

MILK CARTONS

Expected Duration: 3-4 Hours

In game Location: Private Residence in Renton, Puyallup

Threat Level: Pink Mohawk (Low Threat)

Job Type: Rescue Op/Extraction

Feels: Hopefully Good.

IC DESCRIPTION

//Receiving encrypted handshake... .. //Opening stream... ..

A woman in her late twenties comes in the screen, her makeup is smeared and her hair is frazzled. With her puffy eyes and warbling voice it's obvious she's under duress.

"I don't know who else to reach out too... The Knights are just sitting on their hands, and my baby is missing... I don't know how these things work, but I'm willing to do whatever it takes to get my Charlie back. I asked the Sommelier, and he said go through Louie's channels for work like this... I... I think my baby got kidnapped. Please help. I'll leave my address with Louie, to be forwarded to those hired. Meet me at that address at 6pm. I'm sorry, but I think it's going to need to be rushed. Any... any delay and they might hurt him."

The woman wipes her eyes with a handkerchief and fumbles with the feed for a moment before it cuts out. There is a pause, and Louie's voice kicks in:

"Got some Good Samaritan work for those interested. The woman's name is Tera, and she's the receptionist at The Vines. The Sommelier has also voiced his interested in backing up this woman financially, for those worrying about payment."

Louie Sans

OOC STUFF

Give me your role, SC/NOT/PA, and whether you're doing it for business or feels.

Important: Game will take place Tuesday (2018/01/09) evening for North American folks.

"Dreamer Apartments, off of Renton-Issaquah Road SE. Apartment 204 at 6pm." ((You're In))

EVERYDAY JOES

Kalbruin

Drake

Rook

Flatline

Tried to put my “Kal Hutchins” disguise together, but I was too sleep deprived from the night before.

The apartment isn't too far from where I live, actually, so I spend most of my time putting my “Kal Hutchins” disguise together... but despite my best efforts, it didn't go so well (R2 disguise). I got there at 5pm (only 30 minutes instead of 20 minutes), so I kill some time at a local Soybucks.

The Soybucks is right across the apartment, and there are gouges in the faux-marble floor. I introduce myself to the receptionist, throws her a wink as she gives me permission to go up, and head on my way.

The lobby has a children's play area built into it... hmm.

I get to the door, and briefly change my voice to Jennifer McKinnon before saying that I heard she might need a private eye. Tera looks pretty wiped out - her hair's in a messy buns, and she has bags under her eyes. She recognizes me from the Vines and lets me in. She offers me tea, but I politely decline... and then I see an elf with obvious metal arms and raptor feet.

Um.

We wait for the others (?) to arrive. Another man - human - shows up in a team jersey? I guess he's also a part of this group... he's kind of giving us the stink-eye. Tera makes some real coffee for him. He picks a seat far away from us, staring hard. Doesn't reply when I nod at him, or the raptor-legged man waves.

We're just waiting on the last person... who shows up two minutes before the meet time.

It's Drake. At least I recognize someone else here!

Once we're all here, she takes a seat at the coffee table, and takes a small trid player out. She also gets a bag of tissue.

Her son, Charlie, attends a local elementary school - not too far from the apartment, actually. She thought the area was pretty secure, until recently. With her work at the Vines, she was so busy... she thought Charlie would be okay.

Charlie just turned 11 - his birthday was just two weeks ago.

Drake took over the questioning, and asked how long he'd been missing for. Now it's approaching 25 hours. He said he had to do some tutoring after school (he's a bright kid who likes to help out his friends), but never showed up... his commlink was turned off.

She called the Knights, and someone came over, but she hasn't heard anything since.

She turned to the Sommelier, and he gave her the trid player.

Timestamp: 4:16pm, streetcam in front of the school. Camera feed follows them, then it cuts out and cuts back to another camera. The boys say their goodbyes, and a short boy with chestnut hair (pointed features, lean) starts bouncing down the road. Third camera POV: a vehicle turns in ("electronics company moving van"), slows down to tail the child, and then they pull up and break in front of him to abduct him. They inject something into his neck and take off.

Then the camera cuts into different angles and follows the van, even when it swaps plates and coloring... until the video ends with a "Welcome to Puyallup" sign.

Rook wants to know where she got the video from. Not KE, that's for sure.

"Did you get any demands? Any contact at all?" No...

