

Preparing for the grand opening of the towers wasn't particularly difficult, especially since Mary and Sable were handling most of the work in the background. We already had around a quarter of the apartments reserved, and just over a dozen businesses looking to rent out our space in the business tower. Sable was eager to restart our business in the space reserved for us, as it would significantly reduce her workload. On top of all that, the various shops and buildings around the courtyard and business park between the two towers were filling up quickly as well.

The fact that they were both handling such a large share of the business put things into a stark perspective for me. After all, the only thing I needed to do was put on a tour.

That morning, those of the crew who were joining us woke up early and had a light breakfast before we headed out. Most of the group was staying behind, as there really wasn't much of a reason for them to join us. Jackie was busy with his restaurant, and Misty was busy preparing her shop, so it was Sable, Riggs, and me. Which was fine, as I really didn't want to drag my people around when they didn't need to be there.

Once breakfast was finished, we headed into Night City, riding in on a cloaked and silent VTOL. As we approached the towers, I used my interface to ask the control system to make a few loops around the towers so I could get a look at their finished exteriors.

It had been a bit since I had spent any time checking them out, even if they were visible from the badlands. As we circled, getting a view from every angle, I couldn't help but nod in approval. Noah really did do amazing work.

The towers were massive, their bases spanning entire blocks, while the central towers were significantly larger than even the megabuildings that dotted Night City. The business tower had the business park courtyard run under one corner, while the apartment tower had a connection to [NCCart](#) built into it.

That had been difficult to negotiate, according to Sable, but she managed to get it done. It cost us a pretty penny, and the right to sell our food products in shops built in their stations, but it was worth it for the massive convenience it would give our residents.

The central towers, which jutted out from their wide bases, rose up into the air like they were reaching for the heavens. The general structure of their architecture matched the rest of Night City's superstructures, which were colored various shades of dark and light grey. They weren't *just* grey, though, as each tower had a highlight metal used inside and out. The business tower was highlighted in gold, used to outline, emboss, and stylize the exterior, while the residential tower was marked in silver.

It would have been easy to go overboard with the highlights, but both towers were done tastefully. Again, Noah had done an excellent job. On top of the accents, both carried massive balconies. Each one was roughly the size of a basketball court, with the business tower having four, and the residential tower having five. Currently, they were covered by their protective domes, tinted so that you couldn't see what was inside.

Both towers looked striking and dwarfed anything else in the city. We had redefined Night City's skyline, and we did it in less than a month.

When we landed, I made my way to the area set up for the press conference, where reporters and others were already waiting for us. I couldn't help but give Luke Watts a wink, the reporter already sitting in the front row. The man had written a fair article, including images and quotes from my employees, and had more than earned himself a spot in the front row.

We waited for a bit longer, letting people settle and any stragglers rush in, before I addressed the crowd.

"Greetings, everyone!" I said with a smile, looking out at the various reporters from behind a podium. "While we managed to keep the resort a secret of sorts, the towers have spent the last few weeks becoming more and more obvious among the skyline of Night City. So, I won't waste any time playing coy. Welcome to the Grand Opening of the Gemini Plaza, as well as the grand opening of the Apollo and Artemis Towers."

As I spoke their names, the towers lit up. Apollo Tower, the business tower, was marked by golden accents and projected a warm beam of golden light up into the sky. Meanwhile, Artemis Tower, marked with silver, projected a beam of pale, silvery light up into the sky. A moment later, the protective coverings over each of the balconies slowly opened, revealing the trees and flowers underneath.

Lower on the ground, the plant plots slowly rose into place, creating hundreds of green spots across the whole business park.

Of course, when the moment of reveal passed, there was a single breath, and the questions started. I waited for people to calm down and the barrage to stop before pointing to specific reporters before responding to their questions. I had to emphasize a few times that Tinkertech's production capabilities and methods were classified and would not be revealed. Eventually, they got the point and began asking questions concerning the towers and the plaza itself.

I answered their question for about an hour, revealing everything from the number of floors each tower had to how many apartments the residential tower contained. Eventually, as the questions began to thin, I called the interview to an end and began the tour, starting with the business park.

