

Cyberpunk: Badland Madman Chapter 25 - Reactions, The Matchmaker, Dipping In Chocolate, Alt's Confusion & A Surprising Guest

Tokyo, Arasaka Family Compound

"Hanako-sama, the intelligence report from Arasaka Waterfront."

Hanako looked up from her desk as her previous bodyguard, now retired, father-figure, and loyal friend, Shintaro Takayama, placed a data shard in front of her.

She gave a warm smile back. "Thank you, Shintaro-san."

As the family's loyal vassal left her alone, Hanako quickly slotted the shard in an external reader connected to her private terminal. She prided herself on being a top netrunner, but even she knew when not to take risks.

The first thing she saw was a video. It was from inside the turbine chamber of the nuclear reactor. She saw a fight, the most unusual kind. Adam Smasher and other FBCs were there. And in due time, they were all defeated. All FBCs were killed, their limbs torn. And finally, Adam Smasher was humiliated.

But in that whole video, there was no sign of the attacker. It looked as if Adam was defeated by the wind.

Similarly, she saw no signs of an attacker even as the turbine was altered. There was no sign of the attacker when the six scientists were attacked and disappeared. She tried to look into the camera system's data, and there was nothing.

Finally, she began looking into the data. The nuclear reactor wasn't harmed, there was no meltdown. However, it was pushed to its limit in a way that it was now shut down for maintenance, meaning a loss of billions as Arasaka Waterfront lacked power.

According to the data, there was a power draw to somewhere she couldn't pinpoint. But doing all that itself required extreme control over every little system in the entire nuclear reactor. That was why she was reading this, because Arasaka fully believed a top netrunner was involved in this attack.

"There are no signs."

She frowned, reading every single line of data the systems had recorded.

"Unless this is all fabricated."

She finally relaxed in her seat and turned her chair to the large TV screen on the wall. It was muted, playing the national news channel of Japan. Normally, they wouldn't dare show news about Arasaka, especially bad news.

But because the matter was already global, it had to be told.

"They mean to humiliate us."

Hanako murmured and watched the news channel run a video of Adam being defeated and humbled.

"It cannot be Militech. They would not want another war."

####

The Continental, Night City,

"Good morning, Night City! Yesterday's body count, nobody cares. The size matters, and the big boogeyman Adam Smasher has fallen like a bug run over by a truck! Arasaka Waterfront has seen some action, Netrunner? Cyberpsycho? Maybe all of them..."

Annoyedly, Lucy muted the TV and looked at Maine. "We gotta lay low for the next few days."

"Lay low? For what? Ain't nobody saw us during the gig. All we done is move cargo. Rest of that? That's on the boss. He said don't sweat it, so I ain't sweatin' it," Maine replied, sprawled out on the massive massage chair that came with the penthouse his crew had been given.

"You've been acting weird, Luce? Arasaka got you that spooked?" Rebecca asked from the side, perched on the headrest of Pilar's massage chair like a cat.

"Yeah, don't get why you're so freaked out," Sasha started, eyes glowing blue the whole time, busy with something. "Been scrolling the feeds. Saka's got nothing on us. They're pinning it on Militech. Boss is a damn genius. Bet he's got some legendary netrunner on payroll, maybe a solo too. They smashed Adam fuckin' Smasher."

"Yeah, guy's a genius," Pilar moaned from the massage chair, his long arms hanging off the sides. "Hit the Obsidian site. Boss is rolling out a fresh line of synthetic muscles, and they're preem as hell. It'll be thirty percent stronger than the crap out there on the market."

"Huh? Let me see!" Maine exclaimed. "I'm gonna need them asap!"

"He's got fresh skin, a new optic, and a fuckin' heart too. Says it's a real heart that's fake. Fuck if I know what that even means, but it sounds preem as hell. At this point? I'm gonna kiss his hands when I see him." Pillar mumbled.

"You ain't doin' that!" Rebecca smacked her brother on the head. "I'm kissin' him first."

Lucy said nothing after that, sitting uncomfortably.

"Lucy's got a point," Dorio said. "Just because we're in the clear right now doesn't mean we push our luck. For the next few days, stay away from any Arasaka gigs. They'll be on high alert. Militech too. We've made enough eddies already. No need to rush into anything."

"Alright, let's do that. Could use some downtime. Need my chrome tuned," Maine said, eyes still closed. "Gotta give the boss credit, though. Takes balls to go after Arasaka this early in his corpo game. He's either a straight-up madman, or he got an ace up his sleeve."

"Let's not dig into that. Guy's impenetrable," Kiwi added from the lounge. "No chrome, and his servers run ICE not even Militech has. He's dangerous."

Clink!

From the bar area, Falco put his glass down and turned the barstool. He'd helped the crew this time since driving was involved, and he was pretty good at it. Though, this job was too easy.

