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**THE ELDER**  
**DAWN OF THE SUPERS**  
**BY**  
**GUARDIANDOGG**

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## **PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!**

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## **GuardianDogg**

Version 001 GuardianDog

## **DEDICATION**

First to my family who has believed in me and helped support me financially and emotionally. Secondly, not least importantly. This book is for my readers on the daysgoneDogg blog. Thank you for hopping on and enjoying my wild, weird and funny-ass-hell (at least to me) stories, poetry and rants about life's moments and shit I make up and the shit I find interesting enough to write about.

## MAP OF CYBERPUNK'S DREAM REALM



PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

# Cyberpunk etreams



# PUNCH!!

A CORPO'S COMEBACK STORY

CYBERPUNCK DREAMS  
PUNCH!  
A CORPOS COMEBACK  
STORY

# PRELUDE 1 OF 5

## CYRUS

I was out for a morning a little nervous about my big break as a sparing partner for the EMP heavyweight champion Grayson Brock sense I got of the pin. I didn't know how it was going to workout but honestly I was hoping they would keep me on. The money was shit but it was a shot into gaining connections.

The run also gave me time to work off my frustrations about the message sent my son and the short reply I finally received back.

***Eat shit loser!"***

I smiled. It had warmed my heart. After six years in the pin messing most of his life but sending him messages every damn week. I finally got a reply back.

I got out of my basement apartment and ran down the street in my sweats and Hoodie. The neighbor was busy with street business and people out about as runners or taking on their solo gigs.

I felt great. I smiled and waved to neighbors some of them nodded back the others flipped me off. I laughed and kept on running.

I stopped as I neared a traffic light on 6th and Nexus. I waited for it for a sign to turn white.

I bounced on my toes keeping my heart rate up and shadow boxed a little but made sure to control my element not letting it fly free from my fists.

I saw a pretty lady in a black cruiser pull up to the side to the right. I frowned and then smiled remembering her from my old life.

“Sue. Sue Jennings” I called to her.

Sue frowned and turned to look at me. She frowned and then smiled at me. “Cyrus. Hey-” Sue's reply was cut short by someone smashing into her from behind and then another I watched in horror as another cruiser came at her from the front.

What the hell!?

I was moving as the drivers got out their crushers and started firing blasters at her side and front windows. The windows were reinforced shielding but that wouldn't hold for long.

I got to the first thug as he turned to me time slowed down. I moved around his blaster fire and blasted him with a hock punch to his ribs and jaw.

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

Pain hit me from behind as the other thug caught me with blaster shot burning my Hoodie. I took it off as it caught on fire and threw it at my attacker.

He screamed and then his screams were cut short as Sue blasted him in the chest with a large rifle. I sat on the ground a moment feeling the sting of the blaster and knowing the scaring it was going to leave on my back.

Stupid. It wasn't my business. Why did I get mixed up in the shit. Damn it. I had a job I needed. Why was I so stupid.

Sue came over to me as authorities started pulling in and blocking off the area. She crunched down by me. "Cyrus. Damn. Thank you."

I sat silently. I saw him come up then. He was older but still scary as hell in those dark tinted glasses and emotionless face. Judge Rafe.

He passed a carefully glance over Sue but then studied me. "I know you."

I nodded. "You put me in the pin for six years for corporate crimes of embellishment of employees retirement funds." I said.

He nodded. "-And attempted bribery of an authority. You served your time. Debt paid. What are you doing now?"

"Bran. Cyrus is my friend from old life. He tried to help me." Sue said pointedly to him.

"Did, he?The Judge asked doubtful."

I glared at him. I was barely surviving. I had a son that hated me. A wife that divorced me and stole my family company in the pin and nothing to my name but my pride. I felt the sting of the blaster to my back I was lucky it would only leave scarring otherwise I would be dead. I could see judgment in his stare like he knew me.

I got to my feet. “Am I free to go? I have to head to the hospital for treatment before my job today. I can't be late.”

The Judge nodded stiffly. “Your free to go. Committed no crime. Mr. Vod.”

I turned to go.

“Cyrus. When's your next fight?”

I paused and turned back to her in surprise. “I'm not a fighter?”

Sue smiled and shook her head laughing. “Oh. No. You are a EMP fighter. You are fast and deadly. Just let me know when you hit big. I'll buy tickets to every fight you have. Don't forget. I am your biggest fan. Oh. My name is Goldy Warrior now.”

I smiled. Goldy. I like it. I'll let you know about my first fight.”

## PRELUDE 2 OF 5

### CYRUS

I had my first professional fight in EMP arena in two days after getting my license as a middle weight flyer. Coach Goldman Grayson was giving me the go ahead and I was under his gym. Things were looking good but for one thing. The giant ugly scar on my back was a marketing problem. It had to be covered.

Brock had suggested a tattoo and a tattoo palor to get done in. I agreed and thanked him.

I messaged my son for ideas wanting to involve him in the process in my weekly messages. He sent back a short reply..

***I don't give a fuck, loser. Get a wolf head tattoo or sword or something.***

It was an idea and it would help. I went to Warriors Tate Shop down town on 7th and main.

It was a small shop but had customers filled in the place. I came inside and found Sue. No. Goldy Warrior sitting down chatting with another man with long hair and silver blue eyes that wore a leather vest, jeans and boots.

Goldy. hey? I said.

Goldy's beautiful eyes lite up at the sight of me but her friend gave me a narrowed eye look of mistrust. I wondered at it as I walked over.

“Hey, Cyrus. Nice to see you. What you are doing here?”

