

Indie • Media • Group (Neo Vegas) Presents

BETWEEN THE LINES



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Hour News, Hour Way

#Region

Falling Aurozep Litters Badlands

Dozens of dust-runners, nomad scouts, and even a couple of twitchy joyboys on the edge of the Strip are screaming the same story across the net: a massive unmarked aurozep—corporate silhouette, running lights killed—came screaming out of the midnight sky around 0300 last night, trailing plasma fire and shedding debris like cheap chrome. Witnesses say it hit the dunes south of the old Hoover wreckage hard enough to light up the horizon like a cheap CHOOH2 explosion. No mayday, no transponder ping, nothing. Local authorities, Militech security, and the local sec teams? Radio silence. NetWatch hasn't even bothered to post a denial. Could be a hoax, could be a black-bag op gone sideways, could be the start of something ugly. Scav crews already gearing up, but if you head out there tonight, bring more than a monowire—rumor says the wreck's still sparking and whatever was inside might not be done killing yet. Stay frosty, choombas.

#Strip

Red Rock Casino goes Full Militech

After the string of ghost-protocol heists that cleaned out three high-roller vaults last quarter, management just doubled their Militech kill-squads on site. Chrome-jawed boosters with Militech "Riot Pacifiers" and smart-linked monowhips now patrolling every floor. Edgerunners, take the hint—unless you wanna test how fast those new smartguns cycle.

#Society

Big Shout to the Kovacs Family

Those two net-jockey lovebirds are locking chrome this Saturday—renting the entire East Wing of the Cosmopolitan for the blowout. Full Arasaka-grade security, reelfood caterers, and enough synth-champagne to drown a nomad pack. If you're crashing the afterparty, bring your own icebreaker and don't flatline the open bar.

#Entertainment

Watson Whammers Roll into Town

The ex-champ roller-derby crew's here for their "charity" exhibition at Ceasar's Arena—facing off against lucky lotto tickets who paid 5K eddies each for the privilege! Street says the whole thing's just a corpo-sponsored cash grab for the sponsors (looking at you, Biotechnica and their "feel-good" ad budget). Real charity? The losers get cyber-replacement discounts. Don't get played, gonks.

Razor Ramirez Goes Platinum then Owns the Cosmo Runway

"Neon Shadows" just went platinum and now the king of Neo-Vegas guitar violence is strutting the Cosmo catwalk in a matte-black Militech "Riot Prince" longcoat with glowing smartgun pauldrons.

On his arm is Luna "Ghostwire" Reyes, in a BladeThread™ holo-microdress (color-shifting synth-leather with autotarget smartlink garters), she's officially the cutest and deadliest arm candy at the Chrome and Carnage Fashion Show.

The Kovacs newlyweds and Jax Killswitch of Watson Whammers are attending the afterparty for the "New Threads/ Lethal Tech" themed show. A handy theme for Razor after slamming his single straight into the Net from the Stratosphere roof with raw feedback loops and lyrics that straight-up name Arasaka's new arcology as "the chrome coffin." Ouch!

The full neural-sensory 'dance is melting brains in every pro-militech club on the Strip. Fans are jacking in so hard the grid flickered twice.

Ghost in the Casino Braindance Goes Platinum

Indie studio Mirage Minds just dropped the hottest BD of the month: a full immersion heist sim where you play a netrunner cracking the Bellagio vaults while dodging security and net Black ICE that feels way too real. Already three users flatlined from feedback overload and the thing's still climbing the charts. Critics scream "art," corpos scream "IP theft." Grab a bootleg copy before they memory-hole the whole release.

#Crime

Clean Slate Offers Reward for AV

CEO Potterson announced. Private-op black-bag crew "Clean Slate" just hit the dark feeds: one of their ghosted AVs vanished mid-job last night, clean lift, no trace. CEO Denny Potterson is personally guaranteeing a fat stack of eddies (plus ripperdoc upgrades) to anyone who drops solid intel on the thieves. No questions, no corpo heat. If you saw a matte-black aerodyne hugging the dunes or lighting out around the badlands or city, jack in now—Potterson's crew doesn't ask twice. Stay frosty, choombas.

Valentinos Claim Fremont Depths

Those rose-tatted gonks just finished a four-hour chrome slaughter in the underpasstunnels beneath Fremont Street—wiped out the last 6th Street holdouts with monowire and flechette storms. Tunnels are now wired wall-to-wall with auto-turrets. Solo jobs down there just tripled in eddies, but most crews are already calling it "suicide alley." Stay topside tonight unless you like becoming tunnel decor.

Militech AV Heist over the Dunes

A heavy-lift Militech convoy got ghosted mid-flight last night by the Dust Devils nomad pack. Payload: six crates of bleeding-edge smartlink cyberarms fresh off the assembly line. Corps dropped a 50K euro reward for any runner who can ID the crew before their AV kill-squads turn the desert red. Black-market prices already spiking—your local ripperdoc's phone is probably melting.

