CYBERPUNK 2077

NO_COINCIDENCE

A NOVEL BY Rafał.Kosik



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orbit

orbitbooks.net

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CHAPTER 1

Click. Click. Click. Didn't fit.

Like everything else. Like right now. He wasn't supposed to be here—didn't want to be. Squeezed between a wall and a dumpster in the goddamn pouring rain. Who knows, could be useful. The rain. Reduces visibility, provides a little natural cover. Yeah, the rain could stay.

Click. Click. Still didn't fit. His clothes were soaked. Uncomfortable, but a reminder he was alive even though he shouldn't have been.

Zor should've been dead seven years and counting.

Gray water cascading from an utterly gray sky. The upper floors of the abandoned kibble factory dissolving into a gray nothing. The lower levels of the Petrochem BetterLife power plant looming farther ahead, barely visible. Arroyo—not the quaintest of Night City neighborhoods.

A couple of passersby scurried past—hardly a glance in his direction. Indifferent cars splashed through oil-slicked puddles, spilling onto the sidewalk. Might as well be invisible.

Click. Click. Gotta be kidding me. He looked down at the magazine. Upside down, stupid. He'd already forgotten how to do this. Seven years is a long time. Even muscle memory wasn't spared.

Click. Now we're in biz. Not like it changed much. Not a snowball's chance in hell this was gonna work, not with this team. One in a hundred chance, maybe? A thousand? Wishful thinking said one in five, but even those odds don't inspire confidence.

"*Thirty seconds,*" said the synthesized voice through his earpiece.

Don't wanna be here—don't wanna do this. No way this would work. He looked down at his hands holding the SMG. Then it hit him. He couldn't imagine any other place he ought to be. Couldn't picture any other time or place where he'd fit. Rain, a dumpster and a gun.

And no choice.