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Michel, Madrid. Kar approached the conspicuously armed man by the gate, who asked him in Spanish who he thought he was and what he thought he was doing hereaaC--"though he did not ask so politely. Kar then stopped less than a meter from the guard and trained an even gaze on him, for which the guard drew his darkly gleaming weapon, once again asking his question whilst aiming the gun at my escort. 'I suggest you put that away before someone gets hurt,' I said as I moved forward, Kar stepping to the side to allow me a face-to-face view of the gun wielding man. My words had flowed in perfect Spanish, but he opted to reply in English. 'Who the fuck are you?' 'What will you give me if I tell you?' I became aware of the arching of my lips. 'Maybe some of this.' He shoved his weapon in my direction. 'Tsk. IaaC--(t)m disappointed. This isnaaC--(t)t what I had in mind at all, darling.' 'What do you think youaaC--(t)re playing at, mister? Do you know where you are? Whose place this is?' 'IaaC--(t)m quite aware, but thank you for reminding me. Do you have any other redundant questions for me, sweetheart?' I offered a coquettish bat of my lashes. 'I should shoot you right now,' he directed his aim closer to my chest, 'cabron.' With a lift of brow I said, 'Shoot me or kiss me, the result will be the same, I assure you.' I graced him with a very wide smile. 'YouaaC--(t)re loco, mister.' He laughed, though not with humor, as his eyes flitted over my companions, no doubt wondering if we were armed and considering his options. He did not pull the trigger, but with his other hand he reached for one of those wireless devices Trey called walkie-talkies. 'DonaaC--(t)t do that,' I said. 'IaaC--(t)ve not finished with you yet, and it would be a shame to bother the others just now.' He leveled the gunaaC--(t)s barrel in the direction of my heart, slowly lifting the walkie-talkie towards his face, his eyes once again moving betwixt the three of us.