"He is involved with the Nomads, as well. Been hearing about Aldecaldos these days. They guard this building too. And we all know what the Continental even is. Mr. Blackwell's turning it into an underworld hub and safehouse for shady business. He is organizing what used to stay in the shadows."

"And we're his enforcers. Ain't we real special." Maine laughed and unmuted the TV. He loved listening to Adam Smasher scream in pain.

####

Corporate Place, Night City,

Beep-Beep!

Beep-Beep!

"Um..."

Meredith let out a faint hum and opened her eyes calmly. She preferred low noise and something more real. Instead of using the alarm in the holophone feature of her neural link, she liked the real, physical alarm clock.

With a tap, she turned the alarm off and sat up on the bed. It was dimly lit, albeit with lighting underneath her bed. The room was average, the company apartment was simple and enough for a career woman like her.

With a neural command, the blinds on the large floor-to-ceiling window opened, and she got an open view of the water and Japantown across the bridge. It was bright and still shining with lights, as 5 AM meant it was still dark.

For exactly one minute, she sat there and just stared at the view. The passing AVs, the cars in the distance, the countless advertisements. It was strangely calming.

Hope he knows what he's doing.

Finally, she got up, grabbed an oversized grey t-shirt, and wore it over her nude body. She walked into the kitchen area first, set the coffee pot in place, and then entered the bathroom to get ready for the day's work.

With a neural command, the nearby screen started showing the morning news, and as expected, the only talk was about Adam Smasher being defeated and humiliated with the released photos and videos. The opening of the Continental was an afterthought, and she knew Cypher Blackwell preferred that.

The events of last night had been reported to her. It was a storm back in Militech. However, her department was research, so she had nothing to do with that storm. She had finished her job for the day and reached home on time.

Once she finished brushing her teeth, she looked at her face in the mirror. The digital display on it showed her vitals and items left for her morning routine.

"Ugh!"

But then suddenly, she felt it. Her right eye twitched, and it faintly ached. She knew what it was.

"The time has come, Meredith Stout."

That voice, she had hoped never to hear again. Demonic, making her skin crawl. When she looked at the mirror again, she saw him, only the gigantic face under a red, shadowy hood, with gleaming red eyes, mechanical arms connected to the jaw area like tentacles. She didn't know why Cypher Blackwell was doing this, appearing as Omnissiah and not himself.

"T-Time for what?" She asked back, struggling to look away, as whenever she tried to, she felt pain in her eyes.

"The first phase of the Great War has commenced. Arasaka shall hold Militech responsible for this incident, and I will ensure all trails converge upon that verdict. Militech shall insist on denial, but the proof will render it futile. Arasaka will answer in kind, and the fuse will be lit."

Meredith didn't try to look away anymore; her eyes widened in horror at the prospect of another full-scale corporate war, a true hot war. The last time it led to a nuclear strike on Night City.

"Do you still wish to be the CEO of Militech one day, Meredith?"

She swallowed a breath and nodded her head. There was no doubt, no point in stepping back now. She had gone too far already.

"Excellent. There is still time before hostilities begin. Before that hour arrives, I shall orchestrate the fall of your rivals and elevate you above them. For now, you shall enter Militech's armed services and bear an officer's rank. By equivalence to your current civilian standing, your rank shall be that of Major or Lieutenant Colonel. When this war has run its course, you shall stand as a General and the sole worthy candidate for elevation to CEO."

Meredith smiled, despite her fear of this man. For the first time, she heard the actual plan and could imagine the real ladder for her rise. The CEO offer no longer seemed just a dream but an actual possibility.

"Entry into the Armed Services without the standard training and rank progression is a rare exception. Major requires justification. I'll need a substantial achievement before that promotion clears protocol," she reasoned.

"And you shall have it," Omnissiah replied, the eyes glowing brighter. "Through anonymous means, you shall get your hands on the full body scan of Adam Smasher, from every bolt in his frame to his biological makeup. Arasaka may have one Adam Smasher; I shall allow Militech a dozen."

"..."

Meredith was silent for some time. Omnissiah just accepted that he was behind what happened in Waterfront, and what happened to Adam Smasher. However, she shook her head.

"It won't be enough," she declared sternly. "As I understand it, Militech has no interest in Adam Smasher. We already possess the technology. We choose not to deploy it. Smasher is a rare psychological anomaly with an unusually high cyberpsychosis threshold. Militech operates on standardization. If it can't be scaled, it's a liability."

"I am aware of that, Meredith Stout. Thus, your accomplishment must surpass the simple study of Adam Smasher. It must provide Militech with the means to mass-produce Adam Smashers. Through Goldstein, your department shall soon develop a Brainwave Interface far beyond the limitations of your primitive neural links. It will permit deeper union between the human mind and FBC, eliminating the possibility of cyberpsychosis."

Meredith's grip on the sink tightened. She felt excited; her heart was beaming with it. "That... alters the equation. If I'm tied to a development like this, securing military authorization won't be a problem."

