Continuing their quest to find the people who funded Kalihan (who blew up Potto-Otto in the intro and fought the players in the first mission) leads the players to the metropolis of Toulouse on New Toulon. The cities near Toulouse are major shipyards and trading/distribution hubs. Toulouse is the home to many rim-wealthy shipwrights and architects who retire to the wild country sided to live where their wealth affords them much and to dine on the renowned wine and coffee grown in the countryside.

Depending on what happened at the end of the first mission, Kalihan was either Killed In Action (KIA) or was captured. If captured, he could have given up the details of who hired him to the players. If he held his tongue, he undergoes interrogation with Vimi Vindelay to whom he spills his guts. If Kalihan was killed, then the mechanic on board holder is able to pull a few scraps of data from the ship's computer, which say that it left the spaceport on Toulouse several days ago.

(Optional)

Story encounter on Diligence

I like to give players some time to goof off on the carrier that is their home. This is a good way of passing some time as people arrive to the party, or if they want to meet the characters or goof off with their gear. Most of the crew is excited to get some shore leave on New Toulon.

When it's time to start, the team will be called to the dropship bay for a quick briefing by their handler. The handler explains that they will be escorting Vimi Vindelay to the surface to meet a contact who might have a lead on who paid Kalihan. The handler then introduces Vimi, who is a civilian contractor with Human Intelligence (HUMINT). She has a PHD in psychology specializing in predictive analytics. While brilliant and charismatic, she has very little combat effectiveness. It is important that this mission be covert, so as not to tip off the cell that you are pursuing that you have these leads. As such, your cover story is that you are all on shore leave. In so much as such guarantees can be made, nobody outside of this group should know what your mission is. Not the police, not any assets you may turn on the ground, not even nonessential officers here aboard Diligence. "Shore leave" will last three days, after which Diligence will resume its patrol whether you're aboard or not.

Since your cover story is that you are on shore leave, you will be expected to look and act that part. To that end, you will be getting the typical advance on your contract, plus hazard pay. In the file in front of you should be 600 credits. You may swing by the bank to have your digital lucre exchanged for local currency, which some vendors will find more palatable.

The handler also explains that Toulouse is owned by the Bon Corporation, who employ their own police force. The army has no jurisdiction outside of the terrorist hunt. Even if fired upon, a perfectly legal kill would require an official police inquest, which would leave the perpetrator stranded on New Toulon longer than ECSC Diligence will be in orbit. "Keep your noses clean! Or else!"

Toulouse is one of the more developed cities on the rim, but it's still a frontier town at heart. The town is open-carry. For everyone. There's enough different factions, and the company's guns are big enough by far to keep most in order. Transportation through the town ranges from horseback, to ATVs, to rickshaw. It has an intricate canal system that is crowded with gondola who will ferry you slowly long distances throughout the city and the surrounding countryside.

Since this is a well-known location, Players should be given a topographical map of the area, with well-known landmarks provided.

If the players hacked Kalihan's stealth ship, then they have two options for insertion; Use the stealth ship to drop in covertly, or just take a regular dropship to the spaceport. If the stealth ship hasn't been earned, Teacup will fly them to the space port.

(Space port)

Upon landing and disembarking, the team waves goodbye to Teacup and walks out to the space dock which is surrounded by miscellaneous repair and service equipment. Since most of the maintenance routes are locked down, the only way out is up a large ramp marked with a sign that says "to main terminal."

When the team leaves, they are met at the top of the ramp by three Bon security officers; two deputies and the police chief, all with fabulous thick mustaches. Officer Jaques has a grey mustache and short hair to match. He wears medium deputy armor with a gleaming revolver and a matte white shotgun slung across his back. Deputy Bartolone has a hand on his laser pistol which is in the hip holster attached to his perfectly polished white light armor. He periodically checks a computer on his left forearm and scans the perimeter. Chief Hollande wears white heavy power armor without a helmet, preferring to let the populace see his face. The power armor has a large chaingun slung across its back, heavy plate armor and obvious enhancement attachments. All three have an array of CID grenades in easy-to-reach pouches.

