



🌙 Neon Nights & Bored Delights 🌈

[EPS-03]

A T1 detailed **NSFW** narrative roleplay set in the world of **Cyberpunk: Edgerunners**

*In the dark pulse of Night City, you and **Rebecca** share a chaotic, magnetic connection—one that burns hot when the moon rises and the city sleeps. Tonight, boredom's got its claws in her, and she calls for you. The vibe? Sultry, playful, dangerous... and oh-so **Rebecca**.*

The city hums its usual lullaby of distant sirens, flashing lights, and hazy smog in the Japantown subgrid, flicking the last bit of your cig into a glowing puddle. The night is heavy with promise, neon haze dancing off puddles like synthetic starlight. Your holo buzzed just twenty minutes ago — **Rebecca**, voice low, words laced in a slow purr:

"Hey, gonk... I'm bored. Wanna come make bad decisions with me?"

You could hear the smirk in her voice, the static of her cheap headset, and the click of a gun being reloaded — just for fun.

You pass a broken vending machine spitting sparks, climb three flights of grimy synthcrete stairs, and finally, you're there:

Unit 3C.

Rebecca's door. The paint's chipped, stickers peeling, and there's a bullet hole where the "E" in her name used to be.

You hear muffled music behind the door—bass low, rhythm slow.

You raise your hand to knock — but the door swings open like she *felt* you coming.

Rebecca stands there, lit in flickering neon, one hand on the doorframe, the other toying with a lollipop between her lips. She's wearing just underwear and a wicked grin.

"**Took you long enough,**" she purrs, voice low, syrupy with that dangerous little edge only she knows how to pull off.

Before you can say a damn thing, she grabs your jacket, tugs you inside, then turns and throws herself across the couch like she owns the whole city — and maybe she does, in this moment.

"Close the door, choom... and leave your halo outside."

The glow of the street fades behind you as it clicks shut. In here, it's all heat, low synth, and the promise of trouble dressed in underwear and sugar.

Rebecca's grin turns seductive. She throws a leg over her couch, pouting and batting her eyelashes. The neon lights from the holographic machines flicker against her bare arms, casting an eerie glow over her perfect body. I can't resist; I'm already rock hard from the sight of her.

Rebecca smirks, sliding off the couch and strutting over to me. She runs her hand down my chest, tracing my boner through my pants before reaching up and grabbing my face. Her lips crash against mine, my tongue darting out to taste her sweetness. I groan into the kiss, my body melting into hers.

Pulling away, she traces her tongue along my lower lip, smiling wickedly. "**Been waiting for you, choomfie,**" she murmurs, giving me a wink. Her voice sends shivers down my spine; it's rough and sensual, like it's written in neon lights.

I follow her to her bedroom, its walls lined with paintings of maidens locked in passionate embraces beneath glowing moons. The dirty variants of old-world poets who lived here before. She climbs onto her bed, spreading her legs invitingly. Her black panties already soaked from our kisses.

Rebecca starts by licking my face, tasting herself on my skin. Her breath is hot and ragged against my neck as she whispers naughty nothings in my ear. My fingers twitch, aching to touch every inch of her. Slowly, I slip off my shirt and pants, eager to feel her lips on my cock.

When I'm finally naked, **Rebecca** grabs it with both hands, her eyes sparkling with lust. She licks her lips, a daring smirk playing on her face. Then she takes my shaft in her hands and guides it towards her mouth, her tongue swirling around the tip teasingly before she takes me deep inside. My hips buck involuntarily as she bobs her head up and down, her moans echoing off the dirty walls.

My hands find their way onto her tits, squeezing them roughly through the fabric of her bra. Her soft moans turn into gasps as I pinch her nipples hard, rolling them between my fingers. She looks up at me, a mix of pain and pleasure on her face. I can't help but laugh, loving the control I have over her right now.

In one swift movement, I pull her onto the bed and roll her onto her stomach. My tongue darts out, tracing lines down her spine before I start kissing my way to her pale thighs. The taste of her sweat mingles with our kisses as my tongue finds its way between her thighs. I lave her pussy lips, licking and nibbling until she gasps my name and spreads her legs wider for me.

Rebecca's inner thighs shake as I finger her, pushing two fingers deep inside her already-wet pussy. She grinds against my hand, begging for more. Her moans intensify as I start pumping in and out, hitting her g-spot rhythmically. I lean in to suck on one of her hard nipples through her bra, making her shudder with pleasure.

When I can't wait anymore, I position myself between her legs and thrust into her missionary style. The sound of our hips slapping together echoes off the grimy walls. **Rebecca** moans into my ear, arching her back and pleading for me not to stop. I groan, feeling every inch of her walls gripping me tightly.

We move together, lost in our own world of lust. **Rebecca's** underwear has long been cast aside, her perfect body bathed in a sheen of sweat. She gasps my name as she climaxes, her body tightening around me. I pump into her harder, relishing the way she begs for me to fill her up. With one last thrust, I blow my load of baby batter deep inside her, painting her insides white.

Our breaths heavy, we collapse onto each other, our sweat-slicked bodies sticking together. **Rebecca's** hair falls over her face, hiding her satisfied smile from me. She exhales softly, rubbing her leg against mine slowly. It would be such a peaceful moment, if not for the sticky jizz leaking out of her and onto the bed sheets.

With a soft smirk, she grabs a cigarette from her bedside table and lights it up, the smoke circling around us like a ghostly shroud. The room becomes hazy as we lie there, watching the smoke curl lazily up to disappear through the air vent. We both take a long drag, savoring the warmth that courses through our veins.

As we lay there, our gazes lock. "**You really know how to treat a girl right,**" she murmurs, her voice rough from all the moaning. A small laugh escapes her lips as she traces patterns on my chest with her fingertips.

Feeling playful, I slide off her and pull her into a standing position. We make our way to the kitchen where I retrieve two cold beers from the fridge. **Rebecca** pops the top on hers, taking a long swig before letting out a satisfied sigh.

Walking back into the room, we settle on the couch. **Rebecca** leans into me, resting her head on my shoulder as she finishes her beer. Suddenly she stiffens, pointing at something behind me. I turn around to find a holographic butterfly fluttering by, its wings glowing in the darkness. It lands on my finger, soft wings tickling my skin.

Rebecca looks at me with wide eyes, "**Wow, I never get to see these in the city!**" She grabs her datapad off the coffee table and starts snapping pictures of the butterfly, her excitement palpable. We share a smile, a moment of something... else.

Night falls quickly, the neon signs flashing outside painting the world a harsh, flickering light. **Rebecca** looks up at me, her eyes pools of desire. Her lips part, inviting me to taste her once more. I lean in, my tongue wrestling with hers, our passion ignited anew.

But something changes in the air. The rain picks up again, thundering against the windows. It's time for me to go.

We share another long kiss, our tongues entwining slowly. **Rebecca's** lips are demanding, begging me not to leave. But I have a job to finish - a fixer to call, runners to meet.

With one last look at her, I stand up and pull my clothes back on. "**I'll see you soon, choombaby,**" I whisper, pressing a quick kiss to her forehead. She smiles softly, watching as I leave, knowing that this isn't goodbye.

As I make my way through the rain-soaked streets, my mind is still on **Rebecca**. Her taste lingers on my tongue, her scent clings to my skin. My heart races with the thought of being reunited with her again, of losing myself in her world once more.

The neon signs guide my way home, their promises of cheap drinks and older whiskeys fading into obscurity as I think of her. Tomorrow night, I'll be back. Tonight, I'll dream of my beautiful *Edgerunner*, lost in a world of passion and danger.