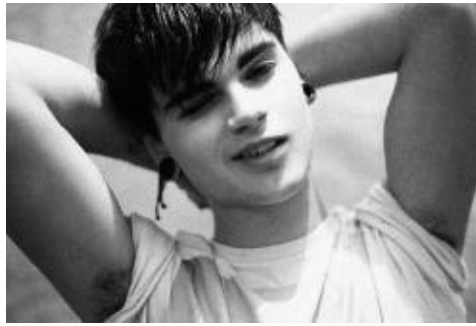


"Mishka"

# "Mishka"

By : Sex Kitten

You guys will LOVE this one. So far, my story is broken into random chapters (I will need to string them together later), because I wrote the most interesting parts first. It's an adventure/action story, with romance, lust, and guns! Have a read and let me know :) Oh, P.S- guy in picture is Danil.



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"I need guns".

"I don't have any guns".

"You don't understand. Someone is after me. I turned against him and he knows it. And now he's after me. Help me. I need a gun and I need it now".

"...You got money?"

ï½

\* Chapter 1\*

ï½

"Don't forget what you have to do tonight, Misha. Your only role in this is to lure him into our clutches. Do whatever it takes, seduce him, whatever, so long as you lead him to the place we discussed. Are you clear on this?"ï½

"Yes." Lexus didn't bother taking his eyes from the road in front of him as he talked, his face an unreadable mask as always.ï½

"Do your job right, understand? Failure won't be accepted." He gave his driver a brief nod and the black limousine sped off, leaving me alone in the dark alley of New York city.ï½

ï½

I smoothed my unruly veil of pale blond hair and flattened my excruciatingly short black mini-dress over my legs, as I made my way towards location 'Zero'. The club's logo was glowing in electric blue and techno music was blasting out of the doors. As I neared the entrance, I was met by a security guard. He was tall and fully dressed in black. He looked at me in an intimidating way before he asked me for my ID. The ID was already in my hand. He took it from me and scanned to check that it was not fake.ï½

ï½

"Lisa O'Donnel, 22," The security guard checked me over from head to toe, before handing me my id back and giving me a pass "Go in".

As soon as I stepped foot inside the room, I was taken back by the flickering colourful lights, loud music and the enormity of the crowd. It was a shame that I was not one of those people who could easily blend in with the crowd and dance till the morning. I regretted that I was born into this life and not a life of a carefree teenager. It was a shame that I could not enjoy the dance floor tonight, because I had a job to do.ï½

ï½

My eyes searched the crowd, until it spotted the bar, behind which sat a young man no older than 21, with messy black hair, black tee and dark jeans. He had a drink in his hand. I made my way over to where he sat, dodging the moving crowd.

ï½

"Straight whiskey?"ï½

ï½

"Sorry?"

ï½

"Straight whiskey?" I repeated as I grabbed a seat next to him, making sure he had a full view of my revealing legs.

ï½

"Good guess," the young man flashed a smile, without looking at me "A drink?"ï½

ï½

"That'd be nice." He made a beckoning motion with his fingers to the bartender.

ï½

"What would you like?" this time he looked me straight in the face, his amused dark eyes locking with my blue ones.ï½

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"Surprise me" I flashed him a mysterious smile as he turned to face the bartender with a smirk of his own.

ï¿½

"Get her a Summer Flame" The bartender rushed off to make the drink and the black-haired boy turned back to me.

ï¿½

"So may I ask- who's this angel sitting next to me?"

ï¿½

"My name is Lisa."

ï¿½

"I'm Danil, nice to meet you," he extended his hand to shake mine "How come I haven't seen you here before?"

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"Because I'm new."

ï¿½

"Quite brave for a new person, aren't you?"

ï¿½

ï¿½

"Not brave, I just don't like wasting time" The bartender arrived and placed the drink on my table. I took a sip of it, taking the moment to think over the situation. So far, everything was going by plan. I met Danil just like Lexus wanted. Now I just have to find a way to take him to location 'One A'. When I finished my drink, Danil asked:

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"So, angel, what would you say to a dance?"ï¿½

ï¿½

Without waiting for my reply, he helped me up to my feet and led me to the dance floor. The music was fast beat, but Danil wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me close in a slow dance.ï¿½

ï¿½

"You know," he began "If you have a good imagination, you can trick the reality into a faraway dream, and make the illusion the truth..." His words came to me louder than the music. For a moment, all I heard was his voice and no melody.

ï¿½

"If you trust me, we can turn this song into a slow melody..." His voice sounded soft and clear in my ears, even though the music was supposed to be so much louder. I realised how drawing the note of his voice was. That kind of voice could be very influential. It can get crowds to shut up and listen, it can scare and intimidate, but it can also say sweet words. All too suddenly, I became aware of his presence, of his height, of his smell. He was overwhelming, overpowering. I can't believe that even for a SECOND, I felt like a normal bimbo girl. I can't believe I almost forgot that this was the guy I was going to lure to his own death. But no matter how freaked out I got, I had a game to play, so I wrapped my own arms around his shoulders and continued dancing. The illusion now wore off. The music was back to the loud fast-beat techno that was off-tune to our dance. I don't know how long we actually danced, but eventually he pulled himself away from me and asked if I wanted to go someplace else.

