

5/21/2075
North California

"I'm burnin', I'm burnin', I'm burnin' for you." I sang as my holoform tinkered with one of the FFS bots in the cab of my alt mode.

After my adventure into the Militech server farm, I came away from the place with a *lot* of loot.

After gathering up all the data from the Old Net servers and shoving Demeter's core consciousness into one of the multiple data storage drives I had in my subspace (the whole digital being didn't even fill a single drive a quarter of the way), I made sure my presence was erased from all the cameras in the building and left a note about the basement since I had basically done all the company's work for them. Hopefully they'd be happy enough about the whole new basement level that's been discovered that they'd not bother with wondering who actually discovered it and also erased all the camera footage of them entering and leaving the place.

It's not like they'll ever find out it was me that did it, but it's the principle of the thing.

And if they were suddenly missing five broken FFS bots and most of the weapons in the facility along with the HMGs off the Minotaur and a lot of the electronics and parts from inside it...

Well... that was just me getting some extra payment since I was the one who did the "gig" as it's called in this universe.

With all that loot shoved into my subspace, I form-shifted back to Cybertronian form, transformed back into my Mad Max-esque semi-truck vehicle mode, then drove back onto the interstate and got back on my way southwards towards Night City once more.

For seven hours I drove along the interstate, half my attention on the road and the traffic around me, which while I was near Sacramento, it had briefly gotten a bit closer to what I remember the interstates on earth looking like from before my First Death, and the other half on doing stuff in my Hud and just thinking since I had so much time to do so. And while I was thinking, I remembered a comment that someone made on the Cyberpunk subreddit about the whole Cyberpunk universe as a whole past the 2020s.

This place, the timeframe of Cyberpunk Edgerunners and 2077 to be exact, is technically a post-apocalyptic world.

And I don't mean in the Fallout "the whole world's been bathed in radioactive fire" way with all the nukes being thrown around, although that is one of the many reasons why, but the biggest reason why is because of Bartmoss and his RABIDS virus. When Rache's digital consciousness finally died in 2022 and released RABIDS, that event became the first and largest factor in leading Cyberpunk into being a post-apocalyptic society. RABIDS was a virus that was originally meant to just breach all the data fortresses that the corporations and governments had and release all their data onto the internet for the world at large to know about freely.

When Bartmoss was finally killed by corporate agents in 2022, RABIDS was triggered upon his systems detecting his death.

However, the viruses greatly exceeded their original programming parameters and they began to wreak havoc across the entire World Wide Web, infecting around 78% of *all* of the internet over just a few months of time. Their erratic programming also caused them to infect every Artificial Intelligence they came into contact with, which as a side effect, caused the AIs themselves to heavily mutate in strange ways, making them apathetic or outright hostile to humans both in the real world and on the Net. These Rogue AIs eventually became so powerful and so dangerous that Netwatch was forced to create the Blackwall, an AI itself, to section off parts of the internet into the modern Net that you can access in 2077, cutting off some poor souls on the other side in the process.

Unfortunately, the Blackwall is very much a bandaid solution though and one that is clearly showing its age, because with the Blackwall being an AI itself, it's vulnerable to the RABIDS virus if it can get into Netwatch's servers. And the idiotic morons poking holes in the Blackwall like the Voodoo Boys are not helping the situation in the slightest. They could potentially bring the entirety of humanity back to the stone age if they accidentally break open the Blackwall. But Netwatch is probably the absolute best at digital protections in this world for that exact reason.

Second to me ever since I woke up, of course, but that's just a given, considering that I'm a living alien supercomputer.

But with Rache's death and the release of the RABIDS virus, the DataKrash happened, the main focal point for Cyberpunk being post-apocalyptic past 2022 or so.

Then there were the nukes being thrown around in the past, however thankfully there was no Skynet situation with an AI launching nuclear missiles all over the place, which would have taken this world in a *very* different direction if it actually happened. From what I gathered from the Old Net server, which had been slowly but steadily gathering data from the world ever since the Krash, tactical nuclear weapons were used a few times in the Fourth Corporate War as well as the Unification War, albeit the latter was a singular time and was also accidental. And just how do you accidentally *launch a nuke*? By its payload being unintentionally mislabeled due to the DataKrash itself and everyone just thinking that it was a regular old explosive missile, of course!