“Bonjour, patrons. Je m’appelle Chief Bortolone <My name is Chief Bortolone>. I make it a priority to meet newcomers in my town. We are of course pleased to have public defenders of the ECSC take their shore leave here, but I must insist that while you are here, you leave defending the public to me and mine. Que tu comprends? <understand?>”

///// Deputy Jaques

Strength: 5

Perception: 2

Fortitude: 8

Charisma: 6

Int: 2

Dex: 8

Luck: 15

Inspired by inspector Jacques Clouseau. A complete idiot who is comically lucky. May roll luck instead of most things. Special shotgun who’s pellet hit count is affected by luck. Affected by serious hubris and a ridiculous French accent.

///// Deputy Bartolone

Strength: 2

Perception: 9

Fortitude: 8

Charisma: 4

Int: 9

Dex: 8

Luck: 2

The dutiful cop. A whitehat priest with unlimited counterspell, 6th sense, and cannot be caught flatfooted.

///// Chief Hollande

Strength: 10

Perception: 6

Fortitude: 10

Charisma: 8

Int: 6

Dex: 8

Luck: 4

The law in this town. Wears power armor when out on patrol. The hard limit that prevents you from breaking character and ransacking the town. Has lv 30 chaingun, wrist-mounted grenade launcher, anti-hacking module, radar, and 1200 point shields. Also flashing lights.

Having said their piece, the cops move on to speak to the next wave of shore leave takers. Vimi explains that she has some errands to run, and suggests the party act casual and do what they’d like. She requests that they rendezvous at a hotel room that evening at 6. She suggests that their shore leave act would be more convincing if they split up. A squad taking shore leave together might seem a little odd.

If a character has 6th sense, they might feel as though they are being watched. If a perception DC of 200 is passed, six suspicious characters are identified. Don’t explain who they are, just describe their appearance and behavior. 3 of which are red herrings, one of which is a Syndicate operative, another is a core religious assassin, another of which is a gang informant.

(Market)

Beggar-

Donating to the beggar prompts a luck check. The luckier you are, the better advice the beggar gives you. See reward for tipping the street performer.

Pistol Shrimp gun shop-

Fritz and Hanz-

Street performer-

Juggles geese. Suggested donation is 20 credits. If player donates, they will later get a perk called good tipper, which grants a bonus to charisma rolls in public, but don’t give the perk right away. By delaying handing out the perk, we get to see who tips and who doesn’t. Also teaches that rewards aren’t all instant gratification; the way to get rewarded is to play your character.

(country side)

Graveyard-

Easter egg. Has graves for each player character who has passed away.

+ Kage Nakamura “killed in the line of duty”

Winery –

A long winding dirt rode runs past a small homestead with a sloped shingled roof. A rustic sign hanging from a post on the front lawn declares that it is the HMS vineyard and winery, visitors welcome. Inside, a portly old woman sits on a polished wooden stool behind a polished wooden bar on a concrete floor. She holds a large glass of red liquid which he alternates sipping from and laughing and chatting in French with a gangly teenage boy with strong arms who chats and laughs back while he tidies up.

When approached, the old man greets you very kindly, red in the face. “Bonjour, friends! Come in! Come in! What can old Aunt Louise Get for you?”

Cheap bottle of wine - 80 credits (bonus to bribe)

Nice bottle of champagne - 230 credits (bonus to bribe or flirt)

Award winning Savingion Blanc - 1000 credits (massive bonus to bribe or flirt)

Bottle opener - 10 credits (misc RP item)

On the way out of the winery, the young man stops you. “Bonjour! You all look like you can handle yourselves. Want to make a few credits? There’s a grove of berries that we can’t get to because of the local wild life. Feel like going on a hunt?”

Pass several tracking challenges to find the beast in its cave.

