

Dr. Údarás Ceiste

The Woodland Park Zoo is a creepy place during daylight hours for a professional criminal, but to break in here after dark for a meeting with a new Mr. Johnson is downright scary. Too many cages, pens, and enclosures for any free runner to be around.

The team makes it into the zoo without any problems. Following the map the fixer gave them, they find their way to the tiger enclosure. In front of it is a very tall and skinny orc. He looks to be almost like a scarecrow in build. He is wearing what looks to be a lab coat and a monocle. There is a slight glow from the monocle, indicating an AR viewer.

As the team walks up to the man, he starts speaking.

“Some of you may be wondering why a pixy should be considered such a good hitman. Others may wonder why this awakened critter would want to be a hitman. Listen to this story and you will see what these creatures have to fight for and why they are so friggin good at their jobs.”

Everyone on the team seems to look at each other. They had no idea what this guy was talking about. The face of the team steps forward and raises his hand to shake with the weird man. The weird man just looks at the face, then looks at the rest of the team. He continues, “Who am I? I am Dr. Údarás Ceiste a para-zoologist who is studying the impact sapient creatures are having on the awakened world, but for tonight you can call me Mr. Johnson.”

“You are wondering why I had your fixer get you here tonight, well, I have a need of your services. Before you decide if you want to do the job or not, let me give you a little backstory of the events that led me to needing a runner team.”

“I first heard of the Redwings a few months ago. They are a Sapient Creature Rights group who uses paramilitary tactics to push their agenda. Some call them terrorists while others call them freedom fighters. These Redwings dip their wings in the blood of their enemies and use it to mark the area around their kills, leaving bloody red wing prints.”

The doctor looks at the team then continues, “This organization has been getting bolder the last few years. They assassinated a few heads of corporations, several government employees, and a few politicians around the world. The hits are far enough apart, on almost every continent, and across many different governments and corporations that no one put these assassinations together as the act of one group, until now.”

“Part of the reason that pixies make such good hitmen is they vanish upon death leaving no trace of ever being there. The fact that they also enchant their clothing and equipment too vanish upon their death also makes it harder to prove that they were ever there.”

The doctor looks at each of the runner in turn as if expecting questions, when none came, he continued, “What I need from the team is a recovery of some digital videos of a Redwing hit. Somehow the team’s decker failed to get the data off of the server. Now it is in a stand alone security server and will need to be downloaded on site before it is deleted. I need that data to prove this organization exists. That way we can have them declared a terrorist organization.”

“Before I can give you any more information, I need to know if you are interested in taking the job?”

The face looks over everyone, obviously messaging everyone. “What is the pay for the job?”

“I am willing to pay the team 500K Y total.”

The entire team seemed to smile at once before starting to stifle the smiles. The smiles were so obvious that the team had no leg to stand on for more negotiations.

The face looks at the doctor, “It sounds like you have yourself a deal.”

The doctor’s grin gets even bigger, “Here is a data packet with details for the job. When you have the videos, call me at the number provided on the chip.”

The teams face took the chip. They walked away into the darkness as they slipped out of the zoo.

The doctor watches them leave. His smile changes to a sly grin. He looks over at the tiger enclosure, “Was that him?”

From out of the shadows of the enclosure flutters a pixie. She is 18in tall and is wearing what looks like combat gear from the early days of the UCAS. A combat helmet resting loosely on her head, her wings gleaming a wet black in the darkness. “Yes, that was him.” She smiles warmly, “I can’t wait to see this one get finished.”

The doctor looks at her and nods. “Let us get out of here and move on to the safehouse.”

She nods and flies in front of him to the car.

The safehouse is an old townhouse style home in Everett. The house has been kept up nicely, the small strip of grass neatly trimmed. The doctor and the pixy enter the house and move back to the living room where the rest of the team is monitoring the data packet.

The rest of the team were all sapient creatures who's primary goal in life is to have the same rights as other meta-humans and their meta-human supporters. There are a total of 10 people working in this room.

The AR monitors are all watching different data packets around the world. Teams following instructions from this core group of Redwings. A sasquatch comes over and writes out using his comlink, "Did you really give the name 'Questions Authority' in Irish?"

The 'doctor' nods with a huge dreck eating grin, "I sure did, and they didn't ever figure it out." He took off his disguise. Standing in his place is an elven woman with short blue hair and a fiery attitude against authority. She walked over to the sasquatch and gave him a kiss.

Typing out a reply, "Genius. I think that was genius Leslie."

She smiled and turned to the rest of the team. "How many teams do we have out now?"

A naga speaks up, "Ten at the moment. We are about to rid ourselves of the first hunter teams. They think they are going after a unicorn, but it is really a nightmare. I think the primary target will not survive. If there are any survivors we will know from the postings on the shadow-nodes. Typically Shadowrun Survival Guide posts such stories."

She nods at the naga, "Thank you Martin."

Now she looks at one of the pixies fluttering in front of a few different AR screens. "Johna, what about our newest team? Have they accessed the data packet yet?"

She was answered with a high pitched voice talking Sperethiel. "They did your highness. First thing. I have marks on two of their comlinks and am in the process of bringing a satellite online above them. We will know everything about this team in the next few hours."

"I have asked you repeatedly not to call me that. I am not royalty or have any desire to be in a position of power. I just want the same things you do. For my friends and my husband to have the same rights as others in meta-humanity." She stole a glance at the big sasquatch again. "It would be nice for our union to not be illegal." she smiled.

