

Cyberpunk: Badland Madman Chapter 28 - Hostile Takeover, A Casual Race, Hard Ride, Tech-Priests & New Itch - Higher Tier Reward [June 2026]

"Boss!" Pilar was sprawled out in the penthouse lounge, then shot to his feet. "All you gonk asses, get the hell over here!"

Cypher had noticed the way they all had started treating him differently since that Arasaka reactor gig. They had brains, and they knew he was the one behind what happened to Adam Smasher.

One after another, all the members of Maine's crew appeared, Maine included. Cypher ignored the way Sasha winked at him and focused on the leader of the group.

"I got a new job. This one needs a gentler touch. Obsidian's gonna try buying Mahir Motors. It's an Indian company that sells cheap cars. We all know they're all crap, just like the rest. They keep sales up by running on thin margins. I want you to start screwing with their operation, just enough so those margins fall apart. I want them to jack up the prices or go bankrupt."

"That's easy," Maine barked, flexing his crossed arms. "We'll smash all their shop—"

"He said gentle touch." Dorio cut him off, giving Cypher a hard look. "Lemme guess, their company and wheels mean jack to you. It's the factories, shops, and the rest of the assets you're really gunning for."

Cypher nodded, pushing a thumbs-up at her. "Bingo! You're in the wrong trade, Dorio. Should become a corpo with me. Anyway, Mahir's gonna change its name to Obsidian in the end. And I'm gonna introduce new cars, designed by me. The goal ain't to sell cars, it's to introduce a new, cheaper, and powerful fuel source other than CHOOH."

"New cars?" Falco stepped forward, a drink in his hand. "Alternate fuel? Mr. Blackwell, if you don't mind me asking, what kinda fuel we talkin'?"

"Electricity. What else? Obsidian's in-house power cells will do the magic. Charges up fast, no different than filling a gas tank." Cypher looked the ex-nomad over. "You're a racer, aren't you?"

"I was, Mr. Blackwell."

For a short moment, Cypher rubbed his chin, scratching his beard. In doing so, he noticed Rebecca on the side, surprisingly quiet that day. Though the way she was staring at him with big eyes was new.

That didn't matter, however. What he wanted was to fix his mood and get himself out of the melancholy of last night. It was hard to focus when he kept thinking about Jane. He wouldn't forget her face, never, he knew that. But he needed to get to work.

"Wanna become Obsidian's test driver for prototypes?" Cypher asked.

"Preem!" Maine exclaimed. "Do it, Falco. If boss is cookin' it up, it's gonna be nova."

Falco didn't bite right away. "Got a feelin' there's a catch comin', yeah?"

"You're gonna have to beat me in a race first," Cypher said. "From here, through Rancho Coronado East, and it ends at the Sunset Motel."

Cypher had only raced once, and it wasn't even a big race, so he was damn sure that Falco hadn't heard about him.

"You sure 'bout that?" Falco asked. "Wasn't long back I was competing with the city's top racers."

"What's the fun in racing some nobody? That's why I wanna race you," Cypher said. "Keep my car if I lose. If I win, you're gonna test my cars and drive them in races across Night City and beyond to promote them."

"..."

Falco didn't answer right away.

"Go for it, choom!" Pilar hollered. "You seen boss' ride? It's preem! Bet there's some slick custom tinkering in there. I wanna see the damn engine."

"Yeah!" Rebecca shouted as well, striking a cute pose with one hand on her hip and flashing a victory sign over her right eye, giving a wink. "Winner gets a special something from me. Preem deal, huh?"

Neither Cypher nor Falco looked at Rebecca or her brother.

"Let's do it." Falco walked over, hand extended.

Cypher shook it. "The rest of you, wait for us at the Sunset Motel if y'all wanna watch me whoop Falco's ass."

"I'm not gonna hold back, boss. Even if you are the boss." Falco warned.

"Who's asking for that anyway?"

Cypher turned and headed down to the parking lot. He could already feel the rush coming in. The one high that was addictive, but at least not BD or glitter.

####

The race started at Palms View Way, going through Glen South to enter Santo Domingo.

"Haha!"

The Quadra Type-66 640 TS was roaring nonstop, its engine revving. Cypher's window was open, his one hand lazily hanging outside while the other moved the wheel. He loved it, the breeze hitting his face, the sound of passing horns, and the hum of tires on the road.