That poor airport in the now-abandoned Crescent City never stood a chance.

I mean, it *was* being used as a refueling point for NorCal's air division, but the nuclear strike basically wiped it and half the city off the map in under a minute. However, I'm honestly not that surprised that a nuclear armament was accidentally dropped on American soil again, not after all the Broken Arrow Incidents I learned about in my First Life. It both does and doesn't surprise me that the United States had a total of thirty-two accidents involving nuclear weapons, with six of which being completely lost and never being recovered, including one near my old home state of Georgia.

Yeah, I was not happy when I learned that a nuclear bomb, one around a hundred and ninety times stronger than Fat Man, the atomic bomb dropped on Nagasaki in World War Two, was lost and never found somewhere off the coast of Tybee Island. I might have lost a night of sleep being worried that it might suddenly explode and send the south into its own personal Fallout hell.

...Hey, cut me some slack though, I mean, I *was* just a ten year old boy at the time. Much younger than I am now.

I sighed at my thoughts, then looked at a passing sign and mentally nodded to myself when I saw I was going the right way.

I had been driving all night at that point, midnight itself having passed by two hours ago, since I left the server farm at around 7:30 last night and it was half past two in the morning now. However, I knew that I was getting really close to Night City.

I could tell because I could literally see the light pollution from the city even over fifty miles away. For me to be able to see the light from the place from this far away, this version of Night City had to be much larger than what I remembered from the game. Then again, given how the lore said that some people could literally spend their whole lives in just one of the Megabuildings without stepping foot outside, I had a feeling that it'd be a lot bigger than the version from Cyberpunk 2077, given game limitations. A Night City even close to the scale that some of the game designers wanted would probably make even some of the stronger gaming PCs dip down below twenty frames a second.

I shudder to imagine what it would do to the poor 1060ti graphics card from my first ever PC.

But the glow of the city was definitely what I was seeing on the horizon, given my alt mode's odometer had climbed up nearly four-hundred miles over the night. If I zoomed in and focused on the light, I could probably even make out which glows were the massive holographic advertisements that you could see from Rocky Ridge in-game and which were the megabuildings or other skyscrapers.

"Primus below this drive took way too long, didn't it?" I asked.

"It did indeed. But I can't tell if it's a sign of insanity or not that I've set myself up this way so I could start talking to myself like this." My holoform replied as it tightened a hex bolt on the side of the FFS bot's head.

I sighed. "Well what's that one line that Beast Wars Megatron used at one point? It was after Blackarachnica asked him why he talked to himself so much. 'I simply have a penchant for intelligent conversation' or something like that, I think? This has gotta be a similar situation to that, right?"

My holoform turned to stare at the radio screen, where a digital version of my helm looked back at it. "Yes, but this is a whole other level of 'talking to yourself' to be honest. I get that I had ADHD as a human before my First Death and I could do more than one thing at once sometimes, but this level of multi-tasking is just a little ridiculous. I mean, I'm working on this robot, driving my alt mode, *and* having a conversation between my alt mode and my holoform all at the same time. It's like a multiple personality disorder or something."

I frowned thoughtfully. "...No, actually I'm thinking that it's closer to something like I'm playing a split-screen video game with two controllers at the same time. It's more like that than any sign of a lack of sanity, I believe."

My holoform stroked its chin. "Perhaps, but it might be better if I stop talking to myself, otherwise I might just end up breaking my own processor into some sort of multiple personality disorder, anyway." He paused. "...On the other hand, this is pretty similar to how V existed with Silverhand in his head, except I'm talking to myself instead of an annoying screamo metal musician that looks like a younger Keanu Reeves."

My digital faceplate raised an eye ridge. "I thought Samurai was punk rock? ...Eh, it doesn't matter at the moment. Do we agree that this is ok then?"

