

Our Story

By Digital Doom

The evening was cold and dark. The clouds snuffing out the light of the stars and moon. A light acidic mist was falling into the wreck of our SUV. The acidic mist burning any uncovered skin, causing the occupants to stir.

The driver and passenger next to him stirred. Both sweeping broken safety glass, sweat, blood, and acid rain from their faces. Sucking in a deep breath, the driver sat up and looked around. Shaking the cobwebs out of his head his vision returned to him. He looked over at his passenger first. She was just starting to come to, still not conscious yet, but the bleeding was not flowing. Which was a good thing.

He then noticed the smoke, and the pole his SUV was wrapped around. Then he saw the bullet holes across the hood and it started coming back to him.

~He saw the bullets slam into the side of his SUV. He slammed the pedal to the floor, squealing the wheels and fighting for control. Knowing the gang members were there for him made things worse. How the frag did they find out he was officer Otool? These gangers were more connected than he originally thought.

He focused back on the present. He pulled off the seatbelt and pulled out his pistol. Knowing the gang members were on their way toward them. He had only gotten a block or two in front of them.

He ran around next to the passenger. She was now awake. "What?"

He looked her over, her leg looked to be broken from the impact. Frag, this was getting hard. "Melannie, don't move. I am getting you out." he flashed his orc tusks at her, "They are right behind us, so I am going to carry you." he cut the seat belt and pulled the small frame of the dwarf out. He threw her over his shoulder and started running toward the alley nearby as a group of motorcycles turned onto the street he was just on.

He continued down the alley, ducking through an old broken window, sliding down into the basement of a building that was crumbling, like so many of the buildings in this slum.

They stayed in the smelly basement waiting for the gang to leave. They searched the SUV, burned it, and started looking around the area for them. Staying low and asking his friendly spirit to conceal them, the gang members would not find them. It was going to be a cold, wet, stinky night.

Jimbo must have dozed off. He opened his eyes and noticed the sun peaking through the broken window. He noticed movement next to him. There was a large rat moving toward his friend Dianna. He shewed it away, then looked at Dianna. She was dirty and broken. Her leg twisted at a bad angle. He would fix that after she woke up.

He looked around the room now that there was light. There was rubble and trash everywhere. In the middle of the room was a steel hatch. He walked over to it and tried to open it. It was locked from the inside. He looked around a little closer, noticing a few cameras. He wondered who was watching them. Who ever it was obviously didn't want to be noticed. They probably wouldn't show themselves, he hoped.

Dianna started groaning. Jimbo moved over to her and hushed her. "Dianna, you have been hurt. I will heal you in a minute, but it will hurt. Here take a sip of this." He pulled out a flask and offered her a drink. She sipped the flask and flinched. It was a strong bourbon that should help with her pain.

He got her ready, then straightened her leg. She cried out. He then started chanting, placed his hands on her leg, and let the energy flow through him to knit her bone back together. The entire time she was crying and trying to move. The pain was excruciating, as he knew.

When he was done, they both were spent. Him from focusing so much energy, her from the pain. He called up the spirit that owed him one more service. He asked it to watch them and wake him if anything moves toward them. It agreed and told him in his head that it would do it until sundown, then they are even.

The spirit left the room, to watch the area around the basement. He looked around and dozed off.

He awoke with a jolt. Something had just happened to his spirit. It was dispatched without giving him any information. Dreck, that was bad. The sun was still high in the sky, but the city sounded quiet. Only a few gunshots in the distance, and no sirens to speak of.

Jimbo moved and woke Dianna up. She came to grabbing her pistol. "Hey, we are good, kind of. We may need to move quickly. How is your leg feeling?"

"Sore." she said quietly.

He helped her up onto her feet. She swayed some and limped. It was hard for her to walk.

They were getting ready to go out the window when they heard a click behind them. They both spun around with pistols in their hands. Glancing around an empty room.

Then they heard, "Drop em." the rough and gravelly voice was behind them. They both put their hands up and dropped the pistols. "That's better," the voice said. Then there was a thump from someone jumping down from the window. It was followed by two more thumps.

"Turn around," the voice said.

They both complied to the order. Turning around to face the people that got the jump on them.

There were three of them. Two men and a woman? The smaller one was too cybered to tell for sure what the gender was. The men, one troll and a little gnome, both had pistols aiming at them, the one they thought was a female had a sword in her hand.

The gnome was talking, "Now, move over by that wall."

Both Dana and Jimbo complied. The one with the sword moved over to the hatch, knocked twice and looked at the camera Jimbo had already noticed. There was a loud click, then the screech of metal on metal. The hatch swung open. The one with the sword dropped down the hole.

