

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

A/N: Lucy and Rebecca~

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“You seriously not even going to give it a try?”

Lucy blinks as Rebecca flops down into the chair beside her. They’re currently sitting on the roof of a tall building in the subdistrict of Little China located in the Watson District. That same building houses Rogue Amnediares’ penthouse a floor below, and the Afterlife all the way down underground.

It’s also become V’s base of operations in recent months, a sort of ‘centralized’ location for him and his crew... of which Lucy is technically still part at this point, even with one foot out the door.

Giving the chaotic gremlin who’s just intruded on her solitude a bit of side-eye, Lucy huffs to herself.

“Good morning to you too, Rebecca.”

The way the chairs on this particular roof are situated, it gives a clear and unobstructed view out into the distance down the road that the Afterlife is on. And in that distance, one can just make out the ocean and the sunrise currently just starting to peek over the horizon.

Rebecca rolls her eyes and waves a hand dismissively.

“Yeah, yeah. Good morning or whatever. Answer the question!”

The barked demand is less interrogative and more playful, bringing a slight smirk to Lucy’s face as she shrugs her shoulders.

“I’m afraid I don’t understand the question, so I can’t answer it.”

At having the tables turned back on her, Rebecca puffs out her cheeks indignantly. She always was a bit of a sore loser...

"Tch. You know what I mean. But fine, if you want me to spell it out for you... V. Why not take him for a spin, huh?"

Lucy hums, pretending to consider the question for a moment. In reality, she finds herself considering Rebecca instead. It's either a testament to all that Rebecca had lost or a testament to all that she'd gained that she hadn't asked that question more crassly.

Sure, it could be argued that just the act of asking why Lucy wasn't already in bed with V was crass in and of itself... but there was a multitude of ways Rebecca could have said it and would have said it in the past. Like 'why haven't you hopped on his dick' or 'Why not give him a ride'. That sort of thing.

What did it say about her that she almost missed the Rebecca who would have phrased it more crudely though? Was it just remnants of her grief over the other woman's first death talking? Or was it truly proof that the Rebecca sitting next to her was never going to be the Rebecca she knew, no matter what?

Alternatively... why not both?

"... I suppose I just don't really see the point."

Rebecca makes a disgruntled noise in the back of her throat at that.

"The point is he's fucking nova with his hands, Luce. And his dick ain't half bad for being fully 'ganic either. I mean... I'm not saying you're missing out... but you're missing out."

Ah. And just like that, there was the crassness Lucy would expect. Too much information by far, but then... it wasn't like it was anything Lucy didn't already know simply from sheer proximity to V and the rest of his crew.

“I’m okay missing out. Sex is... it’s never been a priority for me.”

That gets a confused noise out of Rebecca, but of course the gremlin rallies quickly after a moment of contemplation.

“Well what about revenge? You hear what he let So Mi do to Rosalind Myers? The fucking President of NUSA? Bet you could get a similar arrangement with the new Empress of Arasaka. Imagine that. Tearing some strips out of Hanako Arasaka’s hide on David’s behalf.”

Yeah, that’s what Lucy was talking about when it came to proximity. She had indeed heard through the grapevine what sort of... things had happened between So Mi, V, and President Myers. It was still a little hard to wrap her head around... but really, it was no harder than wrapping her head around the fact that V was technically in control of both the Arasaka Megacorp and all of NUSA through their leaders. Not to mention his tangential control over Dogtown and Militech as well...

Things had gone bug-fuck insane a while back if Lucy was being honest, and she’d sort of just been going with the flow ever since. Because really, in the end...

“I don’t need revenge on Hanako Arasaka. She wasn’t directly involved in what happened to us. She was as much a pawn in everything that happened as we were. Killing Smasher, knowing that Arasaka is nothing but a puppet for V and Alt... that’s good enough for me.”

The crazy part? She was telling the truth. Coming back to Night City after getting away the first time and making it all the way to the Moon... it had taken Alt smacking some sense into her, but Lucy had definitely come back to try and get some revenge... to die getting it, if she had to.

But now... she had her revenge. And she wasn’t dead. More than that, Rebecca got a second chance in life and so did Sasha, even if Lucy and Sasha had never known each other all that well. They’d somehow come out ahead in a city that was infamously good for only taking and taking.

How the fuck had they clawed back even one iota of what they'd lost? Lucy didn't know, but she did know she was grateful for it overall. Even if from time to time she couldn't help but wish David had been partially uploaded onto the Net as well... she was still happy that Rebecca and Sasha got their second chances.

"Maaaaan... I guess if that's it, it is what it is choom. You're definitely missing out though."

Lucy smiles softly, not taking Rebecca's insistence too personally. It's just the gremlin's personality. All gas, no brakes. All aggression all the time. Even the other woman being able to sit here and enjoy the sunrise with her was a massive improvement over the constant 'go go go' attitude she'd had back in the day really.

Still... that was just one of the ways they differed in the end. Lucy wasn't like that. She wasn't constantly on the move looking for the next big thing. Not by nature anyways. There had been times in her life where she'd felt forced down that road, such as when she'd corrupted that data from Arasaka and spent the next several months hunting and dealing with every Netrunner who went after it... to disastrous results.

But by her nature, Lucy wasn't like that. Without a cause, she was more than happy to just sit back and relax.