My holoform nodded, then turned back to the FFS bot and picked up the nut driver again. “This is probably fine. We’re both technically operating off the same subconscious as well, which is probably how I’m even able to *have* a conversation with myself in the first place. I just need to remember that talking to myself as a ‘full body conversion cyborg’ in this world would get that MaxTac group called on me faster than someone with a Sandy can move. I’m surprised it never happened to V in canon, to be honest. Even with the game itself probably clouding the water of just how many people V actually kills.”

I was about to respond that a MaxTac squad would have been cool to fight as a sort of mini-boss battle to build up to Adam Smasher himself, but then something came up on my scanners. I shunted more of my consciousness into my holoform and grabbed my Overture out of its holster as the window rolled down, the digital helm on the radio screen disappearing as I opened the eyes of my holoform with a frown.

“...We’ll come back to this conversation later.” I remarked to myself as I shoved the FFS bot and all the tools my holoform was using back into my subspace.

While I was busy talking to myself, I had unfortunately driven right into a roadside trap. Cars had been hidden all around the area around me that I was just now seeing on my scanners because of the heat of their engines. I’m honestly not that surprised that I’d get into combat this close to Night City. It is one of the most dangerous cities in the entire United States, after all.

I kept calmly driving as three of the cars joined the road with their lights off, turning them on as we went around a curve.

‘Have to hand it to them, if I were a dead tired truck driver that would have likely fooled me.’ I thought as light suddenly illuminated the road around me.

The three cars then moved around me slowly, almost like they were passing, but then the middle car swerved around to my other side, the last car moved to my driver’s side, and the front car stayed in front of me while the passengers climbed halfway out of their windows.

“Ok fellas, how’s this gonna go-” I was cut off as a few bullets suddenly started pinging off the window of my driver’s side door. “Ok then just straight to shooting at me you sons of bastards!”

I immediately swerved to one side and smashed into the car shooting at me, sending it flying off the road where it straight up just exploded after hitting a giant cactus.

‘That was weird. Do Cyberpunk cars normally explode that violently?’ I mentally pondered as both my windows rolled down.

I fired my Overture at the car on the other side, aiming for the wheels. The car swerved as one tire was blown apart and ripped itself to pieces. Despite that, the car kept driving, but it slowed down until it was behind me. Then I detected pretty much the *entire rest of the ambush* coming out of hiding.

“That afraid of me, huh?” I wondered out loud as I replaced the spent rounds in my Overture and switched to my Shigure.

I popped out the window and unloaded my magazine into the cars around me, peppering their frames with bullets. As I reloaded, more and more cars and trucks popped out of the desert and began to box me in.

Bothersome.

Soon the entire entourage of opponents had gotten onto the road, but strangely they backed off, and looking back at the road ahead of me, I quickly realized why. There were four normal Behemoths acting as a roadblock, with heavy weapons mounted on all of them. I gritted my teeth as I realized that I had been led into a trap regardless if I had destroyed the original three cars or not. I slammed on the brakes, my wheels squealing in protest as I came to a stop, my tires bouncing a bit and jolting my cab.

“What are you playing at?” I quietly wondered out loud as.

“You got one chance, fucker!” A large man with red devil horns on his head yelled as I was surrounded by the rest of the vehicles in a large circle, a pair of oversized [Gorilla Arms](#) replacing his normal ones, one of which was pointing at me. “Get out of the truck and we’ll let you live, or we kill you and take it anyway. You’ve got one minute to decide before we just kill you!”

He then began loudly counting backwards from sixty. Shunting my consciousness back into the halfway point again, I hummed as my digital helm popped back up on my infotainment screen.

“So they’re after my alt mode then, is it?” My holoform queried. “All of this just for one truck?”

“Granted, I am a strange truck for this day and age, especially since I’m travelling alone.” I remarked. “Perhaps I wasn’t as thorough as I thought I was when I got so close to that server farm.”

“Impossible, I erased all the footage from the building.” My holoform disagreed. “No one should know I even exist beyond the people on the road today.”