I smiled. “I'm here to get a tattoo. It's my coach's orders. I'm getting a wolf's head on my back and sword with my son's name on it.”

Both of them froze for some reason. I looked around and noticed a few people were all looking at me funny as well. I looked back to Goldy to see her frowning at me.

“So the scar you got on your back is real bad then? The scar you got protecting me?”

I didn't like the sound in her voice and look of haunted pain on her face brought back memories. It reminded me of the past and what that asshole had done to her when she was teenager. It also reminded me of how I couldn't do anything to help her but that asshole Judge guy could before and afterward. I shook it off the memory.

“It wasn't your fault. I should have been more careful rushing in like that and I got burned. It's no big deal and you did rescue me. Anyway, I got to get it covered up with something and my son suggested it. If I have to do it at least it will be something he suggested and he might like it on his old man.

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

When or if he sees me online.” I said smiling and hoping Jon would like it or at least think something of me.

I had to make it up to him. I had to get back on my feet and be a corpo he could respect again. I just had to. Seeing him again and being able to spend time with him was all I thought of now. I had to get to the top.

Goldy smiled. “Your son chose the tattoo. I understand. You’ll get there. You’ll see him again.”

Goldy understood. She was a corpo to. I nodded. “So do you know a good artist here that can help me?”

Goldy nodded and turned to the man. “Swan. My brother. He works here part time in the summer. He’s a fantastic artist. He’ll give you the tattoo.”

I didn’t remember her ever having a brother but things change. I could understand Swan’s look he gave me now.

Swan was silent studying me. “If I give you the tattoo you got to make a promise to us.”

What hell was going on? I frowned but nodded. “Sure with in reason.”

“You can’t ever give up on yourself or claiming back your son. The day you do give up, I’ll carve the image off your back. Do you agree to my terms?”

A legal or moral contract. Hmm. The head had some type of meaning to them.

I stared at him and thought about the days, the months the fucking moments sitting in my cell with regrets over my own stupid decisions that had cost me moments, days and months with my son I couldn't get back. Now that I was out, I could never see him in person unless I got back to corpo legal status showing my fitness as a patriarch.

“I, Cyrus Morgan Vod agree to your terms of the contract.” I said.

Swan shrugged and waved me to a seat. “Let's get this going then.” He said.

## PRELUDE 3 OF 5

### CRYUS

I just wanted the fight to be a good one. I had to prove myself and mark the event as something the owner of EMP fighting corpo Jim Morrisson would be able to market upward to the public. Coach Grayson just wanted me to focus on winning but the business side of this all ran through my mind as I took the walk from the locker room with the rest of the small time event fighters.

We were the pre-fight show before the main event tonight with the real champions. That's what I was aiming for becoming a champion to gain the credits to buy into a franchise and earn my way back to corpo status. It was only then I could stand in the eyes of the law as fit pratrach corpo.

“You need to get your head in the game.” Coach told me noticing my mind was drifting. He glared at me as he walked with me to the main event arena.

I nodded and was silent. I couldn't though. I needed every fight to count to my business plan and-

“Franklin Inc. Is out of the transporter status. That lives a hole to fill in the chain of drugs and food services this spring. Drug and food corpos are on a mad dash to find solo or runners with a truck willing to do the dangerous job through the bad lands for runners fees.-”

I stopped in my tracks as I heard a news feed from a terminal computer to my right. I turned to see the report of Franklin going under. Reading the headline. Shit. Frankline was the only fucking transporter of Cp-98 into the city for the Archer Inc. Pharmaceutical company in to the fucking city. If the city messed the spring run of the drug, hundreds of people were going to start getting sick or die before another transporter could be fit into the supply chain for next summer into the next spring run.

Jon needed that medicine. He couldn't wait. He was on a fixed periodic schedule. I can't believe the transportation corpos didn't have a back up transporter for the delivery. It was late winter and spring was a few months away. Who in the hell would take up the job this late for the low pay grade of a runner. Fuck it.. I had to get my hands on some credits fast and handle this shit myself.

Coach yanked at my arm. “What the fuck is wrong with you? You need to get you head in the game.”

I turned to him. “I need you to get me another match after I win this one. It has to be a big ticket one.”

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

Coach stared at me. “You into some gambling debt or something or getting a big dick?”

“I have to win this match and every match you can get me. I can't lose. I won't lose.” I told him only. It was enough though Coach nodded.

“I hear you. I been there to. Let's win this thing.”

I turned walking to the arena with my mind focused on the win. I couldn't lose now. I needed the credits and didn't have time to think about rising slowly.

I saw my opponent in the ring. Hickson Wells. A 511 tough built and fast in fighter. His bandaged hands and forearms were already lit with his element and sparking as he shadow boxed.

Five wins one loss. He was the first challenge I had to knock down. I felt lightning element flowing in my arms and legs as I walked down the pathway to the ring. My focus was on Hickson and nothing else.

Coach held the ropes down for me as I bowed between them and came into the ring. I stared at Hickson until he noticed my focus on him and he smiled a toothy grin.

The ref ran through the rules. “No balls hitting or hit to the throat. Besides that have at it but obey my ruling. Touch fists back to your corners.

I touched Hickson's fist and nodded to him. He nodded back.

I felt my element raising making my forearms vibrate with power. I could even feel it in my back now.

“Cyrus. Cryrus.”

I heard my coach calling to me. “What?”

“Don't lay his ass out to fast. We got to make this shit last a little to build up for the next fight.” He said.

“Got you.” I said totally focused on Hickson.

