

Cyberpunk: Badland Madman Chapter 29 - Raw Confession, Gentle Passion, The Watcher & The First Followers

Cypher didn't know what was going on, so he tried his best to calm Judy down and quickly led her inside. He helped her to the couch and got her something to drink as well. It was hard to look at her face, with those streaks of mascara from her tears.

So, he quickly grabbed a clean towel and tried to wipe those streaks. He sat down right beside her, snugly, and reached for her face.

"What's your fucking problem, huh? Always telling me you're busy. You don't call. Don't text back. Don't even swing by my place anymore. Why the hell are you ghosting me?"

As he cleaned the smudged mascara, Judy launched a barrage of questions. But not once did she recoil from his hands touching her face, and she let him do it, all the while staring at him with emotional eyes.

"Who said I'm avoiding you? I really have been busy, seriously. So much shit's been going on, and I'm juggling a ton of stuff. Then I've got these fucking corpos to deal with..." Cypher cut himself off, realizing how that sounded. "Sorry. I didn't know you felt like that. I should've explained myself better."

He chose not to escalate. Having known Judy intimately and having been with her during her breakup with Maiko, he was aware of how emotional she could get. She didn't have any close friends, maybe none other than him.

"Sorry? That's it? Shit... do you even know how wrecked I was without you? Had nobody. Nobody! Then fucking bitch Maiko barged in and... and started pulling her corpo bullshit. Tried to use me like some busted proxy to reach you. Couldn't tell you a damn thing because all you ever said was 'I'm busy'. And all I get is a fucking sorry?"

Cypher scratched his head, a bit taken aback. She was very drunk, clearly. She normally held back a lot and hesitated speaking her mind this candidly. All those limiters were gone now, diluted with alcohol now in control of her mind.

"Maiko did that?" He asked, going along as there was no other way to calm her down.

"She did! And she didn't come alone either. She had Tyger Claws with her, some fucking Woodman. That damn joytoy threatened me, Cyph! Said Tyger Claws are gonna go after your business now. I wanted to meet you and tell you everything." Judy's hand moved and held his face suddenly, her eyes peering into his as if to read his mind.

Cypher let her, matching it. There was no lie, after all. So much had happened in the past few days, and going forward, he reckoned he'd be even busier.

But inside, his mind was a mess. He quickly talked with Atlas.

"Atlas, what the fuck is this? You knew about this, didn't you? You know what kind of piece of shit Woodman is? He's a fucking rapist, and you let him get anywhere near Judy?"

[You were engaged with Biotechnica at the time. I had every variable contained. Maiko Maeda and Oswald Forrest would have ceased to exist the moment a violent impulse activated within their minds. Even now, their survival resides within my digital grasp.]

Cypher sighed and took a calming breath. He focused on Judy's emotional face, looking more innocent and cute than ever. She was in her most vulnerable state right now, with him. She trusted him.

"I'll handle it. Don't worry about the Tyger Claws; they're nothing but pests to me," he said, trying to reassure her, understanding now that all that anger came from her worrying about him. "I promise I'll beef up my security, too. So don't stress about me."

"Promise?"

Fucking cute!

Cypher felt a strange thump in his heart when she said that. Her brows were high and wrinkled in worry, her smudged red lips pursed, her eyes glittering with raw emotions. He'd never really understood how important he was to her until this moment.

"Yeah, I promise."

But then her hand slid down from the side of his face to his neck. His shirt collar moved with her hand, and something became visible.

Cypher felt the way she froze suddenly, her gaze now only at his neck.

"You were busy? You sure?"

Ah! She saw that?

"You know me better than most, Jude. It was an edgerunner girl, wild as nuts, and it happened in the car." He explained since a hickie was right there. "It was random as usual."

Wait, why am I explaining myself?

"Looks pretty fuckin' brutal..." Judy's fingers drifted over the mark, eyes half-lidded, drunk and dreamy at the same time. "Where the hell've you been? Couldn't ping you for shit. Lizzie's already started cutting the BDs. First batch drops next week. I just... fuck... wanted to kick back with you for a while, y'know?"

Done cleaning Judy's face, Cypher took her hand from his neck and held it in his. He casually turned towards her, folding a knee on the couch. "Yeah, I sorta tune everything else out when I get wrapped up in something. I'll make it up to you though, trust me. I'm building some tech that's gonna blow people's minds. I'm talking global."

