

Cyberpunk: Badland Madman Chapter 23 - One-Time Offer, Home Cooked Meal, New Itch & No Other Way

For a very long time, eyes were flashing colors, and heads were dipped to read Agents. Panam and Saul were the same. It took some time, so Cypher walked to the side, grabbed a folding chair, and set it in the middle of the tent's entrance so all the people around him were in a semi-circle.

He crossed his legs, folded his arms, and relaxed.

After about twenty minutes, everyone was looking back at him. But nobody spoke; they were silent as the night. Many looked terrified, even as if ready to run away from Night City.

"I gotta say anything else to tell you how bad the idea is?" Cypher asked, not to Saul but the others.

"I don't think so," Mitch voiced from nearby. "The plan was too good to be true anyway."

Cypher nodded. "That's w—"

"What other choice do we have?" Saul Bright interrupted, his impatience slipping in words. "You want us back on the road? Smuggling? Running errands for scraps and getting killed every other run? Aldecaldos as a nation is dying, and I'm responsible for this family. There is no food, no money, and jobs are drying up fast. So tell me, how do you expect us to survive without taking this risk?"

Beep!

Cypher sent a text to Saul's Agent. The man quickly looked at it, visibly scrolling for a very long time before looking back.

"What is this?" Saul asked.

"That's how many weapon designs I got right now. Pre-DataKrash shit. Real good hardware, and soon I'm gonna be manufacturing it with my own flavor mixed in. Way better than most of the garbage out there right now.

"Problem is, production ain't the issue. I've got machines and robots cranking that out already. I can do that forever. But sales? Nah, that's where human capital comes in, and that's the one thing I'm missing. Hell, I've got so much goddamn work lined up you people would drown in it. Hook me up with the rest of the Aldecaldos if you want, I've got jobs for them too. I'm going global either way, with you folks or without you. This is your shot to climb aboard before my ship leaves port."

[Excellent work. If we intend to seize NUSA someday, we require people. Using Bright Family to contact the Aldecaldos is the most efficient way to secure large-scale manpower.]

"Ain't I a genius, Atlas? I came up with the plan myself."

[Indeed. I shall consider your pre-school education over with this.]

"Fuck you, bitch. I'm at least at middle-schooler level."

[Perhaps... but in a school of children with special needs.]

"Yeah, I do got special needs right here between my legs. No shush, Saul's about to bark again."

Cypher focused on the man again.

"You expect us to believe all this? It's just words without meaning," Saul asked back.

"I believe him." Panam interrupted, walking over to stand at Cypher's side. "I... I can't explain it, but I know Cypher. I have seen what he can do. Trust me, if it were my choice, I would hold onto him and never let go. Mitch can tell you. So can the fifty Aldecaldos working the Continental. He saved my life from the Wraiths, killed dozens recently, and he hunts Scavs."

"As we all should." Cassidy Righter blurted from the side.

"Everyone, Cypher runs a company, sure, but that does not make him one of those corps. He has never done us wrong, never betrayed the trust we put in him. He's the reason we have unlimited water now. He started from nothing, just like we did. A nomad chasing something better. And he has got the head for it, but he will not survive long on his own. We need him, that is true, but he needs us just as much. So there is no debt between us."

Actually, I don't need you all. Cypher corrected silently. He'd already told Panam that only a nuke can take him out.

But he could see her words affecting the people. True, if the nomads saw working for him as less of a debt and more of a give-and-take relationship, they would feel more proud and respectful of their work.

[An army that feels pride in itself and is not held by fear is the most efficient.]

Cypher just nodded to Atlas' evaluation. Though he couldn't see the Bright Family as any sort of an army. Just being armed didn't mean they were good at carrying out operations.

Seeing Panam finish speaking, and staring at him as if asking for his final words, he spoke.

"I ain't gonna promise you people anything, except hope. Something actually real, unlike all that Biotechnica bullshit. Sooner or later, with all the crazy stuff I'm working on, I'll crack how to grow real food again. And when that happens, I'm gonna need a whole lotta decent folks out there farming. Only problem is, no matter where you put down roots, somebody's gonna attack you eventually. That's guaranteed.

"So what I can offer is private land, heavy weapons, guns, turrets, even flying fucking drones if that's what it takes. Obviously, none of that's free. Hell, if someone offered it free, I'd tell you to run. All I want is the right to what you grow beyond what's needed for your own prosperity. I'll buy it from you, just like farmers in the old days. I'll sell it to the rest of the world afterwards. Hopefully, we'll turn back this continent to a time where cockroaches were insects and not food."

"How is that different from Biotechnica?" Saul Bright nearly shouted. "You will own what we'll grow."

