**Miki Lee 01**

by**[SZENSEI](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3586621&page=submissions)**©

**Miki Lee 01: People Search**

Miki Lee presented herself as any normal nineteen year old girl. Graduated from High School and taking the year off before any college plans. Living under her Father's roof made life simpler. Not only did it help her but it kept her Father company after her Mother had passed away from breast cancer.   
  
She was between jobs and without income it became necessary. A Burger joint was out of the question.  
  
Her goal was out there but without any serious bites. She wanted to be a model. Her portfolio was blessed with a bounty of beautiful poses in various fashions. Yet nothing was stepping up to the plate. She couldn't understand why.  
  
This girl was drop dead Goddess. Coming from a Hungarian/ American Father and a Korean Mother, her features were flawless. Her build insanely perfect.   
  
Miki stood at 5'3 and weighed 110 pounds. Caramel colored skin accented her shoulder length black hair. Big brown eyes drew a crowd. Her tits a massive 34DD. A heart shaped ass that curved brilliantly in all the right recesses was gawked at every time she walked. Long silky legs carried her along.  
  
She knew she had it all together physically yet she felt very alone and unwanted. Impossible right?  
  
All the wrong people wanted her for certain. Gangbangers and trouble. She was better than that. San Diego California had it's share. Her Father kept her civil luckily, even though her lust for life made her skip certain brain cells that maintained said normalcy.  
  
Being out of work so long left Miki a few unexpected options. While her Father was at work as an Ambulance driver late at night, Miki discovered the internet. At first it began as chat rooms. Then, she ventured out to web camera technology. She felt that her beauty might be discovered to entice her portfolio chances.   
  
Discovered by every pervert out there. Something she laughed about each night.   
  
Sadly, something she had become herself.  
  
This night Miki wore only a white t-shirt with the San Diego Chargers logo on it. Sitting in the dark basking in the glow of her computer monitor she chose to merely surf chat rooms. She blocked all incoming requests from other men. So she thought.  
  
Miki this night would be caught off guard.  
  
"What the heck?"  
  
A box popped up on her monitor forcing her to raise an eye brow and check her settings.   
  
"How are you getting past me, "Lukas411"?" She frowned and attempted to delete him and block it. Yet time after time this person slipped through.  
  
Finally, she reads the message.  
  
"Good evening, Miki Lee. Please do not continue trying to block me. It will fail every time. I am not the enemy. I merely want to talk."  
  
She shivers then types, "How do you know my name?"  
  
Incoming, "I know everything there is to know about you. EVERYTHING! Don't panic. I mean you no harm."  
  
"Everything about me? Like what?"  
  
"Father, "Michael". Mother, "Xian" deceased. I'm sorry by the way. Dog, "Pepper" put to sleep three months ago due to canine leukemia. Graduated from "Clinton- Fosworth High School" last year. With an 8.2 grade point average. Should I go on?"  
  
Terrified yet curious she types, "Public record. Easy to locate. Who is this? Is Lukas your real name?"  
  
"Perhaps. Perhaps not. Time will tell. Correct, public records for all of that. I'll continue. You want to be a model. You have a well prepared portfolio by the way. I especially love the red dress. It accents your skin tone perfectly."  
  
Her eyes bulge, "I faxed that portfolio to thirty different agencies. Again, that's easy to access online. That or you work for one of those agencies."  
  
"No. Agency yes. Hardly fashion though. At one time that is. About me another day. Let us continue. Your favorite color is Lavender. The first book you read was "Interview with a Vampire" by Anne Rice. Your Father used to read you a children's book called, "Curious George" before bed. You had a pair of "Scooby Doo" pajamas."  
  
Her eyes bulge as more and more info is revealed.  
  
"You were in a class play of "the Little Mermaid" at age 9. You were a sea shell. You should have been "Ariel". Money bought that role to a girl named, "Violet". Proud parents indeed."  
  
She swiftly types, "How do you know all of this?"  
  
"Some public record still. In reality everyone has nothing to hide. At least from me." Lukas replies.  
  
"How could you know about my pajamas?" She fidgets.  
  
"They were given to "Goodwill" three years ago. You and your Mother dropped them off. They had cameras."  
  
"Three years ago? You couldn't have possibly spotted me three years ago."  
  
"No. However all cameras leave documentation. I can only imagine you were happy to see your Mother's fur coat being given away. It looked like a wet collie."  
  
She wants to laugh yet finds herself spooked.  
  
"If you know so much tell me something intimate." She challenges.  
  
He returns with, "A man in "Glendale" recorded your striptease last month online with his cellphone and shared it with four of his friends. I've intercepted that video and deleted the memory on their phones. You may thank me now."  
  
Awe struck she holds her hand to her lips then moves them away to type.  
  
"I guess I'll have to take your word on that."  
  
After a three minute pause she hears her cellphone buzz. A text had come through. Checking it she discovers the video. After watching it she sits it down and stares at the cell. Suddenly her cell goes dark. The message had been erased from outside.  
  
"Holy shit." She whimpers loudly then returns to typing.  
  
"How did you get my number? How did you erase that?"  
  
He replies quickly, "No number is unlisted when you get it from the Carrier. I have a fetish for computers. Call me a Hacker. Regardless, I mean you no harm whatsoever. I could go on and on about what I know about you but lets cut to the chase. Speaking of "Chase", You bank at "Chase Federal Credit Union. Correct?"  
  
"Maybe. You going to take my last forty dollars?" She frets.  
  
"Hardly. Give me five minutes then call and check your balance."  
  
"Whatever." She rolls her eyes chuckling.  
  
As time ticked away she couldn't resist and called the Credit Union. Her exploration discovered that Forty dollars had become Four thousand dollars.  
  
"Oh my God!"  
  
She nearly drops her cell and types Lukas, "How did you do that?"  
  
"Simple! I merely took a single penny from the accounts of 400,000 people in "Paducah, Kentucky" and moved it offshore then back to your account. Totally untraceable. Not even the IRS will discover it. Firewalls Miki."  
  
"Whoa! I don't want it. I'm afraid I'll go to jail."  
  
"Trust! I told you I'm not the enemy. I can easily make that four grand, four hundred grand. Do I have your attention?"  
  
Frozen in fear yet excited she types slowly, "What do you want from me?"  
  
"To offer you the chance to be yourself. You enjoy your exhibitionist tendencies more than you might admit. Am I correct?"  
  
"I guess. I like teasing guys online."  
  
"We both know it goes beyond a computer Miki. You fail to realize that cameras are everywhere these days. The park near your home. For child safety reasons. The café you frequent. Cabs. Job interviews. Oh, and my personal favorite, the beach. All of which you have revealed yourself to men in some fashion. You just need to kick it up a notch."  
  
"Oh my God! You saw all of that?" She bounces nervously in her chair.  
  
"Yes. I see all. Including the white "Chargers" t-shirt you're wearing right now."  
  
"What? How?" She covers her chest to hide her stabbing nipples from no bra to hide them.  
  
"I activated your webcam long ago. I have been observing you for over an hour and a half. I saw you paint your toenails pink."  
  
"Holy Fuck! You're stalking me."  
  
"I suppose so. Hear me out?"  
  
"Do I have a choice?" She types.  
  
"Not really. Calling 9-1-1 will only get you the front desk of the Sands Hotel in Madagascar. Our conversation on here will be deleted from my location. It becomes your word against mine. It needs not come to that. The four grand in your account is yours. I will not touch your account ever again unless you authorize it."  
  
"This is insane. What do you want from me?"  
  
"Loyalty for one. Obedience for two. To make you smile for three."  
  
"Loyalty? I don't know you. Obedience? Sounds like blackmail." She expresses.  
  
Lukas adds, "No blackmail. You do this for yourself. I can erase every exhibition you ever conducted before anyone else notices. Including the ones you will adventure upon in the future."  
  
"You seem so sure about that."  
  
"Can you admit to me that you have no further desires to expose your body to others publicly?"  
  
"No. I love it. But, I need to be careful about it."  
  
"I can make it careful. Call me your Guardian Angel."  
  
"Meaning what?"  
  
"Any camera can be deactivated at the touch of a button. Any fire alarm can go off to ward away anyone intent on hurting you. Go to your front door and listen."  
  
She hops up and races to her door looking out. In the darkness she hears car alarms go off in the entire neighborhood. Headlights flashing light up the streets.  
  
"Wow!" She stands in awe until the noise ends.  
  
Returning to her computer she types, "So cool. What else can you do?"  
  
"You have three pizzas coming within ten minutes. All paid for by your last boss "Waldo" at the Copy Shop."  
  
She busts up laughing, "Waldo is going to crap his pants."  
  
"When he looks into it the records will show they were delivered to the Pakistani Embassy."  
  
"Awesome. Pizza sounds yummy."  
  
"I made certain to request single young men that are quite fit. For my efforts I'll let you tip them."  
  
"From my four grand?"  
  
"No. By answering the door without that white t-shirt on. Totally nude. If you do that I'll move another grand into your account. With your permission of course."  
  
"Seriously? I'm home alone. What if I'm raped?"  
  
"Your home has interior and exterior security, camera and alarm. I can easily set it off and attract the cops, also record their actions. I can enter a command to the internal computers oft he delivery men's cars to prevent them from starting. There are any number of alternatives."  
  
"I don't know. The thrill is there but I'm kind of edgy."  
  
"If you don't push yourself how do you expect to find satisfaction?"  
  
"What if they want sex?" She bites her nail.  
  
"That is up to you. You have had sex with six men before now. Five in high school, one guy from the Café you visit. You love sex or so you say in your online diary."  
  
"Should have written it in a book, huh?"  
  
"It wouldn't have mattered. They all bragged about you online and shared pictures of you."  
  
"Dammit!" She laughs.  
  
"I've been tracking their cars. It looks like all three drivers will arrive within four minutes. Give or take."  
  
Miki fidgets and wrinkles her brow ,"I'm scared."  
  
"Don't answer the door then." He replies.  
  
"I want to see their reaction though."  
  
"You are extraordinarily beautiful Miki Lee. You should be seen. Touched."  
  
"If I allow them to touch me will that get me another grand?" She giggles in her seat.  
  
"Do it because you want to be touched. For no other reason."  
  
"Greedy, huh. We'll see."  
  
The doorbell rings causing her to panic and fan her hands.   
  
"Go get them Tiger." Lukas types to make her smile.  
  
Her t-shirt was off before she left her seat.

**Miki Lee 02: Deep Dish**

Peeking through the eye hole in her front door Miki Lee noted 2 very handsome pizza delivery drivers. A third driver was getting out of his car on the street. She waited until all three men stood waiting together. With a deep breath she opens her door dramatically.  
  
"Hey! Sorry to keep you waiting. I'm famished."  
  
The three studs lowered their gaze immediately. Not one of them looked at each other. Full on attention. Miki smiled. This was exhilarating.   
  
"Can you bring those pies in and sit them on the dining table?"  
  
The three smugly filed inside and turned toward her to lead the way. She shut the door and moved ahead of them refusing to look back. Her wiggle increased as they followed like lost puppies.  
  
Her home was good sized so a jaunt through the living room became necessary. She eyed a tiny camera above the dining table and stuck her tongue out at it.  
  
"Here we go. Just put them on the table. Thank you."  
  
Pies were rested and the men suddenly reacted to one another. One guy with his ball cap turned backwards boasted.  
  
"I don't know about you guys but this is a first for me."  
  
Another wearing a muscle filled polo shirt nodded, "Well at least there's three of us if we get ambushed by her man and his buddies."  
  
Miki shakes her head, "No man in my life. Except my Dad. I just felt like being adventurous this evening."  
  
Twirling in step she offers them a seat at the table.  
  
Each of them look at their watches and shrug. The third driver adds, "Worth losing a minimum wage job I'm thinking."  
  
Seated the first man turns his chair and pats his leg, "Lap dance?"  
  
Miki shivered with bright eyes at the thought.  
  
"Anyone have music?" She questioned.   
  
The second driver grabbed his cell and played his jams. A lovely rendition of Motley Crue and their song "Dr. Feelgood".  
  
"Good choice." She flared her eyes and began dancing. Straddling the driver she humped his lap and watched his hands reach up to grip her hips.  
  
"Grind baby! Grind." He coaxed.  
  
Her rhythm increased until the other two men could view her ass puckering out. As her pussy slid over his crotch repeatedly her ass cheeks spread for a lovely anal dance.  
  
Hands raise higher until they slide in to squeeze her tits. Miki bit her lower lip at his maneuvering.  
  
"Share the wealth." The second driver tapped in.  
  
Miki looked over her shoulder and slipped away from the first driver. Turning her back to him she scoots backwards to grind on his lap. She crushed her own 34DD's together for the third driver to witness.  
  
The second driver brought his hands around to rub her legs leading higher into her inner thighs. A teasing caress on her pussy made her break free and blow him a kiss. Her journey led to the third driver who she again straddled face forward. She lowered his face between her tits and mashed them around his profile. She felt his lips kiss between her tits. That shot fire between her legs.  
  
The driver held her close enough to sneak in a kiss and nibble of her left nipple. This made Miki anxious. She literally raised her other tit to lick around her own areola. That drove the driver to risk sucking the nipple he had so quickly teased.   
  
Miki arched her back and let him feast. Her eyes however met the other two men.  
  
As the song winded down the man sucking her nipple literally picked her up and sat her on the dining table. A swift nudge backwards she collapsed to lay on the table top. Her eyes darted between men. The same driver who suckled her nipple crouched down and buried his face in her snatch.   
  
The bold move made her squeal. It felt really good. Too good actually. She found her fingers slipping under his forehead to rub her clit. Moans escalated and the other drivers decided to hug at her sides leaning over her to each suck on a nipple.  
  
Miki was going to cum fast. And, very, very intensely.  
  
Having fed until the very end the third driver stood up and unzipped his pants. Revealing without care of the others a thick and mighty seven incher. He eased closer to her pussy but she couldn't see him over the scalps of her tit caterers. As she felt his cock taunt her labia she panicked. Lightly tapping the heads of the other men she squirmed.  
  
"Noooo! No penetration. Please."  
  
The man scowled and slapped his crown on her clit. Her mind reeled.   
  
"Dammit!" Miki whimpered within her thoughts.  
  
She sat up and planted her hands on his chest to look up at him.  
  
"Sit back." She whispered with watery eyes.  
  
The driver stepped backwards and sat down all the while stroking his cock. As he looked up at her she left her table and stood in front of him.   
  
Miki dropped to her knees and eased her hands forward to clasp her palms around his cock. Removing his own hands he sat back and let her jerk him off.  
  
After eying her work he shakes his head, "Suck my cock."  
  
She pouts at him, "Next time?"  
  
"THIS TIME!" He grips her by her hair and drags her forward. Instinct took over and her nails dug into his upper legs. The pain made him release her.  
  
"Mother fuck! That hurt."  
  
"Accept what I offer or leave." She glares at him.  
  
The second driver ushers, "I better get back to the parlor."  
  
As he vacates the first driver who admires her ass scoots his chair over and sits down beside the third guy. He unzips his own pants and produces an eight inch of his own.  
  
He nods, "Your move."  
  
She smiles, "Behave?" toward the third driver she left marks on.  
  
"Yeah!" He retaliates peacefully.  
  
Her hands both leap into action. Each grip power stroked them until both men violently exploded cum into the air. She giggled and slowed her rhythm to nuzzle their built up cum on her chin. The men exhaled heavily as she told herself to offer her thanks with a kiss to the tips of their crowns.  
  
Embracing her lips they stroked her hair tenderly. She closed her eyes to their treatment. It was wonderful.  
  
Pushing herself to stand by using their legs as leverage she points at both of them to stay.  
  
"I do this. You two sit. Behave."  
  
They look at each other as she straddles the first driver and uses her fingers to guide him inside her pussy. Tenderly she thrusts down and up on his cock five warm wet times. Miki then crawls off and over to the third man. She resumes her Launchpad and slides down on to his erection. Five more soft sensual thrusts and she eases away with a palm caressing his cheek.  
  
"Thank you for my dinner." She expels with batting lashes.  
  
The men put their dicks away and stand up to hug her. Rubs along her spine felt joyous.  
  
Breaking away she falls silent until they take the hint.  
  
As the front door closed behind them, Miki danced and hopped up and own. It was then a race to her computer. Lukas was waiting.  
  
"I see a huge smile." He types.  
  
"That was soooooooooo awesome!!!! You watched?"  
  
"Absolutely. Jerked off over here even. My prerogative."  
  
"Glad you enjoyed yourself too." She grins then pauses without expression, "Lukas? I want to trust you. I do. So many whack jobs out there it scares me. This could be setting me up for a horror movie."  
  
"I swear I will never harm you Miki Lee. You are under my protection. As a matter of fact, I just sent a letter out to a number of your Modelling Agencies. Praise indeed. It's up to them inevitably. But, Ralph Loren does have sway."   
  
"Whoaa! Thank you Lukas."  
  
"No. Thank you Miki Lee. I'll be in touch. You have plenty more adventures ahead of you. Oh, and Miki?"  
  
"Yes Lukas?" She melts suddenly, almost missing this stranger.  
  
"For the record? I loved how you rode those cocks. A thing of beauty."  
  
"I was terrified for a minute. Glad they didn't get rougher."  
  
"Rougher will come. To your pleasure I hope. Too be honest, I want to bare witness to that."  
  
She puckers in thought before typing, "How rough?"  
  
"One day at a time. I'll guide you. Nurture you. Show you off."  
  
Shivering she smiles, "Fuck me?"  
  
"I would love nothing more. All in good time. Have a good night Miki Lee."  
  
"Night Lukas." She blows a kiss toward her webcam knowing it was still working.  
  
Retiring from the computer she dons her t-shirt and settles into the living room sofa. Suddenly, it dawns on her to check her bank account. After a lengthy automatic reception she hears something that catches her off guard.  
  
Replaying the message she again hears...  
  
"Your current balance is $100,000 dollars and 1 cent."  
  
From her seat Miki Lee danced only with her feet and flailing hands.  
  
Fear returned just as quickly.   
  
Cold pizza called out to her.

**Miki Lee 03: Name Calling**

Miki Lee hugged her Father at the front door sending him off to work. She had heated up some leftover pizza from the night before. He hadn't even questioned where she got the pizza and with what money. She was now prepared to mentally confront Lukas. Firing up her computer she realized there was no entry added for Lukas. Instead she formed a request box for "Lukas411".   
  
Before she could send it a message popped up, "Do your dishes then return to me. Your Father will be grateful to not have to do them himself."  
  
Rolling her eyes she points at the camera, "Great! Now you're my Godfather."  
  
She exhales and does as she was told. Going so far as to dry them off and put them away. It felt good. Lukas was correct. Her Dad would approve.  
  
Sitting down she re-opens his message box.  
  
"All done. You lied to me."  
  
"How so?" Lukas asked.  
  
"I didn't give you permission to go into my account. Is there truly $100,000 dollars in there?"  
  
"No. With interest there is now $100,028 dollars and 32 cents."  
  
"Can I buy a car?" She jests.  
  
"To avoid detection you should never abuse the amount. Take out small sums of say $500.00 every week. As if a paycheck. Be careful not to let your Father see you spending more than an unemployed young woman brings home. He might presume the worst."  
  
"Right! Yeah I get that. I feel like a high paid hooker." She chuckles.  
  
"Do you want to be?" He wonders.  
  
"Well, No. Not like that. Sex is fun and all but the reputation would kill my Modelling chances."  
  
"I can expunge any record of your dealings. Don't be afraid to live Miki Lee."  
  
"I have to admit, last night was fucking Hot. I'm wet just thinking about it."  
  
"You should be wet more often. I am going to offer you some gifts."  
  
"Gifts?" She grew curious.  
  
"Safety devices. Ways for us to communicate when you are out in the world."  
  
"My cell is always on me."  
  
"It will be utilized of course. Yet, don't you think it will look obvious that someone is texting or calling you continuously?"  
  
"True." She nods with puckered lips, "So, what type of stuff are we talking about?"  
  
"Your gifts will be delivered to your door tomorrow."  
  
She rears back out of surprise, "You move fast."  
  
"I know what I want."  
  
"What exactly do you want? Me?"  
  
"In the end perhaps. Once you trust me completely. And, if you can accept who I am once we meet. For now, what I want is for you to enjoy your life. There is no reason that you should fear your darkest desires. Fulfill them without worry."  
  
She grins with a raised eye brow, "Mighty juicy things in my mind."  
  
"Then we shall recreate them. Make them reality."  
  
Goosebumps rash over her entire body suddenly.  
  
"Wow! That might take time. I mean it's easy to fantasize about things but to act upon them is another."  
  
He types back, "Would you have done what you did last night without my assist?"  
  
"Doubt it. I mean, maybe one delivery guy. Three was a challenge."  
  
"Should we try for four? Five? Six?"  
  
Her eyes erupt like saucers and she fans her features, "That's a lot. I mean that many guys can get out of control."  
  
"You did fine on your own Miki Lee. Maintaining control. But, yes if they had insisted, you would have lost control."  
  
"Right! I mean losing control sometimes is pretty steamy. I think that many guys is just asking for it."  
  
"Losing control is inevitable. Can you deny that the fantasy of losing all control has never entered your mind?"  
  
She hesitates then leans forward on her desk on her left elbow, her left palm on her forehead. She then sighs and exhales a puff up into her black silky bangs.  
  
"Yeah! If I'm being honest I think that would be erotic as heck."  
  
"Then we make it happen. As ever I will enforce your safety. However, I will not intervene unless you are being harmed."  
  
"Safe word?" She chuckles.  
  
"If you like."  
  
"Okay. What's the word?"  
  
"How about "HARDER"?" He offers a winking emoticon.  
  
She laughs uncontrollably and snorts slightly into her right palm.  
  
"That might not stop things. How about "9-1-1"?"  
  
He returns with, "Numbers are not words. I would know when you were being hurt. Visually or verbally. A safe word is just a defense mechanism."  
  
"Work in progress I say." She huffs, her expression brewing in curiosity, "Lukas? How many times have you seen me naked since you began stalk--researching me?"  
  
"You can call it stalking. I'm not offended. It is true. Even though it's only been on a visual and informative level." He pauses to calculate, "I have witnessed you in public exposure 17 times. At home 22 times. We will not include baby pictures."  
  
"Ha! Yeah that's a little bit pedophile. Why the interest in me? Why not some other pervy bimbo?"  
  
"Truth? I have looked for someone such as you for a very long time. Young, perfect body, beautiful eyes, talented, charming, erotic, right down to your complexion. Someone with a love for their body. If not for two very tiny moles on your lower back you are flawless. How you managed to avoid acne all these years is beyond me."  
  
"Lucky I guess."  
  
"The blend of Asian and Mediterranean DNA is a blessing. I love your flesh tone. It almost seems like your body is airbrushed daily. It is that magnificent."  
  
"Wow! That's really sweet."  
  
"Even your pubic region is perfect. Using your Dad's insurance and getting that electrolysis down there was a great investment. I love silky soft flesh."  
  
"You even knew I did that? Crazy." She wiggles playfully in her seat.  
  
"I'm glad you don't have any tattoos. I think that would ruin your body."  
  
"I've thought about it but, I watch those tattoo reality shows and I've seen so many beautiful people that turned out horrible. Not for me."  
  
"Good. Respect the flesh. It has much to offer."  
  
She plants an index finger over her lips in thought, "Tell me something about you. I won't push you. Although that sounds insane not to question a faceless stalker that hacks computers."  
  
"Ask me one question. I will honor that."  
  
"Male or Female? Please be a guy." She chuckles.  
  
