

Chapter 1 : Never Trust an Elf (Shadowrun #6)

Urdli, an ancient immortal elf, and Glasgian Oakforest, an elf born in the present era, form an uneasy alliance. Together, they capture and torture an agent of the Great Dragon Lofwyr to discover the location of a powerful artifact, more than fifty thousand years old.

Please use the follow button to get notification about the latest chapter next time when you visit LightNovelFree. Use F11 button to read novel in full-screen PC only. Drop by anytime you want to read free latest novel. Part 11 Kham cleared his throat. Dis odder elf never did say why he was warning us. Questions could make more trouble fer dese elves. The possibilities of what was going on made the old contentions seem unimportant. Dere immortality, I mean. If we had it, we might be able ta use it. We can get magicians ta figure it out. Kham looked at Sarah and said nothing. Harry saw where Kham was looking and shook his head. Even if the crystal can do what you think, I doubt it has the power to reverse aging. His kids could grow strong and stay strong. Maybe he was just fooling himself, chasing after a pipe dream, and looking for a way to go out in glory and never have to worry about anything ever again. Fighting somebody with the resources of those elves was suicidal. Maybe he was running away. A shrewd general learns everything he can about his opponent. He plans to take advantage of them. Some orks said the only way to die was fighting, but they were young and stupid. Harry stared at the catboy in annoyance, then his expression relaxed and he rubbed absentmindedly at his tusk. You mean like your soul? Kham thought about a submarine full of bugs, and a wendigo named Janice. The whole thing was supposed to have been some kind of battle to save humanity against some magic monster, but there had been a hidden meaning to what the dogboy had said. Had she won or lost her battle? Verner had also been one to talk about doing things for other people. For the first time, Kham saw that he could do something that might really make a difference. Maybe he really did want to get this immortality stuff for everybody. Not because he might not make a difference, but because he might. The conference with Harry went on for some time before it ended, drifting from philosophical discussion to practical approaches for working a run against powerful opponents. The question of whether the run would take place was still open when they left, but Neko knew that Kham had made up his mind even if the big ork still did not know it himself. As Harry had said, however, the first order of busi- Neko intensely disliked the idea that some unknown elf had tried to kill him. A direct reconnaissance against their recent employers was currently out of the question. That left the indirect approach, which was more satisfying to Neko anyway. But the first order of business was determining what the matter was all about. Kham believed that he and his orks, and Neko as well, had become targets due to the elven desire to conceal the secret of their youth; but the evidence suggested that the elves had more than simple youth. Neko, too, had seen the raider named Zip identify Dodger as a childhood friend. It was entirely possible that in this magical Sixth World the elves had some kind of "immortality factor. Such a need would explain the avidity with which their recent employers sought the strange crystal. One-perhaps both, but certainly the younger-would, understandably, want to ensure his piece of immortality. Who was this Red Mage? For that matter, who was the Dodger, really? Answering those questions might confirm whether or not this immortality factor existed at all. Father and son, perhaps? Neko promised himself that he would investigate the issue, once more pressing matters were taken care of. Who would not be curious about why someone would want him dead? The Red Mage may have been acting for unknown personal reasons, but Neko was sure he was not allied with their enemy. At least not in this matter. It was more likely the mage opposed something the enemy sought to do. But for all his potential good will, the Red Mage would hardly take direct questions. Any information they wanted from him would have to be ferreted out. The Red Mage had implied that he had other enemies and that he would be guarding against them. The other elves-or only one of them, if the Red Mage was to be believed-had already shown themselves paranoid. Had they not sent their raiders to eliminate anyone who knew they had merely acquired the crystal? Their defenses would be active and aggressive. Who would surrender the secret of immortality easily? Obviously, some research was in order. Unwilling to wait for Kham, Neko resolved to start his own investigation. The worldwide computer network known as the Matrix offered the best one-stop shopping.