The final time stamp on the video was about four hours later. Flatline asked if Charlie had any enemies, and I asked if Charlie told her about any strangers hanging around school when they shouldn't have.

Friends: Johnathan Masters, best friend at school. She contacted his parents, and they said Johnathan is devastated by the news. He thought Charlie was sick today.

I asked her if she noticed anything odd, any strange people keeping an eye on her, anything odd... did she have any unexpected maintenance calls?

She noticed someone stalking the Soybucks over the past month, hours at a crack, right outside the apartment. Seemed to stand out, didn't really fit in. Very fidgety man. Rook gets offended at the description, since it fits him to a T.

Physical appearance? Average height, generic brown hair... but a birthmark trying to be covered by his hair. Went by his right ear, kind of looked like a skull. She last saw him two days prior to the abduction. Hung out by the corner of the Soybucks, near the glass windows.

The Sommelier hired her for her memory. Hmm.

She said he used to use the play area all the time... but not for a year. She used to have him checked in at the daycare center till he turned 10 (so questioning the daycare center staff probably wouldn't fly).

Tera's the one to bring up the matter of payment. She doesn't have much, but he's willing to put some money up - 6k per runner. Drake and I refuse to negotiate, haha.

Flatline wants to know if we'd still get paid if the worst came to pass. She starts BAWLING. Drake and I work to calm her down, saying that her son should be safe since they went to the trouble of kidnapping him.

She pulls herself together, and says that we'd still be paid if we got something from him.

Flatline asks if Charlie was like her with the memory, and if he noticed anything in the past month?

Tera said Charlie noticed some people in a flower van, picking up some kids from his school. She just assumed it was parents picking up their children after work, but... maybe not.

((Rook is taking all her coffee.))

Flatline's claw snagged the fabric of her super comfortable couch. Whoops.

Drake gives her his commcode as we head out to the Soybucks. She gives us the trideo player, since we cannot copy the file to our commlinks.

Rook says he doesn't need our help as we head to the Soybucks; Flatline goes to sit in his car. Drake wants to know what everyone brings to the table. Flatline says he's good at shooting and stabbing, along with a side of stealth. He can also run really fast. Rook smiles widely and says he hunts ... "things," and looks at Flatline and me. Tries to intimidate us, but we both blow him off. I get salty...

"Can you turn me into stone for a year and a half? No? Well, then. Try harder."

"Did I hit a nerve?"

"No, you just reminded me of my ex-girlfriend. Guess I'm not over it."

Rook is looking for abandoned cheesecake and suspicious people while I try to get a manager out here.

Our racist (?) new teammate notices a twentysomething hipster with a deck of some sort, looking kind of shady in the corner. ((He assensed him, and noticed some 'ware. Seems to be in AR while 'working'.)) He sits right at the same table, putting his stuff all over his workspace. This hipster is high on deepweed. Amazing. He asks his high friend about the man Tera told us.

"Y'know what, man? Yeah, it sounds like this one creepy dude who sits in the corner... nah, man, haven't seen him in a few days..."

Rook asks Drake for help: "I am not good with talking to people, Drake. Go talk to that man, I will hold your line."

Stoned broseph is devouring Rook's treats.

The manager calls me over and we go to the back office to discuss my investigation.

Drake goes over to the stoner and throws Rook under the creeper bus. "The creeper was kind of like your buddy over there... but no personality." Drake keeps throwing Rook under the bus. "Perpetual look of hate and negativity, y'know?" Saw creepy stalker dude three days ago. "Classic psychopath syndrome, man! Orders a black soycafe, man, who DOES that?" Looked lost when he was looking around.. Dead to the world. "Dude was like a lone wolf type." Then he tries to hook Drake up with drugs.

"Been trying to take the edge off since my Fairlight broke...." How did it break? "Oh, I dropped it!"

The manager said his name was John, and he would order a soycafe, black, extra coffee. Idle for a few hours in the morning, and sometimes at night... did she notice him staying at night more often? "Veronica said she had to kick John out a few nights ago because he wouldn't leave."

He was never rude or violent, just blankly staring out the window. Not really discriminatory towards any of the employees. Always with the 'ma'ams' and 'sirs'. Sounded slightly robotic. Always walked in, from up the street... so maybe public transit?

Drake and I exchanged notes over DNI. Doesn't sound like he was assensing anything...

((Drake and I discuss how Tera works with off-duty KE, and her boss has connections to KE... why would they write her off? Drake says it's not pertinent right now.))