“I never did check the traffic cameras though, did I?” I retorted.

My holoform blinked, then scowled. “Damn it. I got sloppy.”

I rolled my optics. “I’ve just come back from dying a *second time* what feels like a day ago. I’m obviously gonna be a bit sloppy for a few days until I can fully get my bearings.”

“Thirty seconds, fucker!” The man unhelpfully added.

My holoform snarled at the man, then looked at my faceplate on the radio screen. “I do have a plan beyond me trying to negotiate with the fleshbags who automatically started shooting at me instead of just trying to stop me, right?”

I rolled my optics. “Of course I have a plan. I just need to modify my holoform a little bit.”

A few seconds later, my holoform set his weapons down, which were immediately shunted into my subspace. The devil-horned man had just reached ten when I made my move. Some weird mechanical noises rang out from the truck, before an empty hand stuck out the open driver’s window

“Alright god damnit!” My holoform shouted as it opened my driver’s door. “I’m coming out!”

My holoform stepped down and shut my door, then raised its weathered hands as it looked at the devil-horned man with its cerulean blue eyes behind its aviator sunglasses.

It was actually pretty simple to change my holoform’s appearance from what I usually looked like.

All I had to do was change the age until it more closely matched what you’d expect when I say that I’m over thirty-eight million years old, shorten it by a bit over half a foot, then change around the clothes until it more closely matched the attire that a man seemingly my holoform’s age would wear. A pair of blue jeans, brown cowboy boots, a blue flannel long-sleeve button-up, and a red baseball cap and a pair of aviator sunglasses. That was a very big departure from the form-fitting body glove that went on underneath the clothes and armor both it and my human form wore. When I first saw the body glove, I remarked to myself that it looked a bit like the black underclothes that a clone trooper wore.

I honestly might keep some of this outfit for casual use in the future, resized to my normal holoform’s looks.

Seeing that I had finally surrendered, the man with the red devil horns stopped counting and hopped down from where he was holding an HMG mount.

“Good to know you can follow orders, huh old man.” He said.

“I guess. Now what the hell do you want with me?” My holoform asked, naturally stooping over a bit as its wrinkled face twisted into a frown.

“Some Militech manager’s payin’ us quite a few eddies to find a truck matchin’ your description. You didn’t happen to be near a server farm in Sacramento, d’ya?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” My holoform denied. “I came from Fresno. I’m making my way to Night City to pick up a full tanker of CHOOH2 for some generators. Gas is cheaper there.”

The devil-horned man growled at me, literally growled like a fucking animal. “Don’t lie to me, old man. You’re messin’ with the Bakkers. We may not be as strong as we used to be, but we can still drag you down to hell faster than a bullet can.”

“So this all of you fellas, then?” My holoform queried.

Why does this group’s name sound familiar?

The devil-horned man tensed, his jaw tightening. Ah the poor fool. He’d just given away that this was all of his group without even saying it. Then the man swung at my holoform, his fist didn’t connect with its body, but it did make the holoform stagger back and raise its hands in defense.

“Shut the fuck up, old man!” He roared. “Jason, Brock! get over here n’ take care of this old piece of shit!”

Two burly men began making their way over to us as the devil-horned man turned back towards me with a sneer.

“You better sync up, choom, or I’ll just zero you here and now and klep your ride for my boys to use.” He growled, getting into my holoform’s face.

“My truck’s not that valuable, it needs a new engine and transmission in it. I was hoping to get some work done in Night City before I went back.” I commented.

“We’re getting paid more than enough eddies to chrome up your ride for ourselves after we haul you off to whatever Militech blacksite you’re going to.”

‘Well slag, I guess I’m changing my alt mode as soon as I get to the city. Why the Pit is Militech after me for giving them a whole basement they didn’t even know about? Do they just want to know who gave them a bunch of new space for their server farm or do they want to kill me because of all the stuff I stole from them and what I may have downloaded from their servers?’ I mentally questioned as my holoform was being led away from my alt mode by the two men. ‘These corporations are really weird.’