The mostly concrete space was broken up into three layers. There was the entrance, the seating area, and the business area. The entrance was the lowest, with the seating area accessed by walking up various stairs, and the business area set above that.

The entrance was a mostly open area, with plots of plants dotted around, and a few dozen spaces open for art displays. I planned to look into local Night City artists for tasteful outdoor sculptures to place in each location. Once I finished showing off the few pieces we already had set up, as well as the plant plots, I guided the tour up to the second level, the seating area. Despite its name, it was not jam-packed with seats, though there were plenty of

benches and picnic tables. The goal for this space was to provide places to congregate away from the main paths, so that foot traffic could move much more easily without people looking to relax and sit around slowing it down.

The final and largest area was filled with small shops and restaurants. A few had already moved in, while others were in the process of moving in, which included Misty's shop. On top of that, a few of our robots were already running food shops, as well as a few street food locations. Beyond that, the space was empty save for a few cleaning robots going about their business. I explained the intent was to provide space for small business owners, somewhere they wouldn't have to be worried about being bullied by their corpo competition. I wasn't sure if people believed me, but I hoped they would.

Once I was done showing off the outside, we moved inside to the Apollo Tower. The main entrance looked mostly the same as the last time I saw it, the dark granite veined with gold filling the space. On top of that, it was also much more populated and completely decorated, including plenty of green plants and art. Behind the front desks were two of our people-friendly general-use robots.

The first few floors of Apollo Tower, beyond the first floor lobby, were much more open and large scale than the rest of the tower, and included a few eateries of various scales, a large atrium for sitting and meeting people, as well as a few business oriented "shops," which were really places to show off some of our custom made furniture and office equipment, which people could order for whatever they were working on. Things like cubicles, office furniture, personal computers, and more were available. There were also office supplies and the like, all charging marginally less than other places, with same-day delivery guaranteed.

Above that, the building is compacted into your business space, with offices ranging from simple to elaborate. At this point, about a third of them were reserved, though I had a feeling that some of them were rented by major corporations looking to get a peek inside my operations. Considering they wouldn't get anything for their effort, I had no problem taking their money.

The floors ranged from standard office spaces to much larger spaces, with a great deal of internal customizability in each floor layout.

The tours continued, all the way to the very top, which was where Tinkertech's offices were based, as well as my team's personal floor. Both were empty, but I made a show of saying that nobody was allowed inside, that it was filled with classified projects. Our "competitors" would likely spend quite a lot of resources trying to get inside, but I was confident they had little to no chance of doing so.

Once we were done with Apollo, we took an underground horizontal elevator to the Artemis Tower and stepped out into the main hall. This was the first time I had been inside the actual residential building, but I had seen some of it through videos recorded by Noah. Where the stone palette for the public spaces of the Apollo was black granite and gold, the Artemis

tower was a blue granite with silver veins. It was used much more sparingly, since the lobby wasn't supposed to feel as serious or bold as the corporate building, but it still looked good.

Just as in Apollo, the first few floors of Artemis were much more open, with shops and restaurants, as well as the full Ncart station, which technically ran their computing system, but was isolated from ours. We had a good amount of security focused on the Ncart station, as it was a serious entry point for anyone trying to get in quick.

The rest of the tower was a lot simpler than Apollo. There were three different room sizes, though none of them were smaller than the apartments in standard Megabuildings. Every five floors, there was a public area with a few restaurants, some space for people to set up shops or other projects, and more amenities. The building had several movie theaters, bowling alleys, shooting ranges, and more spread out throughout its public areas.

Again, a few of the top floors of the building were reserved and off limits, but I had a feeling they would stay closed. I envisioned my people stepping into the private elevators and teleporting to the vault, rather than going to the apartments.

Unlike the megabuildings, there was no massive core missing from the middle of the building. To compensate for the lost openness, there was a lot of window space connected to hallways, which were much larger than technically needed. On top of that, the public spaces, the extra floor every five floors, were actually over two floors tall and designed to be as open as possible, with plenty of internal greenery.

The five massive garden balconies also helped.

When I was finished showing off the building, we headed to one of the garden balconies, letting people take pictures, while I answered questions in a more personal setting. Sable was running interviews as well, and even Riggs got asked a few things.

