

# Chapter 1: The Whispers in the Dark

In the neon-lit labyrinth of Neo-Babylon, shadows clung to the alleys like whispers of forgotten secrets. Anya moved through these shadows with the grace of a specter, her presence barely registering to the few night dwellers who crossed her path. Her latest job, a simple memory snatch from a mid-level corporate drone, had gone off without a hitch. Yet, as she slipped through the city's vibrant chaos, a sense of unease settled in her stomach—a feeling all too familiar, yet impossible to shake.

Neo-Babylon was a city of contrasts. Towering skyscrapers bathed in the glow of endless advertisements stood sentinel over the crumbling ruins of the old world. Below, the streets teemed with life, a chaotic blend of tech vendors, memory peddlers, and those looking to lose themselves in the city's myriad pleasures. It was in this city that memory had become the ultimate currency, traded in the shadows for a taste of power, a moment of forgetfulness, or a chance at a new life.

Returning to her modest apartment nestled in one of the less decrepit sectors, Anya was greeted by the soft hum of her security system disengaging. The room was sparse, functional, with hints of a life lived on the move. It was here, in her sanctuary, that the digital chime of an incoming message broke the silence. An untraceable cipher—someone with means and a desire for discretion. The message was succinct: a job offer, with a payout that dwarfed anything Anya had seen before. But it was the lack of details that intrigued and alarmed her in equal measure.

Sitting at her worn workbench, Anya mulled over the ethical quagmire of her profession. Memories were intimate, sacred even. To extract them was to hold someone's essence in your hands, to rifle through their fears, loves, and regrets. It was a power she wielded with reluctance, aware of the delicate balance between survival and morality.

The decision to meet her mysterious contact came with a heaviness that settled on her shoulders like the city's toxic smog. Rex, her liaison in these matters, was a relic of a bygone era, his scarred face and wary eyes a testament to the life he'd led. The café where they met was a neutral zone, a haven for the city's various operatives to conduct their business under the guise of anonymity.

Rex's revelation hit Anya like a physical blow. Darius Vance—the name was synonymous with Neo-Babylon's elite, a man whose empire was built on the very memories Anya traded in. To target Vance was not just a job; it was a declaration of war against one of the city's most formidable figures.

Yet, as Rex outlined the dangers, Anya found herself drawn to the challenge. It wasn't just the money, though the sum was desperately needed. It was the thrill, the opportunity to strike at the

heart of the corruption that had taken so much from her, from all of them.

Later, alone in her apartment, Anya began her preparations. The tools of her trade lay spread out before her: the neural interface, a delicate web of technology designed to breach the human mind; memory extractors, small enough to fit in the palm of her hand yet capable of siphoning a lifetime of experiences; and the cloaking tech, her guarantee of invisibility in a world where eyes were everywhere.

Planning the infiltration of Vance's penthouse was a dance with danger. Every security measure, every potential obstacle, was considered and countered. Anya knew the risks, understood that failure meant more than just death—it meant oblivion, the erasure of her very existence from the city's collective memory.

As Anya stood at her window, gazing out at the sprawling neon jungle of Neo-Babylon, her decision crystallized. The risks were monumental, but so were the stakes. The job was not just another entry in her ledger of shadows; it was a chance to strike a blow against the titans who ruled from their glass towers, indifferent to the turmoil below. With a resolve as unyielding as the city's skyline, Anya set her plan into motion. She would not just be a thief in the night; she would be the herald of change, for better or for worse.

She spent the remaining hours before nightfall meticulously planning her approach, studying the blueprints of Vance's penthouse, and memorizing the patterns of the security patrols. Each piece of equipment was checked and rechecked, her tools not just instruments of her trade but lifelines in the perilous dance to come.

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