



And now, a message from our sponsors

or

*New Directives*

<b>Mission title:</b>	<i>And now, a message from our sponsors or New Directives</i>
<b>Mission log:</b>	1-07
<b>Mission Johnson:</b>	
<b>Mission reward:</b>	
<b>Participants:</b>	Cogwhistle, Jinx, Schneider

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## 1-07: Leaving Las Vegas

Schneider and Jinx came out of dr. Farsight's bedroom, only partially dressed and gleaming with oil. Both were sore, as their recent ... *vigorous* activity hadn't done their healing anything good. For now, though, it seemed that their mission had been crowned with success – dr. Farsight should be well and good infected now, and he had already succumbed to the by now well-known comatose state that indicated he was communing with the Lords of Mars.

The nurse gimp hadn't really noticed anything untoward, and had in fact enthusiastically enabled the entire thing. Somewhat disappointing, however, his latex suit had seemingly a very good biohazard resistance, for he had escaped apparently uninfected. Not that it really mattered – so far, the Lords of Mars were interested in spreading their influence among the Awakened rather than gathering resources.

Jinx and Schneider shared a look with Cogwhistle, and a slight eyebrow raised on Cogwhistle's part all but screamed a question whether the deed was done. A slight nod from both women gave Cogwhistle a satisfied smile, and the dwarf leaned back on his futon in the corner of dr. Farsight's living room. The women left for the bathroom. A shower and a quick change of clothes later, and they were ready again.

Some time later, dr. Farsight emerged from the bedroom looking gaunt and drained. With some degree of shock, all the three Cydonians noticed that dr. Farsight wasn't one of them. He wasn't a Cydonian. Somehow, despite their efforts, he had escaped infection – though the vigorous attempt at infection didn't seem to have done his condition any good either.

However, he seemed oblivious to why this had happened. He didn't spare a look at anyone else in the apartment – he just headed for his oft-occupied but currently empty bathroom, locked it, and was resoundingly sick into the toilet.

A tingling sensation presaged a message from the Lords of Mars.

*{The Machine | Clockwork | Enemy} must be {engaged | found | surveyed}.*

*Look for a {fortress | stronghold | firebase} in the Puyallup Barrens.*

*{You | division | branch} is damaged. Rest before {annihilating | destroying | obliterating}.*

Cogwhistle, Jinx, and Schneider shared a look. Clearly, the priorities had just shifted. But why?