

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

**A/N: Michiko bares all~**

**-x-X-x-**

Blushing, Michiko Arasaka slowly rises to her feet right there at the table. Then, she reaches down and unbuttons her suit jacket before shucking it off her shoulders. The business-like white blouse she's wearing under it comes next, revealing a red lacy bra that gives truth to her actual desires for this meeting.

Leaving it be for now, Michiko reaches for her skirt and removes that as well, stepping back from the table to reveal lacy red panties that match her bra. Finally, she reaches behind herself and unclasps the bra, letting it fall away and allowing her breasts to bounce free.

Hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and sliding them down her legs is the final movement she does, leaving her in modest half inch heels and nothing else, even as she moves a quarter of a turn around the table providing V and Alt with a proper view of her side profile.

That's when she bends over the table itself, resting on her elbows and arching her back as she blushes harder yet does everything in her power to present herself in an almost ceremonial fashion, ripe for the taking. Biting her lower lip, Michiko can barely make eye contact with V as she offers her pussy up.

"Please... claim me, V-sama."

The extremely powerful man, both personally and now politically, lets out a sigh and pushes back from the table. His cock pops free of Tigress' mouth, prompting a confused and disappointed whine from under the table. This in turn causes Alt to giggle and shake her head in rueful, feigned admonishment.

"Leaving your subordinate hanging like that rather than joining them in the trenches... for shame, Arasaka. For shame."

Michiko flushes, feeling a little guilty as Alt calls her out, even if the callout is entirely teasing in nature. Of course, it's hard to keep feeling guilty as V moves into position behind her, his hands coming down to rest on her naked hips and his cock coming up to press against her slit.

"... Tigress understands her role. She's served me well for quite a long time now..."

And wasn't that the truth. Even as Tigress climbs out from under the table, Puma Squad's sniper doesn't look that put out. If anything, she looks almost excited to see Michiko get fucked by V, her hands twitching to move across her own body. Her lips, still parted and panting slightly, give way to the truth of what she had been doing under the table, as do her flushed cheeks and disheveled appearance.

Before anything else can happen, Alt suddenly reaches out and grabs Tigress from behind, making the other woman yelp as she suddenly finds herself being manhandled and outright molested. Not that Tigress is complaining... in fact, after a moment she's all but pushing herself into Alt's hands as the blonde begins to undress her right then and there.

It's in this moment of distraction for Michiko, watching her subordinate get fondled and undressed by a woman who should have died almost seventy years ago, that V thrusts into her from behind. The first thrust comes without warning, his rock hard cock slamming home into her sopping wet cunt.

Between her already existing arousal and Tigress' saliva coating his cock, he has no issue whatsoever hilding himself inside of her on that first thrust. Michiko's eyes go wide, her head tosses back, and her mouth opens in a silent scream that ultimately turns into a loud groan as she shudders all over his dick. It's not quite an orgasm, but damn if it isn't close.

As for V's cock... it feels almost perfect, Michiko has to admit. The way he fills her insides right up to the brim, the way he stretches her inner walls... it's as

close to perfection as one can get, she feels like. Or maybe it's less the physical nature of their engagement and more the context behind it.

Here is a man who held the lives of her and her subordinates in his hands at one point in time. Here is a man who spared her and all of her subordinates for practically no cost at all... effectively giving up a lot of value he could have extracted from them in the process.

More, here is a man who has tamed the Princess of Arasaka herself, and who will seemingly tame all of Arasaka if given the chance. This man... this seemingly innocuous mercenary... is a man that Michiko can truly submit to. A man who, while not exactly selfless or good-hearted, is neither vile nor a monster. A man who, when given power over her, would choose to spare her over abusing her.

... Michiko gurgles as V begins to fuck her. As he starts to plow her from behind. He doesn't hold much back. There's nothing gentle nor tender about his actions as he slams in and out of her gushing twat. To be fair, she's so damn wet that he all but glides in and out of her, even the tightness of her cunt not actually able to hold him due to the sheer amount of her arousal.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Sounds of flesh slapping against flesh, of his hips crashing into her jiggling ass, fill the private room in the back of Embers. If anyone knew right now that one of the last remaining Arasaka women was bent over taking it from behind by a seemingly average Night City mercenary in one of the most exclusive clubs the city had to offer... they would have been flabbergasted.

