

“Well now that I've got what I want, you'll just have to sit there and wait.”

He opened what appeared to be a modified tape deck mounted into his forearm. He jams the tape into it and closes it with a tap.

He was a pretty uncommon protogen, even for the ScrapHeap. He wore leather (Though actual animals don't exist out here) boots and chaps, with a full greaser style jacket. The only modification that didn't seem standard was said wrist mounted tape deck. A dirtied and worn cowboy hat lay in between his ears, almost covering the tip of his visor.

His visor flashes away from his normal face for a split second before returning to a smirky grin.

“So um...” I finally said “Could you at least untie me?”

To be fair, I could've probably wiggled out of the rope around my hands. He was being very gentle when he tied the knot.

“Well then that would defeat the purpose of all of this.” He leaned against the partially destroyed wall with a wink. His visor screen flickered.

“So I guess since I don't have much of a choice, why don't you tell me what you want on that relic of a storage medium? I mean I really don't think you'd go through all this effort tying me up like this to listen to some crusty ass music tape.”

He starts picking at some exposed wire coming of the tape deck.

“Well you're right on that front, but buddy I can tell you've only been here a short while. Hell, I could smell that new plastic smell from a mile away.” He paused “I remember coming outta that damned factory and that smell when they slip this damn helmet onto your face. Anyway, whats on the tape don't matter. At least to me.”

“So what, you've been hired to get that tape?” I readjusted on the hard floor.

“More or less”

“And what's all the fuss then?”

“I dunno, someone with some serious credits to throw around thinks they want it. Could be old world nuke codes for all I care.”

The top of the building we were in was bombed out, and the sun showed very brightly through the gaping holes in the walls. The image of a destroyed city skyline was highlighted in a vivid orange backdrop. Below, waves crashed against the flooded buildings.

We were in an old living room, I was sitting on the floor next to a bar.

The stranger moved to the moth-eaten sofa and sat down with a resounding thud, creating a sizable dust cloud. He looked over at me.

“Well I guess it's time to decide what to do with ya”