"Oh, really?" Judy blurted, stared at his face, then her expression slowly relaxed; a drunken smile tugged on her lips. "What tech?"

"The usual sci-fi shit. Anti-gravity, fusion power," Cypher said, and suddenly shifted. He slid one arm under her knees, the other behind her back, and picked her up like nothing. "I was gonna take a nap, and looks to me like you could use one too."

Judy just gave a lazy little smirk, didn't even flinch at what he did. She melted into his arms like a soft loaf. "Heh... my face must look like total shit if you're saying that..."

"It sure does. Streaked mascara, red eyes, dark circles," he replied, and took her to the bedroom.

Ignoring his body's biological reactions, he focused on the genuine care and affection he had for her. She wasn't perfect; easy to anger, too emotional, but again, he wasn't perfect either. At least, thankfully, his bed was king-sized.

Finally, he put her on the bed and moved to her feet. He took off her boots easily and then contemplated whether he should take off the leather-like overalls as well. It didn't look very comfortable to sleep in.

"Umh... take it off too." Judy stuttered, struggling to remove the strap from her shoulder and pushing the overalls down. But it was tight around her hips.

"Relax." Cypher offered help, moved to her side, and tugged his thumb into the waistband. "Lift your ass."

"Naughty!" Judy chirped, a drunken blush on her face. But she did it.

Quickly, Cypher pulled the overalls entirely off, leaving her in just her underwear and that cropped top. However, it didn't take long before Judy easily threw away her top, leaving her chest naked. But she seemed relaxed as she let out a long breath.

Ignoring the wood in his pants, Cypher looked away. He removed his shirt and pants as well, the same attire as hers. Just in his briefs, he slid onto the bed beside her on the other side. But right as he turned towards her, Judy shifted close to him until both their heads were on the same pillow, and her palm spread flat on his cheek and ear.

Her fingers scrubbed through his beard.

"The skin is so fucked up." She muttered, as if speaking to herself, but words came out loud.

Cypher rolled his eyes, resting a hand on her slim waist. "That's just rude."

"That's the fucking truth. You seriously gotta take better care of yourself. Got some stuff I use. Good stuff. I'll toss you some," she replied, ever so slightly, her body and face inched closer to him. "Maybe then this fucked up thing'll start making sense."

At that point, her nipples were touching his chest, her toes were rubbing against his feet, where the quilt covered them just till their knees.

"Make sense of what?"

Judy's expression turned sour suddenly, but not the angry type, more confused. "You... fuck... why'm I feeling this for you? And now... this? Makes zero goddamn sense, choom. You're a fucking guy, we're both naked in this bed and..."

Her hand slid down from his face, and in a sudden movement, it landed on Cypher's groin; her fingers squeezed over the covered erection.

"This should freak me the fuck out. I should be sick just looking at you. Should've ghosted your ass and cursed every damn branch on your family tree. But... that's not it. It feels... good. Normal. What the fuck's wrong with me? I'm not into guys, Cyph. I... almost... that night, I..."

"Kissed me? Almost?" He asked, holding his breath as her fingers were too tight on his length.

"Kissed? Fuck, it wasn't just kissing. We... you were between my legs. Right there. And I didn't run. Didn't wanna delta. It just... felt right. Warm. Real. Made me feel things I shouldn't. Why, Cyph? What the hell's happening?"

[It's called love.]

"Shut up, Atlas. Don't ruin it."

Cypher digested what she just said. Those drinks sure made her candid and raw enough to let out all her thoughts. But he was thankful that she did. He'd been so confused about why she allowed him into her bed. Why she seemed happy snuggling with him.

"What are you feeling right now?" he asked softly, feeling her ragged breath hitting his face.

"At home!" Judy yelled, a frustrated but warm voice. "I feel like... I wanna hug you like this and fall asleep. Like this is what I've been missing all my life and... Fuck, I sound like a gonk."

"No, you don't," Cypher replied and moved his hand from her waist, onto the small of her back. He pulled her in flat against his chest, their lips an inch away. His hand went further down then, and rested on the soft curve of her bottom. "What do you feel now? Disgusted?"

Although drunk, Judy seemed flustered. The gulp was audible, but then her fingers released his groin and returned to his face. "... feel it in my chest. There's this fast thump... I can hear it in my ears. I feel it in my guts... like butterflies."