"This is it!"

The best thing about it was the competition. Falco wasn't a nobody. The man had experience and was clearly good. While Cypher was ahead, it was only a difference of a second or two. They were almost toe to toe.

The only difference between their style was that he drove like a suicidal maniac, and Falco drove like an actual racer. If Cypher wasn't instinctually good at it, he'd have been dead by now.

Woosh!

So many close passes. So many almost misses. But it was always like that, so it was clearly not just luck but actual skill.

"Faster!" Cypher smacked his car's wheel, hating that he couldn't go faster. He wanted to gain a bigger lead, but he could still see Falco in the rear-view mirror.

Shhhhhh~!

Finally, he pulled the handbrake on Rancho Coronado North, taking a sharp right turn. He revved like crazy, reaching closer and closer to the city's boundary. However, Falco was still behind him and gaining.

I need a faster car.

At that point, it was the difference between their cars. So, Cypher started blocking the way to keep Falco behind. He never let the car go out of control, and quickly reached the final turn. With another pull of the handbrake, his car drifted, and he took a sharp turn onto the road leading straight out of the city into the Badlands.

However, the road was too wide there to block Falco. He just floored it, hoping he'd make it before Falco could. He saw the motel up ahead, and also Falco gaining right behind him.

"Come on!"

He started shaking in the car seat as if his body swaying would push his car forward.

10 meters.

He saw Falco right near his bumper.

5 meters.

He saw Falco reaching his door.

Woosh!

"FUCK YEAH! That was close!"

As Cypher crossed the finish line, Falco was just a few centimeters behind his front bumper. But still, he had won, barely. He clearly had a lot to tinker with his car's engine.

With a screech and a slow drift, he slowed the car and drove it into the motel's driveway, parking it in front of the building where Maine and the rest were waiting, seated on two trucks.

He got out and walked over to Falco and shook hands. "Welcome to Obsidian."

Falco embarrassingly scratched his head. "Didn't know you drove that good, boss."

"There's a whole lot you don't know, Falco. And right now, I need a damn drink. Whew, thought I was done for at the end." Cypher turned around and made for the motel's bar and restaurant upstairs. "Let's go, I'm buying."

"Holy shit!"

The bartender suddenly cursed, seeing Cypher.

"Mr. Blackwell?!"

Cypher just waved a hand and joined the rest in the large booths. Soon, they had beer and shitty cardboard pizzas on the table. He hated them, but at that point, his taste buds were getting used to it.

What mattered was the company, and at the moment, he had two of them. On his right was Rebecca, mumbling nonstop, and on the left was Sasha, also rambling nonstop. Opposite him sat Maine; beside him were Dorio and Falco. The rest were seated by the bar. He particularly noticed how Lucy always stole glances at him and maintained distance as if scared.

Cypher didn't bother. He finished his drink and talked about the state of the Afterlife. Rogue's club wasn't doing well. Most of the heavyweights had shifted to Atlantis because of its themed weekend nights as well as name prestige. On top of that, it was in the Continental's building. The hotel was secretly a networking web for all sorts of things.

"Rogue's gonna shut the damn place if this goes on," Maine barked, on his third beer. "Had it coming. She ran the place like a dump. Nothing worth a damn to do."

"Yup." Rebecca piped up beside him. "Went there last week. Dumb gonk wouldn't listen, but whatever. Kept yappin' the Afterlife was his safe space. Place was empty as the fuckin' Badlands."

"Didn't plan on it, but I don't feel bad either." Cypher shrugged. "Had a meeting lined up with her once. Went to hand her an invite to Atlantis. Didn't even bother seeing me, acted all busy with those glowing eyes."

"That crazy bitch!" Rebecca snarled out of the blue. "I'm gonna blast her fuckin' brains out, choom! How the fuck can she ignore you like that, huh? You're the top dog in town at this point, shit! She's batshit crazy, right?!"

"..."

Cypher stared at the five-foot gremlin beside him. Although he found her stark white skin blue tinted skin cute, there was no denying she had a lot of crazy energy. Her mouth, as well as her trigger hand, knew no holding back.

"Don't bother. She'll come crawling to me sooner or later. We're playing in different weight classes now. Anyway, I'm gonna head out. Got stuff to make." Cypher knocked back the last of his beer and stood up. He strolled over to the bartender, paid for everything, and left a little extra.

