

## Chapter 18: The Final Job

The door was in Arasaka tower.

To reach it, they needed information. To get the information, they needed a job. A job that would take them into Arasaka territory. A job that would give them access. A job that would put everything at risk for the possibility of a choice that none of them had fully discussed.

Arasaka tower. The building that dominated Night City's skyline. The chrome monument to corporate power that rose above the smog like a middle finger to everyone who couldn't afford to work there. The kind of building that said we own this city, we own the sky, we own everything you see. The kind of building that Shammy had been avoiding for twelve years, ever since Daniel. The kind of building that held memories she couldn't erase, contacts she couldn't call, and a weight she couldn't put down.

The tower caught the light differently depending on the time of day. In the morning, it was silver—reflecting the weak sunlight that filtered through the perpetual haze. In the afternoon, it was copper—bathed in the orange glow of advertisements that covered every available surface. At night, it was electric blue—the holographic projections visible from every corner of the city, a constant reminder of who owned the skyline. The kind of building that never let you forget it was there.

Shammy had been working on this for days. Her board was covered in strings. Pins. Notes. The network she had built over fifty years, now focused on a single objective: getting into Arasaka tower. Getting to the door. Getting the choice. The kind of single-minded focus that came from someone who had been waiting for decades, who had built a life in the gaps between hope and resignation, who now had a chance to change everything.

The apartment had taken on a different quality. The board, which had always been a living document, was now a war map. Strings connected to strings connected to pins connected to names that Mai had learned to recognize. The crossed-out names. The active contacts. The dormant connections that Shammy was waking up. Favors she'd accumulated over five decades, now being called in for a single purpose.

The crossed-out name—Martinez, Daniel Martinez—still hung at the edge of the board. Mai had learned not to mention it. Had learned that some weights were carried alone. Had learned that asking about crossed-out names didn't help. But she could see how Shammy's eyes moved past it. How her warmth flickered when her gaze caught the black thread. How the professional mask tried to rise and couldn't quite settle.

The board told a story. Mai could see it now—the way strings converged on certain pins, the way some connections were thicker than others, the way Shammy's fifty years of building had created layers upon layers of network. The crossed-out names were fewer than the active ones, but they carried more weight. The people who had been there. The people who weren't anymore.

Alt had provided the contact. A netrunner who knew someone who knew someone. The kind of chain that kept secrets safe in Night City. The kind of chain that only a fixer with Shammy's connections could pull. The kind of information economy that existed in the gaps between corporate control and street-level survival.

"The netrunner has contacts," Shammy said. Her voice was flat. Professional. The fixer's mask that Mai had learned to recognize. "But contacts cost. And we need the money."

"A job." Mai's voice was flat. "The probability that—"

"Is never zero." Shammy's warmth flickered. "But we need the access. And this is the way in."

Ace stood at the window. Her shadow flickered at the edges. The fragment had been quiet for days—quieter than it had been since they arrived. Whether that was good or bad, she couldn't tell. The violet still touched the edge of her vision, but it wasn't pushing. Not yet.

"The door," Ace said. Her voice was quiet. "In Arasaka tower. You've been there before."

Shammy's warmth flickered. Gone. Back. The weight of the question settling around her like a cloak.

"I've been in Arasaka tower before," she said. Her voice was flat. "Not that door. Not the research division. But yes. I've been there."

"The probability that this job connects to things you know—"

"Is high." Shammy's warmth was gone. "But that doesn't matter. What matters is that we get access. We get to the door. We choose."

"The probability that we can trust the information—"

"Is as high as it gets in Night City." Shammy's warmth came back. "Alt has been reliable. Her contacts have been reliable. The chain exists because people trust each other to deliver."

Mai's hand pressed against the table. The numbers scattered. But she was learning to let them scatter. To find the sync underneath.

"What's the job?"

Shammy turned from the board. Her warmth came back. Professional, but with something underneath.

"A data retrieval. Simple. Standard. The kind of job I've run a hundred times." She paused. "But this time, the data is on the top floor. Research division. Dimensional interfaces. The same division where Alt says the door is located."

"The probability that this is a coincidence—"

"Is zero." Shammy's warmth was gone. Professional. "It's not a coincidence. The client is Alt. Or someone working with Alt. The job is designed to get us access to the door."

Ace's shadow flickered. "We're being set up."

