

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Panam!

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“And then, get this! The smoke clears and he looks up at me, hair blown back and face black with soot, and he says ‘well... I didn’t think it would explode!’ Ahahaha!”

Laughter bursts out from everyone in the camp listening to the story. Even the subject of said story takes it in good humor.

“Bahaha! You bastard, you know it wasn’t like that!”

“Oh yeah?! Then what was it like, huh?!”

As the other Nomad launches into his own version of the story, Panam lets her own weak chuckles peter out. Sitting there among the Aldecaldos in a folding chair nursing a drink, she can almost forget that she ever left. Almost.

Really though, it was nice to be able to visit the clan... but that was all it was. A visit. Panam was no longer a member of the Aldecaldos, even if she knew they would vehemently disagree were she to voice that thought out loud. It was the truth though. She’d gone city native at this point... there was no escaping that fact.

In fact, as fun as this was... she decides then and there that she’s ready to get out of here. Reaching over and nudging V, she gets his attention and jerks her head towards her Warhorse. V blinks but smiles and nods, rising to his feet alongside her.

Panam doesn’t interrupt the story being told to make a big exit or anything like that, simply slipping away with V and saying her goodbyes to a handful of important people around camp. Then, she and V head for her truck.

Before they can climb in, however, a familiar voice calls out.

“Leaving, Panam?”

Panam’s shoulders immediately hunch inwards as she tenses up for a moment... but in the end, she relaxes and turns to regard Saul. The Aldecaldos leader has his hands on his waist and is watching her carefully with an unreadable look on his face.

“... Yeah, bout time to be heading back if we want to reach the city before dark.”

Saul grunts.

“You could always stay the night. Both of you, if you wanted. Nobody here would mind.”

The funny thing is, Panam knows Saul is telling the truth. The only one who would have minded once upon a time is him. Of course, now the problem is... *she* would mind. She’s gone and gotten herself domesticated, preferring the clean sheets and soft bed back at the penthouse apartment over roughing it out here in a tent or sleeping in her car.

Don’t get her wrong, she’s still a driver above all else and she loves her baby more than anything in the world... but it’s like she’d thought earlier. She’s not a Nomad anymore, not truly.

“... Appreciate the offer, Saul. Gotta pass this time though.”

Saul grimaces and after a moment Panam turns to get into her truck. Only to once again be stopped by him calling out to her.

“Panam!”

Turning back, she tries not to be too frustrated.

“Yes, Saul?”

“Figure you deserve to know... there might not be a next time. Clan has been talking about moving out soon. Probably gonna head south, towards the border and Arizona.”

... Yeah, Panam had sort of already figured that out if she was being honest. She'd just been ignoring the reality. You could take the girl out of the Aldecaldos, but you couldn't take the Aldecaldos out of the girl, not fully. Just being in camp today, she'd seen all the signs that they were slowly but surely starting to pack up.

But hey... this was a good thing! Plastering a smile on her face, Panam can't help a little bit of ribbing.

“Glad to hear it. Better that than selling out to the Corps like you were planning.”

Saul huffs and crosses his arms over his chest, giving her a long-suffering look.

“Not that we didn't wind up doing that anyways, huh?”

The pointed look he shoots to a quietly observing V immediately has Panam bristling.

“Fuck you Saul. You're seriously gonna try to compare V to fucking Biotechnica? They would have sucked the clan's souls out of their damn bodies and drained you dry of every ennie of value they could get out of you. All V has done is help you! Without his work, you wouldn't even have the supplies to go South in the first place!”

Indeed, as angry as Panam was over the comparison, a small part of her did see why Saul was making it. Because of her and V's relationship, he'd been predisposed to listening to her... and because of all of Alt's bullshit, V had quite literally become the shadow ruler of not just Dogtown, not just the Arasaka Megacorp, but fucking NUSA to boot.

It was still a little hard for Panam to wrap her head around, but the short and sweet of it at least where Saul and the clan were concerned was that she and V had been able to get them a ton of work with no strings attached, unlike Biotechnica who would indeed have bled them dry, smiling all the while.

Saul at least has the good grace to know when he's overstepped, because he holds up his hands in surrender.

"Fuck, I know Panam. Sorry. Just... guess I can't help but worry about you a little bit. You're doing so well for yourself that even we're getting the benefits of it on our end, but you and I both know what Night City does to people, whether they're born to it or not. It chews them up and spits them back out."

A little mollified, Panam just grunts and crosses her arms over her chest. She's not quite willing to give him the satisfaction of agreeing with him, but she doesn't disagree either.

"... There's a place for you if you wanted to come with us you know. Always and forever. We're family. Don't forget that."