No matter how friendly and fun they were, he didn't want to get too close to them as a group, as that would eventually diminish the employee-and-employer aspect of their connection. It was natural.

Feeling just a little bit of buzz, he went downstairs and got into his car.

Click!

But just as he turned the engine on, the passenger side door opened, and a grinning Rebecca jumped inside. The minimal clothing on her was her usual style, just a bra, panties, and that oversized jacket that covered her below her waist. Her cyberware was visually minimal, just those two cyberoptics standing out.

"Need a ride somewhere?" he asked with a raised brow.

Rebecca smirked and leaned closer to him, her hand sliding over his thigh while her voice remained loud, crude, and zealous. "Fuck yeah! I need a ride. On that lap... I said the winner's gonna get somethin' real fuckin' special from me, didn't I?"

Huh?

Cypher was slightly confused. It wasn't that Rebecca didn't arouse him; hell, there weren't that many women who didn't. But until now, he had thought Rebecca was just like this. That all the flirting was her personality.

Staring at her pale, teal hand close to his groin, he quickly realised that wasn't the case.

Cypher stared at her face for a second. If it were old Cypher, he'd have grabbed her head and shoved it down his lap by now. But he'd changed to a degree; he didn't let his sexual instincts control him. So, it was slightly awkward. How do you handle someone this direct?

"So the reward is you?"

"Hehe, what? Don't like it? How 'bout this shit then?" Rebecca grinned and sat on her folded knees, sideways facing him. She slowly unzipped her oversized jacket, and right away, the lack of her bra was noticeable. She pulled the zipper all the way down, and the jacket flipped open. There was nothing, no underwear either.

Cypher stared at her pale perfection, those pink tattoos only making it hotter. Her breasts were small but handful, her pubes were entirely missing, just smoothness, and her pussy was a tight pink slit. He didn't know if her skin was artificial; what he did know was that he was getting hard.

Rebecca slid her hand down her smooth belly, straight to her wet pussy, and spread those lips wide with two fingers. "Fuck, look at this pussy drippin' just for ya, choom!! She's soakin' wet an' beggin'! She's yours, all fuckin' yours!"

Every word that came out of her mouth was dirty and loud, without a hint of self-doubt. She really, really wanted this.

Cypher's right hand moved slowly. The car's engine hummed low, a steady vibration that seemed to echo in his swollen rod. His palm settled first on her breast, fingers spreading over the soft, doughy flesh that barely filled his hand. The pale turquoise mound yielded so easily.

His palm glided over the flat, slender belly. Rebecca was just five feet tall. Lithe and compact, with those faint curves that made his cock throb. Tits, narrow waist, and surprisingly full thighs that pressed together as lust radiated off of her.

His thumb brushed over her navel before it slid further down, two thick fingers dragging across her pink slit; the same bright pink as her tattoos, glistening and already coating his fingertips. He pulled his hand back and brought his slick fingers to his mouth. Slowly, he licked them, tasting her sweet-tangy juices.

The filthy little act made Rebecca's red cyberoptics blow wide, her breathing turning into an excited, shaky giggle as she squirmed on her knees, thighs rubbing together even harder.

"Why?" he asked, licking his fingers clean. "I don't think we really know each other. We barely even talked."

"Choom! Since when ya gotta yap before fucking? You're the hottest shit in this city. Bet you're packin' too, right? You fucked..." Rebecca glanced around, then dropped to a loud-ass whisper. "'Saka... you fucked 'em. That's nova! Been horny as hell ever since, shit... Wanna ride the dick that wrecked Adam fuckin' Smasher!"

"Didn't wreck him with my dick."

"So you *did* do it!" she blurted with a smug little grin. "So, we doin' this or what? You really gonna leave a girl all soaked and needy?"

Cypher hummed and removed his suit jacket first, throwing it behind him in the narrow space. Then he wrestled with his belt, pants button, and then pushed it down along with his underwear. His shaft plopped up, hard as it could be.

"Holy shit! Is that a fuckin' Mr. Studd?!" Rebecca squealed, eyes wide and hungry. "That thing's a damn jackhammer, ya know?"

Cypher chuckled and stomped on the gas. "All natural for the lady. I'm gonna find us a nice, lonely spot. You know what you gotta do till then, yeah?"

