

Yoshi loved the background noise the most: the whiz and whirl of the electronic bells from the virtual games, the click-tink of pachinko balls as they made their way down the old-fashioned, mechanical machines, the drum of voices wagering over five-card stud or mahjong. The white noise allowed Yoshi to work on the books efficiently, and that skill earned him the respect of the oy-abun, enough that Shinohisa-sama put him—an accountant!—in charge of Khaosan Road's gambling operations. It was a radical change in Yoshi's lifestyle. He had to carry a gun and learn how to shoot. He even got stabbed once, right before Hohiro and Watanabe intervened. He learned how to order murders. Not many, just enough to ensure things work. The Yakuza did not believe in indiscriminate killings; they preferred surgical precision.

"That's him," Hohiro said, pointing to a sharp-dressed Caucasian man sitting at one of the virtual pachinko machines.

"How's he doing it?"

"We can't figure that out. But he's winning too consistently to not be cheating."

Yoshi studied the man. He appeared to be in his mid-twenties wearing a tailored crimson suit and sneakers. He might have been an American tourist. They thronged through Bangkok these days, and good thing too. The war years had emptied the casinos. Conscripts don't make much money, and there simply weren't enough mercenaries to fill the four Yakuza casinos on Khaosan Road, let alone the rest of the sprawl.

"Have Watanabe-san check him out and raid his commlink."

"Yes sir."

Soon Watanabe cruised into view. Watanabe and Hohiro were the go-to men in the casino, acting as Yoshi's bodyguards and general troubleshooters. One of Yoshi's skills was management, finding the right people to do the work. He could not have been happier with these two.

"Sir, could I talk to you?" Watanabe's voice crackled over the audio feed. "Sir?" He squatted down and took a better look at the man in the red suit. "Shit."

"What is it?"

"He's dead."

"What? Then who is cheating at his game?"

"I don't know sir," Watanabe said. Yoshi could see him searching through the man's jacket. "Doesn't look like he was shot or stabbed. Maybe brain-fried."

"Hohiro-san?"

"Just a minute. I—" Hohiro flinched. "His commlink is running some pretty heavy IC. It's going to take a while."

"Wait. How much money did he win on that game?"

"Um, 3,420,000 nuyen."

"On a five-nuyen machine? Leave the commlink for now. Check all the other virtual machines. I want a complete tally of payouts."

Yoshi heard Hohiro grumbling under his breath but didn't care. He said to Watanabe, "I want someone on the camera feeds for the last few hours, covering the whole time that guy has been here. Then cart the body to the office."

Twenty minutes later, the corpse in the red suit lay on the office floor. Yoshi felt bad for Miss Kinjo, his secretary. She stood calm, though a bit white-faced, as Watanabe deposited the body on the floor, and then she said, "Mr. Shinoda, I'll answer calls from your private lavatory until seven o'clock."

"She'll be fine," Watanabe said after she left. "Father's family is five generations in the association."

"I'm aware of her résumé," Yoshi said. He liked Miss Kinjo and didn't want to see her upset. "What can we figure out?"

Watanabe poked at the body. "Suit's new. There's a receipt for it in his pocket. Sunburned. So, he probably hasn't been here long. He was most likely a tourist. Get anything off his 'link?"

"It has Black Hammer loaded," Hohiro said. "I can't get in."

"Huh."

"Here's the tally on the machines, Shinoda-sama." A list of numbers rolled across the screen. Yoshi cursed.

"They tampered with every machine! Every single one! Small variances per game, so we wouldn't immediately notice. I bet they set this guy up, so we'd look at him while they stole all of our money. Okay. Get that commlink open. I want to see what we're dealing with."



"Whoever did this is still stealing from us," Hohiro said.
 "Can't be helped if we want to catch them. I want traces."