That's exactly what's happening though. And as Michiko is fucked, she moans up a storm, lewd wanton noises coming from her lips. When she's not moaning, she's mewling. When she's not mewling, she's crying out as V hits particularly deep places inside of her quim. She can't contain her voice so she doesn't even bother to try. She just lets it happen... and submits herself to the pleasure on offer.

Tigress doesn't fair much better. Even though she only has Alt's hands to contend with, the other blonde plays the sniper like a fiddle, nonetheless. Once she has Tigress nice and naked, it's like Alt knows exactly where to touch her, how to toy with her, and how to make her squirm, squeal, and squirt to her heart's content.

Michiko barely pays the degradation and humiliation of her subordinate any mind, however. She's too busy enjoying her own submission to care all that much. Eventually, under the onslaught of steady pistoning motions from V, Michiko does tip over the edge and come undone. And then she does it again and again and again.

Eventually, her orgasms almost seem to blend together. It's more pleasure than she's ever experienced in her life... and Michiko has lived quite a long life. Long enough to have had plenty of lovers... and more than that, long enough to have had a husband she loved with all her heart... and lose him too.

Comparing Marc Sanderson to V though... it would never be fair. One man would always be the love of her life even after all these decades he'd been gone from it. Even after having to give up his surname and their company and return to Arasaka, Michiko would always love Marc.

... But she had to admit, the way V used her was the best sex she'd ever had. She would never love V on a romantic level in the same way she did her late husband... but she could see a world where she continued to enjoy a pleasurable non-platonic business relationship with the mercenary well into the future, even after she got back Danger Gal and fully split off from Arasaka.

Oh yes... she definitely could.

Gurgling her way through yet another orgasm, Michiko's eyes roll back in her skull for a moment, her tongue lolling out of her mouth in the most shameful expression she's probably ever made. She cums hard all over V's cock... and he in turn tips over the edge at long last as well, finally filling her with his seed. Michiko twitches as he does so, pumping a hot load right into her depths and leaving her feeling filled and sticky in all the right ways.

In the immediate aftermath, all Michiko can hear for a moment is the sound of the blood rushing in her ears and her own panting. Then, slowly, the roaring in her ears dies down and she's able to hear a bit more... such as Tigress' panting as Alt drops the sniper down onto the table right next to her.

They share a look in that moment, subordinate and superior. A look of mutual understanding that this is just who they are as women. Sure, Michiko might be a consummate businesswoman and leader and sure Tigress might be one of the best living snipers and a veritable badass. But when it came to being women... they were ultimately shameful, horny submissive sluts desperate to be put in their place by the right man.

S-SMACK! S-SMACK!

Just as this thought is crossing Michiko's mind, V's hands come down on her and Tigress' bare naked buttocks at the same moment as he grunts.

"Get up and get dressed you two. Alt's been delaying the delivery of our orders in Embers' system for a bit now but I'm hungry and want to eat."

R-Right. Of course. Michiko and Tigress both rise to their feet and rush to get their clothes back on. They've barely even sat back down by the time the doors open and their food is delivered to the table. In the end, eating is something of an awkward affair.

The food is delicious of course; Embers employs some of the best chefs in the world. But eating it at the same table where she was just bent over and fucked silly... well, that's a new experience, one that Michiko isn't sure she relishes or not. She's also not so sure because she doesn't know whether V will demand another round or not before their meeting is over.

In the end though, there isn't another round. And while Michiko leaves Embers behind feeling sore in all the right places and rather satiated in more ways than one... she also leaves it wanting more and already wondering when she can arrange another 'meeting' with V.