"First off, I'm sick of eating garbage every damn day. Second, I don't give a fuck about farming, that's not my lane. Third, either roll with it or don't, but if you're gonna reject this, I'll make drones and machines to work the fields remote. I can pull that off. And Jesus Christ, man, if you still ain't getting what I'm saying, go toss yourself in a ditch. I'm not out here tryna run some food business, I just want things back to normal again."

"And what is your business?" Saul asked.

Cypher shrugged and began walking away, slightly annoyed that nothing was going through Saul's head. "Fixing this shitty world, I guess."

Some chuckled, some scoffed, some looked at him seriously. He sounded no different to them than Johnny Silverhand declaring he'd stop corpo terror by blowing up Arasaka. Fixing the world was not something a single man could do. That was what common sense dictated.

But again, Cypher had destroyed all common sense when he gave life to his friend Atlas.

"I got another meeting, so I'm gonna dip. Figure your shit out by next week."

Cypher moved past the crowd that parted for him. Those who already worked for him in the Continental gave him appreciative, respectful nods, while the others just looked at him.

He walked all the way back to where Panam's truck was parked.

"Cypher! Wait, I can drop you off at home."

Cypher slowed his pace and let Panam reach his side, slightly out of breath.

"I'm good, Pan," Cypher replied, pointing his Quadra Type-66 640 TS that had remotely driven itself with Atlas' guidance to there. "My ride's here."

He finally stopped at the driver's side door and looked back. "I did what I could. The rest's on Saul and your people now. Can't help folks who ain't ready to help themselves. I ain't some asshole, but I ain't running a charity eith—"

Woosh!

Cypher had to swallow his words as he felt Panam jump at him and hug him so tightly he almost fell backwards. She was on her toes, her arms around his neck, her front flat against his chest. Then he felt her lips peck his cheek.

“Thanks. Truly, thank you for doing this, Cypher. You gave us a chance, and that means a lot to me.”

Cypher felt awkward as he hadn't been expecting that. He hesitantly put his hands behind her back, not too low since he knew her temper well. Sure, he wanted to take his chances with Panam, but he didn't know if now was the time.

When Panam released him, Cypher noticed a hint of awkwardness on her face as well. Her eyes didn't look up at his face.

“Well, hell, I guess that makes driving all the way out here worth it.” He said with a cheeky little smirk as he slid into his car. “Catch you around, Panam.”

“Try not to get yourself killed.” Panam waved.

“I'll try.”

Cypher first fixed his pants as the ungodly rock-like erection was painful. Then he stepped on the gas and drove away.

He drove back the way he had come, past the Sunset Motel, but instead of taking the left on the highway, he drove straight into Santo Domingo, headed for Heywood.

“Wonder what Gloria's making for dinner.”

“But we both know it is her you are interested in eating,” Atlas replied, seated on the passenger seat as a realistic, colored hologram visible only to him, like a ghost.

“I bet she'll taste better than anything she'll cook.”

Atlas just shook his head like a disappointed grandfather. “In any case, Exo-Suit development is finished. Do you have a name prepared for it?”

“How about... Eh, I'll figure that shit out later. Hell, I might not even use it if the next itch ends up bein' something good.”

“At this point, you should fear Murphy's Law, Cyph,” Atlas advised.

“Murphy can suck my hard, throbbing dick. I'm gonna floor this damn car.”

So, he did what he loved. Drove like a suicidal maniac.

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Cypher arrived at the building in the Glen where Gloria's apartment was. It was early, a few hours until dinner, but he had nothing else to do that day anyway. Waiting for the next itch was boring, and his factory ran itself.

Looks better than where I live.

The building was clean, even had fake plants in the lobby, which had armed guards and hidden turrets in the ceiling. One look and he could tell that decent folks lived there. Likely some corpo workers, not the executives, but well-off.

Reaching the ninth floor, he rang the doorbell of the premium-looking door. It soon opened, and the woman he was used to seeing now greeted him. Dressed in her usual tight blue jeans and a white t-shirt. She wasn't wearing her jacket, and that didn't help.

Is that... makeup?

Gloria had noticeable assets, and in that tight t-shirt, they jutted out. But Cypher noticed faint lipstick on her lips, and some eyeliner that he'd never seen before.

"Mr. Blackwell, please come in." Gloria warmly smiled.

As soon as Gloria turned to lead him in, his eyes fell down on her shapely bottom. He forced his gaze to look away, however. He didn't want to get hard. This was just a dinner, at least for now.

[I thought you were interested in her.]

"I am, Atlas. But I don't want her thinking she's gotta do it just because she owes me."

[Ah, it seems I misjudged you to be worse than you are.]

"Man, you're a god. You're lying to just fuck with me."