When the event was finally over, we happily returned home, where Jackie was nice enough to have a meal waiting for us, the whole crew gathering together to celebrate the grand opening of the Gemini Plaza. Eventually, Jackie brought up the schedule for moving people in. He directed the question to me, but I could only shake my head.

"You're asking the wrong person," I admitted easily. "Sable and Mary are the ones organizing this."

"The move-in for Artemis Tower starts tomorrow, but we have things staggered so we don't cause any issues and delays," Mary explained, as everyone shifted to look at her and Sable. "Applications are coming in constantly, and I can only assume that number will rise as the news spreads and people talk."

"Apollo is prepped and ready, and quite a few floors have already been reserved," Sable added when Mary, who was projecting herself from a mobile projector, was finished. "Move-ins will start later, so for now, we are focusing on hiring staff. It will be easier to train the first wave without businesses getting in the way."

We talked for a while longer as we finished our family-style meal, which had consisted of various Italian dishes since there was something for everyone. When we were done, and it was starting to get late, we eventually went our separate ways. Sable put Cassie to bed before we moved to the courtyard to wait out the last chunk of time on my Westworld cycle. As usual, Samwise joined us, waiting silently by the bench we settled on. While we waited out the last few hours, I explained and went over what I had learned about the setting. Westworld was by far the setting I knew the least about going in, at least so far, and while I had uncovered a few things, for the most part, I was still lost about the story.

We were still chatting about what the story could have been about when Samwise warned me it was approaching midnight. I nodded and closed my eyes, watching and feeling my time run out. When the tech tree finally pulled away from our connection, it was replaced by the usual timer. Focusing on the numbers running on it, I felt my stomach drop.

"Well... fuck," I said, watching the timer click down. "I figured out what the pattern is."

"What is it?" Sable asked, concern in her voice. "You don't sound happy."

"That's because I'm not," I responded, shaking my head. "First was one day, second was one day too. Then two days, then three, and now five. It's the Fibonacci Sequence."

"I know that word, but I can't recall what it means," Sable admitted. "What's going on?"

"It is a string of numbers where the next number is the previous two added together," Samwise explained. "One, one, two, three, five, eight, thirteen, twenty-one, thirty-four, fifty-five, eighty-nine, one hundred and forty-four, two hundred and thirty-three, three hundred and seventy-seven..."

"Then add seven to all of those, since the break started with a week," I added, rubbing my forehead. "It means that I have a limited number of specialties before the gap between them is more than a year. After that, it only gets worse. Eventually, I won't see a new tech tree in ten years, and shortly after that, a whole lifetimes will pass before I see something new."

"In all likelihood, you will live significantly longer than a single lifetime," Samwise pointed out. "It is very likely that you and Frank will discover how to treat the ravages of time completely."

"It doesn't matter," I said, shaking my head. "Even if I live for a thousand years, that will only add a few more tech trees. Hell, that's true even if I live for ten thousand years. It's an exponential increase after all."

"Okay, wait, putting aside the fact that you think you can eventually let us live forever," Sable said, shaking her head. "Why are you so broken up about this? By my math, you have what... eight or nine tech trees before the numbers start to get too big? Look at what you've built with what you've unlocked already! Besides, even if all of your tech trees were minor ones like this past two weeks, you would still be ahead of everyone else on the planet for *decades*, if not *centuries*!"

"I..."

My voice trailed off as I considered what she said, and, admittedly, she wasn't wrong. I was now miles ahead of anyone else on the planet, even taking into account that Africa was likely a decade or two ahead of the rest of the world. Even if we got nothing, collating and working with what we already had put us ahead, and would keep us ahead, especially when we started hiring more people to work for us, which was honestly our next big project, most likely running concurrently with several others.

And that ignored the fact that this world was unlikely to start diving into strange tech like what we got from Fallout. Specialties from different realities would likely remain untapped by anyone else, even if they took inspiration from my creations.

Despite that, the fact that my tech trees would eventually run out felt... bad, like...