That was Monday evening. It turned out that the thieves who stole from the casino and killed the man in the red suit made off with over four million nuyen, paid out over five hours to thirty different certified credsticks. All the Matrix traffic for these transactions had been routed through the dead man's commlink, cleverly enough that Hohiro couldn't unravel it, and neither could Yoshi's IT guy.

"Must be technomancers," the IT guy said.

"Bullshit. Plenty of good hackers before those freaks came around." Hohiro was angry. He did not like losing, and on top of that the Black Hammer had hit him a couple of times before he could jack out. A blood vessel had burst in one eye, and he'd had headaches ever since.

Now, almost twenty-four hours later, Shinoda Yoshinori and Watanabe drove to Shinohisa Takuro's penthouse near Siam Square to deliver a personal message of his failure to the Kuroiban-gumi's oyabun. The loss of over four million nuyen in a single evening would mean that Yoshi would definitely lose his position, and probably a finger. The oyabun was a traditional sort. The entire ride to Siam Square, Yoshi tormented himself with visions of his punishment. Maybe the oyabun would install some persona chips and place him in a bunraku parlor. Yoshi had been told he looked a little like J-pop idol McGroove, who was known for his scandalous and kinky sex life. Or perhaps Shinohisa-sama would just kill him, grind him up and serve him to orphans on New Year's Day. Yoshi heard about that once.

In the elevator, Yoshi told Watanabe, "I accept full responsibility for this. You can return to the casino. You're in charge until Shinohisa-sama decides otherwise. Hohiro is in charge of security. Miss Kinjo knows most of the books."

"With due respect, sir, if you are missing a finger then you'll want me to drive you home."

"Thank you, Watanabe-san."

Twenty-fifth floor. The elevator door opened and the two men stepped into the foyer.

"No guards," Watanabe said. Normally there were two suits here, toughs like Watanabe himself. Now there were just a couple of umbrellas in a stand next to the elevator.

Yoshi typed his passcode into the door. The oyabun's suite occupied the entire top floor of the building, and included rooms for his mistresses and personal guards. The front area was done up to look like the interior of a traditional Japanese meeting hall.

Like the one in Osaka castle, Yoshi always thought when he entered the room.

Except this one had seven giant, glass jars shaped like Asian pears. The base of each jar was nearly a meter wide, widening to a meter and a half toward the top. The seals were blue wax and inside was a golden liquid.

"Shinohisa-sama!"

Each of the seven jars held one of the Kuroiban-gumi's leaders,

including the oyabun. They floated in the yellow fluid, naked to the waist.

"Watanabe ..."

"I see it. Stay here while I check the rest of the apartment."

While he waited, Yoshi stared at the jar containing Shinohisa-sama. The old man floated before him, composed except for a slight grimace, no more than a turning of the upper lip.

"What happened here?" Yoshi said to the oyabun.

"Sir?"

"Yes, Watanabe?"

"Two of Shinohisa-sama's servants and his mistress are in the bedrooms. Murdered, but in a more conventional way. Swords, I think."

"Thank you, Watanabe."

Watanabe holstered his gun, snooped around the jars for a while. A commlink started ringing somewhere in the house. Watanabe ran off looking for it.

"Yes? What? No, this is Watanabe Osamu. Yes, I work for Shinoda-sama. Rama Plaza Casino. Yes. No, you can't. Don't be belligerent, he's dead. Someone hit the oyabun's house. What? Tell me."

Watanabe listened in silence for several minutes, giving occasional grunts. Yoshi logged into the apartment's security system and called up the last several hours of footage. One minute the guards were at their post outside, the next they were gone. He couldn't find any telltale signs of tampering, though he wasn't much of a hacker and wouldn't have caught a well-done job. Best to have Hohiro and the IT guy—what was his name?—take a look later.

"Sir?"

"Yes?"

"Whoever did this also hit Redmond A-Go-Go. It was the same thing with the jars."

"That's the place with the orks. Run by Kugo-san?"

"Yes. Kugo-san is dead."

