

Xx Xx Xx Xx

Looking through the papers on her desk, Satsuki Kiryūin was running on three hours of sleep, twelve espresso shots, and sheer force of will; all while appearing at her usual level of immaculate perfection. After her mother --and the living ball of fiber that she wanted to use to rule the world-- had been dealt with by Ryuko and everyone in Nudist Beach, the heir to the Kiryūin conglomerate now had the empire her mother created in her hands. And no one was happy.

Granted, it was fair that they felt that way, everyone who wore Revocs brand clothing ended up becoming a COVERS monstrosity, and Revocs made the entire clothing market of the world. But now the eighteen year old girl had to deal with countless issues and complaints and lawsuits thrown at her and the company she was now heading, and that was still counting the law firms she hired to sort cases and create plea bargains. Over half of Japan's lawyers were under her employment at the moment.

However, just because her mother made this corporation for evil did not mean that Satsuki was going to throw away the power and resources it had to make everything better for the entire world. She would leave that demon's legacy in the dust and forge a bright and shining future for all of humanity.

But that was a long way away, and the dark haired girl had to deal with everything in the present before she could promote her better future. She was going to fulfill every deal that she had to, not going to undercut or sow any distrust among her and those she would work with.

"Madame Satsuki, your 3 o'clock is here." Mitsuzō Soroi, her loyal butler and confidant, spoke through the speaker on her desk. The elderly man had taken to becoming his master's secretary while her other loyal friends were busy helping out in their own way either within or beyond the school.

"Thank you, Soroi, send them in." Continuing to sign and read legal documents at ludicrous speeds; she was nearly starting a fire with how fast her pen glided across the pages. Getting in as much work as she could before the student made it across her massive and imposing hall that led to her desk.

When he sat himself down, the long haired woman closed the file in front of her and straightened her back, looking the blond boy directly in the eyes. "So you are Yan, the valedictorian of this final year of Honnōji Academy. Beyond giving you the reward that is always bestowed by the Kiryūin conglomerate to the one who made it above everyone else in this school of elites, I wish to personally give you a congratulations."

With his hair slicked back, legs casually crossed, the uniform that he wore not buttoned properly and its sleeves rolled up to his elbows, the student didn't look anything like someone who would work hard and put their all into their studies, but the way he held himself and spoke showed a

greater respect and kindness than she expected. “You flatter me with your praise. I merely got lucky. You’ve won every other year, it’s just that you were too busy saving the world this time. I feel as though that’s a far grander accomplishment.”

Her eyes slightly narrowed at his response, trying to see if he held any other meaning behind his words. “With the power and resources granted to me by the Kiryūin conglomerate, I am able to give you anything you want. While the state of it at the moment is not what it once was, I will give you your reward as soon as I possibly can.” Though that would only hold true if his request was something either neutral or kind, she no longer had to play the villain and would rather not deal with *another* disgusting monster of a human.

Changing his posture from sitting straight to leaning forward, he scratched his chin. “What about Saturday, around four?”

Her head tilted by barely a degree. “Elaborate.”

“Oh right, sorry, I tend to get ahead of myself sometimes.” He laughed off his mistake and scratched his cheek. “All I want is a date with you.”

The hairs on her body all stood on end and her muscles locked. Her outward appearance had not changed for a moment, but that was only due to the lifetime of hiding her true intentions and reactions.

“Well, actually, I want you to be my girlfriend, but I’ll only ask for one date with you so you can decide whether or not that’s something that you’d like.”

Blinking once. Twice. Five times. Satsuki spoke again. “And there is nothing else I could offer you that you would want? A position within the company, your own city to govern, a large sum of money?” Her mouth felt dry.

“No, I don’t want any of those, I prefer to have this one shot to go on a date; wherever, whenever, and however you want.” His smile was blindingly bright.

“I see, very well. It shall be done. On Saturday at 4:00 P.M.. I shall have my driver pick you up from your home and bring you to one of my estates. Dress formally.” The powerful and prideful woman had imperceptible pauses between her statements as she stated the conditions. To anyone who had known her, it would have been like seeing her turn into a stuttering mess.

