

NETRUNNING INTO YOU

A Night City story by Lena Trueshield

*Empress is a netrunner hired to do one job: find valuable data. She also finds love
(and gets buttfucked in the process)*

[Website](#) / [Patreon](#)

Contains: M/F, Human/Human, Cunnilingus, Anal Sex, Large Breasts, Large Cock(s), Foes To Lovers, Some Romance, Slight Domination, Fucked In Two Dimensions Simultaneously, Fucked Against A Window, Sex In A Digital World, Breasts Pressed To A Window



Quick job. Quick money. Get the data, get out, get paid.

That's what Ronnie had told her when she took the assignment. Simple, fast, and clean. That was the plan.

Of course, things are never *simple* in Night City. Things often go wrong. They always go wrong.

This job was no different and that feeling of unease grew as the rundown district of Pacifica came into view. It reminded her of a rotting corpse, the city's version of a bloated whale that was slowly decaying at sea.

Empress' skin prickled as the AV dropped her off a couple blocks from the location. Few knew of her real name and she preferred to keep it that way. She'd chosen the handle as a way to distract people. Who would take seriously a woman who called herself "Empress"? The world saw her as nothing more than a pretty face, one who was easy to stare at, but those who worked with her knew the true extent of her talents.

It made her a useful distraction when she needed to be, and she had made sure to downplay any rumors about her netrunning abilities. Oh, she wanted to become a legend

like all the others, but to do so, she had to stay alive. Those who brought too much attention to themselves flatlined sooner rather than later.

The AV flew away once she'd gotten out. No one wanted to stay in the area for long, and she didn't blame them.

A message popped up, the icon flashing red on the left side of her optics. She tapped the side of her glasses to read the text from Ronnie.

<Be careful, Linda.>

The concern warmed her heart, and she gave a fond smile. She didn't know if he cared for her or the money she brought him, yet it warmed her heart, nonetheless.

Her heels clicked against the pavement. She'd decided to wear a short blue dress that night. It clung to her body in all the right ways, showing off overflowing quantities of cleavage, and the hem barely reached her upper thighs. She wore fishnets with the dress and the black and white heels were a perfect contrast. Her raven hair was in a neat bun, with a few locks loose to frame her face, dyed blue.

Light rosy eyeshadow, thin eyeliner wings, some mascara, and glossy red lipstick. Her outfit and makeup were designed to draw the eye and give the impression of someone who had little to offer beyond being an object. By drawing attention to herself in such a manner, she knew that her presence would be of little note to the gonks that had most likely been hired as security.

As she got closer, the building's holographic sign flickered on and off. It looked like the place had been an Arasaka outlet. One of the stores they'd owned and then abandoned as it lost profit. Now it was just another empty building in a bad part of the city.

She stopped a few yards from the store and tapped her datapad, checking the floor plan for the shop and the basement. As her fixer, Ronnie always made sure to give her all the data she needed to complete the gig. Her optics detected no cameras on the outside of the building.

If they wanted to make the place look empty, they wouldn't put working cameras on it, Linda, she told herself as she slowly walked towards the building, attempting to appear as innocuous as possible.

No one would want to break in and steal from an empty shop, save for squatters, perhaps. But if the place was still legally owned by Arasaka, that wasn't a risk most would take.

Still, if there was something of value inside, then the place's security would definitely be concentrated there rather than on the immediate surface, she reasoned.

Empress looked around the front of the shop, searching for anyone guarding the area. The whole street seemed empty. A chill ran up her spine as she hacked the front doors. They slid open and she quickly moved inside.

Her hand reached back for the gun she'd strapped to her thigh, under the dress. The tiny Omaha was easily hidden, but the pounding in her chest demanded she pull it out. The weight of the weapon was comforting in her hands.

Taking a deep breath, the netrunner started moving. She was going to have to be quick. If this was a trap, then she'd have an incredibly short window to get the hell out.

She looked at the map again, the information superimposed on her field of vision, and noticed a path leading further down. The two didn't match.

What the fuck?