Cypher busied himself chatting with Atlas and stopped himself from getting more aroused by the sight of Gloria's homely curves and sweet face. She did have sharp facial features, but at that point, the maternal part was more evident.

The new apartment was more modern, but still had a homely vibe. It was decorated by Gloria and had two bedrooms, one living room, two bathrooms, and a kitchen. It wasn't a massive house, but all parts were decently sized, and since it was a corner apartment, light came in from two directions.

He took a seat on the living room couch and watched Gloria saunter away back to the kitchen.

"Mr. Blackwell, would you like a beer?"

"Free beer? I'd love one." He chirped and soon received one. But then Gloria returned to the kitchen and put on a black apron. He just watched from his seat, a direct view of her backside yet again.

"Atlas, maybe you were right."

[I'm never wrong, Cypher.]

Cypher couldn't help it anymore. Since the day he first saw her, Gloria had captivated him. She was beautiful, hot-headed, emotional, kinda dumb with what she did last time, but still interesting.

"No harm in trying my luck, is there, Atlas?"

[It is called fiendish desperation, Cypher.]

"Well, ain't my problem you don't got a cock, and hyper sexuality."

Cypher got up, beer in hand, and entered the kitchen area. He leaned against the island, at a respectful distance from her. "Where's David?"

"At school. He'll be back by dinner. Need anything, Mr. Blackwell? I'm cooking up my specialties tonight."

"Good food and gorgeous company? Hell, Gloria, I can't really ask for much more outta a dinner night," he replied, smooth-talking like it was his second nature. He ignored Atlas's snarky remarks, however.

Ah! It's working?

Cypher noticed a faint blush on Gloria's face. She didn't look at him, as if shy. So, he decided to push his luck.

"What? You don't believe me? You got any clue how many folks ask for your number at the club? T-Bug told me some freaks tried hacking into the club database for your info. You're hot stuff... Can't even blame them, honestly."

"Oh, come on, Mr. Blackwell." Gloria flushed bright at that, giving him a soft little smile. "Just a bunch of drunk gonks and their busted fantasies?"

"Yeah, fantasies." Cypher nodded dreamily.

That dreaminess didn't go unnoticed, it seemed, as she stopped chopping vegetables and looked at his face, fully turning towards him. "Do you... have fantasies?"

"About you?" he asked flatly. "Yeah, I guess. I mean, I've had them since the day I saw you at that race."

"..."

"Wait!" Cypher rubbed a hand over his face, realizing he was starting to sound creepy. "Trust me, I didn't plan any of this. I'm not a good guy, but I ain't evil, alright?"

"I know that, Mr. Blackwell," Gloria murmured and turned back to the counter, her hands moving fast, chopping the vegetables. But there was still a strange air between them. Like she wanted to say something, but wasn't.

But after a short moment of awkward silence, she spoke again without looking at him.

"What fantasies?"

Really? She's asking that?

Cypher was hard before, thanks to Panam, but now he was throbbing, and being so close to Gloria, he could take in the scent of her perfume. He could gaze at the curve of her ass as it rose in those tight jeans. And his tongue, it refused to speak anything but the truth.

"Same old thing. You're gorgeous, so I wouldn't mind hooking my hands on your hips, dragging you in close, and stealing a real kiss from you," Cypher said, watching her face really closely for even the tiniest reaction.

He noticed a blush, but also a smile.

"And?" Gloria asked again with a real long draw in her voice.

"..."

He tried to make sense of this. From what he knew about Gloria, she wasn't an easy woman. Her acting like that made him suspicious.

"I'd say the whole damn menu, honestly. Drag you out on the dance floor someday, get my hands all over every damn curve on you. Then maybe steal you away to a room and get a real good look at what's under that shirt. You're fine as hell, woman."

"Oh, really? And?"

It became too much for Cypher.

"Atlas, is she teasing me? You think she's the one who reeled me in here, not me? Man, am I getting gold-dug?"

[I find that unlikely. From my psychological and historical assessment of Ms. Martinez, she appears exceptionally prideful. However, her readiness to sacrifice everything for her son consistently overrides rational judgment. I believe she is attempting to secure insurance.]

"By whoring herself to me?"

[I would not use that word. Based on her voice, facial expressions, and eye movement, she appears nervous, shy, and hesitant. This seems like a difficult decision for her. The probability that this is love or romantic interest is significantly lower than the probability that this is simply a pragmatic choice.]

"So she's tryna sleep with me so she can cash me in after? For insurance? Damn. All because of her precious Dee, right?"

[Precisely. She has decided to put all her eggs in the same basket, which is you. She wants to ride your success and secure an easy future for her son. By getting physical, she hopes to leave a lasting mark on your mind so you won't forget her.]

"Forget? This fine ass? No shot. But yeah, I get where she's coming from."