“I can’t wait. Thank you for the privilege.” Bowing in respect, Yan’s steps echoed in the vast hall as he left, but Satsuki couldn’t hear it from the blood pounding in her ears.

Xx Xx Xx Xx

With her home having been destroyed during the fight for the Earth, Satsuki had taken to living in whichever building was closest of the dozens of homes that Ragyo had bought. Swapping between any of them depending on how close to collapsing she was. But with such an important event occurring, the sword wearing woman found herself picking the absolutely best location that she could find with the most lavish and luxurious mansion that was within the province. Even when she sat herself down to work on other issues, her mind continued to drift back to what to have her chefs make and if Yan would like it, before her other side would chime in about him likely just wanting to use her in order to push himself higher.

Those thoughts pestered her to even the final moments, she had already sent out Soroi, the tea and pastries had been set in an immaculately carved hallway between the wings of the massive house that had floor to ceiling windows on both sides and drapes opened up to the lush greenery. Now all that the teenage girl had to do was wait..... And it seemed that being alone with her thoughts was an even tougher fight than battling Ragyo alongside her sister.

She had never been on a date before, and she hadn't even read any romance novels; having been too busy with her mother's evil to find any time to relax and unwind like she had in these few minutes. It wasn't fear, but nervousness and unease. Never having the opportunity to go on a date before, she likely wouldn't have even attempted to make time for that until after her company stopped plummeting, but now there was someone else who asked her out.

The ring of the doorbell caught her attention, she was already waiting within the foyer and opened it before any of her other help could arrive. "I welcome you to my-"

"Hiya Sats, has Ryuko gotten here yet?" The round headed Mankanshoku asked as she walked in, ducking under the woman's arm and trudging her mud covered shoes over the million dollar carpets. "Ooo, pretty dress, you expecting someone?"

"Mako Mankanshoku, state your purpose for entering my property." Satsuki really didn't need someone as crazy and ridiculous as the lowest ranking student in the entire school to show up at this moment.

"Me and Ryuko are having a movie night here, you have a whole theater in your basement." She shadowboxed the air in front of her, unintentionally yanking a red cord in her hand. "We're gonna watch the new Clubfight movie."

Following the cord, Satsuki looked back out front to see the younger girl's dog peeing over the flowers at the entrance to her home, being pulled around by its leash at the idiot's performance. "And that?"

"Oh, Guts, come here boy!" The pug listened to his owner's voice and barged inside of the house too. "I've gotta take care of Guts today, so he'll be watching the movie with us." Punching the air once again, Mako's dog followed her lead and copied her actions punch for punch and kick for kick.

Fighting the urge to rub her temples, Satsuki spoke again. "Just stay out of sight and remain as quiet as possible."

"Don't worry, we'll all be as quiet as a ninja!" She claimed in a near yell while running down the hall, Guts being flailed about by his leash. The moment she turned the corner, Satsuki heard yelling, crashing, and screaming. She merely closed her eyes and sighed, at least the help would be able to take care of that.

Without any time to calm her frayed nerves, the limousine she was waiting for drove up the curving road and parked itself in front of the stairs to the mansion door. Mitsuzō left the driver's seat to open the door for Yan, while giving a small smile and bow of his head at his Lady's beautiful appearance.

The student cleaned up well, he had listened to her instructions and came with a suit and tie, though he still kept his own spin on it. The dark suit complimented the golden sheen of his hair, the top few buttons of his shirt were undone with the tie let loose, and the suit jacket itself had no buttons to hide his decently wide chest.

"You look astonishing." Those were the first words that left his mouth as he respectfully bowed to the world's most influential woman. "I can't thank you enough for taking the time out of your day to meet with me."