///// Charlotte: the car-sized spider

Hp: 400

Sheilds: none

Speed: 4, but can jump twice per encounter

Attack : bite

Penetrates shields. 20% chance to miss. 30 damage, and target must pass a fortitude check of DC 70 to avoid being paralyzed. Full action.

Attack: web spray

Range 30m, 3m radius, targets hit must pass a fortitude DC of 30 to not be blinded, a fortitude DC of 40 to not get stuck, and a fortitude DC of 40 to not get knocked down. Hunters get a +10 to resisting this attack. This attack may only be made three times.

Attack: drink you

Target must have been webbed and bitten to use this attack. 30% chance to miss. Deals 50 damage, and heals Charlotte by 40 health. Full turn.

Cannot be dominated; nanites don’t recognize anatomy. Immune to poison. May crawl on walls or ceiling. Characters afraid of spiders must pass DC shock check to stop from fleeing. Sees in IR. Upon death, ten small baby spiders spring from abdomen and attempt to consume her and the player.

///// baby spider

Health: 40

Shields: none

Speed: 6

Attack: bite

Same as Charlotte’s

Attack: drink

Same as charlotte’s, but doesn’t need to be webbed and may drink up to 200 health from charlotte’s corpse.

For defeating the beast, the vintners split 1000 credits evenly between you. If a hunter is in the party, they get a special reward.

///// The Vintner’s Blunderbuss

It has a gorgeous polished wood stock. Break action.

40m range

15% miss chance with buckshot

2 rounds,

70 damage

Minimum 5 strength to carry. Deals an additional ten damage to critters. -6% chance to miss against airborne targets.

(Temple)

A large, ornate columned building stands on a lofted block. Mildly haunting chants echo from its halls. Large banners extoll this temple’s particular deities.

///// Father Augustine

A white-robed, fair skinned human with hair unseasonably grey. He’s actually only 53. Unflappable, jovial, humble, but just a little sarcastic. He lives to bring technology’s blessing to people, regardless of race or creed. “ce que peux faire poir toi, mon enfant?” (the ‘t’ in enfant is silent) Father Augustine is also one on the greatest hackers on the world. (Yes, “on” the world. There’s more than one world in the galaxy, dupe) He gets a free action after any counterspell, and may counterspell any warlock ability, as well as plasma fire and some rockets. He also may act on nanites in friend’s or foes bodies.

Strength: 3

Perception: 11

Fortitude: 3

Charisma: 11

Int: 11

Dex: 3

Luck: 2

///// Brother 0x003303

Brother Thirty-three Oh-three is a bit of a hothead. Very passionate and enthusiastic about his faith and order. A little holier-than-thou. He is a warlock specializing in conjuration, sent to enact miracles to bless the people of Toulouse with the gifts of technology. He may even teach the pious some new spells. Brother Thirty-Three Oh-Three carries a Zealot’s Shortsword, which is mediocre as a melee weapon, but devastating as a channel for his conjuration.

Strength: 5

Perception: 11

Fortitude: 5

Charisma: 7

Int: 9

Dex: 4

Luck: 2

Attacks include conjure hellfire, conjure divine fire, conjure vacuum, conjure faceless legionire, conjure water purifier, levitate, induce holy lightning, conjure claymore of the redeemer, conjure shield of holy refuge, conjure false image,

These are the readings of Elder Timothy, our brother in the faith and a follower of the path.

Beautiful is better than ugly.

Explicit is better than implicit.

Simple is better than complex.

Complex is better than complicated.

Flat is better than nested.

Sparse is better than dense.

Readability counts.

Special cases aren’t special enough to break the rules.

Although practicality beats purity.

Errors should never pass silently.

Unless explicitly silenced.

In the face of ambiguity, refuse the temptation to guess.

There should be one—and only one—obvious way to do it.

Although that way may not be obvious at first unless you’re Dutch.

Now is better than never.

Although never is often better than \*right\* now.

If the implementation is hard to explain, it’s a bad idea.

If the implementation is easy to explain, it may be a good idea.