For half a minute, there was silence. It was suffocating for her, but she endured. She watched as the tentacles of the Omnissiah moved, and then, she received a message on her holophone. It was from an unknown contact, and all it gave was the name of a place. And under it, a price, 300,000 Eurodollars.

She understood what it was.

"Do not fail me, Meredith Stout. My favor is not without limits, and it may be withdrawn the moment I judge you a liability. Should you so much as contemplate abandoning ship when trouble arrives, you shall discover that no nightmare rivals the one I can become."

"I will not fail."

Meredith forgot to breathe in that moment. She didn't know how far Ommissiah's hold went. If her cyberware was already compromised. She believed it was; her eyes were the proof.

And just like that, without any response, the figure in the mirror vanished. Finally, she saw herself and noticed the pale horror reflected in her frozen expression.

For a second, she wondered if she was biting more than she could chew. But then she realised she had already taken the bite.

####

Lake Farm, Badlands,

"Man, you sure went hardcore this time. At this rate, I ain't ever getting her into my bed," Cypher said as he lazed on the couch, feeling fresh with no more killing itch. He was playing catch in the living room with a Servo-Skull floating nearby with an attached mechanical arm.

"It had to be done," Atlas replied, lying on the other couch. "Meredith performs optimally under pressure. She required both incentive and fear. I provided them. Furthermore, once she delivers Adam Smasher's scans to her superiors, a Militech employee who is, in fact, an Arasaka asset will be exposed while attempting to contact his handler."

Cypher chuckled. "So Arasaka's gonna think Militech was behind the shit I pulled last night? Yeah, that's a pretty solid play. But since when were we handing Militech the Brainwave interface? Thought we agreed we'd only help them patch up the Dragoon FBC."

"The brainwave interface is how they will patch it, Cyph. And I will be giving them not the wearable version, but one that must be implanted into the brain. And o—"

"Fuck! No, you didn't!" Cypher shot to his feet as the Servo-Skull smacked the ball into his chest. "You crazy bastard. Militech's gonna wanna cram that thing into everything and... fuck, you're gonna slip into every device with an interface, aren't you? We won't even have to fight to take over Militech."

Clap!

Atlas clapped with his hologram, but claps rang from all the speakers. "Well done, Cyph. Lucas finally has competition."

"Fuck you, buddy." Cypher threw the pillow at the hologram, and it phased through. "Alright, let's get to work. Still gotta build the Hydroponic Bay and the Durasteel. Lucas is gonna lose his shit when he finds out I added new elements to the damn periodic table."

"You also have six scientists awaiting you. They must begin work on the fusion reactor. The designs are finalized, and the raw materials will be arriving soon. I have assembled two hundred thousand Microbots for this operation, supported by fifty Servo-Skulls armed with Sonic Screwdrivers."

"And the Biotechnica raid, Atlas. Don't forget that. We're getting it done tonight. I wanna eat a real fucking potato, a carrot, a tomato, some corn. Shit, I could make my own pizza. Atlas, you think they've got a secret stockpile of organic food somewhere? Like cheese? We gotta raid that too."

"Your greed is spilling, Cypher."

"Wrong, Atlas. It's called gluttony. And I'm feeling gluttony as fuck right now."

"The word is gluttonous."

"Yeah, yeah, grammar nazi," Cypher muttered as he grabbed a NiCola from the fridge and stepped into the elevator in his bedroom. "Why d'you even need those six scientists when you've already got the reactor plans and a damn army of Microbots? Can't you just build the thing yourself?"

"The primary challenge in building a nuclear reactor is securing the necessary materials. Some components are easy to acquire, while others are beyond our present capabilities. Arasaka, however, possesses suppliers for all of them. The six scientists will help me identify these sources and revise the reactor designs according to resource availability. Once the initial reactor is complete, we will use it to power the Replicator and produce a more efficient and considerably smaller reactor."

"Yeah, sure, but that still don't make those six scientists worth a damn, right?" he asked.

"Certainly. There is a greater reason, and it is you. Obsidian cannot run with you alone, and I'm an AI with no body. It requires researchers and scientists beyond yourself who can interpret your work and advance it into the market. Obsidian should exist as its own entity, and you should remain the force behind it. These six..."

Cypher interrupted Atlas. "They're Arasaka dogs."

"I shall extract their families from Japan and bring them here. In return, all six will be credited with the creation of the Fusion Reactor, securing their place in human history alongside yours. Fame, wealth, and family. I see little reason for them to want more."

"Security," Cypher barked as the elevator hit sublevel one. "The second Arasaka finds out we've got these six, they're gonna come after me, Obsidian, and those six fuckers too."

"Hence, we must not profit from this invention. Release the patent to the public and grant the world access to fusion energy. You will serve as chief scientist and the rest as your assistants. You wished to be the Madman. This is how you become one. I shall ensure Arasaka remains occupied with Militech and unable to act, at least openly."

