



Night shifts in Manhattan have one rule. Keep moving.



Not delivering that one. Bad gut feeling.

Midtown Manhattan.



Whenever I say no to a parcel, someone avoids a disaster.

Midtown Manhattan.



Sorry boys. No trigger parcel for you tonight.

Midtown Manhattan.



See? Works every single time.



Dex, clear that manifest. Heading back in.

Midtown Manhattan.

Apex Dispatch Hub.

Bag's clear.
Time to clock
out.

Not yet.
Special priority
drop just came in.

RECIPIENT:
VAL RIVERA.

Wait. That
has my name
on it.

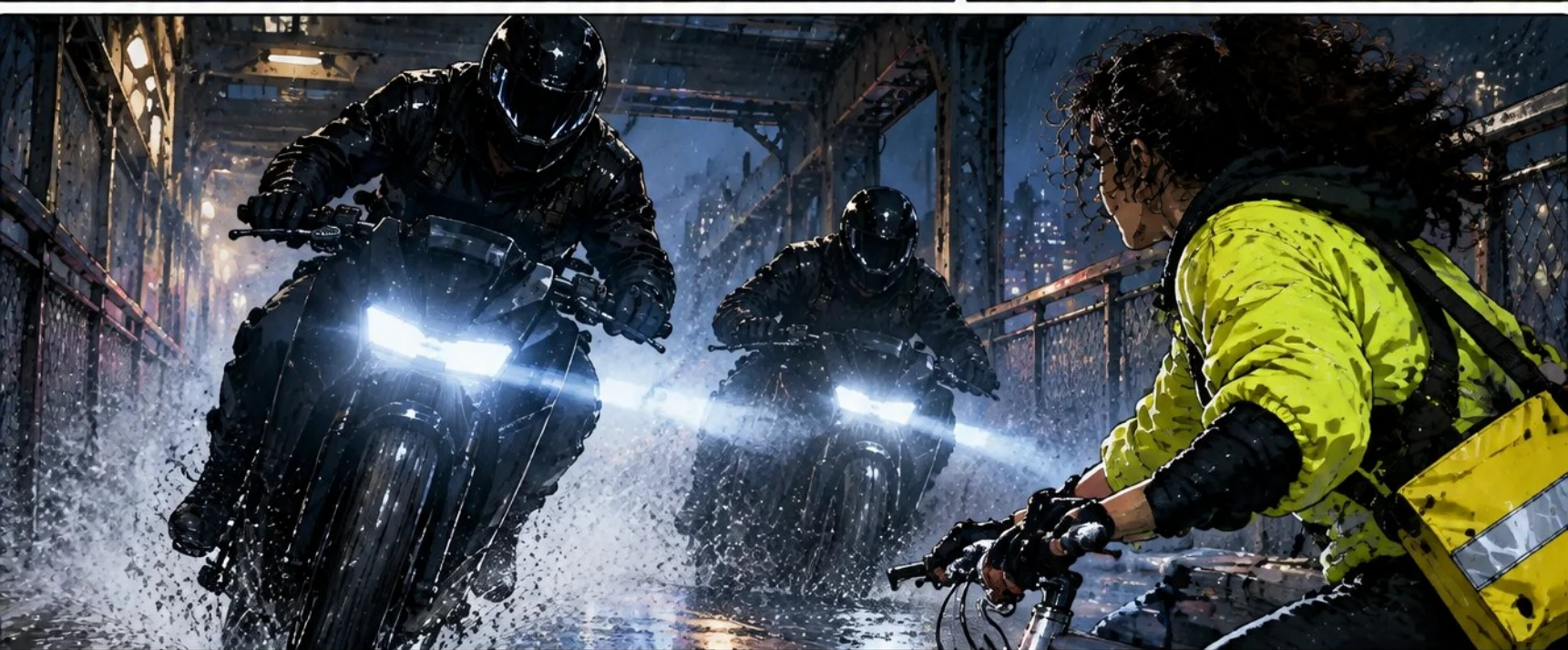
Client paid ten
grand cash. Said you
must take it.

If I deliver this
to myself... what
happens to me?

Every delivery I complete
locks in a fate. Good or bad.



It's arming.
This isn't mail,
it's a trap.



Take it home
and open it,
courier. No refusals.



I set the route
on my streets.



Chinatown Alley.



After her!
Don't let her
ditch the canister!



Chinatown Alley.

They want me to deliver
my own ruin. Not happening.



Dex! Check
the parcel serial.
What is this?!



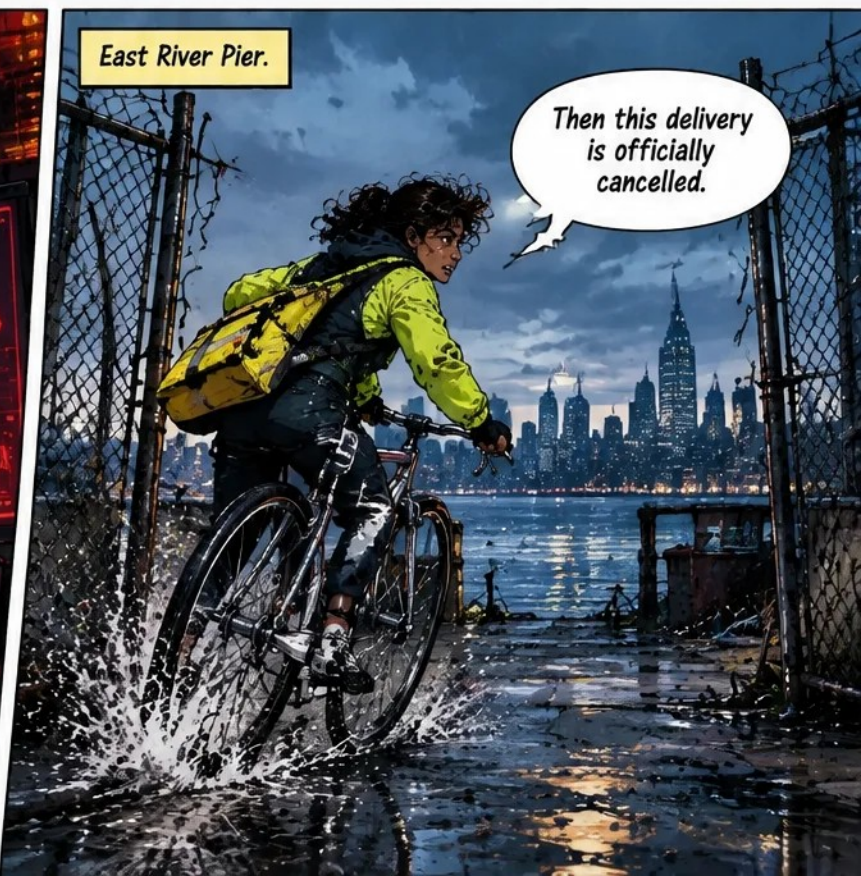
Apet Dispatch Hub.

It's an EMP disruptor!
Tied to your home grid!



East River Pier.

Then this delivery
is officially
cancelled.



East River Pier.



Accept the package, Rivera. Fulfill your role.



Package refused. Return to sender.



East River Pier.



East River Pier.



East River Pier.

She... she actually broke the contract.



East River Pier.



A test? You've got to be kidding me.



Good luck finding a courier who can catch me.



The city is safe for another morning.
And my day is just getting started.



So... we taking any more priority runs?

Only if we get to decide who gets saved.



Dispatch me, Dex.
Let's ride.