She frowned. There was no mention of that on the datashard Ronnie had given her.

Her heartbeat started to race and her skin prickled, yet the thrill of it was invigorating. It was times like these, when she had to move quick and think faster, that she felt alive.

She checked the time. Only ten minutes had passed. There was still time.

Downwards she moved on rickety steps, taking care not to touch the grime-coated walls. She could see the marks and graffiti of the countless gangers and nomads that had come and gone through this place. And yet, something told her that the place was not as abandoned as its appearance would lead one to believe...

Her suspicions were confirmed as she reached the bottom and saw the large vault door that was waiting for her. It was a high-tech security system and she could feel the power thrumming behind the titanium.

"Fuck", she muttered to herself as she scanned the security system and began to hack it.

The seconds ticked by as she tried to gain access. Her palms were sweating and her heart was racing, the adrenaline pumping through her veins. She was so focused that she almost missed the footsteps approaching her.

Someone was coming down the stairs, their footfalls light, yet the sound was magnified by the silence in the room.

Fuck.

After a few attempts, she managed to open the door and slip inside, closing it behind her. Her eyes scanned the area. This was clearly the central security room. The innumerable monitors, all linked up, were seemingly broadcasting live feeds from a multitude of brothels and dollhouses. A shiver ran up her spine as she saw what appeared to be dozens if not hundreds of people having sex in front of her eyes.

The images didn't distract her for long and she soon spotted the interface plug near the back of the wall that she would jack into.

As she plugged herself in, Empress' vision went black and she could see the data flowing through the wires as her consciousness was transported to the datafort, a visual representation of the system's digital information.

Her mind was flooded with that information, and it felt like someone was pouring ice-cold water over her.

Nothing unexpected so far, she thought. But had they really only posted one guard? Why hadn't he come inside yet? *Probably just patrolling*, she reasoned.

As she opened her eyes, she found herself in the living room of a fancy-looking apartment. Her surroundings were completely unfamiliar, and she could feel her heart pounding in her chest. Her mind felt for the door to the room in which her real body found itself. It had remained locked.

Good.

She didn't have much time.

Empress made her way towards the elevator. If this was a data fortress, then there should be defenses to block her path. Getting caught by an ICE would mean the end for her. At best, she would be forcibly pulled from the system with perhaps some cognitive damage. At worst, her brain would probably be fried.

It didn't take long for her to reach the first floor. She could hear the sounds of music coming from the lower levels.

Hurry. Hurry. Come on...

With each step, her nerves became more fraught. Her legs trembled slightly, and her heart was racing. As she entered the lobby, she could see a large group of people, all seemingly lost in what appeared to be some... orgy? The sight caught her by surprise, but she didn't allow herself to be distracted.

Data crawled up the walls of the fortress as she made her way from room to room, attempting to find the specific location that held the information. It was proving harder than expected.

Every room seemed to lead to a different corridor, a maze within a maze. The sound of moans filled her ears as she passed through a particularly long hallway.

What was it with the orgy? Had they been hacked? Was this a recreation of what she'd seen on the monitors before?

It was not something she was going to question. All she needed was to find the data, copy it, and get the hell out.

Her heart pounded. The fear that she would not be able to find the data and escape gnawed at her, growing stronger as time went by and as more of the orgy-filled rooms passed by as sounds of ecstasy resonated in her mind.

Then, she spotted an open door at the end of a hallway, its frame illuminated by a red glow.

This has to be it.

She stepped into the room, pressing a button behind her to close it.

She blinked a few times, realizing she was in what appeared to be a bedroom. It was dark, with enormous windows that allowed one to see the illuminated skyline of a city she didn't recognize, innumerable lights shining against the dark backdrop of night.

In the center of the room, there was a single bed, its covers a mess, its pillows strewn about.

A shiver ran down her spine as she approached the bed, a sense of dread settling in the pit of her stomach.

"I thought I heard a mouse crawling about," came a voice from the darkness, causing Empress to turn suddenly, reaching for her gun but only grabbing air.