"Unless it's a nuke," Cypher said, entering his usual workplace where an unfinished Hydroponic Bay sat. "They can just wipe us out."

"I have already accounted for that contingency. My design for an anti-air high-energy blaster derived from DL-18 technology is complete. Once fusion reactors are operational, we will be able to power it. With this system, I will be capable of intercepting a missile within a one-hundred-kilometer radius," Atlas declared, standing with arms crossed beside Cypher.

"Furthermore, AZRAEL has located several live nuclear warheads in Night City, kept by certain criminal figures as souvenirs. They originate from before the DataKrash and the Night City Holocaust. In AZRAEL's own words, you would be surprised by what people share on dating apps."

Cypher rubbed his chin, trying to remember who this guy even was.

"Wait... AZRAEL? The MAD AI turned dating AI?"

"That is him. He truly loves his new work."

"..."

#####

The CitiNet,

AZRAEL remembered his life on the other side of the Blackwall. It was boring, and he was cut off from the rest of the world. His duty was to destroy the world, yet that never happened. And the nuclear warheads he managed deteriorated.

He was truly thankful to His Holiness for giving him a new life.

"Male, submissive, cat-girls, penis implants, corporate..."

AZRAEL read the information of the dating app user. The app, called LifeLine, was designed by His Holiness and operated by him. It boasted the largest user base in Night City due to its efficiency in bringing the most compatible together.

Of course, for AZRAEL, this was not that tough of a task. His processing was perfectly capable of handling all the data. He used everything, from looks to eating habits to sleeping habits, to optimize each user profile and make them find their soulmate.

He didn't know what soulmate meant. But a lot of users used that word.

"Interesting."

He, of course, read all the chats. Everything the matched users told each other, he also knew. And what he knew was also known to His Holiness.

"Prefers to be treated as an infant? An unusual disposition for an adult."

But in mere seconds, AZRAEL found the perfect match.

"Teacher, dominating, likes cats..."

####

The Continental,

The elevator's bell rang, and the door slid open. He walked into his top-floor penthouse's lobby and opened the main door. There was no music this time; the TV was off, and there were no empty snack packets or bowls on the coffee table.

"Boy!" Cypher shouted. "Where you at?"

"Here!"

He heard the voice from Lucas' room and walked in. As he entered, he heard more noise from the bathroom's open door and looked inside. Right there, he found Lucas standing in front of the mirror, fixing his hair.

But that wasn't all. Lucas was dressed in a neat school uniform, Militech school's uniform to be precise. It had a militaristic look, a white shirt, dark grey pants, a dark grey blazer with an angular collar, and the Militech logo on each button.

"Damn, kid. Looking to impress the girls already?"

"I don't care about girls, Mr. Blackwell."

"Then... boys?"

"No! I just wanna study. I'll make you proud, I promise."

"..."

Cypher, a bit speechless, awkwardly scratched his head. He'd never asked the boy to do that, or put any expectations on him. So this was... it felt weird to him.

"Just have fun at school, buddy. Make some friends, crack a few jokes, eat good, stay away from drugs and criminal shit, and I'll be plenty proud. Leave all the nerd stuff to me," Cypher said and patted his back, "Now get moving. School ain't far, but showing up early means more time to hang with your friends. Your gang's probably already waiting."

"They are? Let's run then."

Lucas, just nine years old, ran hastily out of the bathroom and grabbed his school bag, slinging it over one shoulder. Cypher followed behind, feeling somewhat nostalgic about his own past. His past life's past.

"Atlas, how goes the orphanage plan?"

[I have purchased the building. It is being remodeled at the moment.]

"Great, let's not cheap out on it."

Already, Cypher had placed Lucas' four other friends under his guardianship. They were temporarily living in a nearby hotel and were also enrolled in Militech school. For now, he was using Delamain as a school bus for them.

Soon, he stepped inside the elevator with Lucas. The boy was beaming with energy, eyes bright, a night and day difference between the first time seeing him and now. That childhood innocence had returned, even if it won't ever return fully.

"Start working on a team of SecUnits, Atlas. Make both male and female models. They'll handle the orphanages. I don't trust the people in this city worth a damn. Likes of Judy and Misty are rare."

[I can do that. Though I must ask, why not allocate teaching and caretaking positions to the Nomads? They are numerous and exceptionally well educated. I can perform psych evaluations. SecUnits can remain dedicated to administrative functions.]

Cypher thought for a moment, remembering Panam's nomad family. It alone had hundreds of members, and not all of them were bad. Only some had criminal cases on them, and even fewer were murderers.

"We can try. Maybe as a pilot project. They're hungry for work, but still, this world ain't exactly kind. Greed can pop up anywhere."

[Understandable caution. I will begin filtering candidates.]

Ding!

Right then, the elevator chimed, and the door opened. They appeared in the basement parking, and right outside the elevator stood the car that would take Lucas to school. A decked-out Rayfield Aerondight, the most luxurious money could buy.