"We're being helped." Shammy's warmth came back. "The client wants us to get to the door. Whether that's because they want us to choose, or because they want to see what happens when we choose—I don't know. But the job is real. The access is real. The door is real."

"The probability that—"

"Stop calculating." Shammy's voice was warm. "We do the job. We get access. We find the door. We choose. That's the plan."

—

The morning of the job.

Arasaka tower rose above the city like a chrome monument to corporate power. The building was massive—all glass and steel and holographic advertisements that projected into the smog above. The kind of building that said we own this city, we own the sky, we own everything you see.

Shammy had arranged everything. The access badges. The service uniforms. The cover story—maintenance crew, there to service systems that didn't exist, in a division that was technically empty but actually contained the door that could send them back to their own world.

The lobby of Arasaka tower was everything Night City wasn't—clean, quiet, aggressively professional. The floors were polished to a mirror shine. The walls were glass and chrome. The security guards wore suits that cost more than most apartments in Heywood.

The electromagnetic fields here were different. Stronger. More organized. Mai's calculations scattered faster, more chaotically. But she pressed her palm against surfaces—cool, solid, real—and found the sync underneath.

Ace's shadow flickered. The fragment pushed. But she was focused. The job. The door. The choice.

Shammy's warmth was professional. The fixer's mask. But underneath, the triad was there. Rusty. Imperfect. But there.

"Remember," Shammy said. Her voice was low. "We're maintenance. We go in, we service the systems, we get out. Standard procedure."

"Standard procedure." Mai's voice was flat. "The probability that this goes as planned—"

"Is not what matters." Shammy's warmth flickered. "What matters is that we're together. We move as a team. We—"

Her voice caught. Just for a moment. The professional mask slipping.

"What is it?" Ace's voice was quiet.

Shammy's warmth came back. But her eyes moved over the lobby. Over the guards. Over the polished floors and the glass walls and the corporate logos that projected power into everything they touched.

"Year thirty-one," she said. Her voice was quiet. "I was here. For a job. With Daniel."

Mai's hand pressed against the wall. The numbers scattered. But she could feel Shammy's words. The weight of them.

"The probability that this job is connected—"

"Is high." Shammy's warmth was gone. "But that doesn't matter. What matters is that we're together. We do the job. We get out. We—"

Her voice caught again.

"Shammy." Ace's voice was quiet. "We're here. Together."

Shammy's warmth came back. Slowly.

"Yes," she said. "We are."

—

They moved through Arasaka tower.

The service entrance. The maintenance corridors. The paths that workers used, the routes that didn't appear on any public map. Shammy knew them—or rather, she knew people who knew them, contacts she'd built over fifty years, debts she could call in.

The corridors were quiet. The kind of quiet that came from aggressive noise cancellation, from systems designed to keep corporate secrets from traveling. The electromagnetic fields were stronger here, more concentrated. Mai's calculations scattered faster, more chaotically.

But she pressed her palm against surfaces. Found the sync underneath.

Ace's shadow flickered. The fragment pushed. But she was focused. The job. The door. The choice.

Shammy led the way. Her warmth flickered—professional mask appearing and disappearing. But her movements were precise. The kind of precision that came from fifty years of doing jobs like this, fifty years of navigating corporate towers, fifty years of knowing where to go and when to move.

“Third floor,” she said. Her voice was low. “The data we're supposed to retrieve is on the third floor. But the door is on the top floor. We retrieve the data first. Then we find a way to the top.”

“The probability that we can access the top floor—”

“Is not zero.” Shammy's warmth came back. “I have contacts. Badges. Ways in. We get the data. Then we go up.”

They moved through the corridors. Past maintenance bays. Past storage rooms. Past doors that led to places Shammy knew about but didn't discuss.

The third floor was quiet. The research division. Servers. Data storage. The kind of place where secrets were kept and retrievals were routine.

Mai's hand pressed against the console. The numbers scattered. But she focused on the encryption. On the patterns. On the sync underneath.

Ace stood by the door. Her shadow flickered. Her violet eyes tracked the corridor. The fragment pushed. She pushed back.

Shammy stood by the window. Her warmth was gone. Professional. But her eyes moved over the city below. The view from thirty floors up. The place where she'd spent fifty years building a life.

