

SHINJUKU DISTRICT
TOKYO

She's running
from something.

And not just the
Yakuza henchmen who
are after us now.



Here is
what I know.

Her name is Selah Sax,
and she was a member
of the British Special
Forces as well as a secret
operative for Group 13.



Here is what I
don't know. Why she's
helping me now...

...and why our
databases list her
as deceased.

One hour
please.

We'll
be safe in
here!





The Ritz Carlton was fully booked, I take it? I suppose this will do.



Get in those cuffs.

I can see you're the kind of woman who likes to take charge.



Shut up, Mr. Bond.

The maid will let you out when the hour expires. Then I advise you to get the hell out of Tokyo.

I'm afraid I'm here on the Queen's business.



And I'm afraid you're in my way.

There's been a target on you from the moment you boarded at Heathrow. And now that you've dishonored Saga Genji so publicly, he'll make certain you're erased.

Your mission is compromised.

Go home, Mr. Bond.

OUTSIDE TOKYO

"I am honored
by your visit,
Genji-san."*

*translated from Japanese

"Just as I am
honored by your
service, No Name.
I admire mastery
more than
anything, and you
truly are a master
of your trade."

"You know I would
not bother you at
home if there wasn't
a desperate and
immediate need."

"Your haste
is mine."

"Your enemy
is mine."

"But surely
there is time
for tea."

"Of
course."

<Your collection has grown.>

<I have been busy.>

<I hope you have room for another death mask...>

<...there is an Englishman I need you to kill. He will make a handsome trophy.>



TOKYO

"If it can be avoided, O07, I would prefer not to rescue you from any more SEX dungeons."

You have such a delicate sensibility, Boothroyd.

And YOU are easily distracted from your professional objectives.

Try not to have a stroke. I promise you-- she's no distraction. She's caught up in this somehow.

If my blood pressure is raised, it's because you simply let her get away.

Ah, but I didn't. Your toys, as always, come in handy.

I managed to clone her phone when we made our escape from the gambling parlor.

You're not entirely worthless after all.

It's a blackphone-- with a healthy security sleeve that will take some effort to decrypt.

You said she was a member of Group 13...