I waited for what seemed like the longest period of my life and then the ref gave us the go. I approached Hickson watchful of him. He came out fast with a dozen lightning jabs, a hock punch to my ribs and a surprising jumping spinning back kick that almost took my head off but I leaned back in time and closed the distance with a right hock to this face as he turned into it.

Hickson froze and then fell on his face and didn't move. The ref jumped between us on top of Hickson and waved his hands. The fight was over. Time went back to normal for me. I blinked.

Damn.

I looked over at my corner to see the coach and His son the heavy weight champion Brock both running into the ring toward me to lift me up. I laughed and held my fists up and roared with excitement for the win. I heard a chant start in the arena.

Wolf!

**PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!**

Wolf!

WOLF! WOLF!

## PRELUDE 4 OF 5

### CYRUS

I was close to getting something together. It took me seven weeks and three big ticket fights but had gotten it half way done.. Coach had put me on a month long break just in time. I had bought a commercial truck and got the permission from the transportation corpos and the contract from Archer. Inc to do the run. I just needed a driver and defender with a battle cruiser to protect the truck from bandits and competitors to Archer. Inc that would steal the CP-98 and sell it at bigger a market value.

I needed a corpo with contacts to a Fixer that could arrange I pick up offer. I had an idea of who to go to but I didn't want to talk to the bitch. I didn't know what the hell response I would get from her.

I needed advice. I went to the tattoo warrior shop hoping to find Goldy and talk with her about it. She wasn't there but I did find however Swan to my surprise working on a customer's arm. I thought he had left the city for travel season.

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

I got a lot of warm greetings from everyone at the shop. Swan smiled at me waving me over to a seat near him. I came over and sat down.

“Look, like you got problems brother. Tell me about em. Maybe I can help or at least point you in a good direction.”

I smiled at him. “Yeah. A bit of problems. You hear about the transportation chain being down for the spring?”

Swan frowned but nodded. “Yeah. I heard. What about it?”

“Well. My son and host of other people need a drug called Cp-98 to come in on time or a whole shit storm will happen and people including my boy will get real sick.”

Swan nodded glancing at me. “What you need to fix the problem brother. Just name it.”

I smiled shaking my head. “I'm almost done fixing it as best as I can. I got a truck and the contract for the job. All I need is a driver and a high priced defender to act as defense against shit bags on the road that will try to steal it up scale the price before it reaches the city in time. I only know one corpo that might have contacts to getting me the best driver and defender I can get on this short of time.”

Swan frown pausing in his work. “You talking about Goldy?”

I blinked in surprise. “No. Goldy isn't officially a corpo anymore just like me. She couldn't help me. No. I meant. My ex-wife.” I said.

Swan stared at me. “The bitch that stole your family company, The bitch that won't let you see your kid because of some bullshit corpo laws and taught your son to disrespect you? That corpo bitch. You think she'll help you?”

Damn it. Even the sound of talking to Gwen Murphy again sent a chill down my spine. I shook my head though. “No. She would see me in hell first. She'll help her own son though. I don't have to do much to convince her.”

Swan stared at me. “Yet, you haven't gone to her already. Why is that? Do you just hate her? Is it pride?”

“I don't trust. She fucked me over once and she changed my son's last name just to fuck with me while I was in the pin. I know she'll try to fuck me over but if it gets my son the medicine he needs-”

“-Fuck that wishful thinking. Your son needs the medication but he also needs his father alive and to respect you.” Swan shook his head. “You got me and every kind of man in the dregs with a kid that needs that medicine willing to help you for free. Just one word from you is all we need.”

“Damn. Straight.” Said the man Swan was tattooing.

## **PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!**

I stared at them. “Alright. But, I have to talk with her first and see if it's possible she can see the best interests of her son.”

Both men shook their heads. Swan stared at me. “It's a dead end. If that bitch can see an angle to fuck you over she will. I know her type. Don't agree to shit unless it's in writing or if it seems to easy. I'll be ready when you need me and I'll get you a defender for free on me. I can manage it.”

Damn. That's the best news I've heard in all this shit.

“Thank you”

## PRELUDE 5 OF 5

### JON

“We have a deal then?” Mom asked my father in a polite voice from the other side of the door inside her office.

I listened intently. My ear close to the door.

My Dad laughed light heartedly. “Of course. Thank you for the help. I'll get you the details about where the farm is after the fight.”

“I would like the-”

“We agreed after the fight. That's the way it's going down or the deal is off.” My Dad spoke in a clear voice all warmth removed from his voice.

“Cyrus. Come now. You can't act like you have-”

“I guess you don't give a damn about whether your only son and heir gets the medical treatment he needs. I mean. You stand to win a lot of money in the bet you have going against me as well. You sure you want to chance it trying to pull some bullshit over me.”

I heard my mother go silent. “I never said I had made any bets against you.” She said sweetly.

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

“Why are you playing games Murphy? You like to look like the charming innocent mouse lady. Nobody has to know what your really like. I can tell Jon how you planned this all out after he sees me be the loser you tell him I am. I'll take your silent as an agreement. Goodbye.” He said and hung up.

“Damn him. What the hell are we going to do? We need the location of the plant.” Mom said to someone in the room.

“Don't worry baby. I'll buy the information from a Fixer. We got time. We'll make a fake copy of the contract. Don't worry about Vod. That asshole and his coach will be in serious shit with Zeus London after the fight. I'm telling you baby with the credits from the bet and once we sell C-98 for a scale price to the lower dregs in the summer the whole fucking town will be singing your praises.” Nate Watson said.

“Alright. Thank you, Nate. You so reliable. Keep a watch on Jon while I take care of your business.”