"Down." the gnome said, aiming down the hole.

Jimbo and Dana worked their way down the ladder into a brightly lit tunnel. The tunnel was long, well lit, and had what looked like ivy growing all the way around it. They were led down the tunnel to a large metal door. The sword lady banged on the door and looked at another camera. There was a click and the door swung open. The sword lady moved into the room, followed by Jimbo and Dana, who were then followed by the two gun toting men. This was bad was all Jimbo could think.

The room they went into was large and circular with a sunken floor that resembled coliseum seating. There were mirrors almost all the way around the seating areas. There were two steel doors, one was the opposite of the one they came into. The door they came in through closed and locked. The three people that led them here all walked to the other door. Without saying a word they went through it, leaving Dana and Jimbo alone.

Before they could even start talking, there was a crackle from an unseen speaker. A voice came across it, "Before we let you go, or let you in, you have to tell us what brought you here. Starting with who you are and why you were in the entryway of our place."

Jimbo looked at Dana silently. A moment later the speaker crackled to life again. "Please start talking or we will have to do things I would rather not do."

Jimbo sat down on one of the steps, Dana sat next to him. They both still looked silently around the room. The speaker crackled to life again. "Either tell us your story or the room will fill with

gas. Then while you are out cold on the floor, it will open up dumping you on the lower level. There are some gruesome creatures that live on the lower level, including feral ghouls.”

That got Jimbo talking.

“I am Scorch, and this lovely lady next to me is Technommonster. We were on a job for a friend of mine that would help my friend and give us some much needed New Yen.” Jimbo looks around the room astrally, there is a ward surrounding the entire room.

“We were hired to go into a building and recover some software that the company is trying to pass off as their own. We were to retrieve the software and give it to the Johnson along with any prototypes we retrieved.”

“Knowing this was a tech job, I brought on long time friend, Technommonster. She is a talented decker and rigger. I can do the mojo, just nothing with the tech.”

There was some static and then the speaker spoke up, “What company was this job running against? What company were you working for? If you have the name of your Johnson, I would like that too.”

Dana spoke up for the first time, “We can give you some of that info, but our Johnson is off limits. We do have professional integrity to think about. We don’t want it leaked that we talked, especially about a Johnson.”

Jimbo looked a little spooked by what she was saying, like it could have just gotten them killed.

The speaker crackled to life again, “Ok, I respect that. Give me what information you can give without hurting your client.”

Jimbo spoke up again, continuing the story, “We were sent into the world's favorite corporation, Aztechnology, to get back an app that they started selling. This app is a direct rip from our client’s software. We needed to get a copy of the source code and get it to our client so they can press the issue in the corporate courts.”

Jimbo looked at Dana, “We infiltrated the secure location and worked our way through the system. I kept us masked with an invisibility spell while Technommonster was working on getting the data out of their air gapped system. She grabbed the data, downloaded it and deleted their copy, then we headed out. That was when things got bad.”

Dana spoke up again, “We ran into some fraggin spirit thing. It was disgusting. All eyes, blood, just nasty. It started throwing attacks at Ji, er, Scorch. He fought it off, but was getting more and more tired with each spell. We had to skedaddle yesterday.”

Jimbo continued, "We did fight our way out, with the help of a few anarchist friends. They started hitting Aztechnology locations in the area, pulling the heat away from us. We were able to get out of the building, but not before one of their mages got a good look at my astral signature. Unfortunately, I don't know how to mask it, yet."

Dana started talking again, "I started the car moving to the door we were leaving by. We got out of the building and into the car. Scorch was in the driver's seat, but I was driving. As we fled a group of gangers started after us, I am not sure if they were from the corporation or just out to get someone, but they started after us."

Jimbo said, "I knew the gangers. I was an undercover officer in the past and had worked the gang. They recognized me and decided to get rid of us because of it. They opened up with full auto on our car, chasing us on bikes. Technomaster drove like crazy."

Dana continued, "I was haling dreck and pushing the Americar as fast as it could go when bullets ripped into the back tires of the car. We slid and I was able to stay ahead of the grangers who were all on bikes. The tires of the car finally failed and I lost control of the system, plowing us directly into a light pole."

"I don't remember anything else until I woke up in that room your three friends found us in." she finished.

The crackling seemed louder this time, "So you didn't know about the entrance to the tunnel there?"

They both spoke in unison, "No."

The crackling was almost unbearably loud. "Do you still have the app on a drive?"

Dana said, "Yes, but I lost all my other gear in the accident."

Through the speakers, "My colleagues and I have to discuss much. We will get back to you. For now take a nap."

Take a nap? Neither one of them was going to be able to sleep, then they heard the gas, then euphoria overtook them.