“Year thirty-one,” she said. Her voice was quiet. “I was here. Not this floor. Another floor. Another job. With Daniel.”

Mai's hand pressed against the console. The numbers scattered. Reforming. Scattering again.

“We're here,” she said. Her voice was flat. “The probability that—”

“Stop calculating.” Shammy's warmth came back. “I know. We're here. Together.”

Ace's shadow flickered.

"Let's get the data," she said. "Then we find the door."

—  
The data retrieval was routine.

Mai's hand pressed against the console. The numbers scattered. But she focused on the encryption. On the patterns. On the sync underneath. The pattern recognition that didn't need calculation, just knowing.

The console hummed under her palm. The electromagnetic fields in Arasaka tower were stronger, more organized, more oppressive than anywhere else in the city. The data streams were encrypted, layered, protected by systems designed to keep people like her out.

But the patterns were there. Underneath. The sync. The knowing.

She broke the encryption. The data downloaded. Standard procedure. The kind of job Shammy had run a hundred times.

But this time, the data was just the beginning. The job was just the excuse. The real objective was upstairs. On the top floor. Behind a door that could send them back to their own world.

"Done," Mai said. Her voice was flat. "The probability that the data is complete—"

"Is not what matters." Shammy's warmth came back. "What matters is that we have it. Now we find the door."

The data was encrypted. Heavily. The kind of encryption that said this information was valuable, was protected, was worth more than the premium payment they'd received for the job. Mai didn't look at it. Didn't ask. The job parameters were clear: retrieve the data, deliver to the contact, get paid.

But the real payment was upstairs.

"Done," Mai said. Her voice was flat. "The probability that the data is complete—"

"Is not what matters." Shammy's warmth came back. "What matters is that we have it. Now we find the door."

They moved through the corridors. Past security. Past workers who didn't look twice at maintenance uniforms. Past doors that led to places Shammy had mapped in her head.

The top floor was different. Quieter. The kind of quiet that came from being important. From being the place where secrets were kept.

The door was there. A machine. A dimensional interface. Arasaka technology. The portal that could open both ways.

Mai's hand pressed against the wall. The numbers scattered. But she focused on the patterns. On the sync. On the knowing.

The interface hummed. The dimensional signature was there. Different from anything she'd seen in this world. Different from the electromagnetic fields that pressed against her awareness. This was something else. Something older. Something that shouldn't exist in a world of chrome and neon.

But it did exist. And it could send them home.

Alt's voice came through a speaker. Synthetic. Distant.

"You made it. Good. The door is ready. But you only have a limited window. Corporate security changes shift in three hours. After that, the badges won't work. After that, you'll need to find another way out."

Shammy's warmth flickered.

"Three hours."

"Three hours." Alt's voice was synthetic. "Choose."

—

The job was done.

The data was retrieved.

Now it was time to find the door. To make the choice.

But something felt wrong.

Mai's hand pressed against the wall. The numbers scattered. But underneath, something else. A sense. A feeling. Not calculation. Not probability. Just knowing.

"Something's off," she said. Her voice was flat.

Ace's shadow flickered. The fragment pushed. But her violet eyes were tracking. The exits. The threats. The escape routes.

"Guards," she said. Her voice was quiet. "Hidden. Like before."

Shammy's warmth flickered. Gone. Professional.

"Not unexpected." Her voice was flat. "Arasaka doesn't let anyone just walk out. We knew there would be resistance."

"The probability that—"

"Is not zero." Shammy's warmth came back. "But we're together. We move as a team. We—"

The guards emerged from hidden doors. Hidden alcoves. The kind of positions that said someone had been waiting. Someone had known they were coming.

The fight began.

—

The fight was harder than expected.

More guards. Better prepared. The kind of opposition that said someone had funded this, someone had equipped this, someone had planned for a triad to come through. The kind of opposition that Shammy recognized from another job. Another time. Another life.

Ace moved first. Her shadow flickering. The fragment pushed—harder now, stronger, the violet touching the edge of her vision with more insistence than it had in days. The fragment could feel the choice coming. Could feel the door. Could feel something that Ace couldn't name. She pushed back. Hard. Focused on the sync. On the triad. On the movement that came from knowing, not calculating.