Aware of what she was doing, Cypher moved and stepped right beside her against the counter, and placed one hand on the small of her back. He felt her body stiffen for a moment in reaction. She didn't even look at him.

If what Atlas had said was completely right, which likely was, then he didn't mind this arrangement. He was attracted to her, and she saw his attraction as a means of security; then it was fine.

"Then I'd do every filthy thing my brain can cook up. I'd kiss you all over, suck on you, eat you up, then rail you on every damn surface around us, and I wouldn't stop till I can't even move anymore."

His hand slid lower from the small of her back, palm gliding over the swell of her ass. He cupped one soft, denim-clad asscheek fully, fingers spreading wide as he kneaded the plush flesh with slow, greedy gropes. The thickness of it made his cock twitch hard in his pants. He gave her ass a firm tug, pulling her hips back against his bulge.

Gloria's hands froze mid-chop. The knife clattered onto the cutting board as she turned around to face him completely, breathing a little faster now.

Cypher was momentarily stunned. Even in a simple black apron over that tight white t-shirt, she looked stupidly hot. Homely and filthy at the same time, the kind of woman who cooked for family in the morning and could take a hungry cock at night.

"A... And?"

She was still pushing him, still asking for more.

Cypher smiled. His other hand rose, gently brushing a stray red lock of hair behind her ear. His palm cupped the side of her face, thumb pressing against her soft lower lip. He eyed her as she

parted her lips without resistance and caught his thumb between her teeth, holding it there gently, eyes locked on his.

The way she stared up at him, those needy eyes framed by faint eyeliner, made his cock throb against his zipper.

"Y'know what they say..." He stepped in until their bodies pressed together, his hard bulge nestling right against her lower belly. He dipped his head lower. "Actions speak louder than words."

"Hmm..."

There was no pushback from her, no hesitation.

So, Cypher leaned in and kissed her cheek first, right over the textured red tattoo near her eye. Then he tilted her chin up. He felt her hot breath, and before he knew it, he could taste her. Soft and deliciously moist.

He savored the faint taste of her lipstick and the heat of her mouth. His tongue eventually pushed past her lips, slithering against hers in slow licks that pulled out a needy whimper from her throat. He deepened the kiss with a passion that bordered on hunger, tongues tangling in desperate struggle.

Gloria's tongue answered weakly, letting him lead as her body melted against his. "Ummm..."

Both of Cypher's hands dropped behind her again, gripping two thick handfuls of her asscheeks. Her curvy hips were wider than his own waist. The mature, fertile shape of her body drove him insane. She wasn't fat, just doughy in all the right places, the kind of soft fluff that came after carrying a child.

His fingers sank deep into her flesh, kneading hard enough to make her whimper into the kiss. But he wanted more.

He pivoted her smoothly, pushing her until her back pressed against the kitchen counter. They kept kissing until he felt her hands slide up into his hair, fingers combing through it almost shyly.

When he finally broke the kiss, both of them were breathing hard, her eyes glazed with greedy need. He reckoned even if this was a calculated move on her part, sex was still sex. The best kind for his needy cock right now.

Without wasting another second, Cypher reached behind her and untied the apron strings. He pulled the black fabric over her head and tossed it. Then his hands shoved her white t-shirt up, bunching it around her neck and exposing her bra-covered assets.

Fuck!

For a moment, he was in awe.

The bra was a deep red with delicate patterns, far sexier than he expected from a 'mom'. The way her heavy breasts strained against the fabric made his mouth water. His fingers twitched, urging him, and he pushed the bra up too, freeing her gorgeous mounds.

They were perfect. Large enough for him to slam his face in between, or vanish his entire cock in that hot valley. Big, but perky for their size, with wide, dark-red areolas and tight nipples already stiff. They spilled between his fingers as he grabbed two handfuls, soft flesh overflowing lewdly.

Her shape was that of a very curvy hourglass, a thinner curving waist, and wider, lavish hips. And at that point, his cock was starting to ache.

"If I had known you were hiding this... I'd have done this a long time ago," Cypher murmured.

He leaned down without pause and latched onto her right nipple. His lips sealed tight around the sensitive bud while both hands squeezed and mauled her heavy breasts, fingers digging deep into the warm, pillowy flesh. He suckled hard, tongue flicking and swirling, groaning against her skin.

"Ooooh... M-Mr... Blackwell," Gloria cooed sweetly as her hands cradled the back of his head.

Cypher felt her shudder hard against him, her cute little moans muffled as he devoured her tits. He mashed his face deeper into her breast, sucking hard enough to leave marks. He pulled her stiff nipples between his teeth, tugging and biting until they swelled darker than before.