Once my holoform had gotten more than ten feet from my alt mode, the other members of this ‘Bakkers’ group began to relax and whoop as they started looking my frame over.

“These are some nova wheels this old man’s got.” One guy remarked. “We could mount all our heavies on the trailer and have a war rig for ourselves like in-”

“Man shut the fuck up about your old movies, no one cares.” A female member snarked, before frowning. “I don’t like how easy this was.”

“Oh come on, it’s just one old fuck and his truck.” The man remarked. “Stop worrying. Ain’t nothing gonna happen.”

At least one of you has some common sense. Now let my little deception play out so I can get back on the road.

“What do we even do with the old gonk, Drake?” A woman asked as she walked over to the devil-horned man.

Drake, whose eyes had been roaming across my frame ever since my holoform started being pulled away, frowned and looked at her.

“If he don’t cooperate with us till the handover, just zero him. Even if we only get half from that suit we still get a preem ride out of this.” He replied, gesturing at my alt form.

Just a few seconds later, one of the guys started screaming. Everyone’s attention was quickly drawn to where the two burly guys had taken a step back, one with a knife lodged in his arm.

“Shit he’s getting away!” One of the men yelled.

“Stop him! He’s worth sixty-thousand eddies!” Drake ordered as he turned and ran over towards my holoform, which was trying to escape as fast as an old man could.

When he reached my holoform he rammed it up against the front of a truck and held it up roughly.

“Don’t you try and delta on me you fucking gonk! You’re worth a lot of eddies to me!” He snarled before he punched my holoform in the gut.

However, when Drake punched my holoform with his oversized Gorilla Arms, he picked the worst possible place to hit on it.

After his fist buried itself in my holoform’s gut, the central matrix of the holoform was accidentally hit in the process, causing the entire form to start glitching as it tried to recenter itself. The holoform glitched out for a few moments with deep, guttural glitching noises, making him stagger back in confusion, along with everyone near him. *Everyone’s* attention was now on the old man who was glitching out like someone was trying to edit him out in a braindance. Some people exclaimed variations of “What the fuck!?” while others simply yelled in shock. One man even did the sign of the cross as he took a few steps back.

After a few moments all the glitching mostly stopped and my holoform stood back up straight from even the ‘old man’ hunched over look it sported earlier, then looked Drake dead in the eyes.

“You made a mistake doing that, you know.” It remarked. “I was just gonna run away, then pretend to die from a heart attack mid-run, dissipate my holoform after you buried it or left it, then drive off after you think you’d gotten my frame somewhere you could sleep for the night. But you’re all dead now. I take the secret of my existence very seriously, and far too many of you know about me now.”

“What the fucking hell?!” Drake exclaimed as his eyes darted all over my holoform’s glitching form.

My holoform then glitched one final time and dissolved into motes of light that dissipated into the air. My consciousness was shunted all the way back into my main body, and with my internal parts and limbs all pre-converted and ready for combat, I transformed loudly and much quicker than normal. I was up and on my pedes so fast that I had to steady myself for a moment, before I looked down at the humans, who were frozen as my silver optics burned brightly back at them. Those closest to me staggered back, their eyes wide as they stared up at me while I towered above them.

No one had expected a truck to change into a thirty-foot robot.

“You should have already started running, *chooms*.” I said mockingly as my cannons folded out of my arms, one already aimed at Drake and powering up. “Might have bought you a few seconds to pray to your maker.”

When he tried to turn and run, I fired, instantly vaporizing Drake and the two men who had dragged my holoform away from my alt mode, while my other cannon fired towards the back of the group multiple times, destroying the three vehicles at the back and blocking off their escape on one end. A massive number of bullets started pinging off my frame as everyone opened fire on me, but their weapons were rather ineffective on Cybertronian armor.

I really hate to do this, but sometimes things just don’t work out like I want them to.

And since I don't think I can mansplain, manipulate or manwhore myself out of this situation like V could in-game, then manslaughter it is!