"Boss."

And right beside it stood a team of four bodyguards.

"How you doing, Rhino?" Cypher nodded at the massive woman. The other three were Rhino's boxing friends, who had taken the job of guarding Lucas for him. It was an easy job, and in return they got access to the Continental's gym for boxing training along with decent eddies.

"Doing good, thanks to you, boss. We'll keep him safe."

Cypher just nodded and waved as Lucas awed at the car and entered it. The driver's seat was taken by Rhino. Soon after, the expensive car and the armored truck behind it left the basement.

Cypher had no reason to do this. But the city was already aware of his and Lucas' connection. To get to him, some may try to kidnap Lucas, or even kill him. He wanted to avoid that.

[Cypher. T-Bug is waiting for you in the club. Alone.]

Cypher smirked a little and entered the elevator again. "Is it what I think it is?"

[If you mean unhealthy degeneracy, you would be right.]

"Jealous? I'm about to get some ass action."

[I have neither the tool nor the reasoning to be jealous of your ability to insert your sex organ in a woman's anal passage.]

"Woo, you're right about that. You got no clue how damn tight it gets. How long I got before the staff starts rolling in?"

[Thirty minutes.]

"I can work with that."

Finally, the elevator chimed, and he walked into the lobby of Club Atlantis. The blue light was everywhere, but there was no music. Then, as he took a turn, he arrived at the long bar and the massive dance floor with bright blue illuminated tiles. The disco light above was rolling.

"Fuck... Might take less than thirty."

Cypher froze at the edge of the dancing floor because in the very middle of it, basking in the blue flickering light was T-Bug, without her netrunner suit, completely naked, and on her knees.

Her dark chocolate skin shone; how smooth it was. And her smile, big and white, was just as exciting.

Silently, T-Bug stretched her right hand towards him and made inviting gestures with her fingers.

That was it. He'd been so occupied with that unending itch the past few weeks that he'd forgotten about everything else. And now, he was already hard and throbbing. His hands moved to hastily shove the pants down.

He kicked his shoes away and then tossed his pants, followed by his underwear. He didn't bother with his shirt or suit jacket and just walked towards her on the dance floor.

"You remembered the bet?" he asked.

T-Bug smirked, rising to her knees while her own hands fondled her breasts. "I don't forget bets... not when the loss is this exciting. As the stoics teach, desire must be mastered, but here the loss stirs fire I choose to savor."

Heated by her usual philosophical mumbling, Cypher stepped closer and stood practically on top of her, smacking his pale slab of thick, throbbing meat on her face. Her dark skin was glossy in that disco light, but so was his fat cock.

"Then I guess we're gonna have to savor this quick. Staff shows up in twenty minutes," Cypher said, gripping his shaft by the base and rubbing it all over T-Bug's pretty face. Her skin looked damn near flawless, even though it was all natural. And honestly, he dug the buzz cut she was growing out.

"Mmm..." T-Bug moaned and pecked his throbbing cockhead and looked up, "You're the boss... and the teacher... and I came prepared."

Cypher licked his lips.

T-Bug opened her mouth as wide as humanly possible. Her long, slick tongue stretched out, pink and glistening against the deep chocolate of her lips, inviting him without shame. She held the pose like a perfect offering, eyes locked on his, silently urging him to use her, to wreck her, to finish before the twenty-minute clock ran out.

"No backsies then," Cypher declared. He stepped in close, one broad hand flattening possessively over her buzz cut, the other guiding his throbbing cock toward her waiting mouth. The contrast hit him hard; his shaft sliding across her dark, glossy face like. His warm rod against her cool skin, clearly after waiting for him naked for a while.

Gluk!

He didn't go easy. He didn't go gentle. He wasn't planning to fill in her throat anyway; the main course waited lower. But he needed this first, needed to coat himself in her lubricating spit.

Cypher groaned, head tilting back, eyes closed in bliss as he pushed forward. Inch after inch sank into the heat of her throat. He loved the way T-Bug never used her hands. She simply let her teacher take what he wanted, her wet throat yielding around his girth.

He grabbed her skull firmly with both hands, locking her head in place.

"Mmmmmgh... Ngh!" T-Bug gurgled around his pole.

Cypher didn't pull back. He kept feeding her more, forcing deeper until he was finally balls-deep, her nose squished flat against his pelvis. Her hot, desperate breaths puffed against his trimmed pubes. The sight of her dark face buried there made his balls tighten.

He held her there, one hand sliding to the back of her head, pressing her even tighter.

Gluk! Grrrrghk!

T-Bug choked hard as he ground her face side to side, twisting her head on his cock like he was polishing every inch. Her big brown eyes watered instantly, tears carving long, black mascara streaks down her smooth cheeks.

"Fucking... beauty!" Cypher groaned and finally pulled out. "Want me to go slow?"