Of course I wouldn't have any weapons here.

Before her, a sharply dressed man was sitting in an office chair, a smile upon his lips as soft light began filling the entirety of the room. He seemed tall enough, with broad shoulders and a handsome face. His dark brown hair was styled neatly with only slight hints of pepper, and his brown eyes sparkled with amusement.

He wore a suit of the finest material and his shoes were polished. She could not help but notice how good he smelled, even though he was a good ten feet away from her. His aftershave was subtle, yet it made her want to bury her face in the crook of his neck.

*An intricate illusion. Careful, Linda. Don't fall for it. But holy shit is he **HOT**.*

"Linda Lee. 27 years old. Half-Korean. 173 centimeters tall. And those measurements... all natural, too. When I heard they were sending you of all people, I just had to meet you in person. And I must say, the stories really didn't do your beauty any justice," the man said, his voice calm and even. "I suppose this is what you came here for?" he asked, lifting a data shard which he held between his fingers, the green chip flashing. He eyed it for a moment before shifting his gaze to the woman slowly.

Empress' heart sank. He had the data.

"It is," Empress replied, taking a step closer, her eyes never leaving the shard.

"Well, I'm afraid you won't be getting this anytime soon, my dear," he said, tucking it in his jacket's pocket. "You see, this contains records for quite a few of my clients... If you've gotten this far, you've most likely already surmised my line of work and what kinds of businesses I run. This is information that most of them would rather keep private. I can't simply let it slip away. Not yet anyway."

"How did you..." Empress started, her mind racing.

"Know about your presence? Well, I suppose you don't get to where I am by being sloppy. I like to keep tabs on potential threats," he explained, his eyes wandering down to her body, eyeing the woman's sumptuous curves, lingering upon the imposing swell of her chest for a second longer than she would have liked. "I'm sorry to have interrupted your mission, but you'll have to understand that I can't simply hand over the shard. Perhaps, however, we can reach an agreement," he suggested.

"What sort of agreement?"

She froze when she felt a hand on her back. There was no one behind her, however and the man grinned.

"This shard... It has all the data you need for your little mission. But it was altered. This way, the person who hired you - and I know the person in question - will be satisfied. If this information leaks... it will appear as though some of my competitors were behind the breach. My clients have little loyalty and thus, I am not the only purveyor of the pleasures they seek. It would not surprise them if this data came from elsewhere," he explained. "Now, what are you willing to do for the shard?"

"Anything," Empress replied, the word slipping out before she could stop herself. The ghostly hand on her back slowly moved down to her ass, giving it a firm squeeze.

"Oh, I like that. Now, I suppose I should at least give you my name. Well, not my actual name. They call me Ward," he said. "And with this being a simple recreation of my consciousness, I was able to, let's say... find you in what you netrunners like to call meatspace. Since this is only a copy of myself, I remain in perfect control of my true body. You, however, do not. But fear not, both of you will feel the pleasure."

The words hit her hard.

"What?"

"It's nothing, dear. Just a little trick that keeps clients coming back for more. It allows them to feel twice the pleasure at little added cost. And don't worry, no one will be coming to disturb us. So, about that agreement," Ward said, standing up from the chair, the shard now tucked away in the inner pocket of his jacket. "You want this shard. I want something from you."

Empress could feel her cheeks burn and the ghostly hand slowly began to caress her back. She bit her lip. "Well? Do you agree?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Wonderful. Now, take off your clothes," he ordered, taking a step closer, the distance between them shrinking. She hadn't seen him stand up. How much control did he have over this place? Over her?

She did not move, frozen in place, her eyes glued to the floor. She felt her hands shaking, and the hand on her back did not help her nerves.

"I'm not a patient man, Linda," Ward said, the edge in his voice sharp and cold.

The ghostly hand slid down her ass, squeezing and massaging her, while the other hand cupped her breasts, fondling them, fingers sliding over the material of her dress. His digital self's hands remained in his pockets.

"Take off your clothes," he repeated, his voice growing impatient.