I started to move but the door opened and I stared up at Nate's surprised face he grabbed my arm and yanked me inside and brought me before my mother. She stared at me and put her detapad down.

She didn't look like a killer. She didn't look like she had a mean bone in her body even now. I wondered if I had imagined the whole thing. Maybe, I was wrong about what I heard.

“Give me your detapad.” She said calmly.

I looked between Nate and my mother. Nate looked like he might hit me. My mother just waited with her hand out.. I reached in my pocket and gave it to her. My mom set it down and studied me.

“No one is going to hurt you. You don't have to be afraid. Everything we're doing is for the family company.” She said calmly. “You have questions. I'm sure. You may ask one.” She said gentle.

“Are you going to kill my Dad?” I said. It was the only thing I could think of asking. It's the only thing that mattered to me.

“No.” Mom said firmly. “Your father is going to help you get a large supply of Cp-98 to last you for five years. We're going to use it to also fund the company and keep it from going under so you can take it over after me. We're corporos. We're not monsters. You won't into a little trouble for all this but he'll manage he's a man and a survivor. Neither Nate or myself will do anything to hurt your father physically.”

I looked at Nate. He stared at me. “If you tell anyone about this your mother will go to jail for six years for attempted theft and conspiracy of public endangerment. Your father won't be able to-”

## **PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!**

“That's enough.” Mom said firmly. She stared at me. “Your father is a strong man. I know you watched his fights and admire him. It's already done. You will understand this when your older.” She said and held out my detapad to me. “I'm trusting you to stay out of the adult business arrangement I have with your father.”

I took the detapad back knowing I couldn't use it to warn him. I would figure out a way. I was the wolf's son. I would save my Dad. I turned my gaze toward Nate and focused until I felt my element raise in my arms.

“Ahh. Shit.” Nate jerked his hand off me. I backed away from him staring at him. “You touch me again, I'll do worse to you. Keep the fuck away from me.” I said and ran from the room.

# CHAPTER 1

## JASON

I knocked on Wolf's backstage door. The door opened and Cyrus looked at me and Swan before he stepped aside to let us inside.

We walked inside and he closed the door. He looked at Swan. "Goldy okay?"

Swan frowned and then blinked. "No. No. It's about your boy."

Cyrus frowned. "What's going on?"

I handed him my detapad and brought up a freeze frame video of his son Jon in a closed in space with a wolf's T-shirt.

Cyrus hit play.

"Don't lose the fight. Mom isn't going to do the deal. She and her boyfriend are planning on taking the CP-98 shipment and selling it themselves. You have to get to the shipment first or she'll hold-off selling it to the Degres district in the summer at a higher cost. Don't lose. You can't lose."

The video stopped and Cyrus looked up at me. "What the hell is this? Why is my son sending messages to you?" He said in a dominant yet controlled voice.

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

I stared at him. “Goldy runs your fan club site. Your son sent a message to her asking her to get you the video because his mother was screening his detapad for messages to you. Listen we need to move. Can you cancel this fight so we can get on the road to head off those fuckers before they get the shipment?”

Cyrus shook his head looking down at his son's face. “I have to fight or my coach will be a sued and my word broken. I'll have to end this fight fast and head out fast to do the run myself. I can't believe she got him into this shit. He's twelve years old. Damn her.”

I shook my head. “Your not doing it alone. I'm your driver. Swan will be our defender and you'll be my wing man. I also have another man already on the way to help us out on the road.”

Cyrus stared at me. “Who are you?”

I held out my hand. “I'm Jason Warrior Goldy's Daddy and your driver that's all you need to know.”

Cyrus took my hand and nodded. “If your Goldy's family that's good enough for me. Now excuse me. I have a fight to win.” He said.

I watched the change come over him then as his eyes lit with the lightning baby's gift and a ghost of a smile formed on his lips that reminded me of his name sake. Cy. The heavy metal dragon.. Now, I could see why she had elected him to join our pack but he still had to be tested to see if he was a true warrior with the spirit of a Nomad in this young corpo.

## CHAPTER 2

### CYRUS

12 minutes into the fight I was laying into Saint Kendrick's ass hard with combos and lighting his ass up with elemental lightning. Still the tough son of a bitch wouldn't go down. I didn't have time for this shit. I faked like I was going for a knock out cross. Kendrick dodged right. I turned with elemental speeding up my movement.

With one last spinning back Kick to his ribs and I sent Kendrick's ass flying out of the ring ropes to the judges table. The Ref finally waved his hands ending the show and I was already heading out the ring to where the Warriors were waiting for me.

Coach Grayson came into the ring frowning shaking his head and frowning at me. "What the fuck is wrong? I've never seen you this pissed off."

"My ex-wife fucked with my kid's mind and fucked me over again. I've got to leave the city tonight to take care of some business."

Coach stared at me. "The C-98 shipment?"

I frowned not knowing how he knew but nodded. “I got to go now or the city won't get the shipment in time for spring.”

Coach jerked back like I slapped him. “Fucking bitch. What do you need?”

I started to shake my head but then stopped. “My kid lives on East Middleton 6th street. If you can keep an eye out for him that's all I need. Make sure he's okay and walking around that's fine. I can't be here to watch em and I'm worried but I got to go.” I said.

Coach stared at me. “Don't worry. We'll look out for your kid. Handle your business.”

I nodded to him hurried out the ring and through the crowd of fans as I met up with Jason and Swan. We walked off in silence through the crowds and outside to where my truck was waiting along with a tall man in a biker all black with a his helmet on that covered his head. Standing beside a slick cherry red hover cycle.

I looked at Jason. “He the extra help from your people?”