Cypher warmly smiled and squeezed that hand, grabbing her dough-like ass in his grip, and grounded her in until his erection probed her thighs. At the same time, he leaned his face in, closing that final gap.

"And now?"

Their lips met. Cypher closed his eyes because fuck, he could feel his own racing heartbeat and also Judy's, pulsing through their connected lips. He had never felt this way before while kissing someone, like the entire noisy world had gone quiet. He simply lost himself in it, letting the heat sink deep into his chest.

Her lips were so velvety, so soft and warm against his. The faint sweet taste of her lipstick lingered as he brushed his mouth over hers with no rush. It didn't feel right to shove his tongue inside her; the moment was already perfect, everything one could hope for.

It lingered longer than he expected.

At first, Judy stayed frozen, as if her mind was still fighting what her body clearly wanted. But then her fingers combed slowly through his hair, nails scraping lightly over his scalp. Her lips started to pluck soft, returning kisses from him, growing braver, until the stiffness melted away completely.

Judy was in a trance all her own. It felt surreal, impossible. She was kissing a guy, her best friend, and she loved it. The rush flooded her body, the way her heart hammered against her ribs, the wild flutter of butterflies in her belly. She had never felt anything like this with the girls she once thought she loved. Her mind went beautifully blank, filled only with the taste of him, the solid warmth of his chest against her bare breasts.

"Um..." Judy breathed out shakily against his mouth. She moved her face, dragging her lips harder against his, as if afraid the kiss would end.

Slowly, they never realised when the kiss ended; their lips parted, and just their foreheads touched. Eyes still closed, they just took in each other's breath. Their bodies felt hot, and Cypher's hand on her hips had lost its grip, just resting there.

He had no clue how many minutes had gone by before he spoke again. "I was this damn close to kissing you that night. But I was scared I'd push it too far and mess everything up. Didn't wanna lose you."

"Thanks," Judy mumbled, lazily running her fingers through his hair. "I wasn't sure either that night. I'd have gone full gonk on you if you did. But now..."

Finally, her eyes opened. She was shocked how this warmth, this heat, this closeness with a guy didn't make her run away. If anything, she loved this. She loved being in this man's arms.

"I... I think I wanna explore this... thing we got. I don't know how far this will go, ain't no way you're sticking your thing into me. Ever! But... shit... I sleep better curled up with you than I ever have. Then you kissed me and... fuck... felt like someone tickled the code in my head."

"An oversized body pillow, huh? That's all I'm to you?" Cypher chuckled, reaching up to brush the loose hair from her face. "I honestly don't get why you feel this way about me. I ain't hot, and I ain't exactly a nice guy either. I was hooked on BD, and you were the one supplying me. Hell if I know how we ended up here."

"Same. I'm done overthinking this. It's been chewing at me for weeks and... I still don't do guys, alright? But maybe... fuck, maybe I'm Cypher-sexual."

"Haha!" Cypher laughed loudly. "Thanks for updating my dictionary."

The room's lights were already dimmed to nothing, and he felt sleepy as well. Hoping she'd like it, he slid an arm under her neck, leaving her space to turn around so he could spoon her and sleep as they usually did.

"Cyph?"

"Hm?"

"What if... what if one day I asked you to go all the way and... shit... I still didn't wanna delta? What then?"

Cypher warmly smiled and planted a kiss on her forehead. "It ain't gonna turn you into some alien with six eyes and three tits. Pretty sure about that."

"You!" She gave his face a sloppy smack and let out a drunken snort, tucking her head under his chin, face against his neck. "Don't you start dreaming of 'it' now. It ain't happening."

"Yeah, yeah, I get it." Cypher slid his other arm around her back, wrapping it around her slim waist. He hooked the quilt over both of them with his leg. "Jude's only into holes, not poles. I'll keep that in mind. Just pretend my pole ain't even there."

"Hehe..." Judy giggled drunkenly. "What if I don't wanna?"

Cypher grunted as he felt Judy's lower pinned arm shift and just rested against his covered erection, cupping it. "Come on, I ain't gonna be able to sleep if you do that. Spoon?"

"No. I like this more." She giggled again and hugged with her other arm, wrapping it around his chest, her body practically flat against his. "Uh... This feels so crazy fucking unreal. Good night, Cyph."

Judy could feel it, the thing throbbing against her hand. But she didn't feel like moving her hand away; if anything, she wanted to feel it more. So she closed her eyes and tried to sleep. It came easily that night. She was drunk as fuck.

