

First Start - Adam & Megan's apartment (1st POV)

Everything is bathed in golden light, the cream colored sheets, his flesh arm, Megan's brown hair. He sighs and the camera moves with his breath. You can feel his bone deep contentment. Megan get up without looking at him, "Good morning." he says rasping, but she still doesn't answer, dressing and putting on slippers. Kubrick jumps in the bed and the player gets to pet him while having the organic hands feeling feedback in the controller (it won't last.) Megan finally turns while finishing wrapping her gown. She says the classical "We need to talk."

"Okay." Replies Adam and the player is invited to walk him around. Again the organic feedback is felt, feeling slow or heavier, moves that need to start and finish. The path to the kitchen includes passing in front of a full length mirror. Most players will stop and stare. Let them see Adam moving, breathing, fidgeting, target tattoo on his arm, face concerned but eyes bright. If the player stays too long Megan will call them. Adam will have an automatic action/animation "You got this." he will say to his reflection winking and making finger guns. Let the players know he is bisexual.

Megan is sitting by the table when he gets there. Kubrick barking demandly over his food bowl. "alright alright" he will say while the player feeds the dog. "Kubrick is right. Mind if I do breakfast before the talk?" Megan sighs and looks at the table "Not at all" she replies quietly. Adam walks to the oven and the player is presented to initial manipulation controls via cooking.

Adam knows how to cook. Loves to cook. In fact, cooking IS his love language. He makes toast, bacon and eggs to himself and blueberry pancakes to Megan. He brings it to table. Megan had already brought the orange juice and coffee there. She is awfully quiet. She doesn't touch her pancakes. Adam drops his cutlery. He has lost his appetite. "Okay." he says once again "What is that you want to talk about?" Megan finally looks him in the eye.

He knows that expression. It's not that she is hurt, it's that she knows that she will hurt someone, and even if it was for complete selfish reasons, in her head it is somehow, always justified. Adam saw it countless times while she was working in edge cutting projects on Sarif labs.

It never occurred to him that he was going to be the target of it one day.

"I am breaking up with you."

"What" He gasps almost soundlessly.

She sighs again and pushes wisps of her hair back. "I- I don't even know how to say this, but we are living completely different lives under the same roof."

"What are you talking about?" he continues weakly

"I saw the ring you bought."

"You saw-"

"Adam, I don't want to marry you." he physically reels back. "Don't take it personally," she keeps going. "I never wanted to marry anyone."

The camera moves brusquely. Adam just turned his head down. All the player can see are his grey pants and his extended forearms above the table. "I need a moment to process this."

He turns back up again. The screen is slightly wobbly at the edges. Megan winces, but her eyes are dry. "I don't understand we were fine? I mean work was stressing you a lot lately but-"

She interrupts him with a pity expression in her face "It is not work that was stressing me Adam." He gets out of the chair. "Me, it was me." He mutters to himself. "I was stressing you because you knew I was going to ask your hand?"

He turns to stare at her. She has turned in her chair too. Looking more like a suspect in an interrogation room than someone ending a three years long relationship. "You don't love me." He states, feeling like he is free falling into cold water.

Her mouth stretches to one side before she opens it "That's not it, I just realized we want very different things for our lives. You want to marry, have kids, a white picket fence. And I, I want to help the world, I want to do things that no one did before, I-" She stopped and Adam realized that was the most animated he ever saw her these last two months.

Two months since he bought the ring.

"I can support you, I have always supported you! Why can't we have both?" He could hear the desperation in his voice but he was far more concerned with the absence of a connection between him and the love of his life.

She smiles yellowed and her eyes have a strangeness in them "I don't want any of that Adam."

She gets up and leaves him petrified. He can hear her in the bedroom, in the ensuite. Collecting her things, the analytic part of his mind supplies. The others are shutting down, unable to process the chasm that is opening in his chest.

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Second Start - DPD's Interrogation Room - (1st POV)

You can drop Frank cuffed wrists and let them rattle over the aluminum table. He sighs to calm down but it only comes out trembling. Lifting his head up you can stare at his own reflection. Arguably the only thing in that room that wasn't gray.

Arguably.

He is pale and clammy under the fluorescent light. Eyes sunken dark in its sockets. His long hair with one half dropped over his shoulder and the other shielding his face. He tests the length of the chain passing his fingers over it.

It's just long enough so he can comfortably hold his face in his hands.

They are making him wait so he will break. He knows the drill. Read and heard about it, countless times.

It's *working*.

He stares again at the mirror, his expression like a cornered dog. He can't stand it. The camera forcefully looks down.

A noise at the player's right side startles him and makes the camera snap at the door direction.

A man enters through it. He is impeccably dressed. Fitting black pants, a black shirt, and a black waistcoat, all textured in baroque themes, with golden buttons and details.

His smiles at Pritchard and it glints just like his metal arm, also baroque ornamented cybernetic prosthesis in matte black and an almost liquid shining gold.

