

Chasing the Dragon



CYBERPUNK

An Official Game Adventure
by Stephan Michael Sechi

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CYBERPUNK[®]
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Chasing the Dragon

The fixer sits at the far end of the table, his hair shining like an oil slick in the dim light. He smiles, showing four gold teeth with the name "Rico" spelled-out in little diamonds, one letter on each tooth. He reaches under the table and comes up with a chrome attache case.

"It's a sweet job, chico. Nothin' to it. Deliver the case to the man, and get a receipt. No travel time, 'cause the deal goes down right here in the City. In and out, ten grand. You bring the receipt and I give you the money."

"Just one thing. You gotta go into the Combat Zone. Hey, nothin' to it, right?"

Yeah, right. The Combat Zone is only the worst part of the City. Street gangs, drug dealers, rip-off artists. Sounds great.

"Hey, man, it's nothin'", says Rico, with a wave of his hand. "I'm talking 230th Street, on the outskirts of the Zone. Like I said, in and out."

Yeah, maybe. But what about that attache case? The frackin' thing looks like it's made of reinforced steel, and is locked-up like a bank vault. What's that about?

Rico smiles, gold teeth glinting. "Hey, chico, this is the big time, you know what I mean? This ain't no fly-by-night operation we're talking about here. This is the real thing."

You ask Rico to be more specific.

Rico's eyes dart from side to side. "Okay, okay. But be cool. The client is big, man, very big. I'm talking about I-CORP here, chico, you know? Inside information, man. Top secret, you know? You think they're gonna carry this stuff around in a paper bag?"

Yeah, you've heard of I-CORP. Heavy hitters, with lots of cash. Their CEO is R. Maximillian, a high-profile corporate shark who's engineered the hostile takeover of a half-dozen megacorporations in as many months. The Medias are in a feeding frenzy, trying to find out more about Maximillian's private life, what corporation he plans to go after next, his favorite restaurant, his new girlfriend, anything they can get. Just the kind of attention a solo needs...

Rico shakes his head. "Hey, chico. You do your job and nobody has to know nothin', see? In and out, ten grand. Easy money, man. You don't want the job, I'll find somebody who does."

Rico is telling the truth, at least in part. This is a big time job. In fact, Rico could afford to pay twice the fee he's offering the party and still make a healthy profit on the deal. If the characters haggle over the price they can get him up to fifteen grand without much trouble; eighteen or twenty grand if they press the issue.

The truth is, Rico needs this job done right away. He sees I-CORP as a very profitable client, and is especially eager to please R. Maximillian.

OPENING GAMBIT