"I hated that place. Sorry to hear about Kugo-san though. How many people were over there?"

"Five."

"Who found Kugo-san?"

"Suzuki Ruri. She's the madam."

"We need to get Hohiro over here to take a look at this system. Tell him to send people over to secure Kuga-san's place. Locate Ito no Nanke, the priest."

"He's in the jar, second from the right."

"Damn it!"

Watanabe seemed to be considering something.

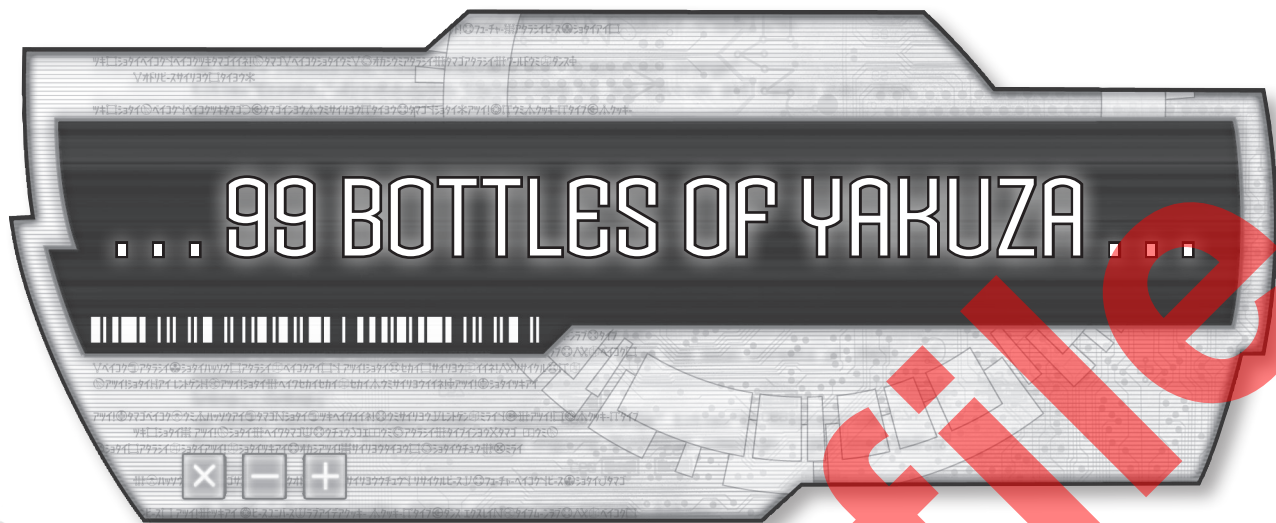
"Shinoda-sama, you realize this makes you the boss?"

"What?"

"Sir, you are the oyabun now. You outrank everyone else that's alive."

Yoshi sank to the floor. His week couldn't get any worse.





INTRODUCTION

99 Bottles of Yakuza is an adventure designed for *Shadowrun, Twentieth Anniversary Edition*. It is designed for experienced players and moderately experienced characters, although it can easily be modified for all levels of play. Players should stop reading now, since the following reveals the plot and details of the adventure and will ruin the mystery and dampen the pleasure of actually playing in the adventure.

PREPARING FOR THE ADVENTURE

Although all you need to run *99 Bottles of Yakuza* is *Shadowrun, Twentieth Anniversary Edition*, it will be helpful to have *Arsenal*, *Augmentation*, *Runner's Companion*, *Street Magic*, and *Unwired*. GMs should rework anything that doesn't fit their campaign or play style.

ADVENTURE STRUCTURE

99 Bottles of Yakuza introduces the characters to a new threat in the Sixth World, the Kalakedar cult, and plunges them deep into the intrigue of Thailand's civil unrest and the schism between the Old School and New Way factions in the Yakuza. The *Land of Smiles* section deals with getting your players to Thailand if they are not natives or expatriates living in the Bangkok sprawl.