Information was the key, and once gained, who knew what doors might be opened? The Red Mage had some sort of connection to those other elves. Had he not known that one of them would strike? The link was hardly that of sworn allies, otherwise there would have been no warning, however belated, of the attack. So how were they connected? Determining the nature of that link might reveal a line of attack against the hidden master of the raiders. Equally obviously, Neko did not have the proper resources. He was not a decker, nor did he have enough nuyen to hire the world-class. So Neko talked to Cog, cajoling and d. This person allegedly made runs for the thrill and a percentage of the take. Neko was not happy about relying on someone who would tackle dangerous work without a guarantee of recompense, but Cog vouched for both the skill and the reliability of Chromium. With time and nuyen in short supply, Neko had agreed to set up a working arrangement. Still, wisdom precluded blind trust, and he decided to test the decker with a series of relatively simple data retrievals, standard dossiers on a variety of personages. Among the files requested were those on a shadowrunning decker named Dodger and one for an unnamed mage whose portrait Neko constructed with a bootleg police composite program. A day later the chips were delivered to the appointed drop-off. Neko hid the bulk of them away for safekeeping-one never knew when data would become important-and popped two of the chips into his telecomp, bringing up the two files he had actually wanted. The first item was a note from Chromium claiming that this poor showing was better than Neko would get from anyone else. Chromium identified Dodger as a wiz decker, mentioning his a. Chromium also connected him with a number of runs that had occurred last year. Some of those connections were correct, for Neko had been involved in one of those runs and knew that Dodger had too. Observing the details of several incidents of which he had no knowledge, Neko could see how those But on Dodger himself, there was nothing hard and factual. As Neko sat pondering the lack of information on Dodger, the screen flickered. Data evaporated from his screen as he watched. He punched keys, trying to save it, but line after line winked out. He tried all the tricks he knew and failed to get it back. A system check showed the data had been erased from the chips. If this was some trick by Chromium to ensure payment. He tried the file for the Red Mage, half-expecting it to disappear before he could finish with it. He soon forgot his apprehensions when he saw the newsfile clippings that opened the dossier. One after another showed a handsome, red-haired elf identified as Sean Laverty. The visitor might have been a simulacrum or magically disguised, but Neko doubted that. Sean Laverty was a member of the Tir Taimgire ruling council. This was a man with clout. Laverty was not one of the more prominent members like Prince Aithne or Ebran the Scribe, but any Council of Princes member was a powerful political force in the Tir and, by extension, anywhere the Tir had influence. Seattle was only one of those anywheres. The metroplex served as a princ. If what Neko had heard on the streets was correct, the governor was still more than happy to do whatever the elves wanted in order to ensure that the recent trade deal remained viable. There were even whispers that elves from the Tir secretly ran Seattle.

Chapter 2 : Never Trust An Elf Legends Epub Available | Shadowrun 5

Never Trust an Elf is a good book if you enjoyed the Secrets of Power Trilogy. The jury is still out on its strength on a book of its own. For the most part I enjoyed it.

Shadowrun - Never Trust an Elf - novelonlinefull. Please use the follow button to get notification about the latest chapter next time when you visit NovelOnlineFull. Use F11 button to read novel in full-screen PC only. Drop by anytime you want to read free "fast" latest novel. Enjoy "Not every ork is as tough as you," she said, breaking free of his embrace. Kham just stood there, confused and frustrated. He never seemed able to find the words Lissa wanted to hear. He thought about going after her, but what good would it do? After the meet, when he had some money, things would be better. As he stood there lost in his thoughts, Jord and the rest of the hunters came into the hall, prancing and shouting. Look what I caught," Jord yelled, swinging his prize by the tail. Kham looked at it with distaste. Jord looked over his shoulder. He strapped on his weapon belt and ripped his jacket from the peg and slung it over his shoulder. He stomped up the stairs to the room his family used for a bedroom. From the locked case in the bottom of the closet he took a skeletal-stocked a. Working with sure hands, he broke it down and concealed the parts in pockets sewn to the lining of his jacket. He had a meet tonight at ten and he might need a little extra insurance. He stomped back down the stairs and out into the street. He slipped in his credstick and punched in the telecom code. The line opened and a recorded voice started speaking. He waited a moment, then tapped in a code that Sally Tsung gave to only a few people. The code patched him through to another line. The voice that answered this time was live, female, but not Sally herself. May I take a message? Kham slammed the receiver down. There was no way to know whether Sally would get the message in time to meet with him. There was nothing to do but go to the club and hope she showed. It was quarter past nine when Sally Tsung walked into Club Penumbra. She strolled in like she owned the place, a common enough att. Her armor-lined coat was of real leather, st. Billowing out behind her, the coat opened to reveal what she wore underneath, which Crossed weapon belts rode low on her hips, a pistol holster on one and a scabbarded magesword on the other. She nodded to Jim at the bar, her shock of blonde hair bobbing over her forehead. The rest of her hair was bound back into a rat-tail braid that snaked around from behind her neck and slithered down between her b. She was a street mage, as lean, hard, and dangerous as they came. And she was every bit as beautiful as the day she had first recruited Kham, and more unreachable than ever. Got a meet fer da job here at ten, muscle only on da spec, but ya taught me shadowrunning too good. I want an ace in da hole, a magical ace. You can take your pick. Without magical aid, he was left to rely on his orks and their mundane fire-power. Magic might not be common everywhere in the world, but shadowrunners had a tendency to run into it, and that was the possibility that worried him. Tell you what, though. Besides, I have to be here anyway. Not bad for them: Punctuality before a run was always a problem with them. Fortunately, that problem disappeared when things got warmer. They joined him and started drinking. Just beer, nothing to queer the meet. With each round, Kham watched the tab go up, but the job would pay for it, he hoped. Sally was hanging out at her usual table in the back, screened from most of the noise of the dance floor. It was still early and the crowd was light. Big Tom the sasquatch was doing the warm-up show, all instrumental pieces that he could imitate with amazing facility. A pair of rough boys walked in. They were real hard cases, razorguys with lots of obvious cyberware. One was a blond and the other a brunet, but otherwise they were identical. Something in their body language also made Kham wonder if they were lovers. The razorguys looked around, scanning the place. The blond said something to Jim at the bar and Jim nodded toward the back room. Was there to be a bidding war for a place on the run? A dwarf was the next runner Jim sent to the back room. Kham recognized him at once. His presence definitely meant that others had been contacted about this run, and raised the odds of a bidding war. Johnson who wanted it discreet would be making a mistake to start taking compet. The losers would have word of his run on the streets in nanoseconds. Kham nodded to Rabo. Time for the guys to go in and show the flag. There had been trouble between the two of them before. Kham waited a while longer. He was almost ready to go in himself when another stranger approached Jim. This one was a small Asian, j. Young, too, for a norm shadowrunner. The

