

A Universal Introduction

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The Viewer, unexpectedly called upon by an old friend is introduced to a optimistic rookie Netrunner who goes by the name 'Eva'. They are told that they have been called upon by some Fortuna (more like corporate goon) for a contract. How will the new duo get along?

Perspiration dripped down the walls, the poorly ventilated hold was filled with a hundred, drab forlorn faces. I rushed past them as my transponder buzzed in the back of my skull. "This better be good" my conscience spoke to me, remembering the bacon and eggs I had left laid out in my quarters. I opened the message, my optical implant projecting the words into my mind.

"Yo, you almost at the bay? I need you here now."

Jane. Funny woman, maybe there was something there once. She's blunter than a Caligula's knife, her heart's in the right place though. A rarity in itself.

I rushed faster than I thought possible, pushing past hordes of plebs as the med-bay came into sight. The ship had a dull ambience, though with the incessant chatter a vesta wouldn't be able to distinguish. Though I had given up my pure human form many moons ago, part of me was still jealous of the ignorance vesta's unknowingly possessed. As my mind wondered how it would be to have some semblance of normality left, the flashing neon lights of the med-bay strobed above my head.

"For fuck's sake Number 8! Stop gawking and get a fucking move on!"

Well, if the light didn't snap me out of it, Jane's frustration fuelled screeching certainly did. My steps soon slowed to take in the chaos surrounding the bay.

"Jane?"

My voice was a muck in the crowd of doctors. I quickly realised getting Jane, who like usual, was right in the middle of it, to see me would be much harder than anticipated. I pinged her transponder.

"Right in front of you love"

She looked around dumbly until her eyes laid on me, a short, curt smile upon her face.

"Viewer, you took your time" she sighed.

"You try wading through a hundred of those freaks"

She looked at me disapprovingly. A small tut of the head. "This is no place for that attitude. Now go in back, there's someone waiting for you."

Well, that's me told I suppose. We pushed past more of the commotion into a surgery room where a woman stood impatiently. She quickly looked up at us upon entry, Jane pushed past me and blurted out

"Eva, Viewer, Viewer, Eva" with the corresponding hand gestures.

"The fuck kinda name is that? You into some freaky shit?" Ah, she's a charmer. My face must have portrayed what I was thinking as Jane quickly turned towards the door we'd walked through.

"Least I have a fuckin' name. Who even are you?" She looked slightly disheartened at that. A pang of guilt twisted through me. Haven't felt that in a while. Wasn't gonna show her that though. Maybe it was bravado, maybe it was self-preservation. Either or, she was young, and had a cute little face, and I was not about to drag her into this existence. The sooner we got whatever the hell this is meant to be over with, the better.

"The fuck is this about then" I snap at them as they both look between one another



I exhale at the absurdity of the situation " Come on then, what's this about"