Her katanas found their marks. The emerald glow traced paths through chrome and glass. The fragment pushed. She pushed back. The dance was familiar—she'd been doing it her whole life. But here, in this world, with this technology, with these systems pressing against her awareness, something was different. The fragment felt closer. More present. As if Night City itself was pushing it forward.

Mai's grounding held. The numbers scattered—more chaotically here, in Arasaka tower, where the electromagnetic fields were stronger, more organized, more oppressive. But she pressed her palm against surfaces. Cool metal. Solid walls. Found the sync underneath. The pattern recognition that didn't need calculation. The knowing that came from decades of fighting alongside two people she could trust completely.

Her disruptor fired. The numbers scattered. But she didn't calculate. She trusted the sync. The knowing. The sense of where Ace would be before she moved. The sense of where Shammy would call the wind before it arrived.

Shammy's storm lifted. Not flat. Not empty. Focused. The atmospheric pressure she could bring to bear. The wind that she could call. The direction she could give to chaos. In Arasaka tower, the air was artificial—filtered, climate-controlled, designed to keep corporate workers comfortable. But Shammy could feel the systems. Could feel the gaps. Could feel the places where the artificial environment failed to account for what she could do.

The guards weren't expecting a storm-elemental. They were expecting mercenaries. They were expecting guns. They weren't expecting wind.

They moved together. Not perfect. Not like before—before the fifty years, before the separation, before the sync had been broken and rebuilt. But together. Rusty. Imperfect. But there.

The sync was there. Underneath. The pattern recognition. The knowing.

Ace's katanas found targets. Emerald light in the chrome and glass of Arasaka tower. The fragment pushed. She pushed back. Focused. A guard went down. Another. The emerald traced paths through the air.

Mai's disruptor fired. The numbers scattered. But she didn't calculate. She trusted the sync. The knowing. A guard's weapon discharged into the ceiling. Another stumbled. The path opened.

Shammy's storm pushed back pressure. The guards stumbled. The formation broke. The artificial environment that was supposed to keep them comfortable became a weapon. The path opened.

And they reached the door.

—

The door was a machine.

A dimensional interface. Arasaka technology. The portal that could open both ways.

Alt's voice came through the speaker. Synthetic. Distant.

"The door opens for thirty seconds," she said. "You have thirty seconds to choose. Stay or go. One way or the other. Not both."

Shammy's warmth flickered.

"Thirty seconds."

"Thirty seconds." Alt's voice was synthetic. "Choose."

—

Thirty seconds.

The clock started. The machine hummed. The interface glowed with light that wasn't quite electric—something deeper, something that touched frequencies Mai could feel even without calculating. The dimensional signature pulsed. The portal was ready. The choice was in front of them.

The room was quiet. The guards were down. The door was ready. The choice was in front of them. Thirty seconds to decide. Thirty seconds to choose. Thirty seconds to determine the rest of their lives.

Mai's hand pressed against the machine. Cool metal. Humming with energy that scattered her calculations. The numbers cascaded—faster here, more chaotic, the electromagnetic interference from Arasaka's systems pressing against her awareness. But underneath, something else. A sense. A feeling. Not calculation. Not probability. Just knowing.

"Thirty seconds," she said. "The probability that—"

"Is not what matters." Shammy's warmth was back. "What matters is: what do we choose?"

Ace's shadow flickered. The purple pushed—harder now, stronger, as if the fragment could feel the choice coming. As if the fragment knew that this was a moment when everything could change. She pushed back. Hard. Focused.

"I don't want to go back," she said. Her voice was quiet. The fragment pushed. She pushed back. "The fragment—here, at least, there's technology. There's chrome. There might be ways to—"

"Stop it." Shammy's warmth flickered. "You're not deciding based on the fragment. We're deciding as a triad."

"The fragment is part of me." Ace's voice was quiet. The fragment pushed. She pushed back. The violet touched the edge of her vision. "It's part of the decision. I've been fighting it my whole life. Here, there's technology. There's chrome. There might be things I can try. In our world, the fragment was just something I managed. Here—" She stopped. The fragment pushed. She pushed back. "Here, there might be more options."

Shammy's warmth flickered. Gone. Back. The professional mask trying to rise. The fixer's distance trying to reassert itself. But underneath, the warmth was still there.

"The fragment is part of you," she said. "It goes where you go. Viktor can't fix it. But that doesn't mean—"

"It means I have to push back. Forever. Here or there." Ace's shadow flickered. The fragment pushed.

