

Expected Duration: 4 to 6 hours

In game location: Everett

Threat Level: Pink Mohawk (Low Threat)

Job Type: Sabotage

Mood: It's never just business with these guys...

Prerequisites: Some GMs ask for patience for a new GM. I'm asking the opposite. On my runs I want as many people screaming and yelling at each other as much as possible.

IC Description:

Care to take a job with the medium level powers in this city? Keep in mind it's different than working for the corps. When the corps tell you it's all business you can absolutely believe every word of that. With these guys the personal side of the business can come into play. And personal is a lot harder to predict than business.

Louie Sans OOC Requests: Pick your roles Muscle/Magic/Gunner/Face/Matrix.... If I can figure out how to do it this game will be streamed on Twitch for the Grid. We won't be using cameras, however, just voice broadcast.

Runners:

- Flat-tooth
- BitFlip
- Bloodhound
- Cobalt

Mr. Sans wants us to meet up with the J at the Platinum Rose around 3pm on a Saturday. So.

(Four hits on Area Knowledge: Seattle) Platinum Rose a club in Tacoma, and is a thinly veiled front for the Mafia - the Gianellis operate out of there. It's basically an open secret. If you're in with the Family, they won't pat you down. If you're not in, you get patted down. If you have weapons, they turn you away if you don't surrender them. If you give them lip, they'll throw hands.

I sigh, log off of WoVH, and head out after packing up my restricted gear and throwing it in my smuggling compartment. I put the mirrorshades on, grumble about the time, and head out.

I keep the Alpha at home, because this doesn't sound like the kind of job that needs the grenade launcher.

The Platinum Rose has the 1920 old school speakeasy vibe just going full blast. I don't stick out at all.

The doorman gives me a look like "what's a girl like you doing with a gun like this?" as I hand over my Remington Suppressor. I give him a flat stare behind my dark sunglasses and tell him my gun better be returned to me before heading off. I order a Miller Genuine Draft and assense the bar - it definitely has a vibe of machismo, of men trying to one-up each other, and deals being made and broken here.

There aren't any wards here, either.

About quarter to 3, a BFD walks in, giving gang handshakes and such. The bartender pours him a shot of whiskey, and when he swings by to pick it up he nods at me before heading to a back room.

There are two other runners here? One of them is a thin, wiry man in a high-tech wheelchair, and the other is a tall, rail-thin man with a cop-stache.

I give it about five minutes, finish up my MGD, and pay my tab before heading to the room.

He's human, medium build, a little bit of Resting Bitch Face - trying to portray a Tough Guy™ image. His suit is newly made, but an old-school fashion.

When I walk in, he nods again - "You one of Louie's guys?" Yep, I sure am. "... did he send any others, or is it just you?"

I think there's a few others outside? Sure enough, the man in the wheelchair rolls in, followed by a gentleman who seems to fit more with the aesthetic of this place.

The J has four boys gonna make a purchase at the docks on Sunday at 8pm. It's not a protection deal, however - we gotta make it look like they fucked up. Can't shoot anyone, though - no excuses as to how they screwed up. I ask to clarify: we need to make the four boys look messed up.

I ask the J if the guys have a similar attitude to the doorman, and he says they might. I smile and nod.

BitFlip asks for whatever data he has on these guys, which is handed over.

He reiterates that we can't shoot them, so I ask if we can hold them up at knife-point or something similar. He kind of shrugs, and says if he wanted them dead, he'd just shoot them himself (and does a chest thump). They're receiving a gun delivery, but the J won't say much more than that.

The initial offer: 8k per person.

[Bloodhound assenses him: he's got a bit of fear, a bit of bravado, and a sense of 'a big fish in a little pond'... BitFlip notices he has a singular cybereye, a datajack, and some other misc ware.]

Over DNI, Bloodhound asks if 8k sounds reasonable. I say sure, but I am new and haven't quite figured out what the average pay is for the different kinds of jobs. Trying to negotiate for more might not be a bad idea, but I'm not very good at negotiations. BitFlip doesn't have an opinion one way or the other.

Bloodhound tries to negotiate some more cash, but... no dice. If we come back with a good reason as to why we deserve more after the job, he'll consider throwing an extra grand on the table.

We come to an agreement, and the J leaves. I suggest the A&W for our planning, and Bloodhound says he needs a ride. BitFlip says he can take him.

The doorman makes a show of "Oh, don't hurt me little lady!" as I take my gun back from him, but... he's actually a little scared. Bear tells me he's not worth it, and to save my strength for when my teammates are in danger. I nod, smile, and head to my car.

As we head out, we hear a big explosion about six blocks out? I trust GridGuide to take me where I need to go, and look at the police ticker: there was an explosion about six blocks away from the Platinum Rose, and emergency crews are on their way.

Shrugging, I review the data BitFlip gave us: the drop-off is in a B zone in Everett.