"Uh..." Rebecca just stared at that throbbing, veiny shaft for a hot sec, eyes all wide. Then she blinked, dropped to her knees fast, scooted her face in close, hand reaching out. "Shit! This thing's gonna break me in half, ain't it? And I'm gonna fuckin' love every pump, I know it! Just wreck me already—Ummmm!"

With that said, Rebecca was on him like a moth to flame. Her slender, pale fingers circled his thick girth, unable to grip the whole. Her soft lips parted wide, as wide as possible, and she shoved herself on it, slobbering all over, using her own spit like lube to shove more of him in.

Cypher was a damn good driver, but keeping his eyes on the road was a losing battle. The view below was far too hypnotic. Rebecca's turquoise pigtails bouncing wildly, her head bobbing with sloppy enthusiasm, and the unholy tightness of her hot little mouth threatening to melt his brain.

The suction was brutal and perfect. He could feel her tongue dance and swirl relentlessly around his swollen cockhead, teasing the sensitive underside while her cheeks suckled hungrily. Hot spit poured down his shaft, soaking his balls as she slobbered.

Slurp!

His toes curled hard inside his boots. He felt her dainty fingers churn and twist around the base of his cock, while her stretched mouth devoured as much as she could. The suction was so fucking hard it felt like she was trying to pull his soul out through his dick. Every greedy pull sent sharp jolts of pleasure up his spine.

[Cypher. Your heart rate is reaching dangerous levels of peaks.]

"No... fucking shit! I'm getting my soul sucked out here!"

Cypher groaned, one hand white-knuckling the steering wheel while the other hovered near her head. Her mouth was splayed into a wide, glistening 'O' around his girth, the sheer stretch

making her lips look thin. He could vividly feel that she kept pushing, gagging herself eagerly even as her throat resisted.

Rebecca was the kind of girl who felt she had a good life when she had bodies to blast and a nice cock to ride. And while Cypher tried to fulfil her second need, he hadn't considered she'd be *this* wild.

"Fuck!"

He cursed as she forced herself deeper. His blunt cockhead pressed hard against the back of her throat, only about three-quarters in, but she kept greedily pressing down, gagging and drooling, determined to take more.

He needed to stop the car before he painted her tonsils.

Cypher floored it, spotting the Solar Power Station up ahead. He swerved sharply between two warehouses and finally slammed the car into park. The engine stayed running; he needed the AC blasting cool air against his burning skin.

"Alright! Alright, or I'm gonna pump it right there," he growled, grabbing her turquoise pigtailed and pulling her off his cock.

Sluuurp—Pop!

Rebecca didn't let go easily; her lips clung greedily until the very last second. When she finally sat back, she wiped the mess from her chin and cheeks with her jacket sleeve, grinning. She leaned back against the passenger window, spread her knees wide, and used two fingers to split her drooling pussy lips open.

"Ready? Shit, it's gonna be one tight fuckin' squeeze, but you better not stop till I'm knocked out cold or blastin' at imaginary birds, choom!"

Cypher stared silently at that glistening slit between her creamy, pale thighs. She looked so tight like this. He nodded, reclined his seat all the way back, and popped open the buttons of his shirt, revealing his chest in the cramped space.

"Hop on." He slid an arm around her slim waist and guided her.

"Whatever the boss says," Rebecca purred with a satisfied grin, as if she had scored the deal of her life. She straddled his lap eagerly, rubbing her soaked, burning pussy along the entire throbbing length of his cock with her back to the wheel. "Fuck! Look at the size of it!"

Cypher glanced down. The sight of her hovering over his massive shaft made his cock twitch hard against her petals. He knew it was gonna be a tight squeeze. "Just gonna look?"

Rebecca squatted over him in the cramped driver's seat, her petite frame hovering as she reached down and grabbed his spit-soaked length. She aimed the fat head right against her dripping core.

The moment the swollen knob kissed her pussy, she cooed, "Umm..."

She stiffened, knowing exactly what was coming. The first plunge was always intense, but this time it was on another level. That massive cock was going to ruin her, and she couldn't fucking wait.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck, choom! Ya walkin' 'round with this fat monster bulgin' in your pants... shit!" Rebecca cried out, mouth falling open, red eyes rolling back hard as she sank down. She could feel his swollen crown split her tight pussy open with a searing stretch that made her whole body shudder.