Jason shook his head but smiled. “Nope. He's one yours. Check out the wolf on his belt and right breast pocket. He's a fan.”

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

I didn't notice that but I did notice he had two blasters at his side and a sword at his back. He was a Nomad solo for sure. He nodded to me and held out a blaster. "You'll need it for the trip. That was your best fight yet, Wolf. You just made me 10k ebs. I was hired to assist you. The name is Owen."

I smiled and took the nomad's piece. "Thanks bro. Did Goldy send you?"

Owen shook his head. "The little wolf asked for assistance from the fans. I'm here to help keep you alive to complete your run."

Damn it. Hearing that brought it back home to me. I had to get my son away from that bitch. But, I had get this job done first though. I nodded. "I'll pay you back for this."

Owen shook his head. "You'll pay me back by going all the way to the middle weight flyer championship. Ready when you are?" He said hoping on his bike.

Jason hurried to the truck and got inside waving for me to follow him. I followed to passenger side as I saw Swan a tall dude with a Mohawk hop in black battle crusier. I got inside the truck as Jason started it up.

## CHAPTER 3

### JASON

We were six hours out of the city and three more to go until we reached the CP-98 shipment and food supplies when I saw trouble coming up behind us in my back camera video screen. I got on my radio. “Swan. We got fuckers coming up on our back door. You and Owen push em off the road before they start-”

A shot was fired close to my side mirror.

“Fucking hell.” Cyrus yelled out.

“Son of a bitch. Swan, move your ass!” I spoke in to the radio.

I saw Swan in his black battle cruiser up ahead do a u-turn and head back down the road in the direction of our enemies. Owen flew fast down the road to join him.

“Fucking hell. We're not even close to the farm and that bitch is already on our asses” Cyrus cursed in frustration.

I shook my head. “It may not be her. A lot of fuckers out in the out lands are always looking to start shit and to cause mayham. This is only the beginning. We'll get this shit done. We ain't got no choice but to push on.”

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

Cyrus sighed. “Your right. I just feel like a damn fool for telling that bitch about the contract. Swan told me she would fuck me over I just didn't think she would bring my son in between our bullshit.”

I nodded my head knowing how he felt as a father and a man. “One thing at a time. We finish the job then you got to figure out what to do about your situation with your boy and his mother.”

“Do!? I'm taking my son back. She got him involved in her fucking schemes and gods knows what else. He's not going to be caught up in her bullshit criminal schemes. He's got a clean record and smooth track to becoming a corpo one day. I just need to form a corporation for him to take hold of but my Jon isn't cut out for that shit. He's got a good heart and I plan for it to stay that way.”

“Looks like you got a strong start with forming a corporation with this job when we get it done.” I said.

Cyrus blinked and then nodded his head slowly. “I didn't think of that. I was to busy and worried getting this job set up fast to make sure he got the CP-98 supply but your right.. Yeah. I could set it up for him fast after the credits I get from this job and my fight. I can gain my corpo status back and get my patriarch status to claim him. It will be enough to set him up right with a start. Thank you.”

I listened to his words marking how he wanted the corpo status for his son's future. It was two points in his favor.

We heard an explosion and more gun fire behind us.

“I got it Bro.” Swan said over the radio.

I didn't have a doubt otherwise.

## CHAPTER 4

### OWEN

Swan raced on a head with Tomahawk firing off shots from the side window with his P-22 at a silver blue battle cruiser racing at him in a game of chicken. While another cruiser came at them at ramming speed on the side.

Fuck that.

I raced toward the ramming cruiser while Swan went on a head. Return fire was coming at me from the side passenger but I was able to dodge most of rounds while my body armor blocked the rest. I waited until I was close enough took out my sword and sliced into the cruiser's side like butter taking out the tires and marking up the side bringing the vehicle to a stop. I smelled gas and took off as the cruiser exploded behind me.

I looked to see more trouble coming at the wolf down the road. I had to move and left Swan to handle the silver blue cruiser. I couldn't let the little wolf down. We had to get this shit done.

# CHAPTER 5

## CYBERPUNK

I knelt down on the ground gathering the black dust in my hand. I looked around at the burning buildings of the farm that produced CP-98. I cast my gaze around and saw what happened two hours ago.

A rip in the realms had been breached by a weapon from another realm a cold realm. Invaders came burned everything stealing the supply of CP-98 and food stuff before racing away to the west. I glanced up at Ice my elder brother. He sat on his throne frowning.

They came from a cold realm. Is that Air's realm or someone else new?

Ice shook his head. "I don't know. You should leave for a bit."

I shook my head. "We have to know who sent them. We have to find out where they came from and find out why they took the CP-98. Who else is here we can't see or sense?"

Ice leaned back on his throne and nodded. "If we find out will you track them back to the source?"

## **PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!**

I frowned at him. “I am Cyberpunk. Someone has invaded my realm. Someone is challenging my authority. I will fight to protect what is mean.”

Ice relaxed and nodded. “Stay hidden and let it play out and don't move until you're ready to begin the hunt.”

## CHAPTER 5

### CYRUS

We arrived to hell. I jumped out of the passenger side of the passenger side open door before it came to a complete stop. Damn it. The fuckers had gotten here burned everything to the ground. Damn fools. My boy. What the fuck would I do. No. There had to be a way. I would go back to the city. I would find a way. There had to be a scientist I could find to recreate CP-98. My boy still had a supply for the a few more weeks.

I felt Jason's hand on my shoulder. "Cyrus?"

I shook my head. "I ain't giving up. I'll never give up."

"There's tire tracks. We need to follow them. To catch up with the fuckers. This ain't over. Oh. Hello." Jason said in a sudden distracted voice.

