

Catch-22

The duo hit a wall when they are confronted by Ros herself, who uploads information into their Mindchips. This gives them a new perspective on the contract as they uncover the many sides of the truth and what they've actually been tasked to do

Eva and I were relaxing in the living room of my quarters with a beer in our hands as it happened. The beeping was quiet and faint at first but it increased in speed and intensity. It was only when we both looked at one another and the television was incoherent that we realised the beeping wasn't ambience, it was in our heads. After 20 long seconds the beeping halted all together. A static, genderless, monotone voice took over all our senses.

"You are both equally as foolish as your employer." And you're equally as creepy. My spinal implant was set alight, pain flooding. My senses were so dulled I couldn't even tell if it was me screaming.

"I am going to give you both one chance to back out. You're in out of your depth" The voice drawled. I don't think so robo-bitch. The pain intensified immensely. I definitely deserved that.

"Hmm.. You are right Eva Silvanus. Maybe you are not so foolish like your companion." Ouch, I wonder what she said. The pain subsides as a data dump is uploaded into Mindchip. The feeling is both violating and overwhelming as information is processed as fast as light. All feeling of Ros' conscience left my body as the fog lifted and our senses slowly adjusted to the room.

Not to soon after the feeling subsided a loading screen popped in my vision courtesy of the optical implant and Mindchip duo. This must be what it feels like to be one of Ros' victims.

My senses morphed into what seemed a memory, but it wasn't my memory. I mean...It feels like my memory? Hey...I don't remember having boobs.

"Rose!" My neck involuntarily cranes to the side. Its Mur...Naked...I could have gone my entire life without seeing that and been fine. Just dandy.

"Get in the bedroom, I have unexpected company coming in a few. Oh and find me my trousers." Ugh, I'm not your fucking slave, my concience spoke, but...it wasn't my concience. The voice was too soft.

We moved what felt to be a up-market lounge to a large bedroom space. There were the trousers on the floor. As we walked over the loud 'wsshh' of the front door could be heard. Then the shouting starts. I duck into the corner hearing thuds of punches.

"I know what you're doing Mur. Undermining the Emperor will get you splayed out and hug by the rafters, I can promise you that. Your little Neuromancer lupa will get you both killed."

Whoever the man was spat the words lupa with such aggression. Sure, Mur and I's arrangement wasn't out of love, but it definitely wasn't money and I wasn't any sort of prostitute.

The door whooshed shut again and I slowly moved out of the room to see Mur hunched

over near the couch holding a rag and an icepack to his head. "So, thats what you're buttering me up for. Overthrowing the Emperor, eh? That is ballsy. Wouldn't have expect that from you."

The memory almost fizzled away. Of course Ros wasnt going to show us everything. Though I guess we know enough and can piece stuff together. She was right. We really are out of our depth.

The room came into focus. Hopefully we weren't about to be dragged into another memory. We both sat still readjusting for what seemed like 10 minutes. "This changes things." I hear Eva say faintly from the other end of the couch. Yeah it does, big time.