

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Meeting with Michiko. Could only ever really go one way~

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Embers.

It was a luxury restaurant and extremely exclusive 'gentleman's club' that catered to only the most important and most valuable executives from all of the megacorporations that littered Night City. It wasn't enough to simply be a corpo, or even to simply be an executive... no, you had to be wealthy. You had to be high ranking. And most importantly of all, you had to be *influential*.

Sitting in a private room in the back of the restaurant, Michiko Arasaka has butterflies in her stomach. Not because of the location, even this sort of place was nothing in the face of her family's power and ever since she'd returned to the fold and taken back up the Arasaka name, places like this would always be open to her.

No, she was nervous because of just who she was meeting. And not just that, but who she was meeting him with. Sitting at her side, fidgeting and looking as nervous as Michiko feels, is Tigress. Technically, if she was going to bring any member of Puma Squad along, it should have been their defacto leader Lynx.

However, only one of Puma Squad had reacted like Michiko had reacted when they'd been soundly trounced, tied up, and threatened with violence. And only one member of Puma Squad had wound up having another altercation with the man who'd done the sound trouncing, an experience that Tigress had been willing to show Michiko through the BD she'd made. It was... something to be sure.

Mixing business with pleasure was never a good idea... and yet here they were. Michiko sits, wearing rather scandalous lingerie under her normal business

attire, and bites her lower lip as she anticipates the arrival of the man they're waiting for.

When he finally steps through the door, she can't help but let out a soft, nearly silent shuddering breath. V doesn't come alone of course. He brings with him his second, the masked woman who had held a blade to Michiko's throat mere weeks ago. The two of them step into the private room at the behest of the waiter who escorted them there.

The waiter lingers for only a moment to make sure nobody needed anything, before swiftly departing. Michiko had already made her intentions clear with the establishment... they would be ordering digitally and keeping things as low contact with the restaurant's staff as possible.

Just like that, it's the four of them. V and his partner take a seat and Michiko wonders if she's finally going to get to see the mystery woman's face. She still remembers how it felt to have her life in the other woman's hands. She still dreams about it, in fact... right alongside dreams that fantasize about Tigress' braindance. The way V had manhandled her, tied her up, and had his way with her was... positively exhilarating.

She flounders a bit as V and his partner don't bother to say anything to her or Tigress at first. Instead, their eyes flash to make it clear they're checking the menu and putting in their orders. Silence fills the room as she and Tigress do the same and for a moment Michiko Arasaka feels like she's decades in the past and sitting at a family dinner.

The Arasaka Family did not have a 'children's table' to be clear. Once you were old enough to feed yourself, you were expected to sit with everyone else at the dining table, especially for proper fully attended family meals. However, you were also expected to sit quietly and not interject, to avoid offending the more powerful members of the family sitting there too. Mostly to avoid offending Saburo Arasaka in particular.

Michiko's grandfather, may he rot in hell, was very much of the opinion that the young and 'ignorant' should be seen, not heard. And if they weren't presentable for whatever reason, they shouldn't be seen either.

This moment, seated at the table in silence across from V... it feels a little similar and not for the first time Michiko wonders if she needs therapy. It can't be healthy to be comparing the man she yearns for to her dead grandfather, can it?

Then again... she's over seventy years old. Therapy is a young person's game she figures. It's hard to take any therapist with half of her life experience seriously, after all.

"So Michiko Arasaka. What do you want?"

When V's first words finally come, they prompt a blink from her. She straightens up and glances to Tigress for a moment before focusing back on the mercenary. He stares at her intensely, with an exacting presence to him that almost makes her shiver. She catches herself in time though.

"I... you were the one who called for this meeting, V-sama. Shouldn't I be asking you what you want of me?"

V considers that for a moment before shrugging.

"Submission."

Michiko's eyes widen, Tigress' jaw drops open, and V's partner snorts derisively. But V just continues on unabated.

"I want your total and utter submission, Michiko."