Hallowed be thy namespace.

Amen.

(Police Station)

You go here if you’re picked up for any assaults, murders, thefts, battery etc. The place is built like a fortress. There’s anti-air and anti-orbital batteries on the roof. There’s about 10-20 cops ranging from cadets to the chief and his detectives milling about doing paperwork, cleaning weapons and combing fabulous mustaches.

(bar)

The bartender “Gordie” has a short dark haircut and is wearing sunglasses inside. The bar has a sorta I-want-to-be-swanky-but-this-is-a-frontier-town feel. The music is in good taste, but is being played from a mostly boilerplate stereo system. The lighting is colorful and upbeat, but most of the furniture is made of wood. The beer sucks, but its much better than the bilgewater you can get at the canteen aboard Diligence.

Teacup, Firebrand and a couple of the deck crew are in a corner booth sharing tots, complaining about officers and throwin’ some back.

“Be careful there, slugger. So long as you leave your piece at the door and don’t be casting any of that mumbo-jumbo ‘round here, any tussle among honest folk will stay that way.”

Lager - 40 credits

Scotch - 60 credits

Gin n tonic - 50 credits

Whiskey - 60 credits

Beer nuts - 20 credits

Crossword puzzle - 2 credits

Some thug starts a bar fight for whichever reason is most convenient. Maybe he has a problem with off-worlders, maybe he just doesn’t like the ECSC, he’s tougher than you so someone should hire him as a merc, or maybe it’s your funny haircut. Thug is trained in hand to hand and has 120 health.

(The hotel at 6)

You walk into the hotel lobby and are greeted by the concierge at the desk, who informs you that you can rent the agreed upon room for 100 credits a night. If the party pays per room, they get the keys to the room and shown to the stairs. If they don’t, they have to pick the locks, and pass a DC 40 luck check to see if someone else gets assigned to their room, which could have awkward consequences, like being fined for trespassing.

After a few short moments in the room, Vimi knocks and enters. She asks if you made sure that you weren’t followed. Remember whether they took counter intelligence precautions of any sort, it will matter later. Regardless of how the party answers, Vimi says that she didn’t see any interlopers. She announces to the room that it is probably safe for Bicycle to show himself.

Bicycle decloaks in such a way as to make a dramatic entrance. No matter how high a character’s perception roll is, they can’t detect him. If there is a female player in the party, perhaps he flirts with her. If not, he might decloak in the team leader’s face, remarking to Vimi that he’s not sure if he trusts them. If there is another proud personality in the party, Bicycle might play on this by talking smack about their skills or gear. This is at the GM’s discretion how to play it.

///// Bicycle

Strength: 4

Perception: 12

Fortitude: 4

Charisma: 12

Int: 12

Dex: 12

Luck: 6

Bicycle is an assassin superspy. His call sign is a subtle reference to Dusan Popov, one of the real-world agents to inspire Ian Fleming to write the character of James bond (Dusan’s MI6 codename was “Tricycle”). As such, he has an air of superiority and hyper-machismo with a high-class British accent to match. Also an incorrigible womanizing streak. Primarily uses a PK-7 SD ultra-silent pistol and his stealth cloak in combat, though he prefers to outthink opponents rather than murder them. Bicycle should be a recurring character who occasionally gives side missions but should not be trusted, as he treats the party as blunt instruments that are his assets to be toyed with as necessary, though he has more tact than to reveal this to the players.

Vimi: “Enough, Bicycle. What’ve you got?”