"You do not have to say such things. Please, follow me." While she was acting gracefully on the outside, within, she was happy to hear such praises. Her dress was one that she had spent hours on choosing and was only satisfied when she had Shirō design and sew her a new one. It was simple yet elegant for the tea-time event she had immaculately planned, a sleek white base that stopped just below her knees, blue fabric crossing it in lines to section it off in squares with a golden yellow thread to keep the two different colors connected to one another.

Leading Yan into the house, Satsuki made sure to avoid anywhere that Mako might have gone and didn't run into any issues as she brought the boy into the beautiful and massive corridor. As they both seated themselves and sat across from one another, they both gave a smile of politeness, the faint vanilla smell coming from the candles set to make it seem more classy... and nothing was happening for a long while. Neither final year student said anything to one another and a wave of awkwardness fell over Satsuki. With the pour of the tea sounding like a waterfall in the quiet hall, Satsuki bluntly asked a question she had. "What were you doing while Nudist Beach fought against Ragyo?"

In a blink that took two seconds longer than normal, the former kamui user berated herself for asking such a stupid question and reminding the young man who asked her out about the fact that her mother was a psycho who tried to take over the world.

“Oh, I was one of the people trapped as a COVERS, I wasn’t freed until you saved my life at the end of it all.” He answered without hesitation and smiled while he spoke, looking out over the beautiful landscape with tea in hand. “And if you’re asking questions, I have one I’d like to know. How’d I end up getting a higher score than you? I’m honestly not even sure how that’s possible, even now, I still think that winding up in front of your desk was something out of a dream come true.”

She blinked at the last part of his statement before answering. “According to the system, our point difference was off by less than one. In total, I was behind you by 0.01%.” She knew he was going to ask ‘how’ when his eyebrows scrunched together. “During the final exam, my pen bled through the paper and blotched my last name, I received a .5 demerit.”

His laughter drifted through the hall. “So all it took was sheer misfortune for me to do more than tie your score. I apologize for stealing that away from you.” His eyes turned to meet her as he spoke. “I’ll be sure to make it up for you however you like on our dates.”

“You really do believe that the two of us will see each other beyond this one time, I do not know whether that is bravery or foolishness.” Either way, he certainly wasn’t putting himself in a bad light so far.

“Oh right, sorry about that.” He scratched his cheek and gave an embarrassed chuckle. “I guess it’s just that I... I want to put my all in this, and I hope that that’s enough to get you to start to like me.”

“I see.” A small silence came again while the new valedictorian ate one of the seventeen types of cookies she had asked her chefs to make. “Yan... why do you like me?”

His smile was as golden as ever as his mouth opened. “AH, GUTS COME BACK!!!” But his voice never came out as a loud screech came from the other side of the door to the main house, where just seconds later a dog that was more like a walking loaf of bread barged through the door, its red leash now bitten in half and dragging behind it on the floor. While Yan looked over his shoulder at the chaos, Satsuki gave her patented glare at the two girls turning the corner and running to grab their pet.

The dog seemed to be on a mission as his stubby legs were a blur, running at maximum power to the quaint table. Yan stood up and attempted to grab the barreling dog, Guts didn’t seem to care as it tackled the young man in the center of his chest and knocked him flat on his back. But unfortunately, directly behind him was the tea table.

Satsuki’s brow was twitching as her date was smashed into the wooden furniture, knocking over the tea set and shattering all but the glass in Satsuki’s hand, while also having the serving tower collapse on top of his body.

Not caring about the man he covered in sweets, Guts licked the richest and sweetest foods he had ever tasted off of every surface it fell on. After a whiff of that passed through the canine's nose, he had chomped his way to freedom and would stop at nothing to eat it all.

That was, until Satsuki yanked him up by the collar and gave him to the arriving owners. Without a word, she dropped the glutton into their hands and only said one word. "Leave." Beyond her tone, she let the rage she was feeling at the moment bleed through her eyes.

At that moment, Ryuko and Mako closed their mouths with a grimace and nodded. Both of their eyes looked at the boy who was now groaning on the floor before hurrying back the way they came.