She swallowed hard and started to pull down the straps of her dress. She felt the fabric slide over her skin, pooling around her feet, her breasts bare. She'd opted to forgo a bra and this digital duplicate of her had done the same.

Ward's gaze burned into her flesh and she could feel her face flush as she slipped her hands down to her fishnets, slowly peeling them off her legs. He was incredibly attractive,

and the way he spoke... She could feel her loins squeezing at the mere sound of his voice as he circled around her within this virtual world and as he touched her in the real world.

Her body tensed as she stepped out of the dress, now completely naked, aside from the small gun strapped to her thigh.

"You came prepared, did you? Smart girl. Now, get on the bed."

She did as instructed. She could feel the heat building in her core, the desire growing within her. It was wrong, it was shameful, but she was unable to stop herself.

"I'm going to enjoy breaking you in," Ward said, his voice dripping with lust as he approached the bed, unbuttoning his jacket. "Spread your legs," he ordered.

"But-"

"Do it," Ward commanded.

Empress' heartbeat was pounding in her ears, her breathing coming out in shallow, shaky gasps. She obeyed and spread her legs. The ghostly hands continued to fondle and caress her, and she could not help but let out a soft, mewling moan.

She watched as the man pulled the shard out from his inner pocket, twirling it around his fingers before setting it aside on the nightstand, within her reach.

"Good girl," he whispered, his voice low and husky. "I know how tempting it would be to grab it and just leave. You could try..."

His smirk widened and the unseen hand on her breast gave her a soft pinch. As if to confirm that the sensations were not coming from this world, the "flesh" of her current self did not react to those touches. Only her mind seemed to be experiencing them.

"...But that would make things difficult. I would rather we do things in the spirit of cooperation. And trust me, this will be very beneficial for the both of us," Ward said.

Empress felt her legs part a little further as the unseen hands moved over her skin. Had she done that herself? Or was she guided by something else?

Her thoughts didn't linger there long. Her gaze remained on Ward, watching over her shoulder as he slowly undressed. She felt her loins ache and throb as he revealed his toned physique.

First, he removed his jacket, after which he removed his tie and shirt. The muscles of his chest and abs were perfectly sculpted, and his arms were lean, but strong.

FUCK, HE'S HOT, she screamed internally, hating herself for falling into this game so easily.

"Like what you see?" he asked, a smile tugging at his lips, his own eyes wandering across the slopes and valleys of her curves. A hungry gaze stared at the glistening slit of her pussy, decorated with a delicate tuft of black hair.

She couldn't help but nod, a whimper escaping her throat. Part of her wanted to throttle the smug bastard, but the other wanted nothing more than to be fucked and dominated by him.

"Good girl," Ward whispered, climbing onto the bed. He still had his pants on as he crawled over her, and she could feel the heat coming off his skin as he approached like a predator playing with prey.

Empress could feel the unseen hands caressing her, fondling her. She was melting, every touch and movement of his seemingly carefully planned.

"Now, let's start with something simple," Ward said, reaching for her legs and suddenly flipping her onto her back, her huge, round breasts bouncing wildly before settling, flattened somewhat by gravity.

His fingers slid along the smooth skin, caressing her thighs, the tips teasing the inside of her legs. He leaned down and kissed just above her knees, working his way up her thighs, his lips slowly making their way towards her womanhood.

Her breath hitched as she felt the heat of his mouth against her flesh, his tongue slipping out and tracing a slow line across her slit.

And then came the sensation of something prodding against her ass. Something hard. Something hot. It couldn't have been a finger, not something of that size. The version of him out there, the one who had found her, was probably doing more than just groping her right about now.

But she didn't care. A surge of excitement washed over her at the prospect of it. Being fucked by two of him seemed pleasant enough.

His tongue pushed against her pussy, licking her slit, lapping up her juices. She could feel her insides clench and tighten, her loins burning with need.

She let out a moan and bucked her hips, the tip of his tongue teasing her clit, his hands gripping her thighs. She could feel the heat emanating from his body as he lay between her legs, his breath tickling her skin, his lips brushing against her flesh.

