poodle.

He does not drink on duty. He does not forget names. And he does not, under any circumstances, explain himself.

“Ek eskaleer nie. Ek maak klaar.”

— Pieter van der Westhuizen, after smashing a man’s head through a bar window when one of Tiffany’s provocations turned physical.



Alessio Varela di Conti

Stylist | Hedonist | Emperor of Taste and Trouble

Alessio Varela di Conti was born in Palermo to a Portuguese society sculptor and a Sicilian baron with dubious business interests and an excellent collection of mirrors. He emerged into the world during a blackout at Teatro Massimo, wrapped in a silk scarf instead of a blanket, and has been overdressed and underrestrained ever since.

Alessio is not simply gay. That would be *quaint*. Alessio is *decadent*. His appetites are borderless, his lovers uncountable, and his nights unrepeatable. He once described himself as “post-coital and pre-apocalyptic” and no one was quite sure whether he was joking. He bathes in lavender oil, keeps absinthe in his cologne drawer, and once hosted an orgy-themed masquerade to debut a new handbag collection.

Educated in Milan, expelled from Paris, reaccepted in Antwerp out of fear, Alessio studied fashion formally, but his real education came in the back rooms of Rome’s most depraved cocktail bars and inside the wardrobes of ancient noble families. He styles not just clothes, but *legacies*. He understands that a perfectly cut jacket can end a marriage, and that the right heel can start a war.

He is Camille de La Fontaine’s personal stylist, therapist, assassin, and confessor. Their relationship is built on venom, velvet, and violently whispered secrets. He dresses her in things that scare fashion editors and then lights a cigarette while watching the chaos unfold. He once ruined a rival’s entire show by staging a “chance” encounter between Camille and an exiled Russian heiress wearing the same dress — but ten years younger. It was “an artistic bloodbath.”

Alessio speaks five languages, none without a sneer, and has fought off paparazzi, stalkers, and a drunken gallerist using nothing but a nail file and a pair of Saint Laurent boots. He has a smile like a razor and a laugh that sounds expensive. Behind the charm lies an edge honed by decades of survival in rooms where beauty is a weapon and kindness is a trap.

He is banned from Vatican City, two Cannes penthouses, and the entirety of the Maldives. He is beloved by editors, feared by models, and regularly propositioned by diplomats. He has never paid for cocaine in his life, but has had it named after him in Ibiza.

His past includes a torrid affair with a Spanish prince, a brief stint designing for a cult-like fashion house in Kyoto, and a still-unexplained night in Marrakesh that ended with a dead peacock and a lawsuit.

"Style is how you decide who gets to look at you."

— Said in São Paulo, while adjusting his cufflinks before walking out of a lover's apartment and into a press ambush he had orchestrated himself.



Marcela Schütze Oliveira

Organ Broker | Political Strategist | Product of Order Without Mercy

Marcela Schütze Oliveira was born in the eastern reaches of São Paulo, in a favela built on mud, cinderblock, and indifference. Her mother died young. The cause was not recorded, and no one investigated. Her grandfather had fled Germany after the Second World War. He was a former SS surgeon who arrived in Brazil in 1949 under a fabricated identity. He never returned to medicine, but kept his instruments in a locked case.

Her father served the Brazilian military regime in its final years. Officially, he worked in public order. In practice, he helped disappear people who were inconvenient to the state. He believed in containment, in fear, and in the logic of silence. He raised Marcela to recognize weakness as something to be used, not corrected.

At thirteen, Marcela was detained by São Paulo's military police during a local operation. She was held in an unregistered facility for three days. No charges were filed. No formal complaint was recorded. When she returned home, she no longer asked questions.

Her early adulthood was shaped by an unflinching study of systems — religious, political, economic. She learned how influence moved. She learned what people traded when they had nothing left. She saw the market for human bodies before she ever touched a scalpel.

Today, Marcela controls a dispersed and opaque network of clinics, “healing centers,” and private recovery institutions across Brazil and beyond. These are registered as wellness organizations, tax-exempt, and largely unregulated. Their stated purpose is physical and spiritual restoration. Their true function is the harvesting and sale of human organs to private clients, aging elites, and medical brokers who do not ask about provenance.

The organs come from the poor, the undocumented, the disappeared. Some are extracted through financial coercion. Others are taken through deception. A few are taken by force. It is understood in certain circles that waking up in an abandoned bath of melting ice is no longer an urban legend, but a warning that one was lucky enough to survive.

Marcela does not waste time with public justifications. In private, she has remarked that bodies are resources, and that “in a just world, there would be no need for people like me.” She has never been prosecuted. She has never been directly tied to the clinics. She funds her operations through an interwoven set of shell companies, foundations, and political intermediaries.

Her appearance is understated. She dresses in soft, neutral fabrics. She wears jewelry shaped like thorns or bone. Her voice is calm. Her presence is unsettling. She rarely touches people. Those who meet her do not forget her, even when they try.

There are unconfirmed reports of her visiting government officials under the guise of philanthropic advising. There are also rumors that several local investigators who began tracking the disappearances have since withdrawn from public life, resigned, or vanished.

Marcela does not speak in ideology. She speaks in cost. She believes the world is divided between those who exploit suffering, and those who become it.

“Fairness is a word the powerful invented to keep the poor waiting.”
— Said in São Paulo, when a childhood acquaintance accused her of stepping
on the same people she once lived among to climb out of the favela.