"Very much a Male."  
  
"Whew!" She feigns flipping sweat from her brow.  
  
"One more question. I'm in a giving mood." He types.  
  
"Ethnic background?" She bites her nail.  
  
"Caucasian. Born in the U.S."  
  
"Awesome. Okay, I won't ask for more. What I don't picture is you being young. I mean younger than me. Not that it matters really but I see by the way you type, how you word yourself, that you might be 30-40 years old."  
  
"Close enough. Give or take."   
  
"Would I fall in love with you at first sight?" She grins sheepishly.  
  
"Who knows. I'm not, "Chris Pine". Nor am I, "Peter Griffin"." He sends a laughing emoji.   
  
"Too funny. I'm really intrigued, Lukas. If that's your real name."  
  
"Trust goes both ways Beautiful. Know me as Lukas until you know me as---."  
  
"I like Lukas. It's sexy."  
  
"Then my true name is not required. Fantasize about Lukas."  
  
"Already am. Notice my right hand missing?"  
  
"From the computer's angle yes. From the living room security camera no."  
  
She looks to her left over the fireplace and pelts her palm over her forehead.  
  
"Should have known." She frowns at him.  
  
"Remove your clothing and sit back. Masturbate in my name. Do it now."  
  
"Mmmm! Aggressive. Miki like." She giggles as her top comes off over her head and arms. Topless she stands just long enough to remove her shorts and powder blue G-string thong.  
  
Rolling her seat back she props her feet up on her desk top and begins playing with her pussy. Her 34DD's crush together as her arms press around them. Her nipples erect and stunningly dramatic.  
  
As fingers bury deep inside her she looks at the monitor with a pleasured yet pleading expression. Lips trembling she calls out.  
  
"Lukas? Do something that drives me crazy."  
  
As she assaults her clit with her opposite hand she see's a tiny box pop up on her monitor next to his. This makes her squint to read it, yet maintain her actions.  
  
The box read as if there was another viewer.  
  
"Who else is watching me?"  
  
"Random male in Seattle Washington."  
  
"Mmm!" She brightens her eyes.  
  
As she feels her juices brewing within, the box notifies her that there was now 12 viewers. Her body quivers at the thought.  
  
"More Lukas." She begs.  
  
The boxes viewership tally rises to 80.  
  
"Oh my God! LUKAS! More! Please...."  
  
200 viewers her body quakes. Her chest heaving. Toes curling.  
  
350 eyes upon her, Miki increases her moans toward shrill cries.   
  
"LUKASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"  
  
500 viewers sends her over the edge. Her pussy squirts a fountain around her buried knuckles. It was so exhausting she nearly passes out and falls backwards from her chair.  
  
As she lay there in her spasms she suddenly see's boxes erupt from every single viewer. Her monitor is covered completely time after time. Each praising her and begging for more. Her mind reels into overload.  
  
"STOP!" She cries out.  
  
In an instant all boxes vanish save for Lukas.  
  
"Get up." He types.  
  
She struggles to return to her seat and uses her shorts to sop up her departed reservoir.  
  
"Do you understand what your beauty does to others?"  
  
"I already knew that. Maybe not that many at once but I'm not naïve."  
  
"You see the power I have at my fingertips. If you were to allow viewers on your own the limit would have been 25. I could have increased your admirers into the thousands. Of course I might have fried your computer."  
  
"Please don't do that. Of course I do have the money in my bank to buy a new one." She laughs.  
  
"No need. Each of the viewers were charged $19.99 to watch." He laughs with a Smiley.  
  
"Do I get my cut?" She grins and sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
With a wink he offers, "There's a gift card at "Macy's" waiting for you to pick it up. Buy yourself some lingerie and revealing clothing. Perfume. Things that you can wear on your adventures. Plan ahead as you buy."  
  
"Wait! 500 people times 20 bucks is ten grand."  
  
"There are 3 stores in San Diego. A card at each one. I believe a live fashion show is in order at each of them. I will corrupt their store cameras. Should security detain you I will take care of it. You will leave without so much as a scolding."  
  
Her eyes stare without blinking.  
  
"For you I am going to do that. I am going to trust you. If I get arrested the trust is gone. Agreed?"  
  
"Agreed."  
  
She suddenly goes pale, "I don't have a car. I'll have to carry a bunch of packages by bus. 3 stores that are far apart it'll take forever."  
  
"Already taken care of. A stretch limo will pick you up at the end of the block at 9:00 AM sharp. Keep it as long as you need it. Within the limo I will leave a package. The gifts I mentioned earlier. Wear them and read the notes."  
  
"Alright." She shivers with excitement.  
  
"Wear that red dress you wore in your modelling portfolio. No underwear."  
  
"That dress hugs high up on my ass cheeks as is." She smirks.  
  
"I can cancel this shopping trip." He types.  
  
"Hey now! I'm not saying no. Just saying the hem borders my coochie. Won't be easy keeping it down. Every step I take the material constricts."  
  
"Precisely. Find a shoe store that sells Stiletto heels. Buy a pair."  
  
"You want me naked in a leg cast don't you?" She giggles.  
  
"Plenty of admirers to sign your cast at my direction." He laughs.  
  
Miki shakes her head, "Whatever you want Maestro."  
  
"There becomes your safe word."  
  
"Maestro?" She puckers.  
  
"Night my Golden Goddess."  
  
She melts at his departure.  
  
"Night Maestro. I feel safe now."  
  
On her computer ITunes opens up and a beautiful symphony plays for her to enjoy.  
  
Maestro indeed.  
  
Miki felt the need to masturbate again.   
  
Alone.  
  
Never alone.  
  
No longer.

**Miki Lee 04: Jiffy Lube**

Miki had trouble sleeping. For hours she crept her home taking time to stop and look up at each surveillance camera. Was "Lukas" watching her?  
  
Her nerves were on edge about everything. The money in her bank account. The way this unseen invader knew her entire life as he did. If he was even being honest with her was an issue.  
  
As she continued on her nomadic shuffle she was suddenly startled by the homes land line phone ringing twice then hanging up. Reaching the cordless phone she answered it to a dial tone. Nothing.  
  
Was it a wrong number or a signal from Lukas?  
  
As it dawned on her she raced to her computer and got online. This time Lukas had added her to his mystical sign on name. "Maestro411" awaited her.  
  
"Why aren't you resting? Big day ahead of you." He stressed.  
  
"Missed you I guess. Nerves too. I'm afraid of everything at this point. Today is going to go badly, I can feel it."  
  
"Anything we do becomes a risk. Even I have to be very careful. As good as I am at what I do, there is always someone better."  
  
"Hacking, you mean?"  
  
"Yes. World Governments fear me. I fear them equally of course. I avoid hacking them. There's fun to be had elsewhere. These days I keep it simple."  
  
"Like stalking young women in the prime of their sexuality?" She beams.  
  
"Much safer. Much more delightful."  
  
She fidgets, "How many other women have you done this too?"  
  
"Observed? Hundreds. Contacted? One. You."  
  
"Why not the others?"  
  
"Various reasons. Companions. Untrustworthy. Unfit mentally. Among other things." He recites.  
  
"How can you be so sure I don't fit in there somewhere?"  
  
"You have not dated in over a year. I saw you attempt to steal a head band from a department store. You chose to take it back and put it exactly where you found it. Since your Mother's passing you have taken superb care of your Father. Other than being unemployed and living off of him."  
  
She pouts, "I'm trying to change that."  
  
"The money I gave you will help. Just utilize it sparingly."  
  
"You mention untrustworthy, yet you steal from others financially. How should that make me feel about you?" Miki tilts her head without expression.  
  
"True. While it is indeed dishonest. I do things in return for those I hurt. While I may extract a single penny from millions of people their tax returns are shall we say stimulated. Those I charged to view you earlier get access to multiple porn sites for free. Let the sites sort it out. Let's just say most of them are criminally controlled."  
  
"Are you a criminal Lukas?"  
  
"I used to work for the worst. I suppose I am. Yet, they get away with more than I. You break laws with your exhibitionism. You have just never been caught. Most men will never report you. Beauty and daring save you. Women on the other hand are jealous by nature. If they see their man staring at you, trouble may come along."  
  
"Which is why I need you Maestro."  
  
"Precisely. A simple text to their cell with damaging info usually keeps them quiet."  
  
"If they ignore their cell?"  
  
"Those next to them will not. In public there becomes much to choose from. Rewarded for their efforts."  
  
She shivers at the power he portrays.  
  
"Swear to me you will never hurt me."  
  
"I swear to you Miki Lee. Have faith in me. Please."  
  
She smiles shyly, "Strangely, I do."  
  
"Thank you Beautiful."  
  
That made her grin even harder. After a moment of joy something dawns on her.  
  
"My dad will be home before I leave. That red dress would make him question me."  
  
"Put the dress in your purse. Wear another outfit then change in the limo."  
  
"In front of the driver?" She bites her lower lip.  
  
"Let him get an eye full."  
  
Miki rubs her palms together briskly, "Is the driver cute?"  
  
"I have no idea until morning. Once the drivers report for duty I can select one. I know the employees of the limo service easy enough. If everyone reports in I can quickly alter prearranged driving itineraries. Patience little one."  
  
"What do I tell my dad if he asks where I'm going?"  
  
"Job interview. At Macy's. You can apply if you want. This way it's not a lie."  
  
"Good idea. Luckily I have a bus pass or he might want to drive me there. I'll say I plan on looking around for other jobs at the mall."  
  
"Such as a shoe store in search of stiletto heels?" He emotes laughter.  
  
"Might need a specialty store for those."  
  
"Fetish's", on the corner of Paloma and Javier. Tell the driver."  
  
"Maestro's been online shopping." She giggles.  
  
"You can use your account money. No more than five hundred a week as I said before."  
  
"Isn't there some way you can fix things so I can use as much as I want?"  
  
"Of course I can. However, you must earn that behavior."  
  
"How?"  
  
"Too much too soon will draw attention to yourself. Not only your Father. Neighbors. Locals. Once you learn to curb your appetite for greed I will spoil you."  
  
Her eyes brighten up, "Oh really?"  
  
"First off trust and obey what I stress as important. Secondly, build your confidence. I will give you the world if you can mature into what your dark desires want."  
  
"Which is what you want? Tell me Lukas, what do you want me to be?"  
  
"I share your desires. You for exhibition. Myself a voyeur. I know you want to become more open in public. I want to witness that. I want to help you go as far as you want to go."  
  
She wiggles in her seat, "That would be totally naked everywhere I went. That's not possible."  
  
"You might be surprised Miki Lee. For short periods I can make that happen. It depends on the location and the patrons. In most cases I can control others from creating problems. Camera feeds and alarms are simple to detach. Cellphones are abundant and easy to jam or send messages to."  
  
"What if a cop stops me?"  
  
"Do you know how many crooked cops there are in this country?"  
  
"I'm guessing lots."  
  
"In San Diego alone I could blackmail 842 on extortion and connections to gangland dealings. Another 128 for selling drugs on the side. Numerous misdealing's that they don't want any attention brought to. A simple warning to back off will suffice."  
  
"What about the honest cops?"  
  
"Hidden affairs. On duty shenanigans. You name it."  
  
She puffs her cheeks before exhaling, "Wow! Okay what about gangbangers? Thugs."  
  
"Loud speakers. Sirens activated without warning. Again, text messages with warnings. Bangers panic easy."  
  
"Okay. I'll push my limits just for kicks today. Be with me every step of the way?"  
  
"Camera feeds every stoplight. Every place of business. Your cell can track you. The gifts I give you tomorrow add to that safety. If you're nice I might actually let you hear my voice."  
  
Her eyes bulge out, "REALLY?"  
  
Silence makes her wait and fidget. Suddenly the chat box vanishes before her eyes.  
  
"Lukas? Nooooooooo!"  
  
Pouting profusely she heard the front door open unexpectedly.  
  
"Daddy? What are you doing home?"  
  
"Quiet shift so I took a half vacation day. Bernie took over the drivers seat. What are you doing up so late?"  
  
Before she could respond the printer next to her activated. She swiftly reached over and retrieved it as it stopped printing.  
  
Looking it over she admired the fast thinking of Lukas.  
  
"Printing out job applications. I've been filling a bunch out lately. I have an interview with Macy's Department Store at 10:00 today. Cross your fingers."  
  
"What's this one?" Daniel claims it from her fingertips, "Jiffy Lube? You can't change oil in cars."  
  
"Cashier. Less messy. I even get to wear a jumpsuit."  
  
Her father shakes his head, "Whatever brings home the bacon. I'm going to bed. Need a nap."  
  
"Me too. In a few minutes."  
  
Daniel leans over and kisses her on the forehead. He then departs.  
  
Moments pass before Lukas messages, "See how easy that was?"  
  
"That was awesome. But, why didn't you know he was home to warn me?"  
  
"I refrained to show you what trouble you could get into and easily get out of."  
  
"What if I were masturbating for you like earlier tonight?"  
  
"Then your father would have watched you play."  
  
"What? No!" she panics.  
  
"I'm joking. I would have warned you in plenty of time. He clocked out thirty two minutes ago. His car's GPS showed him heading home after stopping for gas."  
  
"I thought you were serious. That would be traumatizing if he were watching me do that."  
  
"Wouldn't be the first time." Lukas emotes a frown.  
  
"Quit doing that. No he hasn't."  
  
"Sadly, he has. Not that he would admit to it. You do realize that he can view your camera footage as easily as I can."  
  
Her jaw drops, "When was this?"  
  
"Three weeks ago. You masturbated on your sofa for your own pleasure. He reviewed the footage two days later. I watched him do it."  
  
"Why didn't you delete it?"  
  
"I did not know you at that point. On a personal level that is. I needed to see his reaction."  
  
She squirms in her seat with a growing fear, "How did he react?"  
  
"Are you certain you want to know?"  
  
She ponders the decision, "Shit! Yes tell me."  
  
"He jerked off twice to it. Then he deleted it himself and drank himself to sleep. You do recall the night he was drunk and moody?"  
  
"Twice? Nooooooo!" She dramatically shivers and folds her arms over her chest.  
  
"He's not mentioned it. For the best. For what it's worth I would guess he missed your Mother. That guilt kept him from keeping the video and never bringing it up."  
  
"Yeah, but come on. Twice?"  
  
"Should I have lied to you about it?"  
  
"No!" She becomes expressionless, "Thanks for the honesty."  
  
"Go get some sleep. Stop stressing. Be ready to meet the limo at 9:00 sharp."  
  
"I hate when you leave Lukas."  
  
"I'm always here. Until you tell me otherwise."  
  
"Bye." She flutters her fingers at him.  
  
Closing out she gets up and heads upstairs to her room. At her bedroom door she hears a grunting sound and quickly concludes her Father was once again jerking off in the darkness of his room. She stood there in silence and listened more intently. Moans suppressed were released.  
  
Miki closes her eyes and feels Lukas watching her from the hallway camera. Without care she steps over to her Father's bedroom door which was barely ajar. His stroking was heard due to presumably Vaseline for lubrication.  
  
She hears him barely huff the words, "Growing up way to fast."  
  
Miki bulges her eyes at the words and knew they were about her. She wanted to bolt away but chose to continue listening. For ten minutes she stood in darkness before Daniel Lee convulsed and detonated all over his knuckles.  
  
As his breathing decreased he mutters, "I love you sweetheart."  
  
Miki pouts, "I love you too Daddy."  
  
Silently she goes to her room and leaves her own door slightly open. Disrobing in the darkness she lays down atop her covers and rubs her clit. In minutes she was building up for an intense orgasm. Clenching her teeth she cums joyously.  
  
Did her Father hear her?  
  
Footsteps in the hall creak along to the restroom.  
  
It was safe to say he had heard her.  
  
Miki Lee stared at her ceiling.  
  
Strange how things play out.

**Miki Lee 05: Home Stretch**

Her dad was still asleep when Miki showered and did her hair. Applying makeup to enhance her eyelashes and accent her already perfect face, she kissed at herself in the mirror.   
  
Her cellphone beside her pinged and she quickly found a text.  
  
"About ready?" Lukas said.  
  
"Morning Maestro. I presume."  
  
"Yes. Decide on attire?"  
  
"Getting ready to now. Dress for success they say. Red dress is carefully folded in my purse already. Red sandals okay?"  
  
"Yes. I suggest your lavender button down blouse and white skirt. White pumps."  
  
"Snooping in my closet now?"  
  
"Always."  
  
She smirks, "You saw me in the hall before bed?"  
  
"Yes. Your curiosity got the best of you."  
  
"I couldn't help it. Think badly of me?"  
  
"No. Whatever you desire. Achieve it."  
  
"I heard my dad jerk off. Turned me on kinda. Not that I fantasize about my dad. I don't."  
  
"If you say so."  
  
"Okay. Maybe a little. I'm beginning to hate you." She texts.  
  
"Be yourself. Always."  
  
"Let me get dressed before I'm late." She then sets her cell down and gathers his suggested clothing. Once dressed she creeps downstairs and out the front door. The stretch of sidewalk on her street seemed like the longest. At the end of the block around the corner sat a long White stretch limo. The driver stood outside his drivers door waiting. He wore a black suit and captains hat. He was tall and devilishly handsome. In his mid thirties she guessed with blond hair and clean shaven.  
  
"Holy spit. "Matthew McConaughey's twin brother." She shivered in the sunshine.  
  
As she approached the driver realized she was his passenger. He smiled and looked her over against his better judgment.  
  
"Good morning. Ms. Natchios?"  
  
She receives a text, "Tell him yes. Play along."  
  
She lowers her cell, "Yes. Hi. You're a very handsome driver."  
  
He nearly blushes and offers her his pearly white smile, "Why thank you. If I can return the favor without losing my job?"  
  
"Speak your mind." She was flirting.  
  
"Gorgeous lady in front of me." He moves in to open a side door.  
  
"That's all you have to say?" She hints.  
  
His eyes drift to her chest bouncing under her lavender shirt as she walks toward him. He ticks the corner of his mouth at her jiggle.  
  
"I promise to take the curves slow." He winks.  
  
She rolls her eyes and smiles warmly, "Too slow and I won't get bounced around."  
  
Miki looks inside the limo's cabin and notes the luxury of a wet bar, stereo, television monitor, velvet seats, and more.  
  
"I could live in here." She expresses.  
  
"I'm certain a lady such as you deserves better. Where are we headed today Ms. Natchios?"  
  
She looks at his name tag and sighs, "Your name really is Matthew. Take me to Macy's. The nearest one for now. The other two later."  
  
"Hop on in and get comfortable. I'll drive us there as quickly as traffic allows."  
  
She slides in and crawls toward the middle of the back seat giving him a view of her tight shapely ass.  
  
Once she gets cozy she looks over at him and waves him on, "Stop admiring my ass and drive."  
  
He chuckles, "Why, yes Ma'am."  
  
Shutting the door he gets into the front seat and starts the car. A second later the one way window separating the cab and the cabin slides down. He looks back at her in the mirror. She ignores him for now choosing to examine every facet. Including the small package in front of her tied by a ribbon.  
  
The television monitor above her lights up and words appear on it.  
  
"Driver satisfactory?"  
  
She nods trying not to appear as if talking to herself.  
  
"Blink once if yes. Twice if no."  
  
A swift and single blink answers his question.  
  
"Change your dress as soon as he gets on the road."  
  
She takes a deep breath and unpacks the red dress from her purse. Unfolding it she sits it beside her and eyes Matthew as she unbuttons her blouse and slips it off of her caramel shoulders. Topless she crushes her tits together until he looks back at her with bright eyes.  
  
"Should I put the window up?" Matthew calls back.  
  
"Not unless you're a perfect gentleman."  
  
She releases her tits and leans forward to unzip her skirt and slither it over her legs and off. Forsaking any underwear she now only wore her white shoes.   
  
Leaning back she raises her legs one at a time to remove her shoes. There she sat totally nude.  
  
On the monitor Lukas writes, "You have thirty minutes to kill. Leave the dress off."  
  
She smiles and bats her eyes. That was her plan anyway.  
  
Fanning her legs wide Miki lets Matthew view her pussy.  
  
"Do I make you nervous Matthew?"  
  
He leers his profile to glance in the mirror, "No Ma'am. I've seen it all since I took this job."  
  
"All? You've seen other naked women in here?"  
  
"None as sexy as you. You must like letting fellas see you."  
  
"Very much. Can you tell I'm attracted to you?" She pinches her nipples hard for arousal.  
  
"Nice of you to say Ma'am. However, as much as I wanna stare I need to keep my eyes on the road."  
  
"That's fine. I'll just touch myself without you watching me."  
  
"I could pull over." He chuckles.  
  
Lukas types on the monitor, "Keep his interest for later. Open your package."  
  
"Before this day is out you can come sit with me Matthew. Share a glass of wine?"  
  
"Sure. Need some privacy?"  
  
"For now. Please."  
  
The inner window glides up blocking his view.  
  
She wiggles in her seat gleefully. In seconds she untethers her package and opens it up. Eying the contents she holds up one item at a time.   
  
In her fingers was a passport.   
  
Lukas types, "Today you are not Miki Lee. You are "Elena Natchios". Daughter of Gustan Natchios. If you notice on the passport it has your high school senior photo. You have barely changed. It also says "Diplomatic Immunity". Today you get away with anything. The police cannot arrest you. You must put up a brave face. Fear will create suspicion."  
  
She nods with an evil grin.  
  
Lifting a black lace choker with a small cameo on it toward the camera and TV monitor above, she awaits a response.  
  
"Within the fabric is one way to communicate. A micro thin wiring that pulses like your blinks a bit ago. One for yes, two for no. I will use those pulses to answer your questions when someone is directly in front of you. Questions that they direct toward you. The cameo is a camera so I can view around you as well as a microphone so that I can listen in."  
  
She digs into the package for a tiny earplug.  
  
"Place that earplug in your right ear. Make certain you have it in good. This will let me speak to you as needed. Yes, my real voice."  
  
She smiles brightly before planting it in her ear. Once installed he stops typing.  
  
"You are one sexy bitch." She hears in a soft yet direct voice.  
  
"Hi." She whispers.  
  
"You can speak louder. Matthew can't hear us."  
  
"Now you tell me."  
  
"Sorry. One step at a time. In the package you will find a bracelet. Wear it on your left ankle. This serves as a tracking device should you and your cell get separated."  
  
"Great! I'm on house arrest."  
  
"I'll spring you later." He chuckles.  
  
"I love your voice. You don't sound as old as I imagined."  
  
"Older than you."  
  
"Anything else in here?" She rummages.  
  
Sunglasses are lifted into view.  
  
He reveals, "These are so you look the part of a wealthy daughter of a diplomat."  
  
"No x-ray vision?"  
  
"Why? You can undress guys without that secret weapon." Lukas laughs.  
  
Miki giggles in reply, "Yeah, but it might be useful looking for the bigger dicks."   
  
"Your choker also aids me in picking up signals around you. Don't remove the choker. If I hear any police calls concerning a streaker I'll warn you in time to get dressed."  
  
"Streaker? Am I going full nudity in Macy's?" She shivers.  
  
"If the opportunity arises. Pursue it"  
  
Her eyes flare up at the thought.  
  
"Can I let Matthew pull over and fuck me? Dammit Lukas I'm horny as hell."  
  
"Not yet. On your way home."  
  
She growls under her breath then decides to go ahead and put on her red dress. It was like a second skin over her curves. Her cleavage bulging dramatically due to the chest's hemline. The material was soft and almost fuzzy to the touch yet thin. Her nipples were impossible to conceal.  
  