"Good girl," he whispered, his breath hot.

Her fingers gripped the back of his head, his hair silky and soft. She pressed him against her womanhood, his tongue working its magic, making her shiver and squirm.

She could feel the heat building in her core, the pleasure washing over her, consuming her. She let out a loud, wanton moan, her toes curling. She was so close, and he knew it.

He looked up at her, his eyes dark and full of hunger.

"Cum for me," he whispered, his voice soft and sweet, almost a purr. A far cry from the commanding tone he had used previously.

Her fingers tightened in his hair and her back arched. She could feel the waves of pleasure coursing through her, her mind clouded with lust and desire.

"Yes!" she moaned, her voice high and clear. "Oh fuck... oh fuck... I'm cumming," she breathed, her voice hoarse.

Her body trembled as she rode the waves of her orgasm, her muscles tensing and relaxing, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

She could feel her insides clenching, her pussy pulsing. It felt like heaven, and it was unlike anything she'd ever experienced.

And then she felt it.

A warm, wet sensation. A feeling of fullness, of completeness. Her eyes widened as she realized what was happening.

She'd felt his cock push inside her. His real, actual cock. Not the one in this digital simulation.

"Yes! Fuck me!" she moaned, her body writhing, her eyes rolling back.

His shaft throbbed within her. It felt massive, though that was probably a combination of how tight her ass was and the fact that she couldn't see it. She could feel as his real-self pushed himself into her, only enhancing the feelings of his data-self eating her out as she came on his face, nearly crushing his skull against her cunt.

It was a sensory overload. A flash of worry briefly appeared within her mind, unsure if she could handle such stimulation. Her mind had never experienced such a thing...

The invisible hands moved across her body and she knew that the real Ward was caressing every inch of her skin as he eased himself into her, teasing and caressing her, sending sparks of pleasure coursing through her veins.

"Oh god..." she whimpered, her eyes rolling back.

Her thighs tightened around his head, her heels digging into his back, pulling him closer. Her fingers clawed at the sheets desperately, as though trying to find purchase in a sea of pleasure. Her toes curled, and her muscles clenched.

Her heart was racing, her chest rising and falling rapidly. She could feel her juices dripping down her legs, her womanhood pulsing and twitching.

His tongue continued to dance across her folds, tasting her essence.

"Oh god..." she whispered again, her voice shaking. "I'm cumming again. I'm fucking... NNGGH!"

Her body tensed and she let out a cry of ecstasy, her legs trembling, her back arching as she felt an invisible cock fucking her ass, only adding to the pleasure her digital mind was being subjected to.

"You taste so good," he growled, his voice deep and husky, his hot breath washing over her sex.

"Keep going," she panted, her voice heavy with desire. "Please, don't stop."

Her hands grabbed at the back of his head, pulling him closer. Her lips parted, and she let out a low moan, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

His tongue slid up and down her slit, flicking and teasing her clit, his fingers digging into her flesh, squeezing her thighs one moment and the next sinking his fingers into the vast, jiggling orbs that were her breasts.

She could feel her body trembling, her legs quivering, her breath hitching. Her eyes were squeezed shut; her face twisted into a look of pure bliss. She could feel her insides burning, her pussy pulsing, her juices running abundantly against his hungry, cunt-devouring maw.

She felt his strong arms wrap around her then, and he lifted her upwards with ease such that she felt as a toy against him. She opened her eyes as he lifted her from the bed, her chest level with his face. She wanted to kiss him, to feel his lips against hers as he moved from that huge bed to the wall of windows overlooking what appeared to be a digital replica of Night City.

An illusion, she knew, but a beautiful one, nonetheless. She couldn't truly contemplate that sight for long as the sensations that her true body was feeling were being fed into her. Inch after inch of fat, throbbing dick was being pushed into her, Ward's hefty cock plundering her ass, while his unseen hands continued to grope her chest and tease her

pussy. It almost felt as though pleasure washed over every part of her, every nerve aflame with desire as he used her.