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"Sure. I'd invite you to my place, but it's a fair bit off. I arrived by train."

ï¿½

"Want to come down to my apartment? It's not that far and I have a car." Danil offered. His face was still relaxed and flirty, but I picked up on a hardness in his eyes that I haven't noticed before. Once again, I noticed just how good-looking he was. Looking at him made me want to stop noticing other guys. After a brief moment of hesitation, I replied:

ï¿½

"Sure".

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Danil drove a silver Chevrolet Camaro. This was my first clue that he was rich. Perhaps this is why Lexus wants him. Danil turned the radio on, settling on some trance music. The dreamy melody of it, plus the combination of alcohol and 3am in the morning suddenly made me drowsy. Danil picked up on this as he looked me over in the mirror.

ï½

"You look tired. I'll make you some coffee when we arrive there".

ï½

The next half an hour flew past in a rush. I masked my fatigue with talk about his life, finding extra information about his past and present, without being too obvious in my intent. For all he cared, I was only interested because I was attracted to him.ï½

ï½

We parked in the parking lot of one of the ginormous buildings, then caught the elevator up.ï½

ï½

Danil's apartment was luxurious. Situated up on the 50th floor, the place reminded me of a Lux of one of the Hotels I was once in. With silky curtains that fluttered with gasps of wind and honey coloured walls. Danil led me to the living room and sat me down on one of the leather sofas, opposite a plasma tv screen. As promised, he made me a cup of coffee and sat next to me. His eyes looking me over once again, lingering longest on my face.

ï½

"God, you're beautiful." His remark caught me off-guard and I almost chocked on the coffee.ï½

ï½

"Thanks" I flashed a smile at him. Lexus gave me a week to get to know this guy. It was unusual for him. Most of the times he wanted me to be direct and fast. Meet someone, lead them to another spot an hour later to meet their death. No time wasted. I don't know what was different about Danil, but this time- Lexus wanted me to bide my time.ï½

ï½

The rest of the night passed quicker than I could've imagined. The two of us talked about the most useless of stuff. Most of the stuff I had to lie, after all I was undercover, but at other times I'd find myself speaking the truth. Small details about my past, like which school I went to and which friends I had. Who I used to want to be in the future, what my dreams are. It was shocking for me to discover notes of lingering in my own voice. I rarely thought about an alternate life to the one I lead today. Being a lurer, Lexus's spy, kind of took over all other possibilities. Now, I wondered if maybe one day I'd be able to live out at least some of my dreams...

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"What about you," I asked "what do you want in your future?"ï½

ï½

Danil walked up to the balcony and lit a cigarette. His back was facing me, so I couldn't read his expressions.

ï½

"I...want to be successful. In everything I do. I want to be strong, so that no-one can ever hurt me again. And all the usual stuff that everybody else wants, I guess...money, power."

ï½

"What about love?" I heard him chuckle. He turned to face me.

ï½

"And love."ï½

ï½

The way he held my eyes sent a mild electric shock up my spine. His eyes must have had power all of their own, because just that one look was burning me up. He was hot. My type of hot. It was usually easy to stick to business. Hell, most of the time I couldn't wait to get rid of the guy. I tried to read him, but there was a wall in his eyes, refusing me access.ï½

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"Trying to look into my soul?" he joked and I felt embarrassed. Where had my subtlety gone? I should have made a joke of it or a flirty remark, instead my mouth betrayed me by saying:

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"You must have a lot of secrets."

ï½

At least I caught him off guard. He actually looked surprised and was about to say something himself, when my phone rang.

ï½

"H-hello?" my voice came out shaky, so I cleared it "Hello?"

ï½

"Misha." I didn't recognise the voice, but clearly, they recognised mine.

ï½

"You have to get out while you can. Leave Lexus now. He's setting you up."

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"Who is this?" How did he know my real name?

ï½

The phone hung up. I looked at the screen. Private number, figures.

ï½

"I'm sorry, I have to go." I stuffed the phone in the bag and got up. The sun has now long risen.

ï½

"Is everything okay?" he approached me and placed his hand on my shoulder.ï½

ï½

"Fine."ï½

ï½

"We should meet up again, don't you think?"ï½

ï½

"Yes," I finally met his eyes "Yes, we should."

ï½

He asked for my number and I gave it to him. After all, I had a game to play. We made plans to see each other on tuesday and on that note, I left his room.ï½

ï½

"Wait!" he called out as I was entering the corridor. I turned around, but he already had me in his arms, his mouth on mine. First kiss of the night. I'm surprised it didn't happen sooner. I'm also surprised at how happily I responded. I was the one to break it apart, though.

ï½

"I'm sorry, but I have to-"

ï½

"Yes, I'll see you on tuesday." He gave me a sinful wink and turned away.ï½

ï½

As for me- I couldn't get the memory of him kissing me out of my mind for the rest of the day.ï½

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