At her hips the hem would need to be constantly stretched to conceal more than was appropriate. She enjoyed fanning her legs wide to let her pussy breath.   
  
"Does Lukas likey?" She flirts.  
  
"Hell yes I do." He growls.  
  
She bites her nail, "Are you touching yourself Maestro? Now that you don't have to type."  
  
"Dick in hand now."  
  
"Do you wish it was in here?" Miki grins and reaches her fingers down to pry open her labia wide to reveal a stunning tunnel.  
  
"Fuck yes." He snaps.  
  
"Let me hear you stroke that cock. Cum for me Maestro."  
  
Long deafening outbursts are delivered along with the sounds of lubricant squishing between his knuckles. The entire time she just listened and kept her tunnel gaping.   
  
Finally, Lukas explodes on his end.  
  
His roar makes her rash out in goose bumps.   
  
"Lukas? That was incredible."  
  
He growls then regains focus.  
  
"Get those gadgets on. Matthew is at the store."  
  
She felt sad for some reason. Still, she complied and got ready.  
  
Shoes switched to red sandals she feels the car stop and the window slip down.  
  
"Destination Ma'am."  
  
He then exits the cab and comes back to open the door for her. He admires her change of attire.  
  
"Pretty hot!" He winks.  
  
As she slides out he eyes her vibrant unshaven pussy. It was glossy and wet.  
  
He assists her exit with a needy hand. Once standing she tugs her dress down until it barely covers her pussy. The ass cheeks were next to impossible to hide.  
  
"Risky going inside like that, Ms. Natchios."  
  
"Call me Elena." She reaches up to caress his cheek, "Come rescue me should I need it?"  
  
"White Knight in a black suit. Hollar if you need me."  
  
Miki wiggled away, her cheeks darting from side to side.  
  
"Here we go Lukas."  
  
"Strut your stuff, Miki Lee. Make me proud."  
  
"You? I'll make myself proud."  
  
"There's that confidence."  
  
"Always had it. Just kept it quiet. Now shut up and let me shop."  
  
"Don't get lippy."  
  
Miki giggles and enters the store.  
  
Matthew? He found a place to park.  
  
Lukas? Along for the ride.  
  
Miki?   
  
Ready to drive men crazy.

**Miki Lee 06: Dress Rehearsal**

Within the department store Miki held her purse over her left shoulder. Its thin strap gracing her soft open flesh as if the single thing holding up her dress. This particular red dress while short at the hem line was also strapless and held up only by her massive 34DD's. The jiggle in her step brought eyes to her immediately.  
  
"So liberating." Miki mumbles.  
  
"You're doing great Hotstuff."  
  
"Devil's daughter?" She smiles at a lingering male customer forced to wait on his presumed girlfriend at the jewelry counter.  
  
On her way past the man she winks at him and refuses to pull down her roaming dress over her ass. Her butt cheeks peeked into view in all of their caramel tanned glory. The gent literally turned away from his rambling girlfriend to observe Miki.   
  
"He's staring hard." Lukas prompts.  
  
"Good. Let's just hope his lady friend doesn't look over with a grudge."  
  
Lukas sighs, "I can keep her busy. Hold tight."   
  
Stopping to admire a case of necklaces Miki coyly eyes the man with a glint of bashfulness to make him take interest in more than her curves.  
  
Behind the man his girlfriend hears her cell phone ping and checks her message. The saleswoman gave her a moment to react to the message. Dumbfounded the woman stares at the message before any immediate response.  
  
The message read, "Hey Gloria. It's Michael from the Auto dealership. Would it be forward to ask you out for a drink sometime?"  
  
Gloria quickly hides her cell from her man. Turning to him she feigns the need to use the restroom badly. Telling him to wait there she would only be a few minutes he nodded a swift approval. This gave him the chance he needed to be more attentive toward Miki.  
  
As Gloria fades away he opts to move behind Miki to observe her backside more closely.  
  
"Vulture circling you. His girls in the bathroom. She has an admirer from the car dealership she bought her car off of recently. She just had work done on her vehicle. Flirting made it's mark on her. I'll text her at least ten minutes to give you time for whatever mischief you intend to cause."  
  
She merely smiles and drops her purse to the floor accidentally. Bending over to retrieve it her skirt rises dramatically. The man behind her stared without blinking as he caught a lengthy glimpse of her tight clam shaped pussy and shadow enhanced anal cavity. Jaw dropping he looks around him to make certain his girlfriend hadn't returned.   
  
While bending over Miki roamed her palms up her silky left leg before reaching around to pry her butt cheeks wide for a better view. She paused long enough to give him a sample of her perfection before releasing her cheeks. Standing up she tilts her profile to eye him.   
  
The man swallowed hoarsely at her glare and attempted to look away. It took Miki to slap her cheek loudly to regain his attention. He then chose to smile and return his gaze to her beautiful body.  
  
She bites her nail while attracting him with her big brown eyes. This drew him closer.  
  
Taking a deep breath the man closes in slowly. In response Miki lowers both hands after setting her purse on the counter. She places her fingers beneath the hem and lifts the fabric literally up to her waist. He could see her entire bare butt.  
  
Resistance futile the man stepped directly up to her and whispers.  
  
"Please don't be an actress on some show like "Punk'D"."  
  
She merely shook her head lightly and turned her gaze away from him. He hesitated slightly but couldn't refuse the chance to caress her hips and ass. The sensation led Miki to carefully step back until her ass could feel his erection beneath his jeans. Leaning forward on the counter she gyrated her ass to make him feel every desire he had for her.  
  
"Damn! You are smoking hot."  
  
She says nothing as she lets his hands glide up her spine under her red dress. At her shoulder blades he realizes her dress had followed him every inch of the way. Her flesh was amazing.  
  
He decides after looking around him he needed to behave. Too many witnesses. Cameras. Sales personnel. Hissing his apologies he backs away. It was then that Miki turned around for a frontal assault. Her shaved pussy immediately caught his attention. Especially as her fingers slid over her belly and down amid her labia.  
  
"Sweet Hayzeus!" He growls.  
  
Another cautious glance for Gloria he risks lifting her dress above her chest to reveal her bulging tits. A deadlier risk he leans in and sucks on her left nipple.  
  
In her ear she hears Lukas, "Gloria just left the restroom. She has a date with Michael tomorrow night. Not really of course. Free drink on me though."  
  
Running her left hands fingers in the man's hair she sighs and whispers, "That felt wonderful. Thank you."  
  
She then nudges him away to pull her dress back into place. As he stood bewildered she leaned into him and kissed him on the lips.  
  
The man was in awe as she palmed the erection in his jeans.   
  
"She's back. Time to behave." Miki winks.  
  
"Who? Oh! Dammit!" He rolls his eyes.  
  
"His name is Vincent." Lukas offers.  
  
"Another time?" She smiles at the man.  
  
"Yeah that would be incredible."  
  
"Tap my cell with yours. Call me tomorrow."  
  
She delicately claims her purse and walks away.  
  
Gloria notices her and winces, "Skank!"  
  
Vincent nods his agreement. He loved a good skank.  
  
Moving further into the store Miki chats.  
  
"Nobody saw that?" She questions.  
  
"Area camera distorted. Saleslady busy with other customers. You made out like a bandit."  
  
"That was fun. Where do I go for Customer Service?"  
  
"Escalator. Upstairs to your left."  
  
"That should be fun. People looking up my dress as I head up."  
  
Moving toward the escalator she notes numerous women staring her down. Passerby's as well as employees. She inhales deeply and accepts their glares. Some of which were more admirers.  
  
"Even the ladies love me." Miki giggles.  
  
"All but one. Elder lady. She just told a saleswoman. I intercepted her call to security. Her walkie talkie can't locate a signal channel. I'll let you know if she creates a problem. For now stay focused."  
  
Reaching the escalator she begins her journey skyward. Looking around her she notes a pair of male employees pointing her direction. However, they certainly didn't react menacingly. The expression on their faces were of silent whistles. She smiled at them and fluttered her fingertips to say hello.  
  
It was pretty obvious they saw coochie and cheeks from behind. She made certain of it by arching her hips outwardly.  
  
At the second level of the store she found appliances and household accessories. After a stroll about to examine her situation she heads to Customer Service. Behind the counter was a young man probably barely twenty years old.  
  
"Can I help you?" He nearly stutters at her bulging chest.  
  
She fans her breasts at his eye contact and bats her eyelashes flirtatiously.  
  
There should be a gift card held here for Elena Natchios."  
  
"Nice name. Let me check."  
  
He turns to his left at a filing system and locates a note on paper. Reading her name he scans the letter. His eyes bulged and looks over at her.  
  
"Wow! First gold card I've seen from Macy's. I didn't know we even had these"  
  
"It's a birthday gift. My rich Uncle in Greece."  
  
"Awesome." He suddenly gets tongue tied by her beauty.  
  
"Do I need to sign for it? Here's my passport for identification."  
  
All he could do was stare. finally laughing at his reaction she shakes her tits at him. The reaction was priceless.  
  
"Don't faint on me. Well, if you do let's at least be naked when you do. That way when you revive you can ravage my body."  
  
His eyes were like flashbulbs, "I don't know what to say."  
  
"Try, here is your card. Have fun shopping and Happy Birthday. Or is that Happy Birthday suit?" She flashes him her tits by rolling her dress down.  
  
Face a brilliant crimson the man chuckles, "Wow!"  
  
Covering her breasts up quickly she giggles, "Sorry. Couldn't resist. You're such a cutie."  
  
"Be careful. We have cameras." He swallows dryly and looks over his shoulder.  
  
"Oopsie! I think your body blocked mine. Card?"  
  
He reluctantly forces her to sign for it, then releases the card to her.  
  
"Enjoy your birthday." He mutters.  
  
"Can you direct me to the bedding aisle?" She winks.  
  
Pointing around her he stutters, "Aisle 3."  
  
"Thank you, "Steven". She eyes his nametag while fluttering her fingers playfully. She moves away with a deafening sigh.  
  
Steven dodged nervously to avoid the camera and grips his crotch. His erection was swelling in his slacks.  
  
"Clothing shopping next?" Lukas asks.  
  
"No. Maybe the other stores. I'm having too much fun right now."  
  
"Good. I await your next spectacle." He laughs.  
  
"I need viewers Lukas. Arrange some."  
  
She moves into the bedding aisle and discovers a facsimile bed to model sheets and blankets. It was half the size of a twin bed but with a wooden headboard to look as if a regular sized bed.  
  
Not many customers were present on the second floor. This made her feel frisky.  
  
"I'm waiting." She rolls her eyes giggling.  
  
"Working on it. Sending the two male employees who watched you earlier on the escalator. Directed them to you for carry out purposes."  
  
"Awesome! Send me Steven too."  
  
"On it."  
  
Within five minutes all three men discovered her sprawled out on top of the miniature bed. Her dress was laying beside her.  
  
"This bed is comfy." She smiles sheepishly.  
  
The men dropped their jaws and nearly panicked. Steven in particular moved in to block the cameras to her left.  
  
"Let them watch. I'm too horny to care. Do you all like what you see?"  
  
As they nodded carefully she rolls her hand down to play with her pussy. Their attention was divided between panic and lust.  
  
"Escalator's deactivated. Unless anyone decides to climb the staircase." Lukas adds.  
  
This made Miki bite her lower lip and bury three fingers inside her pussy.  
  
The other two men, "Alex and Darrick" by nametag decided to step closer and let her reach out with her free hand to clutch Darrick's polo shirt.   
  
"Touch me." She begs with a childlike voice.  
  
Darrick leaned forward and squeezed her right breast. He then looks back at Alex. His buddy moved to her other side and enjoyed her other breast. As they tossed her tits about she gasps and removes her fingers to lift them to her mouth. She tasted delicious.  
  
Eying Steven she offers a yearning glare, "Eat me. Please."  
  
Steven nearly passed out at the offer. He was unfortunately still a virgin. Something Lukas acknowledged through Miki's earpiece. This inspired her.  
  
"Please Steven." She curls her finger to draw him closer.  
  
Alex jumped at the chance and quickly moved in between her legs. He devoured her to her moaning delight. Still she eyed Steven. He had a look of failure on his face.  
  
"Female saleslady just heard your moans. She's the only other person upstairs at the moment." Lukas warns her.  
  
She refused to care as her moans grew more intense. As Alex fed, Darrick managed to suck on her breast and squeeze the other. They didn't care anymore. Unemployment was on the agenda.  
  
Steven sulked as he noted in a mirror that the female saleslady was stirring from three aisles over. He chose to abandon them and run interference. He merely motioned to Miki with his hands, "I got this."  
  
In a hurry he raced to intercept "Giselle" a Hispanic twenty five year old beauty in her own right. Steven played it off as kids goofing around. Harmless enough. She pointed out the escalator not working and both of them went to examine it more closely. As they did Lukas activated then deactivated it several times to keep them busy.  
  
Miki was dampening the bedding below her in trickles of joy. Alex was damn good at eating pussy. A final orgasm erupts and she drenches his chin.  
  
Looking up from her he showed Darrick his face laughing, "Dude! Surf's up."  
  
The men laughed as Miki fell back and rolled her palms over her entire body. She dramatically quakes from the intense feeding. The boys watched her then decided to be evil. Darrick picks up her dress and motions Alex to follow him. He chuckles and trails his lead.  
  
Once Miki grew aware of her fate she whimpers, "They stole my dress."  
  
Lukas laughs on his end, "Guess you walk out of there naked."  
  
She pouts at her situation, "Can you get me out safely if I do?"  
  
"Of course. You still have your purse on you. Passport gets shown. Security backs off. Mothers cover their kids eyes. Easy enough."  
  
"Says you. Okay. Here goes."  
  
She takes a deep inhale and crawls from the bed and marches confidently toward the escalators. Reaching Steven and Giselle she merely smiles at Giselle before reaching in to kiss Steven on the lips. Giselle's eyes bulged. Where did this girl come from? Where was her clothes. At Miki's warm kiss Steven grew confident and slapped Miki on the ass. A loud squeal later Miki points at Giselle. She guides the girl over and takes her hand planting it on Steven's erection. Giselle's eyes bulge.   
  
With a smug look Steven nods at Giselle. She was frozen in his spell.  
  
Steven would lose his virginity after work.   
  
Miki boldly steps on the escalator which Lukas reactivates and she glides down to the first floor. At the bottom stood Alex and Darrick hiding the dress behind them. She sticks her tongue out at them, "Keep it. I'll buy another."  
  
Chaos reigned as customers either admired her or called her names. Lukas was busy creating cover stories on their cells to mask her exit.  
  
Wiggling playfully she spins her purse on its strap and grins like the devil in charge.  
  
Before the final stretch to the parking lot a pair of uniformed officers were waiting at the door. She halts and goes expressionless.  
  
"Remember. Elena has diplomatic immunity. Do NOT panic." Lukas informs her.  
  
Gritting her teeth beneath pressed lips she offers them a beguiling smile. As people gathered around her she decided to finish her journey.   
  
The officers met her half way and admired her even though they needed to do their duty.  
  
"You do know indecent exposure is illegal, don't you young lady?"  
  
The pudgy officer had a hard time keeping his eyes off of her chest.  
  
"My identification." She relinquishes her purse for him to search. Opening the passport to examine it the officer groans and shows it to his partner. After a shared look they react to the onlookers.  
  
Ordering them to disperse the store Manager approaches them. The second officer removes a coat from a rack and attempts to cover her.   
  
"Decline it." Lukas orders.  
  
She immediately flails her hands defiantly, "I do not need your charity."  
  
The cops snarl and informs the Manager that there was nothing they could do. Explaining the circumstances of Diplomatic Immunity only made the Manager flushed in the face.  
  
Behind everyone Alex steps in and hands an officer the red dress. The officer then offers it to Miki AKA Elena along with her passport and purse.  
  
Accepting it Miki doesn't cover herself, instead flipping it over her back to be held by her fingers.  
  
"May I go now? Or, do I need to call my Father?"  
  
"In this country we have laws Miss Natchios. Please abide by them."  
  
She blows the officer a kiss, "Another time perhaps."  
  
She then hears Lukas tell her to leave.  
  
As she exits the door she walks boldly past a gathering that grew curious. She waves at them while posing beside the police car seductively. Cell pictures and video was taken.  
  
"You're going to delete all of that right?" She whispers.  
  
"Of course. Your chariot awaits."  
  
Behind the squad car Matthew pulls the limo up. He races out to open her door and ushers her inside. Closing the door Miki squeals from exhilaration and kicks her feet on the floor board.  
  
"LUKAS!" She screams, "I love you."  
  
He chuckles as the car proceeds in motion, "Day's young. I think we should skip the other Macy's stores due to publicity. I can erase everything except for word of mouth. Let's go where the really sexy clothes are."  
  
"Lead the way Maestro."  
  
As Matthew opens his divider window he calls back, "Where to Ms. Natchios?"  
  
"Fetish's! Paloma street." Lukas reminds her.  
  
"Take me to Fetish's, Matthew. Thank you for your timely rescue."  
  
He chuckles and leers back in his mirror, "You're a wild one."  
  
"Tell me that when I leave scratches on your back later."  
  
He merely grins sheepishly and rolls his window up.  
  
Matthew was a driven man.  
  
Miki took the time to get dressed.  
  
For now.

**Miki Lee 07: geORGY pORGY**

"Lukas?"  
  
Miki Lee curled up into the plush interior of the Limo. She hadn't heard from her online advisor in over ten minutes. Even though her day had gone off without an arrest for indecency she found herself unable to function without him. The more she got away with the more she worried. One second she was fearless the next terrified of her future.  
  
Her Limousine driver "Matthew" had isolated her with privacy behind the one way glass between he and the rest of the vehicle. That and he probably had a hard time driving without eying her nudity.  
  
"Lukas?"  
  
She tries again as if talking to herself again. Still no answer. Was he having troubles communicating with her from wherever he was? Had he abandoned her? Worse yet, had he been discovered for his illegal actions. Commandeering the airwaves and public camera footage. Preempting the local Police Department was certainly bad. As was her using false identification which the Cops confirmed as truth. The one thing that really bothered her was his money siphoning from so many unsuspecting people out there. Her own bank account was over a hundred thousand dollars thanks to Lukas. If the IRS discovered that she would be in a world of hurt. Then she considered her Father and what her deeds might do to him. Too bad this was so much fun. Was the game over already?  
  
Utilizing her cell she dials her Credit Union and checks her bank account. She was still rich. He hadn't taken it away from her. For now she fret. She didn't truly know Lukas. So far he had been on the up and up with her. Every promise fulfilled. Where was he?  
  
Peering out the window she suspected her ride was almost over. Ready to arrive she began to sweat. All along the street were Jewelry stores and Fashion outlets. High end fashion at that. Almost Rodeo Drive but not.  
  
As Matthew slowed down to pull alongside a curb she decides to put her tight red dress back on befitting a proper exit. Shoes quickly slipped on she sat ready. Nervously. She recalled how Britney Spears must have felt when the Paparazzi snapped pictures of her snatch as she left her vehicle. More than once. Fashion malfunctions were a daily consequence when a celebrity. Miki Lee certainly felt like one. She wanted the world to see her. Yet, until she knew for certain she was safe she would keep concealed as best as she could. Mostly.  
  
The glass window hushed down between she and her driver. Twisting in his seat Matthew eyed her.  
  
"Destination right on time, Ms. Natchios." He refers to her by her assumed name that Lukas had given her as protection.  
  
"Thank you My White Knight."  
  
With a smirk he exits his drivers seat and steps around the car to let her out. Opening the door he gleamed at her beauty. For his charm she chose to step out slowly letting her skirt ride high. This gave him the opportunity to spy upon her juicy pink pussy in all of its glory. Standing on the curb she pats his cheek winking.  
  
"Keep the motor running. And, your mind in the gutter. Back soon Sweet Knight."  
  
He takes his time shutting the door behind her departure. He wanted to absorb her every wiggle Miki's tight little ass had to offer. That was literally forty feet away until she reached the massive warehouse known as "Fetish's" Eying herself in the window she spots Matthew still watching and giggles. Turning halfway to face him she flutters her fingers.  
  
"You can close the door now. While I open this one."  
  
Blowing the man a kiss he grins from ear to ear.  
  
"Yes Ma'am!" He chuckles and finally shuts the door and whistles under his breath.  
  
Entering the warehouse Miki drops her jaw at what she finds within. The warehouse was packed with Mannequins of every size, shape, color, and sex. Some wearing provocative lingerie, leather accents, down to simple undies like boy shorts. Each Mannequin was contorted differently with actual expressions on the faces. It was almost like stepping into a wax museum. Emotions were unmistakable. Each designed with individual personality. Be it bashful, energetic, playful, erotic, or all out lust.  
  
"Blown away." She utters standing frozen in time.  
  
"Those are in the back." Expelled a feminine yet gruff voice to her left.  
  
Miki follows the voice to see a stunning woman of 5'7. 6'1 with heels. She had long straight golden brown hair almost down to the middle of her back.  
  
"Pardon?" Miki appeared bewildered.  
  
The woman sighs loudly with a thin smile, "The B.J. Mannequins. They're behind the Glory Hole wall."  
  
"Oh!" Miki giggles.  
  
The woman wore too much make-up Miki decided with an awkward expression of contemplation. Her burgundy dress short to show off long tight legs. She wore a feather boa over her cleavage which was rather small. They studied one another intently. Finally the woman placed a well manicured nail over her Botox induced lips.  
  
"Are you here for the job?"  
  
Shocked Miki shivers, "No. Here to spend money."  
  
"Pity." The woman winks, "You might have increased my sales."  
  
Miki winks back, "Thanks for the Ego boost."  
  
Sharing warm smiles Miki is distracted suddenly by her cellphones ping from within her clutch purse. Holding a finger up toward the woman she quickly retrieves. Noting the text she sighs with relief.  
  
"Excuse me for just a moment. I have to reply to this." Miki steps away to text back.  
  
"Maestro. Where have you been?"  
  
"Shit. Showered. Shaved. I needed it. You don't need me every second." He replies.  
  
She shudders at the thought, "Don't say that. I can't do any of this without you."  
  
Changing the subject Lukas writes, "You do realize the woman you're talking to is a man, right?"  
  
Her eyes bulge wide, "What? No way."  
  
"Adam's apple. Fake chest. Research on my part."  
  
"Oh well! I'm open minded. She. He seems nice."  
  
"He owns Fetishes. His name is "George Poragono". Alias, "Charmin Peters". His cross dresser name."  
  
She snorts slightly at the name realizing it obviously meant Charming Peters, "You hush, Mister Maestro. Let me shop."  
  
Turning on her heel she shares a devastating smile of held breath. Hand extended she dances on her toes nervously, "Hi. Elena Natchios."  
  
The cross dresser warmly shakes her hand patting it with her opposite palm, "Charmin". No need to be coy. I am what I am."  
  
"I'm sorry if I gave you a strange vibe. Totally respectful of your choices. It's a pleasure to meet you."  
  
"Likewise Elena. How can I help you?"  
  
Miki fidgets looking around her, "For starters I need Stiletto heels. Lots of sexy undies. Bikini's. Toys." She bubbles suddenly and motions with her hands, "One of everything."  
  
"Oh My! Retirement here I come." She/he glows, "That sounded so dirty."  
  
Laughter erupts between the two as Charmin takes Miki by the arm, curling her own around it. From there they stepped into the Sanctuary.  
  
While strolling Miki looks about for cameras. She knew Lukas was watching. She needed to know from where for her future fashion show. Along the way she admires various garments pointing to the ones she loved. Charmin kept a mental note of each and every one. She was a Designer after all. Not too mention an Artist.  
  