He spun her about, her cheek rested against the glass of the window, her eyes half lidded, her face contorted with pleasure. She felt him pull her head to the side, his lips finding hers as his tumescent cock teased the folds of her cunt. She could taste herself on him, her own essence mixing with his, his tongue sliding between her parted lips, his teeth nipping at her lower lip, his hands squeezing her breasts.

As his fingers groped at her heavy tits greedily, she mewled into the kiss, her eyes rolling back, her body quivering. His real self was now pumping into her, slowly pulling out before slamming back in.

His digital self, it seemed, had similar plans for her as his mouth left hers and his fingers left her chest to focus on the round ass cheeks she was presenting him. He groaned appreciatively at the sight of that wonderful rump.

Empress suppressed a moan as she felt the man's thumb toying with the puckered ring of her ass, her palms now splayed across the window, tits pressed to the clear glass, flattening the heavy orbs. She could feel the heat radiating off of him, the warmth of his skin, the weight of his body pressed against her as he toyed with her tight ass while he fucked her in the real world.

It was as though every pump of the monstrous dick within her was felt a thousandfold as the sensory overload made her mind spin and her loins clench. Her pussy was dripping, her juices running along her inner thighs as her insides burned, her walls spasming.

She reached beneath herself to finger her desperate pussy, starved for pleasure though she could feel it flooding her mind, threatening to drown and overwhelm her at a moment's notice.

"Fuck, your ass is incredible," Ward growled, his hands gripping her cheeks, spreading them, his thumbs massaging the ring of her ass. "Most people who come in here alter their appearance but you... you never needed to. Oh, I'll make you mine," he assured her.

Empress gasped, her eyes widening, her breathing growing ragged. She could feel the pressure building in her core, the pleasure rising as he pressed the head of his prick to her flexing butt hole, the hungry muscle almost winking at him, beckoning his cock inside.

He pressed forward, his cock forcing its way into her, her asshole stretching to accommodate his thick length. He sank his member into her tight rear, his breath coming in short gasps, his grip on her ass tightening, digits squeezing her flesh desperately, possessively.

"Hnngh!" she groaned, her eyes squeezing shut, her body tensing as both cocks, true and digital, began using her, fucking her unbearably tight ass.

Ward's real hands, groping and squeezing her ample tits, tweaked her nipples, making her gasp. His virtual ones, meanwhile, kneaded the plump, round cheeks of her ass, spreading her wide as he pushed himself into the deepest recesses of her butt. She could feel him thrusting into her, his cock sliding in and out of her ass, her insides stretching to accommodate his girth, her walls clenching and squeezing around his length.

Both layers of sensations were soon similar enough that they overlapped, only enhancing that feeling of a fat, thick cock being pumped in and out of her tight little rear, her cheeks rippling in meatspace as he pounded her relentlessly, his balls slapping against her thighs, his shaft throbbing and pulsing within her.

Her legs quivered, her knees buckling as she felt his cock pulsing within her, her insides burning, her walls convulsing. She could feel the heat rising within her, her loins on fire, her pussy aching, her body trembling, her breasts bouncing and swaying with each thrust, her tits rubbing against the cool glass of the digital building.

It was all so good. Every sensation layering atop the next.

Ward groaned as he started fucking her ass in earnest, his hand gripping her dark hair firmly, pulling her head back as he rode her like he would have any common joytoy, using her for his own selfish desires.

She wailed and moaned in pleased pain, his thick rod splitting her ass open, his hips slapping against her cheeks, the force of his thrusts causing her entire body to jiggle lewdly, her curves and soft flesh quivering. Her hand, meanwhile, had never left the cleft between her thighs, vigorously massaging her starving gash and the sensitive clit atop it to try and achieve yet another orgasm.

Her free hand moved upwards to fondle her breast, the tips of her fingers tracing circles around her nipple, the sensitive bud stiffening and poking out. She pinched it lightly, her eyes rolling back, her tongue slipping out, running across her lips.