"Gonna fuck me silly with that thing, huh?"

The pressure was insane. She felt every veiny inch forcing her walls apart, traveling deeper and deeper into her flooding heat. Pleasure and pain twisted together as she braced her hands on his shoulders and let gravity do the rest. Inch after thick inch disappeared inside her. She was getting so stuffed, so full, her mind already going numb.

An inch disappeared, then two, maybe three; she couldn't keep count. Slowly, she felt full, every inch of her wet walls stretching to the limit, helpless to every blissful touch. Her eyes rolled up as she started to lose her mind. The sensation was overwhelming, as if she was forced to feel pleasure, slammed into bliss, lost in cloud nine.

"Ugh! Fuck!!" Rebecca cursed, then smashed her pretty little ass down, taking him balls-deep in one brutal drop.

"Shit, choom! Feelin' that fat dick all the way. It's like... breathin' in my guts! Ahhh, aaaah! Ramming my fuckin' womb, ya know? You gonna knock me up? Huh?"

Cypher stared at her face, speechless for a moment as he saw her bliss-drunk face and that unhinged laugh spilling from her lips.

"Heh! Fuckin' with ya, choom! Haaaah! Ah, shit! Yeah, can't knock me up... ever! Didn't wanna stress 'bout gettin' preggo... just gimme that fat cock. Pump and dump all you want, preem, right? Ugh! Fuck, you... horse... cock!"

Rebecca's words careened up and down as her light body bounced on his beastly pole, tongue lolling out while she looked at him with pleasure-glazed eyes.

Cypher grabbed her soft, cloud-like thighs, eyes dropping to the cunt gobbling up his cock. The sight was sexy as sin; her pussy stretched wide around his thick shaft, pink pussylips pulled taut

and shiny. He could even see the faint bulge moving in her lower belly like a snake, up and down with every shift.

Plap! Plap!

This was exactly how Rebecca liked it, rough and crazy. So, Cypher gave her just that. His hands locked behind her waist, pulling her down as he latched onto one of her breasts, sucking hard on the stiff nipple before biting down just enough to thrill her. At the same time, he thrust up into her with powerful snaps of his hips.

"Aaaaaah!" Rebecca moaned right against his ear, laughing wildly between gasps. "Hahaha! That's it, pound that pussy, choom! Aah, yes! Fuck, I needed this shit! That fat fuckin' cock! How's my pussy, huh? It's ganic... or is it? C'mon, wreck it!"

"Ugh!"

Cypher groaned deep in his chest as her cunt gripped him like an angry fist, rippling and fluttering with insane pressure. He stopped nibbling on her nipple and let her sit back, watching her bounce on him like a battery-powered rabbit. He could feel how hard she plunged, see her pigtails flying, marvel at her lithe body slamming down repeatedly as her deliciously squishy bits bounced.

Plap! Plap!

Creek! Creek!

The car rocked on its suspension. Her moans had no end.

"You're... crazy," Cypher barked, claws digging into her cherry-tipped breasts.

"Hehe! Heh!" Rebecca giggled, completely lost in it. "Fuck yeah, I'm goin' batshit crazy ridin' this fat fuckin' log jammed deep in me-eeeeh, choom!"

That was it. Rebecca tipped over the edge, hard. She fell forward against his chest, face buried in his shoulder, arms wrapped tightly around his head as her whole body shook.

Cypher didn't miss a beat. He grabbed two handfuls of her marshmallowy ass and started raising and slamming her down onto his cock, fucking her through it like a doll.

Spurt! Slosh!

Rebecca's pussy spasmed around him. Loud, wet squelches filled the car as she came, gushing hard. Her nectar sprayed messily around his pistoning shaft, soaking his lap, his balls, and the leather seat beneath them in messy streaks.

Her walls milked him in rhythmic pulses, like she was trying to pull him even deeper while her body trembled and twitched uncontrollably. Her screams muffled against his neck as she rode

the waves, thighs quivering, toes curling, every brutal plunge dragging another fresh gush out of her ruined little cunt.

She twitched in his lap, drooling shamelessly over his neck. Her muscles locked tight around him while another hot rush of watery squirt sprayed out of her.

"Ummm... yes, yes, yes!" she whimpered in desperate little gasps.