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V sighs as he leans back in his chair and gives Alt a distinctly unimpressed look. Even with the departure of Michiko and Tigress, they still have a hold of the private room in the back of Embers. Technically, it was Michiko Arasaka's name and clout that got them all in the door, but given Alt's capabilities, they weren't going to be disturbed any time soon.

"You're a menace, you know that?"

Far from being chastised by his judgmental gaze and words, Alt preens like he's just paid her the greatest of compliments.

"I'm merely doing what best serves us, V. Sure, Michiko Arasaka might claim that she wants total independence from both Arasaka and us in exchange for her support... but after tasting of today's delights, she won't be able to help yearning for more. You'll always have her wrapped around your finger... or rather around your dick, whenever you want her."

V rolls his eyes and sighs.

"Yes, well... with her onboard and Songbird rescued and doing well, there's nothing really holding us back anymore. It's time to move on Arasaka... time to deal with Smasher and Yorinobu."

Alt hums, tilting her head to the side.

"Yes. You know, it's a shame. While I fully agree that Adam Smasher has to die... Yorinobu Arasaka is the sort of man who could have been a friend in another life."

One might expect V to look incredulous at that... but no, he actually nods and then shrugs.

“It’s not like I haven’t thought about it myself. Knowing what I know about him... he’s the type who if we had just met in different circumstances, could have easily been an ally... or even a partner in crime.”

After all, Yorinobu Arasaka was not your average corpo. He was forced into that role by his father and had done everything he could over the course of his life to break free of the trappings of his family. At one point he’d even managed to do so, leaving the corpo life behind and leading a Japanese gang of all things.

This was common enough knowledge that most people claimed Yorinobu was just going through a rebellious phase when he led the Steel Dragons and opposed Arasaka with all of his might. Especially since when the time came for him to come back to the fold, he *seemingly* went with very little kicking and screaming.

Both V and Alt knew better, however. Yorinobu Arasaka was not his father, not even close. Not only had he gone behind his father’s back, betraying him by stealing the Relic, he’d then gone on to commit patricide. And then, to truly bring home that Yorinobu was no normal corpo... he’d begun doing everything in his power to destroy the Arasaka Corporation from the inside.

If Yorinobu was anything like his father, than he would have been content simply taking over and becoming the new Emperor after Saburo’s death. The fact that he’d immediately started working to undermine the megacorp with the ultimate goal of destroying it... well, it gave truth to the type of man Yorinobu really was.

And yet... and yet...

“He’s the last remaining cause of Jackie and T-Bug’s deaths. I can’t just let that go.”

Alt hums, tilting her head to the side consideringly.

“And at this point, we’ve put too much work into Hanako and ruling Arasaka from the shadows to let Yorinobu have his way and ruin it all for us.”

... That was more Alt's motivation than V's if he was being honest. He didn't care about being some sort of shadow ruler, even if that seemed to be what Alt was setting him up as. But for Jackie... and for T-Bug, he would put a bullet through Yorinobu's skull. Not because it was the right thing to do... but because it needed to be done.

Of course...

"Forget Yorinobu for the moment. Adam Smasher is the bigger threat. Last time I killed him solo, just me and Johnny against him and all of Arasaka Tower. It wasn't easy... but it was doable. However, this time..."

Alt nods in understanding, finishing V's sentence once he trails off.

"This time around, we have a lot more people involved who would be extremely pissed at you if you just went and killed Smasher by yourself again. You've promised a pound of flesh to multiple individuals."

V lets out a sigh.

"Yeah."

Lucy, Rebecca, even Rogue. All three women wanted... and admittedly deserved a crack at Smasher. If it was just Rogue then V might be tempted to sideline her like he did last time. But if he was going to let Lucy and Rebecca help him kill Smasher, he couldn't really keep Rogue out of it now could he?

However... he didn't want to lose any of them. Which left him walking a tightrope. Killing Smasher was easy enough but killing Smasher without casualties... now that was going to be difficult. The borg was a living Night City Legend for a reason, after all.

In the end, if V didn't choose the right line of attack... then he might just lose the very people he's spent this entire do-over trying to help and keep alive.

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