Looking down at the student who had just wanted a date, Satsuki knelt down on the floor and looked the poor man over. His pristine suit was now covered in seven assorted jams, four different kinds of cake frosting, the broken buttery remains of crumpets and crackers, with a cream topping smeared over half his face and covering one of his eyes.

Quickly, the light haired man came to after a momentary lapse of consciousness from being cannonballed by a dog. "That was certainly something I didn't expect." Yan was only looking up at the ceiling while he tried to laugh, coughs interrupting him since he still hadn't gotten the wind back in his sails.

When he pushed himself up, Satsuki placed a hand on his shoulder to support him. "I apologize for... all of that." Such chaos could only happen with Ryuko and Mako around. "Here, let me help you." Grabbing a napkin from the rubble, the long haired woman cleaned up the cream covering his other eye.

But when he opened his other eye, his hand grabbed her wrist and stopped her. "You know, you really are beautiful." He gave another wide smile, showing how little he cared about the food, tea, wood, and glass that either covered his body or littered the ground around them.

Finding herself caught off guard, Satsuki couldn't stop the blush on her face, nor could she think her reaction through within the next .26 seconds. There were three usual responses for situations of extreme emotion: a response to run away or freeze in place, two things that the trained woman had removed in her psyche on her quest to defeat her mother. That left her instinct with only one response at the massive influx of complicated and stomach churning emotions that she had never experienced.

With her free hand, Satsuki performed a straight jab at Yan's face, decking the already down man in the cheek.

It took her a few moments as her eyes went back and forth to her fist to the man groaning on the floor, processing what she just did. She had heard the empty platitudes of such compliments countless times in attempts to gain her favor, by all logic, such words should not have had an

effect on her anymore, at least not to such a degree. But the way he spoke, with such forwardness and honesty, it made her heart flutter for a moment.

... And now it settled in that she just punched him with no actual provocation. It really couldn't get much worse than that... Why did it smell like burning?

Looking over her shoulder, Satsuki noticed that the candle on the table hadn't been blown out by the fall or buried under pastries, instead it had found a nice home against one of the curtains and was now rapidly expanding.

Unclenching her fist, Satsuki pressed two fingers against her temple and began to rub. "At least the fire suppression system was just updated." Like clockwork, the hallway ceiling had holes open up and sprinklers pop out, fighting the fire, while also dousing both straight-A students with freezing water.

Returning to the waking world for the second time in as many minutes, Yan rubbed his jaw as he sat himself back up. Looking around the raining room and seeing the fire just a few feet away, his gaze turned back to Satsuki who held a mortified expression that was filled with defeat. "Well, at least I'm not dirty anymore." He chuckled as the foodstuffs washed off his body. "I gotta say, I hope that the next date doesn't turn out to be crazier than this one."

She blinked. "What?"

"Well, I'm all for excitement and insanity, but I just want a fair warning if I need to wear a helmet next time. I think your punch could take down a heavy weight champion if you wanted it to." He smiled at her in the midst of all the chaos, not a word of complaint or anger as he looked at her with kind eyes.

"I'm sorry, I think I misheard you. You actually *want* another date after this?" She tilted her head, unperturbed by the water cascading on her body.

"Of course I do." He said those words as if they were plainly obvious. "I'm not gonna stop trying to win your heart until you tell me to."

Her head falling down, Satsuki's long hair covered her expression as her shoulders started to twitch, then tremble, then they shook when she finally let her emotions free. Melodious laughter played against the smattering of water on glass windows, wooden floors, and linen blinds. Picking her head back up, an honest to goodness smile was on her face, the rare occurrence blinding even Yan with the positivity and hilarity it held.

After a shotgun blast of disaster devastated all that Satsuki had planned, she had expected everything to have been worthless and for any normal man to get out now and sell this story to the tabloids. But here Yan stayed, soaking wet and a bruise starting to form on his face, happy to have her company.