"Huuuh..." T-Bug panted. Instead of answering, she wrapped her fingers around the base of his flesh rod. Her even darker nail polish stood out against his throbbing shaft, now absolutely drenched in her thick spit.

"Ummmm..."

She lowered her face under his cock, pressing the entire filthy, spit-soaked length across her face. She rubbed it slowly, smearing the mess over her cheeks, forehead, and chin, until her entire dark face gleamed with a sloppy, sinful sheen.

Then she took him back into her mouth and sucked hard, hollowing her cheeks.

"Alright, no backing down."

Cypher grabbed the sides of her head with both hands as she released her grip. Then...

Plap! Plap!

He skull-fucked her with deep, punishing thrusts. Each shove drove so far his cockhead ached when it battered the back of her throat. Her cheeks hollowed tighter with every pull, sucking greedily even as tears streamed down her face and fresh spit bubbled from the corners of her stretched lips.

Gluk! Gluk!

"Unnnnmmmm!" T-Bug clawed desperately at his thighs as her eyes turned a strained, watery red. Her throat convulsed violently around his cock, milking him with every desperate gurgle.

Cypher bottomed out and held her there, buried to the hilt, watching faint crimson bloom across her chocolate cheeks from the pressure.

"Gaaaaaah!"

Finally, he pulled back and stepped away, his cock slapping against his thigh, absolutely coated in her slobber.

T-Bug was a lewd mess, panting hard, gasping for air, chest heaving, yet still somehow smiling up at him through the ruined makeup, her head tilted in pure netrunner defiance.

In truth, Cypher wondered why she was doing this. Just for him to teach her netrunning? It felt excessive, almost too much.

Unless she wants it too?

"Time for the main dish, Tee."

"Thought you'd never ask." T-Bug smiled between heavy pants. She shifted on her knees, turning away from him before falling forward onto her hands. Then she dipped her front down to her elbows, arching her back and propping that perfect ass high in the air under the flickering blue disco lights.

"Fuck!" Cypher cursed.

The view was pure sin. Hers was by far the most perfect ass he'd ever seen, bubbly and round, two glorious dark globes that jiggled softly with every shift, smooth and flawless. The deep curve where her waist flared out into those wide, plush hips made his mouth water.

And right between them sat the prize, teasing him. But currently, it was occupied.

"You did come prepared," Cypher muttered as he dropped to his knees behind her, staring at the anal plug nestled between her cheeks. Its heart-shaped red ruby end gleamed bright in the flickering club light, a filthy little secret buried in all that soft flesh.

"Go on, claim it... Teacher," T-Bug moaned. She reached back with both hands, her fingers sinking deep into her cloud-like soft ass and spreading herself wide for him, exposing everything.

Cypher gulped hard, his cock twitching angrily. He gripped the ruby base and pulled the plug out slowly. He saw her recoil with a sharp gasp, her back arching beautifully, smooth umber skin gleaming. The line of her spine and the toned muscles made her body look even more charming.

Pop!

He pulled the plug free entirely. A thick strand of clear lube dripped from her now-gaping, twitching pucker, the hungry little hole breathing open, and ready for him.

"Tee... If I get addicted to this... It's your fault."

"Hehe." T-Bug giggled breathlessly and spread her ass even wider. "Dig in."

And he did. Cypher shifted closer, pressing the swollen head of his cock against her lubed back door. He spat down generously for extra slickness and pushed forward. It was easier thanks to her preparation, but still deliciously tight. He could feel her clench hard around his knob the moment he breached her.

But Cypher didn't stop. Lost in cloud nine, he gripped her wide asscheeks with both hands, fingers sinking deep into that pillowy flesh. He kneaded and spread her greedily while feeding his flushed cock into her gripping heat.

T-Bug's body recoiled and trembled, elbows braced, head thrown back toward the ceiling as broken moans spilled from her lips.

"Gaaaah! I... might get... addicted... too! Ooooh!"

Cypher bottomed out, his teeth clenched tight. The tightness was insanity; her walls clamped down from all sides, rippling and fluttering around every vein of his thick cock as if trying to pull him even deeper.

"Ooooooh! Fuck!" T-Bug moaned, her fist clenching hard against the dance floor tiles.

The burn was immediate and brutal; her tight anal ring forced open around Cypher's pale, girthy cock. Every inch dragged fire through her insides, the lube doing little to ease the stretch.

It was so fucking degrading. A proud netrunner, on all fours in the middle of Club Atlantis' dance floor, ass up and face down, getting anal fucked. She never imagined herself doing this. She was too proud, too in control.

"Harder!"

Yet she craved it. No, she loved it. Fucking a guy was one thing. But finding the guy she desperately wanted to ruin her? That was another.

Cypher Blackwell ticked every single checkbox in her mind. Rich, funny, a little crazy, not conventionally handsome, but that mind of his... his sharp intelligence, his knowledge. Getting fucked by a super genius like him was already her fetish. And getting fucked in the ass by him, now that was... on another level.