She pushed back. "But here, I have you. There, I have—" She stopped. The violet touched. She pushed back. "There, I have what we had before. But we're different now. Fifty years different."

Mai's hand pressed against the machine. The numbers scattered. Reforming. Scattering again. But she could feel the surface. Cool. Solid. Real.

"The numbers scatter here," she said. Her voice was flat. "The context is wrong. The probabilities are—" She stopped. The numbers scattered. "In our world, I could calculate. I could predict. I could—" She stopped again. "Here, everything is scattered. Wrong. The electromagnetic fields—" She stopped. The numbers scattered. "I don't know if home is where the numbers work. I thought it was. But—" She stopped. "I want the numbers to work. But I want to be with the triad more."

Shammy's warmth came back. Settled. The professional mask was gone. The person underneath was present.

"Context doesn't matter." Her voice was warm. "What matters is: where do we want to be? Where do we want to live? Where do we want to build?"

—

Twenty seconds.

The machine hummed. The interface pulsed. The dimensional signature pressed against Mai's awareness—not electromagnetic, something deeper, something that scattered her calculations in ways she couldn't predict.

Shammy's warmth settled. The professional mask was gone. The person underneath was present.

"I want to be with the triad," she said. Her voice was quiet. The weight of fifty years behind it. "I spent fifty years alone. I don't want to be alone again. If that means staying here, I stay. If that means going back, I go. But I want to be with the triad. That's what I want. That's what I've wanted since the moment the portal took you away."

The warmth was there. All the way. No flickering. No mask.

"I built a life here. Contacts. Reputation. The board. The network. Fifty years of building." She stopped. Her hands pressed against the door. "But I was alone. And now I'm not. And that's what matters. That's what I want."

Ten seconds.

"I want the numbers to stop scattering." Mai's voice was flat. Her hand pressed against the machine. "But I want to be with the triad. If that means staying here, I stay. If that means going back, I go. But I want to be with the triad."

The numbers scattered. But she could feel the surface. Cool. Solid. Real.

"I want the triad." Ace's voice was quiet. "Here or there. Together or apart. I want the triad. The fragment is part of me. It goes where I go. But the triad—"

She stopped. The fragment pushed. She pushed back. Hard.

"The triad is what matters. Together or apart. Here or there. The triad is what matters."

—

Ten seconds.

“Then we stay.” Shammy's warmth settled. “Together. Here. The triad. That's what we want. That's what matters.”

“Together.” Mai's hand pressed against the machine. The numbers scattered. But she could feel the surface. “The probability that—”

“Is one.” Ace's shadow stilled. The fragment pushed. She pushed back. “Together.”

—

Five seconds.

The machine hummed. The interface pulsed. The dimensional signature grew stronger.

“Stay or go.” Shammy's voice was quiet. “We choose.”

“Stay,” Mai said. Her voice was flat. “The probability that—”

“One.” Ace's shadow stilled. The fragment pushed. She pushed back. “We stay. Together.”

Three seconds.

“Stay,” Shammy said. Her warmth settled. “Together.”

Two seconds.

The machine's hum grew. The interface brightened. The dimensional signature peaked.

One second.

The door closed.

They were still in Arasaka tower.

Still in Night City.

Still together.

The choice was made.

The machine powered down. The interface dimmed. The dimensional signature faded. The door that could have sent them back was closed. The portal that could have returned them to their own world was dormant.

They had chosen.

They stayed.

—

The walk out was tense.

Security was still on alert. The guards were still searching. But Shammy knew the paths. The ways out. The routes that didn't appear on any map.

They moved through the corridors. Past maintenance bays. Past storage rooms. Past doors that led to places Shammy had mapped in her head.

The building was on lockdown. But the maintenance exits were still open. The badges still worked. The contacts Shammy had built over fifty years still had value.

They reached the service entrance. The same place they'd entered. The same door they'd walked through hours ago.

The city outside pulsed. Neon. Noise. The electromagnetic fields scattered.

But underneath, something else was there.

The sync. Not perfect. Not like before. But there.

The choice was made.

They stayed.

—

They walked back through the city.

The neon pulsed. The city breathed. The electromagnetic fields hummed. The bass from clubs filtered through the smog. The transport drones rattled overhead. Night City was waking up—the night cycle beginning, the chrome advertisements cycling faster, the energy of the city shifting from day-mode to night-mode.