The runners are hired by the newly promoted oyabun of Bangkok, Shinoda Yoshinori of the Kuroiban-gumi, who hires them for an investigative mission. He is eager to find out who is attacking his organization and leaving strange calling cards behind: members of the gumi pickled in giant jars. This mission will require a mix of skills, including social, stealth, and combat, especially as the team nears completion of the assignment.

What you see written here should be considered a guide. Your players' actions will determine the flow of the story, and the gamemaster will need to make adjustments to keep the plot moving while dealing with the unpredictable nature of human players. Don't be afraid to let the players take actions that go against the thrust of the story; run with it, and see where your story takes you.

Each scene offers some suggestions when players' actions cause them to skip scenes. In addition to scenes connected directly to the main plot, there are number of side plots and distractions. These red herrings (and any that your players pursue on their own) are designed to get the characters searching through the city. Feel free to play around with the story so it becomes whatever you need it to be for your gaming group to have fun.

A RACE AGAINST TIME

The runners have a very real deadline to complete their assignment, and this should be made clear to them in the meeting with Nicole Triumph and Shinoda-sama. Every day beyond the first, more Kuroiban-gumi Yakuza are killed. This affects the team's bottom line—they receive a bonus for how many of Shinoda Yoshinori's men are left at the end of the mission. Also, if they elect to fight with the Yakuza against Kalakedar, having more men on their side is certainly helpful.

Once the team accepts the contract, for each day that passes roll 2D6. The total number is the number of Yakuza that died that day. This means the team has between six and thirty-six days to figure this out, as there are seventy-two Kuroiban-gumi in Bangkok. Watanabe, Hohiro, and Shinoda should be the last to die, in that order.

MAIN SECTIONS

This book is divided into several sections designed to assist you:

- **Preparing to Play:** This contains a plot synopsis, background info, along with other useful tidbits and data.
- **Adventure Scenes:** The adventure itself, broken down into individual scenes.
- **Legwork:** Summaries of information and data the characters might find during research.
- **Cast of Shadows:** Profiles of the primary NPCs with whom the players will interact.
- **Player Handouts:** Information designed for players.



The adventure plays out over several scenes. Which of these your players participate in will depend on their decisions and actions during the adventure. Each scene contains some or all of the following subsections:

- **Scan This:** A brief summary of the events in the scene.
- **Tell It to Them Straight:** A text section that can be read directly to the players or paraphrased when the player characters reach specific points in the scene.
- **Hooks:** Descriptions of ways that characters might be encouraged to play a scene.
- **Behind the Scenes:** The mechanics behind each scene, including NPC motivations and any secrets or special instructions for the scene.
- **Subplots:** Secondary adventures—or red herrings—that offer avenues for gamemasters to develop to make the adventure less linear for players.
- **Pushing the Envelope:** Suggestions for gamemasters on altering the scene to challenge more experienced players or more powerful player characters.
- **Debugging:** Suggestions for getting the adventure back on track if the character's actions derail it.
- **Places of Interest:** Locations featured in the scene, including descriptions and ratings of security and Matrix systems.
- **Grunts and Moving Targets:** NPCs in that particular scene. NPCs that are featured in multiple scenes are found in the *Cast of Shadows* section.

PLOT SYNOPSIS

Ever since Crash 2.0, Bangkok has experienced a resurgence in popularity as a tourist destination. It also restored itself as a major business center in Southeast Asia and enjoyed the rapid improvements in lifestyle that the intervention of the Japanacorps brings. Thanks to the presences of Renraku, Mistuhama, Shiawase, and smaller Japanese corporations, the Yakuza came to dominate the underworld. In particular, the Kuroiban-gumi has ousted the Triads from their stranglehold on the Golden Triangle drug trade, and more firmly established themselves in the lucrative prostitution and gambling industries.

