

Scenario 2: Enter the Dragon

If an investigator's decklist contains A Strange Idol, read **Part 1**. If an investigator's decklist contains Edwin Bruce, read **Part 2**. Otherwise, read **Part 3**.

Part 1: *Sprawling out on the couch, you hold the foreign idol up to your face to ponder it again, the ceiling fan listlessly keeping time in the background. The evening sun, beaming in through the half-open blinds, illuminates the figurine, which seemingly shines every color: at times white and gold, at others black and blue. Its hollow eyes stare back at you, just as they have the other countless times you've looked it over since your late rising this afternoon: a successful midnight errand deserves a noon's rest. It's clear Edwin slipped it to you in the cab, but why? You think back to the startled words he stuttered when you first found him at the Imperial. He obviously had a strong attachment to it, but not strong enough to stop him from anonymously adding it as gratuity to your fee. At some point, its radiance dies down, the result, you realize, of evening's arrival. Slipping it back in to your pocket, you drag yourself from the couch, make the minimal effort necessary to tidy up, and head out. Considering your recent windfall, you decide to treat yourself to the feast of an emperor, heading to Chinatown's Phoenix's Nest for its exquisite and exotic dining.*

An hour later, you push your empty plate forward, leaving behind a more than adequate tip – best to pay it forward – and begin to make your way towards the door. As you step outside, you realize that if anyone would know anything about your newfound curiosity, it'd be Feng Shao, dealer in all things magnificent and mesmerizing. At minimum, you could cash it out for a bit more bread. It's been a while since you last spoke with him though, and he's as mercurial as he is magnanimous, so you're going to have to ask around to have any hope of finding him.

Proceed to **Setup**.

Part 2: *Some friends are friends of choice, some are friends of circumstance. Feng Shao was the former, and unfortunately, as of last night, Edwin was the latter. Edwin hasn't let the subject of his curio go since he first showed it to you, and perhaps in a bid just to hear the end of it, you've decided to at least help him get enough information about it to leave him bothering someone else.*

Luckily, you might know just the person to get that dirt from: your old contact Feng Shao, dealer in the dark, master of the mysterious.

It's been a couple years since you last met up with Feng, when he helped you scare up the ceremonial robe of Dai Yuhan for a quite-generous client. Those were the good times: you took three whole months off afterwards. But here you are now, trying your best just to get out of being paid, probably ruining your reputation, and wading far deeper into trouble than you've ever liked. As far as you can see it, the sooner you can ditch Edwin the better.

"Sounds like a swell fella" Edwin replies after you tell him of Feng, "and hell, maybe we can even get some dim sum on the way." And with that certain harbinger of doom, you make your way down to Chinatown, hoping for a quieter night than the last.

Proceed to **Setup**.

