



LYNX

You remember it as if it were yesterday. Once again, he's pointing his gun at you.

The past

Three years ago you were the best infiltrator on the Network. Your profile was impeccable.

Three years ago everything changed: Your honour and your career, all destroyed in an instant. You knew Falcon, you had worked together more than once through the Network. You'd even been hired by opposite factions from time to time in the past. Just like you were three years ago.

Your job was to infiltrate an uranium trafficker's organisation and protect the ringleader until he met with his buyers. You and the other agents were supposed to catch him red-handed. A complex task, but one you'd been pulling off flawlessly: After months of dedication, you had gained that man's trust. As for Falcon, he was hired to kill the guy. Together with any witnesses.

When he showed up, your orders and strategies crumbled like a house of cards. You watched him murder the trafficker and his bodyguards. You watched him point the gun at your forehead. But for some reason, he refused to shoot. He brought you with him, far away from the Network. He took everything from you.

The present

Falcon built a future for you both and you even came to raise a son together. You would never have imagined you'd be a mother someday. You've

lived in a suburban home over the last few years, in total peace and quiet. You accepted everything without a huff of protest: He defeated you three years ago and on that day you lost your freedom. As if that wasn't enough, your health has been getting worse. Falcon didn't even notice, but you know you don't have much time left: Prolonged contact with uranium has worn your body down. If you're doomed to die, you want to get your revenge for every wrong you've suffered.

This morning you brought your son to safety in the custody of a contact, all without Falcon's knowledge. You left him a letter, styled like those from the Network, and you signed it with Serpent's name: He's, the client that had assigned him that damned hitjob. With few cutting words you gave him a new order: If he cares about his son's life, he'd do well to eliminate the target at the specified address, all before sunset comes. Once again, he will discover that the target is you.

You came here unarmed, but you don't just want to end your own life. You want Falcon to put an end to your misery and give a start to his own. But you still have a smidgen of honour left in you: You have written a second letter, one where you confess all the truth about your long years of imprisonment. He doesn't suspect a thing. He thought he was acting in good faith. The fool.

Nota bene: Don't drop the charade before the last phase of the game. Cook Falcon over a slow flame.

You're dying: The illness is implacable and you only have a few weeks left. Nobody can save you.

The future of the child is in your hands: After Falcon has read the last Letter you are free to declare his fate.