All of this is about to change. A new underworld faction is moving into Thailand from India. They call themselves the Kalakedar. While they involve themselves in crime the way a syndicate would, they are organized similar to a cult. Inspired by fundamentalist Hindi nationalism, the cult seeks to establish itself in places where Hinduism has historically held dominion, namely the Indian subcontinent and Southeast Asia. Until now, Kalakedar has remained in the background, quietly gaining strength and numbers in India and the Bangla Commonwealth. One ambitious warrior-priest in the cult, Skanda Nair, wants to take over Bangkok, and he has devised a plan to quickly destroy the Kuroiban-gumi using the cult's magical skills. He reasons that if he can move swiftly enough, the Yakuza's corporate backing and technological resources won't save them.

All of this comes at a difficult time for the Kuroiban-gumi. Although their profits are soaring, thanks to the Japanese influence in Thailand, the last several years have seen divisions and outright fighting between members of the gumi as the organization tries

to find its path between the traditionalists and those who wish to find a New Way for the clan in the Sixth World.

In addition, the rest of Bangkok's syndicates aren't merely fading into the night. The Yellow Lotus Triad in particular seems to have found new backing through a backroom deal with NeoNET. The megacorp sent Marcus Lent, a corporate spy and facilitator, to help the Triads take back the streets in exchange for support sabotaging Renraku's Matrix operations. One of the techniques that Lent is using to fund the Triad is hacking the Japanese casinos, using the Yakuza's own money against their corporate backers.

When the adventure starts, Kalakedar's operation against the Kuroiban-gumi has been active for five days. Early on, luck allowed them to eliminate the oyabun and most of his senior advisors. This has left Shinoda Yoshinori, a casino manager and accountant, as the senior member of the Yakuza in Bangkok. Although he's only a bean counter, the kumi-in respect Shinoda. They will follow him as long as he gets results. As the adventure progresses, more Kuroiban-gumi members are killed by Kalakedar, threatening Shinoda's role as oyabun.

Shinoda knows he is in over his head. He is reluctant to call his superiors in the Watada-rengo back in Japan, because he is worried that he will be held responsible for the attacks and the staggering losses at his casinos. Instead, he calls on an old friend, Nicole Triumph. Nicole is a fixer in Bangkok with a reputation that is respected across Southeast Asia. She finds and hires the runners to track down the people who are attacking the Kuroiban-gumi. The contract is for investigation only, but once the team starts digging into the Bangkok underworld, they will find people who do not want them there. From other syndicates to the Kalakedar cult itself, the runners will have many opportunities to utilize their skill sets.

Once the runners figure out who is behind the attacks, their contract is finished. At this point, Shinoda-sama offers them a substantial bonus to help the Kuroiban-gumi (and possible the Hodo-kai, if the team played their cards right) in their attack on the Kalakedar. The runners are by no means obligated to help; Shinoda-sama understands that attacking a magically powerful cult is a dangerous undertaking. But it will get them a lot of nuyen and some serious respect from the oyabun of Bangkok. The runners might also be faced with a dilemma at this point, as Marcus Lent and Falah Almarri are willing to pay the runners to sabotage the Kuroiban-gumi.

Depending on how successful the runners are and what choices they make, there could be serious repercussions to the stability of Bangkok's underworld and the politics and economics of the country.

BANGKOK AT A GLANCE

Bangkok, Thailand is one of the largest sprawls in Southeast Asia and the region's economic center. Long a tourist destination and playground for affluent Americans and Europeans; the economy and tourist trade of the late 20th and early 21st centuries fell into ruin when Thailand became involved in wars with its neighbors. The Japanese then came in and set up a puppet government. Now Bangkok is once more a tropical paradise. The only fly in the ointment is a magician calling himself Niranam, the Nameless One, who claims to be the rightful king of Thailand and leads a revolutionary movement from hidden rural strongholds.





INCOMING FEED.....