He was lost in the spell of this woman's charm, and his right hand grew impatient. It slid down her soft belly, over the gentle rolls of her mature curves, and easily popped open the button of her jeans.

As the zipper hissed down, he slowly shoved his hand inside. It dipped past her panties, tasting her skin on his fingertips. He felt no pubes, just smoothness, and before he knew it, he felt the moistness of her twitching core.

She was soaked.

"Aaaaah... Oh!" Gloria gasped. The sudden lewd invasion caused her thick thighs to snap shut around his wrist, trapping his hand against her dripping cunt.

That didn't deter him; he didn't even consider stopping. His middle finger curled and stroked along her slick petals, teasing her swollen bundle of nerves before pressing inside. While his mouth switched to her other breast, sucking greedily. He covered her breast with red hickeys and sloppy spit, while his fingers kept churning her.

"Mmmmmmm..."

Gloria moaned, her hips twitching. Her thighs finally relaxed, slowly opening up for him.

Cypher immediately shoved two thick fingers deep inside, thrusting into her with squelching strokes all the way to his last knuckles. He curled them against her sensitive walls while his mouth found hers again, kissing her messily, tongues sliding on each other's.

But suddenly he stopped kissing and pressed his lips right against her ear. "Gloria... I wanna taste you."

His fingers kept pumping slowly as he stared at her face, squelching even louder now. Her eyes were hazy and wet, her lips swollen and shiny with their mixed spit.

She nodded. "Mr. Blackw..."

"Shh... It's just Cypher." He corrected her and didn't let her speak anymore.

He pulled his soaked fingers free, turned her around, and bent her over the kitchen counter. Grabbing the waistband of her jeans, he yanked them down roughly to her ankles. He noticed her underwear was also red with sinful lace decorating the thin strip of fabric.

Just as you planned, right, Gloria?

He shoved panties down as well and stared at the fantastic, smooth curve of her asscheeks. The slight color of her skin reminded him of fresh milk with just a hint of caramel. Unable to resist, he dropped to his knees behind her, grabbing two big handfuls of that plush ass, his claws sinking deep into the soft, marshmallow-like give.

"Fuck!"

Her ass was perfect, plump, and juicy. He spread her cheeks wide, staring at her dripping, puffy pussy lips and the tight little wrinkled hole above them. He doubted she had had sex in years, given how insanely busy she had been.

She did dangerous things to his mind, wild, filthy, horny things. It was hard to control the animal in him, the one that wanted to fuck her senseless like there's no tomorrow. But out of respect for her, he held back and took his time. Still, he couldn't stop staring at her twitching little hole just above her pussy, that tight, forbidden entrance.

Fuck, I'm gonna leak at this rate.

Wasting no more time, Cypher shoved his face between her asscheeks, his hands spreading her wide. He pushed his tongue out as far as it would go and dragged a wide, filthy lick from her swollen clit, up through her soaked pussy, and all the way to her tight, wrinkled little hole.

He chuckled against her pussy and did it again, and again. Dozens of long, sloppy licks, completely drenching her cunt and ass in his spit. Over and over until he could see thick strings of drool running down her thighs.

Finally, Cypher buried his face between her thighs and latched his mouth onto her dripping pussy, sucking her slippery petals between his lips. He tongue-fucked her hole with deep, greedy, shameless slurps.

Slosh! Slurp! Slosh!

Obscene slurping noises filled the kitchen as he devoured, his nose pressed tight against her twitching star-shaped hole, drowning in her taste. Sweet, tangy, and so fucking messy he could barely breathe.

“Cyph—! Ahh!” Gloria moaned, her thighs shaking hard as she gripped the edge of the counter.

He groaned into her cunt, the vibration making her cry out and gush against his tongue. His rough tongue danced wildly across her swollen clit in relentless circles before he sucked the sensitive nub hard between his lips.

Her moans climbed higher, turning broken and frantic. “Oohhh! Nooohhhh—! I’m... I’m gonna—!”

Gloria’s whole body seized up as her utter pleasure crashed through her. Her pussy tried to clamp around his slick tongue, then exploded. A hot gush of shameful squirt blasted across his face, soaking his mouth, chin, and the front of his suit jacket.

She kept coming in waves, her thighs quivering while she moaned, hips bucking back against his hungry mouth. Her mind felt shame, but her body wanted more.

Cypher kept licking through every spasm, drinking down as much as he could. His cock throbbed painfully in his pants, angry and leaking, desperate to splay her open.

Even after her orgasm started fading, he didn’t stop. His claws dug harder into her ass, fingers sinking deep into that doughy flesh and leaving bright red marks on her skin. His boneless flesh kept lapping greedily at her twitching pussy, sucking up every fresh dribble.

Gloria cried out, elbows slamming down onto the counter as her head dropped between her shoulders.