She didn't even realize she was laughing so hard that her eyes were starting to tear up until Yan held her face in his hands and brushed the corner of her eye. Letting her laughter die down, she locked eyes with him, both wearing infectious smiles on their faces.

"Satsuki, would you mind if I ki-" Yan's question was cut off by the answer. The prim and proper lady grabbing his suit collar and dragging him close for a kiss. It was awkward, but to both eighteen year olds, there was no better way to have their first kiss.

Panting slightly, both geniuses took in the blushing expression of their peer, the light shining through the wet windows and painting everything with a rainbow that seared this moment into their minds.

"That was... wow." Yan had the same stupid smile he always wore.

"I don't disagree." Satsuki's cheeks were starting to hurt. She hadn't smiled for this long before.

While the two stayed in their strange position still on the floor, the young woman wasn't blind to the boy's eyes widening before he turned his head away. "What is it?"

Clearing his throat, Yan used one hand to cover his crotch while he spoke up. "Your dress, it... I think you'll want to hurry off and dry it." It was strange to see the expressive and unburdened man now acting embarrassed and refusing to look at her.

Turning her gaze downward, Satsuki blushed at what she saw. The white cloth she had used for the bulk of her dress turned see-through thanks to the sprinklers showering the hall to put out the last smoldering remains of the fire. Her frilly white lace bra was outlined with extreme definition as her dress grew heavy with water and wrapped itself around her body. Covering herself with one arm, the woman who had mastered being stoic was now holding a face overwhelmed with embarrassment and a red blush that matched Yan's own. Only made worse when she saw the effect her current state was having on him.

When she was in combat and ready to fight for her honor and take down any evil that sought to stand tall, she had no shame in using her kamui and bearing her body to gain the power to fulfill her goals. But this situation fell in a completely different context that she'd never attempted before; Romance. And seeing her date with a tent in his pants that he tried to shove down made her throat dry and her mind go blank... Then a thought came that made her head spin.

Taking a breath, Satsuki hesitantly lowered her arm and let her soaking wet, bra-clad chest be seen. Her hand drifted over his and pulled it off his crotch.

"S-Satsuki?" Yan was caught completely off guard and turned to face her with confusion and a tinge of excitement.

"I... would like to give you something. You can think of it as compensation for the near-concussion I gave you." She was leaning closer and closer, her words growing quieter as their lips nearly touched.

This time, Yan was the one who pulled her in close, putting one hand behind her head and kissing her once again. He tensed at feeling her hand touch the tent in his pants, pulling back at his zipper being undone.

"Do you want me to stop?" Satsuki held herself back and looked Yan in the eye.

"I... No, just... I'm surprised by how fast this is going. Hell, I figured I wouldn't even get a kiss until the third date." He let out a small laugh and Satsuki could see the unease leave his body while he smiled back at her. Wrapping his arms around her, the two fell on the floor, uncaring about the chilling water, wooden chunks, glass fragments, and washed out food that surrounded them. Simply kissing each other and letting their issues fall out of mind to enjoy the moment.

This time, when Satsuki started to pull his cock out of his drawers, Yan moaned into the kiss. The heat of his shaft was made even more apparent from how cold she'd gotten from the water. His tongue against hers in a clumsy dance while her hand was surprisingly adept at stroking him off, it seemed the steady hand she gained from sword training had an extra benefit.

His size was somewhat intimidating for a girl who had never even seen a porn magazine outside of confiscating it from idiot students, but she knew that she would make it fall like any foe! With that drive and determination, she gripped his length at what she hoped was a comfortable amount and pumped her hands slowly but surely. Her technique seemed to be working well enough if his moans were any indication.

The feeling of his hands moving across her back and over to her chest was something she didn't expect, but she found herself enjoying the change. With her breasts still covered, he couldn't do much, and while his gentle hands felt nice, holding her softly and treating her as if she were a queen, she wanted more.

Pulling back from the kiss, Satsuki murmured something that Yan couldn't hear even being inches away from her.

"What?" He was still half delirious from being overloaded by so much stimulation.