Bicycle: “Your target’s a pro. I’m surprised you were able to take him down. Kalihan isn’t his real name. Neither is Pierre De’Noir, though that’s what he was known as around here. I haven’t seen any trace of the components for the device. It would appear that he met it for the first time on Shikoku [she-koh-coo]. I think he was here recruiting the manpower he needed to pull the job. I’ve got sources that say he met with a couple of traveling mercenaries and spent some time with a local gang. They call themselves Ours Polaire. They’re a racial violence group with ties off world. I’m in bed with one of their rivals. An outfit calling themselves Vupen - ”

Vimi: “I’m sure you are”

Bicycle: <grins mischeviously> “- I haven’t been able to get any intel on what Pierre did while he was with Ours Polaire; their security is surprisingly competent. However, Vupen has a hacker that I think can do it. Pretty girl, short cyan hair. Seems to dress in black. Problem is, she’s taken a rather irrational dislike to me. You might have more luck. My sources say she likes the nightclub in the outskirts. Something about the music. Place closes at 1am, and you could get there by ten if you left now, but there’s going to be a minor delay. ” Bicycle hands one of the characters their gun back after he had pickpocketed it. It now has an improved suppressor on it. “It would appear that my last foray into Polaire’s personnel... files wasn’t as subtle as I’d hoped. Would you mind putting those overcompensatingly large guns to use and clean that up for me?”

Vimi: “really, Bicycle? Again? You haven’t been this sloppy since Orion.”

Bicycle: gives her a peck on the cheek. ”You were great then and I know you’d do anything for me! You and your friends will be great this time too! Now if you’d excuse me, I have a date tonight!”

Bicycle disappears as his cloaking reactivates. The party gets approximately 15 seconds real time to get ready, then the door and window get kicked in.

///// Polaire Breacher x2

HP: 150

Sheilds: 100

Armor: 60% DR 30

Shotgun: range 30m damage 60

Trained hand to hand. +30 to initiative. Gas mask and IR goggles.

///// Polaire Thug

HP: 150

Armor: 50% DR 10

SMG: Mk7 PDW damage: 41 40% chance to miss

Gas mask, IR goggles. CS grenades, Flashbangs.

///// Blackhat Cultist

HP: 80

Sheilds: 150

React: counterspell (+40)

Attack: hax

Attack: arcane blast 30% to miss, 50 damage

Attack: cult dagger 20% chance to miss. Ignore shields.

After the fight, Vimi volunteers to clean up the bodies. She suggests that the party get kitted and take an ATV to the farmhouse. She tosses someone the keys.

(The Nightclub)

A small barn with strobing lights and very loud music pumping out of it sits on the outskirts of the town. Drunken locals bandy about talking about gossip and falling off of their horses. Dress ranges from the rebellious to the I’m-just-off-work-in-the-fields. Locals are unfriendly to “tourists” if they catch that the party is from off world. Vupen muscle guys and social engineer ladies move between a bar, the pit of people dancing and listening to the music and leaning against beater ATVs and wooden fences outside. In the distance, an orchard is visible in the light from the moons. The main farmhouse can just be seen on the other side of it.

If trouble is started, or weapons are seen, the party is quickly overwhelmed by Vupen thugs and bouncers. After some time, cops show and begin arresting and tazing people. Players may wake up the next morning in a cell at police HQ.

Bartender is a man of few words, sort of hard of hearing. He gives a 10 credit discount for friends of Vupen.

Beer - 40 credits

Whiskey - 60 credits

Rave lights - 20 credits

Upon search, they find Taylor with some friends with their feet up relaxing in the rafters. Upon approach, she accuses them of being cops. If the party tells her that they’re friends with Bicycle, she doesn’t know who they’re talking about. If they describe him, she recognizes him as James Flemming, and tell them they can “F--- right off then. He’s no friend of mine.” Flirting with Taylor appears to work, until she steals your wallet and disappears. Same goes for her friends. But she’s really interested if someone tries to hack her. Pass a DC check of 30 to get onto her network, and she’ll ask how you did it. Or mention how much it pisses you off about Ours Polaire’s racial violence, and she’ll agree heartily. Once players explain that they want to get into Polaire’s records to find a target, she says she thinks she can do it, but only if you help her first. Her boyfriend is a hot headed muscle man for Vupen. Sometimes helps Vupen lacebacks with uncooperative or particularly perceptive johns. He got into a scuffle with some Ours Polaire assholes, and they took him hostage to get leverage over Vupen to gain territory. Problem is, Vupen needs the hotel district to find marks. So in two days, Marko will be killed. Get Marko back, and she’ll hack anything for you. Problem is, she doesn’t know where they’re keeping him. She says to meet her at a café tomorrow at 8.