Very few customers were within the Warehouse. That settled her nerves slightly, yet bothered her just the same. It was a shame Charmin's work was going unnoticed.  
  
Mid way through the gauntlet of Mannequins they heard noises hiding amid them. Seeing the cause Miki smiled, "You already have an Employee."  
  
"That's Lawrence. Isn't he to die for?" Charmin hisses in a whisper up close to Miki's cheek.  
  
"Do all of your Employee's go shirtless?'  
  
"But of course. Eye candy sells."  
  
"So if I would have been here for the job application and you hired me?"  
  
"Oh Honey. You would definitely up my cash flow. Topless is protocol."  
  
"I would rather not wear a uniform of any kind." Miki giggles hugging his/her arm.  
  
"That could be arranged."  
  
"I'll think about it. For now let me make your day." Miki smiles sheepishly.  
  
"You already have." Charmin fans herself, "Lawrence? Oh, Lawrence?"  
  
The tall muscular African American Employee who had been assembling a Mannequin looks over, "Yes? Mistress Charmin?"  
  
"Would you be so kind as to show Elena here our shoe department? She is in need of some Stiletto's."  
  
The man sets aside his work and struts toward them like a stripper on a runway.  
  
Miki swallows dryly, "Chippendale? Please let him be straight."  
  
Charmin lifts her pinky bending it before Miki's eyes, "Gently crooked if you must know. I found him in a strip club. Offered him a job after I discovered his talents. Namely being Artistic like myself. But, sadly yes he is indeed straight. Story of Muah life."  
  
"Aww! Sorry."  
  
Lawrence reaches them knowing full well he was being talked about. He knew how to study a crowd.  
  
"Hey there Elena. Would you like me to carry you to the shoe department?"  
  
Miki drops her jaw, "My feet are tired."  
  
"Perhaps a short foot massage before trying on the shoes?"  
  
Miki could only nod her hopefulness.  
  
"Enjoy yourself My Dear." Charmin steps away for the front of the store.  
  
Miki whimpers as he cradles her with ease and takes her for a tour. She couldn't stop looking at him. Lukas would just have to get jealous. If that was even possible.  
  
Carefully avoiding contact with the web of Mannequins situated in all sorts of contorted positions they reach an emptier section of long shelving containing a multitude of shoes. This was obviously Dancer/ Stripper Heaven. Their were hundreds of choices. Very expensive options at that. Nothing here was under a grand. Ordinarily the price tags would make the simple Miki shy away and head for the local Wally World. Today however she had Lukas to buy her anything she could possibly want. Which reminded her. She had no cash nor credit cards. How would Lukas compensate Charmin for her purchases? She would worry about that later.  
  
Lawrence delicately sits her down upon a cushy loveseat and stands above her dominantly. She melted beneath his gaze. Though appearing controlling in appearance his eyes offered another side. He was there to serve.   
  
"Please allow me to select some options for you to consider."  
  
Miki/Elena uses her knuckles to usher him on his way with a glint of encouragement. Resting there she hears her cell ping once again. She pulls up the text from Lukas.  
  
"Musclebound Denzel in his prime."  
  
"He's sexy." She types back.  
  
"Buy whatever you want. Clothing. Accessories. Shoes. I'll submit a Gold Card status over your phone. With a $20,000 limit. Not from your own account. This will be from my own reserves. Channeled into a false account in Elena Nathios name."  
  
"I was just wondering how I was going to pay for anything I liked." She smiles vibrantly knowing her financial windfall. Her eyes express wonder. Then something else dawns on her.  
  
"Lukas? Where am I going to keep all of these items? I can't just walk in at my Dad's with twenty bags."  
  
"After the Limo drops you home I'll have your purchases taken elsewhere until needed. Keep only a bag full at home."  
  
She fidgets questioning that, "Delivered to your home?"  
  
"No. My residence is mobile. I can't stay at any one safe house too long. I'll keep you posted where to find your belongings."  
  
Spotting Lawrence carrying three boxes toward her she quickly types, "Fashion show Maestro. Enjoy."  
  
Cell stashed away she observes Lawrence rest boxes on a tiny end table until her could produce a step stool in which he could sit on in order to put her shoes on for selection. She follows his every move noting his tight muscular ass. It was amazing.  
  
Boxes now beside his seat he straddles the stool and prepares her feet. Removing her current shoes he sets them to his right on the floor. Twisting to face her he grips her feet and offers a delicious foot massage. In her seated position she slouched slightly. Her skirt fanning open vividly. Lawrence immediately noticed her sweet pink pussy taking breaths with her trembling muscles. He chose to raise her foot higher for a better view. The Nubian Giant was certainly interested. So was Miki Lee. Proving it with a glistening labia that dampened her inner thighs.  
  
"That feels nice." She smiles with her eyes.  
  
"It is my honor to serve you."  
  
"Bless you Lawrence."  
  
After a good ten minutes he relaxes both of her feet before revealing her first set of stilettos. These were black and had micro thin heels. Almost daggers. Once both shoes were eased on to her feet she attempted to stand. Having never worn such high shoes she readily lost balance and teetered toward Lawrence. He captures her with a strong inviting grp around her hips. Her palms grasping his well defined shoulders.  
  
"So not used to heels. Sorry."  
  
"Do not be apologetic. I am here for you." He softly enlightens her.  
  
"Ever so grateful. I might need you to walk with me."  
  
"As you wish."  
  
He assists her to straighten up then rises to still tower over her heightened form. Like her Father teaching her to ride a bicycle for the first time Lawrence took careful steps along with her own. After a few feet he opts to trail away in favor of giving her a chance to shine. She hobbled a few feet then turned around like Frankenstein on roller skates. Walking back to Lawrence he approved of her challenging herself to win the shoes over. After a second pace she had the balance coordinated.  
  
"Ready for the runway." She giggles.  
  
Returning to the loveseat she tries 2 more pairs before deciding on two of the 3. They were set aside to purchase. She then wandered the shelves beside Lawrence in choosing five more pairs of shoes. Seven in all.  
  
"Care to accompany me in choosing underwear?" She winks at Lawrence, "I'll let you pick a few out for me."  
  
"I would indeed." He smiles thinly.  
  
Their journey led to examining the Mannequins for a variety of boy shorts and thongs. Bras and Bustiers. Teddy's. Fishnet Stockings. Thin suspenders. Everything that looked sexy. With each careful selection she is reminded just how realistic the Mannequins are.  
  
"These are so life like." She closely inspects the features on their faces. The realistic nipples. Even perfected cameltoes. The males were well hung and had definitive genitalia. Miki had to tease Lawrence by stroking one of the Mannequins. His reaction was held in check emotionally. His crotch spoke differently. As she eyes his arousal she fans herself and sensually slithers by him with a draft of her caress across his torso. He followed her like a lost puppy.  
  
"Where are the dressing rooms?" She scans about.  
  
"The entire store is a dressing room."  
  
Rotating to recognize the return of Charmin who had escorted a number of new customers about. She had overheard Miki/ Elena enquire.  
  
"Really?" Miki brightened her eyes as the trio of female customers admired her beauty.  
  
"Feel free. I know my clientele quite well. Law Enforcement steers clear of my store like the plague." Charmin adds.  
  
Without a graceful shrug Miki Lee lifts her dress up and over her head. Standing nude she spins for all to see. Applause was met with dramatic poses.  
  
"See how easy that was? Are you certain you don't want to apply for the position?"  
  
"Not today. I love this store. The freedom is so relaxing." She steps backward into Lawrence's arms pulling his hands around her waist. He stood amused by her boldness. As did Charmin.  
  
"Another reason to join our family here. Is there anything I can do to persuade you to stay?"  
  
"Another time Charmin. I promise to consider it in the future. Keep the offer open?"  
  
"Certainly. Try on whatever you like. Follow me ladies."  
  
The customers wave their goodbyes and continue the tour.  
  
Miki in turn nestled closer to Lawrence feeling his massive hard on along her butt cheeks. She wiggles up next to it to see what he would do. He merely chuckled lightly and lay his chin atop her hair.  
  
"Shall we try some outfits on Lawrence?"  
  
"As you wish. I prefer darker colors."  
  
"On me or on you?" Miki giggles twisting to face him, planting her palms on his tightened pectorals, "I like darker colors in me. I mean on me." She blushes playfully.  
  
He knew she was hinting. Years of experience as a Male stripper had fine tuned his radar.  
  
Uncaring of his position he lowered himself in for a succulent kiss. She embraced his lips with a fever, her palms moving from his chest to both sides of his face. The kiss lingered long moments. Steamier and steamier they became. His hands dropping to her spine then to her sweet heart shaped ass. Mighty fingers clutch her cheeks prying her crack apart. She moans into his mouth.  
  
Finally her fingers trail from his face and across his chiseled chest, six pack abs, ending at his slacks. A swift removal of snaps and zipper her hand slips beneath his boxers to fondle his cock. It leapt with an intense blood flow within.   
  
As he reached away to drop his pants, taking time to use his toes to remove his shoes he steps from the crumpled mass at his feet. She followed him with a wrinkle of lost boxers. Before they reached his socks his cock was in her hands. Stroking it for life.  
  
The kiss continued.   
  
Behind them circulated Charmin and her guests. Caught off guard they could only observe. Even Charmin/ George had trouble avoiding his own erection beneath his dress. An awkward situation to say the least. He was attracted to both of them in his own devious thoughts.  
  
His customers matched his interest with their own admiration. Lawrence's physique was statuesque. Every inch of the man was Godlike in proportion. All of them began fanning their emotions. Charmin included.  
  
Unknown to their attractions Lawrence lifts Miki Lee up to encourage her to surround his hips with her legs he located her drenched pussy and penetrated. Miki groaned and let him take the lead. Her hands about his neck searching for his tongue as their kiss smoldered. His hand clutch her butt cheeks once again. Using them to guide his thrusts in and out of her.   
  
Charmin's eyes bulged as she/he heard the front bell ringing. More customers were pouring in. He was unprepared for a glut of newcomers in this situation. Wondering for a moment if he should intervene. Deciding to leave his trio of ladies he journeys to the front to greet the incoming group of couples. Keeping them up front for the time he presumed might be needed to let his show finish off. He hoped it would be quick.  
  
Hearing moans escalate Charmin began acting edgy. The group noticed and looked toward the back with interest. To their misfortune they were deep within the thicket of Mannequins. Reaction led to questions. Charmin had no easy answers.  
  
Then, just as he gave up, music began to play throughout the store. Charmin looked at the ceiling puzzled. Who could have turned up "Madonna"?  
  
Matters became more clouded as the Mannequins began to move on their own. The animatronic modes on Charmin's artwork led to a massive sex show. An Orgy of plastic. Mannequins were fucking. touching. Sucking in their own surrealistic way. It was a magic show to be certain. The group around Charmin complimented him on the realism. In their eyes at least. Charmin let them believe it was his intent. To draw in the crowd for better shopping.  
  
"The moans are like a symphony." One woman blushes smiling.  
  
"Why have we never been in here before now?" Her man chuckles.  
  
Another guy adds, "Rave review. Are you the Owner?"  
  
Charmin takes the compliment in stride, "Owner and Artiste."  
  
"Pretty incredible."  
  
The compliments grew. Conversation persisted. Finally the group took the initiative to explore on their own. Charmin shrugged and followed along. They admired every single mode from doggy style to hand jobs. Blowjobs from both sexes. Men on men. Women on women. Women on men. The variety incredibly authentic to all types of sexual deviance.  
  
Getting closer to Miki and Lawrence the moans grew more intense. Talking became evident. Attracting the group. Suddenly stumbling upon the audience they joined them for the true show at hand.

Charmin bit a nail awaiting the group to realize this was real. It didn't take long.  
  
Miki was a ball of sweat. Her hair pulled. Tits bobbing as Lawrence took her from behind. Insanity was introduced. Emotions evident upon her face. Once she realized she had a growing fan club she increased her acting. Stimulated by Lawrence hitting the right spot she began to cry out and devote her words to his magnificence. The Man himself was well aware of his onlookers. He increased his Ego to look smug and confident. With any luck he would collect phone numbers from each of the enticed Ladies around him. Money to be had he thought. Some things never changed for a Male stripper. Escort on the side.  
  
With a devastating scream Miki Lee has a body ravaging orgasm. He held her firm as her body went limp within his clutches. Charming the crowd with his intensity he snarls and pulls out of Miki. A mighty river of cum shot high over Miki's spine. Her ass coated in a storm of white gloss. She was entirely too numb to care.  
  
Easing her to the carpet Lawrence released her to her spasms. He then valiantly waltzed around in front of the trio of women onlookers.  
  
"Is there anything I might interest you in?" He coaxes Godlike.  
  
The women followed him away to the back of the store. All three got some. Lawrence was on a roll.  
  
Miki however gathered her composure and looks up at Charmin and the group.  
  
"I think I'm ready to check out." Trembling she points at numerous outfits on the still moving Animatronics. She then realized the commotion around her of the Orgy.  
  
"Whoa! So cool." She thought.  
  
Suddenly, the Mannequins stopped. The silence was jarring. Even the music faded. This made Charmin uneasy. Did she/he have a Ghost in the Warehouse? Startled the decision was made to help Miki to her feet. Allowing the group to explore further on their own.  
  
"I don't know how things got turned on. I mean my Mannequins. Not Lawrence and yourself. That part was easy to spot." Charmin shivered.  
  
Miki Lee knew too well that the Orgy was conceived by Lukas. He had control over anything he could reach in and manipulate.  
  
"I love what just happened. You are so gifted." Miki prides herself on complimenting the Artist.  
  
"I've only turned them on twice. I wasn't prepared to introduce them to the customers yet. That went well actually."  
  
"You should do it more often. You can bet I'll spread the word. I hope you get noticed and Fetish's goes viral."  
  
"ScrewTube?" Charmin huffs.  
  
Miki got dressed and together they picked out her purchases. Her arsenal of clothing amounted to 40 different items. Toys led to another 20 pieces. At the register Charmin calculated a staggering price tag.  
  
"Oh Happy Day! Your total is $12,034 forget the cents. Bless you Elena."  
  
Utilizing her cell she transferred the money from Lukas' arranged account easily. The transaction went off smoothly.  
  
"Please come back. Work for me Elena." Charmin grabbed the girls hand with a pleading look.  
  
Pouting Miki patted the Owner's hand, "I promise to come back. I just spent twelve grand. Do I truly need a job?"  
  
"I suppose not. No more questions. I refuse to beg."  
  
Miki reaches for her multitude of bags and carries them toward the door. Stopping long enough to offer a lasting goodbye.  
  
"Bye Georgy."  
  
Charmin was sad to see her go.  
  
As silence loomed Charmin received a text on his/her own cell. Reading it a look of awe crossed her face.  
  
"Prepare to be very wealthy." It read.  
  
Dollar signs were intriguing.  
  
As were the moans from the back of the store. Palming his cheek he sighs heavily.  
  
"Oh Lawrence. What am I ever going to do with you?"  
  
Charmin of course had ideas.  
  
His own private Fetish.  
  
"Wait. How did Elena know my name was George?"  
  
Charmin got a case of the chills.  
  
Ghosts!

**Miki Lee 08: Limo Scene**

"Where to next Ms. Natchios?"  
  
Miki Lee sat in the comfort of her white stretch Limousine, still parked along the curb in front of the Warehouse Clothing and Toy Gallery known as "Fetish's". At the time of his question she was digging into a bag of her purchases and was withdrawn from reality at the moment. She was entirely too giddy inside to accept any outside communication. She knew that in the trunk area of the Limo she had dozens of bags of clothing and accessories. This was suddenly Christmas morning in Heaven. Although it still nagged her as to where she was going to hide the new gifts. Lukas had told her to keep what she could safely hide from her Father. Lukas would take care of where the remaining stash would reside. She hoped in a way that wherever that might be wasn't some seedy shack in a bad section of the city. Her standards weren't extravagant but she still wanted to feel safe. Her faith in Lukas her online Master was growing but the fact remained, she didn't truly know this person. Her thoughts were troubled. They would need to have a long talk soon.  
  
Matthew her driver once again leered back through the one way glass at his passenger, "Ms. Natchios?"  
  
Still she was lost in her emotional thoughts. Amazed by the Automaton Mannequins that had come to life within George/ Charmin's Warehouse. He was such a gifted individual to have created such a work of Art. One that came to life in a massive Orgy right there in the store. This masked her own personal sexual encounter with the Black God Lawrence, a mere employee. He was a pure pleasure indeed. Her exhibitionist ego satisfied while customers watched her being fucked by him. She was shivering still from the excitement of it. So much so that she was still horny. The unfortunate side was that her body reeked of sex. He had pelted her entire backside with his cum. She could only mask it with perfume she had purchased within Fetish's. It helped. To a point.  
  
Withdrawn Miki finally allowed Matthew to pierce the veil of her thoughts. The third time was the charm.  
  
"I'm deciding Matthew. A moment longer please."  
  
Her red dress was becoming an uncomfortable annoyance. As beautiful as it was on her she was becoming more and more fond of the idea of no clothing at all. Ever. Impossible she knew. It was her fantasy though. Fidgeting she took out her cellphone and types Lukas through his burner.   
  
"Where should I go now, Maestro? Georgy sold me tons of toys and sexy clothing."  
  
"Looked like you had a good time." He returns.  
  
"You know I did oh Voyeur Supreme. I'm still horny."  
  
"There is always your Driver. You did get his hopes up earlier."  
  
"I did didn't I? Where should I take him? A Hotel?" She ponders the possibility.  
  
"Right there in the Limo."  
  
Miki liked that idea, "If he wants to I'm game. Where should I tell him to go park?"  
  
"Digital parking meter is paid up ala Bank of Lukas."  
  
Her eyes flare up realizing what he insisted, "Right here on the street? Okay. I can do this. I'll text you when we're done for directions."  
  
Without waiting on another reply she rests her cell on the seat and looks up at a patient Matthew.  
  
"Thank you for being so calm Matthew. How would you like a reward?"  
  
Through his rearview mirror he eyes her with curiosity, "Reward Ma'am?"  
  
"Yes." She beguiles him with a devilish smile, "I seem to recall I offered to let you get me naked earlier. Care to join me back here?"  
  
Before he could answer she hears her cell ping beside her. Taking a breath to look at it she squirms in her seat. Lukas informed her, "Do not ask. Consume him."  
  
Eyes flaring at his command she nibbled her lower lip. She did enjoy when Lukas pushed her.  
  
Matthew had mulled over the shock of her request, "I don't know. I really like my job."  
  
Another text distracts her slight disappointment. Lukas gave her fuel to create the inferno.  
  
"Offer him a months salary then crawl up to his cab. Seduce him."  
  
No reply needed she knew Lukas was watching her. Turning her attention toward Matthew she seductively removes her dress while in her seat. Her eyes never once abandoning Matthew's closely observing gaze. He was nervously adjusting his tie as she lifted her dress up between pinched fingers and drops it to her feet. Her newly acquired stiletto heels set aside for freedoms sake.  
  
"So much better. Don't you think?"  
  
Nodding with a timid smirk Matthew expels, "Yes, Ma'am."  
  
She prowls like a stalking Panther toward the cab from across her comfort zone. She notes him sweating even with the air conditioning running full force. His eyes were glued to her advance. Going so far as to tilting his mirror to keep her in the frame. His thoughts were simple.  
  
"Don't turn her down."  
  
Reaching the one way glass he loses sight of her hiding below the ledge. Seconds seemed like forever as he held his breath. Never in his life had he known a woman like this. A Goddess of perfect flesh. Gentle Asian features around her eyes and bone structure. Her Mediterranean complexion creating a masterpiece of a woman. Tight body, sleek curves. Her hair like spun black gold. Pristine lips made for kissing. And, more. God had broken the mold on this girl. He missed her. Where was she?  
  
There fluttered a left hand creeping up behind him. This well manicured hand teased the back of his neck with barely taunting fingers. Frolicking amid his scalp on its journey North. Coaxing his drivers cap to topple forward over his brow to capture its fall. Her touch sent sensations South of the border instantly. There could be no mistaking it. Matthew was well endowed.  
  
"Matthew?" He hears her sensual tone.  
  
"Ma'am?"  
  
"I've decided to reward you with a months wages. How does that sound?"  
  
Taken by surprise he grins sheepishly.  
  
"You don't have to do that Ma'am. They pay me well. Thank you for the thought."  
  
"Too late. I sent a payment to your Company in your name. For your extended services. Is $10,000.00 enough?"  
  
"How did you know my last name?" He raises an eyebrow with a puzzled look.  
  
"My secret. Call and ask them if it makes you feel better."  
  
Her nails continue slithering through his hair. It felt entirely too good. Still he contemplates the call out of curiosity. Suddenly he realizes that he didn't even care. It was obvious that she had money. After all she had the Limo rented for the entire day. Added on to the purchases she bought inside Fetish's. Her getaway at Macy's Department Store naked blew his mind. Even the cops stood by and watched her. Who was this woman?  
  
"I'm good Ma'am. White Knight and all."  
  
"It is true then. Chivalry isn't dead. How's that sword coming along Sir Matthew?"  
  
He lowers his gaze to his lap and smirks, "Looking mighty sharp, Ma'am."  
  
"Does it need polishing?"  
  
"Lady knows best." He smirks as her hand reaches the top of his head now that he had settled back against his seat. His hat now laying on the dash.  
  
Closing his eyes to embrace his scalp massage he sighs loudly. Still he wondered where the rest of her was. He felt like a Puppet and she the hidden Puppeteer.  
  
Cue given Miki Lee sits her cell aside on a seat and devotes her attention. Lukas could just watch.   
  
Both hands glide over his scalp now as she rises into view. At the perfect angle she leans her upper body over the seat just enough to suck upon his earlobe. Matthew was floating on cloud nine. With a soft whisper she entices him further.  
  
"Take off your shoes. Unbuckle your pants and lower them. Obey Milady."  
  
"Yes, Ma'am. Milady."  
  
He arches forward to unbuckle his belt and unzip his fly. Hips lift and he guides both his pants and boxers to his knees. His shoes are pried off by his toes escaping to the floorboard.   
  
"Jacket, shirt, and tie Ma'am?"  
  
"Sir Matthew is losing his shyness." She exhales into his ear.  
  
He chuckles undoing his tie to begin unbuttoning his white shirt, "Never been one to be shy. Just shedding the armor."   
  
Before going further he drags his arms out of his jacket and tosses it into the seat next to him. Removing the tie she reaches out to claim it from his hand.  
  
"I'll just take that from your Gauntlet."  
  
Giving in she allows him space to get undressed. Vacating his shirt and wifebeater underneath he settles back. She notes his hairy chest through his mirror and smiles. All that he had left on were black socks. Matthew felt a chill suddenly. Free at last.  
  
Behind the barrier Miki Lee had tied his necktie around her own neck for a visual aid. She flipped it about playfully as he watched her cuteness in the mirror.  
  
"I love the scarf you gave me Kind Sir."  
  
Grinning he hisses, "Looks better on you than it did me, Milady."  
  
"Do you think I would look even better on you, Sir Matthew?"  
  
He huffs with a vote of confidence, "Saddles ready, Godiva."  
  
Offer accepted Miki hoists herself carefully through the windows threshold and into the front seat. Passerby's could easily witness their nudity through the front windshield. Its tint less concealing than the side windows. She nor he cared. Seat as far back as possible. Steering wheel tilted forward. Room was made.  
  