I began firing wildly into the crowd of slowly panicking humans, vaporizing them where they stood and causing explosions whenever my bolts hit their vehicles.

One brave guy thought that he could knock me over, so he hopped in his truck and tried ramming into me, but I simply reared back and kicked the truck, sending it flying into the crowd of vehicles. I folded away my right cannon, then drew upon my Ember. Lightning crackled along my digits as a ball of energy coalesced into my palm, before my fingers ripped out of the ball and sent streams of lightning out at the humans and vehicles. The smell of burning flesh, plastic, metal, and rubber filled the air as I continued my rampage, stomping the front of cars that tried to drive off and blowing apart their cabs.

"You will not be spared, you will not be *saved*." I snarled.

"Someone flatline that fucking thin-AAAAHH!" The same suspicious woman yelled, before she was sent flying by a bolt impacting the ground and sending her flying into a pile of burning wrecks.

She was impaled through the chest by a jagged piece of metal and was set on fire by the burning CHOOH_2 . I let out a mechanical growl as I turned and charged up a high-power shot, then fired it at the armored Behemoths shooting at me. When the bolt connected with one, the entire truck blew up like it was a dropped Lego build, sending shrapnel and larger pieces all over the place and damaging the other two trucks. They were shot too, blowing apart their cabs and silencing the remote controlled turrets on their backs that had been firing at me the whole time.

A few tried cutting their losses and escaping, but they soon found themselves being killed as well, my energon bolts blowing apart their cars or vaporizing them mid-run. It would be about this time that the humans would no doubt realize that this wasn't a fight.

It was a massacre.

One that they would not win.

A rocket suddenly slammed into the back of my shoulder, making me stagger forward. I fired one more shot at the last retreating human I saw, then turned with mechanical growl leaving my voice box. When I turned the full one-eighty, I saw a squad of humans on a larger truck, one holding a rocket launcher while the rest fired at me with machine guns.

"RELOAD THE FUCKING ROCKET LAUNCHER!" One of them screamed.

I lifted my right arm and aimed it at them, then the panels on top of my forearm opened up, revealing one of the tri-missile launchers that are built into my forearms. I fired all three missiles sequentially, blowing apart the truck they were standing on and turning them all into a fine red mist. My missiles reloaded and slid out and I turned again, locking onto an escaping car and truck, then fired two of them at the vehicles. The truck was blown apart, but the car managed to dodge it, not that swerving did the driver any good, because the car hit the guardrail and flipped. Another missile blew it apart, and I turned back to the carnage and fired again, killing a man and a woman.

"I thought you wanted me to stay right here, *chooms*?" I mocked as I fired a missile at another car, blowing it apart. "Didn't you say that I was worth a lot of eddies?"

I turned at the sound of engines, and saw a trio of motorcycles trying to escape. Folding my other cannon back out, I fired wildly at the bikes, blowing apart two of them and sending the last one flying off the road and down an embankment. Just as I thought the fighting was over, a rocket hit me in the back of my leg. I turned around and saw a guy on the shredded truck staring back, a fearful expression on his face as I started to walk towards him without even a minor limp in my step.

"Wait! Stop! Don't kill me! I'll do anything! I'LL DO ANYTHI-" He screamed, before being cut off as he perished.

My pede crushed the back of the shredded vehicle, and along with it the human that thought a single rocket to the back of my leg would bring me down. I slowly vented as I came down from the borderline battle trance I'd slipped into, my battlemask and visor retracting and a long sigh leaving my mouth, while my cooling fans kicked on and vented out the heated air inside me. The sights and smells made me look around at the utter destruction I caused, and a quick scan showed that there were no living humans left around.

"By the Allspark." I muttered, shock, surprise, and surprisingly a small bit of sorrow in my tone. "I guess I've still got quite a bit of Decepticon in me after all." I let out a strained chuckle. "Optimus would be so disappointed in me."

I sighed, then shifted down to human form and began picking through the wreckage.