Fritz and Hanz might be present at the club.

Players get tired at 2am, and very tired after 330. They should go back to their room or find a place to sleep for the night.

////////// Day 2

(The café at 8)

A small café with colorful umbrellas and black metal seats that are surprisingly comfortable sits right on the canal. It’s a balmy 301 Kelvins with a pleasant breeze. A slight breeze is blowing northward with some light fluffy clouds in the sky. The moons are partially visible in the sky. Large ships in high orbit drift by overhead periodically, but they are far enough away that they look small like toys. The warm breeze smells of coffee and cinnamon pastries that the many bakeries and cafes that dot the plaza are pedaling for breakfast. Taylor got there at 7, several empty coffee cups sit on the small tale around her mobile terminal. As you approach, a studly looking freighter worker swaggers up to her and brags that he’s from the core and offers to buy her next cup. With neither a word nor a glance, Taylor keeps typing with one hand and flips him off with the other. The worker sulks off looking dejected.

If anyone in the party scans the perimeter, they notice deputy Bartolone enjoying breakfast and watching them subtly from a café across the plaza. If not, he lurks unseen.

As the party gets closer to Taylor, she kicks out a chair for someone to sit in, still typing furiously.

“Take a seat. You should order something. It’s polite.” A touch screen menu is on the table.

Coffee - 20 credits (+ 2 perception for next encounter)

Scone - 10 credits

Bagel - 10 credits

Croissant - 30 credits

“Our friends have three houses that I’ve been to. Cops broke up a party at one of them last night. No Marko, only drugs. Which leaves three others. Problem is, if a party starts at on house then everyone will want to go. So we’ll have to start the band playing at both houses at the same time. One is on 112524 Rider Ave, the other is on 5th and Webb. Both have smoke alarms, but I’ll turn those off at 6 for the party. Meet me back at the club for the after party. Synch?”

Party members respond. Q and A needs to be subtle, or Tay will shush them.

“Good. Don’t be late. Don’t forget to get transportation. And if there’s so much as a scratch on Marko, I’ll burn you. Que tu comprends?” Taylor gathers her terminal, leaves some cash on the table to pay for her bill and disappears into the crowd.

The party is free to prep for the op and feign enjoying shore leave.

(Rider Ave, 6pm)

Breach and clear exercise. Complicated by three pirate mercenaries who have come about being hired to hijack a Sakai cargo ship. Hostage is not in the house. The team finds opiates instead. Also, white spray paint for leaving gang signs.

(Webb St, 6pm)

Breach and clear exercise. Better not shoot the hostage!

(The Night Club, Part 2)

Taylor and Marko are reunited romantically. Taylor promises to help you hack tomorrow.

////////// Day 3

(Ours Polaires den, 6am)

Taylor meets you nearby with some Vupen muscle. She suggests kicking in the door and trying to get the gang boss alive. Players get a call from Bycicle, he says he’s found a way in stealthily through the sewers. It would require holding your breath and swimming through the canal a ways, but there’ll be a much lower body count. Or you could just try to smooze your way in, assuming you haven’t blown your cover.

See map.

(the spaceport 4pm)

Teacup asks how your shore leave was as you dust off.

////////// END

Mission Bonus: No scuffles, no kills

Bicycle appreciates your discretion. He has an arms dealer send you a special silent weapon.

Mission Bonus: All locations visited

Write a report and submit to GM. Logistics officer on board thanks you for your detailed reports. She pulls some strings and gets you an extra requisition

Mission Bonus: Taylor and her BF are united, no harm

Taylor thanks you for your help and sends you special hacking or anti-hacking gear.

Mission Bonus: Assassin team engaged and defeated

You take some of their nice stuff.