[BitFlip looks for a first responder vehicle near the area to try to 'listen in' on. He finds one, and tries to hack it so he can snoop. He gets his mark to find out some information, and peeps on the convo: there was an explosion, and they have a few aerial drones in the area. The feed just shows the streets of Seattle as they make their way to the explosion site.]

He passes the feed over to Bloodhound and me, and over the next 15 minutes, it sounds like a bomb that was intentionally left - but it's not really connected to the Platinum Rose or the Mafia.

As we pull up to the A&W, we see a few new runners getting into fisticuffs... and one of them is Flat-Tooth. And he's throwing hands.

He's yelling about some guy calling him a trog tusker cunt, and the other guy is all, "I just wanted a cigarette!"

Flat-tooth stops mid-rant to greet me, and the other guy sucker punches him. It hardly phases him, though, and he turns to tell the guy he's done with him. I tell the newb if he wants a fist fight, he can tangle with me. The guy flips us both off before heading in. We follow, and I grab a meeting room along with an MGD.

[Meanwhile, our hapless nameless runner tries to seduce the bartender - it doesn't go well for him, resulting in a slap across the face.]

Matrix Search on The Boys:

Vinny: charismatic human, blonde, slim build, mid 20s, has a big mouth.

Vick: Brown hair, medium build, mid 30s, quiet and competent, has an obvious cyberarm.

Valentino: Ork, huge build, obviously the muscle. Mid 30s (middle age for an ork!).

Vincent: slim build, sloppy dresser, graying hair, late 40s. Kind of a loser - should have moved up by now, but he's so bad at being a mobster he should have washed out. Turns out he's a blood relation to the Don.

I mention that if I was part of this group, I'd just shift all the blame onto the washed out Vincent guy. So, whatever plan we come up with might not work if they can just dump all the blame on him.

Flat-tooth and Bloodhound think we should find out more about the other party. I agree, but I don't have the connections and knowledges to help do any research. Flat-tooth suggests calling his gun runner for info.

BitFlip suggests getting the Fabulous Four so shit-faced that they can't even make the meet. Or make them hallucinate, or...

I suggest finding out if they all hang out at a group outside of these "exchanges" - if not, might be harder to 'take care' of them.

BitFlip stalks their MeFeeds, and sure enough, they do hang out as a group within Tacoma: they go to sports bars, strip clubs, themed bars like the Platinum Rose...

Bloodhound and BitFlip send out recon (watchers and drones) to look for information on our guys (and the Johnson).

Mr. Johnson: Bloodhound takes a look, and doesn't have too much luck - just images of him checking out clothing stores and such. He's not necessarily hidden, but there's no real data on him... at least, nothing that his Agent can find. BitFlip does a dive as well - and finds out our

Johnson is Tony Gianelli. He's about one step above the "boys" we've been hired to go after (so definitely not a Made Man). He's not happy about his current position, and thinks he should be higher up. He's hired a few runners before for minor stuff. Ambitious - and a bit reckless.

The four guys we're gunning for are also a part of the Gianelli family.

I suggest flipping through their MeFeeds to see where they hang out on Saturdays - and then check it out myself. I see that Vinny mostly hangs out in Tacoma; BitFlip finds out his spending habits and such, and narrows down his plans on Saturdays - he either goes to two clubs, or two restaurants.

And one of them is by the docks - a boating club of some sort. There are a few nice boats, and three or four really big yachts. Apparently whenever a Mafia guy does well, he can take one of the boats for a spin.

Flat-tooth volunteers to stake it out, since he hasn't been seen at the Platinum Rose yet.

BitFlip gets a mark on Vinny's commlink, and copies everything over for him to sift through: there are a couple of texts to his girlfriend about taking her out to dinner on Saturday - he tells her "it's a surprise, dress nice." There's also texts to the other Boys about meeting at the "usual place" at 5pm on Sunday... He starts sifting through the data, but that will take a bit.

Flat-tooth calls up Niko anyway to get what he can about this gun running stuff. Niko puts two and two together, and realizes that the Gianellis can read a fucking watch.

Also: looks like the gun runner is Matthis, and he runs with about four other people. They do a lot of gun running, but they work up on the north side of Seattle. Must like money if he'll willing to take cash from the Gianellis... but he's fairly smart. Matthis's crew: a few guys, a woman who handles the Matrix stuff, uses VTOLs for deliveries. Runs a couple of crates to 15 crates of armaments. Don't ask him for much more than a rocket launcher.

Groundwork: get bad feels on both sides, to start.

I head out to the docks, post up at the Red Lobster, and chow down while I spy on the yacht club: I spy three yachts, with obvious Mafia looking dudes guarding the place.

Astral perception: there are some Awakened sea animals at the docks. There's definitely a thick "white trash" vibe here, a bit of faux decadence, a lack of restraint - a place Dragonslayer could dig, maybe? No real reserved vibes. A few Watchers checking the restaurant, no real astral wards that I can see.