A few minutes passed with me grabbing components, functional weapons, and pulling pieces out of the somewhat whole cars that could be repurposed for the Minotaur in my subspace, before I finally came across something that gave me a small dose of Déjà vu. It was a battered, but somehow -and a little surprisingly- mostly intact, red and gray Thorton Galena. This was one of those modified versions for Nomad life though, whereas the normal one is equivalent to a Volkswagen Golf or something. A large piece of shrapnel had punctured straight through the windshield on the driver's side.

"Why does this car feel familiar?" I muttered in confusion as I walked up to it.

My confusion only increased once I ripped the shredded door off and looked at the man in the driver's seat, blinking in a small bit of surprise when I saw that the piece of shrapnel had punctured straight through his chest and out the back of the seat he was sitting in.

"Why in the Pit does this guy look so familiar?" I wondered to myself.

I narrowed my eyes, and then the split-screen feeling returned as my holoform appeared and leaned against the side of the car with its arms crossed.

"Really, that guy in there looks familiar huh?" It queried. "I wonder why?"

"I brought you out as a test to see if I could do so in human form and to have both my conscious and subconscious mind work together to find out why this guy looks so familiar to me." I responded, sending a light glare at the holographic clone of my own human form. "Don't snark at me with my own voice."

My holoform raised its hands in faux-surrender. “Hey, don’t shoot the messenger, I was just gonna add that this guy looks really familiar... *especially for this universe.*”

I stared at my holoform for a moment, then hummed and reached into the car. My hand gently grasped onto the chin of the dead man and turned his face towards my own. I narrowed my eyes as I looked over his features, then a few moments later I gasped and actually staggered back a few steps, away from the car and the man within it.

“Oh holy Primus!” I exclaimed, then pointed at the corpse in the car. “That’s *V!*”

“Yep.” My holoform remarked as it stayed leaning against the car. “But to be fair, and taking in the other two Lifepaths that the player can choose, that’s either the real V, or someone who looks eerily similar to what the default male V looks like. So, technically we only have like, two more chances of meeting the main character of the 2077 game now.”

“But wouldn’t Nomad V really be the canon Lifepath?” I asked. “Streetkid and Corpo don’t make as much sense to me considering the beginning cutscene after you complete the prologue, despite how V’s legacy is probably going to be shrouded in mystery if a game set in Night City comes out in the future of the place.” I shook my head as I backed away about a dozen feet and started pacing. “It doesn’t matter. If that really is V in there, I’ve already broken the canon of the events in 2077 irreparably.”

“Come to think of it, we probably should have known that these ‘Bakkers’ guys were important earlier, but given that we haven’t played Cyberpunk in literal years at this point...” My holoform trailed off as it started poking around in V’s pockets.

“Yes, yes. I should have known that the Bakkers were the Nomad group that V came from at the very beginning of the game in the Nomad prologue but come on!” I threw my arms up. “How am I supposed to remember a bit of trivia about Nomad V when he only mentions his former clan less than a dozen times in the game from what I remember!”

I blinked at a burst of frustration from the other end of the split-consciousness, then turned around to see my holoform pulling back from looking through V’s pockets.

“You know how I said that this guy was either V or some rando that looked suspiciously similar to V?” My holoform asked.

“Yeah?” I queried.

It shook its head. “Bad news. This guy isn’t carrying any ID that I can find, so we really just have no clue if this guy is even V or not.”

“Damn. Not a single bit of actual identification on him?”

My holoform frowned. “Not a single bit. That’d probably be the same for every nomad we’ve killed.”

“...Huh.”

A few minutes after that, I shifted back to Cybertronian form and started shoving the cars off the road, alternating between just picking them up and placing them back down in the sand when alone and using the brushguard on the front of my alt mode whenever other people drove by, which happened twice. Eventually, I had moved the last car off the road and wiped my servos off on a large tarp that one of the blown apart Behemoths had.

“Alright, that’s all of the cars moved. Common courtesy done.” I remarked, then turned toward the far off glow of Night City.
“Now... back to traveling.”

With that, I transformed back to my truck mode and set off for the mega-city, leaving the whole ambush to slowly rot away in the sand.