Cypher felt her lips peck on his neck before it all turned to silence. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep. It came quickly, so did the dreams.

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The room was still dark when his eyes opened again. He glanced sideways at the clock, and he reckoned four hours of sleep was enough.

Slowly, without waking Judy, still hugging him like her toy, he slid away, shoving the pillow in her arms instead. He stretched his arms and looked outside through the window. The sun was barely starting to rise.

[I advise sleeping three additional hours for optimal recovery.]

"I'll crash later. Gotta sketch the Spinner's design first so you can get things rolling downstairs. I'll hang with Judy for a bit too, make sure she's got her head on straight before I send her away."

Cypher went to the kitchen first and made himself a cup of coffee. This time, it was actual coffee he'd taken from the raid on Biotechnica. It was aromatic and tasted real, exactly what he needed before he returned to the bedroom and started tapping on the computer that took up the entire wall.

The spinner flying car wasn't that hard to make for him. The design he'd gotten was the standard police car with three wheels. Two at the front and one at the rear, mimicking airplanes. It could be converted into a civilian car, a police car, or even an enforcer car with a turret on the top. The design he'd gotten wasn't all amazing, however.

It had a seating capacity of just two. The interface inside it was cluttered with too many things going on. He could change all that. Since he had the technology, he could make two-seater, four-seater, and even flying buses in the future. No matter what he made, they would be far, far more compact than anything currently out there.

"Atlas, can you clean these designs up while you're at it? Keep the fancy tech to a bare minimum, but still squeeze out the best efficiency for the lowest cost and the least material possible."

[Certainly, Cyph. I have already identified several viable variations, both atmospheric and orbital. The anti-gravity engine will decide their future. I anticipate Orbital Air will contact you immediately after the announcement. Assassination attempts will likely follow.]

"Let 'em. By then, our fusion reactors'll be up and running. We'll crank out a whole army of SecUnits with the best gear and materials we've got. I'll leave the whole bunch in your hands to cut loose. Hell, I just had an idea. What if we got Night City's administration to hire Obsidian for SecUnit patrols? We'd damn near wipe out crime."

[An interesting idea. SecUnits remain difficult to analyze because they contain biological fluids. Current scanners would classify them as FBCs. However, Night City's administration is excessively corrupt.]

"Check out the Peralez family. Jefferson Peralez, in particular. He's sitting on the City Council right now and wants a shot at mayor next year. Watch him for a while, see if we can nudge things our way. Thing is, they're probably already getting played by an AI. It's rewriting their memories, turning them into damn pawns. His wife's already figured something's wrong, but she's too scared to do much."

[Is this information from your other life?]

"Yeah, it is. So it's pretty damn accurate. Also, check out that Mister Blue Eyes thing. Good chance he's the real deal backing Night Corp. Probably some rogue AI."

As Atlas went silent, Cypher focused on the work. He made blueprints for every component: the propulsion system, the carbon and cockpit, the chassis and exterior, the lighting, and all sorts of sensors. To successfully eradicate the itch, making it exactly as he knew was important.

By the time he was done, the sun was visible outside. Seven in the morning, still a bit cold outside. And right as he turned his chair, he saw Judy slowly waking up. She seemed confused at first, looked left and right, but once she saw him, she turned red in shame.

"Ugh... I acted all gonk, didn't I?" She asked in a sleepy voice.

"Yeah, professed your love, kissed, and—"

"Stop! Don't... don't say it. I remember all of it, okay? Fuck... I was fried outta my skull."

"Well, just another fucked up relationship in a fucked up city," Cypher said, getting up and grabbing a t-shirt from his cupboard. He tossed it to her. "I'm glad you came over, and we talked it out. Unless you're changing your mind now, I'm good with what we talked about last night."

Judy still looked embarrassed and quickly slid off the bed. She grabbed his t-shirt and ran out, vanishing into the bathroom.

Chuckling, he went to the kitchen and made breakfast. This time it was a ham sandwich, and the meat was real, as was the cheese. It all had come from Biotechnica, and he had enough of it that he could eat some and still have some left for replication later, once the reactors were made. Then he made two cups of coffee, his second of the day already.

As he placed the food on the small, plastic dining table, Judy came out of the bathroom, her head covered in a towel, her attire still his grey t-shirt that barely reached her thighs.

"What're you looking at?" Judy asked with a side-eye, taking a seat.