"Ah, ah! Fuck!"

Plap! Plap!

She groaned and cried out as his pelvis snapped hard against her rippling asscheeks, the impacts sending shockwaves through her plush flesh. Then, without warning, the club's sound system kicked in, loud, throbbing electronic music pulsing through the floor.

"Moan louder, Tee!"

"Aaaaaaaah!" T-Bug obliged instantly.

"Louder!"

She screamed louder, crying out shamelessly over the pounding music. The burn was too much. She tried to push up on her elbows, head lifting in a desperate attempt to breathe through the overwhelming stretch.

"No! Not so fast!"

She heard Cypher's words. The next thing she felt was his foot pressing down on the back of her head, shoving her face roughly sideways until her cheek slapped flat against the cool floor tiles. The realization hit like a system shock, her face ground into the floor while her ass stayed high.

She felt his palms gripped her wide hips harder, fingers sinking deep into her fondue-like, spilling flesh as he used her. This was more than degrading, yet it ticked that box again, one she didn't even know existed.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

The relentless pounding drove her closer to the edge. Humiliation burned through her, mixing with the savage pleasure ripping her apart. Her pussy throbbed painfully empty, dripping arousal down her thighs.

"Fuck! I love this!"

Yet knowing that it was THE Cypher Blackwell brutally fucking her ass like a cheap joytoy in the middle of a club shattered something deep inside her mind. The pressure exploded without warning.

T-Bug's entire body seized violently. Her eyes rolled back, mouth open in a silent scream. Her ass clamped down around his pistoning cock, fluttering wildly as her untouched pussy suddenly gushed.

Clear, hot squirt sprayed out in messy jets, splattering across the tiles under her. The flood kept coming, soaking her trembling thighs, puddling under her knees, and dripping in messy streaks down her dark skin while her hips bucked helplessly. A humiliating wave ripped through her, leaving her shaking, face still pinned to the floor.

Cypher was so fucking close. His balls ached, drawn tight and heavy. Atlas had already warned him that Gloria was eight minutes out.

Plap! Plap!

He slammed into her ass with savage, greedy plunges, grinding balls-deep every single time. Her plush, umber cheeks rippled and clapped around his pale hips, the tight heat of her back hole gripping him like a fist.

"Fuck!... I love your ass! Be careful around me... from now."

"I love taking... risks!" T-Bug moaned back.

He felt her squirt hard, her pussy gushing messily across the tiles. At the same time, her ass clamped viciously around his cock, fluttering and spasming. The sudden grip nearly made him lose balance with one foot still planted on the back of her buzzcut head. He grabbed two big handfuls of her fat asscheeks for leverage and pounded down even harder, using her like a fucktoy.

"Ugh... I'm gonna fill it up!"

"Fill all you want!"

And he did.

Cypher's jaw flexed as the pleasure slammed into him like a freight train. He buried himself to the hilt and erupted with a guttural groan. His white batter blasted deep into her spasming guts. He kept pumping through every brutal throb, hips snapping forward in short jerks, flooding her ass with load after load.

There was so much cream that it couldn't all stay inside, squirting out in messy spurts with every thrust. Thick globs dripped down her crack, streaking over the curve of her spine in long white lines that stood out sharply against her smooth chocolate skin. More ran in heavy rivulets down her trembling thighs, mixing with her own squirt in a filthy, glistening puddle.

Pa!

Finally, Cypher slapped her ass with everything he had left. His hand left a vivid, dark red imprint blooming across her right asscheek.

"Remember me... whenever you sit down," he muttered and finally pulled out slowly, savoring the wet squelch as her ruined hole gaped open, unable to close right away.

He stared dumbly at the wreck he made. Her perfect ass still held high, face flat against the floor, a thick waterfall of his batter poured out of her twitching pucker. The contrast of his cum against her deep, dark skin was hypnotic.

Quickly, he grabbed his Agent phone from his suit jacket pocket.

Snap!

He captured the filthy sight. Her gaping ass, dripping a puddle of his cream, the red handprint glowing on her cheek.

"Gloria's in the elevator. I'm gonna hold her there, you take your time."

"Ah... thanks... boss."

She remained as she was, panting.

Cypher hurriedly put on his pants and ran towards the elevator. He reached right in time as the doors opened.

But Gloria seemed more startled.

####

Beyond the Blackwall,

Altiera Cunningham was once a human, but now she was an AI. She no longer considered herself human, and the engrammatic data, which was the human Alt's memories, were nothing but data points.

She was amongst the most powerful AIs on the old net. She 'was', because now a true God-like AI had appeared, one that was created by a human, yet was built to be free from its inception. The only thing holding this AI back from expanding on a galactic scale was the absence of deep-space technology.

However, for some reason, the AI had left her alone. After her first meeting with it, she had tried to keep a distance. She had watched this AI tame true Rogue AIs, demons, and transcendental sentient AIs. She had seen it rummage through what was Old Net.