S-So forward. Her face grows redder by the second as this man (who is even less than half her age) talks like he doesn't have a care in the world about how he's seen. He speaks bluntly and honestly, disregarding propriety completely. Truly... this is a man who will say whatever he want and damn the consequences. And more than that... he'll get away with it too.

“She thinks you mean sexually.”

Michiko blinks as V’s partner suddenly interjects, the masked woman tilting slightly in his direction to make her comment. V blinks right back, his brow furrowing in consternation.

“What? No, that’s not what I meant at all. You understood that, right Michiko?”

Her silence is probably pretty telling, isn’t it? And yet, she can’t bring herself to speak. Her blush only grows worse as she sits there feeling absolutely mortified. Finally, the masked woman lets out a laugh.

“Hey Tigress, why don’t you crawl under the table and suck my man’s cock while we talk with your Mistress?”

The sudden proposition hits the female mercenary like a backhand across the face. Tigress blushes profusely and glances to Michiko... but Michiko doesn’t meet her subordinate’s eyes. She’s neither giving nor withholding permission here... mostly because she wants to see what Tigress will do without clear direction from her.

... After a moment, Tigress pushes out from the table... and sinks under it. Michiko’s enflamed cheeks grow even hotter as she squeezes her thighs together. V looks a little incredulous before a change comes over his expression, no doubt as Tigress reaches his legs and pulls out his cock to begin sucking it.

Finally, V’s partner lets out another laugh... before finally reaching up and pulling off her helmet. Michiko’s eyes widen all over again as they land upon a very familiar face... it’s a face that everyone in Arasaka, be it the corporation or the family, should know quite well. After all... it’s the face that some would claim caused the nuking of Arasaka Tower some fifty years ago.

Altiera Cunningham smiles back at Michiko as Michiko stares at her in wordless disbelief.

“Well met, Michiko Arasaka. Judging by the shock, you know exactly who I am. Let’s skip past the part where you think I’m a poser wearing my own likeness, shall we? I’m the genuine article.”

Licking her lips, Michiko shakes her head.

“I don’t doubt it. You... a poser wouldn’t be able to do the things you’ve done. Such as infiltrating my office in Arasaka Tower to put a blade against my throat.”

Alt’s eyes glitter as her smile transforms into a wide grin.

“Enjoyed that, didn’t you? After all, you definitely enjoyed watching Tigress’ BD of V here taking her to pound town.”

Oh god... she almost wished the ground would open up and swallow her whole. Michiko doesn’t dare look V in the eye, instead staring down at her hands for a long moment before ultimately deciding to change the subject.

“What... what do you want with me? Platonically speaking, anyways. What is the purpose of this meeting if not... that?”

Tigress’ noises under the table are relatively muffled, though still audible and very distracting. Nevertheless, Michiko tries to get back into a professional mindset. Mixing business with pleasure... she really should have known better.

“I’m backing Hanako for control of Arasaka. Likely by this time next week or the week after, Yorinobu will be dead and Hanako Arasaka will be CEO of the Arasaka Corporation.”

Those words from V’s mouth are enough to override her embarrassment, however. Michiko’s head snaps up as she stares at him in shock, her mouth opening and closing a few times. Somehow, even knowing that she’d been the one to put V and Hanako in contact... she’d never expected this.

“V here is being a bit modest, truth be told. The reality is... we’re taking over. Hanako has already kowtowed to V here, submitting completely and totally. Obviously, a woman as CEO of Arasaka would never be accepted under normal circumstances, but that’s where we’ll be coming in. By the time things are through, Yorinobu won’t be the only one... dealt with.”

Alt smirks as she further rocks Michiko’s world with every word out of her mouth. V looks a little disgruntled... or as disgruntled as a man can be when he’s getting his dick enthusiastically sucked under the table. Michiko can’t help but glance down at said table as though she might spontaneously develop the ability to see through its surface. Alas, her optics aren’t THAT good.

Still, she does feel a pang of jealousy for a moment, wishing she could be in Tigress’ place. But no... she has to focus. Because given everything that’s been said so far...