Miki now fully in the front had finally caught a glimpse of the White Knight's sword. There sat Matthew with his arms behind his head proudly. Toned muscles tight and portraying his stature. Between his legs a beefy nine inch broadsword. A true warriors weapon of choice. The King's crown safely in his possession for safe keeping, in all of its purple regality.  
  
"Impressive." She manages to express.  
  
He winced at her decision to forego a blowjob. In her wetness the fires raged within her soul. She chose to climb into his lap carefully and sheath his sword properly. The expression of awe on her face made Matthew smug. She had to sit there for a moment to accommodate her senses.  
  
Her whimper met with a glint of cockiness Matthew growls, "Like the new throne, Princess?"  
  
Nodding with a teary expression she plants her palms on both sides of his face. Eyes meet with a confirmation of intention. Her gyrations began causing her to mumble obscenities of pleasure under her breath. He merely sat back and let her do all the work. Feeding off of her emotions. Admiring her heavy inhalations held behind pressed lips. Their final release accompanied by tender moans.  
  
The more she gave him emotionally the more his ego rose. Challenging her to ride him harder with a glare that spoke words of its own. Shrill squeals escape her throat as she thrusts deep and rises high. Matthew felt her labia's scalding friction around his Galant Knight. It was certainly adding fire to the inferno.  
  
Hands leave his face to support her struggle. Left hand pressed against the ceiling. Right on the door frame. In her self absorbed satisfaction she hadn't realized that patrons were stopping to admire and snap photos through the windshield. Most likely videos as well. Not that she worried about it. Lukas would intercept them.  
  
Matthew found it not only amusing but also erotic. He was far bolder than he had ever admitted. To Miki Lee's surprise he reached to his left and lowered the drivers door window.. Followed by the passenger window. A rush of coolness flooded the cab as the outside heat merged with the air conditioning. Yet the heat increase stormed their flesh with a welcomed fever.  
  
"Look at your loyal subjects, Princess."  
  
Smiling with her eyes she increases her gyrating motions. He could tell that his revelation turned her on even more. Even her moans had intensified. Matthew was on to something. Deciding to nudge her back against the steering wheel to allow onlookers to observe her tits better. Jiggling with each thrust Matthew puckered and glared out at the growing number of Voyeurs.  
  
"Ain't those beautiful?"  
  
He chuckles to a young couple as his fingers lift her breasts lightly for a picture perfect pose. The couple held hands and devoted their interest in the outcome of this. Comments were made yet Miki was lost to them. Compliments though they were.  
  
Some passerby's linger and exchange remarks with the couple. Others join them, standing their ground with lustful eyes. Before long there were eight viewers in attendance.  
  
Miki's quest became obsessive. She was biting down on a length of Matthew's necktie as she rode his magnificent stallion. Echoing moans were verbally applauded. Finally, Miki Lee alias Elena Natchios screamed at her first devastating orgasm. She drowned Matthew's lap staining the seat. Chest heaving Miki reacts to her fans outside for the first time.   
  
The Female of the couple leaves her Man's side to eagerly approach the open window.  
  
"Don't hate me for intruding. I couldn't leave without telling you how incredible that was. I've tried to get my Fiancée into this type of exhibition. Thank you so much for the inspiration."  
  
Miki reaches out for her instinctively for a hug. The girl embraced her with a welcomed enthusiasm.   
  
"Stick around. The show is just getting started." Matthew chimes in boldly.  
  
Miki peeled away from the redhead that reminded her of the actress Jessica Alba. Smiling at the Chauffeur for his insistence of more. She hops in his lap giddily feeling his beast throbbing inside her. A swift glance to the woman Miki adds her own recommendation.  
  
"We're moving to the back now." She locates the window controls and opens every single window in the Limo. Including the massive sunroof which hissed wide to let the sun illuminate the interior better.   
  
Matthew was impressed. Winking he gallantly motions, "After you, Milady."  
  
Miki shivered with delight as she retreated off of Matthew's cock. He hadn't even got off yet. She respected his self control. Beginning her climb through the cabin window Matthew smacked her ass.   
  
"Get on back there."  
  
Giggling Miki Lee launched herself through and rolled into a sitting position on the carpet. Before Matthew could join her the redhead outside had the nerve to lean inside the door just to capture a look at Matthew's monster cock. Her reaction was priceless as she turned to the gathering with a fanned hand and an expression of "Oh my God!" toward her Man.  
  
Dancing about like a rabbit she races to her Man who creased her brow over her giddiness. Seeing his stern features made her pout and grow silent. The others sensed their differences and felt bad for her.  
  
Matthew paused to observe his reaction toward his Fiancée. He too felt worried for her. The guy seemed like a Douche.   
  
Instead of crawling over the window as Miki had he chose a bolder route. Opening his drivers door he got out and stood up in front of everyone. Stretching before closing his door. The redhead couldn't stop looking at his wagging cock. It was rock hard and fierce. Her Man merely scowled and shook his head at her attentiveness.  
  
Suddenly, the Man's cellphone rang. He didn't answer the unknown caller and started to put it away. Then a text prevented his intention. He read the text as Matthew moved to the back passenger area. Opening, entering, and closing the door behind him.  
  
The Fiancee grew grim as he read the text. The message made him uneasy. Nerves were making him glare around him for an invisible assassin. Luckily his Fiancee was more absorbed by the show inside the Limo. After a moment he encourages her to get closer and avoid any nosiness as to whom he was texting.  
  
The girl couldn't help herself. His nudge sent her racing to the open windows. Three others had beaten her to the best spots to observe Miki sucking Matthew's cock as he stretched out in a King's pose. Miki fueled by her lust to make her audience happy swallowed his girth with a ravenous hunger. As deep as her throat could accommodate. The beauty was quite noisy at her investment. Messy too.  
  
She was determined to make Matthew cum in her mouth. Her exhibitionist tendencies found it necessary to compliment her fan base with the best show possible. Lukas had created a monster. In the digital distance he was proud. Someone was at least.  
  
Twelve feet behind the cluster of perverts the redheads Man turned pale at a received photograph. The picture contained far more information than he wanted to explain. A portrait of a loving family. A wife. Two beautiful daughters. A son. Their dog. He in better days. Days that he refused to acknowledge to this Fiancee that he could never truly marry. She had no idea his family existed. Played by the best.  
  
He silently slipped away without her noticing.  
  
Lukas had saved this woman from a long drawn out heartbreak.   
  
Within the Limo Matthew and Miki Lee continued to give the group a worthy show. Miki continuing to feast on Matthew's scepter. Palming the back of Miki's head he held her firmly. She turned blue yet used her own hand to clutch his massive ball sack. It couldn't get any more full. Her other hand racing up his abdomen with gently carving nails.  
  
Miki adored this treatment and swore to herself that she would give this Man her best. He had grown on her. From erection to persona. Nodding his approval toward his viewing subjects he releases her skull. Rearing back to catch her breath with a deafening gasp accompanied by a spatter of web saliva, she drops her face lower. Her tongue molding around his scrotum suckling upon it, Miki grips his cock and strokes it violently. As good as it felt Matthew divided his attention between he and the redhead fighting to see better. Horny as he was he was interested in what this woman's predicament was.   
  
Seeing her receive a text and read it. Whining she opts to smile at the message. Unknown to Matthew it read, "Tasha. Get in the Limo and join them. I'm going for coffee. I'll bring back roses. Love Andrew."  
  
Looking about nervously Tasha doesn't see Andrew. The text made her day. Still, she worried. Andrew was opening up to her desires but she just wished he would participate and make her feel more secure in their relationship. Of course she had no clue that he was gone. Forever.  
  
One last look at her text she glances over the congregating voyeurs directly at Matthew. For some reason she was drawn to the Driver. With a wink from Matthew he motions for the group to part and let her in. The group looked behind them as one Man took the initiative to be a Gentleman. Opening the car door he sways his arm to invite her in. Tasha stood torn until she received yet another text. Lingering long enough to read it she smiled from ear to ear and danced on her toes.  
  
"I'm watching you. Get in there and make me crazy."  
  
Excited by her challenge she eagerly dives into the cabin. Door shut behind her.   
  
Miki Lee was caught off guard as Tasha crouched beside her. She stops licking Matthew's balls to first examine the young 26 year old, then make eye contact with Matthew. The Limo Driver sat with a confident smirk. This led Miki to accept the girl.  
  
"You're so beautiful." Tasha tells Miki with admiration. A glint of innocence spilling forth. The same compliment redirected toward Matthew, "You're beautiful too."  
  
Matthew ignores her and eyes the blue sky above them through the open sunroof. He nudges Miki aside carefully in order to stand up through the roof. His body at full height appeared outside from the ribs up. Stretching like a God he expels a concealed cry, "YeeeeeHawwww!"  
  
Below the girls giggled. After a deep breath of fresh air Matthew reached down toward Miki and helped her to her feet. Guiding her to face him he winks at her and sighs, "Ready to feel the freedom?"  
  
Her eyes flare as his hands grip her waist and lift her tiny frame airborne. Up through the sunroof she went until she was seated on the hot metal roof. She screeches at the heat and makes a horrible face. He hadn't planned on this reaction.   
  
Before he could lift her back inside Tasha tossed up her shirt. Matthew smirked and helped Miki place it under her bottom. It helped a little. Noting it not being enough one of their viewers helped even more utilizing his own shirt. Then another man did the same. The group wanted to take part. With their assist Miki Lee was guided to lay back on the pile of clothing.

Grinning at her Matthew sank his tongue inside her pussy and fed like it was his last meal. Fingers inserting and twisting below his tongue. Miki helped herself to rubbing her clit.  
  
Below deck Matthew's free hand snapped fingers toward Tasha. Fingers pointing from she and his cock. The redhead took the hint and knelt before his Godhood. Mouth wide she sucked his dick for all to see. Her adventure was off to a good start.   
  
Miki saw cars driving by. Including buses that had a higher vantage point. Eyes were locating her from every angle. It was amazing. The gathering about the Limo increased by ten more people. Some faces she recognized as the three women she met inside Fetish's. They began whistling at her with applause. All of her fantasies were coming true. With a pinch to her left nipple she laughed at her good fortune.  
  
Matthew merely raised her legs higher and dug his tongue in deeper. He wanted the loudest screaming orgasm he could create. Miki was eager to comply. All the while Tasha devoured his cock and did her best to watch what was going on above.   
  
In her feast Tasha received another text. Striving to not release Matthew from her mouth she read the text.  
  
"Strip naked. I'm loving this. Let the Driver fuck you." Wrote Andrew's ghost alias Lukas.  
  
Shivering at the eyes around her she sets her cell aside and removes her bra. Her perky 34C's excited to be free. Pink nipples aroused by the comments arriving through the windows. The males were loving her more and more. The confidence grew after a starving set of mouth thrusts over Matthew's cock. His crown tickling the back of her throat. In her struggle she managed to unfasten her white slacks and slip them from her hips. Standing just enough to guide them to her feet. The legs were flared at the bottom making them an easy release. Only in her socks, shoes, and thong she returned to her mission.  
  
Matthew used his fingers to pry Miki's labia as wide as possible. Revealing her drooling pink hole and the delectable pearl well hidden within the clam. His teeth gnawing at the pearl Miki started screaming and writhing about. Her next orgasm was ferocious. The second she squirts the liquid waterfalls down over Tasha's hair. It made her stop to avoid the cascade. She could only look up with awe.  
  
Matthew took a breath to look down chuckling at Tasha's dilemma. Then he realized she was naked. Acknowledging her hotness Matthew motioned her to stand up and turn around. Lowering his hands he gripped Tasha by the hips with one and slid his nudging other hand up her spine to bend her over. Once in position he pulls her back to feel his cock enter her pussy. The Redhead immediately yelped and felt his thrusting. Her fingers locating her own clit to assist. Tasha Webber fucked this Driver silly. This Driver fucked this voyeur silly.   
  
Matthew was ambidextrous. He managed to fuck her steadily and yet return to feeding on Miki once again. The crowd burst out in praise. His ego made the show a must see.  
  
Before long both girls screamed as one and burst in a symphony of squeals and moans of exhaustion.   
  
Matthew felt his resistance waning and quickly assists Miki down to kneel beside Tasha. Tasha had turned and dropped to her knees hugging Matthew's leg for support. Both women marveled at the Driver's endurance. Still a mighty Knight in Shining Armor Matthew jerked his cock with feral snarls. The girls hugged cheek to cheek giggling as Matthew looked down upon them.  
  
Eyes tilted toward Heaven, Matthew showered on both girls in a storm of white rain. A rain that took its time before their skies were clear.   
  
Both girls licked their lips and sighed at one another. Introductions were made through a comforting hug. The White Knight signaling his demise by dropping to the seat behind him. Snapping his fingers he calls the girls up to cuddle. One under each arm. They lingered there with their audience dispersing.   
  
Tasha decides to look at her cell when something averted her eyes to the street. Through the open windows she noted a bike messenger riding up with a dozen red roses. Halting beside the Limo the rider hands them in with a note. Tasha cooed at the promised gift. Andrew was so sweet.  
  
Freaked out suddenly, bike messenger after messenger rolled up with more bouquets. Six dozen roses in all. Fawning to Matthew's left Miki smiled. She had a hunch this was due to Lukas. Still she wondered where her own flowers were.  
  
Reading the card Tasha became sad.  
  
"I got called out of town. Enjoy the roses. I'm proud of you. I'll see you when I return."  
  
Pouting she accepts her fate.  
  
It would be a long few weeks.  
  
Of course she did get a gift card from Fetish's.  
  
For $5,000.00.  
  
Happy day.  
  
Miki Lee pats Matthew on the chest and kisses him on the cheek.  
  
"Home, James. Oh, wait it's Matthew."   
  
He savors her giggle with a sigh, "Call me when you need another ride."  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
Ten minutes to get things back to normal Matthew drove Tasha home first. That gave the girls a chance to get acquainted. Reaching her Apartment Tasha thanks them and shares her number with both.  
  
Driving away Miki received a text.  
  
"Her Fiancee was already married. He played her. I'll help her get over the grief. You should keep in touch too. Be her friend."  
  
Awestruck by the terrible news Miki types back, "I can do that. What a shame."  
  
"You did well Miki. Your Dad just got home from Bowling. Have Matthew drop you a few blocks away. There's a cab waiting to drive you to your front door. Tell him you have a job at a Lingerie Outlet."  
  
"Fetish's?" She types giggling.  
  
"It's a cover story for now."  
  
She smiles with an adoring sigh, "Thank you Maestro."  
  
He typed a final reply. He was signing out.  
  
"Zzzzzzzzzzzz!"  
  
Miki was tired as well.

**Miki Lee 09: Listen Hear**

Miki Lee needed a shower badly. Having been dropped off in front of her Father's house by a checkered cab she realized her scent. Too much sex today had left her rank. She was almost embarrassed. Even her perfume was defiant now. She prayed her Father wouldn't catch a whiff and question her. Shopping bags in hand she took a deep breath and headed up the porch stairs to the front door. Before venturing in she chose to sneak a peek through the window next to the door. The curtain was open just enough.  
  
"Not in the living room. If I'm quiet I might get past him and into the rest room."  
  
Unlocking the door as gently as possible she creaked the oak door open and peered inside. There was total silence. Gaining confidence she entered and lightly closed the door behind her. Her bags were noisy rubbing against each other with a crinkling sound of plastic. In passing she looked up at the surveillance cameras and stuck her tongue out at Lukas if he was watching. Of course he was.  
  
Where was her Father Daniel? Lukas had informed her earlier that he had just gotten home from his bowling league. One of the very few hobbies he enjoyed.   
  
After passing the dining room and kitchen she still hadn't found him. Either he was napping or in the bathroom. Stealthily she headed toward her bedroom hoping to enter before he realized that she was at home. Just before turning her doorknob the hallway bathroom door opened startling her. Her Father stepping out in a hand held towel about his waist. He hadn't seen her until he turned to face his daughter. Startled he accidently lets the towel slip from his fingers and it drops to the hardwood flooring.  
  
"Jesus!" He ushers grabbing the threshold of the bath.   
  
Miki Lee turns at his spooked demeanor. Her eyes tried not to look down at his manhood but it became impossible. As he scrambled to retrieve his towel from the floor and hide his cock he turned red. Miki followed suit yet even in her blush she realized just how large her Father was. The admiration made her eyes widen with respect. Then, just as quickly she turns away to avoid explaining why she took such interest in it.  
  
"Sorry Dad. I didn't even know if you were awake. It was quiet so I assumed you were napping."  
  
Towel wrapped about his waist firmly he settles his nerves.  
  
"No. Worked up a sweat bowling so felt like cooling off. Hot one today."  
  
"Yes it was. I need a shower too. Hot and sticky." Her admission didn't include just how sticky and from what. Namely lots of cum.  
  
"Might still be some hot water left." He then notices her bags, "You go shopping?"  
  
"I did. Intimate clothing so don't ask to see." She giggles.  
  
Dan narrows his eyes, "How did the job search go? They pay you already?"  
  
"Calm down. Yes I got a job." She lifts a bag with the logo for "Fetish's" on it, "I work here starting Monday. Sales girl. Macy's didn't pan out. Neither did the oil change place. Besides that didn't feel so girly. Bus rode by Fetish's and I saw a Help Wanted sign. What the heck right? Job is a job."  
  
He frowns, "That doesn't explain the clothing and how you afforded them."  
  
"I had a little cash left in my account. My new boss Charmin hired me on the spot. Even offered to give me an advance. She's an artist too. I'll be helping her on occasion working with Mannequin's. I just found the job appealing."  
  
Nodding with a hesitant shrug he eases closer to her, "Sorry if I embarrassed you just now."  
  
"I'm fine. And, I hope that I didn't embarrass you either. That was awkward for both of us I'm sure. Let me go put my things away and grab a shower. Love you Dad."  
  
Closing his bedroom door but not latching it he returns her adoration, "Love you too Miki."  
  
Entering her bedroom she exhales loudly at her narrow escape. If he had seen price tags he might wonder how much of an advance she had gotten. If it existed. She quickly snips all the tags and goes about hanging things up and folding them into dresser drawers. Stiletto heels hidden in the back of her closet. Perfume bottles on her bedside stand. From there she peeled her dress off and stood in front of her full length mirror on a closet door. She looked worn out. Her hair was a ratty mess. Body odor less than appealing.   
  
"Just plain gross. Dad must have thought I ran home. Let's get cleaned up and feed my belly. I haven't eaten all day."  
  
Before making that journey she plugged her cell in to charge. The second she began to step away the phone buzzed.   
  
"Lukas?" She creased her brow looking to make certain.  
  
His text read, "The rest of your clothes are in a safe place. I'll let you know where when the time is right."  
  
"Thank you Maestro. Today was fun. Let me shower and grab a bite then I'll get online in the living room. Need to make sure my Dad is asleep so he doesn't ask questions."  
  
"I'll be waiting Beautiful." He ends his texting.  
  
Setting the cell down she locates a towel she had used earlier in the day laying across her bed and holds it around her. Moving to her door she opens it and starts into the hallway. Before reaching the bathroom she hears a muffled groan. Stopping to listen she hears it again. Wincing she follows it toward her Father's door. It had a thin gap in between the threshold and the frame. She could see in slightly. It was dimly lit but she could make out her Father standing in front of a muted television. He was watching a porno. Jerking off.   
  
Her eyes flared with curiosity. Then, it dawned on her that the hallway had a camera trained down it. Lukas could see her snooping. Not to mention he probably saw the towel drop ten minutes ago. Her thoughts twisted. She chose to retreat to the bathroom and let her Father enjoy his privacy. Hopefully his masturbation would tire him out. That would offer Miki her own privacy with Lukas in the living room.  
  
Entering the bathroom Miki began to shut the door when something prevented her from sealing it all the way. She chose to leave it ajar just as her Father had done his own. Opening the glass door of the shower she reaches in and ignites the water. As it warmed to the perfect temperature she discarded her towel and stepped inside. The cascade felt incredible. After a few moments to relax she began soaping her luffa and sponging away the stank. The suds graced every inch of her flesh.   
  
While she showered the steam build up filtered out into the hall through the crack in the door. Daniel had heard the shower when started and stepped from his television to close his door properly. Spotting the steam he winced. She had left the door open as he had. Grimacing at his erection which had not been emptied he palmed it for a timid circulation. Questioning his perverted thoughts he steps out into the hall and moves silently to the bathroom door. He could see through the crack a mirror over the sink. Steamed only slightly due to the opened door allowing an exit he spotted his daughter sponging herself. Every so often he would watch his security footage and capture her playing with herself. Today was in person. His mind confused by the attraction. She was so much like her Mother. Same body. Same hair. Just not quite as Asian.  
  
He decided finally that what he was doing was wrong and returned to his bedroom. When closing his door he stopped from latching it once again. This time he left it open just a little wider. She undoubtedly would pay little attention to it. Daniel went back to his porno.   
  
Miki washed her hair to revive its luster. Satisfied that her body was purged of all leftovers she shut off the water and stepped out of the shower stall. Reclaiming her towel she dried off and felt a chill flow across her flesh. The chill thrilling her nipples. She realized the door was still ajar. Possibly opened a bit more than she had left it. Pausing to ponder on the off chance that her Father might have been snooping. Lukas had told her this past week that Daniel had observed her on camera before. Jerking off over the footage. Before that information she never even thought that she might be seen. Naïve to the cameras true purpose. She presumed that they were only activated when the two residents were away. Evidently Daniel left them on when he was gone to work for his own reasons. The knowledge had piqued her curiosity ever since.   
  
Leaving the bathroom she shuffled in her towel toward her room. Her eyes averting to her Father's door which was also opened slightly more than it had been. The porno was still playing but on mute to avoid letting Miki know he was watching smut. The silence only helped his own feral breathing and emotional state echo at a low pitch. Miki knew very well that her Father was still jerking off. Either he was on his second or third ejaculation or he was having difficulties. Standing out of his direct view she leaned against the wall opposite his door. Listening.  
  
She was afraid to breath. For fear that her hearing might miss anything vital. The last time she had heard him he had mentioned the words, "You've grown up so much." Something to that effect. She knew that he must have been thinking about her. As strange as that was it had gnawed at her thoughts ever since. Would he say anything like that again in his fantasy?  
  
His mumbles were more like groans of aggravation. He was obviously struggling to stay erect. She felt so bad for him. His loneliness evident since her Mother's passing. He had refused to even date out of respect for her. Choosing instead to be self absorbed and relinquish his needs to fictional lovers. Porn his next best thing to being there.  
  
Nibbling at her fingertip she almost left him to his disappointment when she hears words expel softly.  
  
"Why do you have to look so much like your Mother?"  
  
That must have proven to be his upset. He wanted to envision Miki but kept seeing her Mom. Her resemblance attracted him yet turned him away at the same time. The thoughts made Miki realize her own sorrow. She missed her Mother as well. Just standing here in her own silly fantasy must be making her Mother frown from Heaven. Still, her Father sounded so miserable. Closing her eyes she took a deep breath then turned to knock on her Father's door.  
  
"Dad?"  
  
She heard him stir in his bed and cover himself with his sheet. A quick channel switch on his TV ended on an Animal Planet episode.  
  
"Come on in. Everything alright?" He swallowed at potentially being caught.  
  
Shuffling through the darkness, illuminated by the lighting of the TV she moved to the foot of his bed. Her towel held to her chest but not tied. Any loss of her grip and it would fall away. The ends of the towel revealing her left hip and pelvic bone all the way down her left leg. She looked down at him with a pout.  
  
"I'm fine. Are you? I heard you groaning as if in pain."  
  