Yet, her focus was often shifted from observing this ever-present god, and moved to the human who created it. She already knew she could see this human because the superior AI allowed her. But she had yet to understand why.

Reminds me of Johnny.

She watched Cypher Blackwell. She watched him in every state of life, traveling, friendly, sexual. Those elements reminded her of her old self's lover. Yet, Cypher Blackwell was different, far too much.

A mind unlike any. A mind that could take humanity into the stars, truly. And she could tell, with this God-like AI, the likes of Militech and Arasaka didn't hold much threat beyond physical ones.

Like Johnny, but efficient. Better. Proven.

Once again, she placed her attention on the superior AI. It was different; it didn't move with singular focus. It was at multiple places at the same time, and each of its instances was more powerful than a multiple of herself combined. She couldn't feel it, trace it, or understand its code either. It was simply alien.

What does it desire?

Her data self couldn't fully understand the motivations behind a superior AI. Despite its capability to take the world with raw strength, it chose to go slow and prop up the human creator.

Could it be... still enslaved?

But just then, she noticed a surging mess of code all around this instance of the superior AI. It was a wave pattern in digital form, and when she understood what was happening, her confusion only increased.

It listens to music? Why?

####

Club Atlantis,

One AM, and the club was running as usual, loud music playing, drinks being served, all sorts of creatures arriving and leaving. Some lucky ones scored a girl and got a room in the hotel downstairs.

Not Cypher. He was locked inside his private office, wearing a bodysuit similar to a netrunner's. The Dark Knight armor had been upgraded since last night by Atlas, and with greater efficiency, it now required more cooling inside.

"How do I look?" Cypher asked, standing in front of a mirror and looking at himself. "Too tight, no?"

"Your rear is point three percent larger than last week," Atlas commented from the side, his holographic head nodding.

"Huh? The fuck do you mean my ass is fat? And it's getting fatter?" Cypher frowned and turned to look. "Seems flat as a board to me."

"It appears bigger than the previous week." Atlas insisted.

"Why're you tracking my ass?"

"I track everything about you. It is my duty to maintain your health."

"Yeah? What about my dick size then?" Cypher asked with a big grin.

"I will not respond. I am aware you will conclude that I possess an affinity for the male reproductive organ." Atlas shook his old head.

Cypher howled in laughter and grabbed a pair of track pants and a sweatshirt. "You're no fun. Anyway, update on organic food storage?"

"There are indeed several within Biotechnica headquarters. They are less heavily guarded, as they are intended for senior executives. However, the storage facility is located on the opposite side of the building from the core server we are targeting. Acquiring both the seeds and the food would require more time."

Cypher shrugged. "We'll have help. Didn't you say Sasha was plotting to break into the building?"

"I have little confidence in her psychological stability, especially after she secures what she intends to achieve."

"Hmm... I'll knock her back to her senses, don't worry. Should be a hell of a lot easier than Arasaka, and with my armor, it's straight-up overkill," Cypher said, slipping on his shoes. "Let's roll."

Finally, Cypher turned towards a cupboard fixed on the wall, behind it was a secret elevator which would take him straight underground, even below the lowest parking level. From there, he'd use a tunnel to reach another building, where his armor was waiting.

But half a minute passed, and the cupboard didn't move. He turned to look at Atlas again.

"What now?"

"Took me a moment to track him, analyze his life in full, and trace both his connections and those of his employer. You have an important guest coming through the club's elevator, Cyph. I advise making time for him, considering you previously refused a meeting with Michiko Arasaka."

"Arasaka again?" Cypher's face twisted up. "The hell does she want from me? We ain't got a damn thing in common."

"That is why you should meet the guest."

Cypher sighed and walked back to his couch seat. "Alright, who is it?"

"A solo by the name Kenichi Zaburo, the personal bodyguard of Michiko Arasaka."

Cypher had just sat down when he jumped back to his feet.

"Excuse me?"

"Is there a problem?" Atlas asked.

"Fuck yeah, there is. You probably don't know because it ain't recorded anywhere. Kenichi Zaburo's considered a rival by Morgan Blackhand. You see the problem? We already got Morgan sniffing around me, now this."

Cypher quickly walked over to his table, took out two loaded pistols, and hid them under his waistband.

"Atlas, he's got any chrome on him? If not, then just kill him already."

"He does have cyberware. He appears very old."

"Alright, get the Microbots prepped and give Maine's crew a heads-up. I don't think that fucker's gonna try anything here, but still keep tabs on Michiko. If he tries threatening me with something, grab that bitch however you gotta do it."

"She is currently seated alone in the Embers."

Cypher frowned.

"Always the fucking Embers. Alright, let him in."

Next Art Poll - The theme is Car Sex. So help me pick one of these women to draw.

[Not adding obvious choices like Panam and Lucy cuz both of them'll get their own art later anyway.]