Asian had a whispered conversation with Jim, who then sent him on back. Another runner, definitely, but what sort of specialty? Confident that she would hear, Kham whispered his thanks and rose from his seat. He caught up with the elf before he reached the door to the back room. With a wide, toothy grin Kham said, "Evening, Mr. Along wit a few other people. I was informed that you were a professional. Professionals understand that secrecy is a necessity of business. However, I am not prepared to cut separate deals with overly pushy persons of inflated ego. You will hear the deal along with the others, or you will not hear it at all. Kham opened the door and entered the room. The runners gathered for the meet were a mixed lot, but that was no surprise to Neko. Enterich had said that this was to be an ad hoc team. He surveyed each runner carefully, trying to a. Many showed obvious cybernetic enhancements and all carried weapons. All the orks, save for one, seemed to be muscle types, too. The odd ork, Rabo, had datajacks in his head and a variety of logo patches on his jacket, most advertising manufacturers of automotive or aeronautic equipment. There seemed little doubt that the ork was a rigger, a vehicular technomancer. Neko found the preponderance of orks curious, even a trifle unsettling. It was not that Neko himself felt any distaste; he had dealt with far less savory metatypes in his shadowy business. He watched the orks curiously. Their easyfamiliarity with one another led him to conclude that they had run together in the past. The orks named the dwarf for Neko: Mentally, Neko raised his own price for any upcoming bargaining; one could The other two runners were a matched pair of heavily modified norms, "razorguys," in common street parlance. One was a blond and the other dark-haired, but the faces beneath their thatches of hair were identical. That need not be natural; Neko thought it more likely that they had chosen to have their features altered to match.

Chapter 3 : Never Trust an Elf (Shadowrun, book 6) by Robert N Charrette

Never Trust An Elf is a Shadowrun novel by Robert Charrette. Contents[show] Detailed information Publisher blurb WHO UNDERSTANDS THE WAYS OF ELVES AND DRAGONS? Some say that the dragons are the most powerful beings on Earth.

Chapter 4 : Shadowrun - Never Trust An Elf Part 3 Online | calendrierdelascience.com

Never Trust an Elf has ratings and 6 reviews. Poised on the cutting edges of both fantasy and science fiction, this bestselling series sells an avara.

Chapter 5 : Shadowrun - Never Trust An Elf Part 10 Online | calendrierdelascience.com

Shadowrun Legends: Never Trust an Elf - When Kham, an ork living in the Seattle ghetto in the year , is suddenly snatched from his day-to-day existence and When Kham, an ork living in the Seattle ghetto in the year , is suddenly snatched from his day-to-day existence and.

Chapter 6 : Never Trust an Elf |

Check out this week's Shadowrun Legends installment, Never Trust An Elf (BattleShop, DriveThruRPG). Some say that the dragons are the most powerful beings on Earth. Certain elves disagree with that belief in the strongest, most violent terms. An ork of the Seattle ghetto, Kham usually.

Chapter 7 : When You Run The Shadows, Never Trust An Elf - A Review â€œ Neon Dystopia

For years, Jason Chase was at the head of the pack, shadowrunning with the best in the business. When time dulled his flesh and cybernetic edge, he knew it was time to get out, or get dead.

Chapter 8 : Never Trust an Elf (Shadowrun, #6) by Robert N. Charrette

DOWNLOAD PDF SHADOWRUN: NEVER TRUST AN ELF

The story works best with a human or elf but it's not strictly necessary. It's not anything to do with the existing Shadowrun book called Never Trust an Elf, which I didn't even know existed until I saw someone posting about it here.

Chapter 9 : Books similar to Never Trust an Elf (Shadowrun, #6)

He is also the author of five Shadowrun novels: Never Deal With A Dragon (), Choose Your Enemies Carefully (), Find Your Own Truth (), Never Trust An Elf (), and Just Compensation ().