Ward growled, his hands sliding down her hips and around her waist, his fingers dancing across her abdomen, her stomach tensing, her abs tightening. She could feel his digits tracing the outlines of her toned muscles, exploring her feminine form, his touch sending shivers down her spine.

His lips pressed against her neck, kissing her flesh, his teeth nipping at her.

"So beautiful," he breathed, his voice heavy, his words laced with lust. "Such a gorgeous body. Such a fucking whore," he snarled, his hands moving back up to her chest, grabbing

her tits, his thumbs circling her nipples as both versions of him ravaged her ass, fucking her mercilessly, ramming their fat, throbbing poles deep within her.

She moaned, her back arching, her head leaning back, her lips parting as she reached yet another peak, this one silent as her voice failed to meet the demands of an orgasm such as this.

As she came, she slammed her fingers inside herself repeatedly, gasping for air, her heart pounding, her chest rising and falling rapidly. Her face was pressed to the window as breathing became difficult, muscles refusing to obey.

She could hear him chuckle, his fingers tweaking her nipples, his other hand grabbing a fistful of her hair, pulling her head back, exposing her throat as he claimed her, his teeth scraping along her skin, his lips brushing against her ear. She didn't even know or care which version of him was doing what.

"Yes, I love how you squirm and moan when I use you like the whore you are," he growled, his hands never leaving the swell of her chest, his hips slapping against her cheeks, every forceful thrust sending waves of assflesh rippling forwards. She knew her real body was experiencing much the same thing, given the overlapping waves of orgasmic bliss assailing her.

Her pussy convulsed, her juices trickling down her inner thighs, her walls tightening around her fingers, her loins clenching and squeezing. She had never heard of netrunners being flatlined by too-powerful orgasms. Yet, neither had she been fucked in such a manner in any of her previous gigs.

She whimpered and moaned, her ass pressing against his crotch, his cock throbbing within her. She could feel his breath hot against her ear, his lips pressed against her neck.

He groaned, his fingers twisting her nipples, his teeth nipping at her ear before moving downwards, allowing his tongue and lips access to her sensitive neck. He growled, his hips snapping forward, his cock sinking into her ass, his balls slapping against her thighs as he rammed her against the window again and again.

As he kept on fucking her, his fat slab of meat splitting her in two, his muscles tensed quite suddenly and his breath caught in his throat. She could feel his cock throbbing, his balls tightening, his entire body tensing.

Lodged deep within the heavenly tightness of her ass, his prick twitched and swelled momentarily as he came. He grunted; every last inch of his thick cock buried inside her warm behind. He could feel her muscles clenching, her butt gripping him tightly, milking his load out, her own juices dripping down her thighs like half a dozen glistening streams.

Both her hands were now upon the glass before her as she tried to keep her balance and to allow him easier access to her huge, swinging breasts.

He growled, his lips finding her ear, his tongue tracing the outline, his teeth nipping at her lobe, eliciting a soft moan from her.

With hair wild and messy, the netrunner looked **properly** fucked and utterly content as she felt him filling her insides with his hot, goopy nut. His thick seed seeped out of her stuffed rear, dribbling down her thighs, staining her smooth, pale skin.

With an audible sigh, he pulled out with a lewd **SPLURP!** from his spent manhood, and the two of them stood there for a moment, their bodies glistening with sweat, reflecting the innumerable lights of the city below, their breathing heavy.

After a few moments, he stepped away, his hands leaving her hips, his body heat replaced by the cool air of the room. He gave her rear an appreciative smack.

"Now," he said, his voice soft. "I suppose you didn't come here for a quick fuck. You were hired for a job."

"I was," she murmured, her tone soft. "But if you'd like to hire me for a round two... well, that could be arranged," she added, turning around to face him, a hint of a smirk tugging at her full, painted lips.

"You're an interesting one," he said, taking a step closer to her, his arms wrapping around her waist, his fingers trailing along her spine.

He was so much softer now, once he'd claimed her properly.

She grinned, her eyes flashing with amusement, her teeth grazing her bottom lip.