We bring everyone else in the DNI during our private convo and fill them in. Sounds like we're heading to the school next? Flatline says we should check it out, just to see what's going on.

It's a few blocks down the road... with fake shrubbery, and a small park nearby. There are a few people in the park right now this time of night (8pm): a few punk kids, two men sitting at a bench, drinking coffee, and some five and six year olds playing on the jungle gym.

Rook goes to take the punk kids... and they're elf posers lead by an actual elf. He offers them some smokes. "My, I didn't realize they let barren dwellers here at night." Rook cops an attitude right back, saying he's trying to be cool, and to just answer his questions.

"Haha, don't you know who my father is?"

Rook replies with racist stuff, and tells the humans to take their fake ears off. It's not going too well. Drake just laughs at Rook while I go to talk to the dads (I'm assuming?). The elf Chad says he'd call the Pawns if Rook tried to kick their asses.

Rook tries to put his cigarette butt out on the kids' forehead... and the kid screams. GDI. The security guard strolls up to the park, flashlight on and looking about. Drake goes over to the elf and the posers and asks if they're okay.

Rook walks to Flatline's car, and Flatline drives off.

One of the "dads" is the creeper dude. "John." The other guy looks completely unrelated... and walks to get his kids. He bails with his kids.

I tell this guy that I've been hired to look for a creepy dude, stalking a woman (who changes her hair all the time, how would her stalker even be able to find her)... He is clearly lying, and his cognitive skills is way off kilter.

Under his temple, he has a thin scar. Thick across, some stitchwork was done.

His mannerisms are kind of similar to the lady we ran into - definitely a sense of madness, like the woman from the bathroom at the gala a few weeks back. Amazing. I let Drake know that, too.

I tried to put a stealth tag on this guy, but he refused to shake my hand, so... I walked off, stealth tag in hand.

The security guard tells the elf to stop talking, or bad shit would happen... and bad shit happened. Drake takes the kids' side. He says he's responsible for the park as well as the school, and they need to stop loitering. Turns out the guard used to work for Lone Star. It's his new day and night job.

Drake starts to question him, broadcasting his private security SIN. The guard offers to show Drake the video footage in his office at the school.

"John" gets up and goosesteps down the road, southbound. Flatline said he'll get the tag on him, and gets out of his car. Flatline SLIDE-TACKLES this guy to tag him. John's nose breaks all over the pavement. No sign of pain on his face; just gets back up on his feet and continues walking southbound, ignoring Flatline.

"I can't go back to jail, I'm so sorry..." the water bottle falls to the ground. I run over to "dust him off" with the stealth tag. Rook assenses him, and his aura is BLACK. A piece of cyberware is in his head. Damn it all.

He almost gets run over by a car as he walks away.

Rook refused to talk to the guy about elves. "That's racist."

(Drake reviews the files with the security guard: a guy with grey hair and black sideburns comes out of the van, and comes to pick up the kids. He's dressed relatively decent.

The security guard's heard about kids calling sick or absent lately, but no one "missing." Charlie was pretty personable... sounds like all the kids who were taken were popular in their respective classes/activities. He's got a friend - an asshole of a friend - who went to KE when the contract switched hands. He's going to see if they're tracking these disappearances. And he's calling Drake "Poppy."

"Ey, Sunshine! Hi, it's Clown! Clown - from the old days. I got some PI type looking into missing kids and..." He gets locations of the missing kids from the area, along with Auburn and Tacoma. KE isn't saying anything because it's an epidemic. At least 20 to 30 kids are missing. Gave Drake his commcode.)

I call up Macbeth and ask him to track the tag for us, since none of us are very Matrix-savvy. He agrees, and we are linked right into the feed.

Rook thinks on this guy, and there's nothing left to anchor the soul he used to have... and he gets really upset. Might be a very dangerous thing, this "John" guy may be controlled, like a zombie. He says we should prepare for combat.

Rook asks if Flatline has a rifle that's clean, not touched by Flatline. Flatline says, "nope!"

Everyone else brought their weapons, so I have to go home and get mine.

During our arming montage, the "dot" makes a beeline to Puyallup. Everyone else starts pursuit while I gear up; I'll be a bit late :/

The dot stops right at the border of Puyallup and Auburn, and his speed spikes from 10 meters to 40 meters per minute. Going to SW Auburn?...and then swerves around to Loveland? Then he just STOPS.