"Be more..." Her voice faltered at the end once more. Closing her eyes and taking a breath, Satsuki reopened them with a fire and tenacity that she proudly wore when she ruled the school. "You will fondle me more roughly! I'm not some fragile doll, and you've not even made an attempt at my rear. I'll be docking points for such impudence." Her hand didn't stop moving the entire time, her orders seemed to work better than expected as his dick grew harder and twitched.

“Wait, I’m getting graded on this?” At that, it was like a switch had flipped in the boy’s head. His hesitation and difficulty fully accepting that this was happening went out the window. With gusto and ferocity, he pulled Satsuki into a deeper kiss than they had been sharing before. Along with his tongue doing more to try and take control of their lip lock, his hands did exactly as she asked. The one on her chest using more strength behind its motions, while his other hand dug into her heavy ass with equal power.

The two didn’t even realize the water had stopped pouring down on them, the background noise of the sprinklers now being replaced with their beating hearts.

With Yan giving all that he could short of tearing apart her dress, Satsuki stepped up her game in kind. In her strokes, when she reached the tip, she’d change her tactics and tease his bulbous and oozing head before treating his shaft again. She wanted to play with his balls, but they were still behind his zipper. She made a note to take off his pants if they ever did this again.

With his cock twitching and moans growing louder in their kiss, Satsuki could tell Yan was reaching his limit. Just like she had planned, she wore him down with perseverance and all it needed was one final push.

Breaking their kiss, Satsuki’s panting voice whispered melodically against his ear. “You want to finish so bad that you’re about to explode, come on and let it all out. Paint my hand white and show your girlfriend a preview of next time.”

His body tensed up at her words and his groaning voice echoed in the window covered hall. Just like she instructed, his cum shot all over her hand, absolutely drenching it in his spunk.

While he was left as a panting mess on the floor, Satsuki decided to partake in her ‘reward’. Licking the drops spilling down her arm, the saltiness wasn’t something she enjoyed all that much, but with Yan’s eyes drawn to her, she chose to make a show of it. Taking long and slow licks, the world’s most uptight woman drank every drop. It turned out to be an acquired taste, after the first few gulps were out of the way, she found herself enjoying the act. As she took every last drop, Satsuki showed off her tongue by letting it wrap around and clean the last bits off of her fingers.

The first one to say anything after a brief silence was Yan. “So, girlfriend?”

Satsuki’s blush returned while she cleared her throat. “Well, I am not opposed to your attempts, but we’re a ways off from that point. I just chose what words I knew would... motivate you the most.”

“I’ll make sure to earn the title of your boyfriend sooner rather than later than.” He smiled mightily at her... before then realizing that his penis was still out of his pants and awkwardly scrambling to put it away.

Standing up afterwards, Yan gave a hand to Satsuki. "Um, what grade did I end up getting?"

Letting him help her up, Satsuki's lips gave a slight curl at his oddity. "I say high B, solid base, but could use improvement."

"Oh really?" He laughed at her assessment. "I'll be sure to do better next time, after all, practice makes perfect."

"Would you like to meet with me next Saturday at this same time? I'll be sure to pick a location where that dog won't end up." Satsuki offered the man as she walked him back to the front of her house, both of them dripping water behind them wherever they were.

"Yeah, I'd love that." Shrugging off his suit jacket, Yan put it over her shoulders and covered her see-through dress. "I can give your driver my number if you want."

"I would not be opposed." She opened the front door and watched from the top steps as he left. "I'll be sure to have your jacket cleaned and returned."

"Nah, keep it." He looked over his shoulder back at her, his usual blinding smile on his face. "I'll get it back when we move in together."

Leaving her face burning at his brazenness, Satsuki closed the door and laid her back against it. Slowing her breath to keep her heart from beating out of her chest...

Then another loud clanging was heard reverberating through the massive mansion halls. Followed by two familiar voices screaming "Guts" at the top of their lungs.

"I am going to kill them."