"You realize that you aren't defined by your ability to make things, right?" Sable asked, her voice gentle, reaching out to cup my cheek. "I can't deny that doing what you have has affected all of us, changing our lives. But none of us are going to leave you just because the 'inspiration' is going to trail off in a few years. We are in it for the long haul. Now, in twenty years, and even in a hundred. Apparently, beyond that, too, as insane as it sounds."

"I... I know that, up here," I explained, tapping my temple. "But..."

"Fair, I know things like that don't always line up between what you know and how you feel," She accepted, leaning over to kiss my cheek. "So I'll just have to prove it to you, one day at a time."

I smiled and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her into my lap. We stayed there, watching the projected sky above the courtyard, for quite some time before eventually heading to bed.

For the next few days, most of our projects were transitional. I made several appearances at both of the Towers, welcoming people and shaking hands. I also met up with several nomad groups, showing off teleportation tech and the technology they would have access to while on Avalon and beyond. It was all a major blur for the most part, though I now had a Dumb AI specifically built to help me with social interactions, giving me names and any other information people shared with me.

It was absolutely cheating, but Sable assured me that at this point, it was not only expected with PR actions, but it was also acceptable from an ethical standpoint.

"It's all about intent," She explained. "You aren't data mining so you can manipulate them into buying your products, you are keeping track of people who have introduced themselves to you. It's nice that you care enough to want to make people feel special, even if it's not difficult to guess what is actually happening."

On top of everything else, we also started looking into people to come work *directly* with us, not Tinkertech, but the crew, or more specifically, our bid to take over and fix the hell scape

the planet had become. We had a long list of positions that needed to be filled so that we could continue to expand. Growing was just our first priority, but it would be a big step closer to our eventual goal.

I also just wanted to do my best to gather as many quality, forward-thinking, and kind, honorable, and generally just *good* people around us as we could, so that later, as we transitioned the world away from the cesspit of corruption and greed that currently ruled, we had people we could put at the helm. Picking up the pieces of whatever conflict came next, hopefully after we had time to secure Night City, was going to be a multi-year project of staggering scope. I had confidence we could eventually feed and provide for everyone as the world recovered, but that sort of prep work required time.

Which also brought up another point. We had taken down Maelstrom, the scavs, and I was almost certain that the other gangs could sense the quivering guillotine hovering about them. By the time we were starting to tear down several of our newly purchased buildings, we were being pressured by the gangs of whatever area they were in.

Obviously, some were worse than others. The Mox, which held a tiny portion of the city, were mostly curious, poking around and asking pointed questions. They could barely be called a gang, but they were present enough in their area to be considered one. The Valentinos and Sixth Street were more active, but weren't being overly aggressive. They postured, drove by slowly while flashing chrome and guns, and generally watched the Spartans like hawks, but they seemed to be willing to wait and see what happens next.

The real issue were the Tyger Claws. They were attempting to put real pressure on my construction teams and me, and while nothing violent had happened yet, it was honestly only a matter of time.

The Animals and Voodoo Boys weren't really an issue, as we hadn't pushed into Dogtown. I had a feeling that I would have to squash that whole area flat before I could move in and started cleaning up the place. It was completely autonomous from the rest of the city, with its own supplies of food and water. Nothing went into that place that the leaders of the area didn't want to.

Obviously, my Spartans could crack that particular nut easily, but as long as they continued to not cause any issues, I was content to put that off for a while longer.

After some conversations with my people, it was decided that we wouldn't even *attempt* to negotiate with the Tygerclaws. Mary found a lot of evidence showing that they made a significant portion of their profits in human trafficking, which was obviously not something I could abide by. Worse, their drug-selling habits were horrifying, and they sold the worst types of drugs as well. They were even the city's primary, potentially only source of [Glitter](#), a horrifyingly lethal drug.

The other gangs were far from clean, but their practices were practically palatable compared to the Tygers. They needed to go.

Unfortunately, before we cut the tumor that was the Tyger Claws from the city, a project that was going to be significantly larger than the scavs, or even Maelstrom, we needed to have an idea of what we would be doing about the other gangs. I had agreed with Jackie's request to give the Valentinos a chance, but we needed to consider the other gangs as well. We ended up sitting down in a sort of lunch planning session, with everyone in the group sitting around in the courtyard.