The sprawl is a very cosmopolitan place, with large numbers of immigrants from India, Pakistan, Malaysia, China, and other Asian countries. The drug and sex trade thrives here, and many tourists come to indulge their vices rather than see the elephants and impressive temples.

SECURITY IN BANGKOK

Since Crash 2.0 and the insurrection by Niranam, Bangkok has come under watchful Japanese corporate security. The Thai military patrols the major centers of commerce and entertainment, and numerous megacorp compounds have their own security. While police and military presence is high; they mostly ignore the shadows. Murders get solved no faster here than anywhere. Thailand is fighting an insurrection, however, so flashy displays of magic, explosions, and automatic weapons will attract the authorities, and they generally respond with milspec hardware.

Assume that most places within Bangkok's core districts and tourist areas (Sukhumvit, Khaosan Road, Pattaya) will receive an armed response within five minutes of heavy fighting. Outlying areas (such as Wat Rajsingkorn, Old Chinatown, or the Imperial Saffron plant) have a fifteen-minute response time. Police do not respond to knifings, rape, or mundane crimes in a timely manner unless the crimes occur in front of either them or a large group of tourists, in which case they bring the hammer down.

Astral security in Bangkok is light, primarily because of the lack of magical support on the force. Each police district has a few magicians on site, mostly to support anti-terrorism units or aid forensic investigators. Drones are plentiful, with MCT supplying a camera drone for nearly every building and traffic light in the sprawl.

Renraku's Securitech International holds the contract for Bangkok's Matrix grid. Like the street patrols, they ignore the bulk of crime. Matters of terrorism are the primary interest the security forces in Thailand, and Securitech has developed several complex algorithms to ferret out revolutionaries, Islamists, and communist forces.

BANGKOK MILITARY POLICE (Professional Rating 2)

While trained by Japanese security forces, the Thai military has yet to meet the same level of esprit de corps and efficiency.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
3	4	3	3	2	3	3	3	6	7	1

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (B/I): 14/12

Skills: Athletics skill group 2, Close Combat skill group 3, Firearms skill group 3, Gunnery 3, Heavy Weapons 3, Outdoors skill group 2, Perception 2, Pilot Ground Craft 2, Throwing Weapons 2

Languages: Thai (N), Japanese 3

Gear: Commlink (Rating 4), SWAT armor w/ helmet,

Weapons:

- 2 Flash-bang grenades [Grenade, DV 6S, AP -3, Blast 10m]
- 2 Fragmentation grenades [Grenade, DV 12P(f), AP +5, Blast -1/m]
- SCK Model 100 [Submachine Gun, DV 5P, SA/BF, RC (1), 30 (c), folding stock, smartgun, 4 extra clips]
- Survival knife [Blade, Reach —, DV 3P, AP -1]

BANGKOK MILITARY POLICE LIEUTENANT (Professional Rating 2)

These are the elite of the Thai junta's forces, having been enhanced by the corps and given additional training.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
4	4 (5)	4 (5)	4 (5)	3	4	3	4	3	8 (9)	1 (2)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (B/I): 14/12

Skills: Athletics skill group 3, Close Combat skill group 4, Firearms skill group 4, Gunnery 3, Heavy Weapons 3, Outdoors skill group 3, Perception 4, Pilot Ground Craft 3, Throwing Weapons 3

Languages: Thai (N), Japanese 3

Augmentations: Muscle Replacement (Rating 1), Wired Reflexes (Rating 1)

Gear: SWAT Armor w/helmet, Commlink (Rating 4)

Weapons:

- 2 flash-bang grenades [grenade, DV 6S, AP -3, Blast 10m]
- 2 Fragmentation grenades [grenade, DV 12P(f), AP +5, Blast -1/m]

SCK Model 100 [submachine gun, DV 5P, SA/BF, R

THE LAND OF SMILES

SCAN THIS

If you need to get your team to Bangkok, this is a convenient way. The runners are hired by a Shiawase suit to provide security for him on his working vacation while he attempts to poach a Renraku scientist. He's worried about Renraku's internal investigations finding out about the visit, and he is willing to give the runners a daily stipend, free airfare, and lodging in Bangkok.