“Oooohh! I can’t! Aaaahhh!!” Her moans melted into sobbing whimpers. Her knees buckled hard, her body shaking violently.

“That...” Cypher muttered as he finally stopped and rose to his feet, wiping her mess from his drenched face and chin with the back of his arm. “Was intense.”

Zip!

He shoved his pants and boxers down in one rough motion, his thick, throbbing pole sprang free. The sight of her bent over the counter, smooth back arched, wide plush hips presented, dripping pussy glistening, nearly made his cock go rabid.

At that point, he knew he had no reason to ask. He bent his knees, grabbed the base of his cock, and rubbed his swollen cockhead across her drooling slit, her twitching puckered hole, covering his cock head and shaft in her gleaming nectar.

[Cypher, David Martinez is approaching. He is in the elevator.]

"Fuck!"

Cypher frowned, annoyed beyond words. He couldn't remember a kid annoying him as much as David had already. The fucker had the worst timing imaginable. But he was no simple soldier.

He was too far gone to stop now. Progress like this couldn't be wasted.

"Block his ass. Lock the damn house up and screw with his comms for a bit. Least till I got a few pumps in."

Without waiting, Cypher finally positioned his cockhead against her entrance and pushed. He moved slowly, stretching her pussy open. She was tight, and that made his doubts clear; she hadn't fucked anyone in a long, long time.

"Aaaaaaah! You're... big!" Gloria moaned, her nails scraping against the counter as her walls clenched hard around the invading flesh rod.

She felt like she was being split apart. It had been years since anything this thick had been inside her. The burning stretch was intense, almost too much, forcing her to feel every inch as he sank deeper. She hadn't felt attracted to any man in forever. Men were just... Men.

"Ooooooh! Too much!" she cooed breathlessly.

She felt guilty. She felt like a terrible person for using him like this. She didn't have feelings for him, not really. But there was a small spark of real attraction. He was charismatic, more than any man she knew. And... he was powerful.

She cursed herself, aware she was a bad mother. Trying to use Cypher for her own selfishness, she felt ashamed. But she felt that, if it was gonna be any man, at least it was with someone like Cypher.

"Mmmgh..." Her head dropped again, tongue lolling out slightly as the overwhelming sensation of being stuffed full finally pushed her over the edge again. She came hard on his cock, her pussy rippling and fluttering around his girth in greedy spasms.

It was... not something she hated. It felt good, embarrassingly good. A sensation she had almost forgotten.

Plap! Plap!

She felt his thrusts grow faster, his pelvis slapping loudly against her jiggling ass.

"Hmm?"

But then Gloria saw an incoming call in her vision. "D-Dee's calling! He's too early!"

Seriously? Ain't even hiding it now?

"Don't pick it up! I'm close!"

Cypher heard her words and immediately wrapped his arms around her torso from behind. One strong hand groped her swaying breast, pinching the nipple, while the other grabbed her chin and turned her face sideways. He crushed his mouth against hers in a messy kiss, tongue invading as he kept pounding into her pussy.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

Gloria could barely think. Every brutal thrust sent jolts of pleasure through her body. His cock felt deep, shifting her insides. The guilt and shame mixed with the pleasure, making everything feel filthier, making her cunt clench even harder.

She was so fucking tight that Cypher knew he wouldn't last long. Already, he could hear insistent knocks on the apartment door. David was right outside.

Atlas had delayed as much as possible. But David wasn't dumb, and he needed to end this before the bastard got any ideas.

Cypher fucked her harder, chasing his release with fiery desperation.

Slosh! Slosh!

He felt how scorching hot she was inside, her walls drenched and throbbing all along his length, milking him greedily. The heavy bounce of her tits in his palm, combined with her eager tongue swirling against his, finally pushed him over the edge.

"Gaaaah!"

Cypher slammed balls-deep one last time, and finally exploded.

His cock pulsed as thick, creamy ropes of white erupted straight into her. He kept grinding deep, shoving his load deeper with short thrusts while her pussy greedily sucked every drop out of him. Thick batter flooded her overstuffed cunt until it had nowhere else to go. Every hard thrust forced creamy globs to squelch out around his shaft, splattering messily.

He kept pumping through the pleasure, savoring the warm, creamy overflow as it spurted around his girth, dripping down her thighs and running down onto her bunched-up jeans and panties.

Gloria's eyes fluttered, completely overwhelmed. The sensation of his viscous batter flooding deep inside her core made her chest tighten. She had almost forgotten how it felt, that deep, sticky fullness, that unnatural warmth spreading through her belly. It felt dirty... and strangely emotional.

His cock continued pulsing inside her for a long moment, thick spurts still leaking out even after he finally slowed. Only then did it reluctantly slip out.