Cypher kept plowing through it, chasing his own release with upward thrusts. He rammed into her spasming, tight cunt again and again. Slamming down her short frame over and over, moving her body like a weightless fucktoy.

"Do it!" Rebecca screamed into his ear. "Pump it all... in my tight... tight pussy! No worries... pump and... dumb... and forget... aaaaah!"

"Fuck!" Cypher groaned, burying himself balls-deep in the bliss.

He exploded. Thick ropes of baby batter erupted straight into her clenching pussy like a broken firehose. The first spurt blasted so hard it made her belly twitch. Hot, gooey jets painting her insides white.

There was so much load that it quickly leaked out, squelching around his thick shaft as he kept grinding up into her. Creamy white juice mixed with her squirt, frothing at her stretched, swollen pussy and leaking in fat, sticky globs down his balls and onto the seat.

Even after he stopped thrusting, his cock kept twitching, feeding her the last weak spurts while her pussy squeezed him. Her walls were so snug and warm, he reckoned he could keep going for hours.

In the hum of the engine, they both stayed like that for a while, panting, breathless. Her soft, naked breasts pressed plush against his chest, their bodies radiating heat in the confined space. And still, his cock took its sweet time to calm down, occasionally twitching inside her cum-stuffed cunt.

Eventually, he softened just enough for it to slip out of her. A thick glob of their mess immediately poured out, dripping messily from her gaping pussy and staining the seat.

Will have the Servo-Skulls clean it.

"You always this random with men?" Cypher muttered, still catching his breath as he felt her slowly calming down.

"Mm..." Rebecca stirred and sat back against the steering wheel again. She looked down first, at the teeth marks around her nipples, then further down, the gooey white sticky mess all over her pussy. "I'm a picky girl. Real hard to find gonks that excite me, and also packin' a fat cock to stretch me out insane."

Smirking, Rebecca leaned down and bit on his neck as well, marking it. "Payback for my tits."

Cypher just chuckled and clawed at her ass as hard as he could. "Want me to drop you off somewhere?"

"Don't wanna dive into another round? This pussy's throbbin' for ya already! I'm gonna ride till ya can't walk."

Cypher felt his cock throb, and as crazy as she was, it was fun. But with his balls drained, he thought better.

"Would love to, but I got some shit to handle right now. Next time I'll drag you to my place and plow you on every fucking surface imaginable."

"In the Continental?"

"Nah, my real place. I'm a nomad, Becs, I don't live in the city," Cypher said and caressed a hand over her belly tattoo. "This Chemskin?"

"Yup! Permanent! Preem as fuck, right?" Rebecca chirped and smoothly shifted sideways to the passenger seat. "Shit, I'm still leakin' your stuffing everywhere. Anyway, I ain't a poser though, those gonks are different, ya know?"

Cypher chuckled. "I do want to meet the Trekkies. Seems interesting."

"Met one once," Rebecca replied, taking out her panties from her jacket pocket. "Buncha fuckin' losers, all of 'em. Think they're some alien shit or somethin'

Well, they're Star Trek nerds; what else can you expect?

Cypher also pulled up his pants and buttoned his shirt, and drove out, heading towards the Continental. He decided to take her there since the hotel was closer, and he knew Maine's crew mostly stayed in the hotel instead of their homes.

Once the sexual high had come down, their talk was mostly casual, with the usual violent flair from Rebecca.

"Hey, by the way... You don't mind that shit, right?" Rebecca asked right as the car was turning a corner away from the hotel.

Cypher looked at her. "What do you mean?"

"I mean... me and my crazy fuckin' attitude, callin' you choom like that! Like... you didn't hate the fuckin', right?"

"Who hates fucking?"

"No, I mean with me."

Insecurities? Cyphered wondered.

"Well, you're cute, kinda got that gremlin energy, but that's the charm. It was honestly fun, but maybe pick an open space next time. And call me choom all you want, though maybe not in front of everyone."

"Ain't my fuckin' fault this stupid junker's so goddamn cramped, choom!" She playfully smacked the car's dashboard. "I enjoyed it too, by the way... Shit, didn't know I needed a lay this bad!"

"Guess we're pretty damn similar when it comes to that."

Soon, Cyphered drove into the grand driveway of the Continental Hotel. Rebecca kissed his cheek and got out, and looked inside through the passenger side window.

"You ain't comin'?" she asked.