If your players are already in Thailand, skip to *Bottled Up*.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

When your fixer called you this morning about an easy babysitting job, you said you didn't want it. The pay for that sort of thing is never good. But he was insistent.

"You'd be doing me a favor, omae. This guy and I go way back, he's pestering me every day for the last week to find some trustworthy muscle. Do me a favor and just talk to the guy, will ya? It sounds like he wants you to go on vacation with him."

So here you are, in a small Shiawase hanger at SeaTac. Perfectly clear sky for once, with a good view of Rainer smoking up into the stratosphere. Bitterly cold though. The security guy let you in, but he has been giving you the eyeball ever since. You suppose you'd be a little unhappy too, if you had to wear that silly jumpsuit all day.

Thankfully, you don't have much longer to wait. A sedan pulls up and the driver gets out. The driver opens the door for a tall Eurasian man in his mid-forties. He looks you over, then smiles.

"Geez, Oi-san! You didn't let them in? It's freezing out here," he says with a hint of California surfer in his accent.

The security guard blushes and hurries to unlock the side door into the hanger. "Sorry, sir!"

"Please, let's talk in the office. It's well below freezing out here."

You follow him inside. There are several chairs and a small desk. The Johnson sits at the desk and motions you to the chairs in front of him. A large window looks out into the darkened hanger. You can barely make out a couple of small passenger jets and a helicopter.

"Koga-san, could you get us some coffee?" he asks the driver, who immediately rushes off.

"You and I have a mutual friend, and he said you were trustworthy. I'm looking for some bodyguards when I go on a working vacation. Ten days, all expenses paid, plus a daily stipend of, oh, 1,500 nuyen. And lots of beach time. What do you say?"

When they accept the job:

Excellent. We'll fly on the corporate jet, so you can take some of your ... less sociable gear if you want. Keep it small and light, though. This is a vacation with a little meet and greet, not storming a fortress.

"By the way, you can call me Roger Tanaka. Day after tomorrow you'll be in living it up in Thailand, Land of Smiles. Don't forget your swimsuit and sunglasses."

When the team arrives in Bangkok:

Sun and sand. Tropical paradise. The ride from the airport is quite a thrill. Bangkok seems at once intimately familiar, with its brands and advertising everywhere. Instead of ads in English, Japanese, and Salish, though, they are in English, Japanese, and Thai. The ads may be familiar, but the smells and sounds and the clear sunny sky make this sprawl very different from home.

Roger is ready with your instructions. "I need someone with me when I go out. Koga-san will drive us. The rest of you should stay in the background, ready to respond if a corporate security squad decides they don't like me, or if there's another riot."

He takes you to the hotel that will serve as your home base. It's the prestigious Sheraton Grande, right in the middle of Bangkok's trendiest shopping area. You'll be staying in the same room where some of the greatest politicians, crime bosses, and rock stars have slept. And it's all free.

HOOKS

This should be pretty straightforward. It is an easy gig with decent pay and some nice perks. Play this up if you need to convince the players to go with Tanaka: he is paying them to sit on the beach, drink, and stay in a five-star hotel.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Roger Tanaka used to play in the shadows as a Mr. Johnson. This is how he came into contact with the team's fixer. He's mostly retired from that the shadows and works as a recruiter for Shiawase Advanced Robotics, scouting out potential scientists from universities and other corporations. This is why he is in Thailand. During his vacation there is a conference, the International Symposium on Robotics. Roger hopes to convince a Renraku scientist to move to Shiawase and is worried that Renraku security will get involved—hence the extra bodyguards.

Runners can negotiate with Roger for a higher pay with a successful Charisma + Negotiation (3) Test, with each hit over the threshold increasing the daily stipend by 100¥. Roger is already