He is holding a black manilla folder. He sits in the chair in front of Frank, adjusting his belt while crossing his legs. He is not fully turned to Pritchard, choosing to remain sideways in the chair at a comfortable distance.

He opens the folder.

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Third Start - Megan's Apartment (1st POV)

Adam Jensen is a perfect specimen, Megan thinks. From the golden ratio of his face down to the wrinkling of his pucker.

Too perfect, Megan ponders while correcting the tip of her black strapon over the dilated glistening ring. Adam wiggles his ass, impatient. "Are we doing this or not?" he turns his head back, grinning at her from over his left shoulder.

She sinks in one deep stroke. "God!" Adam exhales out. She wraps her hands over his waist and presses her thumbs on the dimples above his tight ass. A perfect combination of natural

skills and anatomic features. She starts snapping against him and he howls their apartment down.

Shameless and all consumed by the new sensations.

Not mother nature perfection, Megan concludes watching a drop of sweat roll from down his back to his nape while he lowers his head and angle his hips so she can fuck him deeper. Man made perfection. She finally understands, while reaching around and jerking his cock until his voice hits a higher note she never heard him emitting before.

He sags forward, wincing at the pop that the plastic dildo makes when it finally sees the light of the bedroom again. He lays there, sweaty and content in the crook of his arms and Megans knows.

She knows how. She is a geneticist after all. All that is left to know is

Why?

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A Pivotal Moment - Frank's Apartment (3rd POV)

"Tell me something I don't know, *Francis*." And Frank could see the sneer on Adam's lips from where he was sitting in the kitchen.

The stretched strips of pink flesh over the perfect rowed glinting white didn't angered him like it normally should.

A part of him was watching Adam sitting on his sofa, detached. Seeing this angry man on his couch. More metal than meat. Alloy and polymer actually. It didn't matter.

He knew it was an extremely bad idea before he even worded the thought in his mind, but somehow, the decision was already made for him.

(Because the player decided?)

"None of your augmentations were necessary."

Frank couldn't even tell what his voice sounded like, he just knew he managed to put the words out without stuttering.

Adam stilled on the sofa. Hand mid air, holding the tumbler. He didn't even seem to be breathing.

He just realized that he had put his head down, between his arms, when he heard the loud thunk. He lifted it up and met Adam's eyes.

Livid.

"What." He couldn't even form a question, but Frank already knew. He tried to open his mouth "What the fuck do you mean? My arms and legs were totaled! I was shot in the head!"

Frank sighed, as deeply as he could.

"That was what Sarif told me too. And when I asked about all the other augmentations, he just told me *'might as well'*." Frank exhaled again "Something just didn't sit right with me, I asked to overtake your tech management. Sarif agreed, immediately. That was when I knew something was very *very* wrong."

Adam was somehow subsided. Frank could see the anger, the hurt and the grief waving below, like staring at a dark sea.

With a dry mouth, Frank proceeded "I found everything I could. It took me a while to find the original medic report." He wiped the sweat off his forehead. "Your arms and legs suffered deep lacerations, none reached your tendons, you had a gash wound across your navel, but your peritonea and organs were intact. The bullet in your head fractured your skull and created a blood edema."

He swallowed painfully, the worst part is now, he thought, just get over it. "The medical team arrived not even five minutes after it happened. Sarif put the best team, with the best equipment to work on you." Frank couldn't tell if it was sweat or tears wetting his eyes "The chief medic finished the report stating that they managed to revert your state from critical to certain recovery, that the edema was drained quickly enough to not cause any lasting damage."

Adam's face was contorting and twitching in strange expressions. "Why?" He pleaded, in a weak voice.

Frank felt his own lips twisting before answering. "The recovery time was set to be three to four years, the doctor also stated that you would obviously never reach the same physical state as you were before, but would have perfect mobility and quality of life. Basically, you would no longer be fit for any type of combat, or strenuous work."

He could only stare helpless while Adam was processing all that. His metal hand made the leather crinkle under it's grip "And what Sarif did to get to this point without my consent?"

"He has leverage on me, he has leverage on you, and he most certainly has leverage on the resident chief doctor."

Adam let out a long exhale.

"What is more absurd is that he didn't just simply put whatever augmentations he thought it would make you better, he implemented something called, Project Icarus."

Adam eyebrows frowned as low as he ever saw them go.

"Icarus is the name of one of my augmentations. Why would it be the name of the entire project?"

Frank gave up and served himself a shot of the whiskey close to him. He sipped slowly, the liquid and Adam's stare burning equally.

"Project Icarus is out of my legal or safe reach, I would had to genuinely hack to find it, and I don't even know where or what I was looking, so you can imagine what kind of alarms it might blare. But if serves as any consolation, all that I gathered is that it is an extremely fucked version of Inspector Gadget."

The most startling of the noises left Adam and it took Frank two seconds to realize it was a laugh snort he managed to extract from the man.