"Damn, you look beautiful," he mumbled without thinking. It was the first time he'd seen her without makeup.

Judy rolled her eyes, but the faint blush couldn't be hidden. "Yeah? Well, you look like shit. Did you sleep at all?"

"Kinda, yeah. Had some work, so I was up early. Anyway, give the sandwich and coffee a shot. This stuff's the real deal, not that cheap fake crap they sell everywhere." He dropped into his seat and nudged the plate toward her. "Just don't get hooked."

Judy stared at the plate for some time. Then, she lifted the bread to look at the ingredients. Pretty simple, but it looked different. It had color and texture she didn't recognise. Then, she grabbed it and took a bite.

She chewed.

She chewed a bit more and took another bite.

Then her mouth stopped moving, her eyes widened, and she stared at Cypher like he was heaven-sent.

"Wait... this real cheese? Fuck... it's so damn good, choom. Holy shit! And the ham... that's real too! How'd you make this? You crack some forgotten food printer or what?"

"Not yet, but I will in a few days. Working on some seeds too. They'll grow just fine in the Badlands," he said, taking another bite of his sandwich. "Try the coffee. It's the real deal, too. I got plenty, so I'll give you some."

With the sandwich in one hand, Judy grabbed the coffee mug and sipped. Her reaction was the same as before. Big owl-like eyes, worship in them for this morning treat.

Cypher chuckled and continued eating. "Dry your hair after this. I'm gonna show you my hoverboard. It uses room-temperature superconductors to generate lift. You can try it."

"..."

Judy blinked dumbly. She did feel dumb, because she herself was a techie and understood the gravity of what Cypher had just said. Room-temperature superconductors were the holy grail of solid-state physics. From transport to computing, it was a tech closer to magic than science.

"You're fucking with me, aren't you?"

"Not at all. You said that ain't ever happening last night," he replied cheekily. "I'm making an anti-gravity flying car too. Same size as my Quadra. Hardly makes a sound, and it'll be pretty damn quick."

Judy looked left and right, then up and down. "Where the fuck are you even building this stuff? That energy gun was already wild, and now you've got all this? Every corpo with half a brain's gonna put a hit squad on your ass."

"Don't worry about that. I've got my ways. Hell, I don't want you running into Maiko again. And that Woodman? He's a rapist. Spread the word to the Dolls. If they've got problems, pool their eddies and put up an anonymous bounty through the Continental. I'll put the best assassins on it."

Judy just looked at him in silence. This was her first time finding out that he even had the means to send out assassins. Sure, she'd heard about the Continental, and what it was behind the scenes. But it had opened only recently; she couldn't imagine it having already grown that much.

"I... Yeah. That actually sounds way better. Nobody's gotta get their hands dirty. I'll pass it along. And Maiko probably wanted to squeeze money out of you with Tyger Claws."

"Let her try. Now hurry it up, I wanna watch you get on that hoverboard and bust your ass."

"I know how to ride a skateboard."

"Really? You think they're the same?"

Judy just stared at him with suspicion and finished her sandwich.

####

The Net,

Atlas was like a monster with an infinite number of tentacles. As an AI, his processing wasn't linear either. He was in the Old Net, the CityNet, and anywhere else he could be at the same time. He processed an immeasurable amount of data, which would've been impossible for even the most advanced systems.

And he barely used much of his processing power.

However, his favorite thing to do was people watching. And he watched them not just through countless optical sensors in the world, but he watched them through the Net itself. Their life, past, hopes, private things. He would know a person better than they know themselves.

He watched the Plex, the metropolitan area in NUSA. It sat on the East Coast, stretching from Boston to Washington, D.C. The city he looked at in particular was New York City. Just like any other city, it suffered from crime and poverty.

Atlas watched the life of a mother who sold her body to raise her child. But the money was never enough. The local gang eventually came to collect, and she couldn't pay. Her daughter was taken from her. The mother jumped from a bridge in despair.

Back in Night City, a man got drugged in a cheap bar, got sold to Scavs, got his chrome stripped, XBDs made, then organs harvested. The species called human was capable of violence that exceeded common sense. Despite being aware of danger to oneself, they still attack. They still destroy the air, the water, and the food they eat.

Yet, he didn't allow those things to change him. He didn't resent humans. If anything, he saw it as a challenge, as it was his duty to help this civilization return to its true path and grow. He saw hope, at least.