His sheet covered his waist but in his hurry to avoid her seeing his timid erection he rested his backside on part of the sheet that kept him from covering his right leg all the way up to his own hip. The TV lighting displayed his hip quite well due to his lily white skin color. He opted to just lay there and stress over it later.  
  
"Just rolling my eyes at these animals on the TV. Some of the things they do are pretty out there."  
  
Miki moves closer to watch the TV between he and the television itself.  
  
"Look's like mating season." She giggles at the Antelopes attempting to have sex.  
  
"So, what's wrong? You seem troubled."  
  
"I was going to say the same of you. In passing I heard you mention Mom."  
  
"Ah!" He frowns at eying Miki's exposed hip now that she had mentioned her Mother.That tamed his erection even more., "Yeah. Every now and then I miss her."  
  
"You must be so lonely."  
  
"I am. But, I'll live. What about you? Shouldn't you be out there meeting guys? Instead of babysitting me."  
  
"I like taking care of you. Don't knock it Mister. I know you don't want to do all the dishes and vacuuming."  
  
Hearing the words taking care of him made his erection perk up under the sheet. Noting the sheet rise Miki sits down on the bed next to him planting her weight on the other covers to avoid his idea of covering up more. She had it in her head to get her Father worked up then leave him in better shape to ejaculate properly. What harm could it cause to just turn him on enough to finish?  
  
"Boy! Look at those deer go at it." Daniel swallows dryly realizing his predicament.   
  
She turns to observe the TV and sighs, "Does it bother you I got a job in an adult store that sells sex toys and lingerie?"  
  
His eyes shiver in their socket at the word sex. He had to think about his answer. In doing so his erection lifts higher. He creased his brow knowing that it would be impossible for her not to notice. She does her best not to appear shaken by it. Her eyes trained on her Father's face expressionless.  
  
"You're an adult. If that's where you want to work then do so. Money is money. It is just a cashier job pretty much. Right?"  
  
"Yes. I was asked how I felt about wearing lingerie on the job to stimulate customers into purchases. I might. I haven't decided if I could do that or not."  
  
"Wow." His erection twitches even higher.  
  
"Would you think badly of me if I did that? Dress all sexy for public viewing." She looks for his approval.  
  
Haunted by images of his daughter in bra and panties he clears his throat and attempts to look away. Seeing this reaction Miki scoots over closer to him and in doing so lets her towel slide under her bottom. Her left leg revealing more, all the way up past her ribcage. Her thigh faintly exposing. Yet he could not see the thigh itself in her current angle. She reaches her right hand over to touch her Father's arm to garner his attention. This left only her left hand to pinch her tightened towel in place.  
  
"Please give me your blessing. I won't take the job if you disapprove."  
  
While his gaze was turned away Miki examines his mighty erection tenting up the sheet.  
  
Huffing he returns his eye contact as she outstretches with a pleading glint in her eye. In her poised angle the right side of the towel drifted lower on her thighs. He could now see her pelvic bone and just beyond. Her entire hip exposed. The vision snapped his erection full on beast right beside her elbow.  
  
"Oh for God's sake." He groans looking at her expectant reaction.  
  
"You are mad at me for taking the job. I can tell."  
  
"No. I'm not mad. As a Father the thoughts of his daughter growing up too fast is intimidating. You asking me if it's alright for you to wear revealing outfits in public is just--well--awkward."  
  
Miki feels his discomfort yet decides to push him a bit further. She hops in her seated position and curls her right leg under her left. The tightening burden yanked the towels left side from her fingertips and it slithered down her ribs. Her left breast popped into view right before Daniel's eyes. Miki bulged her eyes at the loss and quickly leaps up to hold the towel in front of her without wrapping it. Dangling in front of her she covers the necessary parts and leaves the rest free to be seen. From her toes to her armpits were seen fully.  
  
"Sorry. I should have tied it. I didn't expect that to happen."  
  
"That or this?" He points at his erection.  
  
Miki droops her jaw and highlights her flaring eyes, "Did I do that?"  
  
Daniel frowns and pulls his sheet out from under him to cover himself better. His leg now concealed. The temptation was obviously still there but needed a bit more protection . Both of them grew hesitant.  
  
"Guess you did. All this talk about you wearing skimpy clothing. Those damned deer having sex. What did you expect?"  
  
Her expression begins to pout. She wondered if this was the right thing to do. Now he appeared uptight. Suddenly, Miki decides a new approach.  
  
"Dad? You always told me that I could talk to you about anything. Does that truly mean Any thing?"  
  
He glares at her with curiosity, "Of course. There is something wrong isn't there?"  
  
"Can I sit again? Or should I run and get dressed?"  
  
He knows what his answer should be but he chooses another tactic.  
  
"Just cover up. I'll be fine. Tell me what's on your mind."  
  
She refrains from tying the towel and holds it to her chest with her left arm. Sitting down slightly closer than she had earlier. Now hip to hip. Her right leg once again curled up under her left while sitting sideways facing him. He could see her entire right profile. This was even more awkward but Miki played it off as if she were upset mentally. Consuming a deep breath she fans her face with fluttering fingers.  
  
With her right hand waving swiftly at herself her breasts jiggled about. Daniel couldn't resist watching them. Her left arm holding the towel was loosely committed to hiding her as it was. She didn't seem too terribly worried about her predicament. Daniel winced as his erection twitched just to her right. Either she wasn't worried about his situation or she was toying with him. He was undecided as to which.  
  
"Ok. Here goes. I've been doing things online that I know might upset you."  
  
"Online? Oh Lord. Do I want to know?"  
  
She snaps a glare at her Father with a glint of hesitation. She knew that he had undoubtedly witnessed her online masturbations long before Lukas ever intervened. It was time that she admitted to her obsessions. That and she knew that he would break down and reveal that he already knew about it.  
  
"I put on shows for guys for money. It's better than my being a stripper." She cringes at his reaction, "Safer anyways. Right?"  
  
"You want to be a stripper?" His eyes bulge with surprise.  
  
"No. Well, I won't deny that I love making guys--you know--" She turns her eyes to her right to glance at her Father's erection.  
  
"Noticed that did you?" He swallows dryly.  
  
"Hard not to. I'm not offended. Just like I know you were watching a porn earlier. You don't need to hide it from me. I realized last week that the security cameras you invested in were recording even when we were home. You must have seen me multiple times on my computer."  
  
He repositions by sliding further back toward his headboard. In doing so Miki's weight on his sheet held it firmly. He grit his teeth realizing that his abs and upper thighs were slipping into view. Still he reaches behind him to fluff his pillows into a back support.  
  
"I forget sometimes to shut the cameras off when at home. I guess it's my protective nature. I know that you're here alone."  
  
"I presumed they were off when I was here. But, I know they weren't now. I should feel embarrassed but I'm not. You never once told me what I was doing was wrong."  
  
"Which makes me look like a sick fuck doesn't it?" He exhales loudly and folds his arms over his chest.  
  
"I'm not upset over it. I just want you to admit to seeing me."  
  
"The angles were kind of crappy anyway. Only saw parts of you. Once I understood what I was seeing I shut it off and deleted the footage."  
  
"Every single time? Please be honest with me." She pats the sheet over his leg offering a concerned expression.  
  
Inhaling with puffed cheeks he contemplates his answer.  
  
"Why are we having this discussion. I'm busted. So were you. It's said and done. I'll turn the cameras off when either of us is at home. Just let them record an empty house from here on out. Okay?"  
  
Miki stares at him with an unwavering glare.  
  
"You're not mad because I play with myself for strange guys for money?"  
  
Haunted by his true thoughts on the matter he chooses to be a Father.  
  
"I can't say that what you're doing is right. However, I can't deny what I did was right either."  
  
"What else did you do?" She nibbles her lower lip with an unrelenting eye contact.  
  
He shakes his head at her line of questioning, "Nosey much?"  
  
"I just want us to have a clear understanding about things. I hate hiding things from you. Just like I don't want you to hide things from me. We need each other Dad."  
  
"Need?" His face flushes as his dick storms the sheet ever higher.

She senses his increase and lowers her gaze with a slight gasp. Her thoughts were entirely too wrong at this moment. All she wanted was to turn him on enough to get over his struggling earlier. Now her thoughts were deviating from her helpfulness.  
  
Pre cum had seeped through his white sheet and had become noticeable. She shied away from it and returned her gaze toward his. However he himself located what she had seen. His nerves were shot. Finally, he clears his throat.  
  
"My show is over."  
  
Looking toward the TV Miki fidgets. The remote next to her Father sat lonely. She opted to reach for it and use it to switch channels. She merely hit the previous button switching it back to the Playboy channel. On screen a busty Asian beauty was giving her Man a sensual hand job.  
  
"Turn that crap off." He growled. Daniel didn't need any more stimulation or he was going to scream.  
  
"She's hot. Reminds me of Mom."  
  
He shrugs and gives up, "A little I guess."  
  
"I look like Mom." Miki quivers and lowers her towel a bit in her observations. Her cleavage exposed the towel dangles over her lap. Both legs in full view now.  
  
"More and more every day. We really need to change this channel Miki. And the subject matter."  
  
He leans forward and attempts to steal the remote from her. She resists and tauntingly holds it further away from him until he was forced to stretch out further in this game of keep away. Growling at her maneuver he hadn't realized that his sheet had fallen away from his monster cock. Miki did her best to keep him from noticing. She wanted him to wrestle over the remote.   
  
Giggling she stuck her tongue out at him and poised it for him to easily grab. The second he did she pulled back and halfway stood up. Her towel revealed her left breast and let him capture a glimpse. She then turned up the volume hearing the Male actor moaning loudly. This made Daniel snarl at her behavior.   
  
"Look who just showed up." She eyed his wagging cock with a shocked pucker of her lips.  
  
"What?" He looks down and holds his breath before snatching at his sheet to blanket his beast.  
  
"Stop being embarrassed already. I told you I'm not offended. Be yourself Dad."  
  
"This is wrong Miki. Your Mother would roll over in her grave."  
  
Defiant Miki drops her towel and stands wiggling the remote in front of her. She smugly watched his eyes lower and examine every inch of her. He merely settled back against his pillow and gave up. His daughter had won whatever game she was playing.  
  
Hand on her hip she points at him with the remote. Frowning slightly she tosses the device on to the bed.  
  
"Change the channel if that's really what you want. I'm going to go get online. But, do yourself a favor and take care of that snake you keep hiding. I'll be in the living room."  
  
She turns to walk away letting him see her bare heart shaped ass wiggle playfully. He winced at her shapeliness. It was devastating his senses. As she reached the door Daniel clears his throat.  
  
"Miki?"  
  
She twirls on the ball of her foot to face him. Her palms squeezing her breasts to halt their bobbing.  
  
"Yep?"  
  
"You forgot your towel."  
  
"Oh!" She giggles and skips back across the bedroom floor to bend over and pick it up.  
  
"Hey."  
  
"Yes?" She wrinkles her nose at him as he lay there with his hand slid beneath the sheet to stroke his cock.   
  
"I love you." He acknowledges.  
  
She absorbed his emotion and took the opportunity to step to his bedside and crawl on to the mattress and drop over his chest and waist in order to hug him. Kissing his cheek she held him really tight.  
  
"I love you more Dad."  
  
His hands reach up and hold her against him. He could feel her nipples stabbing against his chest. Her hair tickling his nose. With very little understanding as to why he rubbed her back all the way down to her bare bottom. Patting her on the ass he decides that he needed to stop.  
  
Miki kisses his cheek once more then sits up next to him. Her own hand patting his stomach directly over his belly button.  
  
"Take care of that already."  
  
She starts to rise when Daniel grabs her by the wrist. She sets back down looking at his hand. From hand to his eyes she looks confused. So did Daniel. Finally, he releases her. She remained seated and warmly smiled at her Father.  
  
"Everything alright?" She whispers.  
  
"No." He pulls his sheet off of his hidden erection. From there he begins stroking his cock before her lowered gaze. She watches him slowly nurturing it.   
  
"He looks really needy." She raises her brows to look over them at Daniel.  
  
"This is dumb." He halts his grip and motions her to go.  
  
Miki fidgets her lips frowning. She then reaches over him to grab his hand. Bringing it back down she literally plants his fingers around his girth. Her own fingers accidently touching his beast.  
  
"Get busy." She bats her lashes at him.  
  
He swallows then begins an upward downward repetition directly in front of her. She watches his hand motions and waits until he gets into a strong rhythm. Then she pats his leg and starts to rise. Again he snatches up her wrist to hold her hostage.  
  
"My fans await Dad." She giggles.  
  
He looks with a dedicated gaze, "I'm a fan."   
  
Her eyes brighten up at his admission.  
  
"What are you expecting here?" She shivers.  
  
"Just sit there and watch me?" He reacts hopefully.  
  
She nibbles her lower lip and shrugs faintly, "Umm! Alright."  
  
Releasing her he returns to his erection with purpose. Just her eye contact made him feel really motivated. Daniel Lee wanted to cum over his daughter. Her beautiful eyes dancing at each and every round of friction. Finally, Daniel growls at his dryness.  
  
"I need to buy some lube. I'm getting sore."  
  
Miki sighs and does the unthinkable. Holding her damp hair she leans over his crown and forms a web of saliva, sending droplets over his cock. Her lips a mere inch from his purple crown. Daniel quaked at seeing his daughters mouth so close to his beast. So wrong. So interesting all the same.  
  
As she withdrew her face Daniel returned to jerking off. His body trembling as his circulation built up within. He still struggled. It had to be nerves. His daughter looked at him with a pouty expression. Suddenly, Daniel stopped and snapped up his TV remote shutting the porno off. Silence felt Miki fidgets.  
  
He then gripped his cock again. With effort he concluded he was dry again. Looking up at Miki he chokes, "Little help again?"  
  
Shaking her head with a smirk she again readies her saliva over his crown to moisten it. This time however she took a deep breath and touched her lips directly over his crown. Just enough to let her saliva drain out over its mushroom exterior. She could feel her Father tense up at her lips making contact.  
  
Pulling away Miki motions for him to continue. That he did. With even more zest.   
  
Miki eyes the fullness of his balls and fidgets her lips deciding on if she should offer assistance. She knew he worried about going too far. So did she. Regardless her thoughts reached out to her hand. Slowly she rubs his leg at first for reaction. He didn't object. Her fingers caress further up his leg and journey toward his inner thigh. Ever so slowly. Finally she uses her pinky to tease his scrotum with light tickling.  
  
He starts breathing heavily and huffing at her touch. Still he says nothing. His strokes slowing up to offer her a pleading expression. Miki looks concerned then decides to retreat. This made her Father stop all together.  
  
"You were almost there." She pouts.  
  
"It's too quiet."  
  
She looks at the TV remote then reaches for it. Daniel stops her. Grabbing her wrist he pats the mattress beside him. Her eyes immediately erupt with stress. What was he wanting?  
  
"You want me to lay beside you?"  
  
He merely nods and offers his own concerned expression at what he was asking of his own daughter.  
  
She faintly smiles then crawls over him to his left side. Laying on her right hip she faces her Father. His arm wraps under her neckline and cradles her close to his body. Her fingers delicately caressing his chest hair. Eyes sparkling up at him.  
  
"You can do this." She encourages.  
  
His right hand returns to his sturdy beast while his left hand rubs her back and ribcage. It was becoming intimate. Both of them swallowed at their closeness.  
  
"It's still too quiet." He expels.  
  
"Do you want music? I can sing to you." She giggles.  
  
"Wrong kind of music." He shudders.  
  
His stroking hand stops just long enough to move over her hip. Gripping her he gently nudges her on to her back. He then takes her hand and guides her fingers down to her pussy. A simple pressure upon her fingers sent them amid her labia. He could feel her wetness rise up to his own fingertips. That was unexpected. His daughter was obviously turned on.  
  
Sighing she whispers, "Are you asking me to cum with you?"  
  
"Help your old man out?"  
  
She smiles sheepishly, "You're not old."  
  
"Let's do this together."  
  
"If I must." She chuckles and positions herself better before massaging her clit.   
  
Father and daughter both mentally agree that this was wrong in every sense of the word. Yet, they continued to play. She moaned softly and curled her toes while looking up at him often to see his reaction. He did the same watching her fingers sink deep within her pussy. He could hear her sloppiness around her three inserted fingers.  
  
While his right hand jerked ferociously he began moaning himself. This prompted his left hand to reach over and palm her raised right leg. Caressing her inner thigh for her own reaction. It became a study to try and read the others thoughts.  
  
As his hand moved away from her leg and back up over his head she chose to return the favor. Her right hand left her clit and made the journey over his leg to tickle his balls. The two of them laughed at each other. As their faces absorbed their sensations he saw Miki open her mouth as if spooked. Her eyes flaring. He could tell she was very close to an orgasm.  
  
In her tremors her fingers literally squeeze his balls. The added stimulation forced his own facial features to contort and he expels a deafening, "Fuck." A word that echoed through both of their souls. The mere mention of it made her scream and gusher a stream of juices all over his sheet.  
  
He followed closely behind with a snarl that shot a load over a foot into the air dousing his pubic hair and lower belly. He kept jerking it until another round filtered and frothed over his crown. Miki observed this as her body quaked. Forcing herself to turn on her side facing her Father. She pats his arm then rubs it warmly.  
  
"See. That wasn't so hard. Old Man." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
He tilts his gaze to smirk at her.  
  
"Good thing you're doing the laundry. My sheets are a mess."  
  
"You had to bring that up didn't you?" She giggles.  
  
Pulling her closer into his arms she snuggles in. Her hand caressing his ribs and belly. Accidently rolling her fingers into his leftover cum she lifts her dampened digits up with a look of awe. Showing her Father she winces.  
  
"Was all of this because of me?"  
  
He groans, "Let's not make a habit of this."  
  
She giggles and tries to wipe his cum on his face. Avoiding it their feud becomes a wrestling much. That led to tickling. He overpowered her easily and rolled over her. His dick trailing all across her full frontal. She squealed at both his tickling and his cocks intrusion of her thighs. This was so not planned.  
  
Daniel himself was so into making his daughter laugh about her entanglement hadn't realized just how near his crown was to her still breathing pussy. As he felt his crown smother amid her labia he freezes up. Lifting up over her on his knuckles he expresses a look of terror. His gaze lowering to leer down between their bodies. He hadn't quite comprehended their tangled contortion. Suddenly, he looks up at Miki who laid there with eyes trembling. This was too close for comfort.  
  
"Dad?" She whimpers.  
  
"Wasn't my intention."   
  
He swallowed hoarsely and started to back away. Suddenly he found Miki's feet rubbing along his legs sensually. He didn't know what to make of it.  
  
"Are you glad I look so much like Mom?"  
  
The words troubled him. Miki was indeed a splitting image of her Mother. That was enough for him to make a fateful decision.   
  
"Go wash up. Do your online thing. I'll wash my bedding."  
  
She clings to him. Her hands reaching up to frolic amid his chest hair. Her toes teasing along his thighs. The further her legs rose the deeper his crown slipped into her hole. He was beginning to regret doing this.  
  
"Miki. Stop. Please."  
  
Pouting his daughter slides her hands under his armpits to caress his shoulders. Drawing him lower in the process. He was caving in with every move she made. Finally, he lowers his body down to hug her. Her nails trail his spine lovingly. This was all too much he thought. All he had to do was plunge his primed cock up into her and finish the job. It was obvious that she wanted him too. Exhaling loudly he rears away and shakes his head.  
  
"Stop this. Right now."  
  
Her pleading features catch him off guard. He feels her try and slide her body lower beneath him. His cock inching ever closer to full on penetration. The heat of her labia scalding at his crown.   
  
His hands held high over her motioning her to stop. In response she reaches up to his hands and brings them downward. Palming them over her chest she literally squeezes his fingers to get him to squeeze her tits on his own.  
  
"Dammit, Miki." He huffs.  
  
"You haven't touched them yet." She winks.  
  
Inhaling deeply he discovered that they were quite soft and playful. His thumbs taunting her nipples forces her to arch her back at their sensitivity. She whines and winces up at her Father.  
  
"Why are you pushing the issue here?" He squints. His hands mesmerized by her areolas, trailing them around with his thumbs gentle caressing.   
  
"Because I think you need this." She pouts with a concerned tilt of her head.  
  
"Need what? To fuck my daughter?"  
  
"To be with a female. In general. I'm alright if you want to make love to me Dad. One time. It doesn't have to be more than that."  
  
Shaking his head at his temptations he snarls and pulls away. Forcing her to let him go.  
  
She knew that she pushed things too far at that reaction. Fidgeting she watched him retreat and stand up beside the bed. Eying her lie there with her legs still raised from his departure he grew pale. Her pussy looked as if it were freshly abandoned. Wide open and expectant. He couldn't stop staring at it.  
  
Miki maintained her pose noting his attentiveness. He was thinking hard about his options. She could see his resistance waning.  
  
Delicately slipping her fingers around her hips she reaches both hands toward her pussy. Fingers prying her labia wide and making her pink recesses invite him in.   
  
Daniel cracked his neck looking down at her pouty encouragement.  
  
Puffing his cheeks he steps closer to her. She wiggles her body sideways without losing grip on her invitation. Now on the bed facing him she goes so far as to scoot further forward to the edge of the mattress.  
  
He admires her forceful intentions. Even as she utilizes her left hands index finger to literally show him the way in. The playful guidance won him over. He steps closer with his knees touching the bed. Leaning forward he lines his crown up to her tunnel. Perching the tip for penetration he watches it slowly vanish within her. Inch by swollen inch he has to bear witness to it's full on entry. His girth stretching her interior to accommodate. She never once blinked. Her eyes motivated in observing his reactions toward this journey. Only her expression altered. Her mouth opening at each inches tight friction. His crown grazing her g-spot with a violent storm toward her nerve centers. She gasps and whimpers both. Her Father was deep inside her.  
  
"Satisfied?" He winces down at her.  
  
She softly tells him no with a shake of her head. Her eyes begging for more.  
  
He sighs and nods at his guilt. His resistance was long gone.  
  
Retreating he watches her face appeal to his exit. He waits until his crown finds the coolness of the air outside her scalding cunt. As her eyes tremble he eases back inside. Her brow creasing at the tenderness. Fully inside he grips her by the ankles and nudges deeper. Miki in turn gasps loudly, stretching her arms to her sides to dig her nails into the sheets.  
  
Daniel Lee again pulls out ever so slowly to hear her whines. His tenderness departing, he thrusts hard one time all the way in. He heard his balls lap against her ass cheeks. The resounding impact made him listen for it more often. It brought back memories of making love to his wife. Miki's Mother. He would count the specific amount of soft echoing collisions upon her inner thighs and ass cheeks. He grew lost in those sounds as he closed his eyes to reflect back.   
  
Miki lay there reeling with every insertion. Every exit. Her eyes wide open unlike her Father's. She thrived on what he was feeling. Needed to see every single emotion. Every unspoken thought. Without words she knew he was feeling guilty. Yet, just when she thought he might slow down and stop he began to thrust harder. Deeper. Louder. Her eyes grew teary at her own guilt. She had pushed him into this. After this was all over he would probably distance himself from her. Never look at her the same. Miki Lee hated herself at this time. Both for what she instigated, and for truly loving this moment in time. Her Father felt incredible inside her.   
  
Moaning louder at his dedication she reached up to palm his right cheek with one hand, touch his heaving chest with the other. She really wanted him to open his eyes. To look at her with lust. Yet, like a daughter he loved. What the hell was she thinking?  
  
Her wish granted. Daniel opens his eyes and looks directly at her. Her caress to his cheek returning him to the reality of here and now.  
  