"I don't see much of a point of even trying," Kaytlyn responded when I mentioned the plan to give the Valentinos the chance to disperse or cut out their more damaging criminal enterprise, rather than be cut down. "None of the gangs are just going to fold like that. They function too much on clout and appearances. You can't just expect them to shrug and walk away because you asked nicely."

"Giving them the chance is more than most people would do," Sable pointed out. "Kayt isn't wrong. Most of them won't listen, but giving them the chance is already above and beyond."

"What if we meet with them directly?" Jackie suggested. "I can talk to Padre, he can get us in contact with the leaders of the Valentinos, and I'm sure we can figure out how to get in contact with the leadership of 6th Street."

"I can get you talking with The Mox," Rebecca volunteered. She had arrived with Vik, but had mostly been ignoring the conversation. When everyone looked at her, she shrugged. "What? I wasn't always a Solo. I used to run with The Mox. I can get you a meeting with [Suzie Q](#), though..."

"...What?" I asked as the shorter woman trailed off.

Technically speaking, she was a bit less short at this point, having gone through the third level of Project Tulip. Where Frank had turned down the height aspect for most of the project recipients, he had cranked it up for Rebecca, raising her height by several inches. She officially had no more off-the-shelf cyberware or bioware, everything about her was custom and in-house. I had a feeling she would continue to grow, as Frank could easily increase her height over time, and she was obviously inclined to do so.

At the moment, she looked mostly normal, as many of her quintessential looks had been replaced with organic equivalents. Her usual defining features, like her chemskin, unique eyes, and her hair, were all gone, as were her tattoos. I assumed she would get most of those back at some point, however, for now, she could pass for a normal person.

Kaytlyn wasn't any taller, but she also looked completely organic. Her cyberware arm had been replaced with a custom-made biological one, as were her eyes. I knew she had plans to get some cyberware added to the second tier of Project Tulip, but for now, she was enjoying the lack of chrome.

Rebecca wince and tilted her head back and forth, seeming to internally debate something, or at least consider her words.

"Suzie isn't... she doesn't believe in the whole mission statement that the gang was built on," She said after a moment. "When she took leadership, cause before her it was more of a loose group of leaders, a lot of people weren't happy. She is there to make money, and... it shows in how things are changing. At least from what I hear."

"That's... concerning," I said with a frown. "I was hoping they would be the easiest to convince, just throw some resources at them and promise funding to turn clean, and they would jump at the chance."

"Sorry, might not be that simple."

"The Valentinos won't be any easier," Gloria added, before I could respond. "They do a good job engaging with the people, especially Hispanics. Most of us see them as guardians, protectors from the evil corpos."

"So if we are forced to push them out through violence..." I said, trailing off.

"Expect a lot of trouble from our community," She responded. "Their numbers might even swell. At a minimum, expect the public to be as difficult as possible."

We were silent for a while, while I considered the problem. After a few minutes, by which time the table had started chatting again. I rapped my knuckles on the faux wooden surface and nodded.

"Okay, then how about this?" I said, everyone stopping to focus on me. "We meet with all of the groups that are willing. We discuss the idea of them shifting their businesses. If they agree, then that's great, but I'm not bending over backward to make that happen. No deals with the devil to clean up the streets a bit, even temporary ones. It will only make things fester."

"And when they say no?" Kaytlyn asked, ignoring the look that Jackie gave her. "Not if, but when?"

"Then we make sure the grunts know what's going on," I said. "Mary can gather a lot of contacts we can use to spread the word that their leaders refused to play ball with the group that stomped Maelstrom and the Scavs into the past tense. The individuals can make more educated choices about what they're willing to sacrifice their lives for a quick buck."

"A lot of people depend on the gangs to make a living," Vik pointed out, having stayed silent up until this point. "Some won't be able to give it up. Not without starving."

"Then we compensate, start making up jobs," I explained. "Organize street cleaning crews, scrap gathering teams, neighborhood watch patrols, security and janitors for our apartments, delivery services for our food, all on our dime. We are already making money hand over fist, and exactly none of it is going into production. We can more than afford to burn a lot of it if it means stomping out a few gangs without having to kill anyone."