My element came awake.

I blinked. My eyes felt on fire. Shit. This reminded of a another time this first happened. She was here. I looked around and saw her. Standing a bit off.

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

She was dressed in black jeans with a leather jacket on and a white shirt on. Her black hair was braided down her back. She looked the same when I met her in the pin when I was at my lowest. She had come and kissed my head and whispered my son's name nothing more. It was enough.

“Hey. I got a gift for you.”

I shook my head. “I haven't earned it. I just need to catch up with them. Can you slow em down?”

Lightning baby nodded and pointed to the west. A lightning storm started gathering in a area. “Don't easy em kiddo. I don't know who they are but they don't belong here and their fucking with your son's life. You got two days to get it down before your ex catches up with you. Do your best.” She said.

“Let's go.” Jason said running to the truck.

I nodded to her. “Thank you.” I said running to the car.

Lightning baby smiled. “He's waiting for you. Don't lose hope.”

My chest hurt but I nodded to her jumping in the truck.

## CHAPTER 7

### JASON

The lightning baby's storm rage around us on the road as we raced on ahead. We started to catch with the bandits that drove strange vehicles made of what looked like Ice and snow.

Their rig was hauling as toward what could only be a rip in the realms. Suddenly one their two defenders raced back toward me gunning his engine to-”..

“Shit. He's going to ram us. Move.” Cyrus said speaking my thoughts as I turned my wheel a sharp right to evade the Ice cruiser but he followed me. He was going to hit me.

Lightning raced toward the cruiser smashing into it and haunting it's movement. I saw Owen on his cycle racing toward the cruiser holding his lightning sword out him firing it at the cruiser.

I raced on trying to head up on the rig before it crossed into the other realm. I saw the Ice cruiser roll down his window and stick out his hand. A second later a blast of Ice came from his hand firing at Owen.

Owen dodged to the right dropping his blaster as he worked to avoid the element. The cruiser came at us then from a sharp right angle. I could see Swan racing to help me.

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

Shit. I got on my CB radio. “Swan. Get your ass on ahead and stop that Rig before he crosses over. I can handle this fucker. Go.”

“On it.” Swan said racing on ahead.

I kept gunning my engine foward. “Wolf. Fire shots out your”

“The Judge's got it.” Cyrus said pointing to Owen as he raced forward to the Ice. His helmet visor was down and he was firing fire element from his eyes at the Ice cruiser driving it away from us.

“How did Goldy convinced that asshole to help me?”

I shook my head. “He's not the Judge.”

“Bullshit. Whatever Bad ass you know that rides a bike and has fire element dragon eyes?”

I shook my head racing toward the rig. Swan had caught up to it and was Tomahawk was firing at the wheels.

I shook my head. “Bran Rife doesn't swing a lightning sword. That's Sigma. What the hell is he doing here helping us for free?”

“Who is Sigma?” Cyrus asked.

“The third ranked Fixer of your generation. Owen Sigma.”

“Holy shit. You mean the Fixe. THE Fixer.”

I nodded slowly frowning. “Daam straight. The only question is what the fuck is he doing helping us for free?”

## CHAPTER 8

### OWEN

Who were these fuckers?

I glared at the cruiser burning it with my rage. I didn't have time for this I had to catch up with the bandits. Little Wolf was counting on us.

I focused and blasted the cruiser up and away a few miles. I blinked closed my visor. My thoughts went cool. I reached for my sword as I raced on a head toward the bandits. Lightning baby handed me back my sword as I felt the fire ignite my electrified blade.

Hmm.

I heard a giggling female voice close to my right ear. "Take out the tires but keep your guard up as you draw near the truck for danger" Fire Vixen's voice spoke to me.

I knew it. There was something more to this shit. My instincts didn't fail me yet. I drove near the truck as a man in Ice armor opened the door.

I fired fire and lightning into the cab killing the two bandits inside. I jumped off my bike hurried inside shoving the bodies out and stopping the Ice Truck.

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

I got outside as Swan and Tomahawk came up to me and we fist bumped. I bent down and searched the bodies.

“What are you looking for?” Tomahawk asked.

I was silent until I found the detapad and a strange device. It looked like a remote. It glowed vibrating the same energy as the rip in realms a head of us. I pointed it at the rip. I hit a few random buttons until the rip closed.

“How?” Swan asked.

“It was a guess. One thing is for sure.” I said holding the detapad I threw it to Swan.

He caught it. He frowned. “This isn't alien.”

I nodded. “They were working with someone here to make sure we didn't get the shipment of Cp-98 in time.”

Tomahawk shook his head. “What's your gain in this?”

I normally wouldn't reveal my mind so freely but I felt my fire element cool relaxed around these people. My instincts tell me I have to help little wolf and back up his father. “That's why I am here. I always follow my instincts.”

Both men nodded. I walked over to my bike as Jason pulled up and got out. I see it in his eyes he knows who I am. I nodded.

“We got to go. Little Wolf is depending on us to get this done.” I said. Again strangely it was all that needed to be said.

Wolf nodded to me. “Your right. Let's finish this job.”

## CHAPTER 9

# JASON

We were only ten miles from reaching the city when I felt it. What the fuck was that sound?

"STOP!" Cyberpunk called to me.

I stopped my foot down on the break as a wall of Ice came down in front of the road. I grabbed Cyrus's shoulder before he jumped out of the truck.

Some asshole in robes and a glowing sword appeared in front of us as Swan and Owen pulled up along the truck.

"Are you an immortal?"

"What?!" Cyrus glared at me.