Cyphered smirked. "Already did, no?"

After a pause, Rebecca giggled. "See ya around, boss."

Cyphered waved his hand and drove away, aware of the scentful mess on his seat, below his seat, and on the passenger seat.

"Atlas, get me two cleaning Servo-Skulls."

[They are all profusely busy.]

"Come on, it's a quick job."

[I'm afraid you will have to do the cleaning yourself this time, Cyph.]

"Fucker! You think I don't know you? You jealous, ain't you? You sick, horny AI. Got hard watching me pound that tight pussy?"

[I do not have the means to grow hard.]

"Hah! You didn't refuse it. So you do want a cock that grows hard."

[Why are we discussing such a matter?]

"You started it, bud."

[I prioritised efficiency by not using Servo-Skulls for mere cleaning duty.]

"Really? I ain't falling for that."

[It will take a few days to free two of them.]

"It's gonna turn into crusty cum by then. Impossible to remove. And I need peace of mind; we'll have a new itch tonight."

[Understood. I will prepare two.]

"Hah! Sucker for itches, ain't you? Hoping you get another warhammer freak."

[They are not freaks, but divine blessings.]

"Sure, sure."

Bickering with Atlas all the way, he drove home.

####

Lake Farm,

"Blackwell-san! This is genius!"

"..."

Cypher looked at the six Arasaka engineers in front of him. Their loyalty to Arasaka had shaken once he handed them new identities and bank accounts filled with five million eddies each. Their loyalty to Obsidian grew when their families arrived in Night City via Orbital Air's spaceplane and were given apartments in the Continental with protection and new identities.

Their cult following for Cypher Blackwell started when they saw the designs for the Fusion Reactor and other already developed technologies like Microbots, Servo Skull, Anti-Gravity, room temperature superconductors, SecUnit, and above all, their favorite tool, the Sonic Screwdriver. They didn't know how it was made; they just loved using it to work.

And now, Cypher presented them with the design of the new Magnetohydrodynamic Direct Energy Conversion fusion reactor. They almost moaned looking at it since it also revealed the plan that he was about to invent new elements for Durasteel, now called Darksteel, because Obsidian made it.

"Ah... a solid-state reactor. Subarashii, Blackwell-san! This changes everything. Every technology, every car, every rocket, everything. Infinite energy, no matter the demand. At last, CHOOH will become unnecessary, and pollution will fade away," Hiroshi roared in excitement.

"Cut the san bullshit. Just call me Mr. Blackwell like everyone else. And yeah, it's awesome. But the second this comes out, it's war. They don't wanna fix the world, folks. They don't wanna replace CHOOH. So for now, build the turbine reactor. We'll give that one to the world for free. This one we're keeping to arm ourselves to the teeth first. Once we've got a good bite, we'll bark at the world."

"Ah, brilliant strategy indeed," Mikoto, the white-haired old woman, said softly. "I look forward to whatever we shall work on next. It is the greatest honor of my life to have been abducted by you."

"..."

Cypher ignored Atlas, visible only to him behind the scientists, mocking him with laughter.

"Alright, get back to work. Holler if you need anything. Food, water, entertainment, joytoys, whatever." Cypher gave them a wave and headed out, kinda weirded out by how damn crazy those six always seemed. There was a kind of madness in their eyes whenever they looked at him. He wasn't exactly used to being around people.

Even as he left, he knew the six were bowing full 90 degrees towards him. And they were going to keep doing it until he fully vanished from their eyes.

"They're insane."

[As they should. They are loyal tech-priests, privileged to stand in the knowledge of their Machine God. You are their Ommissiah.]

Cypher's face fell. It really was a cult, it seemed. He said nothing to Atlas either, not wanting another lecture on the lore of Warhammer. He just went to the sub-level one, his personal lab, where the five custom small replicators waited for him.

Quickly, he hooked them to a SecUnit's Fusion Core. Then, he let Atlas feed them data since there was no scanned element. Once Atlas gave him the green light, he turned them on for a very short moment. It was enough to create the new elements in enough quantity that they bound together and formed a visible chunk.

"Fusion Core's power has dropped to thirty percent," Atlas warned.

"Fuck!" Cypher yanked the plug. He'd raided Arasaka to charge the damn thing, and it was almost dead already. "I'm throwing a party once we finish the fusion reactor."