[Bloodhound failed summoning his Watcher spirit, and took a ton of strain. He ends up taking a nap in the room to sleep off some stun before trying again.]

BitFlip's search finally finishes up, and it sounds like they normally hit up the strip club on Sundays.

Ooooooh, man. We could cause so many problems at the strip club for these guys. Either get them wasted and make them act like fools at the club, or drug them up, or... something.

Ego targets: Vinny and Vincent.

Quiet targets: Vick and Valentino.

Get Vinny and Vincent blasted, use Valentino's ork heritage against him, brick Vick's arm?

Or jack their commlinks and cred sticks? So they show up cashless at the exchange?

Three pronged plan:

Show up to the club, get them wasted.

Cause some issues somehow.

Jack their credsticks and pull off enough to make it look like they spent it at the club, versus keeping it safe.

Maybe get them in a VIP room, get the wine bottles swapped, and watch them get blasted.

TIME SKIP to Sunday at the Strip Club:

We all show up at various times (before 5pm), and I'm the last because I drove around trying to find some food - but no dice. I am now kind of hangry.

Very average strip club. Day shift girls are dancing right now. There's an announcer and a DJ, and one small VIP room. There is no food (except for bar peanuts), a few bouncers, and a few watcher spirits.

Flat-tooth asks for Lily to get on the stage, and sets aside about 500 nuyen for strippers.

I ask one of the strippers where I can get some food when I'm done here. She tells me about a greasy spoon diner that's open 24/7 that has decent soyburgers, and I tip her 20 nuyen for the info.

Soon after, our four boys walk in. Valentino has a duffle bag, he and Vick don't drink, and the other two start imbibing a bit.

There's about 30 other people here, for what it's worth. Flat-tooth makes eye contact with Valentino (like "what's up, bro?"). Bloodhound assenses them: Valentino gives him a return nod.

Vick and Valentino are cool and collected. Vinny is trying act above his station, Vincent is bored and restless.

I review the AR 'menu' - the VIP room can be rented for 200, but if you want bottle service it's 1000. What is provided, though, is... unknown. We don't know how the bottles are provided/delivered.

Flat-tooth is going to pretend it's his b-day, and try to invite his new ork buddy to the VIP room, and crack some bottles. BitFlip goes to pick up a duffel bag that matches the AR specs of the one Valentino has (in case we need to swap out the bag for the people who weren't drugged).

Via math shenanigans and visual eyes, BitFlip determines that the duffel bag is full of credsticks. 23lbs of credsticks.

I rent out the VIP room, ask for the stripper that knew about the greasy spoon. I just pay for the 200nuyen version and chat her ear off about diners, drive-ins, and dives. We exchange stories of our fave places while I do some recon in the room: there's a cabinet for wine glasses, but no ice buckets, no wine chillers, no wine dispensers... you'd have to bring the wine in yourself, or have a stripper or waitress do it. No real cameras, either.

I tip her an extra 50 nuyen once her stomach starts growling.

Around 6pm Flat-Tooth says its his b-day, hires all the strippers, and crams them into the VIP room. Bloodhound goes too (and they both have the wine), and gets some liquor up in this B.

I grab the 'new' duffel bag from BitFlip and convince the doormen to let me pass ("I'm totally gonna shove these plastic chips in between his toes...") and they let me through.

I order pizza for the bar, I guess? And beef tips for me, the bartender, and the stripper I chatted up in the VIP room.

[Meanwhile, two of the four gangsters drink the Laesal wine and pass the fuck out. Flat-Tooth cons the other two into drinking it - and they do. Welp! Flat-tooth ALSO drinks it, and forgets the past few hours...]

I sneak in, start putting plastic tabs in between everyone's toes, and then snag the other bag - while Bloodhound draws on their faces with a marker.

We've ramped this up to a Saturday night riot.

I eventually wrap it up and grab the ork's bag full of credsticks as I head out. Bloodhound works on getting the unopened bottle of Laesal Wine, and getting Flat-Tooth out of the bar. BitFlip and

I go check out the meet spot and take a recording of Matthis and his gang showing up, not doing the exchange.

We give the J to the

RUN EXPENSES:

Laesal Wine x2: 1650¥ (to be divided by runners)

Black Panther x3: 825¥ (to be divided by runners)

Divided by all runners: 619¥/runner

1000 nuyen for the VIP room (paid by the forgetful mobsters)

700 nuyen, paid by Flat-Tooth, for getting the room buttered up and wasted prior to Laesal Wine times.

250 nuyen, paid for by Cobalt, for VIP room scouting (200 for the room, 50 extra for the stripper because I made her stomach growl).

Flat-tooth lost 5 hours of his memory at the strip club.

RUN REWARDS:

9000 nuyen

6 karma