

The following is an excerpt from the interaction fiction game **TECHNOLYMPUS**.

Before you know it, your glass lies empty. You catch the eyes of The Bartender, but before you can usher them over you are drawn to the sound of hurried footsteps descending the stairs into the bar behind you.

You turn to check the man who enters, as does everyone else it seems.

A grumpy, yet paranoid engineer with an eye patch covering a grisly scar, and a bandana holding back a mess of white hair.

They ignore the attention and quickly settle into a booth close to the entrance, not making any effort to appear less shady.

**Gwon:** *(Gotta be the guy.)*

You abandon the bar and slide into the booth opposite the stranger, who glares at you silently. Their expression stays a judgemental frown, and they say nothing in greeting.

**Gwon:** You contacted me. At least, I'm pretty sure you did. You *are* from Daedalus, yeah?

**Grey:** Keep your voice down. Yeah, that's me. I'm Grey.

**Gwon:** Gwon. Now, you gonna tell me what I'm doing here?

**Grey:** I'll get to it, but first I need to make sure you understand the level of secrecy I require from you, Gwon.

**Grey:** You can get yourself, and myself into a whole lotta trouble if you decide to take what I tell you and go babbling to any of the other factions, ya hear? This can be as simple as you want it to be, but I need your word that you're not the type to go gossiping to all the other Hunters.

**Choice:** How will you respond to Grey?

- *Professional.* "I'm good at what I do. I wouldn't have made it this far if I was gonna do something that stupid."
- *Offended.* "After how annoyingly vague and shady you've been, I still show up and you ask me something like that?"
- **[if Hind]:** *Independent.* "I'm not exactly in contact with other Hunters anymore, so you don't have to worry there."

Grey relaxes a bit into the booth, their expression pondering your response.

**Grey:** Alright then. Here's what you're looking for.

The following is an excerpt from the interaction fiction game **TECHNOLYMPUS**.

They slide across a small device, covering it with their hand to shield it from prying eyes.

**Grey:** “Take it and use it when you find some privacy, it’ll show you the object I need you to find.”

**Gwon:** “Just a picture? Nothing about what it is, or does?”

**Grey:** “That’s none of your concern.”

**Gwon:** “There it is.”

**Grey:** It was moved from its last known location recently, and we know only that...

Grey leans closer, eyeing the drunk at the bar cautiously.

**Grey:** ...that Bolt has it.

Checking the Bolt employee at the bar, you find it funny to think Grey would consider them a threat when they’re that pissed.

**Grey:** Hey! You’d be wise to start taking this seriously.

**Gwon:** Alright, alright. So that’s it then? No other tips? And what about the reward?

Grey sighs, visibly tired of the questions.

**Grey:** 20,000 obols, with cuts to be made if you let information slip, or if you only manage to learn where it is, but fail to acquire it.

**Gwon:** *(20,000?! Maybe this is serious...)*

You lean forward confidently, doing your best to hide your surprise at the large figure.

**Gwon:** I can work with that. You’ve got a deal.

**Grey:** Good.

Grey rises from their seat, giving a look over the rest of the bar with their paranoid, darting eye.

[if Hind] { **Grey:** One more thing. I can see you’re a little light on gear. Now, I considered this when I chose to employ a Hind, so I’m gonna give you this.

The following is an excerpt from the interaction fiction game **TECHNOLYMPUS**.

Grey sets a small duffel bag on the table between you, making a heavy thud despite its size.

**Grey:** Just some extra equipment to make sure you get this done without extra... complications.

You pull the satchel to your side of the table. Taking a peek, you're impressed by what you see, but decide to set it to your side for closer inspection later. }

[if Hound] { **Grey:** You look geared enough to take care of yourself. Perks of being a Hound, I suppose.

**Gwon:** *(Why do I get the feeling I wasn't supposed to take that as a compliment...)* }

Taking half a step towards the stairwell, they look over the shoulder at you one last time.

**Grey:** Remember, don't tell anyone about this. We'll know if you do.

With that, they shove their hands in their pockets and hop up the stairs and out into the rain.

**Gwon:** *Well, that guy was odd. Can't argue with the job though, but hard not to think there's something he hasn't told me.*

**Gwon:** *(Regardless, that just leaves more for me to uncover.)*

With all the possible ways to begin your investigation, you look out around the bar at the figures you spotted before, and wonder if any of them might be a good place to start. Although, it seems that some of them have since departed.