

## Chapter 7

Jamestown guided Gonzalez via his elbow entering the meeting room in a quiet corner of the culpabilite building, door closing behind them. ‘How is *Mr Harris* progressing, Gonzalez, *all is well?*’, Jamestown enquired, a smile with a hint of menace in his bright blue eyes. ‘Well, you see *all* the data and reports as I do, *Sir*, as quickly as I do,’ stated his subordinate with a little nervous tension in his voice. He was far from the confident team lead Harris had met.

‘Yes, that’s true, but I don’t receive your *interpretation* of all that data, your *gut feeling*, Gonzalez, from your experience with all our *investors*,’ replied Jamestown, his smile widening, albeit not with his eyes. ‘It’s all going fine, no issues with performance, and he’s increasing use of the system as part of his decision-making, not just with memories. Of course, we have limits on telemetry as to when he uses it, but cognitive modelling points to a positive trajectory of subconscious trust and acceptance, no matter any *conscious* resistance,’ the team lead summarised.

‘Very good, very good. And what about Mr Ade’s unfortunate departure from the programme, any issues of concern beyond the near term?’, Jamestown asked, leaning into his nervous colleague. ‘All data has been flushed, neuro-filament was switched to destruction and absorption, and there are no records or data connecting him with us directly. Money held in escrow has been redirected via the ‘chain,’ Gonzalez concluded. ‘Hmm, *all* data, Gonzalez, *all?*’, his CEO pressed, increasing the pressure on the others elbow slightly, but noticeably.

‘Well, all in our data repositories, but indeed bio-contained data remains in the repository, ought we flush that too?’, Gonzalez enquired with increased vocal tension. ‘*Flush it, flush it all*. We will not lose much, and also ensure there is nothing retained in any model data, inferences and interpretations. *No traces*,’ Jamestown instructed with firmness in voice and touch. Gonzalez visibly blushed, and nodded assent, as his CEO turned and left the room. ‘*Flushed, Gonzalez, like your face*,’ he heard the older man say, chuckling to himself as he marched resolutely down the corridor away from him.

The team lead stood still and released a breath. A look of concentration spread across his face as he thought to himself, consent to total data expulsion, bio-repository erasure, protocol alpha, gamma, 003, with anaesthesia. In a laboratory several floors below him, one of his team nodded agreement, and thought momentarily about the order, before replying in her head, copy, understood, and with anaesthesia, initiating now. The blue glow increased in the lab. Anaesthesia, she considered. Gonzalez wasn’t such a bad guy.

Jamestown looked into the midday sun with an expression of gratitude, the smog was much clearer today. The fly-limo was just commencing with pre-flight processes, and the CEO took in some cleaner air today. He pondered on the prior conversation, and thought that there ought to be more scrutiny on Gonzalez. Just a feeling. His thought was processed by the system and surveillance algorithms complied. Jamestown smiled to himself as he got comfortable in the fly-limo. Though as ever, not with his eyes.