"Too bad..." Cypher muttered, breathing hard. He turned Gloria around and pulled her into a dirty, drooling kiss. "Had to cut my fantasy short."

Gloria's face flushed bright red. "I... We... Well... We can... Maybe meet in the club... maybe."

Cypher chuckled, licking his lips as he admired the beautiful mess he'd made. Her tits still out, nipples swollen and red. Her belly marked by his hands. Her creamy thighs glistened with his cream as it continued leaking from her pussy.

"I'd like that. But for now, I should run to the bathroom."

Gloria's eyes widened as she remembered David. Hurriedly, she pulled her bra down, fixed her t-shirt, and then pulled her panties and jeans up. She didn't bother wiping the cream still leaking out of her. It soaked into her panties instantly, warm and sticky against her pussy. She quickly wiped her face and tried to fix her messy hair.

Cypher was already inside the bathroom by then. The last thing he heard was the front door opening and David's complaining voice echoing through the apartment.

He took a shower there since his face and head were drenched in Gloria's juices. He almost thought of calling her over with some excuse and teasing a little, but decided against it. David was already suspicious of him.

But again, what was it to David who he fucked or who his mother fucked.

Eventually, he came out in just his white formal shirt and black pants, as his jacket was too dirty. He saw David lazily lying on the couch and then stiffly sat up at his sight.

"M-Mr... Blackwell? You're here?"

Cypher waved. "Yeah, needed a quick shower. Badlands ain't exactly clean to wander around in."

He eyed Gloria in the kitchen, blushing towards him nonstop. It was cute, and he didn't mind her reasoning. He wasn't looking for a serious relationship to begin with.

But it made him hard again just knowing what hot mess she was hiding between her legs in those blue jeans. He knew, however, that he wouldn't get lucky again that day. David was home, and seeing the light in the boy's eyes, he knew he wasn't going to be left alone.

"M-Mr. Blackwell... uh, I wanted to say, I wasn't trying to sell you out before, alright? Didn't know you were that hardcore. The way you zeroed those Scavs was preem. I even saw the BD an—"

"You did what?!" Gloria snapped from the kitchen, furious. "David! I warned you not to buy any more of those XBDs. They screw with your head, you hear me?!"

Cypher nearly flinched at the loudness of Gloria's angry shout. He'd banged her so hard, and her moan was never that loud. Hearing her now only gave him a greater target for the next time.

She sure got a temper.

"M-Mom... Chill, I didn't even buy it. Just borrowed it. And I'm almost eighteen, I can handle it."

"Well, you're not eighteen yet. Now go inside, change your clothes, and come join us. Dinner's almost on the table. And try not to bug Mr. Blackwell too much," Gloria ordered.

Cypher sat in relief, seeing David docile to his mother. Well, she was earning great now, so that should have made her far more important in David's life. The boy was likely pampered with more expendable income and pocket money.

Half an hour later, he was at the dinner table. Too bad, most of the things were fake, and just meant to look like the real thing. Or taste distantly similar. But still, what Gloria had cooked tasted better than what was outside.

Gloria was seated right beside him, and David was on the other side. He could, but he chose not to feel her leg and focused on the food.

"How's Arasaka Academy treating you?" he asked the boy.

"Yeah, it's chill, same boring crap as always. Dunno why I even go there. You didn't, right? And I heard you're a nomad, so like—"

"Nomads get way better schooling than city rats," Cypher bluntly replied. "We still do school the old way. Real books, real teachers, not just screens and voices in your head. We learn all kinds of stuff from the jump. That's why a lotta nomads don't talk with much slang. They were raised reading dusty old books and weird history crap."

"Really? Man, I never knew that. Anyway, I peeped your website earlier. The fits on there are hella preem. Been stacking eddies so I can get some for myself. Oh, what else you got cooking? Anything fun?"

"Dee! Enough, don't annoy Mr. Blackwell," Gloria warned.

But Cypher entertained it anyway. "I don't just work on one thing. I'm juggling like fifty different projects. Semiconductors, energy stuff, guns, clothes, whatever. I seriously doubt you'd find BCS theory, Bose-Einstein condensation, the Meissner effect, all that nerdy shit interesting."

"..."

As expected, David shut his mouth after that, to not sound dumb.

Cypher ate his dinner, and he enjoyed it more than he usually did. There was even dessert, some churros made out of who knows what. But it was sweet, and he destroyed it on his plate. Didn't leave a single crumb.

"I'll head home now." He soon got up and put on his suit jacket.

"Can I go to your club, Mr. Blackwell?" David asked from his chair, still stabbing food.

"No! You're not old enough," Gloria immediately scolded.

