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Reyadh Rahaman

"P-please," begged the bound man.

"Enough whining, I'm not here to bargain." I concluded before turning to Reginald. "We're doing a transplant today. But, it will be a tricky one. You see, we need to stuff this Void Heart somewhere, in place of something, but we need this sack of filth to stay conscious, and more importantly, alive. Indefinitely.

"To keep his pulse steady, we're just going to hijack his heart with your electrical current. We can always get another human heart after this experiment to replace his original, if it comes to that. To keep him conscious, I'm going to operate with only minimal anesthetic. Enough pain to keep him alert, but not enough to risk him passing out.

"But now, the quandary: what to replace?" I finished speaking and illuminated the room once more, which made my experiment wince. Reginald then floated over to the man and stopped near his head. "You think we should replace the brain? That seems logical. Alright then, let's set things into motion..."

As Reginald buzzed happily at the prospect of science, I rested my darker-than-black cloak upon a nearby coat rack, which was the spinal column and rib cage of a centaur, who once tried to sell me a timeshare in the Second Circle, but would not take 'no' for an answer. I then clapped my hands thrice and whistled three distinct notes. One signal, of thousands, that I assigned to each of my minions. From a chute in the ceiling, descended another beholder, similar in size to Reginald.

Though, this one was light blue, with four tendrils. Each ending in a dizzily spinning eye, paired with a small, toothless mouth. Their central body was orb-like and consisted mostly of a singular, large eye, not unlike Reginald's, but with a large, round pupil ringed by a fuchsia iris. This one had no main mouth, but could still chirp from their tendril mouths. They also gave off a faint chill and subtle mist filled the air about her. A species from the Genus *Frigus*, within the Family Beholder, *Frigus minor*, was capable of great dexterity and ice related magic. Especially this individual.

"Gloria, please prep the... 'patient'," I requested of the new arrival. She blinked and nodded before preparing the area. I then chuckled darkly at the bound man, indicating that what would follow would not resemble ANY form of 'treatment'. He groaned miserably in response. Which made me laugh even more.

As Gloria set to gathering the proper tools and instruments upon a waist-high stone table adjacent to the experiment, I washed my hands and consulted a few medical texts via the icy screen that Gloria had just formed from water in the sink. Images and words appeared on the frosted surface from the telepathic scanner and projector I had set up in the room. Brain surgery was always one of my favourite pastimes.