The electromagnetic fields pressed against Mai's awareness. But she pressed her palm against surfaces—cool, solid, real—and found the sync underneath. The numbers scattered. But she was learning to let them scatter. To find the patterns underneath. To trust the knowing instead of the calculation.

Ace's shadow flickered at the edges. The fragment had been pushing harder during the job—the choice, the door, something about the dimensional signature. But now, in the aftermath, it was quieter. Not gone. Never gone. But quieter. As if it had been satisfied by the choice. As if it had been waiting for something that hadn't happened.

Shammy walked beside them. Her warmth was steady now. The professional mask was gone. The fixer's distance had been replaced by something else—something that had been buried for fifty years. Something that had been waiting.

But the triad was there.

Together.

The choice was made.

The door didn't open.

The portal didn't activate.

They had chosen.

They stayed.

—

The walk back to the apartment was quiet.

The city pulsed around them. The neon. The chrome. The electromagnetic fields. The scattered numbers. The fragment at the edge.

But something had shifted. The weight that had been pressing on Shammy—the weight of fifty years, of waiting, of not knowing—had changed. Not gone. Not resolved. But changed. The question had been asked. The choice had been made.

Shammy's warmth was steady. Present. The professional mask had been replaced by something more genuine. Something that had been hidden for fifty years.

Ace's shadow flickered. The fragment pushed. But she pushed back. The daily struggle. The constant fight. But underneath, something else was forming. The sync. The knowing. The pattern recognition that came from decades of fighting together, even if those decades had been interrupted.

Mai's hand pressed against the wall as they walked. The numbers scattered. Reforming. Scattering again. But she pressed on. The sync underneath. The knowing that didn't require calculation.

"Year thirty-one," Shammy said. Her voice was quiet. "I was in this tower. For a job. With Daniel."

Mai's hand pressed against the wall. The numbers scattered. But she could feel Shammy's words. The weight of them.

"You don't have to talk about it."

"I know." Shammy's warmth flickered. "But I'm here. Again. Fifty years later. Different job. Different outcome." She stopped. Her hand pressed against the wall. "Different everything."

Ace's shadow flickered. The fragment pushed. She pushed back.

"Different everything," she said. "But the triad is still here."

"Yes." Shammy's warmth came back. "The triad is still here."

—

They reached the apartment.

The same three chairs. The same board. The same strings. The same crossed-out name. The same empty chair in the corner—still there, still waiting, still holding fifty years of hope and doubt.

But now there was a difference. The weight had shifted. The question had been asked. The choice had been made.

Shammy stood by the window. Looking at the city. The neon. The chrome. The life she had built. The life she was choosing to keep.

"I spent fifty years here," she said. Her voice was quiet. "Building. Waiting. Hoping. And now—" She stopped. "Now I'm choosing it. Not because I have to. Because I want to. Because the triad is here. Because—"

She stopped again.

"Because that's what matters."

Mai's hand pressed against the table. The numbers scattered. But she could feel the surface. Cool. Solid. Real.

"The probability that—"

"Is one." Shammy's warmth settled. "I know. The triad is here. Together. That's what matters."

Ace's shadow flickered. The purple pushed. She pushed back.

"The fragment is still here," she said. "It's still pushing. It will always push. But—" She stopped. "But I'm not alone. And that makes a difference."

Shammy's warmth came back. All the way.

"Yes," she said. "That makes a difference."

—

The night settled over Night City.

The neon pulsed. The city breathed. The electromagnetic fields hummed. The bass from the clubs filtered through the smog. The chrome advertisements cycled through their sequences—faster at night, slower during the day, as if the city itself had a pulse. The transport drones rattled overhead. The desperate hum of a place that never truly slept.

The Triad sat in the apartment. Three chairs. Three people. The board with its strings and connections and fifty years of network. The crossed-out name that still held weight. The life Shammy had built over five decades. The choice they had made together.

The empty chair was still in the corner. But now it held a different meaning. Not waiting for someone who might never come. Waiting for the triad to return. Which they had. Which they always would. The particular weight of fifty years of hope—now transformed into something else. Not resolved. Not forgotten. Just changed. The question had been answered. The choice had been made. The triad was together. That was what mattered.

They stayed.

Together.

—

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