"Yes mam, that new team is really taking to the data. Their decker is good too. He already checked the corporation and is looking for a way to get in without being detected. It looks like they will come in from the roof without landing on it."

Leslie thought to herself that it is a smart idea. At least it would be if that face hadn't been a part of an interrogation team that killed a lot of pixies when he was legit and working for Aztechnology. They already killed his old boss, now it was time for him to die too.

"We are a go for new team fraggory," a tiny voice said a few hours later, "It looks like they are going into the corporation tonight. Can we get a team in there that fast?"

"Delta team should already be in place." Leslie stated, "Let them know they are almost a go."

"Wilco."

A few more hours pass.....

"Leslie, Delta team is saying the target has penetrated the corporation and are proceeding to the elimination point."

"Good, tell them Face Off is a go. Remind them to geek the mage first. They are the only real threat to the team." Leslie turns to the technical specialist, "Can you get me a video feed of the team?"

"Wait one, their decker is hacking the cameras now. I will go through and take them over when he is done."

A few tense moments trickled by, " Got them. Their decker is good. I almost missed him."

Leslie looked like she was concentrating hard on something. "Ok, record everything, prep the team. Have them move in as soon as they target team is in place."

The sasquatch came over to her and put his arm around her. Leslie smiled, feeling his warmth. He sends her an AR message, "You sure you want to do this one?"

She looks up at him. "Yes, it needs to be done. This corporation is testing on pixies because when they die they vanish leaving no proof. I want this team to take the blame because that guy, the face, was involved with the murder of several of my friends, including your sister."

Her husband typed back, "I know, but vengeance isn't always a good thing."

"And I agree with you, pushing for your and all other sapient creatures rights is. If I can get a runner team to take the fall for an assasination we are doing, all the better."

Leslie's decker was working on editing the video, as that team of runners made their way out of the corporation without setting off any alarms. She let them go. "Tell our team to go."

This simple command got the wheels moving for a lot of things. The hit team is made up of a circle of pixie mages who have been centering and growing their power for this hit. Each and every one of them knows that they may never be seen again.

Her hacker was uploading the modified videos to the security feed of the corporation. It shows plain as day the enemy team moving through the corporation, seeing each and every face. It also showed the face committing the crime of murder of the CFO of the company.

Leslie watched the pixies move in on a video screen. One that she knew wasn't being recorded. They moved into the office of the CFO and silently flew to where he was asleep at his desk. One of them started the silent spell while others put up the barrier. Two more were bringing the bound spirit, the one that will do most of the physical damage that is needed to make the video look good.

The CFO woke up with a start, saw the pixies and pulled a pistol before anyone could stop him. He shot one of the pixies, who disappeared instantly. Sunshine was no more.

The spirit grabbed the gun and broke the man's hand in the process. He screamed, but outside his office there was silence. He was beaten, bloodied, and smashed all without being asked any questions. Then one of the pixies pulled out a large, mean looking knife and cut the man's throat.

The one that killed him dipped his wings in the man's blood, then under the desk put a bloody pixie wing mark. The pixies moved out of the room, through air vents and out through the roof of the building. No one seemed to secure the roof airways from intruders that were less than 2 feet tall.

Leslie smiled, almost no issues with the plan so far. Now there was only one thing left to do. Her comlink started ringing, she let it go to voicemail. She had to get ready before she could talk to the runner team.

Leslie was now Dr. Údarás Ceiste once again. Her disguise was flawless and her voice was nearly perfect. The only way someone could tell she was not him was if they knew him and assented her.

She arranged the meet to be at the same place, the Woodland Park Zoo in Seattle Washington. Home of the west coast port for the UCAS. It was also the hub for the North American arm of the Redwings.

As the runners came into the zoo, she smiled. She had already arranged everything. They would be caught and tried for murder. With this corp, they would fry. The face was here, alone this time. She had to assume she was under the watchful eye of their sniper. They may try and leverage her for more money. Good thing the Redwings had backers with deep pockets.

She showed a large smile, "Well my friend, did you get the video footage that I need? I want to put those pixies out there for the entire world to see. I want to use the video to put pixies on notice. They will be hunted and killed." The doctor smiled slyly.

The face handed out a chip, the doctor took it and slotted it into a chip reader. It was the video they had planted for the mission. "Good, good. Did you have any issues?"

"None at all. Easiest job my team has ever done." he boasted. "Especially considering you are offering half a million New Yen."

The doctor smiled, "Good money for the good works of meta-humanity. Here is your payment. I put it on 5 credsticks distributed evenly."

"Thank you." He took the sticks and checked the amount, did a little math and smiled.

She shook his hand, "If I ever need your team again, I will contact your fixer. Good night."

The doctor walked away, toward a waiting cart. As soon as she was out of sight, Leslie called Knight Errant. "Oh my spirit! The guys that were on the news are in my neighborhood now! The ones that killed that man. You need to come get them. I think one just left, but they are in this old house. The address is 2434 NE 45th NE. Please hurry, I don't feel safe with villains like them about."

Ten minutes before Leslie's team released the video footage to a news agency that is friendly toward their cause. The video they made. I would be on the news by now. She signaled her decker to keep an eye on the runner team. She wanted to know when they get picked up. It should be a matter of minutes now...