

Cote 62

Chapter 62: Let Me See

With no psychological burden at all, he laid out his premeditated menu in front of the girl, every item clearly priced, not a single bit of false information.

As long as Horikita Suzune nodded now, her debts could be wiped clean in one go through this method. If she thought some of the options were unreasonably priced, Kaoru Mitoma would discuss it with her and work out a fair price.

After all, Kaoru Mitoma only wanted her rewards—personal points or debts, it didn't matter, those were just means to an end. Would this method make Horikita Suzune angry, or even humiliated?

Well, that was just perfect. He wanted to see the girl face twisted in disgust, cursing him out while stepping all over him. And just as he expected, Horikita Suzune didn't bother to hide her intense disgust, looking at him with eyes as cold as absolute zero, her expression even more exaggerated than if she were staring at unrecyclable trash.

"Disgusting. The fact that my brother would trust for someone like you is just unbelievable."

Horikita Suzune tone was icy, with a hint of contempt.

"It's ridiculous. My opponent turns out to be a pervert."

"Well, it's just as unbelievable that someone like you would get caught by me."

Kaoru Mitoma showed not a shred of shame. Horikita Suzune was momentarily at a loss for words, her pretty face clouded over with a shadow. Still, she let out a cold snort.

"I'm not so desperate that I'd have to pay my debts with my body. Compared to that, I'm much more confident I can satisfy you in other ways."

"Sorry, but to me, your body is more valuable."

"There's not much of a gap between Class A and Class B. We could form a temporary alliance—Class D isn't a threat to Class A yet."

Her idea was simple: if Class A wanted an alliance, the best target would be Class D. Class D had nothing right now, making them perfect pawns to send to the front lines. And Class D could use this chance—not necessarily to climb to the top, but at least to get some benefits.

More importantly, if Horikita Suzune could single-handedly win over Class A, her status and authority in her own class would skyrocket.

Kaoru Mitoma just felt a bit speechless. This girl really did react fast—she was already starting to adapt to the school, but she still gave off an air of arrogance and pride, a kind of clear-cut stupidity.

"Suzune, when a creditor evaluates your assets, it's not about what you have, it's about what they want," Kaoru Mitoma said quietly.

"I'm a pretty vulgar guy. You only have two choices: either agree to my terms now, or agree to them next semester."

Horikita Suzune was silent for a while, biting her lip.

"It's not time yet. Next semester... come find me then." Kaoru Mitoma smiled slightly.

"But right now, I don't have any confidence in you, Suzune. Even if I let you drag this out, you should at least give me a little something sweet to satisfy me, right?"

A hint of struggle flashed in Horikita Suzune eyes. Honestly, no normal person would agree to these terms, but she also knew she probably really couldn't pay the debt back.

Just like Kaoru Mitoma said, she could refuse now, but what about later?

Wouldn't the debt just keep piling up?

"I can give you a list, and you can freely choose from it. If you run into something you don't want to do, it's fine to skip it," Kaoru Mitoma coaxed her.

"Actually, for the sake of the president, I'm already being very sincere with you. Otherwise, I would've added interest from the start, not just a simple two million penalty."

Faced with this kind of talk, Horikita seemed to recall rumors she'd heard before—supposedly, most girls in the sex industry ended up in hell step by step just like this.

"What if it's something not on the list?" Horikita found it hard to speak.

"Like if I help you with something... could that also offset a bit of the debt?"

Looks like she still refuses to give up and is trying to come up with a third option. Kaoru Mitoma didn't reject her outright.

"Sure, that's fine too, but it depends on whether I'm satisfied. If I don't like it, then it's not happening." Horikita Suzune was at a loss for words. She wanted to argue, but it seemed like she didn't have any reason to.

"I'll give you a list when we get back. For now, let me have a taste of your sweetness." Kaoru Mitoma stared at her with a blank expression.

"Lift up your skirt. Let me see what's underneath." Even though she'd just heard his perverted demands, Horikita Suzune still couldn't help but feel shocked and furious. How could he say something like that right to her face?

Especially since her brother had just left, and now he was threatening her immediately—how was this any different from being scum?

"Fifty thousand personal points... " Horikita Suzune forced the words out through gritted teeth.

"If you're worried, we can sign another contract." Kaoru Mitoma offered considerately.

Horikita Suzune glared at him, then, filled with humiliation, slowly reached down, gripping the hem of her skirt with both hands. It was as if she was doing something she absolutely despised, lifting her skirt bit by bit, gradually revealing her smooth, delicate thighs.

At the same time, her breathing grew rapid with the movement, her chest rising and falling, showing just how unsettled she was inside.

"Look at me, Suzune," Kaoru Mitoma said.

"Let me see your face clearly. Don't think you can just lift it and drop it right away. Hold it for at least five seconds."

Horikita Suzune froze. How did this guy guess what she was thinking?

But at this point, it was hard for her to refuse Kaoru Mitoma demand. She just told herself it was like being stared at by a dog—don't think too much about it.

So, Horikita Suzune took a deep breath, her gaze at him sharp enough to kill, but her hands still humiliatingly lifted her own skirt, letting her innocence be seen by a man for the first time.

The girl body was already well-developed, her long, fair legs coming into view, with a hint of enticing fullness. The dazzling whiteness of her thighs was impossible to look away from—slightly slender, but carrying a youthful freshness different from a mature woman, as tender as a flower bud just about to bloom, edged with pale lace.

Kaoru Mitoma stared at her, and she stared right back, wishing she could kill him on the spot.

"Happy now?"

Horikita Suzune glared coldly at this pervert. Disgust and exposing herself—both conditions met at once. One wish, perfectly fulfilled.

So, Kaoru Mitoma showed a satisfied smile.

"That's a really cute style. Thanks for letting me see it, Suzune. But next time, can I see you in something a little sexier?"

"This is the only time. I won't agree to any more disgusting requests."

Horikita Suzune let go of her skirt. She thought Kaoru Mitoma would get angry, or maybe keep threatening her.

"Forcing you isn't my goal. Do whatever you want."

Looking at Kaoru Mitoma completely unconcerned face, Horikita Suzune felt a strange sense of frustration. It was like he just wanted to toy with her, not really caring what she thought. But Kaoru Mitoma wasn't lying—he really didn't plan to force Horikita Suzune. He just wanted to take his time and enjoy it.