









Three million,  
one hundred  
thousand!

...Too rich  
for my blood.  
I'm afraid you  
have the better  
of me.



SOLD!  
To Chantal  
Chevalier.

If you would  
step this way,  
*Mademoiselle*,  
we shall verify the  
item and attend to  
the necessary  
paperwork.



You just  
cost me a great  
deal of money,  
*Monsieur*  
Bond.

I hope it  
was worth  
it.



Now, nice  
and slow.  
The door at  
the back.

Reach for  
that Walther  
and I shoot  
you in the  
spine.



Miss Chevalier  
got what she  
wanted. You can tell  
her to call off the  
watchdogs.

You think we  
work for her? Then  
you're even dumber  
than I thought.

Now  
move.







