Mark Mullins finds himself in the Grand Boardroom of the Tachiodyne Corporation, his employer, where he has served with religious devotion. The megacorporation leads the industry in ocular enhancements, although more advanced eyes do exist on the market. Their most popular model, the B-10, is installed on at least 600 million customers. With monthly profits in the trillions and trillions more in assets, Tachiodyne is one of the most powerful entities on Earth.

Twenty men sit hunched around a dark, redly lit V-shaped table. The Board sits elevated on a platform in the middle of the angular room; its walls tilt, converging out of view to a point above the table. The lower edges of the walls glow dark red, and the rectangular light suspended above the men emits a dim shine. Mark’s veneer of confidence is pierced by the angular features of the room. He stands hesitantly on the red carpet, halfway between the door and the platform. The floor beyond the carpeted bridge seems hostile, and so Mark remains put.

“Mark Mullins, thirty years a Tachiodyne Netist, twenty-one a colonel of our P.M.C. branch, led our victory in the Battle of Hexridge twenty years ago… I commend your service.” The general chatter of the men continues, obnoxiously, aside from one man on the right side of the table reading from a large document. Two piles of paper are next to him, each similar in size.

“Thank you, sir.”

“Now then,” the man says, looking up to reveal his imposing, impossibly large frame, aided by plenty of tech, no doubt, “let's look at your file here…”

The Board member’s eyes are metal, with yellow pins of light now pointed directly at Mark. The pinholes of his eyes dilate to focus, and his face is strong and large, unlike Mark. Laser-like beams of light seem apparent in Mark’s vision, but they are nonexistent in reality.

“Your submitted performance reports would indicate a zero-point-five percent loss each month. Our investment in your enhancements is substantial, you know.” Eyes like his tend to wander, at least the intricate parts surrounding the actual camera piece do. His do, in a clock-like manner, shifting with each blink and movement.

Something sinks in Mark’s chest. He knew that this meeting was only a matter of time, but regardless, he still had some hope. He has made sure to hide the reports from his regiment, so as to not worry them.

“Sir,” Mark says, now with a tremble in his voice, “the year prior our annual return was three percent. Just give us some more time and your investment in our employment will pay off.”

“The Board has a quarterly earnings report to publish to the shareholders next month, and our future profitability as a corporation depends on the presentation of a net profit from all corporate branches. Unless the Board disagrees…” He looks around to no avail. “I’d say the liquidation of your regiment is necessary.

“Alright, your and your regiment’s employment at Tachiodyne is terminated, thank you for your service. Before you leave, we’ll need you to sign some forms, if you don’t mind.” Mark, as colonel of the 55th Tachiodyne Netist Regiment, commands over 800 men. His signature, in effect, relinquishes their employment at the company.

Mark gulps, and a man in a cloak, who was standing by the table, now scurries to present Mark with a pale, electronic paper tablet. He looks down to see the title on the matte screen, “Immediate Liquidation Order No. 1432,” which nearly causes him to faint. He thinks of his regiment, his time in Matrix-combat with his comrades. They are surely in as much danger as he is.

The servant feebly grabs Mark’s left wrist to direct him to connect his wrist-jack cable, embedded in his forearm, to the tablet. As Mark looks at his left wrist with fear, the servant directs his right hand to grab the cable’s head and connect it. Mark does so on his own once his hand is delivered, and once plugged in, he signs the document. He has no choice of course; either way, he is getting fired.

“Please escort Mister Mullins away now,” the man commands, putting the paper down and picking up another.

“Sir, please!” Now in shambles, Mark grovels before the Board. “This performance report was made when we lost almost two dozen men! Please consider—”

“Quiet, please.” And he was, for his mouth was company property. He snaps to direct the servant and sighs. “Your employment at this company has officially ended. Good day now.” In the reclamation of company assets, his termination has relinquished the lease on his enhancements. The majority of them were given to him as part of his contract, so after the termination of his employment, it follows that they will be taken back.

His left leg fails beneath him, and he collapses in front of the Board. Looking up, he sees the yellow pinpoints of the man's eyes, now invested in the next document. The servant pulls a cart from storage behind Mark’s view and wheels it up to his now failing body. His right leg is organic, but not so much the rest. Next, the arms, followed by the facial muscles. A tear falls down his now blank synthetic face, before the ducts shut. As his Tachiodyne eyes shut down, his corporate heart beats for the final time.