"This ain't our fight. Something else is going on. Wait." I told him.

Cy appeared in front of the truck facing off against the alien. He waved a hand behind him.

"Cyrus stay in the truck. I got twenty credits on your next fight. Jason come out here."

I got out the truck and came to stand next to Cy. "What the fuck is going on bro?"

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

Cy grimaced. "Don't know. But we are going to find out. Let's go." He said tapping my shoulder.

He led the way toward the alien. "What the fuck are you doin in my backyard alien shit head." Cy said.

The alien frowned at him pointing at me. "Our discussion is for our kin. Tell the mortal flesh bag to leave."

I reached for my lightning sword and stood my ground. "The HeavyMetal Dragon asked you a question shit head. Answer it or get the fuck on."

The alien lifted his sword blasting a ray of electrical cold energy at me. I knocked it away with my sword drew my blaster and shot him in the head.

The fucker's head jerked back and he stared at me in surprise. I stared back. "State your business now or get the fuck off my big brother's backyard."

Cy snapped his fingers gaining the alien's attention. He shook his head at him.

"You embolden your subjects to much. They should know their place."

Cy stared at him. "His place is beside me. Your standing in my domain and interfering in mortal events. There are no gods here alien. You invaded my realm and tried to steal CP-98 and the winter food stuff. Why?"

The alien stared at him. "The events that are taking place are not to my advantage in the future. Your borders are expanding as your subjects are advancing. Let a few useless ones to die and there won't be a problem between us."

I could hear Swan and Tomahawk laughing behind me. I got the joke but I still couldn't believe it.

I frowned. "What the fuck is he talking about? Is he serious? I thought you closed off the realm to growth ages when it became a flat tiny realm because of the blood wars?"

Cy smiled as he stared at the alien. "He's bullshitting. He wants to kill enough of you off so he can expand his people in to my backyard. He wants a war over some dirt to expand his little kingdom."

Holy shit. He's a fucking piece of shit warlord.

The alien shit head raised his hand hitting Cy in the face with cold lightning. Cy's head snapped back. He stared at the alien. "Oh. You want a fight. All you had to do was ask shit head. I'll make it hurt for you though. The rules work differently in my backyard. Let's go mother fucker. Game on!"

The alien warlord didn't see the shit he just got himself into. He didn't see or know the HeavyMetal Dragon like we do. "You should know your place. You might be a favorite of the elders but your still-"

## **PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!**

I drew my blaster and fired in his face continually until he had to turn and vanish away. The wall of ice stayed in place.

Cy shook his head quiet. "It took me 200 hundred years to bring an end to war in this realm and now I have to deal with a fucking jealous alien starting a realm war over dirt. Fucking shit head" he said before he shrugged off his jacket and snapped his fingers. An electrified hammer appeared in his hands. "Get in the truck Jason. This is going to take me a bit. I need you ready to go."

Damn it. I hurried back to the truck as Cy went to work hammering at the Ice wall.

# CHAPTER 10

## OWEN

I was waiting with Jason, Swan and Tomahawk as Cyrus ran up into the authorities station to get some guards out here to take over the cargo. Jason kept staring at me.

“What's on your mind, Warrior?” I asked him.

Jason shook his head as he stood beside the truck. “I thought you would be much older. How old are you?”

I frowned at him. “I just turned nineteen.” I told him.

He stared at me shaking his head and then turned to the police station. He froze at something or someone. I turned and stared at him Owen Sigma and Miss Erica James and Wolf hurrying out with the judge guy with them. I had my helmet off.

Owen stared at me I stared back. I glanced at Miss James see smiled at him and walked over to me.

“Hey. I'm Erica James.” She said holding out her hand to me.

I smiled and took her hand. “Nice to meet you Miss James. I'm Owen Sigma. It's a pleasure to meet you finally.”

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

Miss James grinned at me. “You are such a handsome charmer. How old are you?”

I grimaced. “I'm nineteen cycles. Congratulations on the baby.” I said and waved a hand at her burgling belly.

Miss James grinned warmly rubbing her belly and glancing at Owen as he came up in front of us. He stared at me. “Thank you. This will be my first and only child but she is going to shake the fucking world over.”

“What's up? So when did you come around? You must be a recent creation of somebody.” Owen said fishing for information.

“I came around nineteen years ago. I matured naturally. So you hear about the invaders coming in?” I said.

Owen stared at me. “Yeah. I did. So ah you mind if I check your right ear?”

I rolled my eyes “I don't have any bumps. I was breed nineteen years ago. Would you mind getting over yourself. It's not a big deal.”

“Okay. So whose your maker?”

I shrugged. “I don't know. I grew up on the streets the same as you did. I'm Owen Sigma by the way.” I said.

Owen glared at me. “You're not my son. Trust me. I would know and I'm not a reckless person with neither my body or my credits.” He said.

I stared at him. “I never said you were my father. I'm Owen Sigma. That's all that matters.”

Owen stared at me and nodded his head. “Pride and self worth. I can understand that. But. I am Owen Sigma the Fixer. There can't be any confusion about which one is which sense we do business in a similar market now. Your Owen Sigma II.” He said.

I stared at him for a time until I had to look away so I could blink. Damn it. “I'm Owen Sigma II then. Are you done old man?”

Owen smiled. “We're done. Just so you know. I'm not putting you in my will. All my money is going to the kid in Miss James belly. You maybe Owen Sigma but I am not your father. You'll have to earn your way out the mud the same way I did. 2nd”

I shrugged. “I don't give a damn what you do with you credits old man. I have money of my own. I expect Miss James will be having a girl. I also expect you'll be long dead before she turns seventeen and will need a big rich big brother around to keep an eye out for her as she makes her way in the world.”