As they travel, I share a little bit about the gala run, and how our guy John may have a cortex bomb just like her, since the mannerisms are similar.

"John" is standing right outside an old abandoned building and waits. Everyone else posts up to watch him. There aren't any cameras on the building... but I notice a camouflaged van. I mark it with an ARO. When Rook goes to assense, he needs to collect his composure.

In the astral, the abandoned building looks like a Victorian castle, with pools of blood around it. Black shadowy children are walking around the building, weeping blood... and their tears make the puddles.

Drek.

As Drake gets closer to the building, Rook hears the sounds of crying children - and it increases as he gets closer to the structure. It feels like a lodge, and whoever was here was practicing some dark magic.

There are three mostly-human auras in the "castle," along with several children within and below the building. I pop some Guts and it's GO time (almost get addicted).

"John" comes to his senses, and says "Oh, my, this is awkward! The Hand of Five..." and Rooks blasts him with a shotgun.

Rook then kicks open the door, and there are three guys preparing their AK-97s. Time for guns blazing! (He sees a child held in a wooden cage in the far right corner)

Flatline runs in and releases a full auto burst from his shotgun to the first guy he sees and disintegrates his face.

(they are treating this kid like an animal)

Rook blasts away with his shotgun as well, and kills him. One more left.

Drake shoots some gel rounds at him, and he slumps into the table.

I restrain the breathing one, while Drake tries to let the kid out (it's not Charlie). We see a shitty office and a hallway with three doors. One of them reveals a bathroom, and a hand-dug hole into the basement... and there's flame down there. Second door: a shitty storeroom with some haphazardly strewn gear around (AK-97s). Rook loots one, along with some hollow point. Last door feels solid, and Rook can't open it. It's a woman's bathroom with nothing of interest in there.

I kind of take the lead, and then Flatline's behind me.

I hear crying and weeping from various ages. I also feel a "heart" pulsing around me. Unafraid, I go down the stairs and come across a very creepy scene. There's a sacrificial table, surrounded by children's skulls, and children's bones are strewn across the room.. Flatline follows me, and feels very very cold...

I hear kids calling from a cage, and their hands are reaching out.

Rook says the astral veil is very thin here, and that's why we can hear them crying? Rook wanted to see if they're actually living children... but he thinks they're okay. He pulls out a crowbar to pry the door open, but no dice. Drake takes the crowbar instead of my autopicker and pops the old padlock.

Drake picks up a child, and they start clambering up his legs... 13 kids total. Lucky number 13.

As we walk up the stairs, the heartbeat fades. The kids are REAL, and one of them is Charlie.

I call the Sommelier, give him the briefest rundown, and he says we have 5 minutes to evacuate. Also, he's on his way.

Drake calls up "Clown" and wants to know if we can take them to the park while we wait for backup. He says we can show up and he'll help out. We hear sirens as we drive away.

We get to the park, and Flatline terrifies the kids as he boots them out with his raptor feet. Yep.

The guard puts two and two together, and forget who we are. We keep Charlie with us and take him to Tera. He has that 1000 yard stare as I try to clean him up before we take him to his mom. Rook offers him a smoke, because of course.

I let Charlie take my greatcoat and he snuggles in.

It's 1am as we roll into the apartment complex. It's a different receptionist - male, piercing blue eyes, very broad shoulders. He lets us in, no problem. (Flatline says in his car so he doesn't ruin the floors...)

Tera starts crying as we bring her boy back to her. The Sommelier supposedly has our payment; hopefully I'll get my jacket back soon.

Rook wants an hour alone with the guy we captured, but Drake shuts him down. ((Rook makes a call to his contact, and would like to give our captive over to them...))

I go out to the club after we're dismissed, hyped up on Guts and itching for a fight.

((Rook gets dropped off with the captive, and as they're waiting, they just... keep... waiting... A black car pulls up about an hour past the 'meet time', and a sharply dressed man approaches Rook. The Sommelier basically went out in person to claim the captive... and Rook pulls out his weapon. Three red dots pop up on Rook's chest. Apparently he works under Jimmy Bohannon in KE. WELP. Rook reluctantly hands the captive over to the cops... and then calls Drake to ask about him, haha.))

RUN REWARDS:

Drake and I have the Sommelier's commcode.
6K nuyen
7 Karma

RUN EXPENSES:

A service to Macbeth (paid by Kalbruin).
One dose of Guts.