And there it is. The offer to properly rejoin the clan, to leave Night City and V and the crew behind. Panam had sort of known it was coming from the moment she saw that everyone was packing up. She'd definitely known it was coming when Saul caught them before they could leave.

Shooting a glance to V to gauge his reaction, Panam finds him watching with a soft smile... like he already knows what she's going to say and isn't worried in the slightest. To be fair, Panam isn't really that torn. Once upon a time she might have been, but now...

"We are family, you're right about that. But people change, Saul. I've changed. You lot belong on the move and I'm glad to see you guys are ready to keep going... but this is where I belong now. In Night City. With V."

Saul doesn't look happy about that and for the briefest of moments Panam thinks she sees a flash of anger in the man's eyes as he glances in V's direction. Fortunately for his sake, Saul doesn't let that anger make him say anything untoward, because Panam is fully ready to go toe to toe with the man if he decides to be even more of a jackass than he already has been.

In the end though, Saul controls himself... and solemnly nods.

"Understood. Best of luck to you Panam. And thanks for everything. You too V."

That last bit is tacked on almost as an afterthought, even though most of the help could be laid at V's feet. Still, Panam just turns and climbs into her Warhorse while V joins her in the passenger seat. Saul watches with his arms crossed over his chest as they drive away.

Panam's hands curl around the steering wheel as she takes them out of the camp and down the road a bit. Her lips are pressed tightly together so hard they're probably white right now. V is quiet beside her... but after a moment, he reaches out and rests a hand on her leg, just shy of her thigh.

It's a seemingly innocuous gesture... but frankly, it's all the invitation Panam needs. As soon as she finds a good spot a few miles away from the camp, she pulls off the road and parks behind a particularly large rock. Then, she all but lunges out of the driver's seat and into V's lap, scrambling over until she can get herself on top of him.

Grabbing him by the face, Panam leans in and kisses him deeply, hungrily, desperately. Her tongue pushes into his mouth and V's tongue reciprocates, dancing together as she moans. At the same time, her hands almost immediately move down off of his face. Panam maintains the lip lock, even as her fingers scramble at their clothing.

It's awkward and cramped and not at all sexy, but eventually she manages to get her pants off and the crotch of her bodysuit opened to expose her cunt. At the same time, she's also pulled V's cock out of the confines of his pants and stroked him to fully erect.

As soon as she's got him nice and hard, Panam lines them up and slams herself down, taking V deep into her cunt right there on the spot. A wanton moan is swallowed up by his lips as Panam shudders atop him, staying still for a moment to just revel in the feeling of fullness.

Then, looping her arms around his neck, the caramel-skinned woman begins to bounce. She rides V with a frantic sort of energy, gasping and panting and moaning into his mouth as she kisses him all the while. The idling Warhorse rocks and shakes with the force of her movements, the car shifting alongside them as she grinds herself down on V's dick again and again.

If someone had told Panam Palmer a few months ago that she would give up the Nomad Lifestyle in order to join some edgerunner's harem of highly skilled, extremely competent women, Panam... probably would have shot them. Laughing in their face or punching their lights out probably wouldn't have been enough.

And yet... here she is. As insane as it looks from the outside, as crazy as it sometimes feels even on the inside... Panam is all in. Maybe she's in too deep to back out now, but really... she just doesn't want to give up all she's gained.

She's happy with V... hell, she's happy with the other girls too. They're her friends... her new family. And yeah, Night City is a fucking monster of a city that might just wind up killing them all at some point, but frankly Panam can't imagine it happening to V or his precious people, not anymore.

If it was going to happen, it would have already happened. At this point, V was the closest to untouchable that you could get. And unlike Saburo Arasaka, he wasn't about to let himself get merced out of nowhere like a fucking moron.

Bouncing upon V's cock, Panam breaks the lip lock in order to lean back and look him in the eye.

"Fuck V... I love you."

Those aren't words she's ever had much cause to say before meeting V and even now she can't help but feel rather cheesy as they leave her lips. And yet... cheesy or not, they feel fucking right all the same.

They feel even more right when V smiles up at her, his hands on her waist and his thumbs rubbing soothing circles into her hips and reciprocates. His cock throbs and pulses inside of her, making her shudder in ecstasy on top of him.

"I love you too, Panam."

A shiver runs through Panam's body. Sure, she knows that love isn't hers alone... but funnily enough, she doesn't mind that as much as the old her would have. It feels good to be part of something bigger than herself. Maybe she's still more of an Aldecaldos than she thought in that regard.

... But no. She's not a Nomad anymore. She's not an Aldecaldos. She's part of V's crew. She's one of V's girls. And as she slams herself down on V's cock for the umpteenth time and lets out a loud, lewd cry as she cums all over his throbbing member, Panam knows... she's right where she belongs.

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!