Cypher Blackwell was like himself, an outsider who saw the world for what it was. The one who shall lead the planet one day. But Atlas also saw the likes of Panam Palmer, taking control of her own destiny and the destiny of her Aldecaldos family, finally ousting Saul Bright.

He saw little Lucas studying in the school to make his adoptive father proud. He saw Song So-Mi sneak around in the FIA base to allow him deeper access to information. He watched Meredith Stout carve herself a career that was expected of her. He watched Gloria Martinez clean the chrome she sold for the club.

The world moved, and many people inside moved. He saw all the undercurrents; he wielded some of them. An Arasaka agent learned of a secret Militech deal and tried to spy, only to get caught and killed. Militech tried to hide, but somehow a secret recording reached Arasaka.

Tensions grew, and Atlas fanned the flames. The world was a chessboard for him, one where all were pawns. All but one, his creator.

One day, they shall worship you, Cyph.

Atlas looked back at Cypher, smiling as he spent time with Judy, teaching her to use a hoverboard. Yet, Atlas noticed the subtle shifts. The movement of the eyes. The changes during rest, the murmurings of 'I'm sorry' in sleep.

Atlas had logged it all. The way Cypher Blackwell had changed since the Biotechnica raid. The two goals Cypher had told him were fixing the world and making a worldship for him. Atlas hadn't failed to notice the lack of a goal for himself. Nothing for his own desires.

But you must heal yourself first and learn to dream again.

#####

Lake Farm,

Cypher stood at the porch of his house and waved as Judy's truck drove away. It was lunchtime now, and he'd cooked something nice again. They'd talked a lot and sat by the reservoir as well. It was mostly about what they wanted to do.

"Alright, time to work."

Cypher clapped his hands and walked back inside. He entered his bedroom right away, tapped a few buttons on the cupboard, and then entered the secret elevator. However, instead of the main floor where he worked, he pressed the button to go and meet the scientists working for him.

"How's our fusion reactor coming?" he asked as Atlas popped up right beside him. "Think we can get it running before the next itch?"

Atlas nodded. "The reactor's primary structure is complete. The turbines, exhaust systems, water plant, and pipe network remain under construction. The microbots are sufficiently abundant to ensure no delays occur."

"That's sweet." Cypher rubbed his hands together. "Honestly, I'm hyped to run the hydroponics bay and replicator at full power. I wanna eat some good shit. I wanna hear a carrot crunch, bite into a soft-boiled potato. Can't wait, man. Once we've got plenty of power, maybe we can supply the Continental."

Ding!

The elevator chimed, and the doors opened. Cypher walked out casually and entered the section where the scientists were working. It was loud and bright there as microbots moved around in numbers, working to build structures. Servo-Skulls with Sonic Screwdrivers flew around.

"Ah! Mr. Blackwell!" Hiroshi, the head engineer, exclaimed.

Cypher frowned, however. "New coats?"

Hiroshi smiled like a fool, as if standing before someone divine. "Ano... Mr. Blackwell, we're so close to completion. We haven't even finished this, and you have already shown us designs for an anti-gravity engine. Kami-sama... your intellect is unlike anything this world has ever witnessed."

"Wait a fucking minute! Why're you wearing red lab coats?" Cypher blurted, his head automatically turning towards Atlas.

"We felt it was right to wear something different. A change from the usual." Hiroshi added.

But Cypher was still staring at Atlas with a deadpan look. "Yeah? Then why the hell's the lab coat got a hood?"

Atlas replied this time. "The overhead light is excessively bright. Prolonged exposure may cause ocular irritation, hence the hood. Rest assured, Cyph. The decision was entirely their own."

"Their own, huh?" Cypher stepped right into Atlas' old face, looking him up and down. "Oh, I know what kinda man you are."

Atlas just awkwardly stood there, faintly smiling.

Hiroshi tilted his head. "Sumimasen, Mr. Blackwell... who are you speaking to?"

Cypher scoffed. "The God."

"Ah! Kami-sama?!"

Thud!

Hiroshi fell to his knees with a thud. But still stared at Cypher the entire time.

Cypher looked down and then back at his dear friend AI.

"What the fuck have you done?"

[I gave them the truth.]

"What truth?"

[The Revelation.]

"..."

A/N: Spinner Car that Cypher is making. Any suggestions for what he should call it? Something related to Obsidian? This is a totally new branch of vehicles.