Energy was the one thing that held him back all this time.

"Alright, let's make Durasteel," Cypher said and walked to the workstation, now configured like a blacksmith's forge. He could have used the Replicator itself, feeding it the seven elements needed to make Durasteel. And Atlas said it would work.

However, to get rid of that itch, Cypher followed the steps as they were in his mind. And the process was very simple: extreme heat and melting, and combining them all. Then a bit of hammering. It was all done with automatic tools, not a real hammer and an anvil. The damn thing was from Star Wars, not Lord of the Rings.

Finally, he quenched the newly discovered and invented steel.

"It's gone!"

Cypher exclaimed and pulled the metal out. It was tiny, an inch by an inch, and just 0.1 centimeter in thickness. He squeezed it between his fingers, feeling how light it was. It made complete sense to him why it was used in spacecraft hulls, buildings, and armor.

"If we get Beskar one day, we'll be invincible." He muttered and walked over to an oversized safe. He put the Durasteel inside it since the future industrial replicators would use its scan to produce more.

At last, free of all itches, he went back up into his house. He grabbed a beer from the fridge and threw himself on the living room couch. He glanced at the watch; it was still half an hour from midnight.

"Let's see what's on the news." He tapped on the remote and turned on the hovering, holographic screen above his coffee table. Right away, the N54 news channel came up. On the screen was Gilleen Jordan reporting, looking as hot as ever.

"...the new human line of products by Obsidian has become popular amongst Chrome lovers. The skin and synthetic muscles..."

Cypher sighed and changed the channel. He didn't want to hear about his own work when off work.

Beep!

Feeling his Agent vibrate in his pocket, he took it out and read the message, only to frown. It was a message from Judy, asking him where he was, and that she wanted to talk.

Been a while since we last met.

He casually told her his location, hoping to set up a meeting the next day. However, she instantly replied with 'I'm on my way'.

"Atlas, something happened to Judy? She good?" He looked at the old man lazily lounging on the other couch.

"She is safe. It is best you hear the rest from her."

Confused, he tried to think about it. The deal with Lizzie's was going well. Atlas had already supplied them with old school porn videos and BDs.

"Where's Evelyn Parker?" he asked.

"At Lizzie's, drinking alone."

Cypher got even more confused. But then he noticed the clock nearing 12, and decided to just wait for Judy to arrive. He leaned back fully and closed his eyes when just a minute was left. He waited for Atlas to do the usual counting.

"Five... four... three... one..."

It flickered. The spark of an idea, like a big bang inside his head. Like a microscopic door opening, and leaking out knowledge directly into him. It was faster than anything possible, faster than light. In an instant, the itch had arrived.

"Hmm..." Cypher muttered, opening his eyes. "Think Delamain's the lucky one this time. It's a flying car called a Spinner from Blade Runner. Pretty compact. VTOL, runs on ICE, jet propulsion, and anti-grav all at once. We can mass produce the fuck outta it with all the tech we've got."

"Anti-gravity is too advanced for current standards," Atlas suggested. "Are you willing to share it?"

"No, this anti-grav is pretty basic. Not the crazy gravity field manipulation shit Servo-Skull uses."

Cypher silently digested all the new information.

"Yeah, let's grab Mahir Motors as fast as we can. We're gonna need those factories for the main body production and all the other basic shit. The engine side and assembly, that's our game." He looked over at Atlas. "Let's make some damn noise. About time the world knew Cypher Blackwell and Obsidian."

"A fusion reactor would've achieved the same result."

"Yeah, but throwing in anti-grav means twice the noise," Cypher said, getting to his feet and heading for the door as a familiar engine rumbled outside. "I'll sketch the plans later."

Happy to meet Judy again, he quickly opened the door and stepped outside, waiting for her to come out of her van. But to his disappointment, she took her sweet time to turn those blinding headlights off.

Then came the sound of the door opening.

Thud!

And then the door closed. It was loud, more than necessary. And finally, Judy came into view, walking unsteadily towards him, holding a bottle in one hand.

"You drank without me?" He asked with a smile.

Judy didn't reply and stumbled her way towards him. And finally, when she walked onto his porch, he got to see her face. Her eyes were streaked with ruined mascara as if she'd cried.

What the hell happened?

"You!" She snapped, her words slurring from the booze. "Why've you been avoiding me?"

Huh?