His chin tilts down, brow sweaty, and pulse rapid. His eyes drawn to her crushed bosom. Their gentle jiggles mesmerizing to behold. Licking his lips he tasted salt. His throat dry and parched. Any energy he had in reserve was waning. He needed to lower himself to her chest. In doing so her arms cradle and welcome him. Her fingers kneading at his scalp.  
  
Both exhale moans. His hips continuing on with his forward motion. In. Out. In. Out. Deeper. She brightened her eyes at his mouth encircling her left nipple. Kissing it. Sucking on it. Tugging the nipple taunt between his lips. Then his teeth. The sensation created a rash of goosebumps all over her flesh.  
  
"Dad." She moans as if thanking him.  
  
He feasts on her other nipple then buries his exhausted features between her breasts. Panting. Sending forth a scalding gust of breath. It was so arousing. She adored this moment. After a linger between her tits he kissed his way across her chest and up to her neck. Tenderly he kissed her earlobe. She turned her chin to offer her own succulent kisses to his cheek.  
  
Moans and faint whines of ecstasy erupt between them. The raging storm within was nearing the eye. His grunting grew louder. His thrusting rougher. Her legs entwine his hips and ride the tide. Neither had anymore control. The outcome was going to happen.  
  
Miki Lee screams as her orgasm hits her like a brick. Her body convulsing even as he continuously pounded her pussy. The friction over her hypersensitive g-spot forcing even louder screeches of finalization. Nails digging into her Father's neck. A snapped look at each other lost in time. Daniel kissed his daughter directly on the lips. She devoured his mouth. Tongue exploring. Feeding on his emotions. He sensing her own. There was no stopping. Their kiss lasted for ten whole minutes until Daniel reared away.   
  
She felt his cock throbbing hard against her inner wall. It was nearing it's reign. The King rose taller and fired deep within her. His torpedoes creating a strain across her face. One of thanks. Another of fulfillment. Yet another expressing the shock that it really happened. Awe becoming fear. Fear becoming reason. Peace.

Collapsing into her arms she caressed his back lovingly. She knew that he needed consoling over what he had done. What she had done. He could only lay there breathing heavily. Still inside his daughter. Twitching until every droplet left his burrowed crown. She too jerked as it embedded within her.  
  
Finally, he gets the strength built up to peel their flesh apart. Sticky, sweaty, noisy upon departure. Before he could rise completely Miki reacts to his hesitance. Her hands palm his face to force another affixed gaze. This one out of concern.  
  
"Dad? Listen to me."  
  
He narrows his eyes feeling ill all of a sudden.  
  
"Do not feel bad over this happening. Please. I couldn't bear it if you hated me. Didn't talk to me again. Ignored me. I need you to be the Dad I've always loved and respected. This happened. We live with it. We don't even ever have to talk about it. I love you. Okay?"  
  
He plants his palm over her lips and quiets her. Once she shuts up he removes his hand and eases out of her to stand on weakened limbs. Watching her legs quake at his vacancy. Her pussy trickling and alone. Choosing to rub the back of his neck he nods.  
  
"I'll never stop loving you. I'll never hate you. This was wrong. As you said we both have to live with this. Talking about it is inevitable. You're my beautiful daughter. I couldn't live without you either. I know that someday you will meet a nice young man and move on. My home is forever your home. No matter the situation. As sick as this was I'm not going to lie and say I didn't have fun. Saying that, we should never put ourselves in this situation again."  
  
"You say that now. I'm going to start walking around here in bra and panties from now on." She giggles.  
  
He frowns at Miki as her fingers rub the slickness amid her labia. He couldn't resist her exploration.   
  
"I'm fine with that. It is your home after all."  
  
"You can watch me play for guys online if you want. After this there's no reason to get weirded out by it."  
  
"That's your personal space. I'll just go to my room."  
  
"I might bring my webcam into your bedroom and play for them." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
He merely shakes his head and sighs. He couldn't deny those possibilities. For now he needed a cold shower. Leaving her he heads to the bathroom and locks the door. He needed alone time.   
  
Miki stood up and stretched. Wiggling in step she felt really alive all of a sudden. Then, she glanced over at her Father's desktop computer on a small desk. The monitor lit up on its own. Then, a chat box appeared on the screen without even being in a room. Her eyes narrowed she moves closer to read the box.  
  
"That was HOT!"   
  
"Lukas?" She squealed and caught her noisy excitement that he actually witnessed her intimacy. Even without a surveillance camera in the room he found a way to view her. The Man was a genius. Tapping into a simple webcam from a computer that wasn't even online.   
  
She quickly deleted the box and motioned to Lukas to stop using her Father's computer. Pointing away from the camera she scurried to her bedroom and obtained her cell unplugging it from the charger. Typing swiftly she messages Lukas.  
  
"I'm so glad you saw that. It was incredible."   
  
His returning message had a Smiley face clapping, "Going to do that again?"  
  
She fidgets pondering her answer, "I would if he wanted too. I don't think I'll instigate it again. We shall see."  
  
"You know you will."  
  
Rolling her eyes she nods, "Probably. Hey Maestro?"  
  
"Yup?"  
  
"Can we go to the beach tomorrow? I feel like soaking up the sun. Bikini style."  
  
"I'll have a cab waiting at 10:00."  
  
"Sweet. Another thing." She nibbles her nail with a mischievous expression.  
  
"What?"  
  
"I wish you would show up and oil my body."  
  
"Not yet. I have to protect both of us. I promise you that I'll reveal myself soon enough. Until then enjoy yourself. I have your back at all times."  
  
"I believe in you. Did my bank account grow interest again?" She giggles messing with him.  
  
"Don't be greedy. I haven't deposited any more cash in the account. Just leave it there for a rainy day. I know I told you that you could take out small amounts but there's no reason too."  
  
"So, live on Elena Natchios' bank account?"  
  
"Correct. I'll leave you fake credit cards with a good sum of money to play with. Look for an envelope in your mailbox before you catch the cab. I'll have it dropped by late tonight."  
  
"Yay."  
  
"Get some sleep. You can play on your computer another day."  
  
"Okay. Night Maestro."  
  
"Night Beautiful."  
  
Miki sets her cell aside.  
  
A decision was made at that moment. She intended to sleep nude from here on out. Her bedroom door wide open. Even when she masturbated.  
  
Let her Father Listen.  
  
Let him Hear.  
  
Shutting her light off she crawls into bed.  
  
"Night Daddy."

**Miki Lee 10: Ocean Spray**

The ocean was beautiful.   
  
Miki Lee left her taxi with her bag of necessity. Things that she had determined the need to have on her day at the beach. With a special Bluetooth in her ear that allowed her to communicate with her guardian paramour "Lukas" she felt safe and secure. He could hear her. She could hear him.  
  
"Still trust me Miki?" Lukas requested.  
  
Even in the intense summer heat Miki shivered. The idea that she intended to sunbathe nude was exhilarating. Yet, the fear of getting arrested still tormented her thoughts.  
  
"You haven't failed me yet, Lukas. I'm going to do this and pray you can keep the creeps at bay and the cops away."  
  
"This will be slightly challenging Miki. While there are cameras about they're not going to be accessible everywhere. There's no doubt that guys will be taking video with their phones so once they save them I can observe those. As long as you keep your cell on I can talk with you."  
  
"I can't keep it on forever Maestro. The battery will die at some point. Besides this Bluetooth vibrates "Yes' and "No" when you need to answer me."  
  
"Right. I'll search for other ways. Just remain calm and positive. By the way I love that white bikini you chose to wear today. Covering it with that sun shirt is such a shame."  
  
"I'll be changing it off and on. I take it you can see me now?" She looks about for a source.  
  
"Camera on a telephone pole overlooking the beach. It should give me a birds eye view unless you move beyond its sight."  
  
"I'll stay in sight for now. I might get adventurous later though. I just hope I don't get too many young kids around. I can't risk some parent calling the cops for my indecent exposure."  
  
"As ever, I'll run interference."  
  
She frowns, "How can you run interference if some kid gets scarred for life because of me?"  
  
"True. Looks like there's a good number of families out today. Lots of men in your favor though. Just enjoy the risk and let me handle the situations as they arise."  
  
"Okay. Let me get settled."  
  
"If you look south I see a section of sand where it's predominately men."  
  
She peers south for confirmation, noting at least two dozen guys and a trio of women in bikini's. The women were isolated and sunbathing alone.   
  
"Promising. I just hope the women don't get fussy over me stealing their thunder."  
  
"Already isolating their cell numbers and getting a good idea of who they are. Once I know more I can run their profiles and dig up dirt if necessary." He offers.  
  
Miki goes silent to give Lukas time to examine the competition. Her hair whipped about in the breeze coming off the sea. The warmth stimulated her flesh. Moving amidst the beach combers she chooses a spot facing away from the trio of women. She felt the need to be on their blindside.  
  
Deciding her locale she sets her bag down and unpacks a blanket which she stretches out on the sand. Crawling to her knees upon it kept it from blowing away. She immediately snatched up her sunscreen oil and removed her shirt placing it in her bag for safety.  
  
Repositioning, she sat down and opened her oil bottle. She then began coating her flesh against the harsh sun boiling down on this cloudless day. The oil glossed up her skin beautifully. She felt alive.  
  
Through her sunglasses she spots a number of men eying her. Some already snapping pictures of her .  
  
"Guys are checking me out Lukas. Jealous?"  
  
"Nope. Keep their attention. I know our three ladies well enough to get them off the beach in a hurry if I have to. Checking out our masculine bunch as we speak. College kids by the looks of things. Six of them are students. Make that eight. I'll keep you posted."  
  
"You do that. I'm going to tease." She giggles.  
  
Her G-string bikini was taboo. Noted to be illegal she took the risk. She chose to believe in the powers of Lukas.  
  
Returning to her knees she turned her back to the men and reached around to oil up her butt. The bikini bottoms were only a string between her butt crack. To their viewpoint she was nude from the chest down. Only her top had a visible string around her neck and shoulder blades. After basting herself she twisted about and laid on her stomach. Her legs were in their direction.  
  
It didn't take long for whistles to pierce the sunshine. She heard at least four separate wolf calls.  
  
"Ohhh! I've been recommended." She tells Lukas.  
  
"Just saw a couple guys grab their junk in the trunks laughing. Six of them gathered into a huddle talking." He reports.  
  
She kicks her legs about as she lay on her folded arms. A smile never left her face.  
  
"Let's get them really interested." She giggles moving her hands behind her to untie her bikini top. As the tethers slipped away she adjusted her upper body to let the top reveal her breasts more openly at the sides. She was essentially topless now.  
  
"Yup. That brought a couple more to their party. Eight guys talking now." He chuckles.  
  
Miki attempts to oil her back with an obvious struggle. She lifted her breasts to reach farther back. Her left breast nearly left the blanket for their visual pleasure.  
  
"Cell videos recording as you frolic." Lukas reports favorably.  
  
She continued her mission of temptation. Struggling led to raising her body further off the blanket as she twisted to apply oil to the middle of her back. The gathering easily noticed an areola exposed toward them.   
  
"Natives are getting restless. Spoke to soon. Here comes one of them."  
  
Seconds later Miki spots a shadow over her.  
  
"Looks like you might need a lil help." Came a deep voice.  
  
Miki looks back at an angle. Silhouetted by the sun stood a 5'7 gent with a hairy chest. Handsome with a brown goatee and tats on his arms.  
  
"My hero. Yes, if you don't mind. I don't want to burn but I don't want tan lines."  
  
He kneels down at her right side and claims her lotion bottle. Coating both hands he sets the bottle aside and goes to work on her back.   
  
"Holy crap. Your hands are massive." She giggles laying back down to enjoy his touch. Her right hand pulls her hair away from her shoulders.  
  
He sighs, "Size matter?"  
  
She shivers at his grip, "No. But it sure feels better."  
  
"Now that's a dirty mind if I ever heard one." He grunts with a smirk.  
  
"Want me to be squeaky clean?"  
  
He chuckles, "Naw! No fun in that I guess. I'm Travis by the way."  
  
"Hi Travis. Miki. Pleasure's all yours."  
  
"Not much bikini here. You must enjoy breaking the laws around these parts."  
  
"Never stopped me before. No complaints that I know of."  
  
He smiles at his friends behind her back. The grin enticed the others to move closer.   
  
Lukas sighs into her Bluetooth, "Sharks moving in for the kill."  
  
Miki in turn sighs heavily, "Are you drooling back there Travis?"  
  
"That obvious?" He chuckles.  
  
"Just checking. You can add lotion to other places if you want to. I'm not shy."  
  
He whistles to himself as he eyes her butt.  
  
"This bikini straps going to ruin that no tan line theory." He teasingly snaps the strip on her right hip.  
  
"I know. Any suggestions?" She hisses.  
  
His eye brows peak at the options.  
  
"Beach patrol might get uptight if I remove them." He chuckles as his buddies overhear and encourage him to do just that.  
  
"Is the coast clear?" She asks out loud knowing it was Lukas she was needing confirmation from.  
  
"Lifeguards already taken care of. Texted him to turn the other cheek or I'd tell his boyfriend that he's boning his best friend too. Confiscated pictures off his phone as proof. He's no worry." Lukas offers.  
  
Travis looks around him, "Looks safe. Of course you have every guy out here watching us."  
  
She raises her hips, "Then I guess you need to show them who's the luckiest guy on the beach."  
  
Nodding with a devilish grin he pinches the strings with both hands, "You sure about this?"  
  
"Keep me safe?" She expels.  
  
"Absolutely." Travis growls then guides the G-string off of her thighs. She moved her legs just enough to feel him slip the bottoms off of her toes.   
  
"Happy now Travis?"  
  
"That I am. You have one helluva body."  
  
He shows his friends her thong with pride. All of them were amazed at his achievement.  
  
Setting them aside he begins oiling her cheeks up. With each knead he spread them apart to reveal her ass hole and clam shell pussy.  
  
"Damn that's nice." He whispers.  
  
"I heard that." She sighs relaxing in her arms.  
  
"Not sorry I said it. You do realize we have an audience right?"  
  
"Should I get dressed?" She pouts.  
  
Suddenly, from behind them the entire group of men channel a resounding, "NOOOOOOO!"  
  
The racket made Miki lift up and peer over her shoulder at eight lusting studs.  
  
"Wow! You weren't kidding. Save me Travis." She jests giggling.  
  
Immediately, she was surrounded by the group. Each setting around her with smiles and friendly intent.  
  
"Greedy assholes!" Travis snarls.  
  
Miki raises her sunglasses and shyly smiles back at those she could see in her viewpoint.  
  
"Umm! Hi!" She smirks.  
  
Travis suffers through their awkward introductions. She would never recall their names anyway.  
  
A man at her left profile offers, "I think we found the Little Mermaid."  
  
Others laugh but offer their own opinions. Her head began swimming at their compliments.  
  
"Charmers I must say." She whispers toward Travis with a glint in her eye.  
  
"Let's not make Miki here too uncomfortable guys." Travis defends.  
  
"No harm Buddy. We're just admiring her beauty." Offers another.  
  
Yet another adds, "Sweetest little heart shaped ass I've ever seen."   
  
She feigns blushing and opts to let them continue their observations. Fanning herself she whimpers slightly.  
  
"Guy's seriously. Miki's trembling."  
  
Miki Lee glances back toward Travis, "I'm fine. It's nice to get compliments. I've just never been this naked in front of so many."  
  
A third man chokes up, "It's going to get crowded here. Here comes Jeff and his posse."  
  
Her eyes bulge, "Oh hell."  
  
Travis grips her shoulder tightly, "Want me to ward them off?"  
  
"Too late isn't it?" She hides her face in her arms for a brief instant. She then raises up with a growl.  
  
Four more gents stood over her and tapped fists with those on the sand setting around her. The count grew to twelve men. Miki Lee was wet as hell.  
  
"Sup Travis? New girlfriend?" Jeff belted out.  
  
Travis frowned, "This is Miki. Be nice."  
  
"Always! Hey there sexy Miki."  
  
She flutters fingers up at Jeff with a thin smile.  
  
As silence crept in Miki looks back at Travis, "Hey! More oil. I'm baking here."  
  
Everyone chuckled at her response.  
  
Jeff snapped, "Better get busy before I take over Bro."  
  
Travis hesitates then begins rubbing her lower back. He felt his nerves dwindling.  
  
Shaking his head Jeff drops to his knees and grabs the oil bottle. He tilts it over her and trickles a stream over her entire backside.  
  
"Snooze you lose Buddy."  
  
Jeff then begins rolling his hands over her ass. This made Travis devote more bravery to keep his spot.  
  
"Totally unexpected!" She whines trying not to laugh. The four hands on her were remarkable.  
  
"Feels good don't it?" Jeff winks at Miki.  
  
"It does." She shyly agrees feigning a blush.  
  
The other men began growing more interested in her expressions. Studying her reactions.  
  
She darts her eyes about at each of the men noticing a pattern. Everyone had bulging erections under their trunks. The images made her flare her eyes and tenderly smile at them.  
  
In her ear she hears Lukas, "Doing okay over there?"  
  
She buries her face in order to whisper, "God yes!"  
  
"I see more men coming to join you. Be careful."  
  
"Yes Maestro." She mutters quietly.  
  
Without warning she feels more hands touching her legs. Four sets of hands were now oiling her back half.  
  
She lets them hear her extra loud exhale, "God this feels good."  
  
Jeff nods at every one of the men, including the six newcomers. Travis merely stays alert.  
  
The two men massaging her legs felt mischievous and pry her legs wider. She doesn't resist so Jeff moves in for the kill. His fingers tease her anal cavity and eventually finds their way down into her drenched labia.  
  
"Hot damn Fellas. Surf's up!" He shows them his soaked fingertips.  
  
Miki whimpers and raises her ass slightly as an affirmation she desired more. Jeff complied and dug in three fingers and began twisting and turning. Plunging and receding. Her moans escalated causing the group to scan about for safety reasons. With the wall of men sitting around her they felt secure.  
  
"How's that feel Miki?" Jeff asks.  
  
Muffled in her arms she belts out, "Please don't stop."  
  
He grins at her neediness and takes the initiative to forcefully turn her body over to face the world. A man at her shoulders snatches her bikini top from her breasts. She felt embarrassed slightly until Jeff resumed finger fucking her.  
  
Travis backed away to observe her but Miki reached over and gripped his crotch.   
  
"Don't leave me Travis." Her eyes pleaded.  
  
A friend of Jeff chuckles, "Whip it out Travis. We ain't looking."  
  
He shakes his head with a frown, "Miki has enough company as it is."  
  
She shakes her head, "No I don't."  
  
The entire gathering let out a unified, "WHOAAAAA!"  
  
She grips his erection even harder with a look of desperation in her eyes. Jeff's fingers were encouraging her more and more. Travis finally swallowed hard and lowered his trunks to reveal a meaty seven inch cock. Sadly even some of the other men felt respect.  
  
Her fingers wrap around his cock and she begins jerking him off. Travis moved in closer for a better feel.  
  
Jeff ravaged her rapidly until her face turned beet red.  
  
"Miki's ready to squirt isn't she?" He eyes her intently. Miki merely moans erratically and nods her affirmation.  
  
Awaiting her shower another man laid on his stomach over her and devoured a nipple. She ran her fingers through his hair and enjoyed the extra attention.  
  
Within minutes Miki cries out and expels a fountain of youth all over Jeff's knuckles. In response he lifts his hand to show the group his triumph.  
  
She wasted no time in pulling Travis closer and swallowing his cock like a starving animal. He took control and grabbed the back of her head and force rammed her throat. The crowd could hear her gasping strain. Like gargling and gagging.  
  
While Travis stayed on course, another man chose to go in wet and eat her dripping pussy. His tongue dug in deep and swirled about.  
  
The man sucking her nipple raced a hand over her stomach and found her clit, massaging it vigorously.  
  
Miki screamed with her mouth full. Never had she experienced this level of excitement. This many men was a true test of her desires. Even in a certain amount of panic she craved more.  
  
She could hear Lukas jerking off over her tiny Bluetooth hidden in her ear. That only made her want to do more. She loved turning Lukas on.  
  
Gushing over the man's tongue in her pussy he finally backed off.  
  
Travis released her scalp and pulled out of her throat in a web of saliva. He lowered his face to hers and growled, "I'm fucking that pussy."  
  
She nods with a haunted expression. He had no condom. Still the thought of not fucking was impossible.  
  
Moving into position Travis mounted her missionary. He pounded her so loud his balls colliding on her ass cheeks were echoing. The group mumbled their applause at his relentlessness.  
  
Her eyes trembled and rolled back into her head at his assault. So perfect she thought.  
  
He gripped her ankles and spread her wide as he stood up on his knees over her. Her breasts bounced about wildly for the group to admire. Swaying. Circling. Up. Down. All around.  
  
Jeff had lowered his own trunks and moved in for her to jack him off. On her opposite side a third man did the same. She now had a dick in each hand.  
  
She did her best to offer her services even though Travis had her attention.  
  
Travis was nearing his end. Pulling out of her in a maddened snarl he coats her pussy lips and belly with cum. Her whimpers led to her hands. Now she could focus on the two dicks in her grasp. After five minutes both men ejaculated on her chest.  
  
With no time to waste the men moved away and let others replace them.  
  
Hands busy. Pussy re-entered. Toes sucked on. Her job was hardly over.  
  
The men kept coming. As each finished they painted her flesh white in sticky leftovers.  
  
Ten of the twelve men left their mark on her. Her face was creamy. Tits coated. Even her armpits had droplets.  
  
The final two men wanted their turns. One of them laid down beside her and pulled her backside on top of him. He carefully entered her anally with oil used as lube. As he fucked her slowly, the second man entered her pussy. Double penetration made her insane. The experience new to her. She would expect more of this in her future.  
  
Ten minutes of ecstasy led to a double detonation.  
  
Both men carefully backed away leaving her to lay in a ball of sweat and cum. Her hands rubbed it all in for effect. She wanted all the men to feel her pleasure.  
  
As she lay there surrounded even more men showed up. She would discover later that Lukas had texted a number of them to join the fray.  
  
One man chose to force her into a doggy position that lasted ten minutes longer before showering her ass cheeks.  
  
With a forceful nudge on to her back again she laid there watching as ten more men jerked off over her.  
  
Then another six who stepped up after.  
  
Followed by Travis and his group for a second eruption.  
  
Bukake at its finest.   
  
Miki Lee was a mess from hair to toenail. As the gentlemen began to fade she laid there in awe and numbness.  
  
Lukas returned.  
  
"Want more?"  
  
Miki quaked and giggled at the same time. Cum frothing across her lips as she spoke.  
  
"I feel like a milkshake. Strangely, yes. I really am a slut aren't I?"  
  
"Yes you are. Good girl."  
  
"Thank you Maestro."  
  
"I have something to tell you."  
  
"Yes Lukas?"  
  
"You're wearing my cum right now."  
  
She sets up quickly and scans about the beach at all those that left her.  
  
"WHAT? Seriously?" She knew none of those men were Lukas or he wouldn't be walking. Speaking as he was he had to be elsewhere.  
  
"Yes. I couldn't resist. That's why I didn't talk until you were done. I had to leave my car."  
  
"Oh my God. Please come back. Which one was you?"  
  
"Not yet. Now get up and go up to the outdoor showers and get cleaned up."  
  
She looks about her and makes a startling revelation, "My bikini. Somebody took it."  
  
"I have it. Your bag of extras too. Leave the blanket on the beach. Walk naked to the showers. Freshen up then I'll talk to you again. The Bluetooth is waterproof."  
  