## **PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!**

Owen rolled his eyes. “We'll see who out lives whom. Wolf told us what you did in the outlands. You should watch yourself, 2nd. A representation like yours will land your ass in a nomad mating war with the five families before you turn twenty. Your touched by the fire vixen and lightning baby. That's prize any nomad mother would want to have in her family bloodline through pair bonding you to her daughter.” He said in voice filled with male pride.

I shrugged putting on my helmet and jumping on my bike. The first meeting with my original hadn't gone like I thought it would. It had been much more weirder and strange but what the hell.

“In my business having a good representation is great business. Later, you old bastard.” I said starting my bike and taking off down the road.

# CHAPTER 11

## CYRUS

We made it into the city as winter came in like freak wild storm. Word was coming in from the Outlands about the invaders slipping to the realm and setting up camp near the extended farm lands.

The winter lightning war was beginning but that wasn't my chief concern. We got the supply to the city authorities got some work done and signed up to my company take on two more jobs for the city. I was set.

I headed to ex-wife's mansion expecting a fight only to find my coach and his son and my son waiting for me at the mansion.

Jon's short sleeve was ripped off and he came running up to me jumping into my arms. I held him and felt like crying. Man. I was holding my son again.

I looked at coach. "What happened?"

## **PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!**

Coach grimaced looking pissed. "They took off once word got out the invaders were coming in. They tried to take your boy with em. He fight em off. They've gone over to their side."

I stared at him. "Thank you coach."

Coach shook his head. "I got to thank you for getting the medicine. Grayson was due for another resupply."

I stared at Grayson. "You okay?"

Grayson smiled. "I'm fine dude. I hear you met up with Cy on the road. What he tell you?"

"He told me to stay out of the shit. He's got twenty credits on my next fight."

Grayson stared at me. "You serious?"

"Yeah. I haven't gotten my sword yet and I got business to run on my off hours when I'm not in a fight."

# EPILOGUE

## PEOPLE OF CONFLICT

Ice sat on his throne between Cyberpunk and Electric Icestorm.

"Can there be a resolve here?" Ice asked.

Electric Icestorm nodded. "My realm is rising as is my power. I need a space for my people. Cy can either sell a part of his land or look to create new realms."

Ice nodded. "This seems reasonable. Cy. It is high time you thought of expanding."

Cyberpunk stared between them. "Why must I make allowances for someone who wants to have a fight with me?"

Ice smiled. "So your not out right against it. What do you want from E.?"

"Electric Icestorm can not kill my people or force some type of worship on my people toward him. I'll give em farm land and space for his people but his space and mean remain separate. I will expand realm out. Is it a deal?" He asked.

Ice smiled and turned to Electric Icestorm. "What do you say?"

Electric Icestorm frowned. "That easy."

## PUNCH! A CORPOS COMEBACK STORY!

Cyberpunk stared at him. "We've been in conflict for three mortal cycles it's enough. Are we agreed?"

"We're agreed!"

Cyberpunk nodded and turned to Ice. "Big Sis needs some help in Cy. Baby is already building something good in one of the twin cities. I'll be expanding her domain and doing something new there to connect spaces by subway. She's been patient and wants me to visit her there. It's time I visit her."

Ice nodded. "I like your idea. Fire will like to see you in her domain. It will be good."

"I'll be taking the land bordering the southern part of the city." Electric Icestorm spoke up.

Cy rolled his eyes. "You should have said it before. I have given you a piece of land to the southern outlands. You will have no engagement with my people period."

Electric Icestorm sighed and looked at Ice. "Would you speak with him."

Ice smiled. "The agreement is done. You agreed to the terms."

"The agreement is done when Cyberpunk is reasonable."

Cyberpunk stared at him. "I ain't sucking your dick dude. I mean it's been three cycles. You haven't succeeded in beating us or providing a interesting challenge it's getting boring. We could crush you at any given moment. My people thrive on conflict and survival but I'm not interested in continuing this shit and my Big Sister has something more interesting for me to do. Just take my offer and leave me alone."

Electric Icestorm started to raise his hand. Cy back slapped first. Electric Icestorm was rocked back.

Ice stared at Electric Icestorm. "What the hell are you here for?"

Electric Icestorm stared at him. "To resolve the issue."

Cyberpunk frowned. "What the fuck is your problem dude? I ain't do shit to you. You keep fucking with me I'm turn this shit up to 200 my dude."

Electric Icestorm. "I am the stronger. Bend to me. I haven't yet begun to show you my violent side."

Cyberpunk turned to Ice. "You called me here for this bullshit? You said he was willing to end the bullshit. Fuck you and fuck him to. I'm ending this shit my way." He said and disappeared.

Ice sat on his throne. "Get the fuck on. You just made this situation worse." He said and waved him away

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

GuardianDogg from the age of eleven has been a storyteller, writer and lifetime dreamer of wild tales of adventures. He was born in 1984 in fall of the 20<sup>th</sup> century in the Highlands of Baltimore, Maryland. He writes from a passionate heart to tell stories that are entertaining, funny and inspirational. His own inspirations for his stories comes from his family, culture and his belief in selfless service and caring for others in need. He currently lives in Fort Worth, Texas.

Dear reader,

Happy New year.

It is my hope you were entertained and or inspired by this story as it was both a joy and pain in the ass time crunch wise to get done. But, I did it for you and a bit for the challenge and fun of writing.

As always thank you for reading and all the support on the blog.

Warm regard,

GuardianDogg.