Cypher said nothing after that and walked over to the door. Since there was a wall with shoe racks blocking the entrance and the living area, there was some privacy. Before he opened the door, he looked at Gloria.

Cypher smoothly shifted closer to her; she did the same. He hugged her, just a simple goodbye hug. But his hands lingered on her soft bottom that was probably still stained with the aftermath of his unleashed heat.

"See you at the club." He said and moved away, opening the door.

"I will, Mr. Blackwell."

Cypher didn't look back, but he knew she was looking at him from half out of her door. He took the turn in the lobby and finally left her line of sight. He called the elevator there.

[I thought you were going to remain for the night here.]

"I was gonna do it, but then I changed my mind. I want her to confess first."

[Confess what?]

"The real reason she's physical with me. I doubt she sees me romantically. If she finds my dick nice to ride and likes orbiting around the comfort that comes with my money and power, cool, but I need her to just say it straight first. Then we know where the lines are."

[You fear repeating Misty's situation?]

"Yeah, that was kinda the whole idea. I never actually promised Misty anything, but hell, I get why she got the wrong impression. Man, I kinda miss her though. I oughta take her to Embers for lunch, let her try some actual food."

[She will refuse, as per my evaluation of her personality.]

"Then I gotta convince her harder. Anyway, let's head home and work."

####

Cypher didn't leave his home for the next two days. He prepared himself for either building a power source from the new itch or raiding Arasaka Waterfront. And by then, the itch in the brain had started to affect him.

It annoyed him too easily as the throbbing pain in the head became random. It was like someone was poking from the middle of his brain, and there was nothing he could do to stop it. He just busied himself working on the next batch of products Obsidian was going to launch.

This time, it was stuff from the SecUnit. The first one was a biological eye with a tech overlay. It wasn't going to sell a lot, however. Then there was synthetic muscle, and this he knew would sell a lot. It was a few times better than what was in the market. So, he nerfed it and made it only 30% better than what was in the market.

During those days, he received a call from Judy. Atlas had already estimated the success to be close to certainty, but finally getting the green light from Lizzie's Bar was comforting. The deal he had proposed to Susanna Quinn was finalized digitally.

Money was transferred, and Cypher got ownership of 20% of Lizzie's Bar. At the same time, Lizzie's Studio was established to make, publish, and distribute BDs. Cypher owned 95% of it.

Finally, when the third night approached, Cypher tested the Exo-Suit, and it made him over seven feet tall. Sadly, it could only jump really high, but not fly. The Servo-skull's anti-gravity engine's body-to-gravity ratio didn't match the suit. But it was still sleek and covered his body from every side. The helmet had no glass; it was completely metal with the screen inside that gave him a full 360-degree view of his surroundings as if there was no helmet at all.

The blaster mounted on his shoulder worked just as well, but it was controlled by Atlas. In fact, if needed, Atlas could control the entire suit remotely. Atlas was already doing the heavy lifting, using Cypher's brainwave interface to move the armor as per his intent with zero lag.

"Well... time for another itch."

Cypher sat down in front of his computer again in the underground factory. This time, he wasn't as nervous or restless. He had no plans to destroy another keyboard and screen.

Atlas started the countdown. "Five... Four... Three... Two... One... Zero..."

Cypher had closed his eyes and felt that strange, cosmic connection. The data came in instantly, and this time there was a lot. It was both overwhelming and underwhelming to him. He saw how game-changing it was, but at the same time, it wasn't what he needed.

"Prepare for it, Atlas. Looks like we're hitting Arasaka after all." Cypher gently opened his eyes.

"What did you get?" Atlas asked.

"Hydroponics Bay. It's a greenhouse from Star Trek, and it don't need soil to grow plants. Guess all that shit I was rambling about back at the Aldecaldos camp is turning real way faster than I expected. Problem is, we're still fucked. This thing sucks down power just like SecUnit. Originally, it's powered by a damn starship engine, so we're definitely gonna need that Fusion Reactor, Atlas."

"The plans for Arasaka Waterfront operation and scientist extraction are complete," Atlas immediately informed. "We must proceed quickly, or the itch's side effects will make this impossible."

"Yeah, I'm with you. But I gotta crank out a few more Fusion Cores first. If we're heading in there, we gotta drain all the power we can. Then we can burn the extra cores on whatever power-hungry itch comes up later. At least till we get a fusion reactor running."

Atlas was already working, setting up workbenches to make the Fusion Cores. "I was about to suggest it."

"And prepare to raid Biotechnica next."

"For what reason? I already possess most of their data," Atlas said, then immediately understood. "I will begin preparations."

Cypher got up from the chair and moved to the workbench.

"Yeah, Hydroponics Bay's gonna need seeds."



A/N: What should the exo-suit be named?