"You have no idea," she breathed, her lips curling into a mischievous grin.

He chuckled. "I look forward to getting to know you better," he said, his hands roaming her body, caressing her curves, exploring her soft, supple skin.

Her grin widened, and she leaned in, pressing her lips to his.

"Sounds like fun," she purred.

Their tongues entwined, their breaths mingling, their lips locked in a passionate embrace.

"We could get dinner," he suggested, trying to resist the urge to just kiss her again.

She pulled away, eyes gleaming with excitement. "Are you asking me out on a date?" she breathed, a smile on her face.

Perhaps it was the post-orgasmic hormones running through her, perhaps it was that charming smile of his. She found she couldn't say no.

And so, she leaned in, her lips brushing against his, her hands resting on his shoulders, her breasts pressing against his chest. They exchanged a quick kiss.

"I'm curious as to what the real you is like," she breathed, her voice barely more than a whisper. Deep down, the netrunner knew that most people tended to use avatars that were far more attractive than their true selves, but the way he treated her and the way he had felt when fucking her... she found herself not really caring what he looked like.

She'd dated men with enough chrome that they appeared as grotesque caricatures of what a human being should be. So how bad could he truly be? He seemed smart, intelligent, capable, just the kind of ally she'd need in the rough streets of Night City.

He chuckled, his eyes twinkling with amusement, his lips curling into a mischievous smile.

"Come," he said, taking her hand and leading her through the building.

She followed, her eyes wandering across his back and the muscular, chiseled lines of his frame. Her gaze was drawn to the mouthwatering sight of his ass.

She licked her lips, her thoughts filled with a sudden hunger, her desire threatening to consume her.

He led her back to the room in which she had appeared, handing her the datashard she had come for. "Take this, I'll meet you on the other side," he said, gesturing to the door.

She nodded and slipped out the door, flashing him a smile.



Rain spattered against the windows of Ward's apartment.

Soft footsteps echoed down the steps leading to the vast living room as Linda dried her hair with a towel, her nude form tugging Ward's gaze away from his slate. He'd been reading the news again.

He smiled softly, his eyes lingering on her curves.

"Enjoying the view?" she teased, her lips curling into a grin.

"Immensely," he breathed, his eyes roaming her body, his gaze lingering on the swell of her breasts, the curve of her hips, the smooth, silky skin of her long legs.

She laughed, shaking her head, her damp, raven locks falling over her shoulders.

"Pervert," she murmured, her tone affectionate.

"You wouldn't have it any other way."

She laughed, sitting next to him and lighting a cigarette. "Anything fun going on?" she asked, her eyes looking down at the screen as she leaned into him. It wasn't long, however, before she found herself looking back up at him. Fuck, he was hot. Much like their relationship, she ignored how much of it was real.

But she intended to enjoy every second of it.

"Couple kleptoids made off with a Lazarus shipment and disappeared," he replied nonchalantly, though the slight grin he offered her told her all she needed to know.

He was well aware that such things didn't just disappear and given his ties to the adult entertainment industry, it wasn't hard to guess where exactly that shipment had been hidden. It was a trick he pulled off quite often - hire thieves to grab something, hide it in whatever whorehouse was nearest.

Of course, to maintain plausible deniability, he would hire Linda and other mercs through an intricate web of fixers. It was risky, but then so was almost everything else in Night City. But they took the necessary precautions to avoid stirring the corpo-rat nest too hard.

To avoid shareholders getting wind of their hardware being stolen, those same corpos would often hire outsiders to get the job done in retrieving whatever had been taken. Jobs which Linda managed to accomplish with ease every time. Sometimes, she'd make it look harder than it truly was, simply to avoid suspicion.

Being *too* good often drew the wrong kind of attention to yourself, she knew.

She rolled her eyes and laughed, shaking her head, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "What would you do without me?"

"Be considerably less happy, I suspect."

Linda laughed, taking the dataslate and tossing it behind her before snuggling closer and sighing contentedly, knowing how fleeting happiness could be.

Especially in a place like Night City.