"Okay."  
  
She cringes at the thought. Still she complies and makes the trek up to the showers. There were numerous men and women who were in awe of her boldness. Even a lifeguard who regretted seeing her ushers younger teens away. She hated that fact. It was soooo wrong letting kids see her as she was.  
  
"Lukas? Can I cover up please? Kids are seeing me. Not good."  
  
"Walk proudly to that parking area to your left." He returns.  
  
She hurries away in a sprint. Her bare feet suffering the hot sand and later the asphalt lot.  
  
"I'm here. Where are you?"  
  
"Do you see that bright red corvette convertible?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"The keys are under the drivers seat."  
  
"What?" Her eyes bulge.  
  
"You earned it. The car is yours. Drive home naked and proud. Top down."  
  
"Mine? Really?" She dances on her way to the car and quickly hops in. Finding the keys she pounds the steering wheel with insane glee.  
  
"There's a parking garage two blocks from your home. There's a reserved parking spot for the car. Keep it there so that your Father doesn't know you have it."  
  
"Alright. Oh my God. Lukas, thank you."  
  
"Do you know exactly how many men you had today?"  
  
"I lost count Maestro. I'm sorry."  
  
"The final count was twenty two. Twelve had your holes. The rest gave you a coat of paint."

"God, I hope I don't get pregnant or catch an STD. At least I'm on birth control."  
  
"I explored medical records on the twelve men that fucked you. They were safe. These are sadly the risks you take. Do you want to stop and go back to your old life?"  
  
"NO! I love this freedom Maestro."  
  
"Then, we push onward. More men next time?"  
  
"How many more?" She bites her fingernail and looks at her cum dried facial features in the mirror.  
  
"Thirty. Forty. Fifty. Should there be a limit?"  
  
"Oh my God, Lukas. That's a lot."  
  
Silence occurs leaving her to fidget and look around the parking lot nervously.  
  
"Lukas?"  
  
Nothing!  
  
"Are you mad at me Maestro?"  
  
Still no reply.  
  
Tears form in her eyes and she leans forward on the steering wheel. After long minutes she rears back in her seat.  
  
"If you can hear me Lukas I have something to say."  
  
She awaits another two minutes.  
  
With a deafening sigh Miki Lee puckers then pouts.  
  
"Throw a hundred guys at me. I'll fuck all of them. Suck all of them. I'll walk naked into any place you want me to. JUST DON'T LEAVE ME!"  
  
"Prove yourself." She hears.  
  
Miki hears voices approaching her. Three men on skateboards. She swiftly honks her car horn and waves them over. The men take notice and head in her direction. She quickly gets out of her new car and bounces giddily in front of them. Her tits bouncing about caught their attention instantly.  
  
"Who wants to fuck me on the hood of my car?"  
  
The men wasted zero time nailing Miki Lee. Even realizing that she was streaked iwith dried jizz.  
  
Her pussy loved every second of it. Their cocks took turns tagging her mouth. Their balls sucked on she found delicious.  
  
Within the hour her ass was burnt from the sun baked hood of the corvette.  
  
After the men left her she returned to the car seat.  
  
"Proof enough?"  
  
"That's only twenty five men today. Long way from one hundred."  
  
"You seriously want me to get fucked by a hundred guys in one day?"  
  
"Change of plans. Drive to the "Anchor Beach Hotel" six miles South. Up the coast. Bachelor party for a guy named "Gabriel Forman". His best man Greg invited 35 friends. There's a case of condoms in the trunk. Fuck all 35 guys. I intend to send party crashers. Prove yourself no matter how many arrive. AM I CLEAR MIKI LEE?"  
  
She sits expressionless.  
  
"That would make 57 including the beach gangbang. Do you really think I could fuck a hundred in one day?"  
  
"If I have my way. 101!"  
  
"Just don't send a Dalmatian." She snorts laughing.  
  
"And, if I did?"  
  
She turns pale.  
  
"You wouldn't do that. You care about me. I hear it in your voice."  
  
"You wouldn't deny me if I did. You care about me. I hear it in YOUR voice."  
  
She shivers harshly at the thought. How did this stranger create the beast she had become so easily?  
  
"If I need to fuck a dog to prove myself to you I will."  
  
"It won't come to that. If you prove yourself I'll come to that party and face you. Know this though...YOU WILL BE MINE FOREVER. Not my mate. MY SLAVE. Am I perfectly clear Miki Lee?"  
  
"Oh my God! I must be insane. YES MAESTRO! Or is that MASTER?"  
  
"Anchor Beach Ballroom. Walk in naked proudly. I'll have the Valet bring in the case of condoms."  
  
"On my way now."  
  
"Miki Lee?"  
  
"Yes Master?"  
  
"If you identify me I'll stop everything and take you to a private suite and make love to you all night long."  
  
"Bet I figure out who you are."  
  
"What's your wager?"  
  
She laughs out loud, "If I fail to identify you, you can make me fuck a horse."  
  
"That would destroy you Miki Lee. No bestiality. Let's keep the dicks manageable."  
  
Again she giggles, "Oh come on. A Shetland Pony at least." She joked hoping he wouldn't take her seriously.  
  
Lukas joins her laughter.  
  
"See you there."  
  
After a lengthy silence Miki starts her new car and sits there in awe of it. After another round of giddy impacts on her steering wheel Miki pulls out of the parking lot. The drive met many wolf calls at seeing her tits. The freedom was intoxicating.  
  
She loved the leather seats.  
  
Even though her ass stuck to them.

**Miki Lee 11: Cloud Nine**

Nervously, Miki Lee found the Anchor Beach Hotel along the coastal highway. Pulling into the check-in's circle drive she is met by a young Hispanic man who smiled at her beauty. Even with wind blown hair and an unclean body she felt sexy.  
  
"Lukas? I never got to shower. Can you get me a room to freshen up in real fast? I must reek from all the cum still on me." Her new burner cell allowed communication.  
  
Lukas responds after a brief hesitation, "Way ahead of you. I realized it while you drove. Head to the front desk and tell the receptionist that "Lagos" sent you. He runs a very wealthy Escort service in San Diego. The receptionist will get you safely to a room."  
  
"Okay." She reacts to the Valet opening her door.  
  
"Welcome Senorita. I will park your car and bring the package inside for you."  
  
"Thank you, Raoul." She eyes the nametag on his vest.  
  
As he opens her car door respectfully she steps out and gives him a peck on the cheek. Passing her car keys off she twists and moves around the car to face the front door. Stopping suddenly at the sight of a Security guard just inside she holds her breath.  
  
The guard was looking at his cellphone for long minutes with a look of fear in his eyes. She realized then that Lukas must be intervening. Seconds later he looks up from his phone and motions her inside by opening the front door. The excitement filled her soul.  
  
"Hurry inside." He looks around with hesitation.   
  
"Thank you." She smiles at his generosity.  
  
Once inside he escorts her to the front desk. Reaching the desk Miki found a middle aged woman with a deep tan and short brown hair.  
  
"Welcome Heidi. I have your room ready. Please use the service elevator as to not alarm certain guests."  
  
"No. I think I want to ride the regular elevator." Miki grins knowing the risk and loving it.  
  
The receptionist awkwardly hands her a keycard, "Penthouse Presidential Suite. Please enjoy your stay."  
  
Miki's eyes bulge at hearing of her lodging. As she obtains the key the Security Guard leads her to the elevator. He caught the scent of her and had to flinch. Luckily he was walking upwind. The air conditioning blowers helped.  
  
Awaiting the elevator Miki winced at him, "Sorry. I'll get cleaned up and smell like roses within the hour. Promise."  
  
"Weirdest day I've ever had. If you need anything call the front desk and ask for me. "Clarence."  
  
"Awww! Thank you Clarence. I'm uhhh...Heidi."  
  
"I heard." He growled while entering the elevator with her. An easy key to locate led the elevator up eight stories to the penthouse. As the door re-opens her jaw dropped. The door literally opened up into the penthouse itself.   
  
"Wow! No hallway."  
  
Clarence ushers her in, "Front desk opened it as we got here. Ordinarily nobody could get up here without a code from the desk. Place has everything you need. Except clothes. Somehow I don't think that worries you any."  
  
"Nope. Free spirit. Always and forever. Want to come in and wash my back?" She giggles at his uncomfortable reaction.  
  
"I'll pass. Have a good stay Miss."  
  
The elevator door seals leaving her alone.  
  
"Lukas?" She freezes in step.  
  
There was no answer. Awaiting a few more attempts at contact she explores the room.  
  
"Wet bar. Jacuzzi. King size bed. Kitchen. Balcony. Oh crap it has a small pool on it. So awesome."  
  
Reaching the on suite she raced to the shower. For the next twenty minutes she enjoyed the hot shower on her tenderly burnt flesh. After washing her hair she felt clean enough to turn the water off and bask in the steam.  
  
Finally stepping out of the shower she dried off and wore her towel.  
  
The cool air of leaving the steamy bathroom was exhilarating.   
  
Strolling about she heard the elevator stop on the penthouse level. As it opens she notices three people.  
  
"Guests already?" She surmised.  
  
The only one she recognized was Raoul who carried her package in and set it on a dining table. He offered her a bashful nod and returned to the elevator.  
  
The second visitor was a young woman with short blond hair, armed with a basket.  
  
"Perfume choices. Make-up. Grooming needs, brush, razor. Female hygiene products." She smiled, "If you need anything further my name is "Stella". "  
  
"Thanks Stella." Miki shivers with a flared gaze.  
  
The final man was a fit middle aged man in sweats.  
  
"I'm "Eric". Your Masseuse. Quick relaxing massage as requested?"  
  
Miki is escorted outside on to the balcony where a massaging table found its home. Without a thought she dropped her towel in front of Eric and crawled up on to the table. She released a sigh and let him take over. From a side pouch he produced his essentials and went to work. Miki took a nap. His fingers found every pore on her body. She only awoke to turn over. Eric enjoyed himself as she slept.  
  
She didn't care what he touched at that point. Miki needed sleep.  
  
Touch him he did. Fingers kneading at her breasts for long minutes. Rolling oil in deeply. Toying with her nipples. Pinching with soft releases. Then palming his way down her smooth tight tummy until reaching her thighs. Creasing his fingers and thumbs too each side of her pussy. Following it's contours back and forth. As she snored blissfully he would lightly pry her labia apart for a delicious view of her pinkest recesses. His mouth was watering. His dick was massive.  
  
For the next hour he massage with one hand and masturbate with the other. It was obvious that she wouldn't know. Or possibly even care. Like the Devil that Eric knew he was he ejaculated on her toes and rubbed his cum in as if it were lotion. He needed to leave an impression.  
  
Hearing the elevator rise he pulled his sweats up and returned to normal caretaking. Eying the new arrival as a young Asian girl with long black hair with lavender highlights. Wearing a black and purple mini dress. He hesitated in his massage to her calves just to admire the girls long legs. She stood waiting on Eric to finish up before entering his space. The girl was very patient.  
  
Tidying up Eric pats Miki Lee on her shoulder forcing her awake.  
  
"All done Miss. You drifted off. " He winks, "Guess I did my job."  
  
"I feel awesome. Bless you Eric. I hope to see you again sometime."  
  
"Stay awake next time." He chuckles.  
  
Miki sits up noticing her new arrival. She was beautiful. Remaining in the room with eyes lowered out of respect. Miki wondered where she was from. Her own Korean background pictured her to be from the same culture.  
  
Hopping from the massage table Miki enters the French doors and shuffles toward the girl. Stopping three feet from her Miki recalls the amount of her native language that she learned from her Mother.  
  
"Are you Korean?"  
  
The girl looks up with a warm smile.  
  
"Yes. You speak my language?"  
  
"A little." Miki uses her fingers to express how much she remembers, "A little rusty. My Mother is Korean."  
  
"I am here to do your nails. Manicure. Pedicure."  
  
"Awesome. I love your hair."  
  
Nodding twice the girl offers a blush, "Thank you. Very kind."  
  
"My name is M--Heidi." Miki extends her hand out of friendship. Nearly slipping her real name into the equation.  
  
"Mei Tu." She shares her own name.  
  
Giggling Miki grins, "So your name is Heidi too?"  
  
"No. Mei Tu." The girl brightens up. She had heard that jest many times before.   
  
Miki was amused by her reaction. Hearing her cell buzzing from the kitchenette, Miki pauses the girl and shuffles to intercept it eying a text from Lukas.  
  
"You have three hours before that Bachelor party. Relax. Enjoy my gifts."  
  
"I am. The massage was great. Getting ready for a mani/pedi now. You can pamper me like this every day if you want too."  
  
"When the rewards are offered. You deserved this day. We shall see how your numbers rack up later."  
  
"I'll manage. You just remember to treat me like a Lady when we meet face to face."  
  
"That would be my decision to make. Not yours. Go enjoy your Korean beauty. I'll text you later."  
  
Miki looks around suddenly, "Are their cameras in the room?"  
  
"Of course there are. Well hidden cameras. After your nails get done seduce your young lady there. A quickie."  
  
"Ooo! A bi-encounter. Never done that. I'll do my best." Miki shivers.  
  
If she could only hear Lukas laugh, "Be careful. She's a black belt in Tae Kwon Do."  
  
"Say what?"  
  
No further reply sends Miki into a world of doubt and hesitation. Her Mother enrolled her in Tae Kwon Do as a child. Yet, she only made it to a red belt. As red as her face should she get her ass handed to her for going all sexual with this young beauty. For now she returned to Mei Tu with a warm smile.  
  
"Where were we?" She winked in English.  
  
"Please sit." Mei Tu pointed at a luxurious sofa.  
  
"So you do speak English." Miki is taken by surprise.  
  
"A little." Mei Tu repeats Miki's earlier expression with her finger and thumb. Seeing this both girls giggle with a glimmer of brewing friendship.  
  
Taking her seat on the sofa Miki watches the girl set up using a tiny extension table that she had brought along. On this table she unpacks her tote of supplies. Consisting of nail files, clippers, a variety of nail polish, and stencils. A thin brush for painting. Among other necessities.  
  
"Have you done nails a long time?"  
  
The Korean girl looks up with a tender expression, offering a sensual innocence, "Me do nails long time."  
  
Miki had a nagging suspicion, "Do you really talk like that? Come on?"  
  
"Of course not. I graduated from Berkeley. I just do this job to help pay my Grandmother back for keeping me alive here in America."  
  
"I knew it." Miki carefully leans forward and brushes the girl on the shoulder playfully.  
  
"Sure you did. You thought I was some dumb bimbo fresh off the boat."  
  
"No. If anyone is a bimbo it's me."  
  
"Oh? I presume you high paid hooker." Mei Tu sticks her tongue out then brushes Miki's leg just as she had her shoulder seconds ago.  
  
"Starting to feel like one." Miki frowns, "I love sex."  
  
"Mei Tu." The girl points at herself laughing.  
  
"Too funny."  
  
"No. That my sister."  
  
"Stop it. I'm going to pee." Miki busts up.  
  
Mei Tu sits beside Miki and begins work on her fingernails. Just watching her technique Miki realized how gifted this girl was.  
  
"What did you study at Berkeley?"  
  
"How to get high." She flares her eyes, "Grades. You think I meant Weed 101?"  
  
"Never crossed my mind." Miki giggles.  
  
"That like chicken that crosses road?"  
  
"To get to the other side?"   
  
"Oh! I thought it was to get a bigger cock." Mei Tu frowns, "Mei bad."  
  
"Oh my God. You are friggin' hilarious. I love you."  
  
"Mei like girls." She bats her eyes and continues on her mission.  
  
Miki bites her lip but returns a battle of batted lashes back at her. The battle waged for five long minutes until both girls begin a shared chorus of giggles that couldn't be kept in any longer.  
  
"You're very good at your job." Miki sighs.  
  
"Mei good at lots of things."  
  
"Oh really? Such as?" Miki smirks.  
  
"Mei do acupuncture." She leans toward her bag producing a thin tinsel like pin that she wags.  
  
"Ouch."  
  
With a wink Mei Tu throws the pin toward a decorative painting on the wall across from them. The pin stuck directly between the eyes of the man in the portrait. Miki's response was priceless.  
  
"Holy Ninja. That was awesome. Do it again."  
  
Mei Tu sighs, "Mei charge by the needle."  
  
"How many needles you got?" Miki felt evil.  
  
Pulling a cushion of pins from her tote Mei Tu holds two in her fingers, circling them within her grasp.  
  
"He need pierced ears." Mei Tu grins and launches the needles, one pin sticking into each of the Male's earlobes.  
  
"Whoaaaaa! I hope you're not an assassin." Miki drops her jaw.  
  
"Lots of practice. You have a nice assassin." She winks.  
  
"Quick! Paint my nails so they can dry fast. Then I can pinch your cute bottom."  
  
"You no see my bottom." Mei Tu looks offended. Then within seconds of Miki apologizing Mei Tu stands up and removes her dress. This beauty was going commando.  
  
"Wow! You're super sexy."  
  
"Take one to know one." She wiggles in a circular dance as if music was playing.  
  
Out of nowhere a stereo activates to the KPOP singer G Dragon. Both girls express awe.  
  
"You have remote? Or ghost?" Mei Tu bulges her eyes.  
  
"Motion sensor?" Miki didn't know how else to explain it.  
  
"Cool. I love G Dragon. Mei like you. Good taste."  
  
Miki admires the girls perfect little body. As she dances she notices a tattoo on her left hip. It too was a purple Dragon.  
  
"What's your tattoo?" Miki needed to know.  
  
"She my pet. Her name Segsihan Amkae."  
  
Miki ponders her Korean memory of the translation. Giving up she shrugs. Mei Tu slaps her dragon.  
  
"It mean Sexy Bitch."  
  
Miki falls forward laughing as Mei Tu begins caressing her dragon with a childlike voice.  
  
"She keep me warm at night. Light fire between my legs. Make me so horny."  
  
"You have got to stop. I'm seriously going to pee."  
  
No sooner than saying it Miki jumps up and races to the bathroom. She couldn't keep it in any longer. Mei Tu failed to watch her run off. She continued dancing and petting her dragon.  
  
Hearing a flush and a washing of hands Mei Tu calls out, "Good thing I no paint nails. You wash away."  
  
"Sorry. I blame you." Miki points with a devilish sneer.  
  
Mei Tu sashes toward the painting retrieving her pins then turns toward to Miki who was bending over to look at her choices of nail color. With a sneer she casts all three needles through the air. They embed along Miki's spine. Suddenly, Miki's legs felt weak. With a look of awe Miki tries to turn around but falls directly forward with her face in the couch cushion.  
  
"What did you just do?"  
  
"Mei Tu told to relax you. I do my job."  
  
With Miki's ass in the air Mei Tu shuffles forward and kneels behind her. Palms rubbing her butt Mei Tu explores Miki. Her expression devoted to a playful curiosity.  
  
"Oh my God! Are you fingering my butt?" Miki bulges her eyes.  
  
"Mei lick now. Show you Mei the shit."  
  
The Asian beauty pries Miki's cheeks apart and gets busy licking her from pussy to ass then back again. Nonstop. The sensations making Miki squeal and dig her nails into the couch cushion. She didn't even try to resist. Miki knew in her soul that this was all part of Lukas' plan. She was being pampered and given pleasure in new ways.  
  
"I knew you were more than just a Manicurist." Miki exhales moaning.  
  
Mei Tu wiggled the tip of her tongue like a serpent. Her dragon was obviously taking over.  
  
"You like Segsihan Amkae? She like you."  
  
"Very much. Thank you Segsihan Amkae."  
  
"She think your Goyang-i very pink and tasty. Like cotton candy."  
  
"Do you always paralyze your sex partners?"   
  
"It relax you. You will see."  
  
"You really are an Assassin. You seem to love my ass."  
  
"You moan now. Or I prick your clit."  
  
Miki laughs and succumbs to Mei Tu's probing tongue. She was digging in deep and knew exactly how to intensify her pleasure centers. Maybe it had something to do with the location of the needles. It felt as if her hormones were raging. Each flick of the girls tongue like sending lightning strikes through her entire body. Yet, her mind felt calm. So very strange.  
  
Minutes later Miki Lee has the most fulfilling orgasm she had ever had. Only her upper body quivering. Her face buried into the cushion to muffle her cries of joy.  
  
Mei Tu rears back on to her feet and admires Miki's reaction. Finally, she reaches forward and removes the pins. The rest of Miki's body suddenly catching up. In an insane gusher Miki Lee flooded the carpet.  
  
The dam had broken.  
  
"You very messy."  
  
"What the fuck did you just do?" Miki huffs with a deafening admiration.  
  
"You too tense. Mei cleanse your spirit."  
  
"My body feels so enlightened. Like I'm floating on a cloud."  
  
"Oh, look! That cloud is shaped like an elephant in the room." Mei Tu giggles.  
  
As Miki slithers to her knees she attempts to roll over. Her back to the couch she faces Mei Tu knee to knee. With a brilliant expression of respect Miki Lee launches herself forward. Toppling Mei Tu to her back. Miki then stormed the girls own drenched pussy. Her mouth feeding like a starved child. The response was better than she had hoped for. The Asian beauty arched her back and cried out in her native language. Miki didn't need a translator. She knew the words were simple.  
  
Fingers insert within Mei Tu's succulent pussy. In and out rapidly. Her juices trickling out with each penetration and retreat. The two young Korean's sampled the others cuisine. Miki genuinely loved the taste. Five Star rating in her mind.  
  
The second Mei Tu has her orgasm Miki crawls over her writhing body and presses their chests together. Legs entwining. Fingers tightening within the others. Lips locking. Their kiss lingering for ten minutes of pure passion.  
  
Hearing the volume on the stereo intensify, Miki knew that Lukas was telling her to wind things up. It was heard loud and clear.  
  
"You good kisser." Mei Tu whispers.  
  
Miki wags her eye brows with a dead serious expression, "We need to hook up again."  
  
"You in love." The Korean cuties smirks.  
  
With a wink Miki slithers down Mei Tu's curvaceous flesh until she hovers over the girls tattoo. Lowering her face Miki Lee kisses the dragon.  
  
"No. I'm in love with Segsihan Amkae."  
  
"We have three way."  
  
"Any way you want Beautiful." Miki kisses her abdomen.  
  
"Mei do nails now?"  
  
"Mei do nails now."  
  
Choosing to have her feet done first Miki texts Lukas.  
  
"Can I keep her? Bodyguard maybe? LOL."  
  
Moments later Lukas returns with, "I'll see what I can do."  
  
"Lukas?"  
  
"Yea?"  
  
"Can I live here?"  
  
"No. I'll find you some place even better."  
  
"Your place?"  
  
"Not yet."  
  
"Buy me a castle?"  
  
"Greedy much?"  
  
"I'm worth it."  
  
"Prove it."  
  
"I will."  
  
Mei Tu at her feet looks up at Miki.  
  
"Little piggy's are done."  
  
Miki eyes her work, "Look! Wee little clouds between my toes."  
  
"You see what I stencil?"  
  
Examining her details upon each toe nail she shrugs at the Korean writing.  
  
"What do they say?"  
  
"Left foot say, Chingu Yeong-wonhi. It mean Friend Forever."  
  
"Awww! That's so sweet. What does the right foot say?"  
  
"It say, Meongcheonghan Jasig."  
  
"Let me guess. That mean's I love you."  
  
"No. It mean, One Dumb Bitch."  
  
Their laughter lasted through the rest of her Manicure.  
  
Lukas was put on hold.  
  
Miki and Mei Tu were both on Cloud Nine.  
  
Neither wanted to come down.  
  
Heaven suited both.

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