"... You know David wouldn't mind if you moved on right? Even if it's not V... I get it, not everyone is up for the ole harem thing. But like... you don't have to spend the rest of your life alone, Luce."

The naked, earnest concern in Rebecca's voice causes Lucy's soft smile to grow a bit more. Another way in which her and Rebecca differed was in terms of this kind of need. How best to articulate that to the other woman though?

"I know, Rebecca. It's not about David."

The look Rebecca gives her at those words causes Lucy to laugh and amend her statement.

“It’s not *completely* about David. I meant what I said before. Sex has never been a priority for me. I don’t find pleasure in... casual hookups. I have to have an emotional connection first.”

Rebecca looks at her askance, something Lucy finds more amusing than offensive.

“Luce... are you telling me that you’re a romantic?!”

She understands the other woman’s derision and shock. To be fair... there’s not much room for romance left in the world these days. Her and David’s very own tragic love story was proof of that. And yet... and yet, Lucy can’t help but look up into the sky, where the moon is barely still visible. Tears prick at the corners of her eyes as she sighs with a smile.

“... It was worth it, ‘Becca. What me and David had... our time together... even with everything that came after, even with how things ended... it was worth it. I don’t regret letting myself love for a single moment.”

Rebecca, to her credit, stays quiet as a mouse in the face of Lucy’s emotional confession. Quickly, Lucy wipes her eyes clean and swallows the lump in her throat before looking over at the other woman.

“But... yeah, I guess I am. A romantic that is. If I’m going to let some guy into my pants, he better make me fall in love with him. David was the first guy who managed that. Not saying he’ll be the last... but I’m not about to go and hop into bed with someone just to get an itch scratched.”

Rebecca slowly nods after a long moment of silence.

“I get it, choom. Not my speed... but you and I have never been very alike, eh? We can definitely agree on one thing though. David was worth every moment. Worth our loyalty, worth our love... worth our lives.”

Lucy swallows again at the reminder of Rebecca's own experiences before quietly nodding.

Silence falls between the two of them... but it's a comfortable silence. As the sun continues to rise, as the moon disappears into a bluer and bluer sky... Lucy feels like it's as good a time as any to speak up.

"I'm gonna be leaving soon, I think."

That causes a jolt to run through Rebecca, her eyes widening as they snap to Lucy. She opens her mouth, probably to protest... but then closes it. After a few seconds, when she does finally respond, her voice is weak.

"... Yeah?"

Lucy can't help but grin crookedly.

"You're allowed to ask what the hell I'm thinking, you know."

Rebecca puffs out her cheeks again before growling and hopping out of her chair.

"Alright then, fine! What the hell are you thinking, Luce? Forget sleeping with him, you've got such a good thing going here being part of V's crew! Night City has fucked us both more ways than I can count, but we finally have our own back. We've bent this place over a barrel and made it our bitch! Where else in the world are you going to have the kind of power, influence, and resources that you can call upon here?!"

All fair reasons, really. Lucy nods along, agreeing with most of what Rebecca is saying. But in the end...

"I'm not planning on going away permanently, to be clear. I think I just need to... get away from it all for a bit. See new places, experience new things, meet new

people. Night City is a cage. We might own the cage now, but it's still a cage... and I'm ready to spread my wings and fly."

Rebecca scoffs, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Yeah? And who's going to watch your back while you're gone, huh? Unless... you want me to come with you?"

The question is hesitant and uncertain when asked so Lucy peers at Rebecca closely and arches a brow.

"Do *you* want to come with me, 'Becca?"

Rebecca squirms under Lucy's gaze for a moment before looking away.

"I mean... I would if you asked me to."

Smiling fondly, Lucy nods.

"I know you would. You'd come in a heartbeat. But no... maybe we could meet up once or twice if you wanted to come hang for a week... but you're right that your place is here with V and the others. As for who *WILL* be watching my back... I've been talking with the twins. I'm thinking I'll go with them when they leave again."

Rebecca's eyes alight at that.

"Oh! The Cassel Twins... they're fun, yeah. That's... that's not so bad."

Lucy chuckles, knowing exactly why Rebecca thought that. Aurore and Aymeric Cassel were not mainstays in Night City, nor were they official members of V's crew. However, the intimate connection between Aurore and V was as undeniable as the connection between him and the rest of the women in his crew not named Lucyna.

Put simply, even though the Cassel Twins had departed from Night City mere months ago, they were already back again for their second visit... all because Aurore couldn't stay away. So even if Lucy left with them, it was more than likely that so long as she stuck with them, she'd wind up coming back to Night City to visit every few months as well. At least twice a year at the very least.

Reaching out, Lucy takes ahold of one of Rebecca's hands, causing the other woman to freeze for a moment before she lets herself be tugged back down into her chair at Lucy's side. Rubbing a thumb along the back of Rebecca's hand, Lucy sighs.

"David would be so proud of you, you know. Of everything you've endured and achieved. Of what you've become."

Rebecca bites her lower lip for a moment before turning her hand and intertwining their fingers together.

"He'd be proud of *us*, Luce. He'd be happy that we've done so well, even after losing him."

Lucy hums, looking back to the now risen sun on the distant horizon, eyes shimmering with unshed tears.

"Yeah... yeah, he would."

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