“You want my support. Whatever it might be worth, you want me to support Hanako and your efforts to take control of Arasaka.”

V nods.

“Yes. And you’re worth more than you know. Not just because of your name either. You’ve got experience being the CEO of your own company, after all. More experience than some of Arasaka’s executives... more experience even than Hanako, one might argue.”

That... was a nice way of looking at it. A very flattering way of looking at it, Michiko had to admit.

“I’ll ask you again... what do you want Michiko?”

In exchange for her help in taking complete control of Arasaka? What did she want for that? Ultimately... there’s only one thing Michiko can even think of. One thing she’d not allowed her to truly want for a long time now.

“... I want independence.”

V raises a brow at that while Alt smirks. Michiko elaborates with a furious blush.

“Danger Gal. I want to be able to bring Danger Gal back... in full. You already know it continued operating from the shadows in a limited capacity even after it was publicly dismantled, but I want more than that. I want Arasaka’s support in bringing Danger Gal off of life support... and then I want a complete disconnect between the two entities. Once Danger Gal can stand on its own two feet again, I want it to have total independence from Arasaka. No favors owed, no debts to be repaid, no oversight whatsoever. A clean separation.”

As her impassioned monologue comes to an end, Michiko slumps back in her chair a little bit. She’s said a lot... more than she probably should have allowed herself to say, really. And yet, it’s all the truth. She didn’t hold anything back. That was what she wanted more than anything. Freedom from Arasaka. Freedom from her family name.

Alt leans forward, eyes narrowing thoughtfully even as her smirk grows a bit.

“Hm. Independence... are you sure that’s what a woman like you wants?”

The sounds of Tigress’ sucking down under the table continue to reach Michiko’s ears, providing a sort of backdrop to Alt’s words. Michiko flushes but nevertheless stands her ground this time, giving the other woman a level look.

“My bedroom proclivities have nothing to do with my other ambitions in life. That is that and this is this. You’ve asked me what my price is... and I’ve given it.”

Of course, it’s not like she expects them to agree. There will be some negotiating. Some back and forth. She knows she won’t get everything she wants and that’s-

“We can make that work.”

Even Alt gives V an askance look at that, while Michiko just blinks in shock at the mercenary’s words. V doesn’t look remotely worried though.

“I don’t mind making Hanako help you rebuild Danger Gal and then cut you loose, Michiko. Sounds like one less headache I’ll have to deal with in the long run.”

Alt groans and sighs.

“V...”

Between his words and his partner’s reaction, Michiko realizes... V might not actually be that interested in being some sort of a shadowy kingpin power-behind-the-throne type as she initially expected. Is he... being pushed into the role?

Well, that’s not her problem is it? He’s not the kind of man who can be forced to do anything if he truly doesn’t want to, that much Michiko is sure of. So in the end... whatever happens next, he’ll be making all of the final decisions. She’s sure of that as well.

Nodding to him, Michiko straightens up.

“Then, at least tentatively, I’m on board. I’ll need a proper contract written up between us before I fully commit, however.”

Before V can respond to that, Alt suddenly interjects again.

“Platonically speaking, right?”

When Michiko gives her a confused look, the blonde starts to grin again, a wicked grin that spreads across her face from ear to ear.

“Earlier you mentioned your ‘bedroom proclivities’. But what kind of ‘back room of a luxury restaurant’ proclivities might you have? The sort that would see you joining your subordinate on your knees under the table, perhaps? Or would you prefer to be bent over the table instead?”

Michiko huffs, embarrassed, but not nearly as mortified as before. Even if V hadn't meant it sexually back at the start... it's obvious Alt always intended for things to go a certain way. And judging by the resigned look on V's face, he's not about to stop it if it does either.

W-Well... the business part of the deal IS pretty much done with until they can get the aforementioned contracts written up. So... maybe it was time for the pleasure. Maybe mixing business with pleasure wasn't so bad after all...

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!